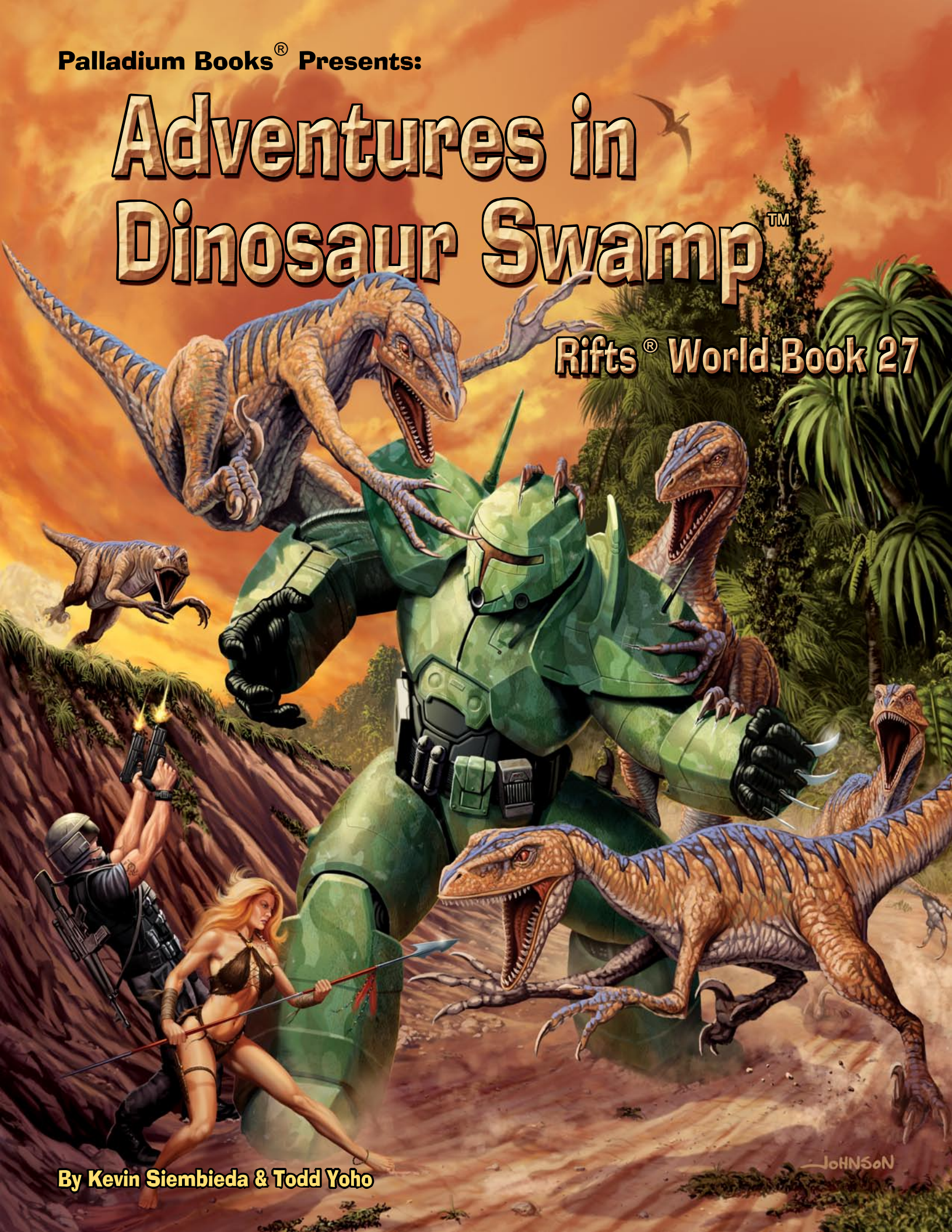
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Rifts® World Book 27



By Kevin Siembieda & Todd Yoho

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Dedication

To my family and friends: for being my family and friends.

To my managers and co-workers at Rex Hospital's HIM Department: for their compassion, understanding and friendship through a very difficult time in my life.

To Kevin for being a friend with advice and a sympathetic ear.

– Todd Yoho, 2006

Special Thanks

To **Ed** and **Carl**, who helped clarify some of the early ideas for this manuscript, inspired me in so many ways, and for being good friends. Thanks, *again*, guys.

To **Ramon Perez**, and friends, for the "ghettoccino" recipe that fueled the Dinosaur Swamp project into the darkest hours of the night.

– Todd Yoho, 2006

The cover, by *Scott Johnson,* depicts a pack of Titan Raptors attacking a group of adventurers.

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– Kevin Siembieda, 2006

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Some Words from the Authors

As my manuscript for **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp™** was nearing completion, I realized that I still had a lot of material in my notes that I knew wasn't going to make it into the final draft. Despite my best efforts, I was still short on specific information about the climate and weather, locations, important characters, Native Americans, more Eco-Wizardry, creatures and, of course, the adventures!

What you have here is a companion piece to Dinosaur Swamp. It's not just recycled cut material, but additional ideas that I had originally intended to incorporate into Dinosaur Swamp, but for which I ran out of space. It's also full of new ideas that have cropped up along the way. Not only does it have more information about the region, it also has ideas for running adventures using the source material, adventure hooks, details about the *Second Deearn Neenok Expedition*, an important Freehold where characters can trade for supplies, and a bevy of Hook, Line & Sinkers™. This book is intended to complement **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp™**, giving players and Game Masters more tools to work with in using the setting, and hopefully, paint a larger picture of the American Southeast of Rifts Earth. With that in mind, strap on your pack, load your rifle and check your compass; it's time to head back into the swamps!

– Todd S. Yoho, 2005

Todd's ideas inspired me so much that I just had to expand this book to include some really wild and strange *dinosaurs*. Some may be from Earth's own past, others are alien monstrosities from alien worlds. I hope all of them provide new ideas and hours of adventure.

Oh, and because people have asked, I've included some of the most notable dinosaurs and dinosaur-like creatures that appear in **Rifts® World Book 14: New West**, in this book to create one nice, big dinosaur compendium. Enjoy.

– Kevin Siembieda, 2005

Dinosaur Adventures

Running Adventures in Dinosaur Swamp

– Or how to avoid, "We're walking. We're walking. We're walking. We're there."

"Whoever said getting there is half the fun, never actually tried to get there."

– Deearn Neenok

Running adventures set in Dinosaur Swamp is no different than running in most other settings in the Rifts Earth environment. Don't let the fact that it is a big, "empty" wilderness intimidate you. Just because there aren't any major cities, military powers, or hard and fast targets to loot doesn't mean that there's nothing to do. Dinosaur Swamp has all of the necessary ingredients for memorable role-playing and adventures. You just have to grab hold of them and don't let them go!

As presented, Dinosaur Swamp is an excellent resource for playing an exploration style campaign, especially for characters from the Midwest and other settings. Characters can be part of a larger group, or they can set out on their own, looking for adventure wherever they find it. You have the opportunity to tell the story not only of exploring the ruins of *the Cape*, but also the story of how you got there. Now, I know what you're thinking, travel stories are often boring, bog down, and become more of a pain than they are worth. Sometimes they do, ending up with the players looking for the fast-forward button on the Game Master. Here's the easy answer to that dilemma: Don't let that happen! Game Masters, be innovative and cagey. It's all a matter of perception and degree, balance and action. Definitely fast forward through slogging through the swamps and nights where nothing happens at camp, and have fun with what could be lurking behind the next tree or bend in the river. Create your own dinosaurs, critters and menacing tribes, bandits, loners, and weirdos.

The name of Dinosaur Swamp could almost be "Strangelands" or "Weird Swamp" because it is a strange and ever changing place where weird and bizarre creatures and occurrences happen frequently. Not just of the dinosaur and monstrous nature, but manmade events and weirdness because Dinosaur Swamp is a place that is, for the most part, off the radar. Whatever happens in Dinosaur Swamp stays in Dinosaur Swamp, mainly because there's nobody to speak of it, or people are afraid to speak of it, or they don't believe the people who do speak of it.

Travel and wilderness adventures can be epic if you think about it. Heck, take a look at the television show, *LOST*, it's all about wilderness and survival, but with heaping handfuls of the weird and mysterious. Follow their lead and make Dinosaur Swamp a wonderfully weird and exciting place to game. But don't stop there. Look at some of the most popular action-packed series out there, they all usually have one or two travel elements to them. Take the scenes in the asteroid belt in *The Empire Strikes Back™*. Not only is it an exciting cat and mouse chase sequence with the heroes on the run, but it provided a forum for some of the wittiest dialogue and most humorous moments of the series. There is also the dramatic tension at the climax of *The Lord of the Rings™*, with Frodo and Sam literally beaten to the brink by not just the villains, but the environment itself *throughout* their journey. Heck, even *Apocalypse Now* is a journey into the heart of darkness – both literally as the hero treks into the bowels of the jungles, and figuratively into the darkness of a man's soul. And what is *Jurassic Park* (not to mention *King Kong* and *Lost World* and a host of others great movies, books and films) if not dinosaur adventures! Epic stuff.

The trick is to make the journey part of the adventure – heck, to make the environment practically one of the non-player characters! A wilderness setting simply requires a little more thought and planning than an urban setting or a dungeon crawl. Too much sightseeing, wandering without interesting interludes and encounters, and too much description is boring. Throw the player characters right into the action or create a mystery to

make it exciting. Hitting the high points can be the difference between just another adventure and something you'll remember for years. As they say, despite Neenok's feelings above, sometimes getting there *is* half the fun. Besides, Dinosaur Swamp *is* the destination. It is the catalyst for adventure and drama. It is the source of conflict and reward. Start thinking that way, and adventure ideas should start pouring out of you.

Getting Started

Great, so you want to put together an adventure in Dinosaur Swamp, but aren't sure where to begin. One sure-fire way is to let the players help through the actions of their characters and the input, suggestions, and jokes from the players.

If the group is expecting an adventure centered on exploration, salvage, or recovery operations, then run a short adventure about the characters gathering the necessary supplies and plotting for their exploratory expedition. This has the added benefit of allowing the more interaction-based characters and the players who like to play them to have a prominent role in the game. This sets the players up for thinking along a particular line and gives them expectations. That's wonderful. Now throw them a curve ball. Hit them with something that's unexpected. A weird mystery, a hero in need, a quest, who knows what. Just make sure it fits the player group and run with it. Again, that's what great adventure stories do – whether it's television, films, books or RPGs – they carry you away on an adventure you weren't quite expecting.

Need more ideas, twists and angles? Then pay close attention to details and signals the players send. For example, what the players consider essential gear will tip you off to what they are expecting and may provide you, the G.M., with ideas. Their choices can provide the Game Master with ideas for encounters, plot twists and red herrings. If they purchase a set of inflatable rafts, you might throw a river adventure at them. This isn't as cut and dry as it sounds if the Game Master throws a curve ball or two their way. Maybe the rafts could be damaged during transport and might need repairs before they are usable. Maybe the size of the rafts require the player characters to split up and they get separated, or one half gets captured. Or maybe there's something hidden in the deflated raft that is only discovered when the raft is used. Is this why someone has been following them? Is this what the bandits were looking for the day before yesterday? What is it? Ah, that's for the G.M. to decide. It could be a magic item, a valuable relic (perhaps wanted by the CS and several rival forces), it could be a map to a treasure, or a good luck charm to a particular tribe (stolen by rival band), or pirate loot, dinosaur repellent, the secret diary of Neenok, or Erin Tarn, or Emperor Prosek, or Bob, the Horune Sailor – or it might be a box magically sealed and unable to be opened except by (who?), or it could be the plans to the Death Star, er, um, a secret weapon (CS, Splugorth, other), and on and on. Whatever it is, it is the catalyst for adventure. The object may send the heroes on a quest or bring trouble to them. It may hold a mystery to be resolved or the potential for wealth, power or greatness. Even if it leads to a wild goose chase, it is begging for a series of encounters with hungry dinosaurs, barbarian tribes, rugged terrain, and others who want the object for themselves. The players not only have to handle this new situation, but they still have to deal with using the rafts and finishing up whatever it was they were doing.

Staying with the equipment/supplies idea, if the group is loading up on climbing gear or scuba equipment, those are two ready-made encounters waiting to be fleshed out as well. Everything from cave exploration, to ruins submerged beneath a lake, or the exploration of the sub-levels of a demolished hydroelectric dam to an underwater city. The key is for the Game Master to use his imagination. If the characters are going to lug a bunch of equipment around, then the Game Master should take every opportunity to make them use it.

The Game Master can also find ideas for adventure by paying close attention to what kind of research the characters do in planning for their exploits in Dinosaur Swamp. What are their goals, hopes, fears and dreams? Do the characters look for a copy of Neenok's book, or do they try and seek out someone with firsthand knowledge of the region? Is this native guide on the up and up or is he a brigand or a cheat? Is their information about the region accurate? Do they stumble upon someone, some place, some secret not on any maps or recorded in any books? What's there? Danger? Wonders? Treasure? See how logical questions start to create the foundation for an adventure, villains and conflict? All of this can be turned into a series of events that build into a night of adventure or a sprawling campaign. And it all starts with observing the players and their expectations and fears for their characters.

Also remember you, as Game Master, can set the stage and create tension and uncertainty with rumors, myths and conflicting reports. NOTHING about Dinosaur Swamp is carved in stone. The migration patterns of dinosaurs, the appearance of new creatures from the Rifts, dimensional energies, warring tribes, Splugorth Slavers, storms, water levels, fire, the growth of vegetation, magic, and other elements are constantly changing the dynamics and physical appearance of the region, especially in the swampland. That means *no* information the characters may acquire can be considered completely accurate. What was true last year, last month or even last week might be different today. Sometimes the change will be for the better. Other times it will be for the worse. Furthermore, any information exchanged verbally is likely to be changed, embellished or some vital detail forgotten with each and every retelling. Unless it is a firsthand account, rumors and stories on the grapevine are "hearsay" and inevitably colored by the person telling the tale. By the way, these are all good things from the Game Master's point of view, because it keeps the players on their toes, alert and guessing – and most importantly, interested. What happens when they run across the rumors about *the Cape*, and then find an old picture book, perhaps an ancient tourist souvenir from Cape Canaveral? The promise of ancient space technology and pre-Rifts artifacts could be too tempting for the characters to pass up. What if the warning they got about Slavers active in a particular area is old news? Unknown to the group,the Slavers have moved on, but armed with the old info, the group deliberately avoids one area, making a detour that is fraught with danger and/or puts them right in the path of the very Splugorth Slavers they were trying to avoid. The same holds true of local rivalries, tribal wars, skirmishes, hunting parties, pirates, outsiders, dinosaur migrations, the appearance of dimensional energies that may warp space and time in a small area (1D4 mile diame-

ter), and so on. Use the changing fabric of events and reality in Dinosaur Swamp to enhance the game, to tell a more exciting story and to weave all sorts of challenges, encounters and adventures.

Even something as mundane as the player characters' choice of weapons or the location to pitch camp, or going off to pick some fresh fruit can be the start of an adventure hook. Use it. Even buying or winning a suit of armor could have its hidden problems. What if it was stolen? Maybe the real owner – recently robbed – runs into our heroes and mistakenly assumes they are the bandits who took his valuables. Maybe the item is defective or was used in the commission of a crime – perhaps a crime against Coalition troops operating in the area or a regional power. If the product is manufactured by Titan Robotics, the group might find itself under the watchful eye of Archie-3. While Archie doesn't maintain an active presence in that part of the country, he is always interested in gathering information. He may take a vested interest in seeing that the group survives long enough for one of his agents to copy the files from the secret data banks installed in *all* of Titan's products. Or help (or hurt) the group in one of his or his partner, Hagan's, crazy schemes.

Another avenue of adventure waiting to be exploited is who the group hires as a guide or scout. Are the characters seeking someone with firsthand knowledge of the region, or are they confident in their own abilities? Perhaps the "native guide" they hire isn't as truthful as he claims to be, and doesn't *really* know the way to X; a fact that doesn't become apparent until our heroes are deep in the wilderness. Another option is that he does know the way to X, but plans on arranging a little surprise before they get there. A common scam among such unscrupulous guides is to take payment up front, but suddenly disappear halfway through the trek, stranding the group in the middle of the wilderness. Smart adventurers may only pay *half*, or refuse payment until they reach their destination. However, when they are dealing with experienced scam artists, the characters may still find their guide has vanished along with some of their valuables and necessary equipment.

Another common enough scam is that the guide leads the group into an ambush. The guide may feign innocence, but these brigands are his nasty associates and probably outnumber the player characters. The villains demand money, equipment or other valuables . . . or else. A particularly nasty take on this idea is that the guide is actually a slave-hunter from Atlantis who leads the characters into the arms of Splugorth slave hunting teams or Horune pirates. Or maybe the guide is hated by one of the tribes (or clan of intelligent dinosaurs), or is wanted by the CS or the local authorities, or hated by Slavers, or he's well intentioned but incompetent, or a drunk, or just about anything. *Who* the characters choose to bring along can provide ideas for adventure hooks and work as a foil for the Game Master to manipulate as he or she desires.

Conversely, if a G.M. is not running an expedition or exploration type game, there are no shortages of adventures that can be run in and around Char and other places in Dinosaur Swamp. Staying with the city of **Char** as an adventure point, the frontier City Rat gangs, mercantile subterfuge, pirate operations along the coast, and the villainous Operators' Guild all offer plenty of opportunities for adventure, quests, and trouble. Or the city



could be the heroes' base camp from which their expeditions are launched and where they return to sell and trade booty, and lick their wounds. If so desired, Char could be the basis for an entire campaign that never leaves the heart of the city. The player characters could get caught up in the various low level mercantile wars that occasionally erupt, or they could open their own shop or guide service, or get embroiled with rival merchants and city power brokers. They could be members of one of the many City Rat Gangs that prowl the concrete jungle of Char, engaging in everything from turf wars to cyber-snatching, to smuggling and anything else they can think of. With people coming and going, locals going about their business, and everyone out for themselves, the player characters may never *need* to leave the city in order to keep themselves busy. The same can be said about the native barbarian tribes. Tribal rivalries, hunting parties, explorers and other outsiders, predators and the ever-present struggle for resources, means there is always something ready to flare up and lead to conflict and adventure. One thing is for certain, there's never a shortage of things to do in Dinosaur Swamp no matter who the characters are and what their particular goals may be.

Character Interaction & Reaction

One thing that travel adventures offer is the potential for good, solid character conflict that only happens through face to face interaction. Out in the wilderness, there is usually no one to talk to but your companions. Unless, of course, you like to talk to your trusty firearm, but that's liable to lead everyone to believe that your character is loony. Exploration adventures can give characters an opportunity to develop in ways that they might not otherwise have considered in a city or merc setting. Dinosaur Swamp offers genuine adventuring opportunities such as, "What's over that hill or across the swamp?" and "Let's investigate the latest rumor," "Let's go treasure hunting," "Let's go dinosaur hunting," and "Did you hear that? (A scream, roar, gunfire, strange sound, etc.) Let's go see what going on." and much, much more.

Investigation, exploration, wandering around to see what there is to see, and flying by the seat of one's own britches are all part of the *adventure experience.* Game Masters, just keep the tension, suspense, humor and action coming. All kinds of mini-adventures, trails and encounters (with Faerie Folk, a new breed of animal/dinosaur or monster, alien magic, barbarian, hermit, trapper, flash flood, ancient ruins hidden by the vegetation, mystery, clues and reward) should wait around every bend. Combat is fun and often necessary, but don't make travel a constant gauntlet of obstacles and battles. Exploration and adventure is all about how characters interact, use their heads, and work as a team.

Personal interaction and seemingly innocent problems can lead to bigger things. No matter how patient a person may be, confine them with a group of others for any length of time, especially under harsh conditions, and you're bound to have conflict, personality clashes and conflicts of interest.

A great example is when the group's food supply begins to run low, or is accidentally lost, eaten by an animal or spoils. Does everyone start to stash and hoard what food they have? Do they blame someone else for the predicament? Who shares their rations with the others? Do one or more members of the group volunteer to hunt for food? If so, where does that lead? A battle with one or more dinosaurs? An encounter with Barbarians, or Eco-Wizards? Or hunters/trappers or CS spies? Alien invaders? The accidental discovery of . . . what? It could be any of these, all of these or none of these. Anything could pop up in the wilderness, especially in a place like Dinosaur Swamp. And our heroes are on their own to deal with it.

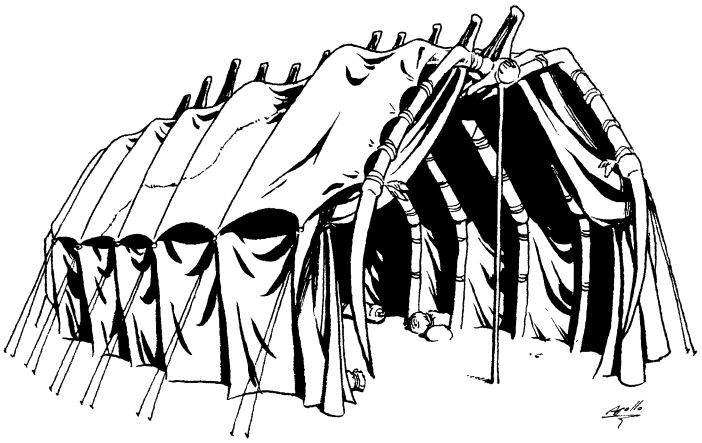
Another breeding ground for character-defining tension is when equipment starts to break down, and everyone can see who does most of the complaining, who actually tries to fix the problem, and who might try and take advantage of the situation. When out in the field, the choices the characters make are extremely important. Did the scout read the map right? Should they head for the southern pass or try for the ancient railroad to circumvent the tyrannosaur's nest? Issues like these can become extremely important if the group's leader makes the wrong, or just poorly informed, choices. Usually, there's *always* someone who thinks he can do it better. It's in situations like these that a character's alignment and disposition become more than blanks filled in on a character sheet.

It doesn't all have to end up in conflict, either. When a group of characters comes together and begins to work as a team, it's like nothing else, and can form bonds that may never be broken. This is true of both the characters and of the players. It's part of what makes role-playing such a great experience; one that you won't find anywhere else. The character who shared his food, or fixed the equipment, or healed an injured comrade may one day end up trapped deep within a collapsed, ruined subway or captured by barbarians. While it may be in the best interest of the group to leave him behind, everyone pulls together to save him, remembering his past selfless act of sharing food (and/or other acts of kindness and friendship). Now that's a gaming story just waiting to happen.

Inter-party conflict can lead to some interesting and positive experiences, but it can also result in hurt feelings, and a generally bad gaming experience. As with everything, the Game Master (and players) need to try and strike a balance. Know when things might be going too far and put an end to it before things tumble out of control. If everyone's having a good time, and enjoying the challenge, then you're on the right track. When the *players* begin to show signs of excessive frustration and real life bickering amongst themselves, then the Game Master should know that it's time to make some changes and ease up.

Another type of interaction is between the player characters and NPCs (Non-Player Characters). The Game Master may have a few NPCs along to augment the group, and travel adventures present a unique opportunity to allow their individual personalities to shine. There are few distractions in such a tight knit group, and if played right, these NPCs can become as essential to the story as the player characters. Game Masters, just don't let the NPCs begin to dominate the action. Remember that they are *Non*-Player Characters, and shouldn't steal the thunder (or significant time) from the player characters.

Travel adventures are also a chance to develop and draw in NPCs native to Dinosaur Swamp, especially if the player characters end up staying with them for any length of time. The small barbarian village that the adventurers traded with two days ago could become a refuge during a particularly nasty turn of



the weather. Soon, that one, nameless NPC villager who they traded with could become Horace Bosk, a village elder with three sons, one of whom has been captured by a rival tribe. He's willing to trade a pile of scrap salvage, some of which have very strange markings, for the player group's services if they would help rescue his son, Toma. Or the village that the adventurers have come to consider a safe and friendly haven could suddenly come under attack, or be taken over by an evil outsider, or disappear! All avenues for new adventures.

With a few carefully planned travel/exploration scenarios, not only do the player characters grow, but they can begin to inhabit a very real, flesh and moss covered, three-dimensional world that they will remember for years to come. Soon, the players won't be talking about playing *an* adventure in Dinosaur Swamp, but playing *the* adventure in Dinosaur Swamp. Speaking as a Game Master, that added emphasis makes it all worthwhile.

Let Your Conscience Be Your Guide

One of the cool things about a true wilderness setting like Dinosaur Swamp is there are *no rules, laws* or *lawmen.* Our heroes have to make their *own* decisions and live with the consequences. They have to use their own moral compass (e.g., alignments) to guide their choices and actions. Do they kill the barbarian scout or let him go? If they let him go, does the scout bring his entire tribe down on their heads? If they tie him up and leave him, is that a death sentence in the swamp lands? What's humane? What's fair or just? Who's going to know? What are the likely consequences of their actions? (**G.M. Note:** That last question is one you, the G.M., should ask yourself *constantly.* Respond to the characters' actions with logical consequences that will make the adventure fun, funny and interesting.)

In the wilderness, the player characters can be heroes, louts, bullies, crooks or killers. Who is going to question them? And when someone does, it's their word against their accusers, and might will often make right (or at least win the dispute). Ah, but that may only add to the wildness and violence, because barbarians, bandits, slavers, and friends of the victims are likely to seek revenge or what they consider to be justice. Thus, a careless or cruel action could bring the wrath of an entire tribe, clan, gang or mob down on the player group's head. Or it might attract dinosaurs or monsters, or the wrong people, or Faerie Folk or vigilantes or wandering heroes, or thieves. The bones and remains (artifacts of half rotten backpacks, broken weapons, bits of clothing, etc.) stand as mute testament to people who made the wrong decision. Remains that are frequently found in the middle of nowhere and places where nobody has, supposedly, been before. Who they were and what dire fate befell them are usually questions that are impossible to answer. Other times, their remains can serve as *clues* and *warnings* of what dangers may lay ahead. Signs that savvy travelers can use to prepare themselves for trouble or to avoid it and live. And on rare occasions, the articles from those who came before and died may serve as a tool or resource that helps the new travelers survive or win the day.

More Hazards of Dinosaur Swamp

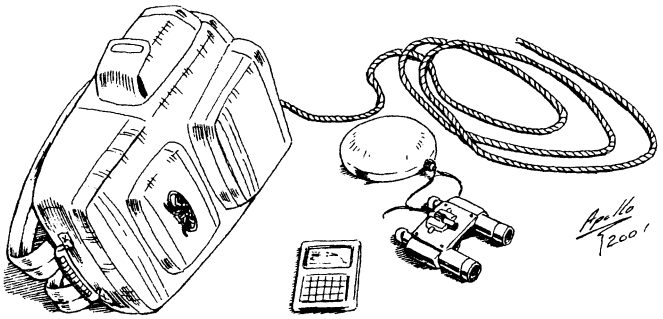
There are two ever-present, but often forgotten, *villains* in Dinosaur Swamp: the *elements* and the *geography.* The elements can play a significant role in any campaign, but in Dinosaur Swamp they are meant to be an exaggerated threat. Characters may be able to face down a charging Allosaurus, scare off Coalition patrols, and make the very earth beneath them shake with power, but most characters and their equipment, especially the food supplies, are still vulnerable to the weather. Sure, characters may be able to survive on roots, bugs and dented cans of food rations, but the key is, they wouldn't want to if they had the choice.

The Geography

Depending on the strengths and weaknesses of the group of characters, geography can either be a minor inconvenience or an obstacle that can stop them in their tracks. However, just because they are stopped doesn't mean they can't get around it or that a detour or a delay is necessarily a bad thing. It can be an opportunity for the characters to put their minds together, work as a team, and come up with a way to adapt and overcome an obstacle. Again, it makes for a great role-playing opportunity. Whether trying to cross a swollen river, a deep ravine, or a road covered with fallen trees, or navigating a treacherous mountain pass, the encounter can be as easy or difficult as the Game Master chooses to make it. It can be as swift as "you clear the trees and move on," or as complex as: "The fallen logs are huge, mature oak trees felled by a hurricane a year ago. There are at least 10 of them, maybe more buried in the jumbled pile of timber. They look extremely heavy, the branches have interlocked together and form an impenetrable wall on the narrow mountain road you're trying to pass. Looking both uphill and downhill you see no obvious way to get around. Are you going to try and clear them, if so, how? Or are you going to look for another way through the mountain pass?" There's absolutely nothing wrong with the former, but the latter makes it more of an adventurous encounter. And don't stop with simply clearing the obstacle or moving on in another direction. Some creature (or people) may have come along and built a nest/home in the dense, protective tangle of trees. Whatever this something is, it's probably not going to like having its home disturbed and demolished by a group of trespassers. Another possibility is as the group removes the trees, they find *something* underneath the debris pile. That something could be the wreckage of a vehicle or aircraft (with valuables or information inside), bodies, the remains of some-

one (good or evil) who mysteriously went missing a year ago, and so on. Among the wreckage or human remains there may be something of value (a couple extra E-Clips, nylon cord, tools, a clue, etc.) to the player group, or a hint of danger ahead. A delay or detour could lead to meeting a local Swamp Stomper or Dinosaur Hunter, or barbarians, or Faeries, or a wild animal, and so on. That encounter may be played for laughs, lead to battle or conflict, result in having an NPC join the group, provide valuable information, offer a clue or warning, lead to a new opportunity, etc.

Geography can also play a much subtler role as an encounter in and of itself. A failed Land Navigation, Wilderness Survival, or even Spelunking skill check can result in an inopportune event after things have settled down. For example, no one will ever remember all the times that Alex, the famed expedition leader, picked a good, safe spot to camp. No, they'll all remember the one time that he picked the downward side of a sulfurous hot spring to set up the tents, the resulting damage when it erupted, and the scramble to correct the mistake! Nor will anyone forget the time their group set up camp on a river bend, only to find their campsite later besieged by baboons, raptors, small sauropods and a whole host of animal life fleeing from the rapidly growing forest fire. If only the characters had paid more attention to the smell and direction of smoke on the wind, instead of thinking that it was coming from their own campfires, they wouldn't have been in that situation in the first place. Because they weren't alert for danger, they had to find some way to cross the river as fast as possible, grabbing what gear they could and running for their lives to avoid being trampled by stampeding animals in a mad rush to cross the river.



Equipment Failure

Weather, accident, neglect or sabotage can all cause equipment failure, and provide no end to interesting and unique dilemmas in the field. The best part is, it doesn't have to be planned by the Game Master. Failed skill checks (a personal favorite of mine – Todd Yoho), a Natural 1, or just plain bad decisions can hand the Game Master a situation much better than anything he could have written. Depending on how specific you want to make it, there are no shortage of things that can go wrong with firearms and energy weapons in Dinosaur Swamp. The simple act of crossing a river provides the opportunity for water, silt, mud and other corrosive and abrasive materials to get into all kinds of nooks and crannies in sensitive weapons, equipment and vehicles. The same goes for being dropped in the mud, rolling down a hill, or just being set aside for the night in the humidity.

No weapon is absolutely foolproof, no matter what the designer may intend or the merchant may say to make a sale.

If weapons aren't cleaned and maintained on a regular basis, a character can find a variety of nasty effects on the roll of a Natural one, two or three. Everything from the trigger mechanism being clogged by a fungal growth, the contacts in his E-Clip port corroding, or the round he just chambered in his rifle is dirty and jams, lodged in the chamber.

The same goes for vehicles, although they are usually built with greater tolerances than weapons. Vehicles are made to get dirty, but they still suffer from daily wear and tear. And wear and tear in the hot, humid, muddy and rugged terrain of Dinosaur Swamp is five or ten times worse than what most vehicles are designed to deal with. Worse still are the unique hazards that can befall a group of adventurers. Everything from a freak electrical storm that plays havoc with unshielded electronics, to magical lightning that can fry engine components just as easily as it can a character. Many high tech vehicles rely on computers to run crucial systems, provide diagnostic information, and process sensory information. Such damage may not be readily apparent when it occurs, with disaster striking days later and, of course, at the worst possible time!

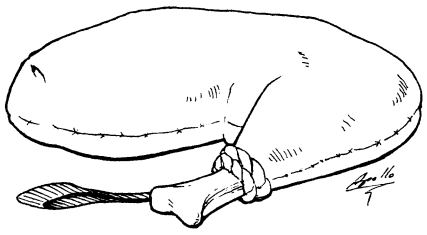
Even more insidious are the little things that are missed when equipment is only given a cursory screening. Along the coast, especially among the barrier islands, the sand particles come in many sizes. Some are extremely small, capable of getting into servos and housings of the best constructed suits of body armor, power armor and robot vehicles. Borgs and 'bot characters will also have to take special precautions against such accumulations. While something straight from the factory may be in perfect condition, the effects of combat, travel and daily wear and tear can slowly break down the seals and protective barriers keeping contaminants out of vulnerable areas. Slowly, as those very small, microscopic sand particles collect in those vulnerable joints, they can begin to scour and corrode them. If proper maintenance and upkeep isn't performed, those joints and servos will eventually start failing and replacements aren't going to be available just around the bend.

Techno-Wizardry equipment is also affected by the environment. They may be magical constructs, but they still require an intact physical form to operate. If wires are damaged, corroded, or worse yet, cut or chewed through by a varmint, then the device becomes little more than spare parts. The same goes for the focusing crystals. When not infused with mystical energy, they are vulnerable to cracking, shattering, or loss, requiring a replacement stone to be found, or the TW device is useless.

No piece of equipment is perfect, and they all can suffer from the effects of environmental stresses placed on them. When equipment starts to fail, it becomes more of a challenge for the characters to proceed, and forces them to use ingenuity and forethought in their actions. While the Game Master doesn't necessarily have to enforce equipment-servicing scenarios, it is a hazard that can make for a great piece of tension, especially if the characters are taking everything else in stride. Likewise, finding parts can be a quest all by itself.

Losing Objects in the Wild

Along the same lines, dropping or losing something in a jungle, forest or a swamp probably means never recovering it. The amount of vegetation and the array of patterns, colors and shad-



ows they cast, let alone sucking mud and muck, water and loose debris (wind blown leaves, twigs, etc.) work against a person in the wild. Ever try to find a drill bit, bolt or even a pair of scissors or a hammer dropped in tall grass or weeds? Finding it is difficult at best. Anything that can fit in the palm of the hand, or that is dark in color, including gun ammo clips, is as good as gone if dropped. The chance of finding it in a *slow, careful search* is 01-06%; something the size of a soda bottle, handgun or canteen is 01-12%, something the size of a toaster to a briefcase is 01-24%, while an object the size of a trunk or spare tire is 01-36%. **Note:** Reduce these percentages by *HALF* if the search is performed quickly or under duress, or in poor weather conditions. And if dropped into murky water, muck or mud, the chance of recovery if the character has a good idea of where he dropped it and plunges his hand in to fish around for it *immediately* upon dropping it, is a mere 01-06%.

Starvation, Bad Water & Dehydration

An army marches on its stomach, and the same can be said of any adventurer or explorer. Food and drinking water supplies are often put on the back burner when it comes to adventuring, with priority placed on weapons, armor, ammunition and fighting equipment. However, *food and water* are so essential that they should be more important than the weapons. It is no surprise that Eco-Wizards have developed the infamous *Spoil Bombs* for use against rival tribes and for ambushing outsiders. Supplies are often the weakest link in an adventuring group, so they will likely be the first to be attacked by a savvy enemy. Player characters who fail to learn this lesson the first time may not get another chance.

Protecting the water supplies and purification equipment should be of paramount importance, since all of the water flowing through Dinosaur Swamp is likely to be contaminated with microbes, bacteria, chemicals and toxic runoff from who knows what leaking into the groundwater. Even most of the barbarian tribes will purify drinking water to be on the safe side, which should be a clue to outsiders not to drink water directly from the source.

Protecting the food supply is also important, although not as devastating as having the water supply attacked. Some characters may have the necessary skills to live off of the land, but not all characters are skilled enough to provide for themselves. Depending on the size of the group, one or two characters with survival skills may be able to provide for the rest, however, larger groups may present something of a problem. When there's not enough food and water to go around, people begin to get selfish and desperate. Remember, food, or the ability to provide food, is power. Hunting, foraging, and scavenging are great ways to *supplement* food supplies, or provide for an individual's needs, but they are *no substitute* for well stocked provisions. Characters who find themselves without adequate food and water may soon face the threat of dehydration and starvation.

Starvation

Good, nourishing food is often something that gets taken for granted. It's only when someone misses a few full meals that it's brought to the forefront of the mind. Player characters often dismiss it as a matter of course, but there's no substitute for a full stomach. The average human needs to consume 2000 calories of food per day in order to perform their daily functions. People engaged in strenuous activity can require as many as 3000 calories or more per day depending on the circumstances. Characters living and adventuring through Dinosaur Swamp are likely to be on the strenuous side of things, and will likely need to consume an average of 2500 calories per day in order to stay fit and healthy.

Most humans can live for three or four weeks without food, but it becomes uncomfortable after the first day or two. Going prolonged periods without food leads to physical and mental weakness, a reduction of the body's natural immune system, and a general cranky attitude. In fact, early symptoms of hunger and starvation are similar to alcohol intoxication. Characters can go without food for a number of days equal to their P.E. attribute *divided by 5* with minimal penalty. During this time, characters are merely distracted by hunger, suffering a –1 to initiative, reduce speed by one-quarter, and –10% to skill performance. If by the end of this period a character hasn't acquired sustenance, he will begin to starve to death.

Characters who are starving will suffer a weekly cumulative –3 to initiative, -3 to all combat bonuses, -2 to all saving throws, -20% to all skills, their speed is reduced by one-quarter, and lose two attacks per melee round. During this time they will suffer from a loss of body fat, and eventually, muscle tissue as the character's body slowly consumes itself for fuel. In addition to the above penalties, for each week that a character goes without food, they will lose 1D6+5 pounds (2.7 to 4.9 kg) of weight, -1D4 to their M.A., M.E., P.S., P.P., P.E., and P.B. attributes, and suffer 1D4+3 damage to their Hit Points. They will be increasingly hungry, with a gnawing, overriding emptiness in their stomachs. For each week the character goes without nourishment, they must make a saving throw vs insanity at a 12 or higher. Characters who fail must roll on the Random Insanity Table provided on page 332 of **Rifts® Ultimate Edition**.

Recovery from hunger and starvation isn't just a matter of getting food into the victim. Too much of the wrong kind of food can be just as fatal as starvation itself. Characters who are starving, as in haven't eaten in over a week, must be nursed back to health carefully with a well balanced, prescribed diet. They will recover slowly as their body is forced to rebuild itself. Characters will recover 1D4 Hit Points, regain *1D4-1 pounds* (0-1.3 kg), and recover 1 point to each of their attributes per day until they reach their original scores. However, starving characters who simply gorge themselves upon acquiring food must make a saving throw vs poison at a 14 or higher, otherwise they will lapse into a coma and require immediate treatment.

Any insanity that may develop as a result of starvation will require intensive therapy and counseling as per the rules on page 338 of **Rifts® Ultimate Edition**. Regardless of any such treat-

ment, characters who recover from starvation will always have a lingering fear of going without food and will *always* have something in their pocket, satchel or backpack to munch on.

Note: Game Masters and players should keep in mind that the penalties from dehydration and starvation are *cumulative* with any that have been incurred from injury, disease, exhaustion, and other detrimental effects to the health of player characters. It is entirely possible for a character to be in such a weakened condition that they could potentially starve to death, or dehydrate in a matter of days. Together these conditions may be a bit too realistic for some, and Game Masters should use their best judgment when using all of these rules sets together. When in doubt, give the player characters every advantage afforded to them when facing these dangers.

Bad Water

One of the ironies of Dinosaur Swamp, the marshlands and everglades in particular, is that water is abundant and everywhere. The problem is, it is full of harmful larvae, microbes, bacteria and pollutants. A character *can* drink the water, but is likely to get sick within 2D6+8 hours as a result. **Saving Throw:** Roll to save vs nonlethal poison/toxin (16 or higher). A successful save means the character's constitution or immune system is strong enough to fight the toxins and impurities – *this time!* Roll for *every* pint (16 ounces/0.473 liters) of impure water a character drinks every time it is drunken.

A failed roll results in one of the following illnesses or diseases. Note that any Hit Point damage sustained by illness or toxins in the water can NOT be recovered until the character stops drinking the foul water and gets medical treatment or lets the illness run its course (see duration of symptoms). All damage is accumulative.

01-10% Delirium (from Poison/Toxin or Bacterial Illness). The victim suffers from fever, chills, confusion and delirium. Penalties: Reduce Spd by 20%, -1 attack per melee round, reduce combat bonuses by half, and the character can only remember his O.C.C. Skills at -10% proficiency. The confused mental state makes the character forget where he is, why he is in the wilderness, the purpose of his mission, the names and faces of friends and allies, what to do next, proper decorum, etc., and things only get worse when delirium strikes.

Delirium can occur randomly and without provocation, but also happens when under duress, like an attack, nightmare, etc., causing the character to hallucinate and imagine, well, almost anything. He could think he is a 10 year old child again, back home, fighting Coalition soldiers, seeing a pack of T-Rex attacking instead of bandits, believe he is at a dance hall or pub during an attack in the woods, or think he has to rescue grandma from the fire (grandmother died 20 years ago back in Arkansas), or see a flower where there is a snake, and just about anything. Delirium may cause the victim to perceive a threat where none exists or an enemy as friend, and vice versa. He may wander off, sneak off or run away, dance or pick flowers under fire or believe he is battling an old enemy instead of a dinosaur or a barbarian, or a dear friend. It is up to the Game Master (perhaps taking cues or suggestions from the player or drawing on past events) to tell the player what his character sees and how he initially reacts to it. After that, the G.M. should let the player *role-play* through it. **Note:** A threat, violent attack or an injury might temporarily snap the deluded character back to reality or change his delusion to something else. The fevered individual responds according to what he imagines, and not for what is really going on. This can be played to great drama, irony or humor.

Symptoms last until the character stops drinking foul water and for 2D6+48 hours thereafter. Half the aftereffects if the character stops drinking foul water, has his stomach pumped, and is hydrated with an IV fluid mixture of glucose, antibiotics and vitamins.

11-20% Severe Stomach Poisoning (Bacterial or Toxin): Vomiting and Diarrhea. The character feels nauseous, cannot hold down food and even the smell of food (and decay) makes him vomit. And if it's not coming out of one end, it is coming out the other. All this retching, incontinence and nausea makes the character weak, a bit disoriented and foggy. Penalties: Reduce all combat bonuses and Perception Rolls by half, skills are performed at -10% and Spd is reduced by one third. Note that high speed travel, bouncing and going in rapid circles will make the character vomit (01-50%) or pass out for 1D6 minutes (51-00%). Suffers 1D4 Hit Point damage per 24 hours he is sick. Also vulnerable to attack while vomiting or otherwise indisposed (has only one melee attack/action that melee round).

Symptoms last until the character stops drinking foul water and for 72 hours after. Antibiotics and bed rest will reduce the recovery period to 24 hours.

21-30% Fever and Body Pain. Flu-like symptoms that come on suddenly and with the impact of a freight train. The victim suffers from a fever (101 to 104 degrees Fahrenheit/38-40 Celsius), sweats profusely, and will suffer dehydration unless he drinks twice the normal amount of water. The victim also suffers muscle ache, especially in the shoulder, neck and back muscles. Penalties: Reduce Spd by 50%, also reduce skill performance, and the number of attacks/actions per melee round by half. Combat bonuses are reduced to *zero* and the character cannot lift or carry more than half his usual amount! Fatigues in half the time.

Symptoms last until antibiotics are administered and the character stops drinking foul water. Simply switching to clean water and waiting for the infection to run its course sees symptoms last another 2D6x10+24 hours! Antibiotics knock it out in 36 hours.

31-45% Stomach Cramps and Minor Nausea. The victim suffers random stomach pain and a constant, mild sense of nausea. The cramps come on randomly, but also when under physical exertion like running, swimming, climbing, physical labor, and combat. Penalties: Applicable only when the cramps strike. -3 on initiative, loses one melee attack and is -3 to strike, parry, dodge, disarm, and roll with impact. Cramps last for 1D4 melee rounds every time they come on. The cramping will reoccur until the character stops drinking foul water, and even then symptoms linger for 48 hours (half that if the victim gets proper medical treatment).

46-60% Vertigo/Dizziness. Occurs only when the character looks down from a height greater than 10 feet (3 m), or moves suddenly, including a sudden move to strike, parry, dodge, leap, run, turn around, and driving faster than 35 mph (56 km). Penalties: Vertigo lasts one melee round during which the character

loses half of his melee attacks, all combat bonuses are reduced by half, and Spd is reduced by half. Cannot roll with impact if from a fall; drops like a stone.

Symptoms last until the character stops drinking foul water but the penalties and dizziness linger for 48 hours (half that time if antibiotics are administered).

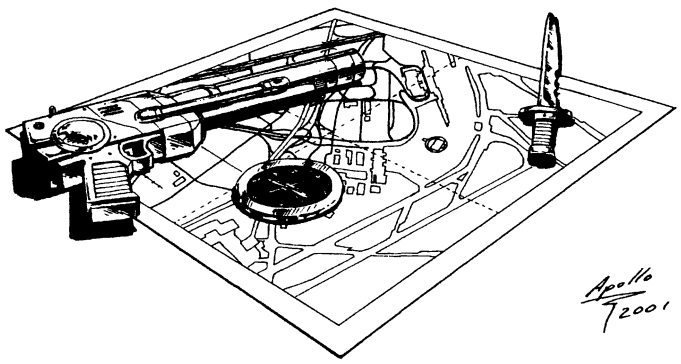
61-70% Loss of Appetite and Fatigue. The victim just can't go faster than a snail's pace, has no energy, fatigues in half the normal time, and has no desire for food; doesn't want to eat. Penalties: Suffers 1D6 Hit Point damage per 24 hours, has no initiative, reduce P.P., P.E. and Spd attributes by half, combat bonuses by half, and skills are -20%.

Symptoms last until the character stops drinking foul water and for 48 hours after. Antibiotics reduce recovery time by half.

71-80% Malaria; see **Dinosaur Swamp**, page 41.

81-90% Sleeping Sickness; see **Dinosaur Swamp**, page 42.

91-00% River Blindness; see **Dinosaur Swamp**, page 42.



Finding Drinking Water

There are plenty of places a person can find drinking water, if you know where to look. The following information is known to all Wilderness Scouts, hunters, trappers, and survivalist type O.C.C.s, as well as any character with the skill *Wilderness Survival.*

Rainwater. Although rainwater is not completely free of microbes and impurities, it is a heck of a lot purer than the polluted and disease infested waters of the marshlands and other places, particularly "still water." Still water is standing water such as ponds and puddles that do not flow from or to anywhere, and is little more than collected water cooked in the sun. Fresh rainwater collects in large leaves, certain types of bark, on rocks and other natural places. It can also be collected in pots, pans, stretched tarps and other means of water collection. Once collected (or found within 6 hours after a rain), the water can be poured into sealable containers and drunken with minimal concern or boiled to purify completely. Note that boiling will lose 10-15% of the water unless efforts are made to contain the steam. Careless boiling can cook away 30-50%, to all of the water.

Fresh Springs. A few fresh springs still exist, but they are a rarity.

The Roleeta plant, also known as the "Water Maiden," is a hardy, bushy weed with soft, thick stems found throughout the region, but is especially common in Florida and Georgia. Crack its stem and water runs out of it. The water has a slightly bitter taste but is free of impurity and toxins, and is 100% safe to drink. Use it in a tea, coffee or other mixture and the bitterness is completely unnoticeable. A single adult plant stands 4-6 feet (1.2 to 1.8 m) tall and contains roughly one to two gallons (3.78 to 7.5 liters) of drinkable water. The Water Maiden is typically found growing in clusters of 3D6 plants and can be found in marshlands and fields of weeds or flowers where sunlight is plentiful (doesn't grow in shade or very dry conditions).

Any characters with the Wilderness Survival skill can roll under their Survival skill with a penalty of –20% to find a cluster of Water Maidens. However, Eco-Wizards, Swamp Stompers, Naturalists, Pathfinders, Legacy Scouts, and Barbarians and Native Americans who live in the region will be able to successfully locate Roleeta plants with a +20% bonus to either their Wilderness Survival or Identify Plants and Fruit skill (+10% to Holistic Medicine skill). Note that no piece of the plant is edible, and breaking the stem too low will cause much to all of its contained water to run out in two melee rounds (30 seconds). Those familiar with the plant know to break off one of the small stems at the top to let the water slowly trickle out. Gently bending the main stalk keeps the water flowing and increases the rate of flow. A person can also suck on the plant's open wound like a straw. When they are done drinking, the stalk is released to stand straight up, slowing the flow of water which stops in another minute or two. Most local Wilderness types will take a pinch of dirt, honey, or tree sap to clog the opening to seal it and stop the loss of water. Wilderness people NEVER severely damage, break, uproot or destroy Roleeta plants. The barbarians and Native Americans in the area consider the Water Maiden plant to be a gift from the gods or Great Spirit.

Purification of foul water. Any number of portable to industrial sized purification systems can be purchased and used to filter and purify the polluted waters of Dinosaur Swamp.

Boiling water for 15-20 minutes (at full boil) will destroy most harmful larvae, bacteria and microbes, making the water fine to drink. This simple application applies to *most* of the bodies of water in the region, however, there are a few contaminated with chemicals and toxins that cannot be purified by boiling. A good rule of thumb is if you don't see birds or mammals drinking the water, you shouldn't either! Another is if the indigenous humans and human-like D-Bees can drink the water, so can you, but boil it first. (Most tribes also boil the water before drinking it and will have 2D4 50 gallon/189 liter barrels of purified water tucked away in camp at any given time.)

Magic can also be used to summon rain, create water or ice, and purify containers of polluted water.

Dehydration

Fresh, drinkable water is absolutely essential for most player characters to survive. Humans can go for weeks without food if necessary, but can only go a few days without water.

Water Consumption. To survive in the wilderness, especially a hot environment like Dinosaur Swamp, a character is going to need water, and lots of it. Most humans can go for weeks without food if they have to, but can only last three or four days, tops, without water. And that's just sitting still. Somebody who is particularly active (i.e., running, walking, fighting, or performing heavy manual labor) can dehydrate himself beyond the point of no return within a day or two. Heat, hu-

midity and wind may also contribute to the problem of dehydration, though there should be plenty of shade from trees.

Having adequate water supplies is critical to all adventurers. For game purposes, normal-sized humanoids must consume a minimum of two quarts of water a day or become dehydrated, double that if particularly active, triple if engaging in prolonged strenuous activity.

Dehydrated characters have all combat bonuses and number of attacks per melee reduced by *half*. Sustained dehydration (for more than 48 hours in swamp or forest environments) results in the character losing 25% of his total Hit Points. Reduce Hit Points by an additional 20% for each subsequent 24 hour period without at least one quart of water. After 96 hours, characters will have lost 65% of their total Hit Points, plus speed will be reduced by 90%, attacks/actions per melee are reduced to one per round, and the suffering characters have no initiative and *no* combat bonuses of any kind! After 120 hours, Hit Points are down by 85% and if the dehydrated characters do not each get at least two quarts of water within the next 2D4 hours, they each fall into a coma. After that, unless they get at least two quarts of water in the next 24 hours, Hit Points drop to 3D6 points below zero and they die.

These requirements are just for characters doing normal activity, such as walking, talking, exploring, etc. If the characters spend more than four hours of the day performing rigorous activity such as fighting, running, heavy manual labor, etc., then their water requirements for that day will be *doubled*.

To fully recover from dehydration, characters must drink two extra quarts of water for each day they have gone without drinking any. They cannot drink all that extra water at once, though. They need to drink it over the course of the next 48 hours. With rest and proper hydration, a full recovery is made at roughly the same rate as the dehydration; meaning if a character suffered dehydration for three days, complete Hit Points, speed, bonuses and abilities are restored in three days (basically reverse the dehydration process).

Water requirements for giant-sized humanoids are double those of normal-sized humanoids. So, your average giant-sized humanoid needs to drink four quarts (one gallon) of water in jungle or desert conditions. And those over 15 feet (4.6 m) tall will require quadruple the human amount (i.e. two gallons).

Small humanoids, like Goblins, require only *half* the amount of water per day that normal-sized humanoids require. In addition, races and animals "native" or accustomed to the heat and humidity of Dinosaur Swamp, like barbarians, also require only half the normal amount of water that "outsiders" not accustomed to the sweltering heat and humidity require. This is because these races have, over time, acclimatized to the conditions of the region, and their bodies naturally conserve water much more efficiently than humans and most outsiders.

Note: As long as there is a spark of life, the Restoration spell will instantly heal and restore victims of dehydration. However, Healing Touch, magic potions of healing, and similar healing magic and psionics have only the most minimal effect on people suffering from dehydration – one Hit Point per spell, potion or touch. Enough, perhaps, to survive an extra day, provided one has the benefit of eight or ten such mystical healings. Of course, resistance to heat, thirst and exhaustion are also helpful in *delaying* the inevitable, but even these characters ultimately still suffer from the accumulative effects of dehydration and heat exhaustion.

Heat Exhaustion

More than one "civilized" adventurer has perished from overexertion and strength sapping heat. Fools who attempt a forced march in non-environmental armor under the noon sun quickly boil in their own sweat. Included here are some guidelines for what precautions player characters will have to take to keep from accidentally cooking themselves to death.

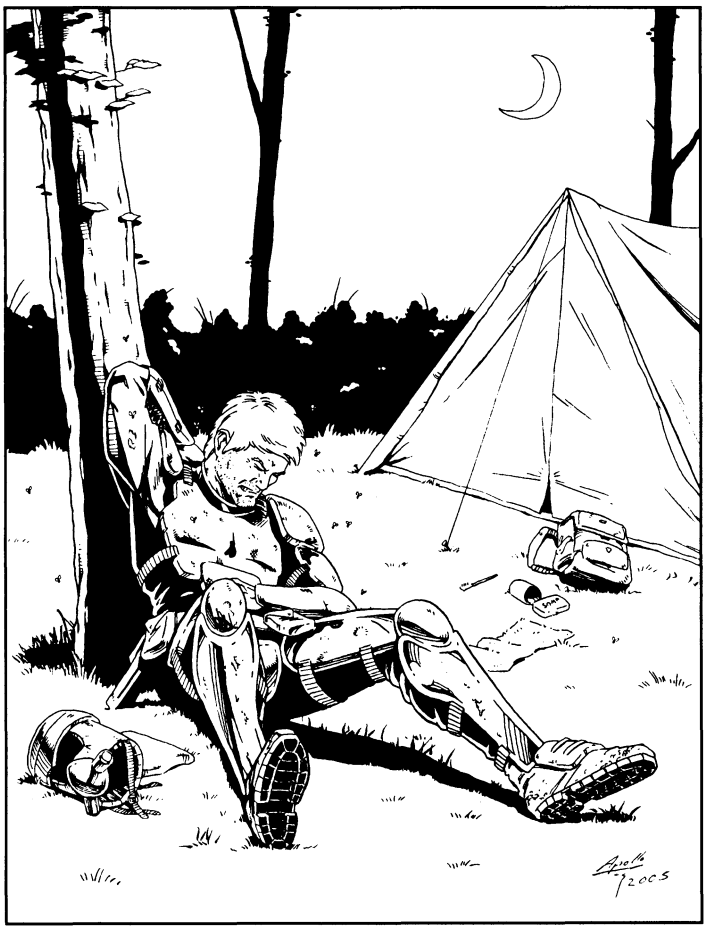
Players and G.M.s alike must remember that this part of the country is hot and humid. Winter and Spring temperatures are a comfortable 62-78 degrees Fahrenheit (17-26 Celsius) in the day with moderate humidity, but drop to 40-50 degrees Fahrenheit (4-10 C) at night, sometimes dipping below freezing (about 30 degrees) for a night or two. Summertime temperatures range from 82-100 degrees Fahrenheit (28-38 C) and the humidity makes it feel 10-15 degrees *hotter*. It is during the Summer and Fall (mainly May thru October) that hurricanes also rage along the eastern seaboard and Gulf coasts. The forest and jungle areas do offer shade and some relief from the sweltering heat (reduce the humidity effect by half), but in the swamps there is little shade from the baking sun and the fetid waters breed clouds of mosquitos and biting insects.

The heat in Dinosaur Swamp can be oppressive during the Summer and Fall months and can seem as if you are traveling through a sauna. Just wearing clothing and a light load can become a difficult task or at least an annoyance. Normal, non-strenuous activity, such as walking or light manual labor, can only be continued for an hour per point of Physical Endurance (P.E.) above 8. Thus, an adventurer with a P.E. of 14 can walk or work lightly for six hours straight before suffering from heat exhaustion or needing to rest and rehydrate.

Adventurers performing strenuous activity, such as a forced march, combat or heavy lifting or work (this includes wearing any suit of non-environmental body armor or equipment weighing more than 60 pounds/27 kg), can only go on for 30 minutes per point of P.E. above 8. So, the same adventurer with a P.E. of 14 can only run, fight or perform otherwise strenuous activity for about three hours before feeling extreme fatigue and dehydration, to the point of collapse, unless he can rest and get plenty of water.

Extremely strenuous activities, such as heavy or prolonged fighting or running at an all-tilt sprint, can only be done for two minutes per P.E. point.

Once the character has gone through such a period of continued activity, he will need to rest. The only way to avoid tiring out quickly is to take frequent rest stops and drink plenty of non-alcoholic fluids. Water and fruit juices are ideal. If a person rests for ten minutes every hour, they can remain active for 9-12 hours before needing to stop and rest for at least 2-4 hours. Pushing oneself will eventually cause the character to drop to the ground, physically exhausted (reduce speed, attacks per melee round, skill performance and combat bonuses all by half). **Note:** Only swamp dwellers who have lived in the region all their lives are better acclimated to the environment and can remain active for twice as long with half the rest time.



The Elements and Hygiene

I don't care how tough the player characters think they are, if they are suffering from being cold, wet, hot, sticky, pestered by insects, diseased, exhausted, dehydrated, hungry, hunted by dinosaurs and barbarians, and under the constant threat of the unknown, then they are going to be *miserable*. The constant exposure to being rained on, baked in the sun, frozen by a Winter wind, peppered by hail, and kept awake by a late night thunderstorm are all very real, very tangible hazards that the Game Master can throw at the characters to keep them off balance. In fact, a nice thunderstorm can produce a flash flood that can make the characters' day a real bad one if they happened to make camp in a lowland bottom. A failed Wilderness Survival skill check alone can lead to all kinds of weather related problems. And adventure: Did something get washed up on shore during the storm? That "something" could be a boat, a trunk, wreckage from a ship lost at sea, valuables from same, survivor of a lost vessel, runaway slave, Horune pirate (survivor of a shipwreck or a search party looking for slaves or valuables washed away in the storm), a sea serpent, some other creature, a clue, and so on.

As for playing the elements, the first thing to contend with is that many players (and their characters) are going to feel somewhat immune to the elements thanks to the comfort and convenience of our modern life. Similarly, the characters may feel immune thanks to the advent of modern, fully *environmental body armor*. However, no one stays in his armor 24 hours a day. It just doesn't happen. To put it in perspective, how many people can stand to wear the same clothes for more than two or three days straight? Ok, that's not *really* a challenge, especially when comforted by the fact that it's only for three days, after which you get a nice shower and a clean change. Try wearing the same clothes, without washing them, for months at a time while performing rigorous physical activity. For anyone claiming to never take off his armor, that's what's going inside his suit of body armor. Yuck.

Eventually, the smell is going to be enough to drive away even the most loyal friends and allies with the strongest of stomachs, or worse, start attracting insects and determined scavengers. As if that's not enough, outbreaks of bacteria and fungus will begin to blossom and grow rapidly. Realistically, experienced *player characters* should know enough not to eat, sleep, and do *EVERYTHING* inside their armor, even if their *players* don't. Not only is living in armor 24/7 uncomfortable, it is likely to keep the character from getting a good night's sleep, and also jab, rub and wear on points of contact, creating sore spots, friction burns and other skin and muscle problems. Sure, the old saying, "I never take my armor off" sounds great, until those pesky, irritating skin rashes begin to develop and they stop getting restful sleep. It's not just a matter of social graces, but a matter of a character's health. The real world military doesn't stress health and sanitation in the field just because officers and NCOs like to make an enlisted man's life miserable; it's a *necessity*.

As a tool for the Game Master, hygiene can be a subtle threat thrown at the characters while in the field. If they are pressed for time, on the run, or actively pursued, they may not have time to properly take care of such matters. Who has time for a shower and laundry while being hunted by a pack of raptors over the course of a week or two, or while being harassed by barbarians? Between actual travel, guard duty, protecting the supplies, and fighting off threats, all while trying to eat and catch some sleep, personal hygiene is oftentimes the first comfort to go.

Characters who do not practice proper hygiene in the field, including armor cleaning/maintenance, should make a saving throw vs disease at a 10 or higher for every week that they go without practicing basic hygiene. Characters who fail will begin to exhibit the telltale signs of fungal and bacterial growth on their skin. Such signs include horrible body odor, a persistent itching feeling, and a red and inflamed rash that develops which can result in open sores if the condition goes untreated. This usually begins in the regions of the feet, the groin and waist area, and the arms and shoulders, but given enough inattention by the character, such growths can form anywhere else that sweat and grime accumulates. Characters will suffer from a –1 to initiative, –1 to Physical Beauty (P.B.) and –2 to Mental Affinity (M.A.). These effects are cumulative for each failed saving throw until the character receives medical treatment and can clean up. See pages 45 and 46 of **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp™** for medicines helpful in treating bacteria and fungal infections. Also, while poor hygiene may be a minor inconvenience at first, skin that has been gouged from constant scratching and open sores is a breeding ground for infection. See page 41 of **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp™** for specific rules on wound infection.

Hygiene aside, for characters accustomed to operating in the wilds, like *Wilderness Scouts, Trappers* and *barbarians*, it's not the everyday weather patterns and climate that make a signifi-

cant impact in their lives. They are used to a sudden and brief afternoon Summer thunderstorm, or an occasional January snow flurry. It is the major weather events that put a crimp in their day or doom them to being another casualty of Dinosaur Swamp. Major weather events include occurrences of hot streaks, freak ice storms/hail, tornadoes, torrential rainstorms, thunderstorms (with lightning and strong winds), flooding, flash floods, thick fog, tidal waves/tsunamis, squalls, Ley Line Storms (on land and at sea) and the dreaded Atlantic Hurricanes (from mid-April through October) that can carve a path of destruction 100-600 miles (160 to 960 km) in diameter. These typically aren't something that player characters can fight against or circumvent. They can only hope to flee the oncoming onslaught or take cover and pray they survive.

Oftentimes, surviving a major weather event is not the end of the story. Equipment, supplies, riding animals, vehicles and even friends and allies can be lost, damaged, or destroyed. Hurricanes and tornadoes produce winds that can topple buildings and tear up trees; light equipment, vehicles, and yes, characters, are just *debris* to be snatched up and hurled about. Odds of recovering something lost in such a storm are slim to none. Ironically, this may be the least of the characters' problems. Roads, bridges and familiar landmarks may have been swept away by high winds or water, or covered with tree branches, muck and debris – in short, the entire landscape around them may have been transformed and finding one's way back to camp or civilization or even the coastline may be difficult or impossible! Travel will be further complicated by debris (toppled trees, carpets of branches, remnants of buildings and vehicles, etc.) and soaked earth. Walking through mud, muck and water is neither fun or fast. Meanwhile, displaced animals are a threat, as are the scavengers who will come out to feed on the dead and dying. And then there are the *human scavengers* – looters, bandits, and tribesmen trying to find opportunity out of the misfortune of others. **Note:** For specific information on using major weather phenomena, see the section titled **Climate and Weather**.

Climate and Weather

With so much already said about using the weather as a hazard, perhaps it's best to lay down some good, hard facts about the climate and weather of Dinosaur Swamp. Generally, the southeast is known for its heat, humidity, rain storms and hurricanes out of the Atlantic Ocean. That's mostly accurate; however, the specifics have a bit more variance to them. There are two factors that have influenced the regional climate since the coming of the Cataclysm; they are the raising of the sea level and the reappearance of Atlantis. Generally, with the rise in sea level, the climate has actually taken a slightly less hot and humid turn for the Carolinas, but Florida and Georgia have suffered for it.

Florida

Despite losing half of its pre-Cataclysm landmass, Florida has not lost its reputation for hot, humid and rainy Summers with reasonably nice and dry Winters. Most of Florida's weather patterns are the result of being a peninsula, so even when cold air does move into the region, the warm ocean air moves in and pushes the temperatures up. This makes it an ideal location for tropical and sub-tropical plants to flourish, although the occasional freeze does happen in the depths of the Winter months.

Temperature: Average daytime lows at the coldest point of Winter are in the lower 60s Fahrenheit (15.55 C) in the River of Grass, while the Panhandle reaches the lower 50s Fahrenheit (10 C).

In the Summer, the average temperature is almost the same across the peninsula at about 88 degrees Fahrenheit (31.11 C). These are just the "average" temperatures, with temperature extremes that can reach to the mid-30s Fahrenheit (1.66 C) in the Winter and highs over 100 degrees Fahrenheit (37.77 C) in the hottest days of Summer.

While these temperatures may seem fairly reasonable, that doesn't take into account relative humidity. During the Summer months, when the humidity can reach 70%+, perspiration does not evaporate as readily off of the body, which can make temperatures feel 10-15 degrees higher than they actually are. This makes for extremely uncomfortable weather, especially for characters not acclimated to it, and is a rich breeding ground for insects and disease.

Precipitation: Florida gets an average of 54 inches (1.37 m) of precipitation each year. The Panhandle does see snow fall on rare occasions during the Winter, but almost all of the precipitation that falls on Florida is in the form of rain. Of this precipitation, the vast majority of it falls between the hot, humid Summer



months of May and August, and many times it falls in heavy, torrential downpours resulting from fierce summer thunderstorms that can dump as much as 3 inches (7.5 cm) or more in a single 24-hour period. It is interesting to note that on average, Florida receives 150 billion gallons (567 billion L) of rainwater, in addition to 25 billion gallons (94 billion L) of water from rivers leaving Alabama and Georgia *per day*.

Weather Events: Tornadoes: Another interesting fact is that Florida actually has the highest occurrence of tornadoes per 10,000 square miles, exceeding even that of Oklahoma and other Midwestern states. Many of these are waterspouts of minimal size or wind speed, but some of them are known to be powerful with exceedingly high winds, and have been known to be lethal.

Tropical Storms & Hurricanes: Florida is also the most common place for hurricanes and tropical storms to make landfall in all of North America. The addition of the continent of Atlantis to the usual pre-Cataclysm hurricane track has forced more of them to take a southerly route, increasing the number that make landfall to as much as 50% more than pre-Cataclysmic figures. Thus, as many as 9-18 hurricanes and tropical storms can make landfall between the months of April and November.

Georgia

With the eastern coast inundated and becoming a marshy terrain, Georgia has seen a slight change in climate from the pre-Cataclysm days, but not enough to make a significant difference. Georgia does have a larger range of temperatures than Florida thanks to the effects of the Appalachian Mountains.

Temperature: Average daytime Winter temperatures are in the upper 40s Fahrenheit (4.44 C), however the temperature difference between the mountains (cooler) and the central Piedmont (warmer) can be as much as 10 degrees year round. Winter lows can drop well below freezing for 1D6 days at a time almost anywhere in the state; however the coastal region is less prone to such extreme temperatures and is usually 10-20 degrees Fahrenheit warmer.

Summer temperature averages in the low 80s Fahrenheit (26.66 C), but it isn't unusual for it to rise above 100 degrees Fahrenheit (37.77 C) for days at a time. Humidity is high, on par with Florida.

Precipitation: On a yearly basis, Georgia usually sees the same amount of precipitation as Florida, however it is spread out over most of the year, whereas the Florida Peninsula sees most of the rain during Summer and Fall. Even with a statewide average of over 55 inches (1.39 m) of precipitation per year, 4 to 6 inches (10 to 15 cm) of that accumulates as snowfall in the Winter months.

Weather Events: Thunderstorms are extremely common in the afternoons of the Summer months, although nothing compared to the onslaughts that can rail over Florida. Georgia is also prone to hurricanes and tropical storms making landfall, however only an average of two hurricanes and 2-4 tropical storms make landfall per year.

The Carolinas

The events of the Great Cataclysm have actually significantly altered the climate of the Carolinas, particularly what was North Carolina. With the state's significant extremes of elevation between the mountains and the coast, the temperature used to vary by as much as 20 degrees, but with the regression of sea level, the climate has more or less homogenized.

Temperature: The average Winter temperature for the Carolinas is in the mid-40s Fahrenheit (4.44 C), however the lowest ever recorded was in the mountains of North Carolina at –34 degrees Fahrenheit (-36.6 C); this, of course, is an anomaly outside the normal range.

Summer daytime highs are in the 90s Fahrenheit (32.22 C), with only the occasional 100+ degrees Fahrenheit (37.77 C) day. The Piedmont region is known for being one of the hottest in the southeast, sometimes exceeding even the hottest days in Florida. The temperature in the mountains is usually 10 degrees Fahrenheit cooler than the temperatures at the coast, but the humidity level usually remains the same. Average Summer humidity is around 70%, but instances of 90%+ have been recorded.

Precipitation: Average precipitation for the Carolinas is 45 to 50 inches (1.14-1.27 m) per year, with most of it occurring in the Spring and Summer months. During the Winter, snow, sleet and ice storms can blanket the region in accumulations of up to an inch (25.4 cm) thick in the lowlands and the mountains receiving 16 inches (40.6 cm) of snow per year. Some of the higher elevations have been known to average nearly 50 inches (1.27 m) of snow per year, making mountain winter travel very dangerous.

Weather Events: Even though outside of the typical tornado range, the Carolinas will still average 3-4 tornadoes per year, usually in the early Spring or late Fall. Hurricanes and tropical storms have a natural inclination to turn into the continent around the Carolina coast, averaging three to four making landfall each year. Because most of the Outer Banks were swept away by the Great Cataclysm and have yet to reform in any significant numbers or size along the new coast, hurricanes that do make landfall will often pummel the region with *extreme* ferocity.

Hurricanes and Tropical Storms

Easily the most impressive and damaging of all weather events in the southeast, hurricanes and tropical storms are monumental weather events. Called *cyclones* in other parts of the world, hurricane is the regional name for these weather systems. They can form either in the Atlantic Ocean off of the coast of Africa, or in the Gulf of Mexico, but both are driven by forces in the Northern Hemisphere to converge on either North or Central America. Because of the reintegration of Atlantis to the mid-Atlantic Ocean, tropical storms coming off of the coast of Africa behave differently than they did during the millennia in which the continent was trapped in dimensional limbo.

Before the reappearance of Atlantis, tropical storms would race across the Atlantic Ocean, either gathering strength or dying out depending on the circulation of the ocean currents and atmospheric humidity. However, now that Atlantis has been reintroduced and the consequent redirection of the Mid-Atlantic ocean currents, nearly 40% of all tropical storms that come off



of the West African coast either fail to strengthen and die out in the ocean or will make landfall on the southeastern portion of Atlantis. Of the 60% that are diverted away from Atlantis, they usually don't gather strength until they reach the warm waters of the Demon Sea. From here, thanks to both natural phenomena and the mystical energies of the Bermuda Triangle (a.k.a. Demon Sea), these tropical storms usually gain strength at an unnatural rate, and steam ahead for either the Caribbean Islands or the American Southeast. Consequently, the hurricanes and tropical storms that may make landfall in Dinosaur Swamp are significantly more powerful than the ones in pre-Rifts times.

The differences between a tropical storm and the varying categories of hurricanes are measured on the *Saffir-Simpson Scale* that was developed over 150 years before the Great Cataclysm. **A tropical storm** becomes a hurricane when its sustained wind speed reaches 75 mph (120 km), and the winds take on the telltale counterclockwise rotation around a relatively calm, central eye. However, the only people able to appreciate these forms are Archie-3 thanks to his orbiting satellite and those living in the orbital community in outer space. To anyone on the ground, these are cursed, massively destructive storms.

Few people on Rifts Earth actually study the weather as a scientific discipline, although there are many examples of a magical weather sense, including that possessed by Eco-Wizards, and African and Native American Shamans. The concept of weather forecasting is only practiced among those with the most advanced technology on Rifts Earth such as the Coalition States and the NGR, and they rely mainly on ground based Doppler radar and aircraft equipped with meteorological sensing equipment. The New Navy and Tritonia, who have a vested interest in detecting approaching storms and weather phenomena, have some of the most powerful weather forecasting equipment in operation, most of it from the Pre-Cataclysmic days. Player characters, however, are likely to be at the mercy of the weather, largely unaware of approaching events unless they happen to have an Eco-Wizard, Warlock or someone with similar abilities as part of their group.

A note on hurricane force winds and body armor. Full environmental body armor is designed to blunt the trauma brought on by the weapons of war, usually energy weapons and sudden kinetic impacts. It is not designed to protect the wearer from the powerful, continuous jolting and pummeling of hurricane force winds, or being picked up and hurled like a rag doll at speeds of 100-300 mph (160 to 480 km). For every 5 points of Mega-Damage dealt to a character in *M.D.C. body armor* or *power armor* that has been swept up by these winds, usually a Category 3 or higher, the character inside will take 2D6 points of S.D.C./Hit Point damage (start with S.D.C. damage, when S.D.C. is gone, the character starts to lose Hit Points). It is entirely possible for their armor to take minimal damage and come out of a storm relatively unscathed, while the person wearing the armor is literally beaten and thrashed to pieces. In the event of a hurricane, even characters in power armor and some robot suits should seek cover or they will end up thrown about like debris.

Tropical Storm: Wind Speed: under 75 mph (120 km), minimal damage, mostly rain and wind. At these speeds, people will stagger when they walk and there is a 01-25% chance they will be knocked to the ground. Objects weighing 15 lbs (6.8 kg) or less will be blown away. Anyone caught in the winds will have their speed reduced by 10%, and is –1 to strike, parry and dodge.

Category 1 Hurricane: Weak. Wind Speed: 75-95 mph (120 to 152 km), damage to vegetation. At these wind speeds, people will stagger when they walk, and there is a 01-40% chance they will be knocked to the ground. Objects weighing 30 lbs (13.5 kg) or less will be blown away. Debris will be kicked up, and anyone caught up in the winds will have their speed reduced by one quarter, lose one attack per melee, and have a –3 strike, parry and dodge. People and items under 300 lbs (135 kg) will not be knocked over, but their speed is reduced by 30%. At this level, small twigs and branches will be sheered from trees, small trees may be knocked down or uprooted, medium to large dead limbs will snap off, and vegetation will suffer the worst of the damage. Flying debris is still a concern, with those out in the storm in danger of being struck for 3D6 S.D.C. damage (a

01-25% chance), every 15 minutes they are outdoors and not under cover.

Category 2 Hurricane: Moderate. Wind Speed: 96-110 mph (153.6 to 176 km), moderate damage to buildings. At these speeds, anyone or anything less than 300 lbs (135 kg) will be unable to stand, being blown around like debris. People and items over 300 lbs (135 kg) will have a 01-50% chance of being knocked over, will see their speed reduced by *half*, and are –3 to strike, parry, dodge and perform other combat moves.

At this level, small and medium-sized branches are sheered off and small trees will be uprooted. Flying debris is a serious concern, and characters stand less of a chance of being struck by debris than actually becoming debris. 01-60% chance of being struck for 1D4 points of M.D. every 15 minutes outdoors and not under cover. **Note:** Anyone actually caught up in the winds will be knocked down, loses half his melee attacks per round, is –6 to strike, parry, dodge or perform other combat moves, and takes 1D8 M.D. per minute flung around in the wind, and 1D8 M.D. (and 4D6 S.D.C./Hit Point damage inside the armor) when he finally lands – usually by slamming into the ground or a structure too heavy to be affected by the wind. Dropped after 1D4 minutes.

Category 3 Hurricane: Strong. Wind Speed: 111-130 mph (177.6 to 208 km), extensive damage to trees and small buildings. People and items weighing *more* than 600 lbs (270 kg) have a 01-75% chance of being knocked over, will have their speed reduced *to one quarter* of normal, and be at –8 to strike, parry, dodge and perform other combat moves. Anyone lighter is likely to be caught in the wind (see Note).

At this level, all deadwood is snapped off of trees regardless of their size, and medium to large healthy tree branches are likely to snap as well. Small to medium-sized trees will be uprooted, and the small trees and other light objects (under 100 lbs/45 kg) will be pulverized and turned into flying debris. 01-80% chance for anyone outside of being struck for 1D8 M.D. every 15 minutes outdoors and not under cover. **Note:** Anyone or anything less than 600 lbs (270 kg) will be literally thrown around like a twig. At these wind speeds, such victims are at the mercy of the winds, have only one melee *action* (no attacks) per round, and are –10 on all combat moves. They take 3D6 M.D. per minute flung around in the wind, and another 3D6 M.D. (and 1D6x10 S.D.C./Hit Point damage to the character inside the armor) when they finally land – usually by slamming into the ground or a structure too heavy to be affected by the wind. Dropped after 1D4 minutes.

Category 4 Hurricane: Super-Strong. Wind Speed: 131-155 mph (209 to 248 km), extreme structural damage. At these speeds, anyone or anything weighing less than 1000 lbs (450 kg) is debris. At this level, 2D4x10% of all small trees are uprooted, pulverized and turned into flying debris; 1D6x10% of all medium-sized and 1D6x10% of all large trees are uprooted. Cars, boats and other vehicles are overturned, rolled like a barrel or pushed around, and 1D6x10%+30% of small buildings will be flattened outright; 1D6x10%+20% of medium buildings will have 1D100% of their structure torn away (starting with the roof), and 1D4x10%+10% of all large buildings will see 1D4x10% of their structure damaged or destroyed (starting with windows and roofing). Even giant robots and tanks will see their speed reduced by 30%, suffer a penalty of -20% to their operator's piloting skill (double speed penalty and piloting penalty for airborne giant vehicles), lose 3 attacks per melee round, and are -4 to strike, parry and perform any other combat move. They will also be pounded by flying debris every 8 minutes outdoors and not under cover. Damage from flying debris and winds is 3D6 M.D. per 8 minutes not under cover (behind a windbreak or large building, inside a hangar or garage, etc.).

Note: Anyone outdoors and actually caught up in the wind is helpless and whirled around like a leaf; no attacks per melee, no combat bonuses, and takes 6D6 M.D. for every minute flung around in the wind and another 6D6 M.D. (and 2D4x10 S.D.C./Hit Point damage to the character inside the armor) when he finally lands – usually by slamming into the ground or a structure too heavy to be completely destroyed by the wind. Dropped after 1D4 minutes.

Category 5 Hurricane: Devastating. Wind Speed: 156-300+ mph (250 to 480+ km), catastrophic building failure. At this level, 2D4x10%+20% of all small trees are uprooted, pulverized and turned into flying debris; 2D4x10%+20% of all medium-sized and 2D4x10% of all large trees are up rooted. Cars, boats and other vehicles are overturned, rolled down the street like a barrel or picked up and hurled 2D6x1000 yards/meters! 2D4x10%+20% of small buildings are flattened outright; 1D6x10%+40% of medium-sized buildings are flattened (any left standing see 1D6x10% of their structure torn away or destroyed, starting with the roof), and 1D6x10%+20% of all large buildings, including skyscrapers, see 2D4x10% of their structure destroyed (starting with windows and roofing).

Giant robots and tanks will see their speed reduced by 60%, suffer a penalty of -30% to their operator's piloting skill (double speed penalty and piloting penalty for airborne giant vehicles), lose 75% of their combined attacks per melee round, and are -8 to strike, parry and perform any other combat move. They will also be pounded by flying debris every five minutes outdoors and not under cover. Damage from flying debris and winds is 4D6 M.D. per 10 minutes not under cover (behind a windbreak or large building, inside a hangar or garage, etc.). Damage from flying debris and high winds is 3D6 M.D. per every minute not under cover.

Note: Anyone outdoors and actually caught up in the wind is helpless and whirled around like a leaf; no attacks per melee, no combat bonuses, and takes 6D6 M.D. for every minute flung around in the wind and 1D6x10 M.D. (plus 2D6x10 S.D.C./Hit Point damage to the character inside the armor) when he finally lands – usually by slamming into the ground or a structure too heavy to be completely destroyed by the wind. Dropped after 1D6 minutes.

Strange Denizens of Dinosaur Swamp



Wraith Brigades

These spectral soldiers appear as translucent, gaunt, human males that fade into and out of color depending on the amount of sunlight hitting them. In full daylight, these spirits are almost invisible, appearing only in misty wisps of cloudy white ectoplasm. In the shadows, or the darkest hours of night, they appear in brilliant, yet somewhat grainy colors; like those of an old photograph. They are dressed in uniforms of varying quality, some are little more than ragged homespun tatters, while others are well tailored and meticulously maintained. Most of these soldiers' uniforms are plain and unremarkable, while others are heavily decorated with combinations of embroidered braids, various chevrons on the sleeves, or emblems on the epaulets. Even to an untrained observer, it's easy to distinguish the officers from the enlisted ranks. The colors of these uniforms vary, but they indicate two different armies. One side wears shades of gray or butternut, while the other side wears the color of deep blue.

As they are groups of fighting men, they are also armed and equipped. The majority of these soldiers carry an ancient musket, complete with bayonet, and the overloaded pack of an infantryman. The officers are only armed with a revolver and a sword belted at their waist. Rumors tell of officers astride spectral steeds as well, loaded down with saddlebags, blankets and saddle, but these are still *only rumors*.

Wraith Brigades are almost always found within the confines of the **Horror Forest**, although there have been reported sightings of similar garbed ghosts all along the southeast, as far north as old Pennsylvania, and as far west as the Mississippi River. They are usually found roaming the wilds in formations of 6-8 members, although Neenok did record one encounter with a group of at least 16-20. Such large numbers are believed to appear only in the Horror Forest.

I wasn't sure what I was seeing at first. It was late, so the sun was low and broke through the trees in small, scattered patches of gold and pink light. At first, I thought it was one of the scout-

ing groups returning from the field. As they came closer, I knew that there were too many of them to be ours, nearly twenty, and I thought then that they might be a group of barbarians. However, as they stepped deeper into the shadows, and out of the light, I got a better view of them; and I was intrigued.

In my preparations for the expedition, I had obviously familiarized myself with the history of the pre-Cataclysmic peoples of Dinosaur Swamp. Immediately I knew that I was faced with a group of soldiers from the American Empire's Civil War; Federal soldiers to be exact. Although these weren't a group Rifted through time and space, these soldiers had been dead for a very, very long time. Barely a week had passed since we lost Javelle and the others to those damned spectral children, and no one knew what to expect. Unfortunately, I ignored the lessons learned at the playground, and I ignored my own conscience. It cost me two more members of my expedition, and their deaths will haunt me for as long as I live.

Neenok was indeed correct, these Wraith Brigades are apparitions in the form of Union and Confederate soldiers from the 19th century American Civil War. Most inhabitants of Rifts Earth would be ignorant of this lost part of history from before the Dark Ages, but Rogue Scholars and others possessing History skills may recognize them for what they are. Most barbarian tribes know of them, but only through centuries of distorted oral history and their own personal, brutal encounters with them.

Like the Haunting Child Entity (see **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp**), the Wraith Brigades are an unusual form of spectral creature. They do *not* conform to the usual attributes of what most consider an Entity. These Wraiths have their own unique powers, and some Wraith Soldiers, though extremely rare, seem to possess a degree of intelligence and sentience. These rare and unique *individuals* are further explained below in the description of the **Wraith Soldier R.C.C.**

What is known about the Wraith Brigades is that they are extremely territorial. These groups will claim a patch of ground as their own and defend it with unmatched ferocity. The spirits do not kill for sport, nor for food, or for treasure, and unlike many supernatural entities, they do not kill for pleasure. Instead, for whatever reasons, known only to them, they fight and kill for the defense of their land. Unfortunately, there are no outward signs that indicate where the territory of a Wraith Brigade begins or ends. They do not stake claim to any particular type of ruins or natural formations, so for all anyone knows, just about *anywhere* could potentially be Wraith Brigade territory. Explorers and barbarians alike are often taken by surprise, not knowing that they have wandered into an area claimed by a particular Wrath Brigade. It is particularly unsettling, as anyone caught by a Brigade doesn't know which way to flee. One direction may lead to safety, perhaps only a few meters away, while another direction may take a character further into the Wraith Brigade's territory.

Neenok hypothesizes that the Wraith Brigades are made up of spirits who fell in combat on a particular battlefield. They are now cursed into *undeath,* brought to a sort of half-life by the Coming of the Rifts, forever haunting the ground soaked with their blood. Neenok believes that if he could acquire more information on the American Empire's Civil War, especially detailed maps, he might be able to prove his hypothesis. However, such maps are difficult to locate and the land and its old landmarks have changed a great deal since the Great Cataclysm.

Neenok's hypothesis is as good as any, since the exact origins of the Wraith Brigades are still up for debate. Some liken them to the Haunting Children, and claim they are a different manifestation of the same type of malevolent force. Others believe that the Wraith Brigades are a unique type of Haunting Entity. The mystery will undoubtedly go on for years to come. After all, it is not like the Wraith Brigades are going to spill their secrets, even the ones who *can* talk. Neenok suspects even they don't know exactly what they are or why they are compelled to haunt parts of Dinosaur Swamp.

Wraith Brigade Entity

Alignment: Diabolic or Miscreant.

Attributes: I.Q. 1D6+6, M.E. 1D6, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 3D6, P.P. 3D6, P.E. Not applicable. P.B. 1D6, Spd 48 (36 mph/57.6 km).

M.D.C.: 6D6+12, but vulnerable only to *energy weapons.* They take only half damage from energy weapons, but lasers, ion blasts, particle beams and all the rest inflict damage to the ethereal soldiers. Psionic attacks and magic are also effective weapons against Wraith Brigades. Depleting the creature's M.D.C. dissipates its energies, destroying the entity, leaving nothing behind. Wraith Brigade Entities are particularly vulnerable to Psi-Swords, taking double damage from them, but take normal damage from Rune Weapons. **Note:** On S.D.C. worlds the M.D.C. total is converted directly to S.D.C., point for point, as are all of their special abilities listed below.

Horror Factor: 13

Size: That of an average human male, between 5 feet (1.52 m) and 6 feet (1.8 m) tall.

Weight: Not applicable.

Average Life Span: Unknown, presumably eternal.

P.P.E.: 5D6

Appearance: A spectral Civil War soldier that fades in and out of color with the sun; appearing ghostly and transparent in sunlight, and opaque and in full color in shadow and at night. Most of them appear to be between the ages of 16 and 24, although some are older and a few appear to be younger. Few of them have ever been heard to speak, but they will make all the sounds of men on the march, complete with footfalls in cadence and the clanking of pots and equipment.

Natural Abilities: In addition to the psionic powers described below, Wraith Brigade soldiers can run at 36 mph (57.6 km) and can leap 15 feet (4.6 m) high or across. They can pass through solid objects, and energy weapons do half their normal damage to them.

Vulnerabilities: Magic and psychic attacks have full effect. Likewise, the specters who compose a Wraith Brigade can only attack using psionic powers, nothing else.

Attacks per Melee: Five.

Damage: By psionics.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +2 to strike, and impervious to bullets, arrows, explosives, punches and other kinetic attacks, and solid matter, as well as impervious to normal fire, M.D.C. plasma, cold, poison, disease, and do not need to breathe. Energy weapons do *half damage.*

Magic and psionic attacks inflict their normal damage, Psi-Swords do double damage.

Magic: None.

Psionics: Considered Master Psychics. Base I.S.P. is 1D4x10+50.

Limited Psionic Powers: Ectoplasm (6 or 12), Empathy (4), Empathic Transmission: All (6), Mind Block (4), Presence Sense (4), See the Invisible (4), Sixth Sense (2), Telekinesis (varies). All are performed equal to fifth level of experience.

Special: TK Firearm: Whether it takes the form of a musket or a revolver, the range and damage are identical. These weapons are part of the Brigade Wraith and vanish with them when they are destroyed.

Mega-Damage: 2D4 per force bolt (double at a ley line).

Rate of Fire: Single shot; each blast counts as one melee attack.

Range: 1500 feet (457.2 m); double at a ley line.

Payload: 10 shots per charge; it costs the wraith 5 I.S.P. to charge the rifle to full capacity.

Special: Rifle Butt-Stroke: While the Wraith Brigade soldiers are intangible, they can still inflict damage with the butt of their rifle through a telekinetic strike similar to the psionic ability of Telekinetic Punch.

Range: By touch or three feet (0.91 m).

Damage: 1D4 M.D.

Duration: Each blunt attack with a rifle butt counts as one of the Wraith's melee attacks.

Saving Throw: Dodge or Parry as usual.

Cost: 5 I.S.P. per strike.

Special: Psi-Sword *or* Psi-Bayonet: The Wrath Brigade soldiers have the powerful psionic ability to manifest a Psi-Sword! The officer's version takes the form of a sword drawn from the belt, while the infantryman projects a long, slender bayonet from the tip of his musket.

Range: Touch.

Damage: 3D6 M.D.; the damage is the same for both the sword and the bayonet version.

Duration: The bayonet lasts for 15 minutes per manifestation. Each strike counts as one of the specter's melee attacks.

Saving Throw: Dodge or Parry as usual.

Cost to Manifest the Psi-Sword or Psi-Bayonet: 15 I.S.P.

Special: The Double-Quick: With this ability, the Wraith Brigade soldiers can increase either their movement speed, or their number of attacks per melee round, providing a tactical advantage against an unsuspecting foe!

Range: Self.

Duration: One melee round.

Effects and Cost: Either doubles the character's maximum speed for one melee round at a cost of 15 I.S.P., *or* provides *two additional attacks* per melee round for 30 I.S.P. This power can only be activated once per melee, and only *one* of the effects can be powered at a time.

Special: The *Rebel* Yell *or* The *Yankee* Rally: Intended to intimidate the enemy, this is a special telepathic shout that will often chill the blood of anyone in earshot. It is the only vocalizations that anyone has heard these mysterious entities make.

Range: 150 feet (45.7 m).

Duration: Instant.

Saving Throw: Standard vs psionic attack.

Effects: Characters who fail to save vs psionic attack will be stricken with unreasoning terror and -4 on Perception Rolls, -6 on initiative, -4 to strike, parry, and dodge, and have a 01-66% chance of turning and running away from friend and foe alike. The effects last for 3D4 melee rounds.

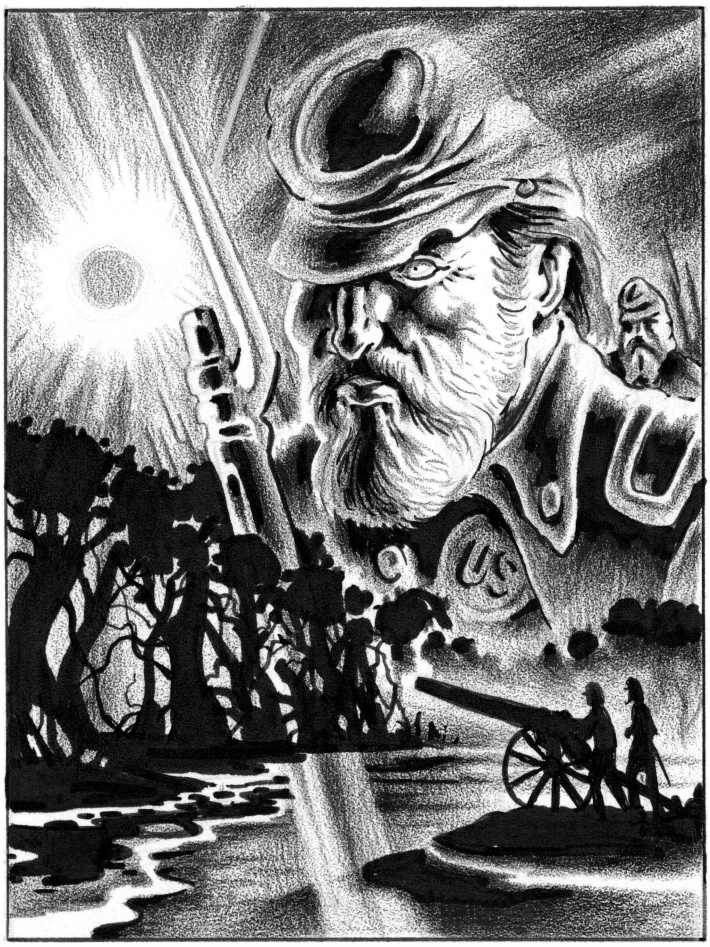
Cost: 20 I.S.P.

Enemies: Regard humans, D-Bees, and all mortals (and most large animals) as trespassers. They regard practitioners of magic and psychics as natural enemies.

Allies: None, other than fellow Wraith Brigades. Note that there is a definite segregation of the armies, even as spirits. The blue uniformed Wraith Brigades will treat the gray uniformed brigades as trespassing enemies, and vice versa.

Value: None.

Habitat: Mostly the Horror Forest, but are known to exist throughout Dinosaur Swamp, the southeast and a few points north and west.



Wraith Soldier R.C.C. (Optional)

Among the Wraith Brigades are a very select few who come into existence with a complete and whole personality. Unlike 99% of their brother spirits, these *individuals* are as unique as

you or I, with a name, memories of a childhood, family, friends and a sense of who they are, and where they are from. In addition, they all share one other thing in common: they remember their deaths, often quite vividly.

A Wraith Soldier can trace the events of his life up until the point of his death, often at some random time in combat. Whether from an enemy's bullet, a piece of shrapnel, or some horrible disease, these Wraith Soldiers *know* that they have lived and *died*. Because of this, experts will argue that Wraith Soldiers are indeed spirits of the dead reformed, while other experts will argue that they are the more common Entities who have latched on to some fleeting memory, given it shape, and extrapolated a life for some yet unknown purpose. The truth is, even the Wraith Soldiers aren't sure.

Many of them believe that they are trapped in *Hell*, or have missed some grand event they call the Resurrection, and are doomed to wander the Earth forever as a spirit. Consequently, many of these Wraith Soldiers have been driven mad, having developed one or more insanities. These individuals roam the wilds attacking anyone or anything that comes across their path. Others have taken to learning as much as they can about their new lives (or pseudo-life), trying to find some form of release from the state in which they find themselves, or just try to make some sense of it all. This often means joining up with an adventuring group, befriending a barbarian, or even leaving the region for answers elsewhere in the world.

One of the first challenges that a Wraith Soldier must overcome is that the world is a radically different place than the one he remembers from his past life. He is very much displaced in time, a person with a 19th century education and outlook brought wholly into the world of Rifts Earth. They have both the advantage, and the liability, of being a spirit, which should offer them some chance at survival, at least until they can get their bearings.

Allowing individual Wraith Soldiers as player characters can be a fun and challenging experience for players and Game Masters alike. However, keep in mind that they are going to be completely ignorant of modern technology, and have a limited understanding of science *at best*. See the **Rifts® Conversion Book** for more information on culture shock and integrating characters from the 20th century into the Rifts world. A character coming from the 19th century would have similar, if not worse, hurdles to overcome. If nothing else, Wraith Soldiers can make for interesting NPCs, and could serve as excellent guides, scouts, and occasional troublemakers.

Wraith Soldier R.C.C. Stats

Note: Making this optional R.C.C. available as a player character is left entirely to the individual Game Master. The Wraith Soldier R.C.C. is a highly unusual character and many G.M.s may find it inappropriate for their game. Players, please accept your G.M.'s decision on this matter.

Alignment: Any, but keep in mind that many are confused, angry or have been driven insane given their current circumstances. They will tend toward the selfish alignments, either Unprincipled (35%) or Anarchist (40%), with the rest falling evenly among the good and evil alignments.

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6, M.E. 3D6, M.A. 2D6, P.S. 3D6, P.P. 3D6, P.E. Not applicable. P.B. 2D6, Spd 48 (36 mph/57 km).

Special Bonuses: +1 vs magic, +2 vs psionics, +4 vs Horror Factor.

Special Penalties: As a spectral creature, the character *does not* gain any attribute benefits from Physical skills. The character can select them for their practical applications and combat bonuses (such as hand/eye coordination) and can reflect memories of a previous life, but they will have *no* bearing on the character's attributes.

M.D.C., Psionics, P.P.E., I.S.P.: As in the Wraith Brigade description above, except that the character gains an additional 2D6 I.S.P. and 1D4 M.D.C. per level of experience.

Insanity: Roll on the following table to determine if the character has developed any insanity as a result of his "ghostly condition." If yes, roll on the random insanity table found in the **Rifts® Ultimate Edition** (or the old **Rifts® RPG**). Game Masters should use some common sense and have the player re-roll any results that are inappropriate. An example would be alcoholism, since the spectral character has no way to actually imbibe alcohol.

01-42: No Insanity.

43-66: One Insanity.

67-95: Two Insanities.

96-00: Three Insanities.

Special Abilities: In addition to the psionics typical of the Wraith Brigade above, the Wraith Soldier also has the following special abilities.

Special: Telepathic Communication: Unlike the entities who make up the Wraith Brigades, the Wraith Soldier is capable of communicating with other species. They do so via telepathic communication. This ability is constant and automatic, and does not require the expenditure of I.S.P., but does require line of sight and a maximum range of 200 feet (61 m).

Special: Wraith Brigade Sense: With this ability, the Wraith Soldier character can sense when a Wraith Brigade is near (within 1200 feet/366 m) and can use the sense to track them as well. The sensing ability is constant and automatic, whereas the tracking ability must be activated. A failed roll means that the soldier has lost contact with his fellow Wraiths. He can make two more attempts to recover it, but on the third failure, the connection is broken and cannot be reacquired until the source has been found again. **Note:** The Wraith Soldier can also sense the presence of other types of *Entities*, including Haunting Entities and Wraith Children within 200 feet (61 m radius), but he cannot tell their exact number nor can he track them.

Range: 1200 feet (366 m).

Tracking Base Skill: 25% +5% per level of experience.

Duration: 5 minutes per level of experience.

Cost: 10 I.S.P.

R.C.C. Skills: Infantryman Wraith Soldier:

Athletics (General)

Climbing (+5%)

Cook (+10%)

Fishing (+5%) or Sewing (+5%)

Gambling (+10%)

Forced March

Military Etiquette (+25%)

Language: Native (English/American) 98%

W.P. Black Powder Rifle

W.P. Spear/Bayonet

W.P. One Ancient Weapon of choice.

Hand to Hand: Basic; this *cannot* be upgraded.

R.C.C. Skills: Officer Wraith Soldier:

Athletics (General)

Climbing

Cook (+5%)

Dance (+10%)

History (+5%), but only current through the middle of the 19th Century.

Horsemanship: General (+15%)

Military Etiquette (+30%)

Language: Native (English/American) 98%

Literacy: Native Language (English/American) 98%

W.P. Revolver

W.P. Sword

W.P. One Ancient Weapon of choice.

Hand to Hand: Basic; this *cannot* be upgraded.

R.C.C. Related Skills: Select *six* other skills, but at least one must be from the Wilderness or the Domestic category. Plus, select one additional skill at levels 2, 4, 8 and 10. All new skills start at level one proficiency.

Communications: Barter and Performance only.

Cowboy: Any (+5%).

Domestic: Any (+10%).

Electrical: None.

Espionage: Detect Ambush, Sniper, Tracking and Wilderness Survival only (+5%).

Horsemanship: None.

Mechanical: None.

Medical: Animal Husbandry, Brewing, and Holistic Medicine only.

Military: Forced March and Recognize Weapon Quality only (+10%).

Physical: Any, but bonuses are not applicable to Wraith Soldiers.

Pilot: Bicycling and Boats only (+10%).

Pilot Related: None.

Rogue: Any.

Science: Basic and Advanced Mathematics only (+10% for Officers only).

Technical: Any (within reason).

W.P.: Any (within reason).

Wilderness: Any (+10%).

Secondary Skills: None.

Standard Equipment: As the Wraith Soldiers are intangible and do not have the needs of most other characters, they have little any standard equipment except the uniform, basic gear and psionic weaponry common to these beings (see *Wraith Brigade*, previously described). Ghostly player characters may accumulate minor possessions over the course of their adventures, but these will be limited to small, personal items like a pocket mirror, a photograph, an ancient book (pre-Rifts, pre-20th Century) and similar; nothing else is of interest or value. Will have to have someone else either carry or store them.

Money: Starts with none and needs none, however player characters may earn credits or acquire wealth during their adventures and have the living keep and handle it for him, donated to charity, etc.

Cybernetics: None. As Wraith Soldiers are intangible, they are incapable of acquiring bionics and cybernetics.

Experience: Same as Mind Melter; see **Rifts® Ultimate Ed**.

Creatures & Dinosaurs

By Kevin Siembieda & Todd Yoho

Alien Rex

This scary bipedal monster has the same basic shape as the T-Rex or Allosaurus, but it heralds from a different planet, an unwanted import via the Rifts of Florida.

The Alien Rex is smaller, faster and more mobile than Earth's Tyrannosaurus, but it is just as deadly and more intelligent. The Alien Rex stands 15-19 feet (4.6 to 5.8 m) tall, has a pair of powerful legs made for running and leaping, and a tail that sticks straight out and is used as a rudder for balance. Each upper arms are proportionately longer than the T-Rex or Allosaurus and more resembles those of a Raptor or even a human. It's hand has two fingers and a thumb, all of which end in sharp, curved black claws the size of a man-made sickle for hooking, grabbing and holding prey, and later, for slicing up the meat. The monster's thumb is opposable, though much less flexible and articulated than a human's, but sufficient enough to allow the Alien Rex to use tools. Primitive tools, that is, like a tree branch as a lever or a probe, or a rock with which to bash open a door, lock or skull. The Alien Rex uses simple tools in a similar way as a chimpanzee might, not with human-level intelligence, and the monster cannot use modern weapons or devices, nor do they create or build tools. However, the clever thing may figure out how to open a door, recognize certain weapons, armor and vehicles, and even formulate simple plans and strategies.

The massive, rock hard head rests atop a thick, but flexible neck. The maw is filled with dagger sized teeth ideal for biting and tearing flesh. The largest cluster of teeth is in the front of the mouth for biting off hunks of meat, while the teeth along the jaw are smaller and widely spaced, reminiscent of an Earth alligator, and are for biting and holding prey while the Alien Rex cuts it to shreds with its claws. A pair of large, almond-shaped eyes are located at the top and back of the head, and a second pair of smaller eyes are located halfway down its face, but also to the side. This gives the great beast superior peripheral vision to the side (can see 180 degrees). HOWEVER, the monster must turn its *entire head* to see what is directly in front of it. This means the Alien Rex can lose sight of prey or an enemy standing directly in front of it, but is seldom surprised by an attack or



motion off to the side or toward the back. Thus, when the Alien Rex pursues prey, it will often run with its head cocked to one side, and suddenly switch its attack to another target off to the side or rear. The strange positioning of the eyes makes it an ideal predator for attacking packs and herds of smaller animals, enabling the behemoth to charge in and grab the nearest prey. Animals that travel in groups usually scatter when attacked, with some falling back, others veering left or right. The Alien Rex's side and back vision enables it to see these evasive side actions and to quickly swing its giant head to snap closed on the nearest animal. Consequently, the Alien Rex will often swing its head from side to side and make sharp maneuvers as it switches from one target to another. The attack may seem helter-skelter, but it is very effective.

A line of small black or dark brown horns run from the center of the head down the back of the skull. The skin of the Alien Rex is thick and lumpy, providing protection from the horns and teeth of the monster's prey. And the head and jaw are thick and hard as Mega-Damage concrete. Thankfully, the Alien Rex is not one of the dinosaur-like creatures who use magic or exhibit human intelligence. Bad enough that they often travel in pairs and packs of three or four. These small hunting groups will use simple tactics to herd and chase large prey into the arms of a fellow hunter, and the kill is shared by all. The Alien Rex may also be encountered as a solitary hunter. In fact, most juveniles and young Alien Rex hunt alone.

Alien Rex Stats

Alignment: Animal predator, considered Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+6, high animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6+6, M.A. 1D6+6, P.S. 1D6+25 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+16, P.E. 1D6+16, P.B. 1D6+4, Spd 2D6+32. Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 175

Neck – 110

*Eyes, Large (2, top, side) – 12 each

*Eyes, Small (2, side) – 7 each

Forearms (2) – 75 each

*Clawed Hands (2) – 25 each

Legs (2) – 130 each

Tail – 100

Main Body – 6D6x10+60

* A single asterisk indicates a small and/or difficult target to strike. It may be protected by armor plating, boney ridges, or just located in an a place that is hard to target. The shooter or attacker must make a "Called Shot" to hit at a penalty of -6 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the Alien Rex has 2D6x10+66 S.D.C., Hit Points equal the P.E. attribute number x10, and an A.R. of 11. The damage inflicted by the creature's bite and other attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 14

Size: 15-19 feet (4.6 to 5.8 m) tall; the tail is another 8-12 feet (2.4 to 3.6 m); the reach of its forearms is about 6 feet (1.8 m).

Weight: 2-3 tons.

Average Life Span: 25-35 years.

P.P.E.: 2D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: A nimble and swift runner for its size, the Alien Rex can maintain its top speed (typically 28 mph/45 km) for up to 20 minutes and can leap 10 feet (3 m) high and 15 feet (4.6 m) across. The monster's leaping ability is used to pounce on prey and leap up and over obstacles without missing a step or losing speed. Its excellent sense of smell enables the Alien Rex to track prey by scent at 65%, and can track the scent of blood at 85% up to two miles (3.2 km) away. Poor swimmer (30%), fair at prowling (42%) and sneak attacks. Heals at a rate of 4D6 M.D. per 24 hours.

Attacks per Melee: Five.

Damage: Head Butt 2D6+2 M.D., bite inflicts 5D6 M.D., claw with forelimbs 3D6 M.D., claw with hind limbs 5D6 M.D., kick 5D6+6 M.D. with a 01-55% chance of knocking human-sized targets off their feet, slash with tail 3D6 M.D. with a 01-50% chance of knocking down human-sized targets, and

pounce attack 4D6 M.D. with a 01-35% chance of pinning down its opponent, rendering him/it unable to fight back!

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +1 to Perception Rolls, +2 on initiative, +2 to strike with claws or tail, +3 to strike with bite/jaws, +2 to dodge, +2 to roll with impact, +7 to save vs Horror Factor, and a +2 to save vs poison.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Other predators, including the Razorback Rhinoceros, T-Rex, Allosaurus and other large predators. Preys mainly on large animals, including humans, and will attack and eat anything that won't eat him first.

Allies: None, other than a mate, and other members of their own species. The Alien Rex typically ignores and tolerates members of its own race, particularly the young, and frequently hunt in pairs, threes or fours (rarely more than that, but groups of six and seven have been reported).

Value: None, only Simvan and Psi-Stalkers have any chance of using the Alien Rex as a riding animal, and even they have trouble controlling mature adults (age four and up). The Splugorth sometimes use them as monsters in the gladiatorial arena and will pay 1,000-2,000 for young and 4,000-6,000 for an adult, provided they are in the market for one at the time.

Habitat: Forests and marshy lowlands throughout Dinosaur Swamp.

Carnosuchid

The Carnosuchids are primitive dinosaur cousins from the early Triassic that have made their way into the wilds of Dinosaur Swamp. They are terrestrial, crocodile-like quadrupeds approximately 8-9 feet (2.4 to 2.7 m) long, stand 3 feet (0.91 m) high at the shoulder, and have a thick, powerful skull and a long, broad slashing tail. Their bodies are covered in layers of reddish brown scales, and their wide feet end in short, hooked claws suitable for digging prey out of burrows, or as anchors for short distance sprinting. While they are lethal over short distances, Carnosuchids are not built for speed, nor are they ambush predators like crocodiles, nonetheless they are effective scavengers and mid-level predators.

Their real strength lies in their powerful skull and shoulder muscles that provide them with bone crushing jaws and a vicious, head-shaking attack. Augmenting their powerful jaws and neck muscles are the Carnosuchids' specially rooted teeth. Unlike dinosaurs who have shedding teeth, Carnosuchids have long, serrated teeth that are rooted deeply in the jaw and skull, and are woven into place by a taut mesh of ligaments and tendons. With this adaptation, Carnosuchids have no fear of their teeth being pulled loose, and can shake prey into submission much more violently than a crocodile or Spinosaurus can. It also enables the creature to maintain a grip on prey that would otherwise tear free from the jaws of another predator. Rest assured that when a Carnosuchid latches onto prey, it rarely gets away.

Carnosuchids are solitary predators, seeking out their own kind only during the spring mating season. They are not as intelligent as true dinosaurs, but are still crafty hunters. They prefer to hunt along the forest edge or among the many creeks and streams that cut through the *Georgian Piedmont.* Many Carnosuchids have developed a taste for humanoid flesh and will often establish a lair near a barbarian village, a D-Bee settlement, or well traveled waterway, terrorizing the population. They are territorial, marking their hunting grounds with a powerful smelling musk excreted in their urine. The scent is strong enough for humans to detect, but just barely, requiring a successful roll on the *Lore: Dinosaurs* skill. Other characters with enhanced senses such as Mutant Barbarians or Dog Boys will be able to detect the scent easily up to 200 feet (61 m) away, and recognize the mark of a predator. However, without the Lore: Dinosaur skill or personal experience, they will not recognize the threat until the beast lunges at them.

Carnosuchid Stats

Alignment: Animal predator, considered Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+1, low animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6+2, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 2D6+18 (Supernatural), P.P. 2D6+10, P.E. 1D6+22, P.B. 1D4+4, Spd 2D6+16; a minimum speed of 18 (14 mph/22.4 km), most have a speed of 24 (18 mph/28.8 km) but only running for short spurts on land. Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 75

Tail – 35

Neck – 100



Limbs (4) – 60 each

Main Body – 4D6x10

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, Carnosuchids have 5D6x10 S.D.C., Hit Points equal to twice their P.E. attribute, and an A.R. of 12. The damage from their bite attack does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 13

Size: 8-9 feet (2.4 to 2.7 m) long from snout to tip of the tail, 3 feet (0.91 m) tall at the shoulder.

Weight: 450-550 lbs (202.5 to 247.5 kg).

Average Life Span: 50-60 years.

P.P.E.: 3D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Excellent sense of smell, can track prey by scent at 55%, and can track the scent of blood at 75% up to one mile (1.6 km) away; double underwater. Natural swimmer (90%), can hold its breath underwater for one minute per P.E. attribute point, and can see well even in dim light or murky water. Carnosuchids are excellent diggers, able to excavate three cubic feet (0.28 m^3) of dirt per melee round of digging. The creature will play dead if it is attacked or fears for its life, laying completely still and seemingly not breathing. At the first opportunity, however, it will lunge at anyone poking it or continuing to attack it, or when danger is gone, get up and walk away.

Attacks per Melee: Four.

Damage: Bite 5D6 M.D., claw with forelimbs 1D6 M.D., slash with tail 2D6 M.D. plus a tail strike has a 01-25% chance of knocking down a human-sized target.

Sprint Attack (Special): Typically captures prey by charging and clamping down with its powerful jaws. In the first melee of combat, a Carnosuchid can sprint after its prey with an incredible burst of energy, providing it with a +4 on initiative, +2 to strike, and +1 additional attack for that first melee round. The animal cannot use this ability until it has rested, outside of combat, for at least 2D6 minutes, and cannot run at top speed for more than one minute (four melee rounds). However, swimming at top speed can be maintained for one minute per P.E. attribute point.

Bite and Thrash Attack (Special): Because of their powerful jaws and ligamented teeth, the Carnosuchid is capable of latching onto prey and shaking it violently into submission. Upon a successful bite attack, the victim must make a *second* dodge roll against the creature's *unmodified* attack roll to avoid being latched onto. If successful, the victim has narrowly escaped and can attack or flee. If the victim *fails* to make the second dodge roll, he is locked in the jaws of the Carnosuchid and is subject to the power of the animal's most vicious attack: Thrashing.

Once the Carnosuchid acquires a firm grip on its prey, it will proceed to shake it, and bash it against the ground, trees, rocks or other nearby objects until the prey ceases to struggle. The damage from being shaken and bashed against the ground is 3D6+6 M.D. per melee attack, and characters *inside* M.D.C. body armor will take 2D6 points of S.D.C. damage for every 5 M.D. points inflicted to their armor. While being thrashed about, victims only get *half* of their normal attacks (rounding up) and are extremely disoriented, operating at -6 to strike, parry and dodge, and skill performance is at -25%. Spell casting and psionics are difficult to perform, first requiring a successful saving throw vs Horror Factor (13 or higher), and then magic takes *twice* the normal time to cast the spell (i.e., each spell cast counts as two actions).

Victims *can* attempt to wrench themselves free by using their melee attacks to make dodge rolls against the Carnosuchid's original unmodified bite attack roll. Success means that the victim has been flung free, sailing 15 feet (4.57 m) through the air and taking a final 1D4 M.D. of damage on impact. The victim is also likely to be *stunned* (01-50% chance; reduce the number of attacks, Spd and bonuses by half for being stunned) for 2D4 melee rounds, and the Carnosuchid isn't likely to let its meal get away that easily.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute and Sprint Attack bonuses): +1 to strike with claws or tail, +3 to strike with jaws, +1 to dodge, +4 to roll with impact, +3 vs Horror factor, and +3 vs poisons. All, but the latter two, are doubled underwater where the monster is in its natural element.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Other predators, particularly fast moving dinosaurs, pack hunters, Saracosuchus and the Spinosaurus.

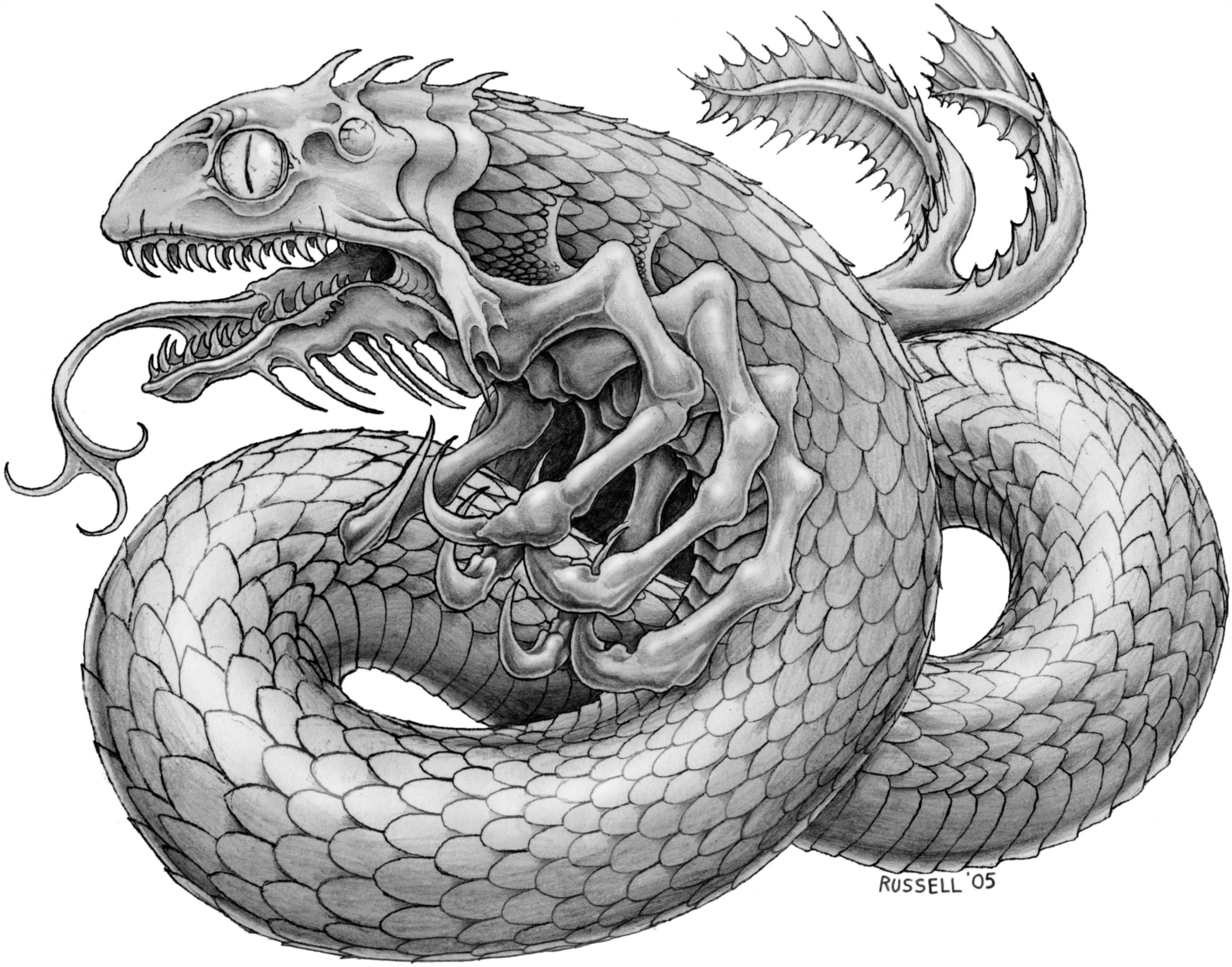
Allies: None, other than their mate, and only for the two-month mating season in the spring. However, they seldom attack their own kind and are sometimes found, like crocodiles, in groups of 3D6.

Value: Their tough M.D.C. hides are used by barbarians and Eco-Wizards to create light and medium Mega-Damage armor (21 M.D.C. per conventional suit or 4D6+28 for Eco-Wizard created armor). The scales are also prized for their decorative value and are often used in conjunction with scales from Spitfire Leapers. An intact hide from a Carnosuchid will fetch 1000-2000 credits. The ligaments and tendons that lash their teeth into place are highly prized by Eco-Wizards for their particular strength and durability, paying up to 1500 credits per head.

Habitat: Mostly found roaming the Georgian Piedmont and the creeks and streams of the *Horror Forest*, however, they can roam anywhere throughout the southeast and are found in *South Carolina, Georgia*, *Florida, Louisiana*, and *Mississippi*. Furthermore, during especially hot summers, the occasional Carnosuchid, or mated pair, has been known to swim up the Mississippi River and down some of its southern tributaries in search of prey.

Devil Eel

The Devil Eel, sometimes called the Centipede Eel, is a hideous predator that hunts on land and in the water. They prefer swamps, bogs and murky water so they are seldom found in sparkling streams, rivers or lakes and are most common to the swamps of Georgia, Florida, Louisiana and Alabama. Neenok has wondered if the creature may be an Earth eel, fish or snake mutated by dimensional or magical energies, but he also acknowledges that it may be a transplant from another dimension. In fact, it was Neenok who noted some striking similarities between it and the Devilsaurus, namely the tri-fingered tongue and



hooked claws, suggesting they may both originate from the same planet or dimension.

The Devil Eel is a versatile predator. It has gills and can live underwater for an indefinite amount of time, but it also has lungs and can live on dry land with little or no water for as long as nine weeks before starting to weaken (reduce Spd, the number of attacks and bonuses by half) and needs water (will die of dehydration after another eight weeks). Its body is covered in large, shingle-like fish scales, but it also has a set of six, crab-like legs and a serpentine body that enables it to swim, crawl and climb. The six legs are not especially good for walking, and are, in fact, used for climbing trees, combat and ripping its prey and enemies to pieces. This range of abilities suggest to naturalists that the Devil Eel's natural ecology is one of extreme seasons. A rainy season where water levels rise, another season where the water levels shrink and a dry season where water becomes scarce and swamps turn to mud or even baked earth. It is during the low water and dry seasons that the ability to crawl on land, burrow into mud, and climb trees becomes vital, because the Devil Eel must change from being an aquatic predator to a land hunter.

When in attack mode, the Devil Eel rises up like a cobra, its six arms/legs spread out wide as if open for a hug. When an enemy gets within striking range, the creature will either lunge forward and bite, or more likely, slash or impale with its six arms/legs. A fusillade of rapid-fire slashes can be unleashed in a matter of seconds to defend itself or kill. Impaling is used when the Devil Eel is looking to stab and hold onto prey. Once it has sunk 4-6 of its hooked claws into prey, the monster can hold on, its hooked claws sunken deep into its victim where any thrashing about to free itself only inflicts more damage. The monster may finish the kill with bite attacks or just hold on until the prey bleeds to death. Small to medium-sized animals such as lizards, snakes, fish, alligators, dogs, cats, monkeys, sheep, rabbits, birds (from sparrows to ducks and pelicans) and small dinosaurs are its primary prey. However, Devil Eels, especially large ones, will also attack children, humans and pack animals. They may also invade a campsite to steal food (usually only meat) or to attack and drag away someone who is sick, injured (the smell of blood attracts them), alone or sleeping. Fortunately, Devil Eels fear fire and will keep a distance of 10-15 feet (3 to 4.6 m) from a handheld torch or lantern, and 30-50 feet (9.1 to 15.2 m) from a large campfire or bonfire. Devil Eels may hunt during the day or night, but are mainly nocturnal hunters. They are gluttons who will gorge themselves on a kill and then laze around for 1D4+2 days before getting hungry enough to go hunting again.

Devil Eel Stats

Alignment: Animal predator, considered Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+3, medium animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6+4, M.A. 1D6+2, P.S. 1D6+16 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+16, P.E. 1D6+18, P.B. 1D6, Spd 1D6+12 on dry land slithering like a snake, half that speed in trees, and three times that speed swimming in water as shallow as four inches (10 cm) or several hundred yards/meters deep. Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage: 3D6x10 +P.E. attribute number for main body. 12 for each leg and 35 M.D. for the divided tail.

* The legs are small and difficult targets to strike. The shooter or attacker must make a "Called Shot" to hit at a penalty of -6 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the Devil Eel has 2D6x10 S.D.C. and 2D4x10+32 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 14. The damage inflicted by the creature's bite and other attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 13 for one or two, 15 for three or more.

Size: On average, 7-10 feet (2.1 to 3 m) long, but in Florida, Devil Eels as large as 16 feet (4.9 m) long have been captured.

Weight: 300-600 pounds (135 to 270 kg) for the average Devil Eel, up to 1500 lbs (675 kg) for the largest.

Average Life Span: 35-55 years, with the largest living to 100 years.

P.P.E.: 2D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Good hearing, sees the infrared spectrum of light (so everything is in hues of purple and blues for the Devil Eel), and a second eyelid slides down to function as a polarized filter to reduce glare on and in water. Fair speed on dry land, good speed and excellent maneuverability in and under water. The Devil Eel can track the scent of blood at 70% up to one mile (1.6 km) away on dry land, double that distance and +20% underwater. A natural swimmer (90%), it can breathe underwater indefinitely, and sees well even in dim light or in the murkiest of water. The Devil Eel is common to fresh water, but can also survive in salt water and depths of up to 1000 feet (305 m). The monster can also burrow in mud (does so to sleep and to conserve moisture in dry seasons), and can dig 10 feet (3 m) per melee round; half that distance in two melee rounds in soft dirt.

Hibernation (Special): Under severe conditions (hot spells, no prey, too cold, etc.) the Devil Eel will bury itself and go into hibernation for 1D4+2 weeks. During hibernation the creature's metabolism slows to a crawl, it loses only 5% of its body weight and energy reserve, and awakes at full strength, but the thing may appear to be dead (certainly it feels cold to the touch) if uncovered while hibernating.

Advanced Bio-Regeneration (Special): Heals lost M.D.C. at a rate of 1D6 M.D. per hour, can regenerate a lost leg or tongue in seven days, and an eye or tail section in two weeks.

Attacks per Melee: Six when biting only, eight when using claws or claws and biting.

Damage: Head Butt 3D6 S.D.C., a nip or S.D.C. bite does 2D6 damage (and may be used in conjunction with its poison bite), a full strength bite inflicts 1D6 M.D. but counts as two melee attacks, claw slash or impalement does 1D6+1 M.D. per each claw that strikes, a tail slap does 6D6+6 S.D.C., but a full strength tail strike does 1D6 M.D. and has a 01-25% chance of knocking human-sized targets off their feet.

Poison Bite (special): Once per melee round the Devil Eel can secrete a poison that paralyzes prey. The neural toxin doesn't begin to take effect for 1D4 melee rounds. Once it does, first the victim will find himself slowing down – reduce Spd, the number of attacks and combat bonuses by half; this lasts for 1D4+1 melee round. Then, Spd is reduced by 90%, attacks per melee drop down to only two, all combat bonuses are lost, and the victim loses the use of one arm. This lasts for 1D4+1 melee rounds, and at this point the Devil Eel is smart enough to wait until his victim falls over in another minute or so. After that, the victim collapses, unable to move a finger for 3D4+4 melee rounds. This is when the vile Devil Eel moves in to begin *eating its victim alive!* Each bite to eat tears out a chunk of muscle and flesh that inflicts 1D6x100 S.D.C. against S.D.C. beings or 1D6 M.D. against Mega-Damage prey. With luck, someone will come to the rescue within the next melee round or two, or the victim dies quickly. **Note:** Victims must roll a 16 or higher to save vs nonlethal poison.

Prehensile Tongue (Special): The prehensile tongue can be used to grab and hold, or grab and pull small prey (mice, lizards, sparrows) into the dinosaur's mouth (to resist the victim must have a P.S. equal to or greater than a Supernatural P.S. of 16), or to strike like a whip (does 2D6 S.D.C. damage). **Note:** To hold open the jaws of a Devil Eel, or to wrestle and pin the horrid creature, a character must have a Supernatural P.S. equal to or greater than it!

Constriction Attack (Special): The Devil Eel may entwine and encircle an opponent like a boa constrictor with the following effects.

A successful *entangle* occurs when the monsters is trying to entangle and its attack roll is higher than the victim's roll to parry or dodge. An entangled victim remains able to attack with his arms and hands or via a weapon, magic or psionics, but his legs are caught and ensnared for at least one melee round, preventing him from fleeing. To maintain the entanglement the Devil Eel must roll higher than the victim's attempt to escape (the latter counts as a parry roll) at the beginning of the next melee round. In the meanwhile, the entangled victim suffers a penalty of -4 to parry or dodge any attacks leveled at him while he is entangled and off balance.

Crushing Attack. Any victim entangled by the tail may also be crushed by the monster constricting (tightening) its body muscles. Each crushing constriction does 1D6+2 M.D., but counts as one melee attack.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +2 on initiative (double when the attack comes from a tree above or in murky water), +3 to strike with bite attacks, +2 to strike with claws or tail, +2 to dodge (+4 underwater), +2 to roll with impact (+4 underwater), +5 to save vs Horror Factor, and +2 to save vs poison.

Magic: None.

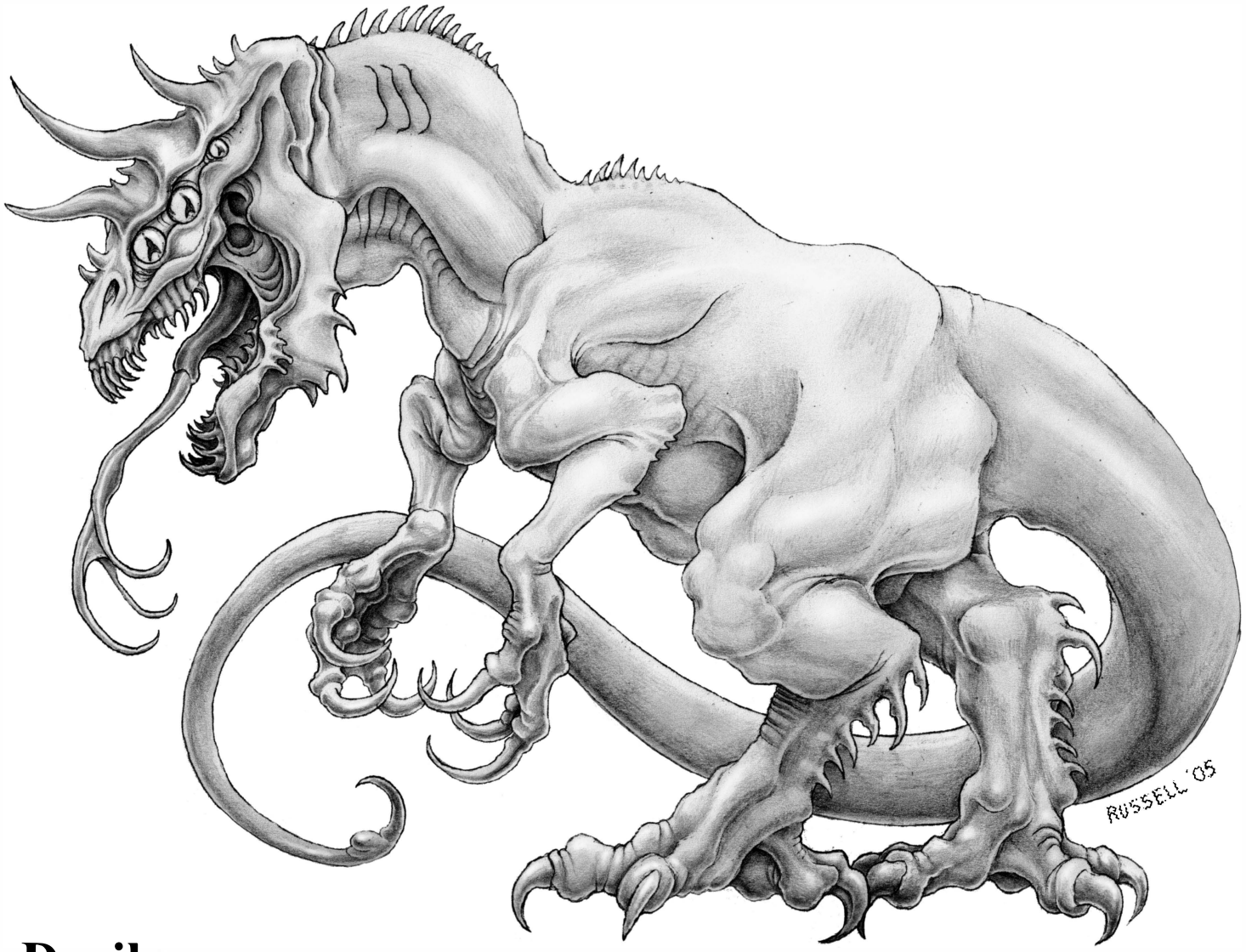
Psionics: None.

Enemies: The Razorback Rhinoceros, other predators and humans; will attack and eat anything that won't eat him first.

Allies: None, other than a mate and other members of their own species. The Devil Eel sometimes travel and hunt in small groups of 1D4+1 mated pairs.

Value: None. The meat is edible, but greasy, somewhat reminiscent of duck, and not all that tasty.

Habitat: Favors swamps and shallow, murky waters, but can be found in lakes, slow moving rivers, in forests and in trees throughout Dinosaur Swamp. Most commonly encountered in Georgia, Florida and Louisiana, but also occasionally found in swampy areas of Alabama and Mississippi.



Devilsaurus

A frightful monstrosity that could very much be the answer to the question, "What do you get when you cross a demon with an Allosaurus?" The answer: A Devilsaurus – a predatory dinosaur from Hell.

This vicious predator is smarter than an Alien Rex, as deadly as an Allosaurus and scarier than a Tyrannosaurus Rex. Its talons and claws are like scythes, its prehensile tail ends in a wicked hooked blade like a slashing sickle, and its tooth-filled maw is like the gates of Hell, bringing death to all who enter.

There can be no doubt that this creature is not of this Earth, although some have speculated that it may be the creation of Splugorthian Bio-Wizard experiments or a dinosaur tweaked and mutated by Gene-Splicers. Those who believe the monster is mutated by magic point to a number of strange features. The beast has six, yellow eyes (four large, two small), which give the beast excellent vision and the ability to see the invisible. Three to four foot (0.9 to 1.2 m) long, curved horns rise from the center of the head, and boney ridges encircle and protect the

eyes. The skull is thick and hard, the jaw thickly muscled to bite through the toughest hide. The jaw can unhinge, like a boa constrictor, to swallow large hunks of meat and small prey whole. Long, curved, dagger-like teeth fill the Devilsaurus' maw, and a three pronged, prehensile tongue functions as an extra appendage with which to ensnare prey and pull them into the monsters's slobbering mouth. The tongue is unnaturally long, able to extend 6-9 feet (1.8 to 2.7 m) from the mouth, depending on the size of the individual creature. The three, finger-like appendages at the tip of the tongue enable the Devilsaurus to grab and hold onto prey, while the powerful tongue reels them into the toothy maw like a fish on a line. The tail is also completely prehensile and serves many purposes. As a weapon, it can strike like a whip or use the sickle-like hook at the end of the tail to rip opponents apart and eviscerate prey. The Devilsaurus has such control over its tail, that the hook is used to torture and skin prey. The tail can also be used to anchor the great beast by wrapping around trees or boulders, as well as provide additional balance, strike at more than one adversary or prey, and function as a rudder and means of propulsion in water.

The claws are as long as broadswords and curved like scythes. Each hand has three, clawed fingers, but no thumb, so the monster cannot grasp or hold objects. Instead, the claws are used entirely as weapons designed for gutting, slicing and skinning prey.

Double-jointed limbs enable the Devilsaurus to twist and turn at impossible angles, as well as lay completely flat on the ground and in water. Although the Devilsaurus would appear to be a land creature, it has gills noticeable on the sides of its neck, and it can swim through water like a snake, its arms and legs tucked to its side, its long tail providing locomotion. This enables the Devilsaurus to prowl and hunt in forests, lakes and swamps with equal efficiency. In fact, some believe the Devilsaurus originates from the Demon Sea (Bermuda Triangle). Horune Pirates insist the creature mates and spawns in the Demon Sea and comes to the Atlantean wilderness, Dinosaur Swamp and coastal areas in the Gulf of Mexico to hunt and feed. Indeed, many a sailor can attest to seeing one or more Devilsaurus swim on the surface or below the waves of the Demon Sea.

Perhaps more frightening than all the rest, is that the Devilsaurus is smart on an almost human level. Its intelligence becomes evident from the fact that it seldom rushes into combat, kills for sport and enjoys cat and mouse games. The Devilsaurus will observe its intended victim, watching from a distance and waiting for an opportune moment to strike. The monster enjoys toying with its victims and kills for pleasure, on a whim, and for revenge. The creature often captures prey, keeping it alive for hours or even days while it inflicts crippling wounds and engages in such acts of torture as flaying of the skin, severing tendons, removing an eye, and other attacks that hurt and bleed the victim, but do not kill. The creature may also keep a collection of skulls, armor, and weapons as souvenirs of its greatest triumphs, and may keep one or more items it favors as a keepsake or valuable. Devilsauruses cannot use modern weapons or pilot vehicles, but they understand the danger these items represent, and the beasts will try to circumvent them or remove them from an opponent's arsenal before an all out attack. In fact, Barbarians and adventurers have reported the Devilsaurus stealing, damaging and destroying weapons, armor and vehicles in deliberate and calculated acts of sabotage before it returns to make a kill or slaughter an entire party. Sometimes a Devilsaurus uses technology as bait to lure humans into its clutches. Likewise, the cunning being may use captives (particularly women and children), or livestock as bait to lure people in. This demonstrates that the Devilsaurus can grasp the concept of ownership, family ties, value, love and property. And the monster uses that knowledge to engage in acts of sabotage, retribution, treachery, and cruelty. Devilsauruses have been known to slaughter livestock, damage vital machinery and vehicles, sabotage bridges, kidnap loved ones, target leaders and weak points, and so on. Furthermore, many develop a taste for humanoids, making them man-eaters who target humans and D-Bees as their favorite prey, stalk communities, and may target an entire adventurer group, tribe or village for consumption.

There can be little wonder why this creature is called the Devilsaurus, and why many barbarians and Native Americans believe it is actually some sort of archaic demon.

Devilsaurus Stats

Alignment: Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+9, high animal intelligence and human-like cunning. M.E. 1D6+11, M.A. 1D6+5, P.S. 1D6+32 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+15, P.E. 1D6+17, P.B. 1D6, Spd 2D6+21. Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 130

Horns (3 or 4) – 35 each

Neck – 100

* Eyes, Large (4, side) – 20 each

* Eyes, Small (2, side) – 8 each

* Tongue – 40

Forearms (2) – 75 each

* Clawed Hands (2) – 30 each

Legs (2) – 140 each

Clawed Feet (2) – 80 each

Tail – 150

Main Body – 5D6x10+176

* A single asterisk indicates a small and/or difficult target to strike. It may be protected by armor plating, boney ridges, or just located in a place that is hard to target. The shooter or attacker must make a "Called Shot" to hit at a penalty of -5 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the Devilsaurus has 3D6x10+55 S.D.C., Hit Points equal the P.E. attribute number x10, and an A.R. of 13. The damage inflicted by the creature's bite and other attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 16

Size: 13-16 feet (3.9 to 4.9 m) tall from head to toe; the prehensile tail is another 14-20 feet (4.3 to 6.1 m) long. The reach of its forearms is about 6 feet (1.8 m), and the reach of the prehensile tongue is 6-9 feet (1.8 to 2.7 m).

Weight: 2-3 tons.

Average Life Span: Unknown, at least 40-50 years, perhaps

double or triple that. Some natives claim the same Devilsaurus has plagued them or a particular area for generations.

P.P.E.: 5D6 +P.E. attribute number.

O.C.C.: None; demonic predator animal.

Natural Abilities: A nimble and swift runner for its size, the Devilsaurus can maintain its top speed (typically about 20 mph/32 km) for up to 20 minutes. It cannot leap, but it can swim like a snake at roughly the same speed as it can run; excellent swimmer (96%). The monster can breathe underwater indefinitely, thrives equally well in fresh or salt water, and can survive depths of up to one mile (1.6 km). A skilled hunter with the equivalent skills of Land Navigation 95%, Prowling 73%, Skin and Prepare Animal (and Humanoid) Hides 87%, Tailing 89%, track by scent 55% (+20% to follow blood scent), track by sight 80%, and has keen day vision, good sense of hearing and Wilderness Survival 95%. Nightvision 200 feet (61 m). Also see magic abilities.

Speech! The Devilsaurus can learn to laugh and speak simple words and phrases much like a parrot, only with an understanding of what it is saying. The voice sounds like a hoarse whisper and word combinations are short. "Stop." "I will kill you." "Give me Alex." "Pretty woman." "Surrender." "Give up." "You can't run." "I find you." "Come out, come out." "Call friends now." "This will hurt." And similar. The creature's general comprehension and understanding of words is roughly equal to that of a four or five year old child and it cannot learn to spell or read, although it may come to recognize certain symbols like a stop sign, a particular flag or insignia, or a symbol for danger, etc.

Attacks per Melee: Seven, including prehensile tongue and tail or two by magic spell.

Damage: Head Butt 2D6 M.D., butt with horns 5D6 M.D., ram with horns 6D6+6 M.D., bite inflicts 4D6 M.D., tongue strike 1D6 M.D., claw with forelimbs 5D6 M.D., claw with hind limbs 6D6 M.D., kick 5D6 M.D. with a 01-60% chance of knocking down human-sized targets, restrained slash with tail any amount of S.D.C. or M.D. up to the maximum it desires, full strength slash with tail 5D6 M.D. with a 01-70% chance of knocking down human-sized targets.

Special Attack: Tongue. The prehensile tongue can be used to grab and hold, grab and pull into the dinosaur's mouth (to resist the victim must have a P.S. equal to or greater than a Supernatural P.S. of 21), or to strike like a whip (does 1D6 M.D.). **Note:** To hold the jaws open, a character must have a Supernatural P.S. of 30 or higher!

Special Attack: Tail. The prehensile tail works as an additional means of attack. It can swat (1D6 M.D.), whip (3D6 M.D.), slash with its cutting barb (6D6 M.D.) or entangle and pin an opponent.

A successful *entangle* occurs when the monsters is trying to entangle and the attack roll with the tail is higher than the victim's roll to parry or dodge. An entangled victim may still be able to attack with his arms and hands or via a weapon, magic or psionics, but his legs are caught and ensnared for at least one melee round, preventing him from fleeing. To maintain the entanglement the Devilsaurus must roll higher than the victim's attempt to escape (the latter counts as a parry roll) at the beginning of the next melee round. In the meanwhile, the entangled victim suffers a penalty of -4 to parry or dodge any attacks leveled at him while he is entangled and off balance.

Pinning attack. The Devilsaurus must roll an 18 or higher (with entanglement bonuses only) to *pin* its victim – the tail coiling around the victim like a boa constrictor and holding the arms and legs tight, preventing physical attacks (magic and psionic attacks are still possible). While pinned, the character cannot move or physically attack. To escape, he must have a Supernatural P.S. of 40 or higher. A dodge/escape move is possible if the creature uses the tail for some other move or attack. The high roll wins, and if that's the victim, he slips out while the tail muscles relax or reposition.

Crushing tail attack. Any victim entangled or pinned by the tail may also be crushed by the monster constricting (tightening) the tail muscles. Each crushing constriction does 3D6 M.D., but counts as one melee attack.

Note that the Devilsaurus has such great control over the muscles in its tail that the thing can perform precision cutting, skinning and attacks with the bladed tail tip.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +3 to Perception Rolls, +2 on initiative, +3 to strike with bites, tongue or tail, +2 to strike with claws, +2 to parry, +3 to dodge, +4 to entangle, +2 to disarm, +4 to roll with impact, +8 vs Horror Factor, +2 to save vs poison, +2 to save vs magic and mind control.

Magic: A Devilsaurus can perform any of the following, at will, without expending its own P.P.E. once per day. To cast the magical effect more than once in a 24 hour period, the creature must draw upon its own P.P.E. reserve, but can't use more than half its P.P.E. All spells are equal to a first level practitioner of magic. Cleanse (6), Heavy Breathing (5), Lantern Light (1; sometimes used to see, other times to lure prey), See Aura (6), See the Invisible (4), Sense Magic (4), and Thunder Clap (4).

Quick Healing (Special). Magically recovers lost M.D.C. at a rate of 1D6 points per melee round (or 4D6 M.D. per minute) at no P.P.E. cost. The monster can also completely regenerate a lost tongue, claw, finger or toe within 48 hours, a hand, foot, horn, tail tip, or eye in 72 hours, and its entire tail in two weeks.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Humans are regarded as prey, playthings and enemies. The Allosaurus, T-Rex, Giant Horror Turtle, Razor-backed Rhinoceros, and Rhino-Buffalo instinctively hate and fear the Devilsaurus and will attack one until it is driven from their territory, killed, or they are themselves killed.

Allies: Few, other than a mate. A Devilsaurus will often tolerate the presence of other members of its own race, but despite their intelligence, they never work together as a group. However, the monster will sometimes associate with Black Faeries and Devil Unicorns (no relations), and the occasional other supernatural monster.

Value: None, even the meat of the Devilsaurus is putrid tasting and rots within 48 hours even if prepared or refrigerated. Not even Simvan and Psi-Stalkers try to tame this beast, though the Splugorth sometimes capture them for battle in the gladiatorial arena.

Habitat: Forests, lakes and swamp lands throughout Dinosaur Swamp, and sometimes along the ocean coast and Demon Sea. Most likely to be encountered in Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana.



Devil Unicorn

Many consider the Devil Unicorn to be a demon, but whether or not it is a true demon or a powerful, vicious and cruel animal is unclear. The abomination gets its name from its long, single horn, demonic looks and hellish laugh. Devil Unicorns have a deep, rasping and maniacal laugh that is often heard in the distance as the fiend stalks his prey, as well as during combat (as long as it thinks it can win) and when it tortures captives. The horn is used to butt and stab, and is especially lethal against large prey, but it is the monster's wicked claws and slashing tail that humanoids need to worry about.

The Devil Unicorn is a hideous and terrifying supernatural monster from the Rifts. It body is thick with muscles and the top of its head, spine and tail are protected by thick ridges of bone. The Devil Unicorn has a low human intelligence and can actually speak broken American in a low, guttural voice or gruff whisper – usually accompanied by raspy growls, heavy breathing and its demonic laughter. As a predator, it is incredibly cunning, tricky and kills for pleasure as well as for food. In fact, Devil Unicorns enjoy maiming and holding 1D6 prey captive in their lairs where the fiends engage in mental and physical torture. Mental torture includes intimidation, pretense to torture or kill, pretending to let a captive escape only to be pounced upon or hunted down and returned, and similar. Physical torture includes being pricked, stabbed and lacerated by its mandibles or claws, bitten or chewed, battered, bones broken, and the body scarred or maimed. Devil Unicorns love to abduct and torture their captives, slaughter cattle, and torment people, often terrorizing an entire town or region. Only fighting and killing give them more pleasure.

Black hearted in the extreme, these monsters will deliberately slaughter animals, from pets to livestock, without taking a bite to eat, kidnap women and children, kill children, rape and kill women, seek out and murder preachers and local protectors and leave them gutted and displayed for all to see (spread-eagled, impaled on a tree or fence, or hung from a pole, tree or rafters), as well as steal or destroy things people hold dear, particularly shrines, churches, hospitals, and holy places. Fortunately, Devil Unicorns usually live and hunt alone or in small groups of 2-4. They don't care for their own kind and see each other as rivals who constantly fight amongst themselves.

Devil Unicorn Stats

Alignment: Always Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q. Low human intelligence and a cunning predator: 1D4+4, M.E. 1D6+18, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 3D6+30, P.P. 1D6+18, P.E. 2D6+20, P.B. 1D4, Spd 4D6+14; a minimum speed of 22 (15 mph/24 km); Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

M.D.C. by Location:

* Horn (1) – 100

Head – 100

Front Legs (2) – 140 each

Rear Legs (2) – 190 each

Tail (1) – 220

Main Body – 1D6x100+200 on Rifts Earth

* A single asterisk means a small or difficult target to his and requires a "called shot" at -3 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds,* the Devil Unicorn has 1D4x100 S.D.C., 1D4x100 Hit Points, and an A.R. 17. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 15

Size: 5 feet (1.5 m) at the shoulders, 12-14 feet (3.6 to 4.3 m) long from the point of its muzzle to its hindquarters, plus another 10-12 feet (3 to 3.6 m) for its tail.

Weight: 1.4 to 2 tons!

Average Life Span: 150 years.

P.P.E.: 6D6

O.C.C.: None; animal; see natural abilities.

Natural Abilities: Fair speed, can run without pause and without exhaustion for two hours, leap up to 30 feet (9.1 m) lengthwise and 20 feet (6 m) high, loves to swim (swim skill equivalent 90%), can hold its breath for 1D6+6 minutes, survive depths of up to 400 feet (122 m), Climb 90%/80%, Prowl 60%, Track Humanoids (using sense of smell and vision) 78% (60% to track animals), Land Navigation 80%, and Wilderness Survival 95%.

R.C.C. Skills: Can learn to speak three languages at the base skill level plus 6D6%, and knows a total of 1D4+2 skills limited to selections from Rogue, Technical, and Wilderness. Does not advance in experience.

R.C.C. Combat: Attacks Per Melee: Five.

Damage: Tiny mandibles 1D6 to 4D6 S.D.C. depending on the amount of damage it desires to inflict, a biting nip 6D6 S.D.C. to 1D4 M.D., bite 2D4 M.D., restrained strike 5D6 S.D.C., full strength clawed strike 4D6 M.D. (minimum), power strike 1D4x10 M.D. (minimum), tail slash 1D4x10 M.D., horn/head butt 1D6 M.D., horn stab 3D6 M.D., pounce attack 2D4 M.D. plus a 01-74% likelihood of prey being pinned and helpless. After a successful pounce attack, the Devil Unicorn can claw with all four legs, inflicting a massive 2D4x10 M.D.!

Bonuses (in addition to likely attribute bonuses): +1 on Per-

ception Rolls, +3 on initiative, +3 to strike, +1 to parry, +3 to dodge, +6 to pull punch, +4 to roll with impact, +3 to save vs psionic attack and possession, +12 to save vs Horror Factor – fearless.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Large predators and humanoids.

Allies: Occasionally allies itself with others of its kind, powerful practitioners of magic, and other powerful beings with agendas that involve mass murder, torture and mayhem.

Value: None.

Habitat: Only a few hundred to a thousand are believed to exist on the American continents. Although a Devil Unicorn can be found anywhere, they prefer forests and mountain areas with lakes and waterways, and to be near people they can torment. Devil Unicorns are most commonly reported in the Canadian Southwest, the American Northwest, Wyoming, Colorado, Wisconsin, Michigan and the Magic Zone. In Dinosaur Swamp, the creature is most often encountered in the forests of Georgia and the Appalachian Mountains.

Duckbilled Honkers

Whether these are Duckbilled (Hypacrosaurus?) dinosaurs from Earth's past or similar creatures from another world is unknown, but they are found in large numbers west of the Mississippi River as well as in the Dinosaur Swamp region.

The Duckbills have found an ideal home in Dinosaur Swamp. Large herds of them are known to migrate in the shadow of the Appalachian Mountains and the lowlands of Florida. They have thrived in an environment rich in the vegetation they find edible. Though always on the move, once a year for 3 weeks, a herd will stop and congregate when it is time to nest a new clutch of eggs. Nesting sites are usually near a large body of fresh water after the spring rains have come, creating a rich, muddy environment in which to lay their eggs. The herd returns to roost at the same nesting site for their entire lives (or at least the same general area), and with them come the predators who take advantage of the Duckbill's nature.

These herbivores have a large, flat, bill-like muzzle with large flat, teeth in the lower jaw for grinding and chewing vegetation. They feed on conifer trees, pine cones, acorns, oak tree leaves, berries, ferns and various other plants found in mixed forests. In Dinosaur Swamp, Duckbills are usually encountered in herds of 20-80, but there are a great many of these small to medium-sized herds. Out West, Duckbilled Honkers tend to gather in large herds of 100-600 animals, however, in Dinosaur Swamp, the smaller herds are more flexible, mobile and less likely to attract predators. Duckbilled Honkers are the favorite prey of large predators like the Alien Rex, Allosaurus, and T-Rex, as well as raptors, barbarians and local humans and D-Bees. Out West, some Indians and ranchers raise them like cattle, but this is uncommon in Dinosaur Swamp.

Duckbills rarely fight unless panicked, backed into a corner and attacked, or to defend their nest or young. Generally, they ignore small, unmounted humanoids, and run away from danger whenever they can. They are called "honkers" because they make loud honking sounds like geese with a loudspeaker.

Duckbilled Honker Stats

Alignment: Considered anarchist.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. Low animal intelligence, M.E. 1D6, M.A. 2D6, P.S. 1D6+20, P.P. 1D6+14, P.E. 1D6+18, P.B. 2D6+3, Spd 3D6+35; a minimum speed of 38 (26 mph/41.6 km), most have a speed of 40 to 44 (about 30 mph/48 km).

Mega-Damage by Location:

* Head – 100
* Small Arms (2) – 20 each
* Hind Legs (2) – 130 each
* Underbelly – 120

Main Body – 100+1D4x100

* A single asterisk means a small or difficult target to hit and requires a "called shot" at -1 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the dinosaur has 4D6x10 S.D.C., 6D6x10 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 13. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: None.

Size: 20-30 feet (6.1 to 9.1 m) from head to tail, about 18-20 feet (5.4 to 6 m) standing erect.

Weight: 2-3.2 tons.

Average Life Span: 30 years.

P.P.E.: 4D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Excellent speed, can run without pause and without exhaustion for four hours, leap up to 8 feet (2.4 m) long or high, likes water (can swim equal to the Swim skill at 70%), hold breath underwater for 1D4+3 minutes, and although constantly eating, can go without food or water for up to six weeks without ill effect.

R.C.C. Combat: Attacks/Actions Per Melee: Three.

Damage: Clawed hind legs do 2D6 M.D., tail slash 2D6 M.D., bite does 4D6 S.D.C., small fore-claws 3D6 S.D.C. plus P.S. bonus, head or beak butt 3D6 S.D.C.

Bonuses (in addition to likely attribute bonuses): +1 to strike, +2 to dodge, +4 to leaping dodge, +3 to roll with impact or fall, +6 to save vs disease and poison and +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Large predators, pack hunters, and humanoids.

Allies: None.

Value: 900-2000 credits per animal. The meat of the Duckbill is good tasting although fatty. Oil extracted from the animal is used in a variety of products, including lamp oil, and the hide can be used to make a light M.D.C. fabric (poncho or overcoat has 8 M.D.C., overcoat with extra armor padding 12-16 M.D.C., or tent with 15 M.D.C.). They are impossible (and uncomfortable) to ride or domesticate except by Simvan and Psi-Stalkers (-10% on riding skill).

Habitat: Woodlands and scrub plains, so in Dinosaur Swamp they are found mainly in Georgia, the Carolinas and the mountain valleys and lowlands of the Appalachian moun-

tains. They are most common, however, out West, where millions are found between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River, especially Oregon, eastern Wyoming, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and parts of Texas/Lone Star.



Frilled Swamp Runner

Frilled Swamp Runners are so ugly that they are sometimes mistaken for small undead dinosaurs or emaciated, baby Raptors. This confusion arises from the thin, bony appearance of the body and the skeletal look of its head. Swamp Runners are small, lean, and fast bipeds who thrive in the swampland. Omnivores, the little fellas can eat just about anything and have found garbage discarded by humans and D-Bees to be a gold mine of easy pickings. Consequently, they have become a pest at villages, towns and cities, like Char, where the little buggers scurry thought the streets, alleys and back lots stealing scraps from garbage cans and left lying in the dirt. This wouldn't be so bad, except Frilled Swamp Runners are messy and destructive, stealing the dog's food, tipping over garbage cans, ripping up boxes and packaging, and making a mess. Worse, they are so bold that they will raid chicken coops to steal the eggs and eat a couple of hens, kill and eat chicks, ducklings, and small pets (as well as mice and rats), drink milk directly from the cow's udders, scatter and defecate in grain bins, tear open boxes and throw around the contents looking for edibles, frighten livestock, and generally startle and scare people. Frilled Swamp Runners don't generally attack and kill people, but they have been known to steal food right out of a person's hand, snatch lunch pails, knock children over, and even sneak into a home and steal dinner!

Frighteningly intelligent, they are another dinosaur-like being who can learn to speak human languages, talk in single words and short phrases and are masters of mimicry. Thus, they can be amusing by aping human gestures and mimicking the walk or habits of the local farmer or constable, or add to the overall annoyance by seeming to insult the person they just robbed by aping his behavior. In this regard, they are rather like chimpanzees, and like chimps, they have a great capacity for humor and playfulness, only they are destructive and can be dangerous when threatened or hungry. The normal language of the Frilled Swamp Runners is a squirrel-like chatter and chirps, so when they talk it is in a high pitched voice and words are often mixed in with clicks, clutters, and chatter. Common words are "food," "feed me," "hungry," "play," "run," "friend," "good," "yummy," "bad," and people's names. Names are usually those of locals, those the creature hears a lot or a name (or word) that strikes the little monster's fancy.

Frilled Swamp Runners who adopt a family (one or more) may be destructive and troublesome, but they also eat rats, mice and other vermin, may accost an intruder (especially if the beasts think he's after their food), and even attack someone who threatens "their humans." In fact, Swamp Runners are especially protective of children under the age of 10. Still, none of this is worth having one or more of the beasts around, and where there is one, there are likely to be 1D6 others. Frilled Swamp Runners tend to gather in small family clans of 2-6, seldom more than six, never more than 10.

In the wild, they will sneak into camps to rifle through backpacks and supplies in search of food, and sometimes steal pocket mirrors, small knives and jewelry. Other times a pack will run and hop through camp or through a line of travelers, snatching anything that looks edible right out of people's hands and mouths.

Even a pack of Frilled Swamp Runners will seldom attack humanoids, the only exception being when they feel cornered or one of their own has been captured. If they can't rescue a captured pack member, the group will come back later in an attempt to break him free, and failing that, the scavengers will lash out by destroying whatever they can and then shrieking "free, free, free" or "Give us (followed by a noise that doesn't sound like a name or a word)." These attempts and acts of sabotage are likely to continue for days (1D4+3 minium) until their comrade is finally released, slain or the rest of the clan finally gives up. However, a group of Frilled Swamp Runners may pursue a captor for as for as 200 miles (320 km) before relenting.

Frilled Swamp Runner Stats

Alignment: Anarchist.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+8, high animal intelligence and human child-like mentality. M.E. 1D6+10, M.A. 1D6+15, P.S. 1D6+10 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+14, P.E. 1D6+17, P.B. 1D6, Spd 2D6+46. Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 50

* Frilled Knives (feathers; 6-10) – 3 each

* Forearms (2) – 15 each

* Clawed Hands (2) – 10 each

Legs (2) – 40 each

* Clawed Feet (2) – 15 each

* Tail – 30

Main Body – 6D6+22

* A single asterisk indicates a small and/or difficult target to strike. It may be protected by armor plating, boney ridges, or just located in an a place that is hard to target. The shooter or attacker must make a "Called Shot" to hit at a penalty of -5 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the Frilled Swamp Runner has 3D6+20 S.D.C., Hit Points are equal to the P.E. attribute number +10, and it has an A.R. of 9. The damage inflicted by the creature's bite and other attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 9, only because they are ugly.

Size: Three to three and a half feet (0.9 to 1 m) tall from head to toe. The prehensile tail is 4-6 feet (1.2 to 1.8 m) long.

Weight: 45-60 pounds (20 to 27 kg).

Average Life Span: Unknown, at least 30 years, perhaps double that.

P.P.E.: 4D6 +P.E. attribute number.

O.C.C.: None, animal scavenger.

Natural Abilities: Swift and agile, Frilled Swamp Runners can maintain top speed (typically about 35 mph/56 km) for up to two hours without pause. They can also leap six feet (1.8 m) high and 10 feet (3 m) across. Swamp Runners cannot climb trees or swim, but they can use magic to run across the surface of water! (See Magic for details.) A feisty scavenger, thief and hunter of rodents, small birds and lizards, the creature has the following equivalent skills: Dowsing 90%, Herding Cattle 35%, Identify Plants & Fruit 90%, Land Navigation 95%, Prowl 45%, Tailing 60%, Wilderness Survival 95% and can sniff out food (i.e., human foods, grain, animal carcass, rotting meat, garbage and similar) by scent 65% up to 3000 feet (914 m) away (four times that distance if carried on the wind), track by sight 50%, and has keen day vision and a good sense of hearing. Also see magic abilities.

Speech! The Frilled Swamp Runner can learn to laugh and speak simple words and phrases much like a parrot, only with an understanding of what it is saying. The voice sounds shrill and squeaky. Only single words and short phrases are spoken. The creature does not recognize symbols or letters, though as mimics they may pretend to read (but really are relying on memory or their sense of smell).

Healing: Frilled Swamp Runners recover lost M.D.C. at a rate of 1D6+1 per 24 hour period and can regenerate a lost tail, finger, or toe in a month. Small Frilled Knives regrow in a week, large in two weeks.

Attacks per Melee: Five, including prehensile tail or two by magic spell.

Damage: Bite does 1D8 M.D., claw strike (hand) 1D6 M.D., punch or tail swipe does one M.D., restrained punch or tail slap 2D4 S.D.C., claw strike with foot does 2D4+1 M.D., leap kick without claw 4D6 S.D.C. damage plus a 01-35% chance of knocking down human-sized targets, leap kick using the claw to cut or stab does 2D4+3 M.D., and thrown Frilled Knife does 1D4 M.D. if small (back) and 1D6 M.D. if large (head; see below for details).

Special Attack: Frilled Knife Quill. Just as a porcupine can release its quills, so can a Frilled Swamp Runner pluck one of its 1D4+6 feather looking "frills" (3-5 on the head, the rest grow on the back). The Frilled Knife can be used as a tool to cut or pry, or a weapon to be thrown! Small ones inflict 1D4 M.D., larger ones that grow on the head do 1D6 M.D. each, and the critters are +2 to strike when thrown.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +1 to Perception Rolls, +2 on initiative, +3 to strike with bites, claws or tail, +4 to disarm (roll under disarm to snatch food out of a person's hand, mouth, or backpack, or cause them to drop it so it can grab the item with its next melee action), +1 to parry, +4 to dodge, +4 to pull punch, +3 to roll with impact, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, +3 to save vs poison, +1 to save vs magic and possession.

Magic: Frilled Swamp Runners can perform any of the following by spending their reserve of P.P.E.: All spells are equal to a first level practitioner of magic. Cleanse (6), Climb (3), Concealment (6), Death Trance (1), Energy Bolt (5; fired from the hand or eyes), Light Healing (6), and Manipulate Objects (2+).

Run on Water (special): For the cost of one P.P.E. point, the creature can run, walk and stand on the surface of water, a feat they do as naturally as walking on the ground.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Humans and most predators, particularly various species of Raptors. Tend to avoid evil beings.

Allies: Other Frilled Swamp Runners, and sometimes run with or play with Scampers, monkeys (there are a lot of monkeys in Dinosaur Swamp), Faerie Folk, and domesticated dogs and even humanoid children and adventurers.

Value: None. Barbarians, Native Americans and Swamp Stompers have all tried to domesticate the ugly little buggers with varying results. Ultimately, Frilled Swamp Runners are too mischievous, selfish, hungry and destructive to make good or reliable pets, and there's not enough meat on their bones to eat, and what is there is like shoe leather.

Habitat: Forests, lakes and swamp lands throughout Dinosaur Swamp, and sometimes along the ocean coast and Demon Sea. Most likely to be encountered in Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana.

Giant Hunter Turtle

The Giant Hunter Turtle is presumed to be a horror from another dimension that has found a new home in the forests, marshland and waterways of Dinosaur Swamp. Deearn Neenok has named the creature *Ankylomonstromus* for its size and wicked disposition, but its common name of Hammer Turtle is the name by which it is known by most people.

Like the true Ankylosaurus, the Giant Hunter Turtle is a walking tank, but more than that, it is an aggressive predator and scavenger. In the wild, its primary food are Carnosuchids, Duckbill Honkers, Razormouth Frogs, small- to medium-sized dinosaurs, alligators, snakes, birds and other animals who may fall victim to its quick snaring tongue, smashing spiked tail or biting mouth. However, the turtle's easiest food is carrion, chasing other predators away from the carcass of their kill and taking it for itself. The Giant Hunter Turtle is well equipped for such bullying theft, able to convince even a group of medium-sized dinosaurs or a lone predator like the Allosaurus to give up its kill after a few well placed hammering blows. Should the owner of the kill prove too dangerous or unwilling to give up his meal, the Hunter Turtle moves on in search for new food.

When it comes to humans and other wilderness people, the Giant Hunter Turtle has discovered that farms, villages and cit-

ies offer the easiest of prey: penned livestock. Giant Hunter Turtles are known to bulldoze their way right into S.D.C. or light M.D.C. pens and stables to kill and eat cattle, horses, chickens, and other livestock, and if they get too close, the people who come to protect them. Giant Hunter Turtles are also known to attack adventurers and travelers in the wild, charging into camps biting and hammering and clawing everyone in its path. Climbing a tree may save one's life, but a hungry or angry turtle will bash the tree until the person falls out or until the tree snaps in two. Giant Hunter Turtles will also eat scraps and garbage, and are thus attracted to dump sites, battlefields and fresh graves.

Giant Hunter Turtle Stats

Also known as the Giant Hammer Turtle.

Alignment: Animal predator, considered Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+3, low animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6+4, M.A. 1D6+6, P.S. 2D6+40 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+15, P.E. 1D6+20, P.B. 1D6, Spd 1D6+18; a minimum speed of 19 (14 mph/22.4 km) on dry land, increase that speed by 50% swimming. Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 120

Neck – 140

* Tongues (2) – 20 each

* Eyes (4) – 10 each

Legs (6) – 100 each

Clawed Feet (8) – 60 each

Tail (1) – 180

Main Body: Top Shell – 1D6x100+230

Main Body: Underbelly Shell – 3D6x10+200

* A single asterisk indicates a small and/or difficult target to strike. It may be protected by armor plating, boney ridges, or just located in a place that is hard to target. The shooter or attacker must make a "Called Shot" to hit at a penalty of -5 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the Giant Hammer Turtle has 3D6x10+100 S.D.C., and 1D4x100 Hit Points. The top shell has an A.R. of 18, the belly shell has an A.R. of 16 and the exposed neck and body parts have an A.R. of 13. The damage inflicted by the creature's bite and other attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 15

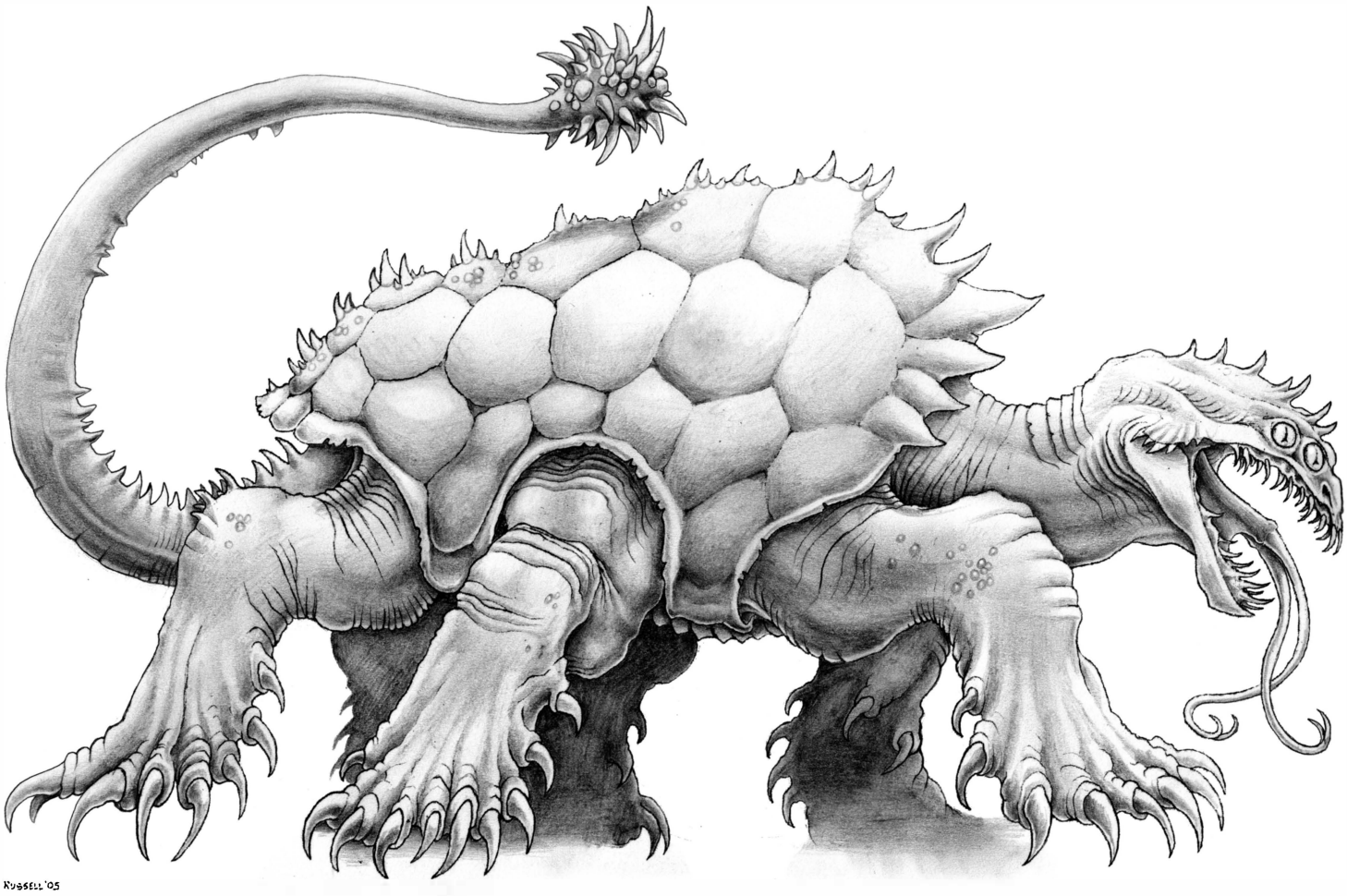
Size: Varies, but 8-15 feet (2.4 to 4.6 m) in diameter and 8-12 feet (2.4 to 3.6 m) tall is most common. The neck can extend half the body length and the tail is two thirds the length.

Weight: Varies with size, 5-10 tons.

Average Life Span: Unknown, could live for centuries.

P.P.E.: 2D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.



Natural Abilities: Reasonable land speed, quick reflexes and fast attacks from its snaring tongues, biting mouth and whipping tail. This dinosaur is all muscle, spikes, teeth and attitude. Think of it as a giant snapping turtle with some extra weapons and M.D. strength. Swim 78% (prefers dry land, forests and swamps), Prowl (underwater only) 45%, hold breath for up to 30 minutes, excellent daylight vision, Supernatural Strength and Endurance, and a keen sense of smell. The Giant Hunter Turtle can smell blood, rotting flesh, and decay up to a mile (1.6 km) away, triple if the scent is carried on the wind; has also come to recognize the smell of livestock, but at half the range. Also see Damage stats for special methods of attack.

Vulnerabilities: Slow on dry land, and because the Giant Hunter Turtle fears no animal or man (has no concept of M.D. weapons or armor), it is vulnerable to humanoids, modern weapons and magic. The beast will retreat into the woods when prey proves to be too tough for it, and may go underwater to escape an unrelenting attack from surface creatures.

Attacks per Melee: Six, including prehensile tail and tongues.

Damage: Head butt does 2D6 M.D., battering strike with a whipping spiked tail does 1D6x10 M.D. and has a 01-75% likelihood of knocking an opponent up to 15 feet (4.6 m)tall off its feet, causing the victim to lose two melee attacks and initiative. The tail can also deliver a power punch that does 2D6x10 M.D. and has a 01-90% chance of knocking down anything up to 30 feet (9.1 m) tall, but counts as two melee attacks. Knockdown does not apply to four, six or eight legged dinosaurs larger than 15 feet (4.6 m) tall. The wicked bite does 5D6 M.D., claw strike with feet inflicts 6D6 M.D., stomp attack (effective against opponents under five feet/1.5 m tall) does 5D6 M.D. and a body ram does 6D6 M.D. and has a 01-70% likelihood of knocking an opponent up to 15 feet (4.6 m) tall off its feet, causing the victim to lose two melee attacks and initiative. In water, that's the likelihood of capsizing any water vessel smaller than 30 feet (9.1 m).

Prehensile Sticky Tongues (2; Special): The Hunter Turtle is unique in that it has a pair of long, prehensile tongues. Both are sticky, like a toad's, and one or both can be used to snare prey and whip them into its waiting bone-crunching jaws. Such attacks are usually reserved for snaring small mammals, rodents, birds, snakes, and amphibians, but can also snag weapons out of people's hands and even ensnare a character's arm or leg. To resist the powerful pull of one or both tongues, the victim must have a Supernatural P.S. of 30 or greater (or a robotic P.S. of 45 or higher). **Note:** Snared weapons are likely to be chewed up a bit, before getting spit out. The mouth is full of sharp, crooked teeth, and the Giant Hunter Turtle is so powerful it doesn't fear taking a bite out of anything to see if it is edible. Also note that the two tongues may strike at the same target or two different ones.

Spiked Tail (Special): This is the creature's most notorious weapon, a heavy spiked club at the end of its prehensile tail. Tail attacks are fast and can be lethal with only one or two blows.

Clawed Feet (Special): All six of the monster's feet have long nails for ripping apart meat. In combat they inflict devastating damage (6D6 M.D.). They are also used to dig into the earth. The Giant Hunter Turtle likes to dig a pit to lay in to keep cool (and to protect its legs and underbelly) when not on the prowl.

Healing & Regeneration (Special): The turtle bio-regenerates lost M.D.C. (anywhere on its body) at a rate of 2D6+12 every 24 hours, and can completely regenerate a destroyed eye, a foot or tongue in two weeks, and its tail or an entire leg in eight weeks.

Bonuses (in addition to likely attribute bonuses): +3 on initiative and +3 to strike via tongue, tail or biting head attacks; the turtle strikes with lightning speed and precision, and the reach of the tail and neck often underestimated by its opponents. +2 to strike with claws, body rams and any other type of attack, +1 to parry and dodge, +9 to save vs Horror Factor, +2 to save vs poison, and +1 to save vs psionic attack and possession.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Anything that will fit into its giant maw or threatens it is considered prey. Humans and large predators are its enemies; pack hunters usually leave this brute alone unless it is sick or severely injured.

Allies: None, barely tolerates its own kind, making the Giant Hammer Turtle a solitary hunter/scavenger except when mating.

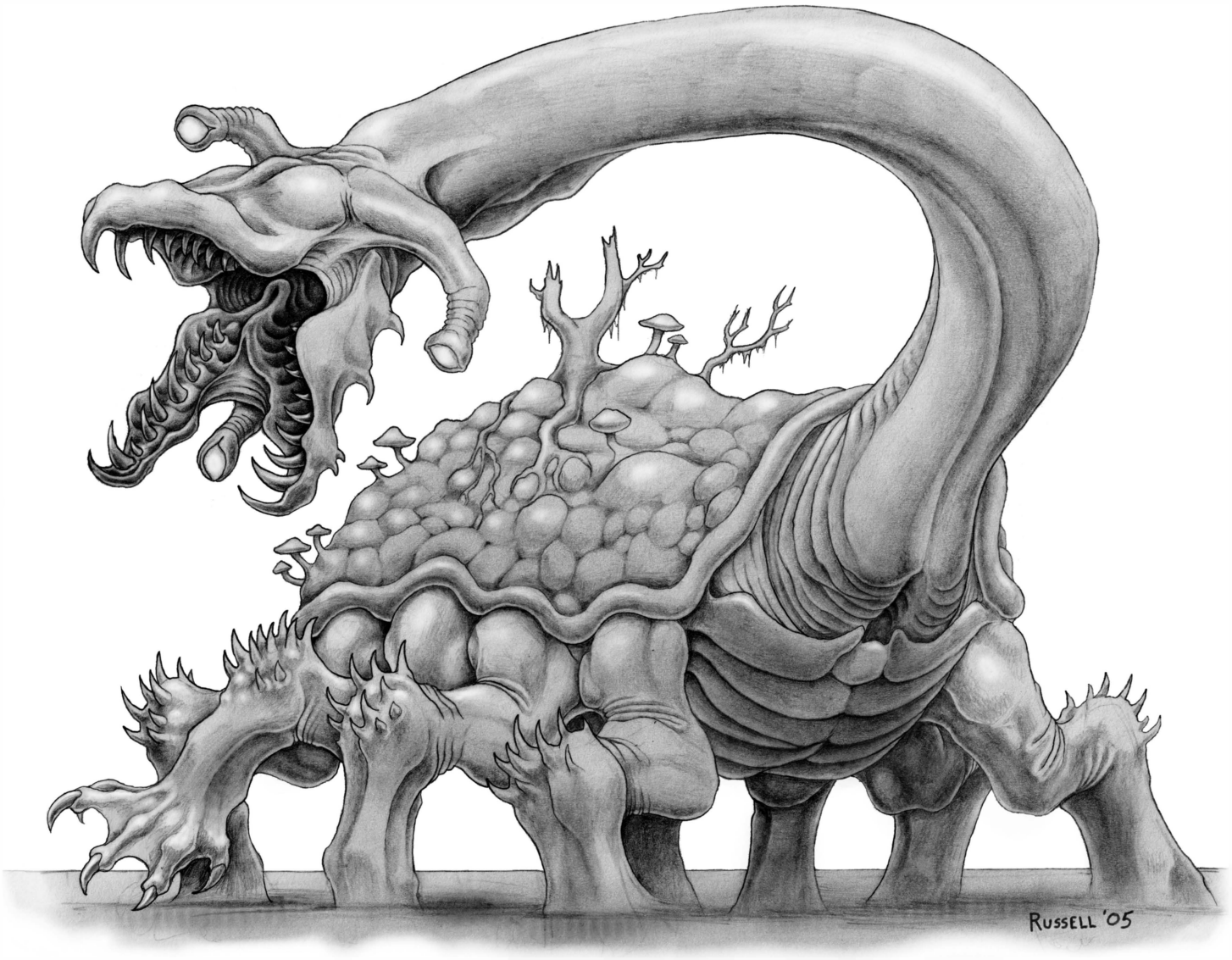
Value: Native Americans and most barbarians and Swamp Stompers consider it bad luck (as in a terrible curse) to kill any giant turtle, because they represent life, land and the world. However, the meat of the Giant Hammer Turtle is good (tastes like chicken), and its claws and spikes can be used as M.D.C. building materials for fortifications and vehicles, pit traps and carving. The teeth may be used to make M.D. arrows (one M.D. point), spearheads (1D6 M.D.), and spiked war clubs (1D6 M.D.). The shell becomes brittle and unworkable after the turtle's death, making it unsuitable for armor or building materials.

Habitat: Found throughout Dinosaur Swamp but most common in Georgia and Florida. They are also found in much smaller numbers in Mississippi and along the Mississippi River as far north as Tennessee.

Giant Petal Turtle

The name Petal Turtle belies the ferocity and danger of this living nightmare from another dimension. It gets the "petal" part of its name because when it opens its gaping maw, the mouth separates into three pieces and resembles the petals of a flower. Also because of the fungus, moss, flowers and even small trees that grow from clumps of dirt that collect in the grooves of its hut-sized shell.

This is one massive and ugly monster. The head is just one, big, pointed bulb until the mouth opens to feed or shriek. It has three eyes with pale grey pupils and light blue irises mounted on prehensile eye stalks. Each stalk can bend independent of the others, so it can look in all directions, including front and sideways at the same time, or behind its head. The neck is incredibly long, able to stretch twice the length of its body, but it can also tuck in to expose as little as seven feet (2.1 m). The length and



mobility of the neck means the biting head can reach an enemy in any direction and at any location on or around its body, and that part of the monster moves at lightning speed when it wants to.

The top shell is as hard as Mega-Damage steel and more than a foot (0.3 m) thick. The under shell is only slightly less durable. Although an excellent swimmer, the Giant Petal Turtle prefers swamps, marshlands and the shallows of lakes and rivers where the behemoth can wade up to its hips. Even when the turtle goes into deep waters it usually floats atop the surface, its long neck sniffing around the lake bed and snapping up fish that swim within range. That means the top of its shell is seldom submerged, allowing dirt to gather and plant life to grow on it. Consequently, the top of the Giant Petal Turtle may appear like a small island or a large clump of earth sticking out of the water. All types of plants, flowers and vegetation may grow on the backs of these leviathans. Birds will come to roost on the shell and small animals, sometimes even 1D4 Faerie Folk (usually *Faeries, Sprites, Bogies* or *Toadstools*) may make their home on the back of the giant turtle's shell. (**Note:** Only one in thirty turtles will have any type of intelligent or semi-intelligent being living on its back.) Once in a while, a bold Swamp Stomper, barbarian or band of barbarians can be seen riding the back of a (recently fed) Giant Petal Turtle. A risky maneuver should the turtle get hungry or feel threatened, but a trick sometimes used to ride through waters infested by other aquatic predators or Spinosaurus-haunted waterways.

The largest Petal Turtles are reputed to be the size of an office building, 100 feet (30.5 m) in diameter and 60 feet (18.3 m) tall, but they are the exception, not the rule. Most are the size of a semi-truck or tank, measuring 16-24 feet (4.9 to 7.3 m) in diameter and stand 12-16 feet (3.6 to 4.9 m) tall. The beast has eight legs, providing superior strength and stability (cannot budge one of these giants even with a bulldozer when it doesn't want to move). A cluster of spikes grow on the leg joint to discourage large predators, but only the largest or most desperate predator even bothers with this ferocious giant. The Petal Turtle's greatest enemies are small predators, like raptors, who hunt in packs and strike at its throat and legs. Humans and D-Bees with their energy weapons and magic are also potential enemies.

When angry or on the attack, the Giant Petal Turtle unleashes a shriek that can turn blood cold. It may also howl, growl and stomp its feet when perturbed or bothered, but otherwise grunts and snorts like a pig when it is content. The Petal Turtle is a scavenger who eats just about anything edible that comes its way: the carcass of a dead animal, a bloated dead body, and garbage. The Giant Petal Turtle is also a predator known to prey on anything smaller than itself. The main staple of food are fish,

birds, giant insects and a host of aquatic life forms, including Carnosuchids, crocodiles, and young Sarcosuchus (giant crocs). However, slow moving humans and D-Bees are the perfect size for a nice meal and are often attacked as easy prey by the stealthy giants, especially when underwater or traveling in a canoe or small boat. However, when these leviathans are well fed, they will usually ignore people unless they feel threatened.

Giant Petal Turtle Stats

Also known as the Island Turtle and Giant Horror Turtle. Neenok's scientific name for the creature is *Chelonmaximus Rex* (Turtle King).

Alignment: Animal predator, considered Anarchist or Miscreant.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. The attributes presented are for a typical Petal Turtle the size of a tank. I.Q. 1D6, low animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 3D6+40 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+15, P.E. 1D6+20, P.B. 1D6, Spd 1D6+12; a minimum speed of 13 (8 mph/12.8 km) on dry land, increase that speed by 50% swimming. Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location: The following stats apply to the "typical" Giant Petal Turtle the size of a tank, *double* them for the true giants that are 100 feet (30.5 m) or more in diameter.

Head – 225

Neck – 150 per 10 foot (3 m) length.

* Eye Stalks (3) – 45 each

* Mouth Sections (3) – 80 each

Legs (8) – 300 each

Clawed Feet (8) – 150 each

Main Body: Top Shell – 1D6x1000

Main Body: Underbelly Shell – 1D6x100+180

* A single asterisk indicates a small and/or difficult target to strike. It may be protected by armor plating, boney ridges, or just located in an a place that is hard to target. The shooter or attacker must make a "Called Shot" to hit at a penalty of -5 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the average Giant Petal Turtle has 3D6x10+400 S.D.C. and 1D6x100 Hit Points. The top shell has an A.R. of 19, the belly shell has an A.R. of 16 and the exposed neck and body parts have an A.R. of 14. The damage inflicted by the creature's bite and other attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 15 (H.F. 18 for the largest and most aggressive).

Size: Varies, but the most common are 16-24 feet (4.9 to 7.3 m) in diameter and stand 12-16 feet (3.6 to 4.9 m) tall.

Weight: Varies with size, 6-10 tons on average, 15-30 tons for the largest.

Average Life Span: Unknown, could live for centuries.

P.P.E.: 3D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Natural camouflage, swim 98%, Prowl (underwater only) 75%, dig in soft earth and mud, hold breath for up to 45 minutes, excellent vision, sees the infrared spectrum of light, Nightvision 600 feet (183 m), Supernatural Strength and Endurance. **Vulnerabilities:** Slow on dry land, and because the Giant Petal Turtle fears no animal or man (has no concept of M.D. weapons or armor), it often travels hundreds of miles on land (can survive out of water for up to three weeks). This can make the giant vulnerable to humanoid hunters and predatory animal packs. Attacks humans only when hungry or threatened. Goes underwater whenever it can to escape an attack from surface creatures.

Attacks per Melee: Four.

Damage: Head butt or bump does 3D6 M.D., battering ram or whipping head attack does 6D6 M.D. and has a 01-75% likelihood of knocking opponents up to 25 feet (7.6 m) tall off their feet, causing them to lose two melee attacks and initiative. The bite does 6D6+6 M.D., claw strike does 6D6 M.D., stomp attack (effective against opponents under 8 feet/2.4 tall) does 1D4x10 M.D. and a body ram (in water) does 6D6 M.D. and has a 01-80% likelihood of capsizing any water vessel smaller than 30 feet (9.1 m).

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +3 on initiative and +3 to strike via any biting or blunt head attacks; the turtle strikes with lightning speed and precision, and the reach of the neck is often underestimated (double its body length). +1 to strike using any other type of attack, head and neck are +4 to automatic dodge (meaning the act of dodging does not use up a melee action), +8 to save vs Horror Factor, +3 to save vs poison, and +2 to save vs magic and possession.

Magic: The Giant Petal Turtle can perform any of the following, at will, without expending its own P.P.E., twice per day, equal to a second level practitioner of magic: Create Fog (5), Dowsing (2), Ride the Waves (7) and Sense Direction Underwater (4).

Healing & Regeneration (Special): The Giant Petal Turtle bio-regenerates lost M.D.C. (anywhere on its body) at a rate of 1D6x10 M.D.C. per every six hours and can completely regenerate a destroyed eye stalk in 24 hours, a foot or mouth section in 48 hours and an entire leg in 72 hours.

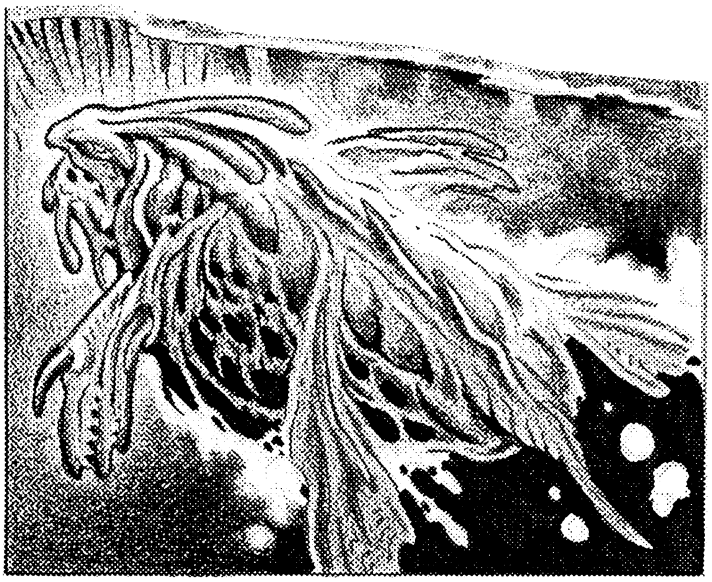
Psionics: None.

Enemies: Anything that will fit into its giant maw or threatens it is considered prey. Humans and pack predators are its enemies.

Allies: None, not even its own kind.

Value: Native Americans and most barbarians and Swamp Stompers consider it bad luck (as in a terrible curse) to kill any giant turtle, because they represent life, land and the world. However, the meat of the Giant Petal Turtle is delicious (tastes like tender, juicy chicken), the oils extracted from its blubber can be made into lantern oil, and the shell can be used for M.D.C. building materials (the entire top shell can be used as a hut with one third the turtle's M.D.C., and the 24 belly plates retain 3D6+6 M.D.C. per plate after the creature's death).

Habitat: Found throughout Dinosaur Swamp but most common in Georgia and Florida. They are also found in much smaller numbers in Mississippi and along the Mississippi River as far north as Tennessee.



Giant Swamp Turtle

One might think of the Giant Swamp Turtle as an alien cousin to the North American Snapping Turtle. It shares the same ornery, aggressive nature and taste for blood. Giant Swamp Turtles grow to the size of a typical motorboat or canoe – measuring a much as 7 feet (2.1 m) long, 4 feet (1.2 m) wide, and weighing 400 to 1000 pounds (180 to 450 kg). Compared to the other, truly giant turtles already described, the Giant Swamp Turtle is just a large, man-sized predator with a nasty disposition. As minor Mega-Damage creatures, they feed on water birds, snakes, fish, alligators, small dinosaurs and people! The jaws of a full grown adult can easily open wide enough to swallow a human head and can crush it like a grape in a single bite.

The shape and coloration of the turtle's head, back and fins provide excellent camouflage, appearing like a clump of floating weeds and mud or a chunk of debris. The forward pointing, spiny fins along the Swamp Turtle's back snag floating weeds, seaweed and debris, adding to the camouflage illusion. The turtle floats on the surface, slowly moving within striking range, then shoots forward in a burst of speed to grab its prey in its powerful jaws. Its mouth is toothless, but a rim of hard bone clamps and cuts into even Mega-Damage flesh like a cookie cutter into soft dough. Large prey, like humans, are then pulled into the watery depths where they drown before being ripped apart by the turtle's large front finger claws and bit into small chunks by its cookie-cutter mouth to be swallowed in small clumps.

The two long, tentacle-like protrusions on the top of the Giant Swamp Turtle's head add to the camouflage by looking like a pair of floating reeds, but they are feelers used in the dark. The feelers are sensitive enough to determine the speed and direction of water currents, movement in the water nearby caused by other creatures, and so on.

Giant Swamp Turtle Stats

Alignment: Animal predator, considered Anarchist or Miscreant.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+2, low animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6+1, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 1D6+15 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+12, P.E. 1D6+20, P.B. 1D6, Spd 1D6+6 on dry land, but this turtle rarely goes on dry land, except to sun itself on a log or to mate and lay eggs. Underwater swimming speed is 1D4+16 (about 15 mph/24 km), plus the Swamp Turtle can swim forward in a short burst of speed that is twice as fast, but can maintain that speed for only 15 seconds (one melee round). Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 75

Tail – 15

Neck – 75

Limbs (4 webbed feet) – 40 each

Main Body – 4D6x10+40

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the turtles have 3D6x10 S.D.C., Hit Points equal to twice their P.E. attribute, and an A.R. of 13 (soft shell). The damage from their bite attack is 3D6 S.D.C., claws do 2D4.

Horror Factor: 10

Size: 5-7 feet (1.5 to 2.1 m) long, 3-4 feet (0.9 to 1.2 m) wide.

Weight: 400 to 1000 pounds (180 to 450 kg).

Average Life Span: 60-80 years.

P.P.E.: 1D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Good sense of smell, but tracks prey by sight and movement in the water (70% up to a half mile/0.8 km away). Natural swimmer (98%), can hold its breath underwater for two minutes per P.E. attribute point, and can see well even in dim light or murky water. The turtle will fight to the death or until it can escape when cornered.

Attacks per Melee: Three.

Damage: Bite 2D4 M.D., or claw with forelimbs 1D6 M.D. Once the Giant Swamp Turtle acquires a firm grip on its prey, it goes underwater to drown surface creatures and will proceed to shake it, and bash it against the rocks and submerged objects until the prey ceases to struggle. The damage from being shaken and bashed against objects is 1D6 M.D. per melee attack, and most surface creatures drown in 1D4+2 minutes! Characters *inside* environmental M.D.C. body armor are safe from drowning but will take 1D4 points of S.D.C. damage for every 5 M.D. points inflicted to their armor. While being thrashed about, victims only get *half* of their normal attacks (rounding up) and are extremely disoriented, operating at -6 to strike, parry and dodge, and skill performance is at -25%. Spell casting is impossible to perform underwater unless the character is wearing a helmet that allows him to speak.

Victims *can* attempt to wrench themselves free by using their melee attacks to make dodge rolls against the Giant Swamp Turtle's original unmodified bite attack roll. Success means that the victim managed to pull free or was accidentally flung loose, however, the turtle will lunge after him and bite again, perhaps repeatedly. Remember, the turtle is probably a faster swimmer than any human. The victim is also likely to be *stunned* (01-50% chance; reduce the number of attacks, Spd and bonuses by half for being stunned) for 1D4 melee rounds after escaping.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): All are

applicable only when *underwater*: +2 to strike, +1 to parry, +3 to dodge, +4 to roll with impact, +4 to save vs Horror Factor, and +2 to save vs poisons.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Other predators, particularly aquatic dinosaurs, like the Carnosuchid, Saracosuchus and the Spinosaurus.

Allies: None. Solitary hunter.

Value: None. Inedible by humans (causes severe stomach nausea, cramps and vomiting; meat smells and tastes terrible in the first place).

Habitat: Mostly found roaming the swamps and lakes of Dinosaur Swamp, but also found in lesser numbers in *Louisiana, Alabama* and *Mississippi*.



Gruesome Tarbids

Some of the more horrific creatures to inhabit the Horror Forest of Georgia are the Gruesome Tarbids, giant, magic wielding, dinosaur eating arachnids. They are absolutely fearless, even in the face of a roaring tyrannosaur or screaming rail gun. Some scholars at New Lazlo speculate that these spiders are possibly distant, primitive, cousins of the Death Weaver Spiders common to Central America. Thankfully, they reproduce in very small numbers, are cannibalistic (eat their own kind), and less than 2% will grow to full adulthood. When they are ready to produce a brood, these giant arachnids have been known to swoop down on a barbarian village, capture the entire population and use the huts and structures to house egg clusters. The villagers are then the unfortunate first meals of the hungry hatchlings, which will usually turn on themselves once the villagers are consumed. There are no shortages of tales about ruined, web-encrusted villages found deep within the wilds of the Horror Forest.

These fearsome spiders are jet black in color and covered in fine, prickly hairs, giving them a somewhat fuzzy appearance. These hairs are extremely sensitive to changes in air pressure, making them almost impossible to sneak up on. They have extremely strong, serrated, almost beetle-like mandibles that they

use to shred the flesh of their prey and deliver their paralytic venom. If there is an upside, the venom numbs the pain of the gruesome wound left behind from the bite. In addition to their bite, the Gruesome Tarbids can shoot their webbing at prey, entangling them at a distance, enabling the spider to move in and engage their victim with little fear of retaliation.

As if that wasn't enough, their natural abilities are actually *magical* in nature. Their paralytic venom possesses a strong anti-magic quality that prevents its prey from using magical abilities. This is extremely important since their preferred prey, dinosaurs and dinosaur-like creatures, have natural, magical abilities. Their webbing is also magical, having properties identical to the Level Four Invocation Magic Net. Consequently, many scholars see the Gruesome Tarbids as a frightening, yet fascinating, adaptation to the hostile environment of Dinosaur Swamp.

Gruesome Tarbid Stats

Alignment: Animal predator, considered Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D6+3, medium animal intelligence. M.E. 2D6+6, M.A. 2D6, P.S. 35+2D6, P.P. 20+1D6, P.E. 30+2D6, P.B. 1D6, Spd 32+2D6; a minimum speed of 34 (26 mph/41.6 km), most have a speed of 38 (29 mph/46.4 km). Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

*Head – 50

**Mandibles – 45

Legs (8) – 110 each

Main Body – 1D4x100+50

* A single asterisk indicates a small or difficult target to hit and requires a "Called Shot" at -3 to strike.

** A double asterisk indicates a very small and difficult target to hit and requires a "Called Shot" at -6 to strike.

Note: In S.D.C. environments Gruesome Tarbids have 1D4x100 S.D.C., Hit Points equal to three times their P.E. attribute, and an A.R. of 13. Their attacks do an equivalent amount of S.D.C. rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 15

Size: 20 feet (6.1 m) long, 18 feet (5.4 m) tall.

Weight: 1800 lbs (810 kg).

Average Life Span: 11 years.

P.P.E.: 6D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Impervious to disease, can walk, run and climb on most surfaces whether upside down, on walls, trees and rock faces with ease. Only smooth, glassy surfaces will impede movement; half normal speed on such surfaces. The hairs covering their body are sensitive to the slightest movements, giving them a natural Automatic Dodge ability. Nightvision 150 feet (45.7 m), infrared vision 300 feet (91.4 m). See also the special combat abilities below.

Attacks per Melee: 5

Damage: Bite 5D6+3 M.D., kick 4D6 M.D. plus has a 01-35% chance of knocking down a human-sized opponent, body block 3D6 plus has a 01-55% chance of knocking down a human-sized opponent.

Special Venom Bite: The venom of a Gruesome Tarbid has two major qualities. The first is the paralytic nature of the venom. Victims who take damage from the bite of a Gruesome Tarbid must make a saving throw vs poison at 14 or higher. Failure results in the victim falling into a numbing, catatonic state for 1D4 hours. The second quality is that magic-wielding victims who fail the first saving throw must make a saving throw vs magic at 16 or higher. This applies to both spell casters and creatures with natural magical abilities, but does not include psionic powers. Failure results in the victim being unable to use *any* inherent magical abilities, including spell casting, for 2D6 hours!

Special Web Shooting: Gruesome Tarbids can shoot a sticky strand of web from the spinnerets on their torso, disabling their prey from a distance. This webbing is incredibly strong, the equivalent of the 4th level Invocation Magic Net. Gruesome Tarbids can use this ability once per melee round and at no expense of personal P.P.E.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +6 to initiative, +1 to strike, +3 to parry, +3 to Automatic Dodge (the act of dodging does not use up a melee attack, but still roll to determine if the dodge was successful or not), +3 to roll with impact, +2 vs magic, +2 vs psionics, +6 vs poison, +12 vs Horror Factor.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Everything, since just about anything that moves is considered food.

Allies: None, even other Gruesome Tarbids are a source of food.

Value: Typically none, although most barbarians, especially Eco-Wizards, would pay up to 2000 credits per quart/liter of Gruesome Tarbid venom. It's often used by Eco-Wizards against rivals during tribal conflicts.

Habitat: Found throughout the Horror Forest, but are found in largest concentrations on the northern edge near the Appalachian Mountains.

Leatherwing

The Leatherwing is a massive, pterodactyl-type flying dinosaur, probably from another dimension. They roost in mountains and canyon cliffs. Millions dominate the skies of the New West, but they also roost in the Appalachian Mountains as well as the Great Stone Mountains of Atlantis. Although always a threat to human life, especially out in the open, most Leatherwings in the east hunt out at sea and along the Atlantic coast. Humans, D-Bees, horses, cattle, small to man-sized dinosaurs, fish and aquatic animals are among their primary prey.

Like vultures, Leatherwings also eat carrion and may be seen flying in circles above battlefields, the carcass of a large dinosaur, beached whales and shipwrecks. Like a hawk, the winged behemoths swoop down from the heavens to snatch up their earthbound prey in their taloned feet or large beak – a beak lined with crooked teeth like a crocodile. Their arms are part of their



gigantic wings, like those of a bat, and like the bat, their fingers are articulated and used to climb, scale cliff walls, and tear apart their prey. The head and beak are a vibrant sky blue while their body and wings are a soft, warm tanish pink that actually blends into the hues and tones of the sky amazingly well.

Leatherwing Stats

Alignment: Animal predator; considered Anarchist or Miscreant.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. Low animal intelligence, M.E. 2D6, M.A. 3D4, P.S. 2D6+28, P.P. 1D6+20, P.E. 1D6+18, P.B. 1D4, Spd 3D6+6 on the ground or when climbing, but 3D6+50; a minimum speed of 55 (37.5 mph/60 km). Supernatural P.S. & P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

* Head/Beak – 100
* Wing Arms (2) – 120 each
* Hind Legs (2) – 130 each

Wing Membrane (2) – 38 each

Main Body – 1D4x100 +P.E. attribute number.

* A single asterisk means a small or difficult target to hit and requires a "Called Shot" at -2 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the Leatherwing has 4D6x10 S.D.C., 5D6x10 Hit Points and an A.R. of 12. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 14

Size: Stands 17-20 feet (5 to 6 m) from head to toe, with a reach of 15 feet (4.6 m) and a wingspan of 60 feet (18.3 m)!

Weight: 1000 pounds (450 kg).

Average Life Span: 30-50 years.

P.P.E.: 3D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Good ground and flying speed, can fly without pause and without exhaustion for five hours, Prowl (silent flight and dive attack) 70%, track by smell 70%, keen, hawk-like vision (can see a rabbit two miles/3.2 km away) and superb hearing.

R.C.C. Combat: Attacks/Actions Per Melee: Three.

Damage: Talon strike with lower legs does 6D6 M.D., wing claws 3D6 M.D., wing slash 2D6 M.D., bite does 1D6x10 M.D., stomp 1D4 M.D., and a diving attack with talons (effectively a power strike that counts as all three melee attacks) 4D4x10 M.D.! It takes one full melee round of flying to set up another diving attack.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +2 on initiative on the ground, +5 on initiative when airborne and when a successful Prowl has been made, +1 to strike on the ground, +3 to strike when flying, +2 to dodge when flying, +1 to roll with impact or fall, +6 to save vs disease and poison, and +4 to save vs Horror Factor.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: They are preyed upon by humans, D-Bees, and pack dinosaurs, but are so large and ferocious that they don't have too many natural predators, at least not on Rifts Earth (which is why they thrive here).

Allies: None.

Value: In the West they can command 100-300 credits per animal, but in the East, they have no or little value (10-40 credits). The meat is very tough, like chewing old leather, and it has a stale taste. The teeth are sometimes used by tribal people in making jewelry, and the hide can be used to make a light M.D.C. fabric (poncho or overcoat has 8 M.D.C., overcoat with extra armor padding 12-16 M.D.C., or tent with 15 M.D.C.), but this use is uncommon in the East except by Eco-Wizards. They are difficult to ride and impossible to domesticate except by Simvan and Psi-Stalkers (-10% on riding skill for them, -30 for others). Some tribes of Simvan Monster Riders in the West, and the occasional Psi-Stalker in the East, use Leatherwings as flying steeds.

Habitat: Mountains and forests, but may hunt many miles out to sea. At least two million Leatherwings are believed to live in the New West with roosts all along the Rocky Mountain chain. Their numbers are believed to be much lower in the East, with flocks roosting in the peaks of the Appalachian Mountains and the Great Stone Mountains of Atlantis. However, because the eastern Leatherwings hunt more out at sea in the Atlantic ocean than on land, it has been impossible to accurately estimate their numbers. Although Neenok had estimated that they travel as far as 50 miles (80 km) out to sea, the truth of the matter is some fly from the coast of North America to the coast of Atlantis, and back. Although Leatherwings may gather in flocks of hundreds or even thousands of their own kind, they are solitary hunters and never

attack as an organized group. Each Leatherwing is out for himself, although 3D6 may flock to partake in devouring a fellow Leatherwing's kill or a carcass up for grabs.



Lepidosaurs

The Lepidosaurs are small, flying reptiles about the size of a raven. They are common to the deep woods of the Horror Forest, in Georgia as well as the forests of South Carolina, and the eastern side of the Appalachian Mountains. The Lepidosaur measures at just around one to one and a half feet (0.3 to 0.45 m) tall from its rump to the top of its head, and has a whipping, prehensile tail of equal length, and fan-like wings that spread out from their rib cage. A pair of short forelimbs are located under the large head. The hind legs are long and narrow, but powerful. The feet are flexible, with two strong toes that end in large talons ideal for gripping tree limbs and prey. The Lepidosaur's head is large and triangular, with alert, roaming black and yellow eyes, and a long, narrow beak or muzzle lined with three rows of minuscule, but razor sharp, teeth. They also have tiny, sharp claws on their small hands that end in tiny, re-curved barbs that enable them to climb trees, grasp onto branches and hold onto their prey while they feed. Lepidosaurs are good flyers and excellent tree leapers and climbers, thus they are often seen leaping from branch to branch and tree to tree, as well as soaring among the clouds.

The Lepidosaur's usual prey are small mammals, birds, snakes, reptiles and just about anything their size or smaller, but they will also attack anything that looks like a good meal, including sick, seriously injured and pinned humanoids. Individually, they are little more than a nuisance or a curiosity, but they live in extended family units – typically flocks of 1D6+6 members – and will attack as a whole flock when very hungry, making them an often overlooked menace within the forest.

Adding to their natural abilities, the Lepidosaur also possesses a high intelligence and limited magical abilities. They are known to wield several powers similar to Air Elemental Magic. Abilities that not only enable them to be spectacular flyers, they also give the creature an edge when hunting and protecting their nests high in the trees.

As a hungry flock, Lepidosaurs will hunt and attack groups of animals or humanoids with the intent of causing confusion and separating one or two from the whole. They will then concentrate their efforts on bringing down the individuals who were separated, ignoring the larger group. Their strength of numbers and magical abilities often make them a match for any lone individual. And to make matters worse, the cunning predators usually single out the one or two who appear to be slow, sick, old or weak.

Lepidosaur Stats

Alignment: Animal, considered Anarchist.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+5, medium to high animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6, M.A. 1D6+3, P.S. 1D4+2, P.P. 1D4+22, P.E. 1D6+12, P.B. 1D6+6, Spd 1D4+6 on the ground, 1D6+20 leaping and climbing through trees, and 1D6+34 flying (that's an average walking speed of 6 [5 mph/8 km] and an average flying speed of 36 [27 mph/43.2 km]).

M.D.C.: 1D4+4; a very minor Mega-Damage creature. **Note:** On S.D.C. worlds, they have 3D6 S.D.C., their P.E. attribute in Hit Points, and an A.R. of 10.

Horror Factor: None, individually, but a group of 6-12 has a Horror Factor of 8. An unusually large flock of 24-32 has an H.F. of 14. Remember, the winged predators will notice an individual who is wounded, injured or ill.

Size: One to one and a half feet (0.3 to 0.45 m) long from the top of the head to the rump, the tail adds another one to one and half feet (0.3 to 0.45 m). Wingspan is 2-3 feet (0.6 to 0.9 m).

Weight: 3-5 pounds (1.35 to 2.25 kg).

Average Life Span: 4-8 years.

P.P.E.: 2D6+12

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Excellent tree climbers, leapers, good fliers, color vision, track by sight 45%, keen hearing.

Attacks per Melee: Four.

Damage: Bite 1D6+3 S.D.C., lash with tail 1D4 S.D.C., claw with feet 1D6+2 S.D.C., claw with tiny hands 1D4+1 S.D.C. Claw attacks also have a 30% chance of hooking into the flesh, or in the case of clothing and body armor, hooking onto a strap, seam, or other place where the animal can gain purchase.

Latching Attack (special): Should the Lepidosaur latch its claws onto a victim, it gains *one extra attack per melee*

round, is +2 to strike with a bite attack and does an extra 1D4 S.D.C. points of damage. This is often their favored tactic when bringing down larger prey.

Swarming Attack (special): When six or more Lepidosaurs concentrate their attacks on an individual, they will swarm their victim in a flurry of biting, clawing, screeching, and tail lashing. The victim is unable to see anything except a flapping flurry of wings, scales and claws, resulting in penalties of -7 to strike, parry and dodge, -25% to skill performance, and the victim takes 4D6 S.D.C. points of damage per melee round (15 seconds) from a battery of glancing attacks. The latter damage is in addition to the one Lepidosaur that will go in for a serious attack or killing blow (typically a bite or clawed foot attack, and this is the only one that can use the Latching Attack). The flock's standard group attack is for all to swarm, while each takes turns flying in for a more powerful, all out attack, biting and clawing. The victim can defend by swatting away at the creatures (roll to parry), or covering oneself up with a shield of some kind or diving for cover (most Lepidosaurs will not go into confined, dark places). Likewise, the character may strike at the one coming in for the killer attack. Killing one or two members of the flock will get them all to abandon the attack and fly away in search of easier prey. Dodging is useless against the swarming flock.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +2 on Perception Rolls, +2 on initiative, +3 to strike, +2 to disarm, +3 to dodge, +2 to roll with impact.

Magic: A Lepidosaur can perform any of the following, at will, without expending its own P.P.E. once per day. To cast the magical effect more than once in a 24 hour period, the creature can draw on its own P.P.E. reserve, but can't use more than half its P.P.E. All spells are equal to a first level practitioner of magic. Change Wind Direction (6), Cloak of Darkness (4), Create Mild Wind (4), and Mesmerism (7).

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Snakes, Azhures and other birds of prey, rival family groups of Lepidosaurs and humanoids.

Allies: None per se, other than their own extended family.

Value: A whole carcass is worth 20 credits as food. Barbarians also use their wing and rib bones as needles and leather punches (1 credit per 3 bones).

They may also be used as familiars by practitioners of magic and are sometimes trained and sold in Char as pets and even as hunting falcons. A domesticated Lepidosaur makes a surprisingly friendly and loyal pet, although they don't sing, but chirp, screech and squawk. Many a barbarian village has 2-6 as pet hunting animals used mainly to hunt, locate and kill rabbits, quail, and ducks. Prices for a pet or trained hunter can vary wildly from 100-600 credits.

Habitat: Lepidosaurs are found living high in the trees throughout the Dinosaur Swamp region, but are most numerous in Georgia and the Carolinas, competing for space with the Azhures in the SteelTree Forest, and have begun to spread throughout the southeast and across the Appalachian Mountains.



Panthera-Tereon

The Panthera-Tereon is a huge, black maned, saber-toothed lion from another world. Most prefer mountains and forests as their habitat, but may travel miles in search of prey. This saber-toothed lion stalks and eats just about anything it can catch, from rabbits to pheasants, but its favorite prey are deer, horses, buffalo, other large grazing animals, Leatherwings and small or slow moving dinosaurs. Masterful hunters, the Panthera-Tereon have found an excellent home in the forests of the southeast, particularly the Appalachian Mountains. They are also known to prowl the SteelTree forest in great numbers, preying on the Iron-Hoof. A few have also been sighted on the outskirts of the *city of Char* and other humanoid villages. The feline predators have discovered domesticated livestock and humanoids themselves to be tempting and easy prey. Thus, the Panthera-Tereon frequently attack livestock, stray cattle, tethered horses, pets, and people; typically a lone individual away from the safety of the city. The boldest of these man-eaters will even attack a horse and rider, or a small group of humanoids (2-6), picking one specific person in the group and dragging him or her into the woods to finish the kill and devour its prey.

Fortunately, these great lions only hunt to eat, so once a kill is made other animals and people are safe. Smart travelers who have just lost a horse or pack animal to a Panthera-Tereon will count their blessings and let the beast keep its prize. To attack one of these giant cats while feeding is suicide. A Panthera-Tereon will fight to the death when cornered, frightened, attacked first or injured. They typically hunt as a lone individual or in mated pairs, rarely do they gather in small prides of 1D6+4, and that's usually when prey is plentiful.

Panthera-Tereon Stats

Also known as the Everglades Lion and Demon Mountain Lion.

Alignment: Considered Anarchist or Aberrant.

Attributes: High animal intelligence and a cunning predator: I.Q. 1D4+5, M.E. 1D4+20, M.A. 1D6+8, P.S. 2D4+24, P.P. 20+1D4, P.E. 20+1D4, P.B. 2D6+10, Spd 3D6+20; a minimum speed of 23 (15 mph/24 km); Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

M.D.C.: Main Body: 58 +P.E. attribute x2 on Rifts Earth. (On S.D.C. worlds, the feline has 1D4x10 S.D.C., 2D4x10 Hit Points +P.E. attribute number, and an A.R. 11.)

Horror Factor: 13

Size: 15 feet (4.6 m) long, plus 7 foot (2.1 m) long tail.

Weight: 1200 pounds (540 kg).

Average Life Span: 30-40 years; give birth to litters of 1D4+1.

P.P.E.: 1D6x10

O.C.C.: None; animal; see natural abilities.

Natural Abilities: Good running speed, can run in brief spurts for 1D4 minutes at double its normal speed before needing to slow down; leap up to 50 feet high (15.2 m, increase by 30% with a fast running start) and 60 feet (18.3 m) long, dislike water but are excellent swimmers (swim skill equivalent is 85%), Climb 98%/80%, Prowl 80%, Track Animals and/or Humanoids 80% (+10% to hunt Grigleapers out West and *Tree Prowlers* in the East), Land Navigation 90%, Detect Ambush 55%, and Wilderness Survival 98%.

R.C.C. Skills: Not applicable.

R.C.C. Combat: Attacks Per Melee: Six.

Damage: Biting nip 6D6 S.D.C., full strength bite 3D6 M.D., restrained claw strike 1D4 M.D., full strength claw strike 4D6 M.D., power claw strike 1D4x10+8 M.D., or pounce attack 2D6 M.D. plus a 01-84% likelihood of prey being pinned and helpless. After any successful pounce attack, the Panthera-Tereon can either hold its prey pinned (no attacks) while it continues to attack by biting, or claw with all four legs inflicting 1D6x10 M.D.!

Bonuses (in addition to likely attribute bonuses): +4 on initiative, +3 to strike, +1 to parry, +1 to dodge, +3 leaping dodge, +3 to roll with punch, impact or fall, +5 to save vs poison, +9 to save vs Horror Factor.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Large predators and humanoids; loathes Grigleapers, and dislikes Tree Prowlers.

Allies: None; predatory monster.

Value: None per se. Native Americans and some barbarian tribes value the beast for its mane, fur and teeth.

Habitat: Mountains and the ruins of skyscrapers and tall buildings throughout the Eastern seaboard, the Appalachian Mountains, and the New West.

Note: There is also a related, if dog-like, species that is a smaller, leaner version of the animal called *Panthera-Thrinax,* detailed in **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp,** page 32.

Raptor King

Deearn Neenok has yet to see one of these creatures and wonders if they are not creatures of myth and superstition, not reality, for the local tribes claim the Raptor King is a dinosaur that thinks like a man. If they are real, he'd like to capture and study one during his return to Dinosaur Swamp. If his fellow explorers are lucky, he won't get his wish.

The Raptor King is real, and it appears to be nothing more than a raptor-like theropod dinosaur, not a man, but then appearances can be deceiving in Dinosaur Swamp. This strange creature possesses human-level intelligence and spell casting abilities. Physically, the Raptor King looks like a bulky or chubby Raptor, with a thicker muzzle and shorter tail. The fine, scaly skin ranges in color from shades of light green with a tan throat and underbelly, to a golden color with a pale, greenish white underbelly. The arms and legs are heavier and the claws shorter than true Raptors, and if one is paying attention, he'll notice the creature has an opposable thumb. However, even close inspection of the creature does not reveal its intelligence, and a Raptor King pretending to be a dumb animal or savage predator can pull off the illusion with ease. What is likely to give away the Raptor King's true nature is the bracelets, neck-



lace, feathers and skulls with which it adorns itself, and the weapons it may carry on a belt slung over its shoulder or around its mid-section.

The Raptor King may be a type of Raptor that has been mutated by dimensional or magic energy, or it could be an intelligent being who has evolved on another world from dinosaurs. Whatever the case may be, the creature has made a new home in Dinosaur Swamp and reveals nothing about its origins (if it is even known to it). Most are extremely secretive and closed mouthed about their origins, their past, their culture and their goals. Raptor Kings are solitary beings who avoid contact with their own kind, except to mate once every 12 years. They never gather in groups greater than a pair, and seem to have no society of their own. However, the Raptor King does understand and covet knowledge, technology, magic and property. Most have a weakness for gems and jewelry as well as magic, magic weapons and magic devices of every kind. They absolutely love Eco-Wizard items, Rune Weapons and Splugorth Bio-Wizard creations. Techno-Wizard devices also have their appeal, but the Terrible Swamp Men seem leery of them, perhaps because they use advanced human technology that the Raptor King find a bit too "high tech" or too "human."

Raptor Kings only have four uses for humans and their D-Bee kin, as purveyors of knowledge to be stolen, as worshipers, slaves and food. At least half, if not most, Raptor Kings have developed a taste for the blood, flesh and bones of humans and human-like D-Bees. They are, ultimately, saurian predators, and humans are mammalian competitors and rivals who make good eating. In fact, it is the reptilian brain that makes the Raptor Kings so dangerous. They are calculating, utterly ruthless and cold-blooded killers who have only their own best interest at heart. Humans are prey and pawns to be used to their benefit, nothing more. That having been said, Raptor Kings enjoy being feared and sometimes even worshiped by humans. Many a Barbarian and Eco-Wizard tribe will seek the counsel of a Raptor King in matters of war, treachery and magic. Likewise, most tribal people, including Native Americans, will allow a Raptor King to pass through their land and even stop to visit or rest at their village, camp or lodge, where they treat him like an honored (and feared) guest. Better to welcome and appease the swamp beast that walks like a man than to invite his wrath. And the Raptor King has a terrible wrath.

In addition to this bizarre creature's intelligence, predatory nature and magic abilities, Raptor Kings also possesses limited psionic powers and mastery over their animal cousins. All species of Raptors regard the Raptor King as their lord and master. They never attack or threaten them, and obey their every command like obedient attack dogs. Even the most wild and ferocious of Raptors will nuzzle and court the favor of a Raptor King. It is this influence over the ordinary Raptors that has earned the being the name of "Raptor King." And like a king, the reptile man can seize control of an entire Raptor pack, sometimes two or three packs, and command them like an army. The beasts will even fight to the death for their master. This, obviously, makes the Raptor Kings a menace to be feared. And since men of learning know so little about them, most dare not confront the Raptor King for fear that his magic or predator dinosaur kin will come to exact retribution even after the Raptor King's death.

The Raptor King's easy and instant control over Raptor dinosaurs means many (about half) have 1-4 Raptors as their constant companions. The most aggressive and violent may lead an entire pack (6-16) and command them like loyal soldiers to ambush humanoids and to kill and steal their belongings, or otherwise enforce the Raptor King's will. However, even those who travel alone will make note of Raptors in the area so they may summon them in a time of need.

Despite their intelligence and skill with magic, the reptile part of the Raptor King keeps them from establishing their own society or kingdom (they just can't tolerate their own kind). Even among lesser beings, like humans, the Raptor King must lead or be worshiped or he cannot stand to be a member of the community. That means no matter who the monster may decide to associate or travel with, the Raptor King feels no allegiance to the rest of the group. He always has his own agenda, and ultimately lives to satisfy his own needs, urges and desires. Anything to the contrary is pretense, although it will only be a matter of time before the Raptor King reveals his true nature.

As to what the agenda of the Raptor King may be, it seems to be personal freedom, collecting wealth, and hoarding magic, doing as he pleases and wreaking havoc. Other than that, the beings suffer from a wanderlust that compels them to explore and be constantly on the move. Settling down in one location for more than six months is unusual, a year or two, rare, more than that unheard of, unless the Raptor King is using that one place for a lair and base camp from which he launches his excursions and operations. Many enjoy lives as explorers, wanderers, field researchers, bandits and raiders.

Note: Whether or not this character is available as a player character is left to the sole discretion of the Game Master. Player characters strongly influenced by the humans around them may be an Unprincipled alignment, but never good.

Raptor King Stats

Also known as the Terrible Swamp Man.

Alignment: Anarchist (20%), Miscreant (50%), Diabolic (20%), and Aberrant (10%).

Attributes: Human intelligence, I.Q. 2D4+12, M.E. 2D6+14, M.A. 2D6+8, P.S. 1D6+16, P.P. 1D6+14, P.E. 1D6+18, P.B. 1D6+6, Spd 1D6+43; a minimum speed of 44 (30 mph/48 km).

Mega-Damage Creature:

Head – 100

Forearms (2) – 3D6+22 each

Hind Legs (2) – 4D6+50 each

Tail (1) – 3D6+30

Main Body – 6D6+66

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds,* the character has 4D6+30 S.D.C., P.E. attribute number x5 for Hit Points, and an A.R. of 11. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 12 for one lone individual, H.F. 14 if accompanied by 2-6 Raptors, H.F. 16 if accompanied by a pack of 7 or more.

Size: Six to six and a half feet (1.8 to 2 m) tall, plus a thick, semi-prehensile tail about four feet (1.2 m) long.

Weight: 180 to 250 pounds (81 to 112.5 kg).

Average Life Span: Unknown, believed to be 80-130 years.

P.P.E.: P.E. attribute number x2, +1D6+4 points per level of experience.

Natural Abilities: Keen hearing, good daytime vision (similar to perfect human vision), nightvision (100 feet/30.5 m), excellent speed, can run without pause and without exhaustion for 4 hours, leap up to 10 feet (3 m) high and 15 feet (4.6 m) across, increase by 30% when running at maximum speed. Can go without food or water for two weeks without ill effect, eats live prey and carrion (only eats meat, blood and bones; rotten flesh okay). Can smell blood one mile (1.6 km) away, can track blood scent 75%, Track Animals and Humanoids by scent or vision 65%, Prowl 67%, Detect Ambush 70%, Climb 80%/60% and Wilderness Survival 90%.

Human Speech: Can learn to speak one or more human languages and speak in a human sounding voice.

Superior Healing: Bio-regenerates 1D6 M.D.C. per hour, 4D6 M.D.C. per hour on a ley line, 1D6x10 per hour at a ley line nexus. Can also regenerate the entire tail, eye, finger, or toe.

Raptor Rapport: The Raptor King has a unique and inexplicable bond with all dinosaurs that fall under the category of "Raptor" (Tiger Claw Raptors, Velociraptor, etc.). This bond may be psychic, scent-based, magical, or all three. What is known is that no Raptor, including leaders of the pack, will attack and harm a Raptor King. Nor can the dinosaurs be forced or even mind controlled to attack or hurt a Raptor King (only possession will work). Furthermore, the Raptor King can summon and control Raptors who will obey his every telepathic or verbal command like loyal puppies (see Psionics). This power of command is so great the Raptors automatically and instinctively accept the monster as their leader and will fight to the death, commit suicide, or do anything the Raptor King tells them to do.

Semi-Prehensile Tail: Can use it to strike as a blunt attack (1D4 M.D.), and can move it like a cat, but it is *not* so articulated as to be able to pick up, hold or carry items, swing from trees, etc., like a monkey.

O.C.C. Skills: This reflects the monster's interests and skills beyond instinct and may be thought of as a sort of M.O.S.

Wilderness Scout: Select five Wilderness skills (+20% skill bonus for each), three Domestic skills, speaks two Languages of choice (+10%), three Ancient W.P.s and two Modern (any, except Heavy M.D. Weapons).

Scholar/Explorer: Select three Wilderness skills (+10% bonus), three Science (+10% bonus), two Communications (+5% bonus), speaks three Languages of choice (+20%), two Technical or Medical skills (+10% bonus), two Ancient W.P.s and one Modern W.P.

Practitioner of Magic: Select two Wilderness (+10% bonus), four Lore skills (+20% bonus), two Technical, speaks two Languages of choice (+10%), one Ancient W.P. and one Modern W.P., plus gets a bonus 1D20+6 P.P.E.

Bandit/Raider: Select three Wilderness skills (+10% bonus), four Rogue (+12% bonus), two Espionage (+5%), speaks two Languages of choice (+15%), two Ancient W.P.s and two Modern W.P.s.

Level of Experience: Player characters (if allowed) should start at level one or two, and use the same experience table as the *Ley Line Walker*. Non-Player Characters (NPCs) and villains can be any level the Game Master desires, or make a random roll of 1D6+2; most Raptor Kings are Level 4-7.

Vulnerability: Cannot swim, dislikes deep water (rivers, lakes and ocean), and tends to underestimate humanoid opponents.

Attacks per Melee: Five for males, six attacks for females, +1 (for males and females) at levels 5, 9 and 13.

Damage: Bite does 2D6 M.D. (+3 for females), punch does 1D6 M.D., claw attack (hands) 2D4 M.D., clawed feet 2D6 M.D. (+1D6 for females), tail slash 1D4 M.D., and a head butt does 2D4 S.D.C. damage. The Raptor King does not have poison glands.

Bonuses (in addition to likely attribute bonuses): +4 on Perception Rolls, +3 on initiative, +2 to strike and parry, +2 to dodge and disarm, +5 to save vs Horror Factor.

Magic: Select two spells from Level One Invocations and one from Levels Two and Three to start. The character gets to select two additional spells at levels 2, 3, 4, and 5, and one spell for each subsequent level of experience. Spell selections are limited to Invocation Levels 1-6. In a similar way to the Mystic, the Raptor King just knows a new spell with each new level of experience. The character may also use Eco-Wizard, Techno-Wizard and other magical weapons and devices (loves magic items). **Note:** Use the same Experience Table as the *Ley Line Walker* for player characters.

Psionics: Considered to be a Major Psionic with an expanded range of abilities. Starts with Telepathy (4), Object Read (6), See the Invisible (4) and Sixth Sense (2).

Select *one* additional psionic ability from the category of Physical or Sensitive at levels 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14.

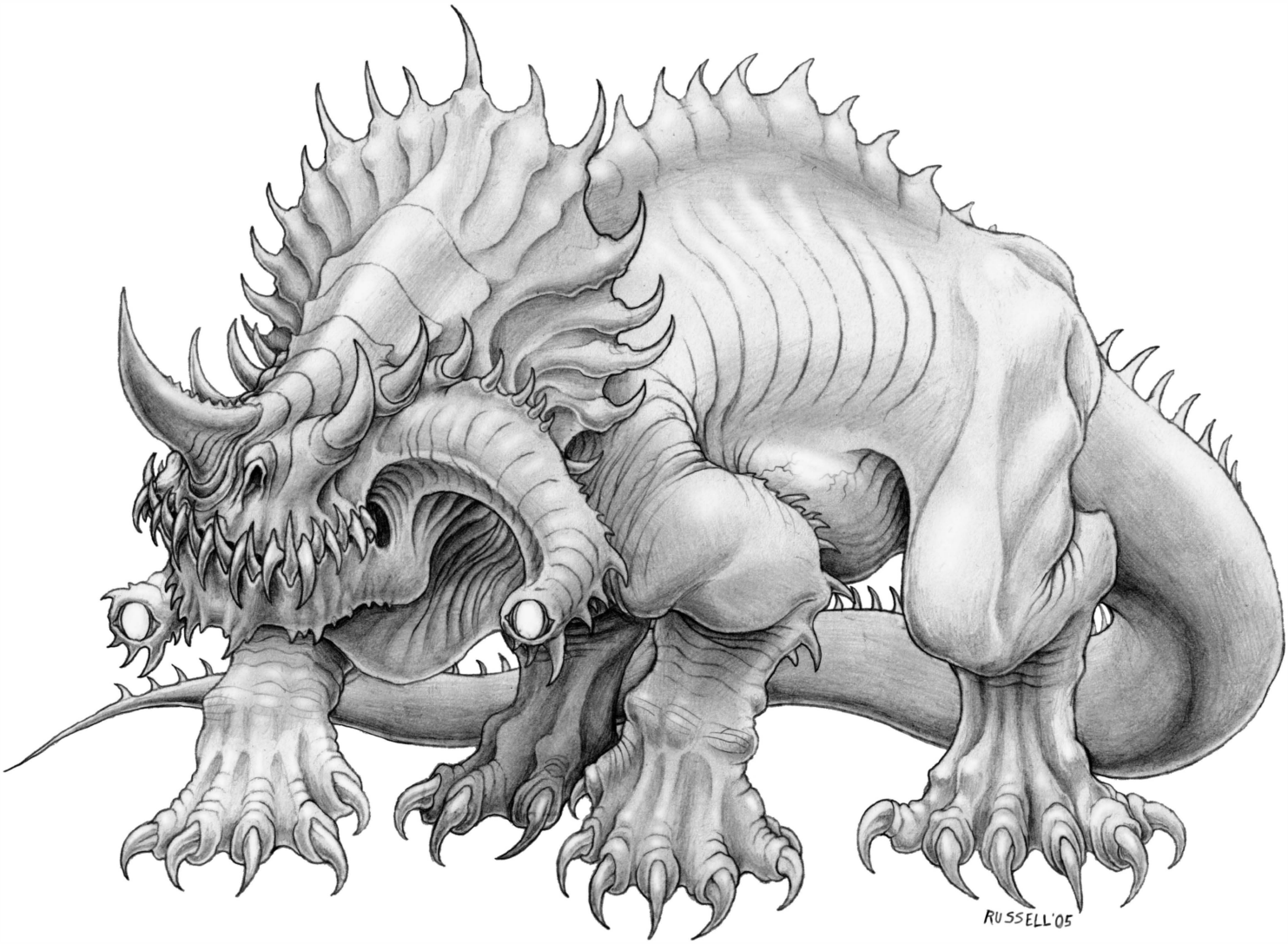
Select one Super-Psionic power at levels 3, 7, and 13.

Raptor Control (Special): As noted previously, Raptors will *never* attack or harm a Raptor King. The power to control Raptors is psionic and Telepathic-based, and allows the Raptor King to reach out with his thoughts (1000 foot/305 m radius per level of experience) to find, make contact and command them. Any Raptors within range will respond to the call, up to a maximum of one per level of the Raptor King's experience. This link and control can be maintained indefinitely, but for a total of eight minutes per 24 hour period, the monster can command triple his usual number of Raptor minions.

I.S.P.: M.E. attribute number x2 +2D4 per level of experience.

Enemies & Allies: Other evil and selfish beings may try to ally themselves to, or work with, or for a Raptor King, but the menace is only true to himself and his own desires and needs. All others are fools, pawns, slaves or food.

Habitat: May be encountered anywhere in Dinosaur Swamp, especially at places of magic, ancient ruins and other interesting places. Seldom leaves the swamp lands or the southeast, but does, sometimes, go on extended journeys. A few, for example, have traveled to the Magic Zone, the New West and even Mexico, Central America and South America. Like their animal kin, Raptor Kings avoid cold-weather regions.



Razorback Rhinoceros

Although called a "rhinoceros," this beast is no passive herbivore, but an aggressive omnivore who eats meat, carrion, select plants and garbage. The old saying, "turnabout is fair play," has never been more true for any creature than the Razorback Rhino. Left alone, the Rhino will munch on plants, the carcasses and bones of dead animals, and whatever dumb animal fails to get out of its way. When hungry, the Razorback Rhino will hunt anything, including large dinosaurs such as the Duckbill Honker, Pachycephalosaurus, and Sauropods, but will also make a nice lunch out of Iron Hoof, deer, horses, cattle, and humanoids. Their favorite prey, however, are large *predators.* You heard right, predators. The Razorback Rhinoceros loves to fight predators such as Raptors, Dilophosaurus, Scampers, Allosaurus, T-Rex and Sarcosuchus! Its favorite ploy against predators is to stand out in the open grazing, or to *pretend* it is lame, slowly limping along, to entice a predator to attack. The Razorback is a *defensive fighter* who loves to turn the fight to his advantage by suddenly rearing up or charging forward to gore his would-be attacker seconds before it gets to strike. Should the Razorback Rhino miscalculate, and the predator get in a good bite or two, the odds are the Rhino's large and heavily armored neck shield will protect him. Likewise, his back is also armored and the spine and head lined with jagged spikes that are likely to inflict more damage on a reckless attacker than the Razorback Rhino will take. The creature's eyes are on prehensile eye stalks that can weave and dodge and tuck under its jaw or behind the shield plate to avoid getting hurt.

The primary attack of the Razorback Rhino involves goring an opponent to death with its horn. Clawing, biting and tail whips are secondary means of attack or warning shots to chase annoying predators and pests away. In serious combat, the Razorback Rhino thrusts its serrated horn into the belly or neck of its enemies. When turning the table on large hunting dinosaurs like the Allosaurus or T-Rex, the belly is vulnerable when the beast uses its clawed feet to hold what it believes is an injured dinosaur down for a killing blow. The neck is exposed when the biped bends down to bite – typically aiming for the back of its victim's neck. The Razorback Rhino is faster than it may look; not running, but in delivering quick, lunging thrusts, spins and charging attacks. Furthermore, its spikes and blade-like spines are so sharp an attacking giant predator is likely to hurt its foot or mouth in its first attack, catching the beast off balance and giving the Razorback Rhino its chance to launch a lethal counterattack. A goring shot or two to the stomach and/or a quick rip or two from its great horn can gut a T-Rex in one melee round or alternately, rip a gaping hole in its neck. The damage done in the first melee round or two is often a death sentence with enough harm done that it is only a matter of minutes before the

monster bleeds to death. Thus, subsequent attacks are usually aimed at a leg to cripple the predator and prevent it from running away.

Humans facing an angry or startled Razorback Rhino are wise to freeze, slowly back away or get down on their knees and play dead. As a defensive fighter, the Razorback will usually wait for the other creature to strike first. After a melee round or two (15-30 seconds) of no action, the beast will whip its tail, bark, growl and snort a few times and slowly back away (and the person can do likewise). If no attack ensues, the monster assumes its warnings were enough to hold its enemy at bay and it moves on or lets the intruder back away and move on. None of this, however, works if the great beast is hungry and sees a character as a convenient meal. Under such a circumstance the person may have no choice but to fight to the death, or if possible, flee. Once a Razorback Rhino engages in a fight, combat continues until it kills its opponent, the beast is slain or the enemy manages to flee.

Razorback Rhinoceros Stats

Alignment: An aggressive animal omnivore; considered Anarchist.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+6, high animal intelligence, M.E. 1D6+10, M.A. 2D6+10, P.S. 2D6+30, P.P. 1D6+20, P.E. 1D6+20, P.B. 1D6+16, Spd 2D8+28; a minimum speed of 30 (20 mph/32 km), but can run at twice that speed in short bursts for 30 seconds (used for a charging attack to cripple or wound an opponent or prey). Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head & Shield – 1D4x100+400

* Nose Horn (1; large) – 200

* Head and Shield Spikes (many; minimum 20) – 15 each

* Spine Blades (many; minimum 50 from neck to tail tip) – 12 each

* Eye Stalks (2) – 45 each

Front Legs (2) – 110 each

Hind Legs (2) – 160 each

Main Body – 1D6x100+240

* A single asterisk means a small or difficult target to hit and requires a "Called Shot" at -5 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds,* the creature has 1D6x100 S.D.C., 1D4x100 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 16. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 12

Size: 6 feet (1.8 m) tall at the shoulders, 18-22 feet (5.4 to 6.7 m) long from snout to rump. The semi-prehensile tail is another 20-25 feet (6.1 to 7.6 m).

Weight: 3-4 tons.

Average Life Span: 50 years.

P.P.E.: 3D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Good speed, but can only run at top speed without pause for two hours. Amazing reflexes and reaction time, and likes to fight. can go without food or water for up to four weeks without noticeable effect, but prefers to eat every 2-3 days, gorging itself only when it believes prey is scarce, which is not the case in Dinosaur Swamp. Keen vision, polarized eye filters to reduce glare and shield against bright light, excellent hearing, and good sense of smell. Can smell and track the scent of blood or rotting meat up to a half mile (0.8 km) away 78%. Also recognizes scavengers like buzzards and Leatherwings and will follow them to dead carrion. Doesn't care to get wet, but is a fair swimmer 58%, Land Navigation 90%, and Detect Ambush 80%. Razorback Rhinos communicate by barking and growling like dogs, and also snort when annoyed and angry. Swishing their tail back and forth while snorting and or pawing at the ground is also a warning to stay back and move away, as is kicking up dirt and growling.

Spine Armored Defense (special): The head, neck shield, and spine are covered in armor and lined with sharp, pointed spikes. Any attacker that leaps on the back, neck or head will get impaled by one or more of these spike and take 2D4 M.D. A larger biting or clawing predator will suffer 2D6+2 M.D.

The Pretender (special): A noted before, the Razorback Rhino is a skilled performer who can fake being weak, sick, wounded, or crippled (88%), and will sometimes even pretend it is dying (80%). Such performances are used to lure predators out to attack the trickster, so the Rhino may turn the tables to kill and feed on its attacker.

Attacks Per Melee: Four.

Damage: Claw attack does 4D6 M.D., bite does 3D6 M.D., head butt 2D6 M.D. (warning), light jab with horns 2D6 M.D. (typically a warning), stab with horns 5D6 M.D., gore horn strike 6D6 M.D., power gore strike 1D6x10 (counts as one melee attack but can only be performed once per melee round), stomp 2D4 M.D., tail slash (warning) 2D4 M.D., tail slash attack 5D6 M.D. and a body ram does 6D6 M.D. and has a 01-60% likelihood of knocking an opponent as large as 15 feet (4.6 m) tall off its feet, causing the victim to lose two melee attacks and initiative.

A Charging, Gore Run or Ram With Horn (special; counts as two melee attacks): 2D4x10+12 M.D. and has a 01-80% likelihood of knocking an opponent up 22 feet (6.7 m) tall off its feet (01-50% against larger opponents), causing the victim to lose two melee attacks and initiative. Small opponents, like humans up to about 10 feet (3 m) tall, are thrown 4D4 yards/meters. They can attempt to roll with impact to reduce damage, but many small opponents are killed by this attack, although it is typically reserved for larger foes and for dispersing packs and groups of enemies. Humans in body or power armor must roll to save vs coma/death even if their armor holds. A failed save means 5D6 damage direct to Hit Points *and* S.D.C.; 1D4 ribs are broken (reduce speed and all combat bonuses by half for 2 weeks) and the character is knocked out for 1D4x10 minutes!

Bonuses (in addition to likely attribute bonuses): +4 on initiative, +2 on Perception Rolls, +3 to strike and disarm, +4 to parry, +2 to dodge, +3 to roll with impact or fall, +3 to save vs disease and poison, and +6 to save vs Horror Factor.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Large predators and pack hunters.

Allies: None per se, tends to wander and hunt alone, in pairs (usually mated), or small groups of 3-6. Tolerates their own kind and Tri-Tops.

Value: 5000-7000 credits per young animal to be trained as an exotic riding animal. This is a tiny market in Dinosaur Swamp, and only slightly bigger outside the region. If properly trained, the Razorback Rhino makes a reliable and loyal riding animal, although the rider must do so standing up or seated in a protective saddle. The meat of the beast is edible but tough and stringy, so there is no market for it. The horns and spikes can be used for weapons (a typical spike does 1D4 M.D., the larger ones 1D6 M.D.; the great horn is too large to be used by humans) and jewelry. The great horned shield is too large and heavy to have any practical use, but the hide can be made into light M.D.C. fabric (poncho or overcoat has 10 M.D.C., overcoat with extra armor padding 15-20 M.D.C., or a tent with 18 M.D.C.). Most tribal people hold the Razorback Rhino in such high regard as a "cunning hunter" and "trickster spirit of the woods" that they seldom hunt the beast.

Habitat: Woodlands, scrub plains, and the lower reaches of the Appalachian Mountains. The animal may also be found in the marshlands, but are much less common in those areas. (They don't care to get wet, remember?)

Razormouth Frogs

Many believe that Razormouth Frogs exist more in rumor and legend than in fact, but they are mistaken. Razormouth Frogs are extremely solitary animals that are found almost exclusively in the swamp lands. Skilled hunters, they are seldom seen until they pounce, and human victims seldom survive to tell the tale. The giant creatures are masters at camouflage, burying themselves in the earth and swamp muck, or covering themselves in leaves or hiding underwater with only their eyes, nostrils, and mouths exposed at the surface. There they wait for prey to come along, unsuspecting of the danger, and then strike, swallowing their prey whole in one gulp! As the prey is swallowed, it passes through a battery of razor sharp teeth in not only the mouth of the frog, but also lining its throat! By the time the prey reaches the frog's stomach, it has often been shredded and diced into a gooey slush. Prey that is heavily armored, or still "solid," by the time it reaches the stomach is regurgitated and swallowed *again*. Unless the victim can escape, it is a horrible experience to be continually chewed and regurgitated to death. Even characters protected by magic or environmental armor will find the experience terrifying and disgusting. If the prey, such as an M.D.C. clad human, proves to be impossible to chew up, the frog will spit him out after the third or fourth attempt and either slide back down into its hiding place or move away, disappearing into the water and muck of the swamp. If attacked, the beast will kick and bite in an attempt to escape, leaping or swimming away at the first opportunity.

Razormouth Frogs rarely attack prey larger than themselves, however humans are small enough to be considered prey. Most barbarian tribes have lost at least one or two members to these swamp horrors, and others have lost a foot or hand to a young frog the size of a cat or dog. Barbarian children are taught never to stick their hands in holes because it could be the gullet of a Razormouth or the lair of some other dangerous creature. That being said, only the largest of these brutes usually attack humans. The giant frog's camouflage skill and abilities are so good, and the creatures are so incredibly difficult to spot, that a traveler or animal may walk right over the top of one of these frogs, resting on its nostrils, and stepping over its mouth, without ever knowing it. Unless the creature decides they are suitable prey and attacks a split second later!

Physically, Razormouth Frogs start out their lives no larger than a dime, living off of insects and other small animals. As they grow in size, they continue to eat larger and larger prey, swallowing whatever comes into range. The largest ever discovered was found living near the border of the Okefenokee and was large enough to swallow an adult allosaurus whole! Their size appears to be limited only by the availability of prey, so considering that sauropods walk the earth, it's conceivable that individual Razormouth Frogs could grow to gigantic proportions. Most mature adults, however, range in size from that of an easy chair to the size of an SUV or mini-van! That's 5-16 feet (1.5 to 4.9 m) and the latter are man-eater size!

Razormouth Frog Stats

Alignment: Animal predator, considered Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. The attributes presented are for a Razormouth Frog large enough to threaten human-sized prey. I.Q. 1D4, very low animal intelligence. M.E.



2D6, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 4D6+10 (Supernatural), P.P. 2D6, P.E. 2D6+20, P.B. 1D6, Spd 1D6+6; a minimum speed of 7 (5 mph/8 km), most have a speed of 9 (7 mph/11.2 km) on dry land, triple that underwater. Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

M.D.C.: 1D4x10+5 for ones the size of an easy chair or couch. 2D4x10+12 for those the size of an SUV or mini-van; 4D4x10+32 M.D.C. for giants larger than that.

Note: *In S.D.C. environments,* Razormouth Frogs have S.D.C. equal to the M.D.C. numbers listed above, while Hit Points are equal to their P.E. attribute x2, and they have an A.R. of 8. The damage from their bite attack does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 14-18 depending on the creature's size and whether the potential victim has M.D.C. armor or is vulnerable to being eaten alive.

Size: Varies, but 6-8 feet (1.8 to 2.4 m) in diameter with a mouth that's 6 feet (1.8 m) wide and can open 4 feet (1.21 m) deep is typical.

Weight: Varies with size from 1500 lbs (675 kg) to 12 tons.

Average Life Span: Unknown, could live for centuries.

P.P.E.: 2D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Natural camouflage, swim 98%, dig in soft earth and mud, hold breath for up to 45 minutes, can leap a distance equal to twice its own length (each leap counts as one melee action), Supernatural Strength and Endurance. Heals damage at a rate of 2D6 M.D.C. per 24 hours and can regrow a lost limb or tooth, but not an eye.

Vulnerabilities: Tends to fear no animal or man (has no concept of M.D. weapons or armor). Moves only to attack and when necessary to find better hunting ground or escape a dangerous enemy, consequently it *cannot* dodge and relies on its camouflage abilities for defense.

Attacks per Melee: 3

Damage: Mouth bite does 3D6 M.D., 4D6 M.D. or 6D6 M.D. depending on the size of the monster. The gullet bite/swallow typically does 2D6+12 M.D. regardless of the frog's size, and stomach acid 1D6 M.D. (per melee round inside its gullet). Each stage in the swallowing process is a separate melee attack. The bite is the first attack, the swallowing is a second attack, and the stomach acid is a third attack. If the prey is still solid and alive by the time it reaches the stomach, the Razormouth Frog will regurgitate it on its next melee attack, and begin the attack again (bite, swallow, acid).

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +3 to strike.

Magic: A Razormouth Frog can perform any of the following, at will, without expending its own P.P.E. twice per day, equal to a third level practitioner of magic: *Chameleon* and *Invisibility: Simple.*

Psionics: None.

Enemies: The Giant Hammer Turtle is its only true enemy. Otherwise, the frog considers anything that will fit into its giant maw to be prey, but it has no known natural enemies itself. Even when small, birds, snakes and small predators learn not to attack or eat these horrid frogs. For one, the powerful stomach acid and razor-tooth lined gullet makes them impossible to eat and painful to chew. Only the legs (front and rear) are good to eat (tastes like old, chewy chicken), making the horrible giants sometimes targeted by desperate barbarians.

Allies: None, not even their own kind.

Value: None, except for meat, and even then only by those who are desperate.

Habitat: Found throughout Dinosaur Swamp but only in and around swamps, marshland and lakes. Most common in Florida, Louisiana, and along the Eastern Sandy Marshes. They are also found in smaller numbers north into the Carolinas.

Saurian Terror

The Saurian Terror is a hideous winged monstrosity from an unknown dimension. They are reminiscent of pterodactyl-type flying dinosaurs in their size and appearance, but are actually warm-blooded and are probably more like giant, hairless, alien bats, than a pterodactyl. Thus, making their name a complete misnomer.

The body of the Saurian Terror is as flexible and bendable as rubber, and the monster can twist and contort in every conceivable pose. Its head is frightening with four, round eyes that are as black as night, large nostrils located in the forehead, and a wicked beak that opens sideways like pruning shears. Inside the mouth are a pair of spindly pincers used to pierce the hide of most prey and suck out the blood from their still beating heart. The head is attached to a long, serpentine neck. Its hands are large claws built into its wings, but also suitable for ripping apart chunks of flesh once the monster has landed. The claws are also ideal for climbing and the hands (and feet) for hooking and holding onto rocks and trees. Its feet have similar clawed fingers for grabbing and carrying prey and clinging to cliff walls, stony cave ceilings and tree branches. The tail is a prehensile weapon with a stinger at the tip. Prey stung by it suffer from vertigo and get dizzy just standing. Consequently, the Saurian Terror's first attack is usually with the stinger, impairing its victim and then swooping down a second time to snatch him up and carry him away. Only small prey like ducks and monkeys are grabbed and torn apart or eaten alive in mid-flight.

Saurian Terrors roost in mountains, caves, ruins and trees. They may hunt during the day or at night, but are primarily nocturnal. Unlike Leatherwings and pterodactyls, Saurian Terrors never eat carrion, they always eat live prey. Also unlike the high flying Leatherwings, Saurian Terrors may wait, hanging silently from a tree or the roof of a cave, cavern or ruin until a desirable victim walks into sight. When on the attack, the creature swoops down from its perch and snaps up the prey in its mouth or feet and flies away with it. Prey is then killed by being torn apart by the claws, chewed up by the mouth, eaten alive (usually in pieces, but small prey may be swallowed whole) or bashed into trees, rocks, cave walls or dropped from a height. Ultimately, the Saurian Terror prefers to eat its prey *alive*, or freshly killed by its own hands.

Humans, D-Bees, cattle and livestock have become recognized as easy prey, so gatherings of people in the wild – hunting parties, adventurer groups, tribes and villages – are favorite targets of these monsters. Saurian Terrors even silently swoop



down on the streets of Char where they prey on Spiny Creepers, cats, dogs, livestock and unwitting pedestrians. Fortunately, the monster will grab and then drop humanoids whose hides are too tough (i.e., M.D.C. body armor) or who put up a great struggle (i.e., fight back with M.D. weapons), but the resulting fall (1D6x100 feet/30.5 to 183 m) may still kill the person. (The character takes 3D6 S.D.C./Hit Point damage per 100 feet/30.5 m of height from the impact. The body armor only gets a few scuffs and scratches.)

Saurian Terror Stats

Alignment: Animal predator; considered Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+4; low animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6+4, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 1D6+20 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+18, P.E. 1D6+16, P.B. 1D4, Spd 1D6+8 on the ground or when climbing, but 2D6+50 when flying; a minimum speed of 52 (36 mph/57.6 km). Supernatural P.S. & P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

* Head/Beak – 113
* Neck – 120
* Wing Arms (2) – 115 each
* Hind Legs (2) – 100 each

Wing Membranes (2) – 50 each

Stinger Tail – 70

Main Body – 3D6x10+30.

* A single asterisk means a small or difficult target to hit and requires a "Called Shot" at -4 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the creature has 2D6x10 S.D.C., 3D6x10 Hit Points and an A.R. of 10. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 15

Size: Stands 8-10 feet (2.4 to 3 m) tall when landed on its feet with its head down, but the Terror is 24-32 feet (7.3 to 9.7 m) long from the tip of is beak to the end of its tail. Both the neck and tail typically have a 10-12 foot (3 to 3.6 m) reach, and the wingspan is 32-50 feet (9.7 to 15.2 m) with wings fully extended!

Weight: 800-1100 pounds (360 to 495 kg).

Average Life Span: 28-35 years.

P.P.E.: 4D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Good flying speed and can fly without pause and without exhaustion for three hours, Prowl (silent flight and dive attack) 80%, Prowl while in a tree, cave, etc. is 66%, track by smell 50%, keen hawk-like Nightvision 4000 feet (1219 m) and good hearing.

Vulnerability: Cannot swim, shy away from bright light, a sudden burst of light will temporarily blind (for 1D4 melee rounds) the creature and they don't understand humanoid opponents or human technology.

Attacks Per Melee: Three.

Damage: Talon strike with lower legs does 3D6 M.D., wing claws 2D6 M.D., wing slash 1D6 M.D., bite does 2D6 M.D., blood sucking pincers 1D6 S.D.C. or one M.D. point, and a diving attack with talons (effectively a power strike that counts as all three melee attacks) 6D6+3 M.D.! It takes one full melee round of flying to set up another diving attack.

Poison Stinger (special): The tail singer secretes a poison that induces vertigo and dizziness. Stinger damage is 1D8 S.D.C. (or against Mega-Damage prey, one M.D. point), but also injects poison. The poison takes full effect in one melee round (15 seconds), making the victim so dizzy he can barely stand. The following penalties apply: Speed is reduced 90%, attacks per melee round are reduced by half, all combat bonuses are reduced to zero, and -60% to perform skills. **Note:** A 16 or higher is necessary for the victim to save vs nonlethal poison, and he must save for each stinger attack. Duration of the vertigo (and penalties) is 2D4 minutes.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +2 on initiative on the ground, +4 on initiative if flying and when a successful Prowl has been made, +1 to strike on the ground, +3 to strike when flying, +3 to dodge when flying, +3 to roll with impact, +4 to save vs disease and poison, and +3 to save vs Horror Factor.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: They prey upon humans, D-Bees, pack dinosaurs, cattle and animals. Saurian Terrors are, in turn, preyed upon by Leatherwings and other predators. They terrify humans so much that they are attacked whenever they are seen and their nests and roosts near communities are routinely cleared out.

Allies: Only their own kind, and they often gather in flocks of 6D6 and may attack like dive bombing planes to pick off members of a group. The larger the group, the more appealing the target.

Value: None, the M.D.C. properties of their hide and leathery wings vanish when the creature is killed, and their meat is inedible.

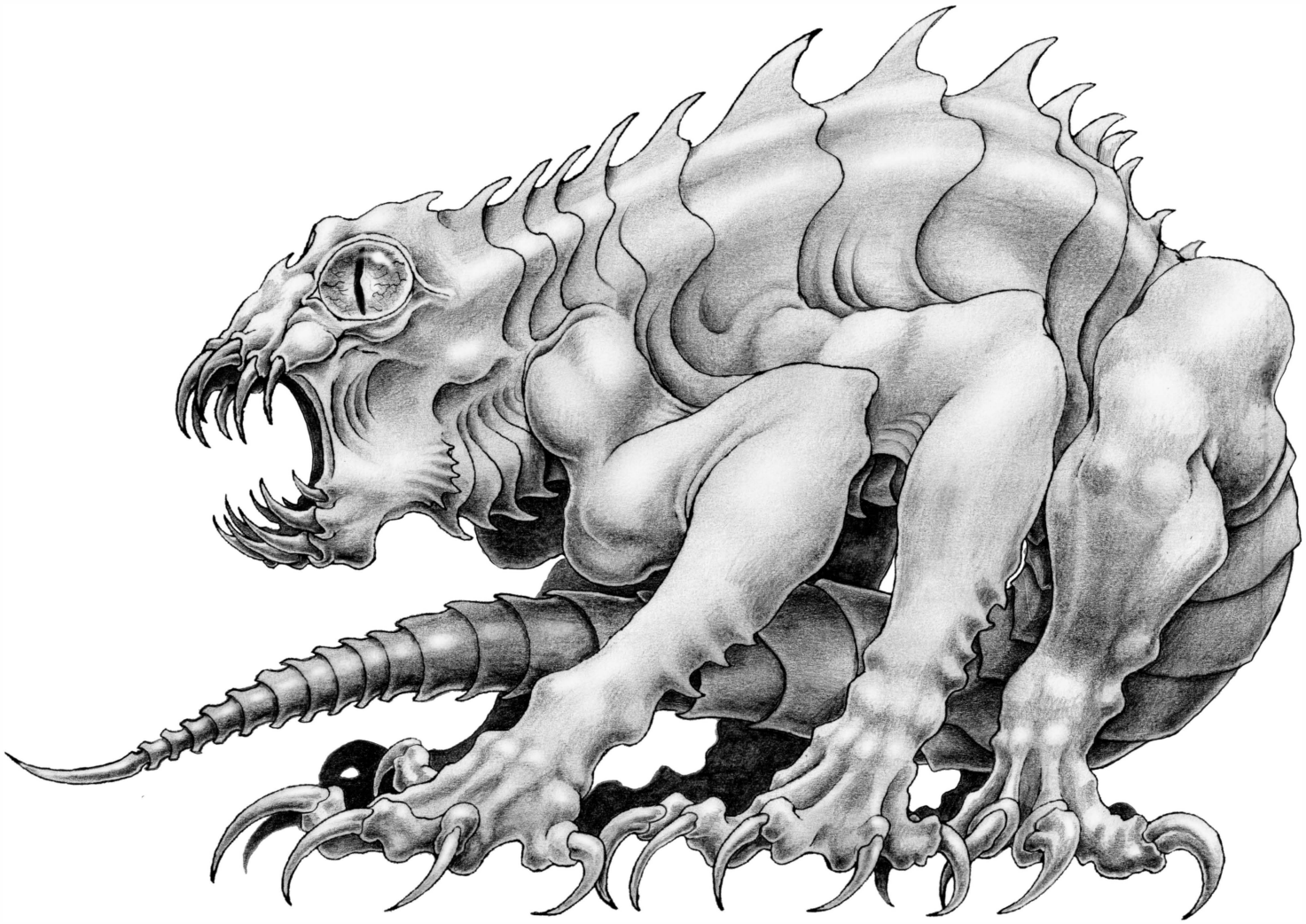
Habitat: Mainly mountains and forests, making the mountain and forest areas the most dangerous. However, a Saurian Terror can be found anywhere in Dinosaur Swamp and neighboring Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi and even parts of Tennessee. They prefer warm climates and rumor has it that Saurian Terrors are also found in southern Mexico and Central America.

Spiny Creeper

The Spiny Creeper is a vile scavenger and cowardly predator that might be thought of as a giant, armored rat from an alien world. Like some of the other creatures in Dinosaur Swamp, it has six legs and probably heralds from the same world or dimension.

The Spiny Creeper is a nocturnal hunter-scavenger who comes out at night in search of food. A search that often extends from garbage cans to granaries and storage bins. Spiny Creepers are the size of a fox and have a nasty disposition. They are a plague in the City of Char, where food scraps, garbage, food reserves and places to hide are plentiful. In addition to scavenging for scraps, Spiny Creepers hunt small animals, including rodents, birds, and pets like cats and small dogs, and livestock such as chickens, ducks, rabbits, and baby animals. Likewise, human babies and toddlers may also be targeted as prey by these night hunters.

The Spiny Creeper's body, from head to tail tip, is covered in a flexible body armor reminiscent of Earth armadillos. The head is a nightmare of long, crooked teeth and large, bloodshot green eyes. Its six legs give the Spiny Creeper excellent balance, and helps it to climb and perform acrobatics. The pest likes to hide and prowl the rooftops and rafters of buildings, walking along I-beams, tighroping across wires and narrow beams, and sneaking into open windows, or chewing a hole in the roof. They are universally hated, like rats, by everyone and many of the businesses in the City of Char offer a bounty of two credits (usually in goods or services) per head brought to their establishment. They are minor, Mega-Damage creatures sometimes used by practitioners of magic as their familiar.



Spiny Creeper Stats

Alignment: An animal considered to be Anarchist or Miscreant.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+4, low to medium animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6+6, M.A. 1D6, P.S. 1D6+12, P.P. 1D6+14, P.E. 1D6+16, P.B. 1D4, Spd 1D6+34 (about 25 mph/40 km). Ordinary P.S. and P.E.

Mega-Damage: Main Body: 3D6+22 – Tail: 1D6+10.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds*, the Spiny Creeper has 3D6+6 S.D.C., 2D6+8 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 15. The damage inflicted by the creature's bite and claws are unchanged.

Horror Factor: 11, only because they are so ugly and repugnant.

Size: One and a half to two feet (0.45 to 0.6 m) tall at the shoulders and about three to three and a half feet (0.9 to 1 m) long from snout to rump. The tail roughly as long as the body.

Weight: 35-50 pounds (15.7 to 22.5 kg).

Average Life Span: 12-18 years.

P.P.E.: 3D6 +P.E. attribute number.

O.C.C.: None, animal scavenger.

Natural Abilities: Swift and agile, the Spiny Creeper can maintain top speed for up to one hour without pause. They are born acrobats and can leap seven feet (2.1 m) high and 14 feet (4.3 m) across. The creature has the following equivalent skills: Acrobatics 94%, Climb 90%/80%, Identify Plants & Fruit 90%, Land Navigation 95%, Prowl 70%, Tailing 60%, Swim 80%, Wilderness Survival 95% and can sniff out food (i.e., human foods, grain, animal carcasses, rotting meat, garbage and similar) by scent 65% up to 3000 feet (914 m) away (twice that distance if carried on the wind). Has fair day vision and a good sense of hearing, Nightvision 1000 feet (305 m). Also see magic abilities.

Healing: Recovers lost M.D.C. at a rate of 1D6 per 24 hour period and can regenerate a lost tail, finger, or toe in a month; cannot regrow a leg or an eye.

Attacks per Melee: Three.

Damage: Bite does 3D6 S.D.C., a power bite does 6D6 S.D.C., claw strike 2D6 S.D.C., tail swipe does 1D6 S.D.C.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +1 to Perception Rolls, +2 on initiative, +2 to strike with bites, claws or tail, +1 to parry, +4 to dodge, +4 to roll with impact, +4 to save vs poison, +1 to save vs magic and possession.

Magic: None.

Psionics: Considered a Minor Psychic with the following powers: Deaden Senses (4), Impervious to Fire (4), Impervious to Poison (4), and Telekinetic Leap (8).

I.S.P.: M.E. attribute number x4.

Enemies: Humans and most predators.

Allies: Other Spiny Creepers and sometimes associates with other scavengers, Scampers, and wild dogs. Sometimes made into a familiar by mages.

Value: None. Disgusting, ugly and troublesome.

Habitat: Forests and swamp lands throughout Dinosaur Swamp, but especially numerous around the villages and communities of humans and D-Bees as well as on ships like Horune pirate and slave ships. Spiny Creepers also infest the cities of Atlantis, and may have originated from Atlantis and been brought to Dinosaur Swamp on ships from Atlantis.



Tiger Claw Raptor

Tiger Claw Raptors are small, man-sized theropod carnivores who hunt alone and in packs of 4-16. As is typical of this breed of dinosaur, they have powerful hind legs designed for running and leaping, with small, clawed front arms for tearing apart the carcass of their prey. Tiger Claw Raptors get their name from their black stripes. In the East, Tiger Claw Raptors have black stripes against a green hides, while in the West their skin is an orange to light reddish tan color accented with black stripes.

Although a single human clad in good body armor and a pair of Vibro-Blades is a match for one Raptor, he will be torn to shreds by a group of as few as three or four. These cunning pack animals use group tactics, with 2-3 striking simultaneously from different sides, and/or taking turns, tag team style. Against large prey like the Tri-Tops and Duckbilled dinosaurs, 3-6 will leap on the back while one or two others strike at the legs, throat and underbelly. A pack of 10-16 have been known to bring down a Duckbill Honker in less than two minutes, a bull or horse in 30 seconds, and even take down a Rhino-Buffalo, Tri-Tops or even a wounded Allosaurus within 8-10 minutes! A lone horseman or group of 2-6 humanoids is seen as easy pickings. Cunning and resourceful pack hunters, they will give up the attack or chase if their prey proves to be too dangerous (i.e., humans with guns or magic), but not until they have thoroughly tested the mettle of their opponent. This may mean that the Raptors may seem to give up on an attack, only to strike again a few minutes later using a different approach or tactic. Such hit and run strikes may be used 1-6 times before the creatures actually give up and move on.

Raptor packs are often referred to as "tactical study groups," because the predators typically track and observe their prey for as long as five hours, studying their formation (if a group or herd), picking out the weakest/easiest targets (typically the smallest, sick/injured and stragglers), waiting for the most advantageous place and moment to strike, and often testing the prey with mock runs to see how it or they react. Then, the Raptors make adjustments for the real battle. They even use simple combat tactics like ambush, flanking, surprise and divide and conquer, and the Tiger Claw Raptors are among the most cunning and relentless of the various Raptor species.

The bigger the herd the Raptors target, the more daring and deadly the hunters become. For example, a pack of 4-6 are likely to back down to an equal number of humanoids, but a pack of 8-10 will make aggressive gestures and run at their human opponents to test their strength. Any sign of weakness will inspire a full on attack. Meanwhile, a pack of 12-16 are, generally, willing to take on any living creature, a dozen humans, an Alien Rex or dragons included. A pack of 20-30 Tiger Claw Raptors will challenge a platoon of humanoids, but large groups are uncommon because there are too many challengers seeking to lead the pack, and too much infighting. **Note:** The leader and second in command of every pack will be the two largest females. Females are 20% larger than the males and have 20 more M.D.C. than described below. They lay 2D4 eggs once a year.

Tiger Claw Raptor Stats

Alignment: An animal predator considered to be Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. High animal intelligence, I.Q. 1D6+7, M.E. 1D6+10, M.A. 2D6, P.S. 1D6+19, P.P. 1D6+19, P.E. 1D6+19, P.B. 2D6+4, Spd 2D6+44; an average speed of 50 (35 mph/56 km).

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 70

Forearms (2) – 3D6+12 each

Hind Legs (2) – 4D6+40 each

Tail (1) – 3D6+20

Main Body – 6D6+34

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds,* the Tiger Claw Raptors have 3D6 +P.E. attribute number for S.D.C., 4D6+20 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 9. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 9 for one, H.F. 12 for a pack of 4-8, H.F. 14 for 9-13, H.F. 16 for a pack of 14 or more.

Size: 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m) tall, plus a thin tail the same length as the body.

Weight: 120 to 180 pounds (54 to 81 kg).

Average Life Span: 35 years.

P.P.E.: 2D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Excellent speed, can run without pause and without exhaustion for 8 hours, leap up to 15 feet (4.6 m) high and 20 feet (6.1 m) long, increase by 30% when running at maximum speed. Can go without food or water for two weeks without ill effect, eats live prey and carrion (frequently takes the kill of other lone predators or small groups). Can smell blood one mile (1.6 km) away, can track blood scent

85%, Track Animals and Humanoids by scent and vision 65%, Prowl 86%, Detect Ambush 76%, and Climb 75%/25%.

Vulnerability: Cannot swim and tends to underestimate humanoid opponents.

Attacks Per Melee: Four for males, five attacks for females.

Damage: Bite does 2D6 M.D. (+4 for females), clawed feet 2D6 M.D. (+1D6 for females), tail slash 2D6 S.D.C. plus P.S. damage bonus for males (1D4 M.D. for females), small fore-claws 4D6 S.D.C. plus P.S. bonus (1D6 M.D. for females), and head butt does 2D4 S.D.C. damage.

Poison Spit (Special): A sack under the Tiger Claw Raptor's jaw can regurgitate a poison to be spit in the face and eyes of prey. This foul smelling liquid has the same basic effect as mace, causing the eyes to burn and blinding victims until the spittle is washed away with water. Rubbing the eyes only makes matters worse, doubling the duration. Spitting range: 20 feet (6 m), duration of blindness: 2D4+16 minutes or until washed away, whichever comes first.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +2 on Perception Rolls, +4 on initiative, +2 to strike and parry, +3 to dodge, +6 to save vs Horror Factor – fearless in large packs.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Other predators and humanoids. Preys on herbivores, livestock, and any animal or humanoid that seems vulnerable to attack.

Allies: None other than members of their own species.

Value: None, although Simvan sometimes use them as hunting animals, retrievers and guard animals.

Habitat: Highly adaptable, Tiger Claw Raptors stalk the deserts, prairies and forests in the West, to the swamps, forests and ruins of the East. They only truly dislike cold climates and often migrate to warmer climes in the cold winter months. They also dislike mountainous terrain. Found throughout the South, including Kansas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama, but in the East, they are most numerous in Louisiana and Florida; they are seldom found north of Georgia. Thankfully, only a few isolated bands of Tiger Claw Raptors roam the coast of North Carolina, though the occasional, small band of 1D4+2 may hunt as far north as Pennsylvania and Southern Michigan and as far west as the Magic Zone (Ohio), but *only* during the hottest part of summer (typically a 3-5 week span from the middle of July to mid-August unless unseasonably warm), and always return to the Southeast with the first chill in the air.

Note: Tiger Claw Raptors are terrified of magic and will either flee the moment magic spells are used against them or attack the one casting the magic (if he proves to be too elusive or powerful, they flee). Likewise, they can sense a ley line storm 3D4 minutes before it arrives and flee from its fury at the first hint of its approach. This means Tiger Claw Raptors never enter the Ocmulgee Mound complex, and stay away from ley lines, nexus points and the Florida Time Holes.

Titan Raptor

Historically, most species of Raptors appear to have ranged from the size of a chicken to the size of a man, with the largest standing an estimated 10 feet (3 m) tall. Consequently, it is a matter of conjecture as to whether or not the Titan Raptor is, at 11-15 feet (3.3 to 4.6 m) tall, a dinosaur from Earth's past, from another world, or a giant mutation. Other than their large size, they very much fit the profile of the Velociraptor. They are fast, deadly pack hunters with a hooked, sickle-like claw as their primary weapon. Standard attack mode is to have three or more Raptors charge one particular prey leaping and slashing with the hooked claw of the foot. The neck, belly, and hamstring are typically the initial points of the claw attack. The neck strike is an attempt at a killing blow, the others intended to cripple or maim the prey so that its abilities to fight and flee are impaired. Cunning strategists, even the Titan Raptors attack in tag-team style with one leaping and slashing, followed by a second and a third from another angle, and then repeat. This keeps the prey frightened, off balance and vulnerable. Subsequent attacks may come from claws or bites, but the initial 2-3 melee rounds will involve the hit and run leaping, slashing and kicking. However, Titan Raptors often get caught up in their bloodletting, making them impatient and reckless. Thus, a Raptor caught up in bloodlust might attack a still standing and healthy victim with a bite or claw rather than incapacitate him first. They just lose their cool and throw out their teamwork and tactics in the heat of a battle, especially if it lasts for more than three or four melee rounds (one minute).

Like their smaller cousins, Titan Raptors hunt in small packs, but probably because of their size, a pack seldom exceeds seven or eight members and is more typically 3-5 (roll 2D4 for a random determination). Titan Raptors are also much less common than their smaller cousins and actually seem to be targeted by other large predators like the Alien Rex, Allosaurus, Tyrannosaurus, and Razorback Rhino, all of whom will take on a pack of 3-4 without hesitation. It's almost as if they sense the threat the Titan Raptors represent to their dominance in the region. **Note:** The leader and second in command of every pack will be the two largest females. Titan Females are 20% larger than the males and have 35 more M.D.C. than described below. They lay 1D4+1 eggs once a year.

Titan Raptor Stats

Alignment: An animal predator considered to be Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. High animal intelligence, I.Q. 1D6+8, M.E. 1D6+9, M.A. 1D6+2, P.S. 1D6+24 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+19, P.E. 1D6+19, P.B. 2D6+2, Spd 2D4+52; an average speed of 58 (40 mph/64 km). Supernatural P.S. and P.E.

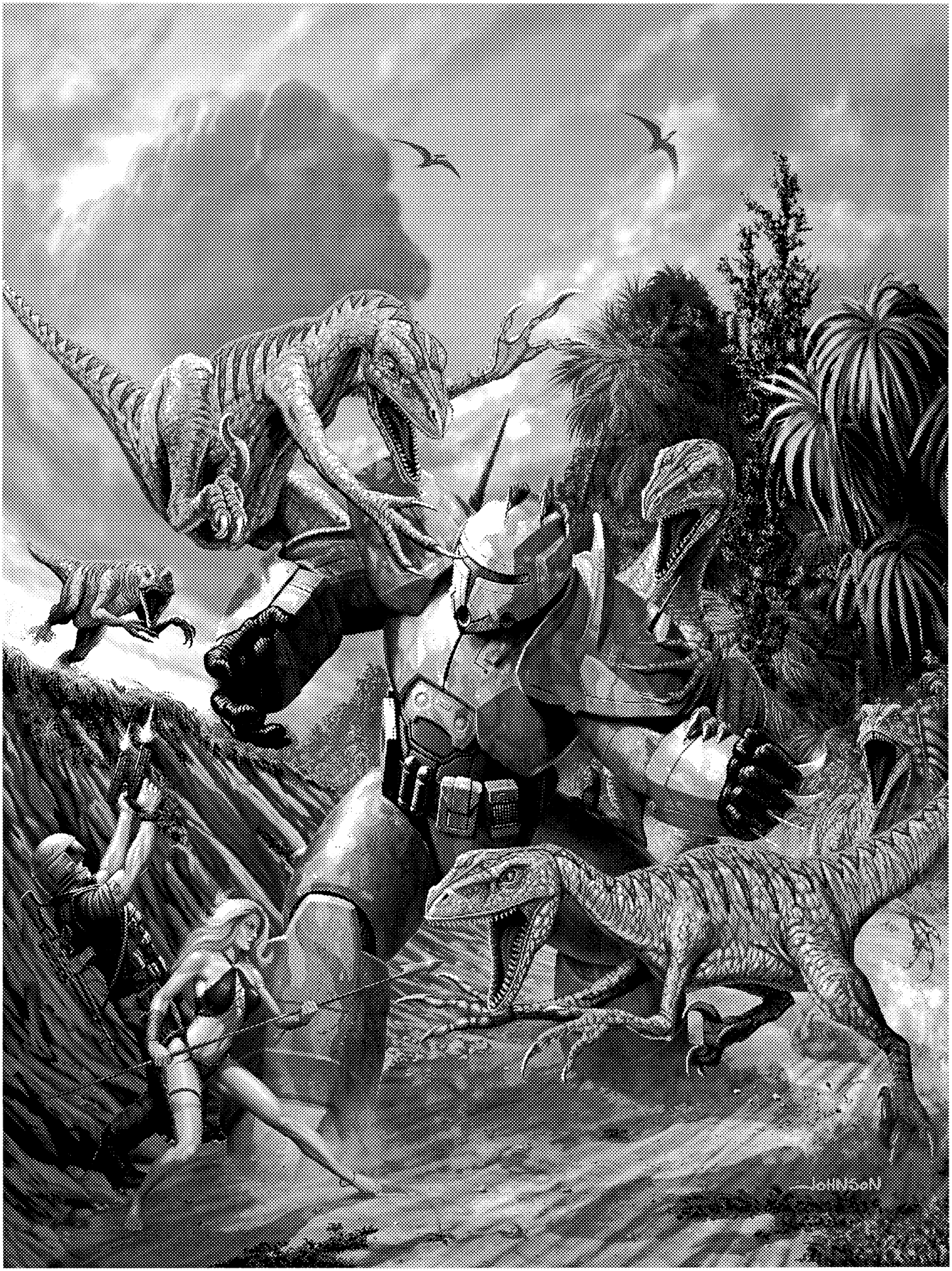
Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 100

Forearms (2) – 3D6+22 each

Hind Legs (2) – 4D6+60 each

Tail (1) – 3D6+40



Main Body – 6D6+80

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds,* Titan Raptors have 6D6 +P.E. attribute number for S.D.C., 5D6+50 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 10. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 12 for one, H.F. 14 for a pack of 4-8, H.F. 16 for a pack of 9 or more.

Size: 11-15 feet (3.3 to 4.6 m) tall, plus a thin tail the same length as the body is tall.

Weight: 300 to 450 pounds (135 to 202.5 kg).

Average Life Span: 30-35 years.

P.P.E.: 2D8

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Excellent speed, can run without pause and without exhaustion for 8 hours, leap up to 22 feet (6.7 m) high and 40 feet (12.2 m) long, increase by 30% when running at maximum speed. Can go without food or water for two weeks without ill effect, eats live prey and carrion (frequently takes the kill of other lone predators or small groups). Can smell blood one mile (1.6 km) away, can track blood scent 88%, Track Animals and Humanoids by scent and vision 60%, Prowl 65%, Detect Ambush 74%, and Climb 65%/30%.

Vulnerability: Cannot swim and tends to underestimate humanoid opponents.

Attacks Per Melee: Four for males, five attacks for females.

Damage: Bite does 3D6 M.D. (+6 for females), sickle-clawed toe 3D6+3 M.D. (+1D6 for females), tail slash 1D4 M.D. (+3 M.D. for females), small fore-claws 3D4 M.D. (+1D4 M.D. for females), and head butt does 6D6 S.D.C. damage.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +2 on Perception Rolls, +3 on initiative, +3 to strike and parry, +2 to dodge, +6 to save vs Horror Factor – fearless in packs of three or more.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Other large predators and humanoids. Preys on herbivores, livestock, and any animal or humanoid that seems vulnerable to attack.

Allies: None, other than members of their own giant species; sometimes the Titan Raptors prey on their smaller cousins.

Value: None, although the Splugorth like to capture an entire pack to fight in their gladiatorial games.

Habitat: Highly adaptable, Titan Raptors may be encountered anywhere in Dinosaur Swamp, from forest or mountain valleys to marshland. They are not known to exist anywhere but the Dinosaur Swamp region. **Note:** Unlike the Tiger Claw Raptors, Titans are not afraid of magic.

Tree Prowler

The Tree Prowler is another weird creature that must have crossed over into our world from a dimensional Rift. Its appearance suggests it might be a large, carnivorous tree sloth or hairless ape, but it moves with the speed and agility of a panther.

The Tree Prowler's bronze skin is a tough, M.D.C. hide that feels like textured plaster. The creature has a head that is all teeth-filled mouth, with pinholes for a nose and no apparent eyes. The neck is as thick as the head and runs directly into the beast's barrel chest. Its arms are oversized like a gorilla's, and the forearm is protected by a thick bone and padded plate that can take considerable damage from teeth and claws. The hands have two thick fingers and an opposable thumb, and all end in a hooked claw. The rear legs are small, almost tiny compared to the arms, and end in prehensile feet with one, thick, strong toe and two thumb-like appendages.

Although the Tree Prowler looks slow and awkward on the ground, it is a terror in the trees. The long arms and powerful fingers are perfect for grabbing branches and performing gymnastic maneuvers. The clawed fingers and toes make climbing trees a snap, and the prehensile toes make hanging upside down a breeze. In fact, it is while hanging upside down that the Tree Prowler launches many of its attacks. The beast prowls through the branches, silent like a panther, waiting for prey. When it sees prey it likes, the beast drops down to the lowest branch that will support its weight, grabs onto it (or hooks its claws in to the trunk) and swings down to strike with its clawed forearms and/or its biting maw. This is where the extended reach of the oversized arms and the armor plating come into play, as the beast tries to pin or grab its prey with one arm and slash at its throat and belly with the other. It may also snap with its massive mouth or pick the prey up and chomp down on it with its teeth. The Tree Prowler's mouth is large enough to swallow a human head or clamp onto a man's shoulder and chest. The monster may also drop down or pounce from a perch high in the tree, landing on all fours like a cat, and right on top of its intended victim, and without missing a beat attack with bites and claw.

A Tree Prowler does not have eyes, it "sees" via long-range and highly sensitive heat receptors in its mouth and tongue. A traveler who sees a Tree Prowler with its mouth wide open, as if yawning, had better run for the hills because it is searching for prey. This ability is supplemented by psionic sensory abilities and the cover of night. Tree Prowlers hide and sleep during the daylight hours, coming out to hunt at night when they have the advantage.

Tree Prowler Stats

Alignment: Animal predator; considered to be Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. High animal intelligence, I.Q. 1D6+7, M.E. 1D6+12, M.A. 2D6, P.S. 1D6+23 (Supernatural), P.P. 1D6+18, P.E. 1D6+18, P.B. 1D6, Spd 1D6+12 on the ground, triple that in the trees leaping and swinging like an ape.



Mega-Damage Creature:

Head – 40

Forearms (2) – 4D6+80 each

Hind Legs (2) – 2D6+20 each

Main Body – 4D6+70

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds,* the Tree Prowler has 4D6+40 S.D.C., 4D6+60 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 8 (A.R. 19 on the forearms). The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: 11; a solitary hunter like a leopard unless accompanied by its mate and/or 1D4 young.

Size: 4-5 feet (1.2 to 1.5 m) tall at the shoulders, 5-6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m) long from snout to rump, but the forearms have a 6-7 foot reach (1.8 to 2.1 m).

Weight: 300 to 500 pounds (135 to 225 kg).

Average Life Span: 30-40 years.

P.P.E.: 1D8

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Poor speed on the ground, but excellent speed moving through trees, able to leap 12 feet (3.6 m) high and 20 feet (6.1 m) across, or swing, trapeze style, 20 feet (6.1 m) high/up or 40 feet (12.2 m) across. The animal can climb and swing from trees for up to five hours without pause and without exhaustion. Lands on its feet like a cat without injury from as high as 150 feet (45.7 m) and can launch into an attack without missing a step – a drop down attack or pounce counts as one melee action/attack. Can go without food or water for a week after feeding without ill effect. Frequently takes its kill up into the tree or a high inaccessible location, away from other predators, to feed. Never eats carrion, it must kill its food itself. Can smell blood up to a half mile (0.8 km) away, can track blood scent 75%, Acrobatics 75%, Climb 95%/85%, Detect Ambush 90%, Gymnastics 92%, Land Navigation 80%, Prowl 80%, Swim 60%, and Wilderness Survival 98%.

Heat Sensor Thermal Imaging (special): A Tree Prowler does not have eyes, it "sees" using long-range and highly sensitive heat receptors in its mouth and tongue. Consequently, the mouth is always open, at least a little, as if it were panting. Opening wide gives the monster an expanded 180 degree scan for a distance of 2000 feet (610 m)! This thermal imaging gives the monster a comprehensive and detailed map of the area, accurately pinpointing heat signatures from living creatures. In the dark, it is better than artificial passive nightvision optics.

Also see Psionics.

Vulnerability: Slow and vulnerable on the ground.

Attacks Per Melee: Four for males, five attacks for females.

Damage: Bite does 3D6 M.D. (+3 for females), clawed hands/feet 4D6 M.D. (+4 for females), elbow strike 3D6 M.D., and a drop down or pounce attack does 4D6 M.D. and has a 01-80% likelihood of knocking the victim off his feet, causing him to lose two melee attacks and initiative.

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +2 on Perception Rolls, +3 on initiative (+5 if a surprise drop down attack from above), +2 to strike, parry, and dodge (double the bonus when hanging from a tree or elevated surface), +6 to save vs Horror Factor, +2 to save vs poison, +2 to save vs psionic attack.

Magic: None.

Psionics: Considered a Major Psychic. Has the following psi-powers: Bio-Regenerate (self; 6, applies to M.D.C.), Detect Psionics (6), Psychic Purification (8), Stop Bleeding (4), Deaden Senses (4), Presence Sense (4), Resist Fatigue (4), and Sense Time (2).

I.S.P.: M.E. attribute x10.

Enemies: Other predators and humanoids. Preys on herbivores, livestock, and large animals like deer, dogs and humanoids.

Allies: None, other than members of their own species.

Value: None. The Splugorth sometimes use them as monsters in the gladiatorial arena.

Habitat: Mainly forests, city ruins and caves where there are places to climb, hang and attack from a position of elevation. Rare in the marshland, found mainly in the forests of Georgia, the Carolinas and the Appalachian Mountains.

Tri-Tops

Large, plains grazing animals, few Tri-Tops or other ceratopsians are found in the deep south of Dinosaur Swamp. They are mostly found in the wooded regions of Georgia and North Carolina with an occasional isolated herd venturing south into the more marshy regions. The swamps offer a vast source of food, but the animal is not well suited to live in the swampy regions. They are typical of horn-frilled dinosaurs that are reminiscent of the rhinoceros. They are hulking herbivores with a large protective shield of bone and spikes covering the neck and shoulders, and three wicked horns (3-4 feet/0.9 to 1.2 m long) to fight off predators. They eat grass, weeds, pine cones, nuts, berries, ferns and various other plants found in mixed forests. Out West the Tri-Tops gather in herds that number into the hundreds and even as many as a thousand animals, but in Dinosaur Swamp a large herd is 40 animals. They are preyed upon by large predators of all kinds, as well as pack hunters like the Tiger Claw Raptors and humans.

Tri-Tops rarely fight unless panicked, backed into a corner, attacked first or defending their nest or young. Generally, they ignore small, unmounted humanoids, and back away from danger whenever they can. However, they are not cowards and will stand their ground and even fight to the death when necessary.

Tri-Tops Stats

Alignment: Animal herbivore; considered Anarchist.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. 1D4+4, medium animal intelligence. M.E. 1D6+6, M.A. 2D6+6, P.S. 2D6+28, P.P. 1D6+14, P.E. 1D6+18, P.B. 2D6+6, Spd 3D6+34; a minimum speed of 38 (26 mph/41.6 km), most have a speed of 40 to 44 (about 30 mph/48 km). Supernatural P.S. & P.E.

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 200

* Horns (3) – 60 each

* Front Legs (2) – 110 each

Hind Legs (2) – 160 each

* Underbelly – 120

Main Body – 200+1D4x100

* A single asterisk means a small or difficult target to hit and requires a "Called Shot" at -3 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds,* the creature has 4D6x10 S.D.C., 3D6x10+100 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 13. The damage inflicted by the creature's attacks does an equivalent amount of S.D.C. points rather than M.D.

Horror Factor: None.

Size: 6 feet (1.8 m) tall at the shoulders, 25-30 feet (7.6 to 9 m) long.

Weight: 4-5 tons.

Average Life Span: 50 years.

P.P.E.: 5D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Excellent speed, can run without pause and without exhaustion for four hours, like to wade in water and can swim at 55%, hold breath underwater for 1D4+1 minutes, and although constantly eating, can go without food or water for up to three months without noticeable effect.

Attacks Per Melee: Three.

Damage: Head Butt 1D6 M.D., jab with horns 2D6 M.D. (typically a warning), stab with horns 4D6 M.D., power stab 1D4x10+8 M.D., stomp 1D6 M.D., tail slash 2D4 M.D., and bite does 4D6 S.D.C.

A Charging, Gore Run or Ram With Horn (special; counts as two melee attacks): 2D4x10 M.D. and has a 01-70% likelihood of knocking an opponent up 20 feet (6.1 m) tall off his feet (01-40% against larger opponents), causing the victim to lose two melee attacks and initiative. Small opponents, like humans up to about 10 feet (3 m) tall, are thrown 4D4 yards/meters. They can attempt to roll with impact to reduce damage, but many small opponents are killed by this attack, although it is typically reserved for larger foes and for dispersing packs and groups of enemies. Humans in body or power armor must roll to save vs coma/death even if their armor holds. A failed save means 5D6 damage direct to Hit Points *and* S.D.C.; 1D4 ribs are broken (reduce speed and all combat bonuses by half for 2 weeks) and the character is knocked out for 1D4x10 minutes!

Bonuses (in addition to possible attribute bonuses): +1 on initiative, +3 to strike and parry, +2 to dodge, +3 to roll with impact or fall, +2 to save vs disease and poison, and +5 to save vs Horror Factor.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Large predators, pack hunters (including Silonar and Raptors) and humanoids.

Allies: None per se, tends to gather with others of its own kind in grazing herds.

Value: 2000-4000 credits per animal. The meat is delicious, the protective plate collar can be used in armor, the horns for weapons and jewelry, and the hide can be used to make a light M.D.C. fabric (poncho or overcoat has 8 M.D.C., overcoat with extra armor padding 12-16 M.D.C., or tent with 15 M.D.C.). Psi-Stalkers (and the occasional Barbarian and Native American) may ride them and the Tri-Tops makes a surprisingly reliable and even tempered mount.

Habitat: Woodlands and scrub plains. Fewer than 20,000 are believed to live in the Dinosaur Swamp region, but there are easily 1-2 million out West.



Tyrannosaurus Rex

The Tyrannosaurus Rex is perhaps the most famous of all the dinosaurs and has captured the imagination of people for centuries. That being the case, there isn't much to be said about the towering carnasaur. The T-Rex is both a hunter and a scavenger. Its favored prey are large animals that offer little or no danger to it, including buffalo, horses, deer and cattle. Humanoids can be easy prey too, except they often spit fire (energy weapons) and have tough shells (body and power armor). The Tyrannosaurus Rex also feed on Duckbills, Leatherwings, and, although dangerous, cannot resist the sweet taste of Tri-Tops flesh.

Besides the gaping mouth filled with serrated teeth the length of daggers, one must beware the beast's slashing tail and the claws of the hind legs.

The so called "king of the dinosaurs," while fierce, suffers from stiff competition in Dinosaur Swamp. Direct competition from other large predators has generalized Tyrannosaurus, leveling the top of the food chain. Found throughout Dinosaur Swamp, the T-Rex will hunt whatever prey it can kill. They are also aggressive scavengers who are known to chase away smaller predators (and humans) from their own kills and claim the carcass for themselves. The Tyrannosaurus is typically a solitary hunter, so encountering more than one, even a mated pair, is a rarity. The Tyrannosaur is a favorite "monster" in the arenas in Atlantis, consequently their numbers are not only held in check by natural conditions like available food and competition, but they are also actively hunted by Splugorth Raiders as well as trophy hunters who see the T-Rex as the ultimate prize in big game hunting.

Tyrannosaurus Rex Stats

Alignment: Considered Miscreant or Diabolic.

Attributes: Animal attributes are very consistent and offer a smaller range of attribute aptitude. I.Q. Medium to low animal intelligence, M.E. 1D6+6, M.A. 2D6, P.S. 50+2D6, P.P. 14+1D6, P.E. 23+1D6, P.B. 3D6, Spd 34+3D6; a minimum speed of 38 (26 mph/41.6 km), most have a speed of 40 to 44 (about 30 mph/48 km).

Mega-Damage by Location:

Head – 280

Forearms (2; useless) – 40 each

Hind Legs (2) – 300 each

* Tail – 220

* Underbelly – 300

Main Body – 1D4x100+400

* A single asterisk means a small or difficult target to hit and requires a "Called Shot" at -3 to strike.

Note: *On S.D.C. worlds,* the T-Rex has 1D4x100 S.D.C., 200+4D6x10 Hit Points, and an A.R. of 12.

Horror Factor: None.

Size: 30 feet (9 m) tall and 50 feet (15.2 m) long!

Weight: 5-6 tons.

Average Life Span: 25 years.

P.P.E.: 5D6

O.C.C.: None; animal.

Natural Abilities: Good speed but can only run at full speed without exhaustion for 15 minutes, typically moves along at about half maximum speed. Can go without food or water for up to two months without noticeable effect (lives off the fat stored in its tail). The Tyrannosaurus has excellent hearing and outstanding sense of smell: can smell blood and decaying flesh up to 1.5 miles (2.4 km) away, track by smell 80%, recognize scents 80% and is surprisingly fast and responsive for a creature its size.

Vulnerabilities: Soft underbelly, useless forearms, hates water and cannot swim.

R.C.C. Combat: Attacks/Actions Per Melee: Five.

Damage: Head Butt 3D6 M.D., bite 2D4x10 M.D., claw attack with hind leg 1D6x10 M.D., kick 6D6 M.D., slashing tail 1D4x10 M.D.

Bonuses (in addition to likely attribute bonuses): +3 on initiative, +2 to strike, +2 to roll with impact or fall, +5 to save vs disease and poison, and +10 to save vs Horror Factor. These are all in addition to any possible attribute bonuses.

Magic: None.

Psionics: None.

Enemies: Large predators, pack hunters (including Silonar and Raptors) and humanoids.

Allies: None; tends to be a solitary hunter or hunts in small groups of 2-4.

Value: Some owners of gladiatorial arenas will pay as much as 40,000 credits for a live and uninjured T-Rex (half for a juvenile); otherwise one can get 1000-2500 credits per carcass for its teeth, skull, bones and skin. The meat of the T-Rex is chewy, fatty and bland, but edible.

Habitat: Can be encountered throughout the Dinosaur Swamp region, but tends to prefer forested areas and mountain lowlands. Also found in the New West and southwestern Canada, but seems to be most numerous out West in Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming.



Native Americans in Dinosaur Swamp

With dozens of barbarian tribes, the city of Char, homesteaders, Freeholders, explorers, adventurers, and uncounted dinosaurs and other creatures populating the swamps and forests, it might seem that Native Americans are not represented in Dinosaur Swamp. Nothing could be further from the truth. Dinosaur Swamp is home to several small tribes of Native Americans, and is also home to the *Camp Cherokee Preserve*. However, anyone expecting Camp Cherokee and the surrounding Native American tribes to resemble their cousins of the Great Plains and further west would be making a false assumption.

The forced migration of Native Americans from the eastern seaboard in the 19th century, resulted in there being no large Native American Reservations in the southeast. In fact, there were only three major Federal Indian Reservations in what was to become Dinosaur Swamp, and they were minuscule compared to the vast reservations established in the west. These three were the *Cherokee Indian Reservation* of North Carolina, and the *Brighton* and *Big Cypress Indian Reservations* of southern Florida. The Great Cataclysm obliterated the reservations and their inhabitants in Florida, leaving them submerged beneath the ocean after the Cataclysm subsided. Floods, earthquakes and the horrors of D-Shifting were visited upon the Cherokee Reservation in North Carolina, forcing the survivors to flee the mountains. It was these survivors who would later establish Camp Cherokee, South Carolina, during the Two Hundred Years Dark Age.

Other existing Native American enclaves, like the *Catawba* of South Carolina and the *Lumbee* of North Carolina, were wiped out during the Great Cataclysm, or died from subsequent disease and demon plagues. The tiny handful who survived the worst of the Great Cataclysm were obliterated by the barbarian tribes at the dawn of the Dark Age. No one knows the exact fate of these tribes, but as of 109 P.A., they are only represented by *Pure Ones*, children of the Ancients returned by the Nunnehi during the Dark Age. So, unlike in the western states with a large population living on reservations, there were only a few thousand survivors and returned Ancients to begin populating the southeast. Consequently, most of the Native Americans living in the southeast are *Traditionalists (65%)* and *Pure Ones (30%)* with the remaining numbers split between Modern Indians and Renegades. (See **Rifts® Spirit West** for details about Native Americans of Rifts Earth.)

The devastation visited on the southeast by the Cataclysm means Native Americans, like the barbarian tribes, lack even the most basic of modern manufacturing facilities. (**Note:** There is a *specific* exception to this at Camp Cherokee, see below for details.) Unlike many of the tribes in the Midwest, those in Dinosaur Swamp don't have the advantage of lost factories to arm and equip themselves, nor do they have access to the raw materials to run one if they did. This has had as much influence directing most Native Americans toward the Traditionalist lifestyle as the presence of the Ancients and Pure Ones. This is not necessarily a bad thing, as adopting and relying on the ancient magicks and traditions of their ancestors has enabled them to survive the ravaged and alien land of Dinosaur Swamp.

Native Americans and the Dark Age

Like the survivors living in the cities and countryside of the southeast, the Cherokee and other Native Americans were left to survive the aftermath of the Great Cataclysm as best they could. However, the Native Americans had the distinct advantage of Shamanism and Spirit Magic. Whereas the people who eventually became the barbarian tribes of Dinosaur Swamp had to develop Eco-Wizardry and other more traditional methods of harnessing magic, the Native Americans already had a system in place. This was fortuitous, because without it, many of the Ancients returned by the Nunnehi likely wouldn't have survived.

When the Nunnehi brought the Ancients back from the Spirit World, they exposed a population that was unprepared for the environment around them. While the survivors of the Great Cataclysm suffered horribly at the hands of disease, the Ancients in Dinosaur Swamp faced almost certain extinction. They were people taken from the Middle Realm (Earth) centuries ago, so they had *never* been exposed to the diseases brought to the Americas by the Europeans. Unlike modern Indians, the Ancients had no natural immunities to these diseases. Almost immediately, entire Clans of Ancients began dying in the weeks following "the Return." Nearly all contact that the Ancients had with non-Native Americans and even some bands of Native American survivors produced rampant illness among families, decimating them. Combined with alien diseases brought by animals and D-Bees through the Rifts, coupled with the reality of monsters from the Rifts, and the harshness of life that came after the Great Cataclysm, the Nunnehi almost failed in their quest to preserve the Native Americans in the southeast. Such was true with the builders of the Ocmulgee Mounds. What could have been the foundation for a powerful Preserve built around an extraordinary Place of Power was, instead, lost and forgotten. The survivors who knew about the mounds were killed during the Coming of the Rifts, and the Ancients who could have controlled the site died within weeks of the Return. (See **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp™**, page 129 and the section below for more detailed information on the Ocmulgee Mound Complex.)

However, as the other Native Americans began to rediscover the ancient ways, magic became a necessary life saving tool, further strengthening the ties to the Traditionalist way of life. Consequently, these early days of rampant disease have resulted in almost all of the southeastern tribes, including Camp Cherokee, to adopt the Isolationist point of view.

This isolation does not just exclude contact with non-Indians, but extends across tribal lines, with many tribes *refusing* to have contact with outsiders. Repopulated tribes consisting only of Pure Ones, like the Lumbee and the Catawba, have strict taboos against contact with *anyone* not of their tribe, and some have been known to exile members who have left for long periods of time. Despite the presence of Shamanism and the protection of magic, their fears of infection and contamination border on paranoia. Of course, to a people who were nearly driven to extinction by disease, their precautions are well founded and understandable. Their early encounters with survivors and subsequent dealings with the burgeoning barbarian tribes have cast a wary shadow on the outside world for the Native Americans of Dinosaur Swamp.

Throughout the Dark Age, the tribes became more and more self-reliant, living the old, traditional ways with the Ancients to guide them, segregating themselves from all others. Of all of the tribes, the Cherokee have emerged as the most successful. Building on the strength of numbers of survivors from the North Carolina Mountains, who were not as susceptible to disease, and their remembrance of the old ways, the Cherokee were in the best position to establish themselves as a powerful tribe. Their success has resulted in one of the most secretive and well protected Preserves in North America.

Camp Cherokee

Estimated Population: 6,500 permanent residents.

Racial Breakdown: 100% Cherokee Native American – 65% Traditionalists, 25% Pure Ones, 10% Renegades, with a very small movement of Modern Native Americans taking root.

Average Transient Population: 150 to 200, all are Cherokee who live in the surrounding villages.

Tech Level: Low-Tech/Primitive and Very High Magic but has the *capability* for High-Tech/Modern. See below.

Surrounding Communities (100 mile/160 km radius): 2000, and that number may be an exaggeration: mostly smaller Native American villages, Barbarian settlements, homesteaders and the like.

Located approximately 53 miles (84.8 km) south of the Fadetowns Ash and Bone, on the fringes of the *SteelTree Forest,* is the only Native American Preserve in Dinosaur Swamp: Camp Cherokee. Built on the ruins of *Marietta, South Carolina*, Camp Cherokee is a powerful Preserve strongly dedicated to Isolationist ideals. With a population of 6,500 living in the Preserve, and several hundred living in surrounding villages, the Cherokee make up almost half of the *entire* population of Native Americans in Dinosaur Swamp. Because of their strong Traditional Isolationist values, many members of the population fall into the *Traditional Warrior* or *Shaman O.C.C.s*, although *Mask Shamans* aren't quite as numerous as the other types of Shamans.

In terms of territory, the Camp Cherokee inhabitants claim the entire SteelTree forest as their domain, but their actual area of influence extends only 20 miles (32 km) from the Preserve. They send regular patrols into the forest, driving away the curi-



ous and keeping the Barbarian tribes from coming close. Any outsiders found on their lands are chased off or forcibly removed, including members of other Native American tribes. While not as militantly opposed to contact as the Lumbee, the Cherokee like their privacy. As many of the Camp Cherokee historians will note, isolation is nothing new to them.

As the early 19th century American colonization movement spread west, thousands of Native American people, including the Cherokee, were forcibly removed from their ancestral homelands in the southeast. Most of their populations traveled west, albeit reluctantly, except for a band of Cherokee who went into seclusion in the Great Smoky Mountains. They lived there in isolation for over a century, when by the 1920s, civilization erupted on their doorstep. These Native Americans, calling themselves the *Eastern Band Cherokee*, went from isolationists to living historians, opening their lands to tourists. Up until the days of the Great Cataclysm, they had turned their reservation into a booming tourist destination. However, after the Coming of the Rifts, these Cherokee were again refugees and returned to the isolationist ways that had saved their ancestors centuries before. In an ironic twist of history, it may be that the Cherokee are on the verge of coming out of their self-imposed isolation again with the influence of a small, but growing, Modernist movement.

Camp Cherokee is located on the fringes of the SteelTree forest, giving them easy access to the Mega-Damage lumber to construct their houses and fortifications. *Plant Shamans* revere the SteelTrees as they would a Millennium Tree, believing that there is a deeper Spirit locked away within the mysterious, alien trees. Thus far, no one has succeeded in making contact with this supposed Spirit, but there are always Plant Shamans willing to try. While the inhabitants of Camp Cherokee will use SteelTree lumber for construction, they regard the practice of forging SteelTree lumber as impure Barbarian magic, too close to technology, and it is shunned by the Traditionalists and Pure Ones. Renegades, however, love the forge items, and have spent years trying to discover the secrets of their manufacture. The same is *not* true for Eco-Wizardry. Many Shamans sense a kindred spirit in Eco-Wizards, and believe that it may lead the Barbarians closer to the Spirit World. They admire the workings of an Eco-Wizard construct, but the Isolationist values of Camp Cherokee keep them from further exploring the magic or making contact with the Barbarians. There have been *individual* Cherokee, however, who have left the Preserve to study, understand and use Eco-Wizardry, but they must willingly forsake their homes and families to do so. Eco-Wizardry may one day help bridge the gap between the Barbarians and the Isolationist Cherokee, but for now, they keep a wary distance.

The choosing of Marietta as the home of the Cherokee was no accident. The Nunnehi presented it to the Cherokee upon the Ancients' Return from the Spirit World. It was selected for a number of reasons, but the most important was that it was a powerful ley line nexus. From here, the Cherokee could master their magicks and protect themselves in a hostile environment. The second reason was because it was the site of a large, pre-Rifts defense manufacturing facility. During the 20th cen-

tury, *Marietta* and nearby *Greenville* were home to a major American defense contractor's assembly plant and research laboratories. Throughout the 21st century, Marietta grew to encompass production facilities for the civilian and military aerospace programs and became a leader in modern manufacturing. When the Great Cataclysm raged, Marietta and the surrounding area was flattened by the eruption of the ley line nexus, and the ruins quickly overgrown by the alien SteelTrees. However, the *underground* facilities survived mostly intact, waiting for someone to take possession of them. The Nunnehi intended for the Cherokee to use the facilities, much like the Native Americans of the western Preserves have done, and create societies based on both technology and magic. However, as explained previously, circumstance led the Cherokee to forsake technology and become much more heavily Traditionalist than the Nunnehi intended. Consequently, while Camp Cherokee is built over the top of a technological mother lode, they have so far refused to use it.

In the past decade, however, there has been a small, but growing, movement within the Cherokee who would like to see the Preserve become more like their brothers to the west. They realize the enormous potential resting just beneath their feet that could elevate them to be the sole *powerhouse* in the southeast. However, the prevailing isolationist attitude held by the vast majority of the population prevents that from happening. The Elders and Traditionalists are rabidly opposed to such a radical, revolutionary idea. Besides, there is another problem: lack of necessary materials. Should the dominant majority ever change its mind, the next stumbling block is that the facility is severely lacking in raw materials. There are limited stockpiles still in storage, but not enough to operate the facility for more than a few days. Salvage is a viable alternative for raw materials, but such efforts are so unreliable in both quality and quantity that they wouldn't prove economical.

The Geography of Camp Cherokee

The actual village of Camp Cherokee is located on the outskirts of the ruined city of Marietta, on the banks of the Saluda River. It consists mainly of the traditional log houses with bark roofs and the wattle and daub style of construction favored by the Cherokee people for centuries, augmented, of course, by the use of SteelTree timbers and mud reinforced by Elemental magic. The camp is a sprawling village with hundreds of structures: family houses, workshops, granaries, smokehouses, storehouses, shaman huts and other essential buildings. A massive wooden palisade made from sharpened SteelTree logs surrounds the village, keeping out predators, enemies and curious animals. There are five guarded entrances and the tribe is extremely selective about *who* is allowed in the camp. Unexpected visitors who have reached this far into Cherokee territory can expect an unhappy reception from concerned warriors and elders. How such "visitors" act toward the Cherokee people (respectful and kind versus hostile and rude) will dictate how the people will respond. The former will be questioned outside the palisade and may be allowed to meet with an elder (outside of camp) to exchange information and ideas. They may even be allowed to pitch camp and spend a night or two before being escorted away. Belligerent and hostile visitors will be chased away, forcibly removed or destroyed as circumstance might dictate. Should an outsider ever be allowed within the defensive walls, he (or they) will be treated as an honored dignitary or as a brother.

The heart of the camp and key to its defense is the *Anaskayi*: the seven-sided council house. A massive structure built in the center of camp, the Anaskayi is the literal focal point of the Cherokee way of life. It is built at the intersection of *four ley lines* and serves as the focus for the Shamans' siphoning magicks. As the hub of the camp's mysterious and powerful magical defenses, the elder shamans focus their powers within the Anaskayi, drawing on the nexus point, and use the enormous amount of magic at their disposal to work magic and protect the Cherokee people.

When not under the threat of attack, the Anaskayi is used as the meeting hall for elders, and it is where Shamans create powerful war and hunting *fetishes*. It is also in the longhouse where contact via the Spirit World is made with other Native American tribes. The Cherokee may be *physical* isolationists, but they maintain marginal contact with their brothers in the western Preserves. If nothing else, they are honoring the traditions set down by the Nunnehi and the time of harmony after the Return. Unfortunately, this does not extend to the local Native American tribes such as the Lumbee, who are against all contact, fearing that contamination via the Spirit World is possible.

While primitive compared to the ultra-modern Preserves of the west, Camp Cherokee is clean, well maintained, and the high level of magic makes up for any lack of technological sophistication. Most of the streets are paved with wooden planks, water is both drawn from wells and purified with magic. Waste is disposed of in community garbage pits that are converted to fertilizer or recycled in other ways via magic. Every family is responsible for their own vegetable garden, often nourished by plant magic. The setting is idyllic, serene, and very peaceful. A tranquil Eden amidst the savagery of Dinosaur Swamp.

Camp Cherokee and Foreign Relations

While the setting within Camp Cherokee and the immediate surrounding villages is idyllic and peaceful, the Cherokee of Dinosaur Swamp do not see the outside world in the same light. They are openly hostile toward the nearby Lumbee, Catawba, and Creek tribes. The Cherokee are also hostile toward the Native Barbarian Tribes, although their mastery over Eco-Wizardry keeps them from declaring them complete savages. Consequently, Camp Cherokee practices little in the way of trade, operating in a closed market system with other Cherokee villages in the surrounding countryside.

Because of their particular brand of isolationism, when the Cherokee go to war with others, they do not view their captives as prizes, and certainly don't bring them into the confines of their walled camp. A captive is a potential disease carrying contaminant who could wreak havoc on the people. Despite the vast amount of magic at their disposal capable of combating disease, the Cherokee rarely take captives in battle. However, on the rare occasion that they do, such as when an opponent surrenders, they are likely to disarm the prisoner, give him a stern warning against trespassing within the Cherokee lands and set him free.

The city of Char is another matter entirely. To the Traditionalist Cherokee, Char is a blight on the land. It is overflowing

with filth and trespassers, and is attracting more outsiders every day. To the young Modernists, Char is the first step toward strengthening the Cherokee and ensuring their future. The Coalition's war against Tolkeen is having a powerful effect on the southeast as thousands of refugees are starting to trickle into the countryside. The Modernists believe that the southeast is changing, and point to the changing times as a sign that Camp Cherokee must accept technology if it is to last into the future. The only way to do that is to establish trade, and Char is the first step in accomplishing that goal. The effect of this growing movement within the Cherokee people is still unknown, but the Traditionalists remain steadfast in their opposition to trade with the savages of Char or outsiders.

Notable Personalities of Camp Cherokee

Camp Cherokee is co-ruled by two chiefs who are advised by a council of seven elders. These two chiefs are known as the White Chief, who rules in times of peace, and the Red Chief, who rules in times of war. The seven advisors are representative of the seven traditional clans of the Cherokee, the Bird, Blue, Deer, Long Hair, Paint, Wild Potato, and Wolf. Despite having such a divestiture of power, with a separate chief for war and peace, the Cherokee have made this type of government work for centuries, a testament to their sense of fellowship and community.

Nvwadohiya, the White Chief Quick Stats

With a name meaning "peace," Nvwadohiya is aptly suited to lead Camp Cherokee as White Chief. While he isn't a pacifist, Nvwadohiya prefers to settle problems in a calm, collected manner. To him, violence is a last resort, but once that course of action is decided on, he readily yields power to his brother, the Red Chief. Nvwadohiya is a strict Isolationist Traditionalist who cherishes the ways of the Ancients. He loves life, and is often seen playing with the many children, engaging them in fanciful word games where he passes on his wisdom to the next generation of Cherokee.

Alignment: Principled.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 15, M.A. 19, P.S. 15, P.P. 9, P.E. 15, P.B. 19, Spd 12.

Disposition: Calm, thoughtful, and deliberate, always ready with a riddle, witticism, or kind word.

Description: A handsome, middle-aged, introspective man with long, thinning hair. He wears white deerskin breeches and vest, often with a hunting knife strapped to his waist.

Experience Level: 6th level Wilderness Scout.

Gihaidanuwa, the Red Chief Quick Stats

The younger brother of Nvwadohiya, Gihaidanuwa was aptly chosen as the Red Chief. His name means "blood war" and he was born on the day of a particularly bloody battle with the barbarian tribe known as the *Bull Hounds*. Gihaidanuwa was named in remembrance of those who had fallen and is a warrior born. He possesses a ferocious spirit that makes him a blessing in times of conflict, but feared and disliked in times of peace. He is a powerful athlete, often staging games between families within the Preserve for amusement and to keep the warriors primed and ready for battle. Strangely, for a man so consumed by competition, he is fiercely loyal and loving toward his older brother, and has shown no desire to lead the Cherokee in any other way except into battle. He too is a Traditionalist who seeks isolation from the rest of the world. Gihaidanuwa finds the allure of technology tempting and for that reason only he shuns it as an impure and corrupting agent.

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 12, M.A. 8, P.S. 18, P.P. 22, P.E. 13, P.B. 12, Spd 9.

Disposition: Competitive in all he does, Gihaidanuwa is always ready for a challenge. Wise beyond his years, he knows anyone can be tricked or corrupted. Consequently, he looks for danger and treachery in every person he meets, and is constantly reassessing those around him. He even has his suspicions about Astil, a dragon who has been a friend of the tribe for generations. Although suspicious and cautious toward most everyone, Gihaidanuwa can also be boisterous and playful.

Description: A twenty-something, athletic warrior clad in red deerskin breeches, no shirt, and upper body painted in a dark, ocher color.

Experience Level: 5th level Spirit Warrior of the Earth, Animal and Plant Realms.

The Seven Counselors

Tsisqua: 9th level Animal Shaman

Sagonige: 10th level Paradox Shaman

Awikanati: 9th level Animal Shaman

Ghitagitlu: 7th level Mystic Warrior

Galonedi: 8th level Fetish Shaman

Inagehi: 8th level Elemental Shaman

Wayakanati: 8th level Totem Warrior

The Modernist Revolutionaries

Itseganodu: 2nd level Wilderness Scout

Sunalayi: 1st level Dinosaur Hunter

Degalvyi: 2nd level Rogue Scholar

Atsil, the Fire Dragon Advisor

A powerful and trusted ally of Camp Cherokee is an Adult Fire Dragon who lives in seclusion nearby. Known to the Cherokee as Atsilvdigahali, or Atsil for short, he has been known to warn the tribe of impending danger such as outsiders or rival tribes that have invaded the Cherokee's territory. His wisdom and friendship are greatly valued by the Seven Counselors, making Atsil one of the very few non-Cherokee welcomed within the Preserve. In addition to his advice, Atsil also joins with the Shamans to control ley line surges during the equinoxes and other powerful peaks in magic energy. Atsil is truly a blessing to the tribe. Too bad he isn't who he says he is.

Atsil is actually a Fire Dragon *Hatchling* named *Nero*, the same Nero who lords over the Fadetown of Ash, 50 miles (80.4

km) north of Camp Cherokee. (See page 146 of **Dinosaur Swamp** to see how Nero wormed his way into the graces of the Cherokee decades ago, posing as an ancient dragon claiming to have been a friend to their ancestors thousands of years ago. He claims that he was forced to leave as the Earth's magical energies waned, and only recently found his way back. Nero is enjoying the deception, and likes having an entire nation of people as allies in reserve should he ever need them. If the Cherokee people ever discover his true identity, it would be a crushing blow to their morale and probably send the Red Chief into a murderous fury.

Alignment: Miscreant.

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 21, M.A. 23, P.S. 28, P.P. 18, P.E. 17, P.B. 19, Spd 18.

Disposition: Conniving, duplicitous and manipulative, this power-hungry dragon sees humans as a valuable resource. One day he hopes to rule over a kingdom of humanoids and be worshiped as a god. Until then, he tries to content himself with long term strategies that will ultimately give him influence and power over the interesting beings. **Description:** A mighty dragon with red and orange scales and sparkling green eyes. He appears older and more powerful than he really is, and he uses people's impression of him to his advantage. A skilled liar and manipulator.

Experience Level: 4th level spell caster.

Other Native American Tribes in Dinosaur Swamp

The Cherokee are the most numerous and powerful of the Native American Tribes found in Dinosaur Swamp, but they are not alone. There are approximately 7,000 Native Americans scattered throughout the region stretching from Louisiana to Virginia, with the Lumbee, the Creek and the Catawba having the largest numbers within Dinosaur Swamp proper.

The Lumbee

Located along the coast where the old North and South Carolina border was, the Lumbee are militant Isolationists. They will kill trespassers found in their territory, going so far as burning the bodies where they fall, equipment, weapons and all. They are paranoid to the point of madness, maintaining a population that is composed of 100% Pure Ones. Their exact population figures are unknown, although it is speculated that there can't be more than 600-700 total. Located on the Atlantic Coast, Splugorth Raiders are hated enemies who have raided and enslaved the Lumbee for centuries. This has only warped the Lumbee's view of outsiders, convincing them that all non-humans are a threat that must be avoided or destroyed.

The Catawba

Living in the transitional region east of the city of Char where the Piedmont meets the eastern marshes, the Catawba are Isolationists like the Lumbee. Often at war with the various Barbarian Tribes, the Catawba are being squeezed into a war for resources as the barbarian populations increase. This has made them increasingly warlike and they are now enacting their own territorial expansions. There are an estimated 500-600 Catawba living on the banks of Badin Lake, with 200+ living in outposts and newly established outlying villages.

The Creek

Found in small villages scattered throughout Georgia, the Creek are by far the least organized of the Native Americans living in Dinosaur Swamp. They have no central tribal structure, with each village having its own chief and self-governing authority. The Creek are content to live out their lives quietly as they have done for centuries, finding strength and security in their anonymity. There are likely 2000+ living in the forests and swamps of Georgia, although most villages aren't likely to have more than 100 members.

The Ocmulgee Mound Complex

Held under the watchful eye of Pennent, Gran, and their students at Ft. Hawkins (see **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp**, page 129), the Ocmulgee Mound Complex is a double-edged sword for the region. On one hand, the mounds have scores of potential beneficial uses. If they could be controlled, the mounds could serve as the heart of a city of magic similar to Lazlo, Dunscon, or Splynn. Those three contrasting cities illustrate the hope, or despair, that the mounds could deliver. If properly mastered, the vast potential of power waiting to be harnessed could open new doors into the understanding of magic. On the other hand, the vast amount of power and potential for *misuse* make the mounds a serious threat not only to Dinosaur Swamp, but possibly to the entire North American continent. For now, its isolation and obscurity, along with the protection provided by Ft. Hawkins, keep the Ocmulgee Mounds out of the hands of any one power. However, they are sure to play heavily in the region's future.

The Mound Village

There are at least eight known temple mounds, a burial site, an earthlodge, a series of prehistoric trenches, and the ruins of the museum and offices that make up the complex. **The museum** is little more than a ruin that was utterly obliterated during the Great Cataclysm. However, the rest of the site is in remarkably good shape, preserved by the mystic energies that make the mounds so dangerous. Each of the individual mounds and structures are powerful places of magic with their own unique functions. As tales of the mound complex spread, they will surely become a sought after destination for practitioners of magic; good, evil and those in between. Pennent and Gran know that someday, someone too powerful for them to stop will come to



seize control of the mound village. When that day comes, they only hope that it will be someone who uses the mounds for good and not for nefarious purposes. However, despite their respect for the power contained at the mound complex, not even Pennent and Gran know the full extent of the mounds' variety of unique powers. They only know that the mounds mark the intersection of ley lines, and that dimensional Rifts appear both randomly, and on specific occasions.

The Great Temple Mound

Rising 40 feet (12.19 m) into the air and 300 feet (91.44 m) wide at the base, the Great Temple Mound is one of the largest Native American mounds in the southeast. When the site was an active religious center, it had several wooden huts and buildings on top, but these were destroyed as the site fell into disuse. For centuries before the Coming of the Rifts, the Great Temple Mound was a curiosity, serving as a place for the railroad to acquire fill dirt, as an archaeological center, and eventually, as a tourist attraction. Since the Coming of the Rifts, the site has undergone a transformation, and many of its original features have returned.

Rising from atop the Great Temple Mound are four spectral huts. These huts are small, single story structures that look as though they were crafted out of hewn logs with thatch roofs, except now the organic material has been replaced with pure magic energy. The huts crackle with an iridescent blue light and glow with an unearthly intensity as the ley lines flare with energy. These huts have faint, ghostly wisps of fog rising from their doorways, which serve as small dimensional portals to other locations in North America. The mound appears to channel the energy produced at the nexus and funnel it into manifesting the Rift openings to these four huts. Each hut corresponds to the four cardinal points of the compass, although the four ley lines that intersect at the mound do not. The chances of a larger, random Rift opening at the top of the mound during a surge in the ley lines is not mitigated in anyway by the existence of the huts. Nor are the hut entrance ways constantly open dimensional doors, they seem to open and close at completely random intervals, and unless magic is used to control these mini-Rifts, the portal seldom remains open or attuned to the same location for more than 60 seconds.

Special Properties of the Great Temple Mound

While they appear to be similar in function to Stone Pyramids, the sites at the Ocmulgee Mound Complex are quite different. They could be an example of a primitive form of Stone Magic, a partial rediscovery of the mystic art, or an example of independent, parallel development on the part of the original builders. Consequently, they possess *only* those powers specifically listed below. One important power common to the mounds is that each mound is an individual battery of Potential Psychic Energy, but those reservoirs *cannot* be drawn away from each other. In other words, the P.P.E. available at the Great Temple Mound can only be drawn from, and for, the Great Temple Mound itself, and cannot be siphoned off for use at another mound. **Note:** In each case, the magic available can be per-

formed *without* the Shaman or practitioner of magic actually knowing the equivalent spell invocation! He simply becomes attuned to the mound and channels its special properties/abilities. This is true for *all* of the Ocmulgee Mounds.

1. Healing: Anyone who rests at the summit of the Great Temple Mound for at least 30 minutes will see their wounds begin to heal and 1D6 Hit Points and/or S.D.C. magically restored in that time. Sleeping on the summit for at least six hours (day or night) will see minor illnesses cured, wounds healed and 3D6+3 Hit Points and 3D6+12 S.D.C. (or 2D4+2 M.D.C.) restored at the end of their sleep. The individual also feels completely rested and energized, and characters who suffer from insanity will be calm and rational, just as those who suffer from convulsions will not have an attack, as long as they are on the mound. P.P.E. recovers twice as fast as normal when resting, sleeping or meditating on top of the Great Temple Mound.

2. Storage of Potential Psychic Energy: The mound is charged with a reservoir of P.P.E. that is replenished on a 12-hour cycle running from noon to midnight. Any energy drained will not be replenished until the end of the current cycle has been completed. The range of available P.P.E. in any given cycle is 2D4x100.

3. Control the Weather Around the Mound: Any practitioner of magic can use the power of the ley lines to control the local weather for a limited amount of time. This power is linked to another mound in the village, The Cornfield Mound. Weather control abilities are identical to the following spells, except that the range, area of effect and duration are increased by three fold.

Spells Include: Calm Storm, Summon Fog, Summon Rain, and Extinguish Fire.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 150 to simultaneously use and draw the power of all the spells.

4. Dimensional Portal/Rift: A classic Rift can be opened, which is manifested in the respective doorways of the spectral huts on the top of the mound. The portal can be opened to a known destination, or a random one, however the mound does not protect against the opening of random Rifts during ley line surges like at the Equinox, Solstice, and eclipses. Because of this, it is remarkably easy to open a Rift from here (costs half the usual amount to cast a dimension spanning or Rift related spell), but it is also incredibly dangerous to do so. There is a 01-40% chance that every Rift opened on the mound will randomly shift after being held open for more than 60 seconds (four melee rounds), and a 01-80% chance that the Rift will randomly shift after being held open for more than 120 seconds (eight melee rounds).

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 500 to create a Dimensional Portal. Any deficit must be paid out of the casting character's P.P.E. reserves.

Note: Rifters, Shifters, Dimensional Raiders and other beings familiar with using Rifts can use the hut portals to travel to other specific locations in North America, provided that location corresponds to the compass of that hut; East, West, North and South. Thus, by entering the hut whose compass point is west, a traveler can Rift to anywhere that is roughly due west. Only the hut that represents *east* can Rift as far away as *Atlantis* and the *African Coast of Morocco*, as well as anywhere along the Eastern Seaboard of the US and Canada (the Carribean Islands, Texas and Mexico are considered to be *south*).

Practitioners of magic and courageous adventurers who do not understand how to mentally focus and manipulate a Rift, may enter one of these Rift hut portals but will be carried to some random point in the direction of the compass away from the mounds. The distance traveled may only be a few dozen, a few hundred or 2000 miles (3200 km), always stopping east of the Rocky Mountains.

Unique Powers of the Great Temple Mound

Any practitioner of magic can draw upon these powers, however they must first meditate for 24 hours at the mound to become aware of how to draw upon them. These powers are unique to the Great Temple Mound, and many of the methods used in creating them have since been lost with the original builders and their culture. It is interesting to note that these inherent powers are of a peaceful nature, in tune with the environment and for providing for the community. While the exact function of the site has never been determined, the individual powers of the mound suggest that it was benign. Stone Master characters who may wish to learn from the ancient mounds will likely spend the greater part of a human lifetime studying them and still not extract their secrets.

1. Infuse Endurance: The mound can be used to infuse a recipient with *superhuman endurance* for six hours. The recipients of this enchantment do NOT fatigue no matter how hot, humid or active they may be (can battle, run, work, etc., for six hours without feeling fatigue), as well as enjoying a bonus of +2 to save vs disease, poison, toxins and magic.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 15 per individual recipient.

2. Infuse Immunity to Disease: The mound can be used to fortify the immune system of a recipient, making the individual completely immune to disease, including bad/foul water, spoiled food, and spell induced illness for 24 hours, as well as providing the following bonuses: +3 to save vs poison, venomous bites, drugs, toxins, magic curses and possession.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 20 per individual recipient.

3. Infuse Inhuman Strength: The mound can also be used to infuse a recipient with *Supernatural Strength* for three hours. So a character with a P.S. of 15 sees his P.S. become Supernatural and able to inflict Mega-Damage with his punches, kicks and melee weapons (clubs, swords, etc.).

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 30 per individual recipient.

The Funeral Mound

Most likely used as a burial place for important and powerful members of the tribe, this mound is located to the northwest of the Great Temple Mound. Originally 25 feet (7.62 m) tall, 100 feet wide (30.48 m) and over 230 feet (70.10 m) long, the Funeral Mound is currently only half of its original size. It still serves as the tomb for over 100 remains under the foundation, but there were undoubtedly more. The mound has suffered greatly over time through looting, being used for fill dirt, excavation, and general erosion. Since the Coming of the Rifts, the mound has been infused with significant magical energies, but it is only a shadow of what it once was.

The southeast corner of the Funeral Mound marks a nexus of two ley lines, and the mound itself is the site of many ghostly hauntings. Whether the actual spirits of those entombed in the mound, or simply magical energy given form, the top is littered with skeletal figures lying in state atop wooden funeral biers. These forms do not seem to be conscious, and take no notice of anyone approaching the site. They simply lay there, unmoving, like spectral 3D holographic images to remind the living of who was once buried in the half of the mound that has been destroyed. Despite their quiet, peaceful state of rest, many visitors find their presence unsettling and haunting. Anyone coming within 30 feet (9.14 m) of the mound must make a saving throw versus Horror Factor at a 12 or higher or otherwise cannot move closer to the mound. Those who are able to approach the mound, and know how to activate its powers, will find that there isn't anything frightening about it at all. In fact, most people report feeling calm and at peace with themselves.

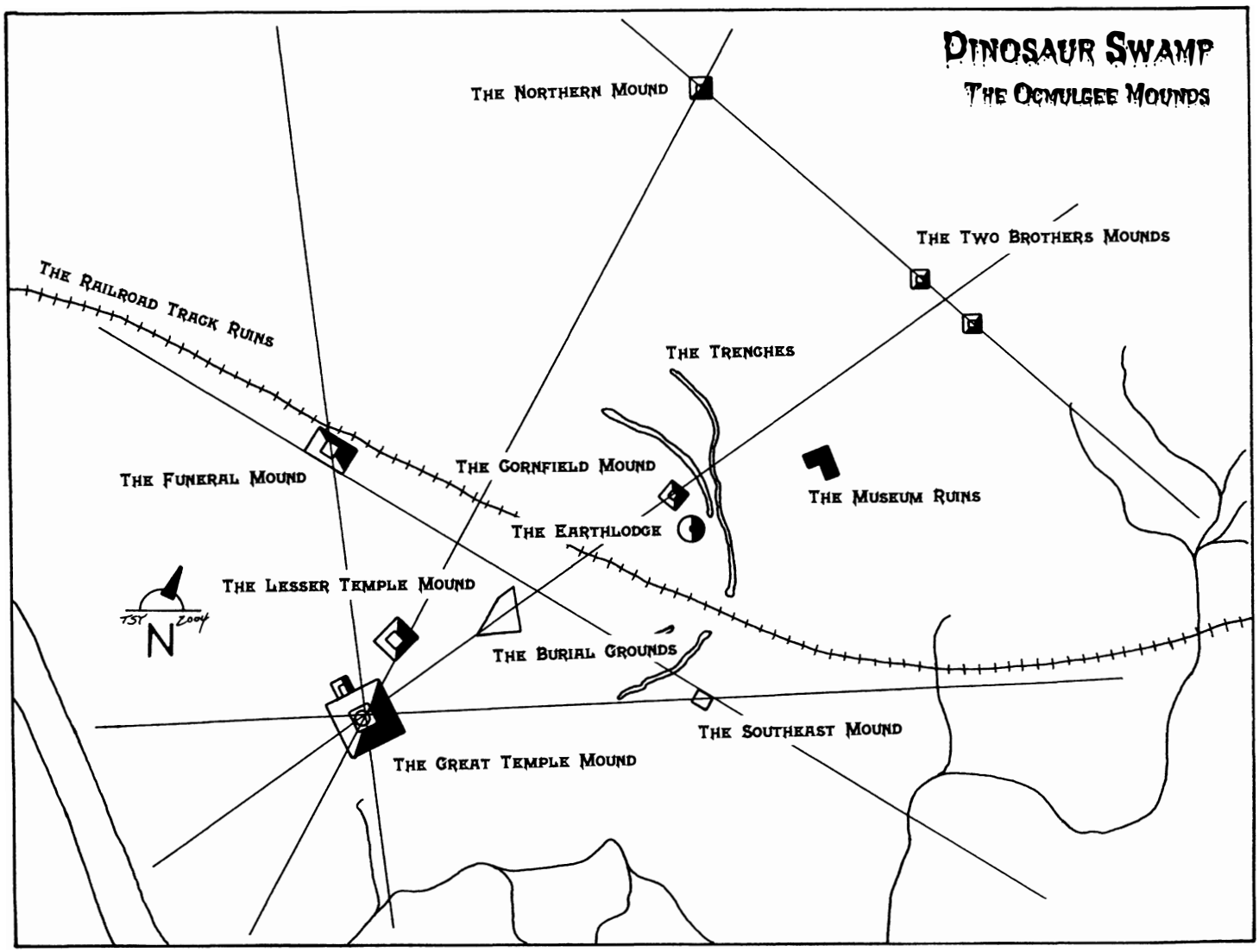
The Funeral Mound is a site dedicated to healing the sick and the injured. As power is drained from the mound, each of the individual skeletal apparitions fades away, being regenerated during the next cycle. It is an unearthly sight, but the healing of the mound is unequaled anywhere in Dinosaur Swamp. It can be especially useful to anyone suffering from the diseases and poisons that flourish in the region.

Note: There are absolutely no Entities, Undead, Banshees, Ghouls or hostile spirits or demons within the entire mound compound, the magical and benign nature of the complex keeping them at bay. Vampires and demonic forces cannot enter the mound complex unless they are Greater Demons, Demon Lords or Dark Gods, and even then these powerful beings are at half their usual strength. This is also true of Necromancers and Necromancy magic. Likewise, the dead can NOT be reached or made to communicate via any form of magical or psionic communion with the dead/spirits.

Special Properties of the Funeral Mound

Less powerful than the Great Temple Mound, the Funeral Mound has only two base powers available to practitioners of magic (Shamans and priests included). Perhaps if it had not been damaged over the centuries then it might have offered more powers. **Note:** In each case, the magic available can be performed *without* the Shaman or practitioner of magic actually knowing the equivalent spell invocation! He simply becomes attuned to the mound and channels its special properties/abilities. This is true for *all* of the Ocmulgee Mounds.

1. Healing: The Funeral Mound is extraordinarily powerful in speeding healing and recovery. Anyone who rests among the



spectral dead at the summit of the mound overnight will heal at three times the normal rate. It is an unsettling sight, but the spectral dead will actually infuse themselves with the injured on the mound as the healing process begins. However, most of the P.P.E. that would be gained by sleeping on the mound is used to increase the healing of the injured, resulting in P.P.E. recovering at only *half* of the normal rate.

2. Storage of Potential Psychic Energy: The Funeral Mound is charged with a reservoir of P.P.E. that is replenished on a 12-hour cycle running from noon to midnight. Any energy drained from the mound will not be replenished until the end of the current cycle has been completed. The range of available P.P.E. in any given cycle is 1D4x100. The spectral figures at the summit of the Funeral Mound are manifestations of the P.P.E., giving a rough gauge of how much P.P.E. is available in the reservoir.

Unique Powers of the Funeral Mound

These unique powers are not immediately evident, and must be learned through an uninterrupted 24 hours of meditation at the site. However, because of the unsettling nature of this particular mound, it requires a successful saving throw versus Horror Factor at 12 or higher for every 8 hours of meditation. Failure will indicate that the character has become unhinged by the ghostly specters and must begin the meditation process again. Once the meditation has been successfully completed, that character no longer requires a saving throw to approach and use the mound for the next 24 hours.

1. Directed Healing: The mound can be used to instantly heal minor physical wounds, restoring 1D8 Hit Points and 3D6 S.D.C. (or 1D6 M.D.C. for Mega-Damage beings). There is no scarring from healed wounds, burns don't hurt and feel soothed, while itching bites and rashes are gone for as long as the character remains on the mound.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 10 per individual recipient of a healing.

2. Purify Self: A practitioner of magic can use the mound to purify himself of damaging foreign substances, toxins, poison, drugs, alcohol, sun poisoning, or radiation sickness, and restores 2D6 Hit Points and 3D6 S.D.C. (or 1D4+1 M.D.C.) caused by the toxin/poison. The entire process takes 20 minutes.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 80 per individual purification.

3. Purify Other: Same as above only it is performed by the mage (or Shaman) on one or two people (by touch). The entire process takes 40 minutes.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 120 per individual or pair purified.

4. Restore Vitality: This powerful ability of the mound can be used to restore someone to full health and vitality, back from the very brink of death. Identical to the *Restoration spell*, this powerful magic is only available if the mound is sufficiently charged, and often takes most of the power stored in the mound. It can be cast with insufficient power, however the deficit must be made up fro from the spell caster's own personal reserve of P.P.E.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 300 per individual recipient.

5. Restore Life: The Funeral Mound has the power to restore life to the recently deceased (dead for no more than 96 hours). This is not a simple return to life, but a full Resurrection same as the spell. The mound does not have enough energy itself, so the spell caster must provide the rest of the P.P.E. drawn from himself and/or other sources (volunteers, a blood sacrifice, etc.). Performing this feat, however, has a price. The mage or Shaman drawing, orchestrating and directing the magic must permanently forfeit 10 points of his own, personal P.P.E. A sacrifice that adds a dim specter in their *own image* and that of the resurrected, to those at rest in the mound. Success Factor is 100%!

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 600, plus 10 permanently drawn from the spell caster's base, per individual recipient.

The Cornfield Mound

Mystifying to pre-Rifts scholars, the Cornfield Mound was apparently at one time cultivated. There was evidence of some sort of structure built on top, but it was clear that it also served as a field. This was unusual, because the original builders of the mound village kept their agricultural fields near the river. To have a cultivated field this far from water, and to have a structure built on top of it, was quite a puzzle.

Currently, the mound is only six feet (1.8 m) high and 200 feet (61 m) long, but was originally higher and larger than those dimensions. The Cornfield Mound serves to mark a ley line, but not a nexus point, which runs through the Burial Grounds and intersects three other lines at the Great Temple Mound. Because of this, it is one of the weaker places of power in the mound village, but it is still quite impressive and unique.

Like the Funeral Mound, the summit of the Cornfield Mound is home to a luminescent, translucent field of spectral corn stalks that crackle with magical energy. These corn stalks made of magical energy are only partially tangible, and anyone passing through them will feel them brush across their body and rustle like real stalks of corn, but the plants and their ears of corn cannot be physically touched or damaged. Contact with them also gives off a slight tingling sensation, but is otherwise harmless. Just like the spectral dead, the spectral corn stalks act as a relative measure of power stored in the mound, and will wink out of existence as the power is used. They will similarly regenerate as the P.P.E. is restored to the mound with the passing of each 12 hour cycle (noon and midnight).

Special Properties of the Cornfield Mound

The Cornfield Mound does not have any healing properties associated with it. Given that it only marks a ley line, it is only a small P.P.E. reservoir with several unique powers. **Note:** In each case, the magic available can be performed *without* the Shaman or practitioner of magic actually knowing the equivalent spell invocation! He simply becomes attuned to the mound and channels its special properties/abilities. This is true for *all* of the Ocmulgee Mounds.

1. Storage of Potential Psychic Energy: The Cornfield Mound is charged with a reservoir of P.P.E. that is replenished on a 12-hour cycle running from noon to midnight. Any energy drained will not be replenished until the end of the current cycle has been completed. The range of available P.P.E. in a cycle is

only 5D6x10. The spectral cornfield on the top of the mound is a manifestation of the P.P.E., giving a rough gauge of how much is available in the reservoir.

Unique Powers of the Cornfield Mound

As with all the Ocmulgee Mounds, its unique powers are not immediately evident, and must be learned through meditation at the site. Any practitioner of magic can draw upon these powers, however they must first meditate for 24 hours at the mound to become aware of how to draw upon them.

1. Nourishing Water: The ability to magically create one gallon (3.78 liters) of purified water per level of experience of the Shaman or mage drawing on the magic. This water is sparkling clean, pure and delicious. It may appear as a shimmering pool of water that floats down on moonbeams to fill a container (large bowl, basin, pot, bucket, barrel, etc.) or as a mist that appears during the day and gently falls, like rain, into the container. Moreover, this Nourishing Water can be added to unclean/bad/foul water and completely purify it. Simply add one eight ounce cup (0.23 liters) to a gallon of bad water to transform it into purified and fresh drinking water! If an eight ounce cup of undiluted Nourishing Water is drunken, it is the equivalent of half the drinker's daily requirement of water.P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 20 per use of the power. P.P.E. may be drawn from the mound or from the mage's own reserve.

2. Purification of Food and Water: With a simple five minute meditation ending a the wave of the hands, five gallons (18.92 liters) of water or drink or 35 pounds (15.7 kg) of solid food is purified and made suitable for drinking or eating.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 12 per use of the power.

3. Sustain: The channeler of the mound's energy can magically provide himself or one individual with the equivalent of one full meal and necessary water to hold him for 8 hours.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) 10 per individual sustained by magic.

The Lesser Temple Mound

Only slightly smaller than the Funeral Mound, much of it destroyed by construction of the nearby railroad in the 19th century, this mound is rather lopsided. The Lesser Temple Mound was most likely the site of lesser religious functions. Located a short distance to the northwest of the Great Temple Mound, the Lesser Temple Mound, like many of the other mounds, had a small wooden structure built atop the peak. What exactly it was used for before the Great Cataclysm is unknown. Today, it is an active P.P.E. battery with a couple special properties. Its northeast corner marks a ley line that intersects with the Great Temple Mound, but seems to either have been of little importance, or it has suffered so much damage throughout the centuries that it has lost its more significant powers.

At peak surges of the ley lines, the top of the mound shows a faint, flickering hut with a thatch roof, similar to the four atop the Great Temple Mound. This hut looks to be in serious disrepair, and is only visible at night, as it is too faint to be seen in the light of day. If some way were to be found to properly reconstruct the mound, its true purpose and powers might be revealed. As it is now, it is only a weak reservoir of magic energy and a humble landmark.

Special Properties of the Lesser Temple Mound

Because it is in such a state of disrepair, the Lesser Temple Mound offers minimal power and magic.

1. Slow Aging Process: Unique among the mounds, sleeping atop the Lesser Temple Mound has the effect of slowing the aging process similar to that of stone pyramids. Anyone who sleeps atop it for 365 days will add one year to their life span, and will retard the effects of aging on the body. This power is largely unknown, as no one has actually lived atop the mound (at least, not that anyone knows of). Similarly, food stored on the mound keeps fresh for up to four weeks.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) Negligible; a side effect of the ambient magic that cannot be summoned or commanded.

2. Storage of Potential Psychic Energy: The Lesser Temple Mound is charged with a reservoir of P.P.E. that is replenished on a 24-hour cycle. Any energy drained will not be replenished until the end of the current cycle has been completed. The range of available P.P.E. in a cycle is a meager 2D6x10.

The Lesser Temple Mound – *Reconstructed*

In its current state, it has no (known) powers other than the two listed above, but they do provide a clue to the *potential* of the mound should it be *reconstructed.*

Attempting to reconstruct the Lesser Temple Mound would be a daunting task, with little known about the specific construction requirements and enchantment necessary. (All of which are believed to be forgotten, and the only hope is that a Shaman may hold its secrets or that the spirits reveal them to a "chosen one.") Rebuilding these ancient places of magic is more complicated than piling up a bunch of dirt, but if it could be done, it would be worth it. Not even experts in stone and magical constructs, such as the Stone Masters of Atlantis, can rebuild these mounds without instruction from the Great Native American Spirits.

The Lesser Temple Mound – *Reconstructed:* Should a way be found to rebuild the Lesser Temple Mound and recover the powers inherent to the structure, it would be of immense importance. While the other mounds possess magic that can influence crops and heal injury, the Lesser Temple Mound is associated with *aging* and *time*. The original builders clearly had a unique understanding of the cycle of life and must have also had a rudimentary understanding of the mechanics of time. The hut atop the so-called Lesser Mound is currently adrift in space-time, never fully manifesting itself because the mound is not strong enough to support its existence. If the mound were *reconstructed*, the hut would stabilize, and appear in our reality to enable the full powers of the mound to be accessed. The solitary hut atop the Lesser Temple Mound is a Rift through time very similar to the Time Holes of the KLS Corporation site in the Florida peninsula. Perhaps there was a reason that this mound was destroyed, and perhaps it was deliberate. Could someone in Earth's past have destroyed it so its magic could not be used? Or

was it truly just the coincidental victim of the expanding railroad?

Special Properties of the Lesser Temple (Time) Mound (*if Reconstructed)*

This so-called Lesser Temple Mound was once a Great Temple Mound and is a powerful force. Some might argue that it is even more important and dangerous than the *Great Temple Mound*, for it is a powerful nexus for *Temporal Magic*. Although others like it may have once existed, long ago, it may be the only site of its kind left on Rifts Earth.

1. Slow Aging Process: At its full power, sleeping atop the Time Temple Mound has a very pronounced effect of slowing the aging process. Anyone who sleeps atop it for 365 days will add three years to their life span and their body will look and feel youthful compared to others of their age.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) Negligible.

2. Stasis Sleep: Any Shaman or practitioner of magic who understands the function of the Time Mound can utilize its power to put himself into a state of suspended animation. While in this state, the character only ages one week for every ten years that passes. A character in stasis sleep shifts out of phase with normal time within 96 hours after stasis begins, becoming an apparition, looking very much like the ones atop the Funeral Mound! While in the stasis sleep, the character is immune to normal attacks, weather, and has no need of food or water. Only magic or psionics that can affect a character *out of phase with time* can injure a character in stasis. (Normal Telepathy, psionics and magic don't have any effect. They may indicate/sense some sort of a presence, but that's about it.) However, such a time penetrating attack will instantly awaken the slumbering character. Once awakened, he can move and try to flee (at half speed) or prepare a spell or action, but it takes 1D4 melee rounds (15-60 seconds) for his body to phase back into sync with normal time and become a solid being in the physical world.

P.P.E. Cost: (Drawn from the mound's reserves) Negligible.

3. Storage of Potential Psychic Energy: The Lesser Temple (Time) Mound is charged with a reservoir of P.P.E. that is replenished on an 8-hour cycle. Any energy drained will not be replenished until the end of the current cycle has been completed. The range of available P.P.E. in a cycle is a massive 1D6x100+200, almost as powerful as the Greater Temple Mound.

Unique Powers of the Lesser Temple (Time) Mound (*Reconstructed)*

The following unique powers would only become available *if* the Lesser Temple Mound were reconstructed, and would be accessible only by Shaman trained in the use of its powers and practitioners of magic (and beings) familiar with Temporal Magic. Any, other than the Shaman, must first become attuned to the powerful mound via meditation at the mound for 48 hours. These powers are not like any of the other mounds, and not all students of Temporal Magic can fully understand them. After 48 hours of meditation, the character must roll on the following table to determine exactly which powers are understood and available to him, and which are beyond his capabilities. Any bonuses to skills gained from an exceptional I.Q. attribute can be added to the roll, as can any bonuses from an exceptional M.E. attribute. Simply add any bonus from the M.E. attribute to the roll just as you would the I.Q. bonus.

01-15% The character understands only one of the unique powers. Roll 1D6 to determine which one (obviously #7 is not available).

16-45% The character understands two of the unique powers. Roll 1D6 twice to determine which ones (obviously #7 is not available). Roll again if a power is duplicated.

46-75% The character understands three of the unique powers. The player may choose which three the character knows, except for #7.

76-85% The character understands four of the unique powers. The player may choose which four the character knows, including #7.

86-95% The character understands five of the unique powers. The player may choose which five the character knows, including #7.

96-00% The character has gained the knowledge of *all* unique powers.

Note: See **Rifts® England** or the **Rifts® Book of Magic** for descriptions of Temporal Magic spells.

1. Preservation: This power is identical to the Temporal spell *Time Capsule*, except that there is no limit on the duration of the spell. Any time capsule created at the Time Mound will effectively last forever until it comes to a violent end or is opened.

P.P.E. Cost: 40 P.P.E. per individual time capsule created, but may be drawn from the mound's reserves.

2. Magical Bags: Identical to the Temporal Magic spell *Dimensional Pockets*, the Time Mound has the power to create long-term magical bags. These bags have a duration of one year per level of experience of the spell caster. The bags are immune to all damage from physical and energy attacks, effectively becoming indestructible, but are still vulnerable to magic. These bags would be highly prized items, fetching a retail price of up to two million credits each.

P.P.E. Cost: 250 per bag created, but P.P.E. may be drawn from the mound's reserve.

3. Sleep of Ages: With this power, a character can place another living being into a state of suspended animation identical to the effects of the Suspended Animation/Stasis Field spell. While in this state, a character phases out of sync with normal time, very much like the Stasis Sleep power above. However, while in this state, only the caster of the spell can physically touch the suspended character, and safely hide them away for the intended duration, which has a maximum of 15 years per level of experience of the spell caster.

P.P.E. Cost: 100 per individual placed in stasis, but P.P.E. may be drawn from the mound's reserve.

4. Viewings: Through this power of the mound, a character can cast magic similar to the Temporal Magic spell *Remote Viewing*. However, the distance is increased to 100 miles (160 km) per level of experience of the caster, and the duration is for 5 minutes per level of experience. The images form themselves in the doorway to the spectral hut, creating a "magic mirror" effect that the caster looks through onto the desired location.

P.P.E. Cost: 100 per viewing, but P.P.E. may be drawn from the mound's reserve.



5. Temporal Flux: With this power, a practitioner of magic can draw upon a version of the spell *Ley Line Time Flux*. The spell caster can speed up or slow down time in the immediate vicinity, or they can leap forward *or* backward through time without requiring the use of a Chrono-Rift. While the normal version of the spell only allows time jumps into the future, the Time Mound allows time jumps back into the past as well as the future. These jumps are not leaps in space, only time, so characters will still appear on the Time Mound, only at a different time. Characters can leap either forward or backwards in time equal to 24 hours per level of experience of the spell caster. Characters can slow down or speed up time for a duration of 10 minutes per level of experience.

P.P.E. Cost: 150, but P.P.E. may be drawn from the mound's reserve.

6. Stitch in Time: A reconstructed Time Mound also has the ability to perform a *Time Hole* spell, although for a longer sustained time than the spell allows. While sequestered away, time passes normally for the spell caster, but outside, time moves at an incredibly slow rate. For every 24 hours inside the Time Hole, only one hour passes in the outside world of the regular time stream. The spell caster can stay inside the Time Hole for 36 hours per level of experience, but such time is also dependent on the amount of provisions that he may have brought with him.

P.P.E. Cost: 300, but P.P.E. may be drawn from the mound's reserve.

7. Open a Chrono-Rift: Shaman who know the mound's secrets and Practitioners of Magic familiar with Rifting and/or Temporal Magic can use a reconstructed Time Mound to open a Rift through time. The magical effect manifests itself as a small, spectral hut that appears on the top of the mound. To time travel, the Shaman or mage simply walks through the open door of the hut. If he desires a specific time, he will reappear in that *time period*, but cannot appear at an exact moment in time (e.g., the exact moment President Kennedy was shot or the exact moment of the Coming of the Rifts). Roll percentile dice to randomly determine roughly when the individual arrives: **01-50%** Arrives within 1D6 weeks *before* a specific moment in time, or **51-00%** 1D6 weeks *after* the specific moment in time he desires.

If no specific time period is in the mind of the character creating the Chrono-Rift, then he (and those accompanying him) is Rifted to a random point in time.

01-25% Appears 1D100 (roll percentile dice) years in the future.

26-50% Appears 1D100 (roll percentile dice) years in the past.

51-75% Appears sometime during the first few years of the Great Cataclysm (see **Rifts® Chaos Earth** for ideas).

76-00% Appears during the age of dinosaurs (any period, G.M. pick one and be inventive. Remember that human beings did not exist in any of the dinosaur periods of history).

Note: If more than one character enters the Time Hut within six seconds after the time portal is opened, they are all transported to the same time and place as the character who opened the Time Rift. The Time Rift closes after that and the hut disappears.

Unlike the Greater Temple Mound, the Lesser Temple Mound *does* protect against the opening of random Chrono-Rifts during ley line surges like at the Equinoxes, Solstices, and eclipses (it does NOT happen). This is a clear indication of the incredible mystical checks and balances installed in this amazing mound.

In fact, another crucial check and balance is that the time traveling character(s) are prevented from radically changing the past or future. If the time traveler(s) appear at a "key moment in time" in which their actions could change the past or the future, the time traveler(s) become ethereal and can only observe that moment in time. They becomes solid only when that crucial moment and incident has passed. Likewise, the character(s) turns ethereal the moment they try to seriously harm (something more than a slap or a punch) or kill somebody (any intelligent being) or do anything that could change events in that time period (including saving a life, having sex with someone outside his own time, etc.).

Trying to change the past or the future or trying to attack/harm an intelligent being in another time triggers the ethereal response, but also activates an automatic return mechanism that causes the time traveler to *vanish* within 2D4 melee rounds (30 to 120 seconds) and reappear to the time from which he originated (within 1D6x10 minutes of his original departure time). Furthermore, if a group of characters crossed the time barrier simultaneously, the actions of one will cause the same result for *ALL* (i.e., turning into phantoms and returning to their normal time period). If care and caution are used, however, an individual or group can spend days or weeks (2D4 days per level of the character who opened the temporal Rift) in a different time period.

While ethereal, the character appears as a ghostly apparition (Horror Factor 15, causing those who see him to flee), his words cannot be heard, and he cannot touch or influence the physical world. Psionic powers work at half their normal level, range, duration and damage, and so does magic, but only at 10% of its normal level of power and costs triple the usual P.P.E. (triple the I.S.P. for psionics too).

The above notwithstanding, a character must still be careful and although he is restricted from killing, the character, himself, can die in a different time period. Death may occur from illness, accident or murder. Those who perish in a time not their own, again, turn ethereal and then vanish within two melee rounds.

Characters who return from a different time period are magically purged of disease/microbes and contaminants as to not adversely impact their own time period. They can bring back only what they can carry (no more than 100 lbs/45 kg per person), including plant and animal specimens. One or more small animals (no larger than a German Shepard Dog; about 60 lbs/27 kg) can be brought back, but count toward what the character can bring back with him.

Note: The characters always reappear on the mound from which they departed. Likewise, the time travelers appear in the different time period at the same location as the mound. The only exceptions are Shamans and characters familiar with Temporal Magic. They can appear at any major ley line nexus, another time hole/portal (natural or man-made) or a magical stone pyramid (usually built upon a ley line nexus).

Remember: Time travel is only possible if the Lesser (Time) Mound is correctly rebuilt, and NOBODY has figured out how to do that for hundreds of years! However, if it was rebuilt or if another or similar Time Mound (or similar construct) were to be discovered, this is how it (they) would work. **G.M. Note:** Feel free to use the above magical effects, conditions and restrictions in other time travel using Rifts, locations and magical devices that *might* be introduced in your game.

P.P.E. Cost: 500 points must be spent by the Shaman or character opening the Time Rift, the rest of the P.P.E. required (another 500 points) is drawn from the mound's P.P.E. reserve.

The Southeast Mound

Directly to the east of the Great Temple Mound, the Southeast Mound stands as a marker for a small nexus point and for a ley line that intersects at the *Great Temple Mound*. Extremely small compared to the rest of the mounds, the Southeast Mound is little more than a dome barely three feet (0.91 m) high at its apex. In fact, unless one knows what they are looking for, it is easily dismissed as a natural part of the landscape. The mound has no powers, and aside from marking a nexus and ley line, it is mostly insignificant. It was probably used as a survey marker for the larger Temple Mounds and the Funeral Mound to the west. This hypothesis is reinforced by the fact that it has no significant powers, and shows no sign of use as a ritual site unlike many of the other mounds.

The Northern Mound

Similar in size and construction to the Southeast Mound, the Northern Mound, sometimes known as the McDougal Mound, is obviously a survey marker. It displays no known properties of the other mounds, but it does mark a small nexus and a ley line that intersects with the Great Temple Mound. However, it doesn't mark just any ley line, it marks the one that proceeds along an exact orientation with Magnetic North, hence the name Northern Mound. It apparently had little religious significance, but consequently, does have a few related powers.

Special Properties of the Northern Mound

The Northern Mound serves as a minor P.P.E. battery and little more, although it does have a singular unique ability.

1. Storage of Potential Psychic Energy: The Northern Mound is charged with a reservoir of P.P.E. that is replenished on a 12-hour cycle. Any energy drained will not be replenished until the current cycle has been completed. The range of available P.P.E. in any given cycle is a modest 3D6x10.

Unique Power of the Northern Mound

As with all of the other mounds in the complex, the unique power of the Northern Mound is not immediately evident and must be learned through meditation at the site. Any practitioner of magic can draw upon the mound's power after six hours of continuous meditation at the mound itself. After the six hours of meditation, the individual will become *aware* of how to draw upon it.

1. Direction Sense: By drawing on this mound's power, the character can enchant himself or another individual with an innate sense of direction. With it, the character has an instinctive ability to locate true north at all times, even if blindfolded, and has the equivalent of the *Land Navigation* skill at 74% proficiency, or is granted a bonus of +15% if the character already has the skill. This power lasts for 24 hours per level of experience of the spell caster who draws upon the Northern Mound.

P.P.E. Cost: 10, typically drawn from the mound's reserve or the ambient P.P.E. of the ley lines.

The Two Brothers Mounds

Far northeast of the Great Temple Mound are two small mounds known as the Two Brothers. Originally, there was thought to be only one mound, named the Dunlap Mound. Excavation in the 21st century, however, uncovered two remarkable finds: a burial in the foundation of the original Dunlap Mound, and a second mound, complete with an identical burial in its base. The mounds were then named the Two Brothers by archaeologists who had unanimously agreed upon the unusual name during the final days of the dig.

Nearly identical in size and shape to the Northern Mound, the Two Brothers mark a ley line that runs east-west through the Northern Mound, but neither of them marks the intersection of ley lines. However, a ley line does run an equal distance between them to intersect with the Great Temple Mound. These were clearly not constructed as survey mounds for the mound village at large, and it seems unlikely they were used in construction of the Northern Mound, making their use as funeral markers unique among the culture known to have built them. Adding to the mystery, they are far removed from the rest of the mounds, and the other known burials at the site, almost as if



they were *in exile*. They continue to remain a mystery to this day, as no amount of meditation has ever revealed any magical functions, aside from marking a ley line.

However, despite the inability to discover any secrets about the mounds, there are a few items that deserve mentioning. Anyone who sleeps or meditates atop either of the Two Brothers will receive a powerful vision of two native youths locked in unarmed combat, moving to the rhythm of the following poem:

Two Brothers, of honor and courage.
Two Brothers, of promise and hope.
Two Brothers, with strength of body.
Two Brothers, with holes in their hearts.
Two Brothers, who fell into darkness.
Two Brothers, who brought us to ruin.
Two Brothers, we banish from sight.

While experiencing the vision, characters must make a saving throw versus insanity at a 12 or higher. A failed roll means the character suffers from 1D4 days of intense melancholy and suffers the following penalties: -10% on all skills, -1 on Perception Rolls, -1 to roll with impact or to make saving throws, and will come away with a feeling of betrayal, separation, and loss. After suffering through this experience, those once affected vividly remember the experience, and will be forever wary about going close to the Two Brothers Mounds again.

The Burial Grounds

Located near the center of a small triangle formed by the Great Temple Mound, the Funeral Mound and the Southeast Mound are the Burial Grounds. These burial grounds are not part of the original mound builders' design, but from a later group of Native Americans, the *Creek Indians* who came to inhabit the site. It is interesting to note that while the Creek did not contribute to the mound structures, and displayed no knowledge of the significance of the mound placement, they did arrange their burial grounds at the center of this ley line pyramid, and in near perfect orientation with Magnetic North. The grounds are typically quiet, however, with all of the magical energies concentrated in the mound village, and who knows how many supernatural occurrences have resulted from the burial grounds becoming active.

The Burial Grounds have no known significant impact on the mound village as a whole, and possess no special powers or phenomena of their own. Whether this is because they are not part of the overall power of the site, or simply dominated by the significance of the mound village, is not exactly clear. The boundary of the burial grounds is marked by a cold layer of fog that does not shift with the wind, nor does it burn off during the day.

The modern day Creek Indians of Dinosaur Swamp know of this site, but are fearful of the powerful magic present at the Ocmulgee Complex. They regard it as a place of evil, and caution their children against exploring near it.

The Earthlodge

Adjacent to the Cornfield Mound is a *reconstruction* of the original Earthlodge. Unlike the Lesser Temple Mound, which was in a state of disrepair, the Earthlodge was complete and whole during the Cataclysm, and has been imbued with mystical energy. The curious factor is that unlike every other original mound structure in the village, the Earthlodge does not mark a nexus, or even a ley line. It does fall in line with both the Southeast Mound and the Northern Mound, and may have marked a ley line in the distant past, but for whatever reason, that ley line has *not* erupted. Perhaps it has something to do with it being a 20th century restoration (or perhaps not). Whatever the reason, the Earthlodge does have some small unique powers of its own, and is sometimes used as shelter for anyone wishing to remain at the mound village for any length of time.

Rising 30 feet (9.14 m) into the air, and 100 feet (30.48 m) in diameter, the mound is constructed around a square, four-post frame with a thatched roof that comes to a point in the center, giving the mound a conical shape. This sets it apart from the rest of the mounds in the village, which are all domed or step-pyramid in shape. The doorway is framed by four large timbers rough hewn from logs, and is aligned with the sun as to allow the light of the winter solstice to flood the inside of the structure. Inside, a raised platform, shaped like a stylized predatory bird, is set directly across from the narrow entrance. This platform has three seats carved into it, and the circular wall of the mound has 47 seats carved into it, each setting slightly higher than the next, most probably indicating importance. In the center of the room is a broad fire pit, with a chimney in the roof that acts as an exhaust for the smoke. While the Earthlodge does not possess any of the powers typical of the other mounds, it does possess a few unique to itself.

Unique Powers of the Earthlodge

As with all of the other mounds, the unique powers of the Earthlodge are not immediately evident, and must be learned through meditation at the site. Any practitioner of magic can draw upon these powers, but they must first meditate for 12 hours at the mound or lodge to become aware of how to draw upon them.

1. Flame of Comfort: The fire pit can be activated with an infusion of P.P.E., and will burn without the need for wood, or other combustible materials. This flame will burn cleanly, and provides warmth for the entire lodge. Anyone who sleeps in the warmth of the flame will benefit from increased healing (twice the rate of normal healing). The flame does not actually provide any healing, but rather speeds up the body's natural healing process. Those who sleep in the warm embrace of the Flame of Comfort will awaken feeling refreshed, but hungry and ready for a hearty breakfast.

P.P.E. Cost: 5, per three hours of flame/warmth.

2. Timber: By drawing on this power of the Earthlodge, any practitioner of magic can cast the Elemental spell *Create Wood*. This wood can be used for burning in the fire pit, building, or whatever the spell caster may have need of for the wood. This is a highly efficient way of acquiring wood without going to all of the trouble of cutting timber.

P.P.E. Cost: 10 (softwood) or 20 (hardwood) per 100 lbs (45 kg).

3. Reinforce Timber: This power allows the spell caster to transform regular S.D.C. wood into a Mega-Damage material, identical to the 8th level Earth Elemental Warlock spell *Iron-wood*. The wood must first be placed in the unlit fire pit, and then the spell cast to transform it into M.D.C. material.

P.P.E. Cost: 50, minimum. (See the spell description in the **Rifts® Book of Magic** for more details.)

The Trenches

Running north-south, and in a semi-circle around the Cornfield Mound and the Earthlodge, are two deep trenches. They have wide, gently sloping sides, and flat bottoms. They are of little apparent value, not marking any ley lines, nexus points, or having any religious significance. They were most likely used to supply the fill dirt needed to construct the mounds, and may have had some nominal defensive value. However, should anyone attempt to rebuild the Lesser Temple Mound, they would most assuredly need to obtain the necessary fill from these trenches, otherwise, the effort will be in vain. When the Earthlodge was restored in the 20th century, in an effort to maintain historical accuracy, they dug fill dirt from the original trenches, taking care not to disturb any new finds. Because of this, the site maintained some of its spiritual integrity, and has since held enchantment due to the Coming of the Rifts. Any composition of dirt used to recreate the Lesser Temple Mound must be at least 90% fill from the original trenches or otherwise no powers will be available.



More on the City of Char

Like many wilderness communities, Char is as much a trading post and supply depot as it is a city. The community that exists grew up around the trading post, and that means the city is the watering hole for every trapper, huntsman, merc, pirate, adventurer, fortune hunter, explorer, wanderer and visitor in a three hundred mile (480 km) radius.

No one knows exactly how many people come through the Heart of Char on any given day, but depending on the season, the weather and local rumors, that number may vary from a few dozen to several hundred a day! Most of these characters seldom stay long, but always make things interesting. Some visitors come and go the same day, however most stay for 1D8+1 days to rest, enjoy home cooked meals, entertainment (gambling, drinking, dancing, movies, etc.) and the comforts and pleasures of civilization (or at least what passes for it in Char). Many adventurers visiting from outside the region use Char as their base camp, a place from which to launch expeditions into the wilds and return to for rest, medical attention, supplies and selling or trading goods. All in all, Char is a pretty loud and happening place always buzzing with activity, opportunity and trouble.

Imagine the frontier boom towns of the old American Wild West, only with D-Bees, dinosaurs, magic and high-technology, and you have a pretty good image of Char.

Notable Personalities

Char is home to a diverse population of humans, D-Bees and other residents. These are tough, gritty, self-reliant people who are able to squeeze out a life in the filthy, squalid, concrete jungle of Char and the hostile, threatening environment around them. Most are honest, always interesting, and usually eager to see a new face or to cut a good deal. They are the frontier merchants and shopkeepers of the many establishments in the Heart of Char.

Despite the fact that there are no formal laws, lawmen or a formal governing council in Char, there are several important people and groups who influence the goings-on in the city. Among this elite group of power brokers are the most successful merchants.

The following are other notable individuals and groups who exercise influence in the community.

Roma Coqu – Quickstats

The 24 hour merchant plaza known as *Roma's* is arguably "the" hot spot in the center of Char. It is a massive, open-air market offering a wide range of goods, services and entertainment. It run by a giant who calls herself *Roma Coqu,* a no nonsense businesswoman known to everyone in town. She runs a tight ship, is full of mystery, and has been a stable member of the community for as long as anyone alive can remember. Everyone in town trusts Roma and would never question her word or her judgement.

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 15, M.A. 9, P.S. 26, P.P. 14, P.E. 24, P.B. 5, Spd 19. **Note:** Strength and endurance are considered Supernatural.

Disposition: She can be overbearing and loud when necessary, like when dealing with rowdy frontiersmen, barbarians and Swamp Stompers. Roma has short shrift for mischief in her establishment and while she has no problem with revelry and loud fun, she won't put up with brawling, threats, or violence. Otherwise, she is quiet, overseeing her staff with the skill and precision of a military commander.

Description: A large, imposing, green-eyed Cyclops woman with a flat, broad nose and a large, broad mouth filled with wide, flat, horse-like teeth, and a single eye. A true giant, she stands 13 feet (3.96 m) tall (a bit short for her race) and makes a startling visage for newcomers not prepared for such a sight. Her skin has a rough, sandpaper texture, and is grayish in color, with milky blotches on her arms and legs. She wears a stained cloth apron and wields a large, SteelTree spoon that she uses to direct employees with like a baton, and swats troublemakers with like a riding crop. **Note:** See **Rifts® Conversion Book One** for stats on the Cyclops and other giants and other races.

Experience Level: 8th level D-Bee Vagabond and self-made entrepreneur.

Skills of Note: Cooking 98%, Brewing 98%, Basic Math 96%, Wrestling, Hand to Hand: Expert and W.P. Blunt.

Weapons and Equipment: Rarely seen with a weapon, Roma does carry a SteelTree stirring spoon that doubles quite well as a club, inflicting 1D4 M.D. (+P.S. damage) with a full strength swing from Roma (6D6+6 S.D.C. on a successful *pulled punch*). She rarely uses her full strength however, as a good swat from her is often enough to put a stop to most trouble in her place. She wears the same kind of an amulet of protection (force field) as the Blind Warrior Women who serve as one of the Minions of Splugorth and is rumored to own a collection of magic items, enchanted weapons and magical armor.

Rumors and Local Status: One rumor about Roma is that she is a runaway slave from Atlantis (not likely since Horune Pirates and Splugorth Slavers visit Char and Roma's market plaza). Another is that she is a D-Bee accidentally swept up by mystic energy, transported to Rifts Earth and marooned here. If true, she is happy with her life in Dinosaur Swamp and, unlike some displaced D-Bees, never talks about finding a way home. Another popular rumor is that Roma is a dimensional traveler (some even say she's a retired member of the mysterious Megaversal Legion) who came from Atlantis to the swamp lands on a safari to hunt dinosaurs and decided to settle in Char. She never admits or denies any of these rumors and enjoys the air of mystery around her.

Roma is one of Char's founding members and the community's richest resident (half her money kept in Atlantis). She is highly regarded and trusted by all, and has a reputation

for being honest and spirited. Those who have seen her angry know that she is not one to trifle with.

Lukias – Quickstats

A master of miniaturization and cybernetics, Lukias is one of the most honest and trustworthy merchants in Char. A unique reputation for a *Cyber-Doc*, and a D-Bee at that. He takes great pride in his work, but like most everyone else in town, he tends to be a bit mercenary and looks out for number one – himself.

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 20, M.A. 11, P.S. 18, P.P. 15, P.E. 14, P.B. 5, Spd 11.

Disposition: Lukias is a very, very determined and patient individual. He is precise, meticulous, and punctual. He was hardened by his time as a slave in Atlantis, and by his journey after his escape. Living in Char has further tempered his disposition, which can make him cold and ruthless, especially when provoked.

Description: Typical for a Dwarf, short and stocky, but he has unusually thin and delicate fingers. What was a common birth defect among his clan was actually a benefit for him, assisting him in his work as a jeweler and now as a cybernetics specialist. He also has some minor implants of his own, including two multi-optics eyes with diamond lens irises.

Experience Level: 6th level Dwarven Cyber-Doc.

Skills of Note: M.D. in Cybernetics 70%/90%, Gemology 65%, and W.P. Blunt.

Rumors & Local Status: Lukias makes no bones about having been a slave from Atlantis, yet no Slavers have ever tried to reclaim him. This has made some folks wonder if the story is true and rumor suggests that Lukias Qyn is not his true identity at all.

Lukias is a feisty individual and an excellent haggler. He is a consummate professional who takes great pride in his reputation and business. He is a trusted and respected member of the community who frequently acts as a judge to arbitrate disputes. Lukias loves being asked to be a judge and arbitrator and always tries to find the truth and be fair.

Earl Pierce – Quickstats

The "face-man" for *Pieces and Parts Cybernetics*, Earl is a real people person. He handles all of the business transactions, customer relations, and has one-on-one contact with everyone who walks through the front door.

Alignment: Anarchist.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 15, M.A. 21, P.S. 11, P.P. 13, P.E. 8, P.B. 13, Spd 21.

Disposition: Earl is an opportunist with the friendly and approachable disposition of a confidence man. He can find a common interest with most people in a matter of seconds and get them to open up and relax in a few minutes of conversation. Bold, resourceful and quick thinking, this cocky fellow feels equally at home in his office, the storefront, in a tavern or walking down the darker streets of Char. Although he believes he can sweet talk anything out of anybody, he butts heads with his brother on an almost daily basis.

Description: Tall and thin with abnormally white skin, almost specter-like. Earl has bright blue eyes, a sparkling smile, and an easy way about him that makes the man seem harmless, friendly, and approachable. His pale complexion is the only feature that distinguishes him from his otherwise identical twin brother.

Experience Level: 5th level Con-Artist.

Skills of Note: Basic Math 80%, Cardsharp 52%, Computer Operation 70%, Computer Programming 60%, Cybernetics Basic 55%, Seduction 41%, Streetwise 45%, Find Contraband 56%, and W.P. Energy Pistol.

Rumors & Local Status: Everybody likes him, but nobody trusts him. Earl and his brother have reasonably good reputations for quality work, parts, and used cybernetics, but they are not the most popular people in town. Earl's smooth, easy-going manner and friendly disposition makes him a natural salesman. It also means he usually has his ear to the ground and knows *all* the latest gossip, rumors, news and goings-on in town and the surrounding area. That may include dirty little secrets that he'll use to leverage a better deal for himself, especially dealing with outsiders and newcomers.

Rumors (the Pierces claim they're started by their envious competitors) suggest they have strong ties to the Black Market and deal with Horune Pirates, Cyber-Snatchers and other lowlifes, as well as buy cybernetic goods with no questions asked. Everyone in town knows that Earl is something of a con-man who handles public relations, sales, haggling and marketing, while his brother, Harley, is the real brains behind the operation. It is also widely known that the Pierces are locked in a business feud with the Dwarf, Lukias. According to rumor, the brothers sometimes hire City Rats, visiting adventurers, and petty crooks to do little things to undermine Lukias, like try to steal his clients, hijack his shipments of parts and bionics, undercut his prices, spread lies and rumors about the Dwarf and the quality of his work, speak poorly of Lukias in public, and similar underhanded and petty things. However, they have never engaged in outright violence, threats or sabotage. They pull the same tactics on Skullbald and other competitors in the area of bionics, cybernetics and weapons.

Earl's connections with mercs, adventurers, and criminals combined with his knowledge of the latest news, gossip and secrets, gives him a certain amount of leverage in town, especially in getting good deals on scrap, parts, cybernetics and bionics. Likewise, whenever the brothers are accused of doing something underhanded, the accusations are usually ignored or dismissed. While all this works to their benefit, Earl and his surly brother are not well liked, respected or trusted in the community.

Harley Pierce – Quickstats

Brilliant, but withdrawn, Harley has always had trouble relating to other people, especially in recent years. He prefers to work on and with machines and finds people and their "games" annoying and aggravating. He's become increasingly resentful of his brother, who is a social butterfly who knows everyone and is a master at social gamesmanship. This has led to a certain level of belligerence toward his brother, Earl, and even a few of

their customers and fellow residents. Harley serves as the *work-horse* behind Pieces and Parts Cybernetics, doing almost all of the product implementation on patients. Without him, the business would struggle.

Alignment: Miscreant.

Attributes: I.Q. 20, M.E. 10, M.A. 9, P.S. 11, P.P. 13, P.E. 8, P.B. 13, Spd 21.

Disposition: Harley is intelligent, quiet, and brooding. Although he and his brother look nearly identical, they are as different as night and day. Harley dislikes people, and even finds his own brother to be annoying, arrogant and lazy. Harley dislikes small talk, pretense and putting on airs, preferring to build things and work with machines. He has a brilliant mind and a talent for mechanics, bionics in particular. The smarter of the two, Harley lacks the wit, charm and patience of his brother, and resents him for it. Consequently, he uses every opportunity to aggravate his younger brother (born 72 seconds after Harley) and put him in his place. Even though Harley wouldn't want to do the job Earl does (even if he could), he is starting to feel like he does all the work while Earl has all the fun. Meanwhile, Earl has begun to wonder if Harley isn't becoming a bit psychotic.

Indeed, Harley is increasingly prone to angry outbursts and he will lash out by smashing breakables, overturning tables, and threatening or pummeling anybody who makes him mad. He is smart enough to know his limits, even when angry, so Harley will *not* attack somebody he knows can best him in a fight. He may, however, bushwhack him later or arrange trouble to befall the poor soul by putting Cyber-Snatchers, thieves, rivals and enemies onto the individual or cheating him should he come to his business, Pieces & Parts Augmentation.

Description: Tall and thin with pale skin, but not as pale as his brother Earl, the only physical feature that distinguishes him from his twin brother. Harley has blue eyes that seem to burn with a fire from some dark place deep inside of him. Where Earl is always smiling and laughing, Harley is all scowls and grumbles.

Experience Level: 5th level Cyber-Doc.

Skills of Note: M.D. in Cybernetics & Bionics 75%/95%, Biology 75%, Basic Math 90%, and W.P. Knife.

Rumors and Local Status: Basically the same as his brother, Earl Pierce. People who don't really know Harley think his brother takes advantage of him. Those who know Harley are generally glad this surly, brooding and violent man keeps himself locked in his shop most of the time.

Skullbald – Quickstats

A new addition to Char, and a direct competitor to the Pierce brothers, Skullbald has high ambitions for himself. He hopes to set up a permanent shop on Trade Street and cut himself in on the lucrative business of selling Coalition "surplus" equipment and mechanical limbs (i.e., bionic arms and legs, and the weapons and accessories that go with them). Most people in Char are suspicious of him and his true motives, but since *everyone* has an agenda in the City of Char, that doesn't keep them from doing business with him.

Alignment: Aberrant.

Attributes: I.Q. 18, M.E. 12, M.A. 10, P.S. 18, P.P. 19, P.E. 11, P.B. 10, Spd 10.

Disposition: Skullbald tends to be gruff and wary with everyone he deals with. He comes off more like a grizzled merc sergeant than an educated cyber-physician. He has a rough voice, like he gargles gravel in the mornings, and a stern demeanor. He can swear like a trooper and seems most at ease with mercs and soldiers. His shop is neat, orderly and clean. Everything has its place and Skullbald knows exactly where that is. Bold, confident and openly defiant of any who might question or challenge him on any level.

Description: A bald, clean shaven black man with sculpted muscles and definition, like a man used to a life of physical exercise, but isn't bulky. He is fond of wearing a black leather jacket over a noticeable C-18 laser pistol in a shoulder holster.

Experience Level: 6th level Cyber-Doc.

Skills of Note: M.D. in Cybernetics & Bionics 79%/98%, Weapons Engineer 59%, Field Surgery 64%, Hand to Hand: Expert, W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Rumors and Local Status: As one of the new guys in town, nobody knows exactly what to make of this tough guy. Consequently, people regard Skullbald with discretion and a little bit of fear. Rumor suggests he is ex-military, although most haven't decided if he's ex-Coalition Military, a CS deserter, or a Coalition spy. Odds are he's none of the above, but the City of Char is all about intrigue and innuendo, and imagining a CS connection is the most intriguing theory.

Doctor Anthony Ventrosa – Quickstats

The chief physician of the *Greater Heart Clinic* and head of the large Ventrosa family, Anthony is getting on in years. He is a compassionate man, a rare thing in Char, whose time is slowly coming to an end. He is easily the most respected and beloved figure in the community. Local citizens come to him not only for medical advice but seek his counsel on all matters. When Doctor Anthony Ventrosa speaks, everyone listens, and usually follows his advice.

Alignment: Principled.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 14, M.A. 15, P.S. 9, P.P. 3, P.E. 10, P.B. 9, Spd 6.

Age: 85.

Disposition: Doctor Anthony is a kindly old man, the patriarch of the family, and genuinely concerned with helping others. Unfortunately, his age is getting the best of him. His body is being crippled by a debilitating nervous condition, meaning that he has taken on more of a consulting role than that of actual patient treatment. Although ailing and suffering from tremors, the Doctor retains a sharp mind and a lust for life. He is proud of his daughter Erin (named after Erin Tarn) and glad that she carries on his medical practice.

Description: A very old and frail, dark skinned man with thin, wrinkled features and gray hair.

Experience Level: 10th level Body Fixer.



Skills of Note: Because of the condition that has debilitated Doctor Anthony's P.P., his skill scores are for diagnosis and advising only. Any rolls that involve him actually handling something are at -75%. Medical Doctor 98%/98%, Brewing 95%, Chemistry 95%, Computer Operation 98%, History: Post-Apocalypse 90%, Holistic Medicine 80%, and Law (general) 95%.

Rumors and Local Status: Highly respected and trusted above all others. Beloved. The only rumor about this man is that his days are numbered. Some fear he may have less than a year or two with them.

Doctor Erin Ventrosa – Quickstats

The daughter of Anthony, Erin is a strong, experienced woman steadily taking over the family business as her father's health fails. When he passes, she will step into his shoes and continue to operate the *Greater Heart Clinic* with the same drive and generosity of her father. She is assisted by her M.D. husband, Leonard, and children, Mark, Ann and Tommy (all young adults and doctors themselves, levels 6, 5 and 3 respectively; all Scrupulous alignments).

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 13, M.A. 15, P.S. 13, P.P. 15, P.E. 14, P.B. 11, Spd 21.

Age: 51

Disposition: Erin is protective of her father and glad he is surrounded by such love. She feels no pressure to live up to this local legend, for she is almost as beloved and trusted as he is. She treats everyone who walks through her door with genuine concern and care. She is the head of the clinic (having taken over for her father, five years ago) and has done an admirable job maintaining the operation, making more and more of the daily decisions. She works herself extremely hard, and is currently obsessed with curing her father's nervous condition. She has silently begun to lose hope when even magical healing failed to cure him.

Description: A slightly underweight middle-aged woman who is starting to see streaks of gray in her long black hair.

Experience Level: 9th level Body Fixer.

Skills of Note: Medical Doctor 95%/85%, Brewing 90%, Chemistry: 90%, Computer Operation 98%, History: Post-Apocalypse 85%, Holistic Medicine 75%, Pathology 95%, and Xenology (North America) 85%.

Rumors and Local Status: Like her father, Erin is a highly respected healer and humanitarian. She is considered one of Char's native born and completely trustworthy and above reproach. Like her father, she helps counsel people in more than just medicine. However, she is not as patient and tolerant as her dad, and gets frustrated and angry about the corruption, callousness and inhumanity that run rampant in Char.

Captain Jonathan Stamm – Quickstats

Another newcomer is Captain Stamm. A career soldier in the Coalition Army unfairly drummed out of the service to protect the son of an influential family. Used to life in the wilderness with the CS, he found Dinosaur Swamp an interesting new experience, and sees Char as a resource by which he can get back into the Coalition Army. He's the sole proprietor of the *Stamm Med-Center,* where he prefers to treat *human* patients with a military or wilderness background. D-Bees are treated without sympathy, but he does everything he can to help everyone who walks through the door of his clinic. Despite his reputation for being a bit rough in his bedside manner and downright rude to D-Bees, Stamm is well liked and trusted even by non-humans. He has a reputation for being an excellent doctor and is friends with the Ventrosa family. Doctor Anthony has tried to convince Doctor Stamm to give up on his quest to uncover vital data that will get him back in to the CS military, and enjoy his new life in Char. However, Capt. Stamm doesn't plan on staying in Char any longer than he has too. His dream: to uncover a vitally important piece of information that could get him back into the good graces of the Coalition and reinstated into the army so he can extract his revenge on the family that framed and disgraced him. He knows revenge is not healthy, but he still desires it more than anything else. That having been said, Doctor Stamm is developing a fondness for many of the residents of Char, especially those who work hard and try to live good, honest lives. He's even come to appreciate (respect would be too strong of a word) a few D-Bees.

Alignment: Unprincipled (was Aberrant while in the CS military).

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 14, M.A. 19, P.S. 17, P.P. 14, P.E. 13, P.B. 15, Spd 13.

Age: 35.

Disposition: Stamm is a by the book, yes-sir/no-sir, individual obviously cut from the military cloth. He is straightforward, clear and precise when he speaks. He has the voice of someone used to being in charge, but carries with it a natural sense of leadership so that it doesn't sound overbearing. He tries to be brisk, matter of fact and distant so that he doesn't get attached or involved with the people of Char, but his gruff and grumpy exterior conceals a heart of gold and a guy who cares about people even when he doesn't want to (like stinking D-Bees).

Description: Clean cut and handsome, with a short-cropped military haircut for his dusty-brown hair. His warm brown eyes belie his compassionate side beneath that gruff exterior.

Experience Level: 7th level Coalition Medical Officer (Use the template from the *CS Technical Officer O.C.C.* in the **Rifts® Ultimate Edition** RPG).

Skills of Note: Medical Doctor 98%/88%, Field Surgery 74%, Criminal Science & Forensics 85%, Hand to Hand: Basic, Military Etiquette 75%, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Energy Pistol, and W.P. Knife.

Rumors and Local Status: Everyone knows Doctor Stamm is ex-Coalition military and he's glad to talk about his time in the military, especially his vampire and Xiticix campaigns (he was discharged before the Siege on Tolkeen). The rumor that bothers him the most is that he's really a softy and a good guy, and suggesting such a thing will make him angry and behave poorly to prove otherwise. Oddly enough, nobody thinks he might be a CS spy.

Arino, Kold, & Toole – Quickstats

Arino, Kold and Toole are a trio of retired Headhunters who have been put on staff at the *Wayside Inn* to discourage trouble among the locals and the guests. While they may be retired, they are definitely not there just for looks, and they are ready to spring into action against any threat. Since they have operated as a team for years, they work extremely well together, often taking down groups who outnumber or outgun them.

Note: Because of their similarity in training and experience, these stats are representative of all three Headhunters.

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 11, M.A. 9, P.S. 23, P.P. 23, P.E. 20, P.B. 9, Spd 17. **Note:** Strength and Prowess are from bionic limbs.

Ages: Arino is 35, Kold is 45, and Toole is 39 years old.

Disposition: All three share the same intolerance for stupidity, cruelty, and loudmouths, and don't have any problem with using their fists and guns to keep the peace or enforce the rules of their employer. On the job, the three seem irritable and crotchety, slapping down trouble before it can get going, and muttering muffled curse words and complaints under their breath. They are retired, and though still quite young, they are professional and experienced; each has approximately 17-24 years of military service.

Description: Battle scarred veterans, complete with bionic limbs. They usually patrol wearing heavy Mega-Damage armor and armed with an array of weaponry from light to heavy.

Experience Level: Arino (5th level), Kold (7th level), and Toole (6th level) Headhunters.

Skills of Note Shared by All Three: Climbing 85%/75%, Detect Ambush 70%, Hand to Hand: Expert, Land Navigation 74%, Swimming 75%, W.P. Blunt, and W.P. All Energy Weapons.

Rumors and Local Status: Rumors about these three are mostly silly things that rile them up, like that all three are gay lovers (a lie that literally hundreds of women can testify to), that they are wanted by the Pecos Empire or the Coalition which is why they have retired to Dinosaur Swamp, and that they are cowards (another lie).

Bearcat – Quickstats

A rare native Psi-Stalker, Bearcat is one of Char's unofficial founding fathers. As such, he is considered one of the grand old men, and his word carries tremendous weight with everyone in Char. When Bearcat speaks he expects people to respond accordingly. Likewise, he expects people, even outsiders and newcomers, to know who he is, show him respect and do as he says. He is so powerful, Bearcat might be considered something of a Rifts-era "cattle baron," although he has never truly exercised his full power on the city. Bearcat is the single largest supplier of food for the city, can cut it off with a moment's notice, or price it out of reach. He is also the largest employer in the city (stables, ranches, livestock and slaughterhouses), but his most famous business is *Bearcat's Stables* which offers domesticated and exotic animals as trained beasts of burden, riding animals, zoo animals, pets and gladiatorial combatants. With such power, it is probably fortunate that Bearcat has little interest in city politics or the affairs of the residents. He simply wants to be above the law and do as he pleases, but seldom abuses the privilege and keeps to his ranches and animals. When Bearcat makes an appearance, the residents know it can only mean he is angry or something very important or dangerous is going on.

Alignment: Anarchist.

Attributes: I.Q. 10, M.E. 18, M.A. 13, P.S. 20, P.P. 19, P.E. 24, P.B. 11, Spd 31.

Age: 67 (ancient by Psi-Stalker standards).

Disposition: A predator on two legs. Bearcat usually appears calm and collected for a Psi-Stalker from the wilds. Around his livestock, he speaks in a very low, soft voice, as if he is trying to be as quiet as possible but still audible. When away from his livestock and with potential customers, he speaks with a menacing hiss to his voice, almost as if he were speaking to his prey. Although a surprisingly successful businessman, Bearcat has little use for civilization or big cities and tends to stay away from the city he helped build. Even at his advanced age, the Psi-Stalker prefers to go on hunting expeditions in the wild and train animals at one of his many ranches and stables.

Description: Tall, muscular, and well built. He decorates his body with a tattoo pattern that borrows from both tiger stripes and reptile scales.

Psionic Powers: Mind Block, Empathy, Presence Sense, See Aura, See the Invisible, and Sixth Sense.

Experience Level: 11th level Wild Psi-Stalker.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Assassin, Hunting, Identify Plants & Fruit 98%, Imitate Voices/Animal Noises 92%, Land Navigation 98%, Prowl 95%, Track & Trap Animals 95/98%, Ventriloquism 32%, W.P. Knife (11th level), W.P. Sword (11th level) and W.P. Energy Rifle (9th level).

Rumors and Local Status: Although respected, Bearcat and his corporate bosses (his chief underlings who run his businesses) are also feared. Rumor has it that Bearcat is still an uncouth, uneducated wild man who disappears to hunt dinosaurs and monsters, sometimes all by himself. Rumor also has it that Bearcat doesn't know what his bosses are doing and that he is even richer than he knows. (That's not true. Although uneducated, Bearcat knows exactly what's going on and he brooks no disrespect or challenges from those who "serve him." The Psi-Stalker considers his employees and managers to all be members of *his* tribe. And like an alpha-wolf, Bearcat does not tolerate insubordination, treachery or challenges to his power. Thus, even the bosses are a little scared of him and do as their master dictates.)

Chester Chamberland – Quickstats

A swindler's swindler, Chester is the owner of *Chamberland's Arms and Armor*. He is a man forced into honesty by circumstance and fear of reprisals. He loves talking to customers, letting his staff do all of the labor. He's a businessman, not a mechanic, but has an extraordinarily keen eye for weapons, armor and salvage from crap. He's a man who knows how to get every penny out of a sale at his least expense.

Alignment: Anarchist.

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 11, M.A. 19, P.S. 9, P.P. 9, P.E. 12, P.B. 10, Spd 10.

Age: 69 (looks more like 89).

Disposition: A notorious cheat, he barely has an honest bone in his body. He prefers to run as clean an operation as he thinks he can get away with, but not dirty enough that it might come back to haunt him. Chamberland doesn't like to gamble, and any risks that he takes usually aren't going to cost him much in the long run.

Description: A thin, frail, humpbacked elderly man. His head is mostly bald and his nose more resembles a beak, giving him a stooped vulture-like appearance. Despite his age and frail appearance, Chamberland's heart is full of vitality and larceny.

Experience Level: 9th level Smuggler

Skills of Note: Detect Concealment 78%, Find Contraband 72%, I.D. Undercover Agent 71%, Palming 75%, Pick Pockets 60%, Streetwise 75%, and Recognize Weapon Quality 78%.

Rumors and Local Status: Chamberland will deal with anybody if there is a buck in it and he thinks he can avoid reprisal. Consequently, rumor has it that he not only has connections with the Black Market and local bandits, but Horune Pirates, Minions of Splugorth, and even CS troops operating in the area. During a dispute, it is said that he will deal with both sides as long as he profits from the arrangement. One unusual (and untrue) rumor is that the old man is really a dragon in disguise. An assumption that is probably based on his massive level of greed and selfishness.

Father Nicholas – Quickstats

The current head of the *Operators' Guild*, Nicholas is a natural born businessman driven by great ambition. Under his absolutely ruthless leadership, Father Nicholas has made the Guild one of the unofficial ruling powers in the City of Char. In fact, he loves being so powerful and revels in it like a hog in slop. To get his way or leverage issues to the Guild's favor, he has hoarded resources, denied services, and tries to control the distribution of all technology in the city of Char. Though he vows otherwise, he cares only about himself and gaining more power for the Guild (which he controls), and does so to the detriment of the residents. Living conditions in Char have plummeted since his reign as Guild Master, but he ignores the complaints as he looks down on others from on high.

Alignment: Aberrant.

Attributes: I.Q. 21, M.E. 9, M.A. 10, P.S. 10, P.P. 21, P.E. 19, P.B. 6, Spd 10.

Age: 63

Disposition: Arrogant, condescending, and imperial, Father Nicholas is a greedy power-monger with little true regard for the value of science, technology and people. It's all a means to and end for him. A way to acquire the wealth and power he so desperately covets for himself. He takes joy in the ignorance of others and uses it like a weapon to carve out his own little empire. He loves his position as head of the Operators' Guild and he is kept in power by the guild members because he has made them all wealthy and powerful. His only redeeming quality is that his word is his bond, and once a promise is made he will never break it. Lazy and coniving, Father Nicholas has spent years scheming and stealing power within the guild rather than mastering his craft as an Operator or building anything of substance.

Description: A short, rotund man with a jaundiced look about him. Quite unattractive, he has liver spots on his mostly bald skull, and the remaining hair he does have is in wisps of stark white strands.

Experience Level: 7th level Operator.

Psionics: Telemechanics.

Skills of Note: Automotive Mechanics 90%, Basic and Advanced Math 90%, Barter 68%, Computer Operation 90%, Mechanical Engineer 82%, Electrical Engineer 87%, and Techno-Can 97%.

Rumors and Local Status: Most people don't like Father Nicholas, but don't know what they can do about him or the guild. The guild is seen as a necessary evil and Father Nicholas as a despot king with delusions of grandeur. Thus, people grudgingly treat the man and his fellow Operators with respect, while they curse their names behind their backs. Many are the rumors of Father Nicholas' manipulative schemes, power plays and corruption. Most residents of Char hate the man, but are powerless to do anything about him. Rumors on the street tell of many plots against him, but few ever come to pass. So far, the cagey guild leader has easily dodged the handful of flimsy plots against him. A growing number of stories tell of a woman – a girl really – and a movement within the guild working to change the guild and make it a true partner in building a burgeoning community. But what can a *girl* do against the likes of Father Nicholas? Still, talk



spreads about *Sister Elizabeth* and those within the guild who follow her vision of a better future. The arrogant Father Nicholas has no fear of a girl, and has, so far, ignored the threat some believe she represents to his power base.

Sister Elizabeth – Quick Stats

Not everyone in the Operators' Guild agrees with how Father Nicholas runs the operation. In fact, there is a growing movement to restore integrity and honesty to the Operators' Guild. A movement spearheaded by a young woman known as Sister Elizabeth. She and her growing number of followers protest using their skill and knowledge to strong-arm and blackmail the community of Char to line the pockets of the Guild members, and Father Nicholas' in particular.

This young, charming and idealistic, young woman represents a small glimmer of hope that conditions in Char could improve should Sister Elizabeth or one of her followers ascend to the leadership of the guild someday. That, of course, makes her and her followers enemies of Father Nicholas and the fat cats in his administration, and while the arrogant Father Nicholas dismisses her, others around him see Sister Elizabeth as a threat to their current power structure.

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 13, M.A. 17, P.S. 13, P.P. 12, P.E. 11, P.B. 19, Spd 12.

Age: 21

Disposition: Idealistic and open minded, Sister Elizabeth dislikes the selfish, abusive and manipulative rules by which the guild operates. She despises the arrogant Father Nicholas and is angry that the guild is keeping the true potential for the city of Char bottled up for its own exploitation and profit. Surprisingly, Sister Elizabeth has been a model of self-control, keeping her strongest opinions and ideas about guild reform to herself. She hopes to institute change from within the organization and is trying to work within its current political structure.

Ironically, Sister Elizabeth and Father Nicholas are not all that different. Although Elizabeth usually makes the right choices and does the right thing for the greater good, she is no paragon of virtue and can be ruthless and manipulative herself. Fortunately, the dreamer in her drives Elizabeth to plot on behalf of the people, not for herself. She never knew her father, and her mother died a few years ago. This has made Elizabeth self-reliant, inventive and strong, but not bitter or cold-hearted. She remains a warm and caring individual devoted to high ideals and the welfare of those less fortunate.

Description: An attractive woman with long, curly brown hair. She has very angular bone structure and milky white skin, leading some people to mistake her for an attractive and exotic, human-like D-Bee.

Experience Level: 4th level Operator; a gifted mechanic and builder.

Skills of Note: Basic Math 75%, Computer Operation 70%, Computer Programming 60%, Mechanical Engineer 55%, Electrical Engineer 60%, and Robot Mechanics 40%.

Rumors and Local Status: If you're looking for a fair deal on equipment, robot or vehicle repairs, you need to find Sister Elizabeth and her crew of Operators. She is quickly becoming something of a Robin Hood figure who quietly defies the powerful Operators' Guild to help the less fortunate. Positive stories about this "angel of mercy" abound, as does speculation that she will one day overthrow Father Nicholas, take control of the guild and reshape it into a force for good. Within the Operators' Guild she is of low rank and has little influence over those currently in power. However, a growing number of newcomers and young Operators like how she thinks and see her as the rightful leader of the Guild.

A rumor whispered among the less savory of people, including those high up within the Operators' Guild and high social circle in Char, is that Elizabeth is the illegitimate daughter of Father Nicholas, notorious for his many affairs and dalliances. When asked about it directly, Father Nicholas neither confirms nor denies the rumor, but simply grins and waves off the question with a snicker. Elizabeth has no idea who her father was and hates the idea that it could ever have been Father Nicholas. If the head of the guild is her father, there is not one smidgeon of fatherly love in Father Nicholas' soul. Thus, should Sister Elizabeth become an obvious threat, he will do everything in his considerable power to destroy her.

Lamont – Quick Stats

Scraptown Salvage is owned by the Operators' Guild, but managed by a unique character who calls himself Lamont. This skilled mechanic was designed and grown in the genetics lab of the *Lone Star Complex* where he served in the CS military for 16 years. One day he had suffered enough mistreatment and jokes at the hands of the human soldiers and Dog Boys, and Lamont deserted. After a few years of wandering, he ended up in Char where he is content to manage the scrapyard and work on repairs. His skills and natural aptitude made him the first member of the Guild to not be a true Operator, or serve an apprenticeship under an Operator, an accomplishment he is quite proud of achieving. He enjoys being treated as an equal among men, even though he isn't truly a man or honored with the title of "Brother" in the guild.

Alignment: Miscreant.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 11, M.A. 9, P.S. 21, P.P. 17, P.E. 18, P.B. 8, Spd 18.

Age: 34, looks more like 50.

Disposition: Selfish, ornery and intolerant of others whether they are humans, D-Bees, or fellow mutants. Lamont always seems to be on a short fuse and too busy and self-absorbed to have time to help those who don't know exactly what they need. Haughty, rude, condescending and cantankerous, he typifies how the majority of the members in the Operators' Guild regard and treat other people.

Description: A short, lean, gangly humanoid goat, complete with horns on his head, wide flat teeth, curly, coarse, grey and white hair and a scruffy white beard. He has hooves for feet, but a pair of very agile three-fingered hands. Lamont is much stronger than he appears, and is quick to demonstrate his strength in bar brawls and to anyone who gives him grief at the scrapyard. Lamont tends to draw out his vowels with a slight "bleat" when he talks, and the teasing that results is often the cause of the many brawls he's had a part in.

Experience Level: 6th level Mutant Goat Coalition Technical Officer (Mechanic).

Skills of Note: Barter 64%, Basic Mechanics 75%, General Repair & Maintenance 75%, Hand to Hand: Basic, Jury-Rig 65%, Pilot Truck 85%, Radio: Basic 85%, Recycling 70%, Salvage 75%, and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Rumors and Local Status: Lamont is respected by guild members and the local people alike, but is not liked nor trusted. Some rumors suggest he is really a Coalition spy. Others warn that his being a deserter and a nonhuman will, one day, bring Coalition soldiers to town. Those who dismiss both rumors simply dislike this fellow for his snotty attitude and reputation for cheating people (never offers a fair trade).

Paradigm Kinnear – Quick Stats

The only reputable place in town to buy magic items is *Paradigm's Techno-Wizardry Shop*. Lady Paradigm, as she likes to be called, is a clever Techno-Wizard who happened to fall on the wrong side of the Operators' Guild. She has been the victim of a suspicious vandalism and two destructive fires that forced her out of the Heart of Char. Since reestablishing her shop outside of the city proper, the vandalism has stopped. The Guild's monopoly on TW generators, TW power sources and TW weapons (and subsequent retaliation when she attempted to compete with them) has forced Lady Paradigm to abandon those market areas and find something the Guild didn't care about. Paradigm has finally found a niche that doesn't put her in direct competition with the powerful Operators' Guild, TW adventuring and survival gear, and she is making a killing trading in such goods to adventurers and explorers.

Alignment: Anarchist.

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 14, M.A. 11, P.S. 11, P.P. 15, P.E. 15, P.B. 14, Spd 13.

Age: She looks to be in her early forties.

Disposition: Lady Paradigm is a feisty loner who has become a bit hardened and selfish as a result of her troubles, first with the Federation of Magic and now the Operators' Guild of Char. Customers who are rude, bossy or insulting find her to be a sharp-tongued vixen who can put them in their place with a few choice words or a stern look and no break on price. Those who treat her with respect and/or kindness (but not pity!) will see Paradigm's soft, kind side and may even get a 10-20% discount and some free advice. She is always glad to hear rumors about the Operators' Guild, especially tales of discord and trouble, and she is likely to help anybody who is an enemy of or on the outs with the Guild. The Techno-Wizard dreams of the day she can get an upper hand on the Operators' Guild and will go out of her way to show up, embarrass or hurt the Guild whenever she gets the chance.

Description: A sleek, short humanoid (D-Bee or mutant) with a striking figure and feline characteristics. She has sparkling

green, almond shaped eyes, velvety golden hair, two opposable thumbs on each hand, and a cat-like tail that extends from the base of her spine covered in the same golden blonde hair that crowns her head and runs down her spine. She speaks with a slightly feline pitch to her voice and moves without making a sound, like a cat on the prowl.

Experience Level: 6th level Techno-Wizard.

Natural Abilities (or Mutations): Nightvision 300 feet (91.5 m), keen hearing, surprising agility, +3 to roll with impact (usually lands on her feet when she leaps or falls from a distance), Prowl 72%, Climb 85%/75%, has four fingers and two thumbs, enjoys a +5% bonus to all skills requiring manual dexterity, and has a prehensile, 3 foot (0.9 m) long, cat-like tail that ends in a bushy mane.

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Skills of Note: Techno-Wizardry magic/creation, Automotive Mechanics 65%, Barter 64%, Basic Electronics 70%, Basic Mechanics 80%, Carpentry 65%, Computer Operation 85%, Literacy: American & Techno-Can 65%, Vehicle Armorer 55%, and W.P. Pistol. Also see Natural Abilities, above.

Rumors and Local Status: Lady Paradigm is especially popular with adventurers, scouts, woodsmen and explorers, as well as practitioners of magic and psychics who can use her special brand of TW items. The woman is a mysterious figure known to be an outcast from the Federation of Magic. However, despite the hundreds of rumors, nobody knows why she is an outcast. Did she defy Lord Dunscon or challenge his reign? Did she engage in dark arts that even the Federation does not endorse? Did she kill somebody of importance? What could this woman have done to be kicked out of a group that consorts with demons, Witches and Necromancers like the Federation of Magic? As for the ongoing feud between Paradigm and the Operators' Guild, it is rumored that the Guild is responsible for the vandalism and burning down her place in the city. A related rumor confirms that the Guild considers her unwanted competition and still has it out for her should she ever dare to cross them directly. A few guild members even brag and laugh about how they drove her away.

Meanwhile, Paradigm has no love for the Federation of Magic or the Operators' Guild and it is rumored that she will help their enemies (providing them with helpful information against both, a 10-20% discount on magic items, and other subtle and secret means of support). Indeed, Paradigm publicly criticizes both organizations and quietly encourages others to strike out at and undermine them both. Furthermore, word on the street warns that Lady Paradigm can hold a terrible grudge against those who wrong her, and she can be quite vengeful, so it's best not to make her angry with you.

Archibald Stump – Quick Stats

An extremely skilled carpenter, Stump has become something of a rising star among the merchants of Char. Not only is he good working with all types of wood, but he specializes in making M.D.C. goods from SteelTrees. This has brought him notoriety and a thriving business at *Stump's SteelTree Forge and Wares.* His success has also brought him to the attention of the Operators' Guild, and he's been on their list of rivals to watch and undermine. However, unlike the Techno-Wizard Paradigm, they vastly underestimate "the barbarian" and haven't yet done much to hurt him or his business. Should the Guild take a more aggressive position against Stump, they may be surprised to see the people finally rise up against them. That's how beloved this selfless blacksmith has become to the residents (and a number of adventurers) in Char.

Alignment: Principled.

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 12, M.A. 18, P.S. 20, P.P. 12, P.E. 14, P.B. 10, Spd 12.

Disposition: Good natured, kind and friendly, Stump is always smiling and glad to spend a few minutes talking to a friend, neighbor or total stranger. This openness is unusual for someone living in Char, but that's just the way Stump is. He likes city-life . . . at least city-life in Char, where he gets to make and sell things to people, meet new folk, trade gossip and stories of adventure, and hear all sorts of stories. Under different circumstances, Stump may have become a scientist, scholar or Operator.

Description: Heavily muscled black man with a heavy drawl to his speech. His dialect is unusual, making it hard to understand him unless he speaks very slowly, even for natives of Char.

Experience Level: 8th level Barbarian Craftsman (Basically a Vagabond O.C.C. with construction and specialty skills).

Skills of Note: Body Building, Boat Building 75%, Carpentry 75%, Rope Works 80%, Hand to Hand: Basic, Identify Plants & Fruit 75%, SteelTree Smithing 80% (special skill), and Whittling & Sculpting 80%.

Rumors and Local Status: Stump is well liked, respected and trusted in Char, but looked down upon by most members of the Operators' Guild who regard him as a lout and a savage (which only makes him more loved by the common folk). Stump is an outcast from his barbarian tribe for being different – namely for being inventive, trying new ideas and for thinking outside the box. Rumor has it that he has earned a *death mark* for teaching outsiders (his apprentices) "the way of the SteelTrees" (i.e., how to use the wood to make M.D.C. weapons and items). He denies anyone wants him dead, but the rumors persist.

The Gangs of Char

One might not expect to find *City Rats* in a frontier environment like Char, but the lawlessness that presides over the city makes it a breeding ground for punks and villains. Much like their urban cousins, the City Rats of Char claim entire areas as their turf and viciously fight to hold on to what is theirs. These gangs engage in all sorts of petty crime, robbery, mugging, and brokering information, as well as racketeering and general bullying to show locals and outsiders who really owns the streets. Since there are no official laws, they aren't outlaws, but an anarchist fringe element that resorts to thuggery and con games to get their slice of the pie in Char.

There are easily two dozen gangs active in Char, but there are four that dominate the streets, the **Gear Heads, the Orphans, the Raptor Claws** and **Concrete Vipers.** Each gang has over a

hundred known members, as well as controlling as many as 6-8 smaller gangs whose memberships range from 12-48 (mainly low level thugs, wannabes and street punks).

The four dominant gangs are mutually exclusive, often recruiting from the territories that they hold, except for the Orphans, who have very strict rules for membership. With the laws of survival as powerful as they are, it can be said that the gangs do not discriminate based on species or gender. If you can survive, you're in. If you're the toughest, or smart enough to outwit the toughest, you can lead. The average age of Char's City Rat population is roughly 14-19, and many (at least 40%) don't live to see their twenty-first birthday. Consequently, the elder City Rats (typically 22 to 32) become leaders and powerful figures in gangland society or drop out of gang life to live ordinary lives or to join a black market operation. It's a violent, decadent life, but most City Rats will tell you that it's no better or worse than any other life on the streets of Char.

The four large gangs are major players in the structure of Char, while the smaller gangs are usually unorganized bands of youths with little better to do than to look for trouble and plunder outsiders who come to town. There is overlap in each of the gangs' territories, with large stretches of the 'Burbs and even parts of the Treeline neighborhood falling into the gangs' turf. However, the fiercest conflicts come not over turf and property, or even the allegiance of the smaller, subservient gangs, but over the goods and services each gang *controls*. Each gang holds sway over some form of commerce. For example, the *Gear Heads* deal in stolen vehicles and Cyber-Snatching, but each gange regularly tests the strength and resolve of the others by trying to muscle in on their commercial turf. So far, all four are pretty evenly matched and have been unable to actually subvert and take over the others. Instead, they make half-hearted runs at each other's "business" as well as engage in ongoing feuds, dirty tricks and sabotage.

The Gear Heads Gang

The Gear Heads deal heavily in stolen vehicles, but their favorite pastime is Cyber-Snatching. Not quite as old or as powerful as the Concrete Vipers, they are perhaps the most feared gang for their sheer amount of personal firepower, ferocity and violence.

Most Gear Heads have at least one bionic or cybernetic limb (usually an arm) with three or four bionic weapons or enhancements, plus two to five implants (some cosmetic, others practical weapons, sensors and other augmentation). They are also known for souping-up their vehicles with weapons and engine modifications. This gives them superiority (and they would claim "control") over many of the roads in the city and 'Burbs of Char. While the Vipers may control the Heart of Char, the Gear Heads control much of the outlying areas, especially along the roadways. However, such territory isn't really worth that much, save for harassing squatters, homesteaders, adventurers and visitors coming into or out of the city.

Other than their vehicles and bionics, the Gear Heads don't own much in the way of property like Rat Holes, but they do maintain a Body-Chop-Shop/vehicle-chop-shop of their own out in the *Treeline* section of the city. The location is not publicly known, and does not offer services to non-members. They use it as a de facto headquarters, private garage, and as a place to remove delicate cyber-ware from victims that couldn't be removed in the street without doing serious damage to the bionic goods.

Most of their stolen cyber-ware finds its way into the inventory of the **Pieces and Parts Shop**, and the gang will often try and undercut the Operators' Guild by selling "salvage" at prices lower than can be found anywhere in the city. The Gear Heads have recently found themselves on the receiving end of trouble from the Operators' Guild for such practices, with a number of their hovercycles and street bikes suffering catastrophic malfunctions, leading to the deaths of several members. No one is absolutely positive that the Guild is responsible for the sabotage, and no one is quite sure how the Guild has managed it without being seen, but they seem to be the most likely culprits.

The Gear Heads are led by a young tough named **Shiizzy**, a 16-year-old mutant with four arms, a love of hovercycles, and a weakness for women with bionic eyes. He has only recently come to power when the previous leader died in one of those catastrophic vehicle malfunctions. Shiizzy may be young, but he's as hard as they come, learning to ride at the age of six, and was involved in his first Cyber-Snatching at the age of nine.

The Average Gear Head Gang Member Quick Stats:

Alignment: Miscreant (45%), Diabolic (45%) and Aberrant (10%).

Attributes: I.Q. 10, M.E. 9, M.A. 8, P.S. 21 (bionic), P.P. 15, P.E. 12, P.B. 10, Spd 14.

Disposition: Bold, cocky, aggressive bullies who like pushing people around and playing the tough guy. They stalk the streets of Char looking for sport, easy credits, crimes of opportunity and Headhunters, Cyborgs and City Rats to rob of their bionics and cybernetics (usually, killing their victim in the process). They tend to target rivals and outsiders, not locals.

Description: Typically dress in medium to heavy body armor, and wear a silver bandana/scarf around their head and/or upper arm.

Typical Level of Experience: 3rd level City Rat (primarily *Gutter Rats, Roof Rats* and *Cyber-Snatchers* as described in the pages of the **Rifts® Bionics Sourcebook**, in equal proportions).

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert, Find Contraband (+15% bonus), Pilot Hovercycle or Motorcycle (+20% bonus), Streetwise, W.P. Knife or W.P. Sword, W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Energy Rifle.

The Orphans Gang

Perhaps the most nihilistic of the gangs operating in Char, the Orphans are also the most exclusive. Membership into the gang is limited to children of explorers, outsiders and locals whose parents have either died or abandoned them on the streets of Char. Thus, the members really are "orphans" who see the gang as their new family.

Every day there are newly orphaned children lost to the streets because their parents met an untimely death or disappeared. It isn't just the locals, either. Some of the larger explorer



groups actually bring families along, and orphaned children from the various tribes may also find their way to Char. Explorers going into the wild often leave their children behind at Char, entrusted to the care of a trusted resident or hired care-giver. When the money runs out, many "care-givers" simply let the children loose on the streets without a second thought, telling the youngsters it is time they made it on their own. The Orphans gang is one way for such kids to survive. Joining the gang provides the abandoned children with a sense of belonging and unity, but most of all, safety and purpose.

Don't be fooled into thinking these are innocent street urchins out of the pages of a Rudyard Kipling novel. These "kids" are as tough, cunning and dangerous as any gang roaming the street, maybe more so. Their strong sense of "family" toward one another cements their loyalty to the gang and each other. Consequently, they are downright ruthless when it comes to protecting, defending or rescuing one of their own. The Orphans gang and its members are the only family many of these youngsters have ever known (or remember). That creates a bond of loyalty that is not easily broken or relinquished. Getting an Orphan to squeal on or betray a fellow gang member is close to impossible.

The Orphans gang typically roam the streets in small packs of 6-15 (3D4+3), preying on other gang members, street punks, crooks and outsiders. Many even go so far as to prowl Trade Street in the darkest hours of the night. Some are surprisingly civilized and self-educated. Others among the gang are brutish animals prone to savage attacks when engaging in robbery and assaults. A quarter of them, usually the most fierce warriors and enforcers, have descended into cannibalism, an act none of the Orphans find reprehensible. The way they see life in the concrete jungle of Char, in order for them to survive, others must suffer and die. It is simply the way of the world – or at least, their world.

The gang operates more like a wolf pack than a civilized organization or military operation. They are wild, aggressive and fall in line to a pecking order with the strongest and most cunning holding the highest positions within the gang. An Alpha and Beta male are the acknowledged leaders and seldom challenged. Most of the Orphans don't fear death, and all have experienced the loss of one or both parents, as well as a blood-brother or sister. All have a keen knowledge and memory of the streets and know every road, back alley, footpath, shortcut and hiding place in and around the city of Char. (Members of the Orphan gang automatically get the skills *Find Contraband, Roadwise, Streetwise,* and *Tailing* with a bonus of +12%.)

Despite their wild and savage behavior, the gang is reasonably well-organized, functions well in a crisis (as most family units do), and they are just as proficient with modern weaponry and vehicles as anyone else in the city. The Orphans are true children of their environment, combining the brutality and uncaring nature of the wilderness with the advantages of technology and civilization.

The Orphans gang doesn't have one location that they call home, but rather each of their smaller "packs" claim a building or location as their own, particular, lair. Being broken up into small units means each sub-pack has its own leader (a sort of sub-chieftain) and pack hierarchy. It is the leaders from these subdivisions within the gang who sometimes rise up to challenge the alpha and/or beta male who rules the entire gang. (Alpha females are rare, but do exist.) When necessary, the Alpha or Beta leader will send out the call for the gang to units. This usually happens only during gang wars, when a leader is captured (and needs rescuing) or killed (and needs avenging, as well as a new leader winning the position through combat), and in the defense of the City (it is their home – the only one they remember).

The Average Orphans Gang Member Quick Stats:

Alignment: Miscreant (50%), Diabolic (30%), Aberrant (14%) and Anarchist (5%).

Attributes: I.Q. 9, M.E. 10, M.A. 8, P.S. 18, P.P. 14, P.E. 15, P.B. 10, Spd 22.

Disposition: Secretive, angry, aggressive, sneaky, and savage in combat. They run the streets like wild dogs, victimizing the weak and unsuspecting, backing off from those stronger than they unless cornered or a fellow member is captured. They are also always on the lookout to make some fast credits, and prey upon rival gang members as well as visitors and outsiders. In their own strange way, the Orphans are fiercely loyal to each other (though they may squabble among themselves) and to their homeland, the city of Char.

Description: Typically dress in a patchwork of light body armor and clothing (often dirty and tattered); most range in age from 12-18. Their gang colors take the form of a tattoo, usually on the arm, hand or neck that says, "Mom," or "Mamma's Boy," or "Mom" or "Mother" with blood dripping from the word.

Typical Level of Experience: 4th level City Rat (often *Pack Rats* and *Gutter Rats* as described in the pages of the **Rifts® Bionics Sourcebook**).

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert, Find Contraband (+12% bonus), Roadwise (+12% bonus), Streetwise (+12% bonus), and Tailing (+12% bonus), W.P. Blunt or W.P. Knife, and W.P. Energy Pistol.

Note: Their archenemy and rival is the Gear Heads gang.

The Raptor Claws

The newest of the gangs, the Raptor Claws developed when two smaller gangs merged into one large gang. Originally the *Raptors* and the *Claws*, the two gangs merged their names when they consolidated their forces. Showing an unusual amount of initiative and trust, the two gangs united in order to keep from

being wiped out by the ever rising power of the Concrete Vipers. Both gangs had been losing territory as the Concrete Vipers rose in power and were being decimated piecemeal by the other gangs. Thus, the Raptors and the Claws came to the conclusion that they had to unite or perish.

Such a move came with consequences, however, and there was the inevitable period of infighting and jockeying for position among the new, united leadership. Once the infighting was over, the *Raptor Claws* became stronger than they ever were as individual gangs. With their consolidation there came new ideas, plans and motives that should prove interesting in the days to come. Whereas the other gangs concentrate in areas such as Cyber-Snatching, muggings, robbery, extortion, prostitution, larceny, smuggling and other underground activities, the Raptor Claws deal in kidnaping and slavery.

Never before has there been an organized effort to kidnap and enslave sentient beings in and around Char, and it is a frightening development. For the most part, the gang targets newcomers, visitors and wilderness people, however, city and 'Burb residents also sometimes disappear. The victims are either sold back to their friends or family, or packed up and sold to Splugorth Slavers from Atlantis or Horune Pirates (who usually sell to the Splugorth of Atlantis). Where they go from there is anyone's guess, but at least half end up on the auction block in Atlantis. The gang deals primarily with an Atlantean slaver colony that has recently been established on the coast of Virginia. Through these connections, the Raptor Claws realize that slavery is an untapped market in Char, and they plan to own it. So, they are moving slowly, creating the necessary infrastructure to form a new, but powerful slave trading operation in Char. Given the ruined state of the city, and the living conditions, who would notice the disappearance of a few people here and there? Between the predators, violence, disease, and the high number of transitory visitors, people go missing all the time.

Adventurers, explorers, and anyone new to town are high on the list for abduction. The Raptor Claws will usually pick a single target or a pair out of a group, then try to isolate and capture them. For the immediate future, they plan to only hold five or six captives at any given time before leading them out for delivery to the slavers at a prearranged meeting place east of Char. Once they begin to build more confidence and the gang expands their operation, that number is likely to double or triple. Dealing in Splugorthian Bio-Wizard symbiotes seems like a likely extension of their trade as well. For now, they are content to move slowly, sowing their future, looking at the profits ahead. The gang also engages in other acts of extortion and the occasional other crime as opportunity presents itself.

Leading the combined gang is a sly trickster named **Katalus**, a bronze-skinned, reptilian D-Bee who was the leader of the Claws gang (6th level, Diabolic, and possesses a Slaver's Staff and a Kittani Plasma Sword). It was his idea to approach the Raptor gang and join forces, but it was always his intention to retain leadership. He took to the idea of working in the slave trade almost immediately, and has been a driving force behind the entire operation. He maintains his power through strength and fear. Anyone who opposes him usually ends up as his supper that night or a slave headed for the shores of Atlantis.

The Average Raptor Claw Gang Member Quick Stats:

Alignment: Miscreant (45%), Diabolic (45%) and Aberrant (10%).

Attributes: I.Q. 10, M.E. 9, M.A. 8, P.S. 21 (bionic), P.P. 15, P.E. 12, P.B. 10, Spd 14.

Race: 40% human, 60% D-Bee.

Disposition: Greedy, cold-blooded and calculating monsters with little regard for intelligent life. People are just a commodity to be captured and sold to the highest bidder. Many have delusions of grandeur and dream of wealth and power. They tend to target their enemies, rivals, outsiders and wilderness people, not residents of Char.

Description: Typically dress in light to medium armor, and wear a necklace and/or bracelet made of real or imitation Raptor claws (made of carved bone, resin, or metal; never plastic). These claws may also be hung from their belt or the handle of their weapons.

Typical Level of Experience: 3rd level City Rats, Vagabonds and Swamp Stompers.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic, Barter, Tracking (people), Tailing, Pilot Hover Vehicle or Truck, Streetwise, W.P. Blunt, and W.P. Energy Pistol.

The Viper Gang

The Vipers (also known as the "Concrete Vipers") are the dominant gang in Char. They have a power base strong enough to maintain the **Night's Rest Inn**, and several other Rat Holes (safe houses and hideouts) near the Heart of the city. They have a virtual monopoly in extortion, racketeering, prostitution and real estate, shaking down squatters in the Heart of Char and the 'Burbs, and deal heavily in stolen merchandise and vice. One of the oldest gangs and one of the most organized, they have held onto power for several years in spite of having a notorious turnover rate for leaders. They are highly sophisticated criminals, preferring to recruit new members who show real intelligence and cunning on the streets, valuing brains over brawn. This is not to say that they don't induct the occasional bruiser or two, as they still respect and need muscle, but they don't like to rely on it entirely.

The Night's Rest is their most notorious business establishment and hangout, but their gang headquarters is located near Roma's on Trade Street and the gang owns and operates several pawnshops, houses of ill-repute, drug dens, and gambling halls. They are the only gang to be this business oriented and smart. This makes them the local leaders in "organized crime" (they are the underworld powerhouse in the city) and has earned them the favor of and connections to the Black Market. The Concrete Vipers have kept the other gangs in check and out of their business through threats and a series of silent hits on important gangland figures. This has made the Vipers the most powerful and respected criminal force in the city, but also the most feared, hated, and envied. Some of the smaller gangs have begun to talk about unifying and openly challenging the Concrete Vipers at their own game (i.e., more organized operations) in the Heart of the city, adding a layer of tension to the city that can only get worse.



The Concrete Vipers are currently led by a 21-year-old woman who goes by the street name **Synn Levine** (5th level, Miscreant, thief and seductress); the daughter of the previous crime lord, Maximus Levine, who was killed by an unknown assassin (the Operators' Guild is suspected). Brought into the family business at age 13, Synn excelled at gathering, assessing and using information to its maximum effectiveness. She is also a good organizer and effective leader. However, there are older members of the gang who believe they are better suited to run the business or are more deserving of the leadership position (and the power it brings) than the dead boss' daughter. Consequently, there are those within the Vipers who plot against her, waiting for the right moment to strike. Synn is uncanny in how she assimilates information. That, and her keen instincts, has made it impossible for anyone to successfully double-cross her over the last year since taking over the gang. Such a reputation has led even the most crafty and shifty of individuals to deal with her as honestly as possible.

The Average Concrete Viper Member Quick Stats:

Alignment: Anarchist (30%), Miscreant (30%), Aberrant (20%) and Diabolic (20%).

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 9, M.A. 10, P.S. 14, P.P. 9, P.E. 9, P.B. 12, Spd 20.

Disposition: Cocky, arrogant and boisterous, they are fiercely territorial and possessive. The Vipers are the most educated, organized and powerful of the gangs, functioning as businesses trafficking in vice and sin. They rarely turn down a business opportunity, and are always on the lookout to make some fast credits.

Description: Typically dressed in grays and black, the colors of the streets and buildings around them. Their gang colors take the form of a red belt with a polished black buckle in the shape of a snake's head.

Average Level of Experience: Many of the Vipers' street members are 3rd level City Rats (primarily Maze Rats and Pack Rats), with another significant number (a third) being thieves/Bandits, enforcers and thugs (Men at Arms O.C.C.s). Upper management tend to be educated business people and Smugglers with larceny and vice in their hearts (5-9th level).

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic, Appraise Goods, Barter, Computer Operation, Find Contraband (+20%), Literacy, Streetwise, and W.P. Energy Pistol.

Notable Figures Outside of Town

Wilderness people regularly visit Char. They are typically Wilderness Scouts, Swamp Stompers, Dinosaur Hunters, explorers, nomadic hunters, trappers, hermits and adventurers who generally want to live peacefully by themselves, but come to town to trade for supplies, get repairs, find a little R & R (rest and relaxation), hear the latest news, or enjoy a little human companionship. Oftentimes these regulars and travelers from the outside world are the only source of news that Char gets, although the reliability of the news is often in question.

News and information is usually basic, local, and out of date – the Ironhoof herds are on the move or there is sickness at the Greenweave tribe. Other times info deals with the outside world, like the war at Tolkeen is over, there is trouble brewing within the Federation of Magic, or Splugorth Slavers have been seen along the coast. Other times news may be ominous, like that expedition that passed through last year has been found, at least what's left of them, or some new creature has appeared in the swamps, or something strange is going on in the northern woods, and so forth.

The following are some of the *notable regulars* who live in the wilds of Dinosaur Swamp and who visit Char as often as one or two dozen times a year.

Jonny Maraschoc

One of the more interesting individuals who passes through Char on a regular basis is a Legacy Scout named Jonny Maraschoc. Originally from a small farmstead community in Arkansas, at age 16, Jonny headed east, crossing the Mississippi River, looking for a little adventure away from his family. Understandable, since growing up in a family of 14 brothers and sisters obviously took its toll on him. In the 21 years that he has lived in Dinosaur Swamp, he's never looked back, and hasn't crossed the Muddy Mississippi since.

Jonny was always a peculiar child, spending his free time hiding in the tops of trees, or locking himself in the family's root cellar when he took the notion. It was no surprise to his family when he simply walked off one day, and honestly, though they wonder whatever happened to the boy, they don't really miss him.

Jonny wandered Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia before arriving to Dinosaur Swamp. He picked up the necessary skills to survive in the wilds from wherever and whomever he could, spending time with Native Americans, Wilderness Scouts and trappers. He had a knack for understanding nature and loves the southeastern wilderness. He is fascinated by all of its secrets, including remnants of the past, and finds the region an untapped resource for exploration. Even in the most desolate woodlands, Jonny has a gift for stumbling across ruins from the past. He has located entire buildings from before the Great Cataclysm and even a few clusters of buildings (cities). He loves to read the works of Erin Tarn and wonders what the world must have been



like in the past. This curiosity has made him a natural as a Legacy Scout and gives him the courage to explore ancient ruins and unearth relics from the past. Much of what he recovers may look like *junk*, but they are coveted relics that fetch good prices from local dealers and great prices from dealers and collectors in the west – particularly in the Magic Zone, Coalition 'Burbs and independent kingdoms.

In the last five years, Jonny has established ties with government and private antiquities dealers in New Lazlo, Lazlo and the Chi-Town 'Burbs who now purchase most of whatever he uncovers. This liaison has also made Jonny a wealthy man, not that he lets on. In fact, most people consider Jonny to be a swamp stompin' good ol' boy with a dangerous obsession for old junk. Little do they know that he has 2.9 million credits stashed away in various banks in the north and west (only 11,000 stashed away in Char). He never brags about his success or wealth because it would only make folks envious and spiteful, and increase the level of competition.

Jonny is a cheerful and crusty character who enjoys gossip, telling stories and can recite the best of Erin Tarn's tales and legends about the past by heart. (**Note:** Unlike most Legacy Scouts, Jonny isn't very good at reading; about the equivalent of a third or fourth grader. However, he has an excellent memory, keen instincts, and, as he puts it, "can sniff out important history better than a hound can sniff out a possum." He is also keenly familiar with ancient logos, symbols, warning signs, and alien and magic technology.)

Jonny Maraschoc is a dedicated explorer and scavenger who has made Dinosaur Swamp his private excavation site. He comes to Char to meet with dealers and to package and ship his artifacts (large, medium, small and tiny) for delivery out west. He only sells about 10% of his wares in town, but has also been known to trade with fellow Legacy Scouts, Scholars and adventurers whom he takes a liking to (sometimes offering phenomenal deals). The city of Char is also a place to resupply, have any broken equipment repaired, and replace any equipment that can't be fixed. He also likes to listen in on any new finds that he might have missed and talk about history, theories about the region and its past, strange finds, and hanging out with other explorers and adventurers. He doesn't mind being around other people as long as he can come and go as he pleases, and ultimately spends most of his time in the wilderness exploring. Although an odd and eccentric fellow, he is likeable, generous, kind and enthusiastic. He knows a great deal about the lay of the land in Dinosaur Swamp and about old technology, artifacts and secrets of the past.

Real Name: Jonathan Livingstone Maraschoc

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 9, M.A. 13, P.S. 17, P.P. 13, P.E. 18, P.B. 12, Spd 14.

Hit Points: 40, **S.D.C.:** 35.

M.D.C.: By armor only; typically medium.

Age: 37. **Sex:** Male.

Height: 5 feet, 6 inches (1.7 m). **Weight:** 128 lbs (57.6 kg).

Disposition: An odd bird with all kinds of quirks. Generally, quiet and shy with strangers, but can get quite chatty and friendly with people he knows or with whom he feels comfortable. He smiles a lot and tries to be polite and friendly, but when he sees an artifact from the past or an exotic device, he gets so excited and enthusiastic that he acts like a precocious child, grabbing at it to get a better look and asking rapid-fire questions. ("Oh my god! Is that a . . . no, what is that? Where did you find it? Can you take me there!? How about drawing me a map? I bet you found it at the old ruins in the south, didn't you? Were there more, do you think? What does it do? How old is it? Why didn't you clean it up first? Do you want me to clean it for you? I'll do it for a meal or a bag of candy. Hey, don't take that back, I'm not done looking at it! Why can't I look at it a while longer? Please. I won't break it. I won't steal it either. Hey, you wanna look at what I found?" And on and on.)

Otherwise, Jonny is quiet and weaves around people, even on crowded streets, trying not to bump or touch anybody. In a crisis or when folks are sad, he can be surprisingly personable, gentle, caring and focused on helping. When confronted by strangers or authority figures (including Minions of Splugorth, Coalition soldiers, lawmen, etc.), he clams up, get's fidgety, stutters and forgets what to say. ("Uh, um . . . what? Oh, I . . . uh, don't wah want any trouble. Wha- wha . . . what? No I, uh, didn't see nobody. Oh, um, wait I . . . um, no, didn't see anybody like that.") Once he becomes accustomed to strangers, however, he acts like a normal guy, well, as normal as Jonny gets. He has a habit of talking to his equipment as if it were a fellow live explorer, which can be a little unnerving for those not used to it. Unlike some wilderness folk, Jonny is quite comfortable in Char, and has even stayed a few nights in the city. He would have enjoyed it more if it weren't for all the people and noise.

Description: Short and slight of build, Jonny looks much younger than he actually is; appears to be 20 or 21 years old, instead of pushing forty. He acts younger, too. He has sandy red hair and a face full of freckles. He travels light, and very rarely removes his gear while in town, even when eating at a restaurant or hanging at a place of entertainment, like Roma's. Jonny dresses in camouflage or neutral colors so he blends in with wilderness settings.

Experience Level: 8th level Legacy Scout and explorer.

Occupation: Explorer and scavenger of artifacts and oddities.

P.P.E.: 8

Magic Knowledge: Lore only.

I.S.P.: None.

Psionics: None.

Combat: Hand to Hand: Basic, 5 attacks per melee round.

Bonuses: +1 strike, +3 parry, +3 dodge, +2 damage, +2 pull punch, +3 roll with impact, +5 vs poison, +3 vs disease, +2 vs magic, and +3 vs Horror Factor.

Skills of Note: Archaeology 70%, Athletics (General), Bicycling 82%, Climbing 80%, Gemology 80%, History (North America Post-Apocalypse) 85%, History (Pre-Rifts) 74%/64%, Land Navigation 84%, Literacy 40%, Lore: Magic 85%, Salvage 80%, Wilderness Survival 85%, W.P. Energy Pistol, and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Weapons and Equipment: Jonny carries some of the most unique weapons and armor ever seen in the region, or on the continent for that matter. He wears a black and gray armored trench coat (32 M.D.C.) of previously unknown design over green and black camouflage fatigue pants and an armored vest (30 M.D.C.) over a green flannel shirt. Atop his head is a simple tan headband, but he has been seen wearing an environmental helmet from time to time. He carries an internal frame backpack with his essential gear stowed away inside and strapped to the pack with a load bearing web belt set over his armored vest. He usually travels lightly armed, sporting a heavy ion pistol that looks vaguely similar to the old style Coalition laser pistol, a Vibro-Dagger (1D6 M.D.), a SteelTree staff (2D4 M.D.), a revolver loaded with silver bullets and a Triax particle beam rifle (6D6+6 M.D.) for dealing with dinosaurs and serious trouble. He also has basic gear like canteens (2), compass, hand axe for chopping wood (1D6 S.D.C.), gas mask, air filter, tinted goggles, sunglasses, a small and a large flashlight, sacks of varying sizes, and so on.

He also has a *Spider Probe Reconnaissance Robot* complete with a portable handheld monitoring unit tucked away in his pack. This unit has been invaluable in searching ruins, capable of getting into tight spaces where Jonny could never fit, enabling him to uncover rich finds while not wasting time digging through ruins only to find an empty chamber.

Most people assume he has come across a trader dealing in Triax and NGR weapons and armor, but none have guessed the truth that he has actually uncovered a small stash of *pre-Rifts NEMA equipment* somewhere in the depths of Dinosaur Swamp. He has only revealed the truth to one other individual, a traveling Operator who got his Spider Probe back into working order. **See Rifts® Chaos Earth** for more detailed information on Jonny's extremely rare and valuable weapons and equipment.

Rumors and Social Status: Most people who know him like him very much. He is always kind to children, often buying them treats and candy, polite to women and generous to friends and those truly in need. Those who don't know him think he's a weirdo. He's one of the visiting eccentrics who add a bit of spice to the town. Otherwise, nobody knows much about the little fellow.



Silas Skinwalker

No one knows exactly where Silas came from, nor is anyone sure of exactly how old he is or even *what* he is. Silas was already established and powerful when Neenok's first expedition came through the region in 82 P.A. He claims ownership of a large territory around what was once the North Carolina town of *Hickory*, north-northwest of Char. He calls it his **Kingdom of the Dead**, claiming roughly a 40 mile (64 km) radius around the ruins of Hickory, only there's nothing there but trees and mosquitoes until one gets within 10 miles (16 km) of the old ruins. That's when a few farms, homesteaders, graveyards and the ruins of Hickory start to appear. No living soul is known to have ever been able to penetrate the actual ruins of Hickory and even Jonny Maraschoc keeps his distance. Consequently, no one knows where the lair of Silas Skinwalker is located, or if it is in the city ruins or someplace in the wilderness. It is assumed to be hidden in the ruins because he is often seen walking among them. This suggests he is the king of his domain, because foolish adventurers and heroes who dare venture into the ruins are

seldom seen again, and those who survive speak of animated skeletons and the walking dead.

Most people have decided Silas Skinwalker is a deranged D-Bee *Necromancer* from another dimension or reality. Indeed, he calls himself the **King of the Dead** and demands to be treated with the respect of a king. Those who fail to do so are attacked by legions of the dead that rise from the earth or from behind crumbling ruins to capture and torture those indicated by Silas. The painful lesson inflicted upon rude intruders continues until they are willing to get on their hands and knees and pledge their allegiance to him as their lord and king, or until they die. Those who beg for mercy and pledge themselves to Silas Skinwalker *may* be spared and charged with a quest, or simply let free. However, two thirds are slain on the spot (Silas' idea of mercy) and join his ranks of walking dead.

Those who treat Silas like a king may be engaged by him in polite conversation and are said to find him hauntingly charming. A few even trade with King Skinwalker on a regular basis, and polite strangers have even been invited to walk with him for a while and talk. As long as they are respectful and never insult, defy, challenge or raise a hand against him, they are safe and usually allowed to leave unharmed. Those who decline the invitation, or do something to annoy or anger the mad king, are usually slain and rise a few days later as one of his minions (i.e., as a zombie, mummy or animated dead).

If the king is not interested in a stranger's company, but the person(s) is respectful and submissive, he (or they) will be allowed to pass unmolested, although King Skinwalker *may* demand a particular weapon, item or trinket as tribute for safe passage. He also tells travelers to bring him their dead so that they may serve a purpose after death – he pays 200 credits (or equivalent trade) per corpse.

On occasion, he will ask a traveler for a favor, usually to bring him back a particular bit of information about someone, a location of a particular item or person. The person of whom he is asking this favor really doesn't have a choice, and if he (or they) agree to do the favor but fail to deliver, that person (or group) is regarded as a liar and a traitor to be destroyed and added to his legion of the dead should he (or they) ever cross paths again.

Even more frightening, Silas Skinwalker can seem to sense death within a hundred miles (160 km) of his domain and will sometimes appear to claim the dead. Consequently, nobody speaks of death in Char, and all funeral services are done quietly and in secret. Anyone who dies within his kingdom (including animals larger than a cat) and remains there for more than 48 hours, rises again with the next moon and becomes one of his mindless servants. Sometimes he helps the dying along, as slowly and excruciatingly as possible.

Race: Unknown. Some believe he is an unknown species of demon, perhaps from the days of the Great Cataclysm when demons from countless dimensions swarmed the Earth, many of which are no longer found on Rifts Earth of today.

Real Name: Unknown.

Alignment: Diabolic evil.

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 14, M.A. 21, P.S. 21 (Supernatural), P.P. 17, P.E. 16, P.B. 19, Spd 22 (double Spd at night).

M.D.C.: 188 and bio-regenerates 2D6 points per melee round.

Horror Factor: 12, 15 if recognized as a Necromancer.

Age: Unknown, but rumor has it that Silas first laid claim to the land around Hickory more than 200 years ago.

Sex: Male.

Height: 8 feet, 2 inches (2.49 m).

Weight: 452 lbs (203.4 kg); all muscle and sinew.

Disposition: Cool, calm, and calculating most of the time. In addition, there is a sense that something is wrong. That he does not look at the world the same way as mortal people do, and that his mind works differently. Silas can be polite, patient and calm one moment, and a savage beast the next. Woe to anyone who crosses paths with King Silas Skinwalker or earns his ire. He is evil, insane, and powerful. His only use for living creatures is as raw materials for his army of the dead, information about the world and as servants and playthings. He believes that all dead things belong to him, and since everything living dies sooner or later, all living beings must call him their lord and master since, one day, they too will be his. Even other Necromancers and demons are not safe with this creature and are usually smart enough to give Silas a wide berth, not wanting to fall victim to his madness or secret schemes.

Description: King Skinwalker cuts a striking figure. An eight foot tall humanoid covered in a fine, soft, velvety grey fur. His face has wolfish features, his eyes are a milky-pink color and his pointed teeth and fangs are pearly white. There is actually something attractive and seductive about this being, and many are the stories of his seduction of young maidens and unsuspecting female travelers (half of which are allowed to live and leave, and half of which are slain). He is fluid in motion and walks with unnerving grace and silence. Were he not violently opposed to walking the forest during the daylight hours, he would radiate in the sun, but as he only comes out at night, his fur reflects the moonlight, giving him an almost phosphorescent aura.

Insanities: Obsession: Hates daylight. Obsession: Loves to torture his victims. Obsession: Demands respect and to be treated as a king by all intelligent, living beings. Never leaves his domain for more than a single night, always returns by dawn. If kept away from his kingdom, first he howls and threatens and attacks until he can escape. If that fails, he'll try reasoning, bribes and seduction, but if that fails he'll resort again to threats and violence.

Experience Level: Equal to a 10th level (otherworldly) Necromancer.

Occupation: Self-proclaimed King of the Dead.

P.P.E.: 136

Magic Knowledge: All Necromancy powers, spells and Bone Magic.

Necromantic Abilities: Union with the Dead, Augmentation/ Additional Appendages, Animate and Control the Dead (but three times the usual number), and Impervious to Vampires.

I.S.P.: None.

Psionics: None per se, but can put up a Mind Block at will (lasts for 10 minutes).

Combat: A natural predator with eight attacks per melee round. Bite does 2D6 M.D., claw strike 2D6 M.D. (in addition to

normal Supernatural P.S. damage), or head butt does 1D6 M.D.

Bonuses: +2 initiative, +3 on Perception Rolls, +4 to strike, +4 to parry, +6 to dodge, +8 to S.D.C. damage, +4 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, +2 to save vs magic, +6 to save vs Horror Factor, +4 to save vs possession, impervious to mind control, 45% to charm and impress, 65% to evoke trust or intimidation.

Vulnerabilities and Weaknesses: Reduce all bonuses by half (round down) during daytime hours. Dislikes the sun, dislikes being away from his kingdom, cannot swim and weapons made of light (including *lasers*) inflict 50% more damage.

Natural Abilities: Nightvision 400 feet (122 m), can leap 20 feet (6 m) high or lengthwise, recognize common smells 77%, smell death and decay up to 12 miles (19.2 km) away 88% (triple the range if more than a dozen people are dead or dying), Track by Smell 56%, and bio-regenerates 2D6 M.D. per melee round.

Skills of Note: Climbing 90%/80%, Land Navigation 80%, Lore: Monster & Demon 90%, Lore: Magic 80%, Interrogation (Torture): 85%, Prowl 70%, Skin and Prepare Animal Hides 80%, and Wilderness Survival 85%.

Weapons and Equipment: Silas has such complete confidence in his magic, personal abilities, and his animated dead that he does not carry or use weapons or armor. In his Necromantic arsenal he has, among other pieces, a set of Allosaurus claws, Tiger Raptor clawed feet, two pairs of Terrordactyl wings, a Tyrannosaurus Rex skull, an Eye of Eylor, and the tongue of a Splugorth Conservator. (See pages 99-101 of **Rifts® World Book 26: Dinosaur Swamp™** for exact uses and effects of these items, along with other regional specific material on Necromancy.)

Companions: Throughout his kingdom are the graves and bones of countless humans, D-Bees, dinosaurs and animals he can draw upon at any time. Game Masters should assume that Silas can summon 2D6+2 skeletal minions from anywhere inside his claimed territory within one melee round (15 seconds). The total number of skeletons at his command are three times those of an ordinary 10th level Necromancer. Plus, he also commands three zombies and two mummies (all of his creation). Aside from this potentially massive army, he usually has three or four dinosaur or other animal skeletons with him at all times. They are usually small- to medium-sized dinosaurs like Raptors or Dilophosaurus, but he has been known to travel with a skeletal Tyrannosaur and other giants lagging behind him.

Arclight Brigade

A Notable Bandit Group

Bandit groups often spring up and disappear overnight in the lawless region around Char. Some are composed of locals, while others are made up of outsiders who try to shake down the community before being driven away, joining another gang or getting themselves killed. The one clan of bandits that has survived for years outside the city is known as the **Arclight Brigade**. Led by a former Ishpeming Special Forces Operator known only as *Arclight*, the brigade is mostly comprised of the remnants of a failed mercenary group. They were living just one step ahead of the Coalition military until they traveled east, and reached the safety of the Appalachian Mountains and eventually, the city of Char. (Coalition troops seldom travel beyond the mountain range.) Attacking and raiding the city itself wasn't to their liking, but they did see profit in waiting in the wilds and ambushing selected groups and individuals going into or leaving the city – primarily other bandits and raiders.

Word of the Brigade reached the ears of Father Nicholas of the Operators' Guild, and in a typical moment of genius, he approached them with an offer of a secret alliance. The Guild would provide service and repairs on the Brigade's vehicles and equipment and offer information on the comings and goings of people in and out of the city in exchange for the rights to scrap and salvage from their operation. It is a deal that has proven to be a profitable alliance for both sides, and Father Nicholas likes knowing that he has a little extra muscle in his back pocket should he ever need it. The Arclight Brigade is satisfied and comfortable in their position so far, but the members are beginning to itch for more abundant targets. Father Nicholas anticipated their eventual desire, and is hoping that he might be able to convince the Arclight Brigade to split up into two forces. One force remaining around Char, while the other returns west and establishes ties to other mercenary groups and smuggling operations. It's just another way for Father Nicholas to consolidate more power under the Operators' Guild.

The Arclight Brigade is a mercenary band that began its career with over 100 members, but has been reduced to a minor company with only 40 members remaining. Many are former members of the Ishpeming and Manistique Imperium armed forces who struck up a mercenary compact during the early days of the Coalition War Campaign. Events in North America seemed ripe for a collected group such as theirs to make a tidy profit; provided, of course, that they survived. Unfortunately for them, they ended up on the receiving end of several overwhelming combat engagements, and were forced to live on the run. As their numbers and supplies dwindled, the Arclight Brigade made the fateful decision to head into the Appalachian Mountains and the unknown wilderness of Dinosaur Swamp. It has proven to have been an excellent decision. The question is how best to proceed. The gang is comfortable and has a good base of operations, but they are definitely ready to expand. The future should prove interesting for both the Arclight Brigade and their alliance with the Operators' Guild.

Gang Stats:

Sponsorship: #3, Criminal: Small Time Bandits.

Outfits: #3, Open.

Equipment: #4 Medical Equipment and #3 Electronic Supplies.

Vehicles: #3 Fleet.

Weapons: #4 Advanced.

Communications: #3 Secured.

Internal Security: #3 Tight.

Permanent Base: #2 Partial.

Intelligence Resources: #2 Scout Detachment.



Special Budget: #3 Small Potatoes.

General Alignment of personnel: #2 Miscreant and Aberrant.

Criminal Activity: #5 Smugglers and Sellers of Contraband.

Reputation/Credentials: #4 Known.

Salary: #4 Good.

Total Points Spent: 132

Size & Orientation: Minor Company

Randal Arclight – Quick Stats

Alignment: Aberrant.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 13, M.A. 13, P.S. 20, P.P. 21, P.E. 15, P.B. 17, Spd 25.

Disposition: A fast thinking charmer, he often makes snap decisions, preferring to deal with the consequences as they come.

Description: A dark skinned, handsome Arabic man who wears a suit of Bushman full environmental armor painted in a dark green and black tiger-stripe pattern. When out of armor, he wears fatigues with a similar design.

Experience Level: 8th level Special Forces.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts, Intelligence 75%, Pilot Robots and Power Armor 87%, Robot Combat Power Armor Elite, W.P. Handguns, W.P. Energy Pistol, and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Weapons and Equipment: Arclight wears a suit of NG Samson PA when going into combat. He also carries his distinctive NG Super Laser Pistol and Grenade Launcher fitted with a shoulder stock slung over his chest with a spec-ops sling when not in power armor.

Other Arclight Personnel

Most of the Arclight Brigade is composed of humans from the Midwest, including two Coalition RPA pilot defectors, a few Wilderness Scouts, Headhunters and others good in a fight. The Mystics and the Shifter have been with the group since the early days. They occasionally have problems with the Coalition defectors, but the majority of the troops don't seem to mind them as long as they pull their own weight. Arclight has also recently hired a couple of local Swamp Stompers and a Pathfinder to assist in information gathering, and they are the first non-humans to join the group. How this will play out with the rest of the personnel is yet unknown, but the brigade is seasoned enough to at least give them a chance to prove themselves.

Wendel Zebulon, Second in Command: Special Forces O.C.C.

4 Special Forces

4 Wilderness Scouts

2 Swamp Stompers (both D-Bees)

1 Dinosaur Hunter (D-Bee)

1 Pathfinder (D-Bee)

2 Combat Medics (Use the template from the Merc Soldier or CS Technical Officer O.C.C. with a *Medic M.O.S.*)

2 Operators

1 Psi-Stalker

4 Dog Boys
9 Headhunters
3 Full Conversion 'Borgs
4 RPA Pilots
3 Smugglers
2 Mystics
1 Shifter

Arclight Base of Operations

Located 20 miles (32 km) from Char, the Arclight Brigade has taken up residence in a secluded clearing in the SteelTree forest. The trees provide ample cover, the aerial tree roots offer shelter and serve as sleeping quarters for groups of 4, and there is a small stream nearby for drinking water. They have erected a few prefabricated temporary buildings for storage of perishable items, but the site is otherwise a primitive encampment. There are usually three or four Operators affiliated with the guild in Char at any given time, helping with repairs, exchanging information, or picking over salvage from a previous raid.

Standard Weapons

There is a standard prejudice toward using Northern Gun weapons and equipment because that is what the majority of the group is used to wielding. They are encouraged to draw from the collective Brigade armory, but individual weapons purchases are not frowned upon.

NG-LG6 Northern Gun Laser Rifle and Grenade Launcher

NG-57 Northern Gun Heavy-duty Ion Blaster

4 Grenades or 2 heavy Fusion Blocks

One in four front-line members will be issued either a Coalition C-27 Plasma Cannon or a WI-GL4 Revolving Grenade Launcher.

Transport Vehicles

2 Big Boss A.T.V.s

2 Mountaineer A.T.V.s

6 Armored Trucks and Buses (Average 100 M.D.C. each)

Combat Vehicles

1 Northern Gun Sky King Air Combat Vehicle

1 Triax Terrain Hopper Power Armor

2 Repainted Tiger-Stripe Coalition SAMAS Power Armor

6 NG-EX10 Gladius Light Exoskeleton Battle Armor suits equipped with Wilk's Jet Packs (reduce the speed of the jet pack to a maximum of 80 mph (128 km).

The Second Neenok Expedition

– Sponsored by New Lazlo, 109 P.A.

The Motivations

The traveling bug has been gnawing at Neenok again, and the *University of New Lazlo* is only too happy to send him back into the field for more research.

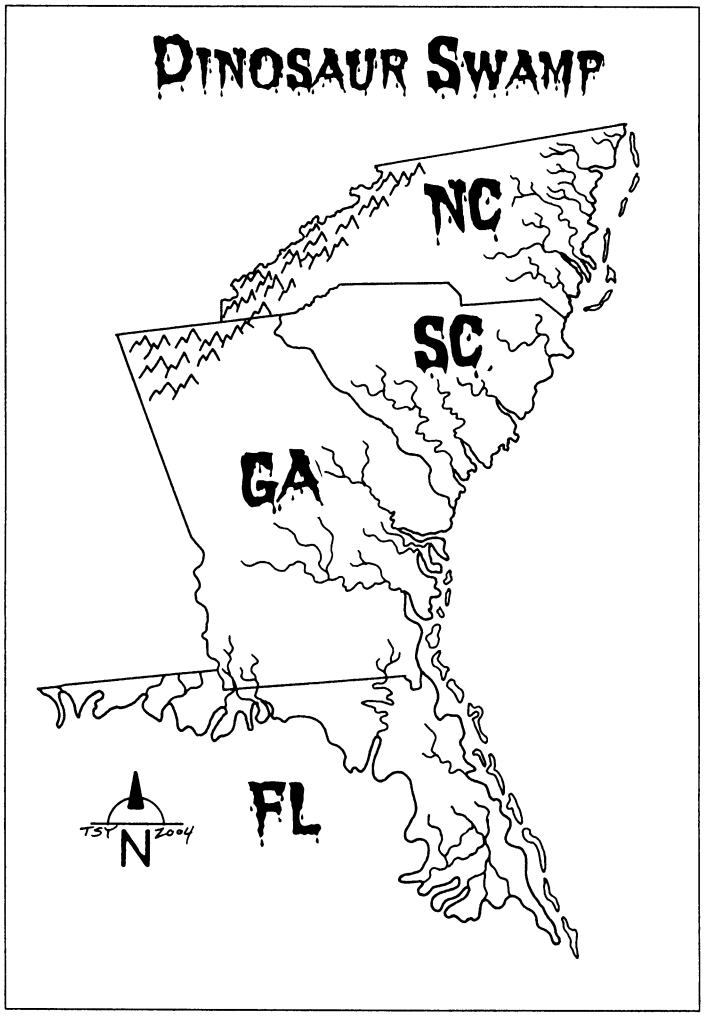
On the surface, Neenok is starting another expedition to gather more data on the southeast and to update or possibly add another volume to his collected works. This is an enormous opportunity for the university, Neenok, his research staff, and the selected students who are going to be accompanying him on this expedition.

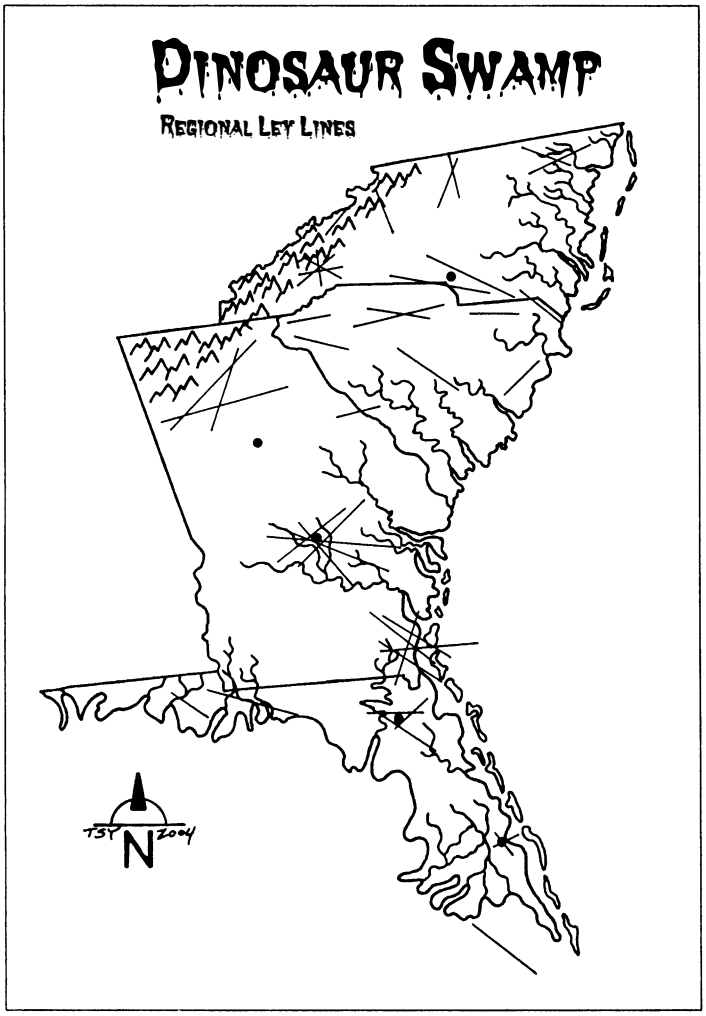
Behind the scenes, Neenok has begun to annoy the city's ruling body. He has heard their rhetoric, he has heard all the outcries against the Coalition States, against injustice, against cruelty, against all things dark in the world, and he has stood up and asked one simple, yet annoying question. "What is the city of New Lazlo going to do about any of it?"

New Lazlo is an idealistic community of free thinkers ready to say what's on their minds and quote learned individuals to back themselves up. However, they are not a military force nor an influential political power. They are only a single, yet loud, voice in the night. Neenok's frequent questions and mundane directness have begun to deflate their bubble of self-importance. In short, New Lazlo is all talk and no action, and Neenok has called them on it. The aftermath of the Tolkeen War has shown that despite suffering severe losses, the Coalition is *the* force to be reckoned with. It is as everyone feared would come to pass. Neenok has, of late, given public addresses pushing the issue and he has opened the lid on the question, when should talk turn into action? And his prodding has begun to incite some of the more fiery members of the population to talk even more and to demand some kind of action.

For the first time, the leadership of New Lazlo has been faced with a decision they've never had to make before. They've been used to holding the Coalition under the microscope for so long that they are uncomfortable with someone holding it over them. They agree with Neenok in principle that something should be done to protect New Lazlo and *all* nonhumans, but the *how* and the *when* escapes them. To act irresponsibly is to bring Coalition retribution down on their heads sooner rather than later. Rash action will only lead to New Lazlo's destruction. And so the debate continues.

Meanwhile, when Neenok suggested a new expedition into Dinosaur Swamp with a plan to see if he can uncover an ancient weapon, technology, magic or dimensional force that might help them against the impending menace of the CS, the university, heavily supported by the ruling council, jumped at the opportunity. One, it feels like they are doing something, and two, it shuts up Neenok and let's the heat of the current debate simmer down to a slow boil. Keeping Neenok busy will prevent him





from upsetting the apple cart and *might* actually have some interesting results. Of course, as exciting and promising Neenok's second expedition may be, the odds of he and his team finding anything that could actually stop the Coalition is slim and none. However, it does buy the leaders of New Lazlo three years to weigh all their options and try to find a real solution to the issues swirling around the Coalition States. New Lazlo needs a plan for the future, but they also need some breathing room for it to formulate.

The Second Expedition

A simple plan. After nearly 8 months of planning, the expedition is set to depart in March of 109 P.A. With luck and proper planning, that should put the expedition in Char by the summer, and they should be establishing winter quarters in Georgia by the end of the year.

The spring of 110 P.A. should see the expedition deep into the southern reaches of the Florida peninsula for a full year of research. In 111 P.A. the team will decide whether to stay another summer or a full year, or perhaps move on to explore the Caribbean Islands. At any rate, they do not plan to return to New Lazlo until sometime late in 112 P.A. If their research is really on to something big (like rebuilding one or more of the Ocmulgee mounds or uncovering the secrets of time or dimensional travel there or elsewhere), the expedition may elect to stay another year or two. There are no illusions that this expedition will be a short one, this is a full-fledged scientific quest.

Neenok has highlighted several areas that he wants to concentrate on during this expedition. His first and most obvious destination is **Char**. He wants to see how the city has developed over the past two decades, or if it is even still there at all. There are also the **Time Holes**, something that he wants to get a closer look at and study longer. To this end, he plans on bringing a team of *Shifters* and a *Temporal Wizard* with him to help study the mysterious landmark. He'd also like to take a look at the mysterious **Indian Mounds** and maybe make an expedition or two into the **Demon Sea** and/or the Caribbean Sea to explore the islands of the Bermudas, then on to Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic. It has always been a regret of his that he was never able to venture out into the open waters and explore the few islands that remain, if they even exist.

His other major plan is to fully excavate one or two of Florida's **barrier islands**. The mere suggestion that there is a chance of discovering salvageable *aerospace technology* has the entire archaeological community practically falling over one another to go.

In order to accomplish his goals, Neenok has approached the *Titan Robotics Complex* of New Cedarville in the Manistique Imperium and commissioned them to construct a special version of the *Behemoth Explorer* for use as a mobile laboratory, supply depot, and command and control center for the expedition. *Argent Goodson* was happy to take the order, has kept the cost surprisingly low and delivered on time. (That's because Titan Industries is the secret arm of Archie Three and anything the Neenok expedition learns will be transmitted directly to Archie.)

Heading the expedition will, of course, be **Neenok**, assisted by his trusted friend and second in command on his first trip, an Aardan Tek Rogue Scientist named **Obioma**. He has also hired on the famed eastern Wilderness Scout, **Alexander Washington Lee** as Quartermaster and Expedition Guide. Between the three of them, the core leadership is well seasoned and known for success.

The Second Neenok Expedition is built like a Mercenary Company, only with a few minor tweaks. Even though they are not dedicated to combat and the art of war, they are still well armed and equipped for all possible contingencies.

Expedition/Organization Stats:

Sponsorship: #5 Government: New Lazlo.

Outfits: #4 Specialty Clothing.

Equipment: #5 Medical Clinic & #3 Electronic Supplies and Good Gear.

Vehicles: #3 Fleet Vehicles.

Weapons: #3 Basic Weaponry.

Communications: #4 Full Range System.

Internal Security: #3 Tight.

Permanent Base: None.

Intelligence Resources: #4 Psionic and Magic Operatives & #5 D-Bee Specialists.

Special Budget: #5 Big Bucks.

General Alignment of Personnel: #6 Scrupulous and Principled.

Library: #4 Excellent Library (mostly stored on computer discs and digital formats).

Reputation/Credentials: #5 Excellent.

Salary: #2 Freelance (for university associates) & #4 Good (for guards, scouts, etc.).

Total Points Spent: 212

Size & Orientation: Effectively a Free Company.

Other Personnel

Neenok has spared no expense when hiring personnel, pulling as many different people from as many different disciplines as he can find. Not only does the expedition include the expected complement of scientists, scholars and wilderness guides, but also mechanics, physicians, practitioners of magic, vehicle pilots and any number of guards to provide for heavy muscle should it be necessary. After Neenok's first trip to the region, he's determined to reenter Dinosaur Swamp with more firepower than he had the last time. To that end, he has included military veterans with field and combat experience. The entire "team" totals almost 200 individuals.

No one has ever attempted an expedition of this size and magnitude before. It's *rumored* that **Erin Tarn** may even join the expedition, however she has been staying close to Lazlo since the Tolkeen War began, and as the war winds down, it seems unlikely she would go off on an adventure of her own. Thus, this may, indeed, be just a rumor.

Financed by and originating from New Lazlo, there are a number of practitioners of magic and individuals with psionic abilities attached to the project. There are also several Mystics assigned to the Research Staff to study the native peoples in a much more holistic manner than just an anthropological survey. The expedition is dedicated to discovery and research, but it also has a pseudo-military and government objective in the idea of uncovering something that may give the City-State of Lazlo a leg up against the Coalition Army should it ever need one.

Research Staff

10 Rogue Scholars; specialties include Lore, Archaeology, History and Architecture.

10 Rogue Scientists; specialties include Anthropology, Biology, Botany, and Xenology: Dinosaurs.

4 Operators; specialties include Salvage and Electricity Generation.

4 Cyber-Docs; specialties include Salvage and Mechanical skills.

5 Shifters; specializing in D-Shifting phenomena and eccentric Rifts.

5 Mystics; specializing in Languages, Music and Domestic/customs skills.

One Temporal Wizard specializing in time distortion and travel.

Scouts

5 Wilderness Scouts

2 Legacy Scouts

2 Pathfinders

3 Psi-Stalkers

8 Free Born Dog Boys (educated as the standard Dog Boy R.C.C.).

4 Mystics; emphasizing Clairvoyance, Object Read, and Presence Sense.

6 Pilots; 2 Flying Titans, 2 jet packs and 2 NG Sky Kings.

Military Forces

5 Special Forces; NG veteran mercenaries.

2 Dinosaur Hunters; acting as scout/snipers and forward observers

15 Headhunters

2 Cyber-Knights

6 Pilots; 1 Black Market CS SAMAS, 4 NG Samson PA, 1 Triax X-10 Predator.

6 Ley Line Walkers

4 Techno-Wizards; specializing in TW firearms and other combat applications.

Medical Personnel

6 Body Fixers

4 Cyber-Docs

6 Nurses/Paramedics

3 Major Psychics, with psionic healing abilities.

Vehicle Crews & Support Staff

20 Pilots; ground vehicles, hovercraft, some trained in watercraft, and *the Lazlo.*

7 Operators, specializing in vehicle, equipment and weapon repair and maintenance.

30 Vagabonds, everything from laborers, porters, cooks, laundry and general utility workers.

Other/Unique

Laranna, a 30 year old Hatchling Great Horned Dragon.

Mr. Brain, a Mind Melter.

An M.D.C. Mobile Base of Operations

Neenok plans on using the specially constructed Behemoth Explorer christened, appropriately, *the Lazlo*, as a mobile base of operations for the expedition. It does not have the regular crew complement facilities, but instead has expanded space for laboratories, cargo, offices, a sealed medical bay and recreational facilities. It has all of the advantages of a permanent structure with the benefit of being mobile. *The Lazlo* is also reasonably well armored, providing for a hardened strong point in the center of camp for non-combat personnel to take shelter in during emergency and combat situations. In the event of a major catastrophe, such as a hurricane or other major weather event, the entire expedition force can squeeze into *the Lazlo* until the danger passes.

Standard Weapons

Neenok, Obioma and Alexander have agreed that every member of the expedition is to be armed. Everyone is issued one energy pistol with 3 E-Clips and a Vibro-Knife, but everyone is also assigned an energy rifle with three E-Clips to be handed out in an emergency. The guards and scouts are obviously armed much more heavily, and usually with their own personal weapons. They have tried to stick with as many of the same companies' weapons and equipment as possible not only for economical package deals, but so as to avoid having a plethora of different size/brand E-Clips floating around. There's nothing worse than reaching for a fresh magazine in a firefight only to find you grabbed the wrong one.

Wilks 320 Laser Pistol (issued to everyone).

Vibro-Knife (issued to everyone).

Wilks 447 Laser Rifle (assigned to everyone).

Standard Combat Weapons

NG-IP7 Ion Pulse Rifle; an solid bullpup design capable of burst firing.

NG-LG6 Laser Rifle/Grenade Launcher; an excellent combat rifle, if a bit heavy.

NG-E4 Plasma Ejector; a good close support weapon and excellent for scaring off predators.

Equipment

Individuals may supplement the following package with their own, personal gear, but everyone involved with the expedition is issued the following: One suit of Urban Warrior armor, two sets of NG Hunter Suits or Hunter Utilities, one pair of Hunter Paw gloves and Hunter Track boots, NG Overland backpack, NG All-In-One utility belt with pistol holster, canteen, sleeping bag, NG ICSS Shelter, small communicator (linked in with the central comm station on *the Lazlo*), first aid kit, flashlight, sunglasses, gas mask/air filter, and either a baseball cap or a boonie hat.

The Lazlo Model Behemoth

A modern, customized variation of the classic Behemoth Explorer. Titan Industries has gone all out on this prototype, effectively creating a new type of exploration vehicle. If the Lazlo performs well on what should be a famous expedition, TI plans to mass produce the vehicle and make zillions. It will function as a mobile command vehicle, carry supplies and cargo, and provide other services to the expedition.

Like the original Behemoth Explorer, the Lazlo Model Behemoth is a massive and unusual robot vehicle. It is part giant science laboratory, part mobile command center and part house trailer on legs.

The Lazlo has a forward pilot compartment and observation deck that can accommodate as many as 16 people in addition to the crew without overcrowding. M.D.C. metal shutters (providing 75 M.D.C. of protection) can slide over the clear, heavy M.D.C. glass of the observation bubble (which has 50 M.D.C. of its own). An almost identical observation deck, or bubble, is located in the rear of the vehicle. Three smaller ones, a third of the size of the front and rear decks, are located on the top of the vehicle, one toward the back and two in the mid-section. There is also one in the undercarriage, but it only allows its five or six passengers to look out from the sides and rear; the front and bottom are heavily shielded from possible attacks. If any of the observation decks are breached, they can be sealed off by a heavy blast door (with 150 M.D.C. each).

The pilot and crew compartment is located in the nose of the giant robot vehicle in the forward observation deck. A small, interior, *auxiliary pilot bridge* only big enough to hold the 3 crew members, is located just behind the observation bubble and uses video cameras and sensor systems to "see" and navigate.

There are two levels inside the Lazlo Model Behemoth. The top level (with the three small observation bubbles above them) contains the main science lab (1400 square feet/130 sq. m), a containment hold for live specimens (1100 square feet/102 sq. m), and four small (300 square feet/27.8 sq. m) private labs/studies.

The second level contains 12 separate living quarters that can accommodate 48 people comfortably (72 cramped), a communal dining/lounge area, sick bay, and a storage bay that can hold four small vehicles like hover cycles and a half dozen suits of power armor with room to spare.

Eight medium-sized searchlights extend from various concealed housings – four on the top, four in the undercarriage. In addition, there are two large lights in the nose of the front and rear observation decks.



Unlike the classic Behemoth Explorer, the Lazlo Model does not have the two large robot arms, but it does have a unique feature. In addition to heavier armor (greater M.D.C.), advanced communications and other features (already noted), the vehicle has an extendible and retractable folding robot arm. The arm is located in the front of the vehicle and folds back, down the middle of the robot, to rest on the top of the vehicle. Connected to the arm is a "mini-station" – a small platform about the size of large pickup truck. A small observation bubble crowns the mini-station and holds 1-4 people. It is usually the person or people inside the mini-station who control the arm. The arm can rise upward 40 feet (12.2 m) or turn forward and down about 50 feet (15.2 m), to about 30 feet (9.1 m) above the ground. It is designed to enable those in the mini-station to get close to and examine specimens without leaving the vehicle.

The mini-station has a pair of small, retractable robot arms in the nose with modular "hands" to make repairs, dig, videotape, etc. In addition, there is a long, larger arm mounted into the left side that is equipped with a high-powered searchlight (visible light beam and infrared), digital video camera, and a light laser (2D6 M.D. per blast; 2000 foot/610 m range). There is also a small sensor cluster behind the observation bubble (10 M.D.C.).

The Lazlo Model Behemoth has only two large mini-missile launchers on each side of the vehicle toward the rear, plus a pair of small, medium lasers in the nose of the front and back observation decks. Additional weapons such as rail guns and laser turrets could be added to the sides, top or undercarriage, but this is not a combat vehicle, and the size of the vehicle should dissuade even the largest dinosaurs from attacking. Note that the vehicle's massive size and slow speed make it poorly suited for combat.

The Lazlo Model Behemoth was built to the specifications requested by Neenok and his team of experts. The cost to New Lazlo was minimal, resulting from a deal that lets Titan Industries modify and reproduce the design without any royalty or kickback to the kingdom (although New Lazlo is to get a second Lazlo Model Behemoth, at no charge, by the end of 109 P.A. and a third by the end of 110 P.A. for future or additional expeditions).

Model Type: EX-L6 Robot Lab & Command Center.

Class: Mobile Medical/Research Robot Vehicle.

Crew: Four; one pilot, one copilot, one communications officer and a gunner. Houses 48-72 individuals (the latter number is under cramped and uncomfortable conditions).

M.D.C. by Location:

Front Observation Deck & Main Crew Compartment – 300 overall

Glass Bubble of Front & Rear Observation Decks (top) – 50 each (125 when closed with wraparound shielding; can't see from deck when shields are up/bubble enclosed).

Three Top Observation Glass Bubbles (top/bubble) – 35 each

Three Top Observation Decks (Metal) – 115 each

One Bottom Observation Glass Bubble – 35

One Bottom Observation Deck (Metal) – 225

Top Folding Arm (1; just the arm itself) - 125

* Mini-Station (1) – 180

* Mini-Station Arm Light & Laser (1) – 30

* Small Robot Arms (2) of the Mini-Station - 28 each

Legs (2) - 325 each

* Medium Searchlights (8) - 10 each

Front Observation Deck Searchlights (2) – 12 each

Rear Observation Deck Searchlights (2) – 12 each

Auxiliary Pilot's Compartment (1) - 160

Blast Doors – 150 each

** Main Sensor Tower (1, rear) - 120

*** Main Body - 668

* A single asterisk indicates a small and/or difficult target to hit, and even those making an Aimed or Called Shot are -4 to strike (-6 if they or the Lazlo Model Behemoth are moving).

** Destroying the main sensor tower in the rear will reduce sensor range and capabilities by two-thirds. The pilot must then rely on short-range auxiliary systems or his own human vision. **Note:** The tower is located in the rear and is not a viable target except from attackers operating behind the vehicle. Impossible to hit from the front.

*** Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will shut the robot down completely, rendering it immobile, knocking out all weapon systems, communications and sensors. However, *internal* lights, heating, cooling and basic systems (i.e, the labs and housing) will continue to work for 72 hours unless the damage inflicted is greater than 800 M.D.C.

Speed:

Running: 32 mph (51.2 km) maximum. Leaping and dodging are not possible.

Statistical Data:

Height: 84 feet (25.6 m).

Width: 33 feet (10 m).

Length: 82 feet (25 m).

Weight: 59 tons fully loaded, not including crew, passengers and cargo.

Physical Strength: Robotic P.S. of 40 (applicable to feet and legs).

Cargo: 400 square feet (37 sq. m) area, plus storage in other interior areas of the giant robot; 250 ton cargo limit.

Power System: Nuclear; average energy life is 12 years.

Cost: The prototype was astronomical, but Titan Industries plans to sell mass production units for 155 million credits without the Observation Arm and 182 million with the arm. Currently a one of a kind item, but TI plans to unveil six at its Upper Michigan showroom by the end of 109 P.A. and see what people think.

Note: This new model will reduce the price of the old *Behemoth Explorer Robot* down from 100 million credits (often sold, new, for 75 million in recent years) to 54 million, making it much more affordable to explorers, mercs and governments.

Weapon Systems:

1. **Mini-Missile Launchers (2):** Mounted on the side of giant vehicle a mini-missile launcher.

Primary Purpose: Antipersonnel & Defense.

Mega-Damage: Any type of mini-missile can be used, but standard issue is fragmentation (antipersonnel, 5D6 M.D.) and plasma (1D6x10).

Effective Range: One mile (1.6 km).

Rate of Fire: One at a time or in volleys of two, three, four or six. Firing a single mini-missile or a volley of 2-6 counts as one melee attack. The copilot or a designated gunner typically controls the missile launcher.

Payload: 96 total per each launcher. Hundreds more can be stored inside the robot vehicle.

2. **Main Observation Deck Lasers (1 pair per deck):** A pair of medium-powered lasers are located in the nose of the two main observation decks. Each has a 45 degree, up and down, arc of fire and 90 degrees side to side.

Primary Purpose: Defense.

Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single blast or 4D6 M.D. per simultaneous double blast. The pilot or co-pilot typically operates the forward guns. A designated passenger or crew member for the rear guns.

Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m).

Rate of Fire: Each single or double blast counts as one of the gunner's melee attacks.

Payload: Effectively unlimited; tied tot he nuclear power supply.

3. **Gas & Smoke Defense:** A cloud of noxious gas and smoke can be released from the undercarriage. It is designed to fog, choke and chase away dinosaurs, animals, swarms of insects and hostile humanoids without environmental armor. The smoke extends to a 100 foot (30.5 m) radius around the vehicle.

Primary Purpose: Defense.

Mega-Damage: None.

Penalties on Victims: All caught in the gas cloud are -1 melee attack, -4 on initiative, -6 to strike and parry, and -4 to dodge, plus they cannot see more than three feet (0.9 m) in front of their face and breathing the gas causes them to choke and cough. Equal to a Horror Factor of 17 to most animals and dinosaurs, causing them to flee; H.F. 15 to intelligent but primitive humanoids (and intelligent dinosaurs). Has no effect other than obscuring vision (penalties to strike, parry and dodge remain in effect) for those clad in environmental body armor and familiar with technology.

Effective Range: 100 feet (30.5 m) around the entire vehicle.

Duration: Gas and smoke lingers for up to 15 minutes, half that time in a strong wind (20 mph/32 km or greater).

Rate of Fire: Once per 15 minutes.

Payload: 18 full doses.

4. **Sensor System Note:** The Behemoth has some of the best sensory equipment available in a robot vehicle.

1. Thermal-Imager: A special optical heat sensor that allows the infrared radiation of warm objects to be converted into a visible image. Enables the pilot to see in the dark, in shadows, and through smoke. **Range:** 2000 feet (610 m).

2. Infrared and Ultraviolet Optics: This optical system projects a beam of infrared light that is invisible to the normal eye. The infrared beam enables the pilot to see in the dark and to see other infrared beams. The ultraviolet system enables the pilot to see into the ultraviolet spectrum of light and is mostly used to detect the light beams of ultraviolet detection systems. **Note:** The infrared light beam can be seen by anybody who also has infrared optics, and the beam can be traced back to its source. Smoke impairs the infrared beam, making it impossible to see. **Range:** 1500 feet (457.2 m).

3. Infrared Searchlights: The two front headlights also serve as infrared searchlights. The lights can be used to scan an area at night using the invisible light to avoid detection. Only somebody who can also see infrared light will see the beam. **Range:** 1500 feet (457.2 m).

4. Enhanced Radar: Can identify and simultaneously track up to 800 different targets. **Range:** 200 miles (320 km).

5. Advanced Communications: Wide and narrow band broadcasting, scrambling and video capabilities as well as internal communications and multiple caller switchboard. **Range:** 600 miles (960 km).

Note: Hand to hand combat, per se, is not possible, but a stomp attack inflicts 6D6 M.D. and is effective against opponents up to 15 feet (4.6 m) tall, and a body block/ram attack (counts as two melee attacks/actions) does 3D6+6 M.D.

Other Transport Vehicles

Note: Most, if not all, vehicles have been converted over to electric engines wherever possible, with only a select few having a nuclear power plant. This was done primarily for ease of repairs, less chance of a disastrous reactor breach, and for cost considerations.

2 Triax MZ-10 Wilderness Cruisers. Expensive, but maneuverable. Each carries a lot of cargo and provides extra firepower when necessary. One is used to transport the support Operators and their gear, the other is a fast response medical/support vehicle.

8 Mountaineer A.T.V.s. Half the cargo area has been modified for passenger transport.

7 Big Boss A.T.V.s. Mainly passenger transport or cargo such as ammunition or special equipment.

12 King Grizzly A.T.V.s. Individual transport and light cargo.

16 Wildcat Dirtbikes. Individual transport and scouting.

12 NG-300 Speedster Hovercycles. Individual transport and light cargo.

3 Prowler General Utility Boats. Stored away as cargo in *the Lazlo*, broken out as needed.

Combat & Scouting Vehicles:

2 Flying Titans

2 Falcon 300 jet packs

2 NG Sky Kings

1 Black Market CS SAMAS

4 NG Samson PA

2 Triax X-10 Predators

Deearn Neenok

What most people don't know about Deearn Neenok is that he is a D-Bee. Not just any D-Bee, but a rare and inhuman race of spider-like beings who call themselves *A'rac*. The A'rac are not common to Rifts Earth and are especially uncommon in North America, where they are often regarded as monsters and demons, and quickly, attacked or driven away.

Neenok's parents came to Rifts Earth about a decade after the establishment of the Post-Apocalyptic Calendar by the Coalition States. Fearless explorers in their own right, they wandered the North American continent before heading to the Great Lakes region. They were chased out of the Chi-Town area and barely survived a trip through the ruins of demon-plagued Old Detroit and Windsor. As fate would have it, they eventually found themselves on the doorstep of a community dedicated to peace, learning and the mastery of magic for the betterment of all people. There they were accepted and welcomed and there it was that they would find a new home. That place, of course, was the burgeoning city of Lazlo in its infancy. The ideals on which the community was founded appealed to the couple and they settled at Lazlo, where they became teachers. In time, the couple would help to found the University of Learning.

Neenok was born in 50 P.A., and he grew up in the halcyon days of Lazlo's growth from a small community of scholars, wizards and idealists into a full-fledged nation of free-thinkers. Every day of his youth seemed to be an adventure with something new to hear about or discover. People of every race and walk of life came to Lazlo and dazzled the young man with tales of wonder, mystery, adventure, and, sometimes, horror. The blood of explorers coursing through his veins, the lad dreamt of going into the world to learn more for himself. Fortunately, his parents and their friend, *Erin Tarn*, convinced Neenok to finish



with his education before he ran off to see the world. In 70 P.A., Neenok graduated at the top of his class and was ready to make his own adventures.

Throughout the next decade, Neenok traveled not only throughout large portions of North America, but also parts of Africa and into the dark heart of India and a bit of Indochina. He was surprised to learn that his unearthly and grotesque appearance enabled him to travel unmolested through many of the lands dominated by humans and D-Bees, who often regarded him as the child or avatar or spirit manifestation of their spider gods. Even those who feared him as a demon or dark god, gave him wide berth and left him unharmed for fear of invoking the wrath of dark and inhuman forces upon themselves. In Africa and India, people found him to be such a curiosity that they were willing to spend a great deal of time with Neenok, and he even shared many a dinner table with some of the ruling Raksasha Lords of India.

By the year 80 P.A., however, Neenok was feeling the familiar tugs of home calling to him, and he returned to Lazlo to visit his parents, share his experiences with the Council of Learning and the University, and reestablish ties with old friends. Neenok did that and more, but to his own surprise, he found Lazlo was no longer his home. After six short months, wanderlust began to eat at his soul. Every story of new people, magic and discovery beckoned him to go see for himself. Neenok felt confined and uncomfortable in his hometown. It had quadrupled in size the ten years he was gone, and bustled with activity and excitement. On one level, the ideas were exciting and the sheer number of the intelligentsia was staggering. You couldn't turn around without bumping into a brilliant thinker, mage or student. Ideas, theories and debate hung in the air like bees at a picnic. In its own way it was wonderful, and there was a day when he would have relished every last bit of it all. So it was that Neenok made his most profound discovery right at home: he had changed and Lazlo may have been his birthplace, but it was no longer home. He would always have fond memories of it, but the world was his home now and it called his name to come and visit all its most distant and mysterious places. With a hug and tears, he bid friends and family fond farewell and left again.

Neenok had come to love the wilderness, and found mysterious and savage lands to be especially exhilarating. It was the allure of danger, he told himself (because he was no warrior or combatant by any stretch of the imagination), it was because few others dared to explore such exotic and dangerous realms, and he liked going where few dared to tread. As much as he loved and respected great minds like Plato of Lazlo and the courageous Erin Tarn, their interests laid in uncovering the past, understanding human nature and culture, with a dream of making people better. Neenok admired that, but he was an explorer. He sought to be the first to uncover new things and carve a path to places that others would follow.

For awhile, he explored the woodlands of lower Michigan. He found it ironic that the roles of the upper and lower peninsula had been reversed since the Coming of the Rifts. That the once populated Lower Peninsula was now a widely unexplored wilderness and the Upper Peninsula had become the continent's industrial center choked by the smoke and gridlock of industry and civilization. For a base of operation, he settled at **New Lazlo**. It reminded him a bit of the Lazlo he knew in his youth and he liked the city-state's calmer and quieter lifestyle and efforts to live more harmoniously with nature.

Upon learning about Neenok's lineage and past experiences as an explorer, the council at New Lazlo asked him if he'd lead an expedition into the mysterious and savage land known as Dinosaur Swamp. Neenok's first thought was, why hadn't he thought of exploring Dinosaur Swamp himself, and accepted the job on the spot. A consummate professional with the lives of others reliant upon his decisions, Neenok spent the next two years planning the expedition. By the onset of the summer, 82 P.A., the Deearn Neenok New Lazlo Expedition took their first steps into Dinosaur Swamp.

The expedition lasted two years, not returning to New Lazlo until late in December of 84 P.A. Of the original members of the expedition who left from New Lazlo two years earlier, only 40% returned home. All commended Neenok as a capable leader, and many would join him on other explorations in the future, but the rigors of Dinosaur Swamp were just too dangerous to come away without casualties. Neenok spent the next two and a half years writing his book, T**he Dinosaurian Swamp: Notes from the Field**, published by the New Lazlo Press in 87 P.A. It is a massive, 1200 page book filled with photographs, sketches, graphs and his collected field notes, edited for publication. The book was a modest success among the scholars and scientists, but was too dry and academic for the public. Deflated by the unremarkable impact of his book and still fighting the sorrow and depression of losing so many members of his party, Neenok accepted a position at the fledgling University of New Lazlo. When asked how long he planned to stay this time, he remarked that he was through with exploration. He was wrong.

Over the past 22 years, Neenok has lead 11 short-term expeditions (1-3 months) into numerous places around the Great Lakes and into the eastern wilderness, including a probe into Madhaven – the haunted ruins of what was once New York City. That expedition was cut short when the region proved to be too hostile and Neenok feared that his fellow explorers, a third of which were university students, would meet with a terrible fate. Each expedition was sponsored by the university or government of New Lazlo, and each would end before a new semester at the University. However, his mind has often returned to Dinosaur Swamp, where dozens of questions raised by his first expedition remain unanswered, and hundreds . . . perhaps thousands of mysteries waited to be discovered.

For the last five years, Neenok has stayed home in New Lazlo, but not sulking or mired in regret. He has been planning and lobbying for a new expedition to Dinosaur Swamp. Neenok has never stopped studying his notes and those of others, and has been forming theories and ideas about Dinosaur Swamp for two decades. As an A'rac, Neenok is in his physical prime, he has come to terms with the sacrifices and losses of the first expedition years ago, and he yearns to go back. The scholar and explorer has grown frustrated and somewhat dissatisfied with his life in New Lazlo. He craves adventure and research, but has declined all other expeditions while he pesters the powers that be to sponsor an expedition to Florida. This has made Neenok short-tempered, hyper-critical and outspoken of the New Lazlo leadership, to the point that he's driving his longtime friends and associates crazy. It's all part of his plan to coerce them into sponsoring a new expedition, and it has worked. They are glad

to send their annoying friend into the wilderness for three years in the hopes that he returns a happier person. (Or failing that, annoys the wrong dinosaur and gets himself eaten! Okay, he hasn't been that bad, and he is still liked and admired by many.)

As of 109 P.A., twenty-two years have passed since his book, **Notes from the Field,** was published and Neenok is finally on another grand mission to Dinosaur Swamp. There might even be another book or two in it for him. And this time he plans to write one that will appeal to the public and spark their imagination.

Real Name: Deearn Neenok

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 20, M.E. 10, M.A. 17, P.S. 15, P.P. 12, P.E. 22, P.B. 6 to humans and human-like D-Bees (P.B. 12 to other members of his race), Spd 14. **Note:** P.S. is the equivalent of Bionic Strength.

Hit Points.: 52, **S.D.C.:** 83 (can take one M.D. point of damage and survive).

Natural A.R.: 13 (The attacker must roll a 14 or higher before any Hit Point and S.D.C. based attacks can penetrate an A'rac's natural body armor and inflict damage. A roll of 1-13 may hit and sting a bit, but does no damage.)

Age: 59. **Sex:** Male. **Race:** A'rac, spider-like D-Bee.

Height: 7 feet (2.1 m). **Weight:** 207 lbs (93 kg).

Disposition: A consummate explorer, Neenok isn't afraid to venture into unknown lands. He has a very positive and "go get 'em" approach to life, with a distinct love for discovering new things, research and academic writing. Exploration and traveling is in his blood, and he always yearns for the next big adventure. He's been sedentary for too long and he's anxious to get back into the field. Neenok got over his feelings of guilt and sorrow for the deaths of his companions on the first expedition 20 years ago, although it has made him even more careful in his calculations and plans for all expeditions that have come since.

Description: A tall, spider-like humanoid with four insect eyes, mandibles, long thin fingers, and dark, very, very fine iridescent segmented plates/scales for skin. (**Note:** See the description for the A'rac R.C.C. that follows for more information on this particular species of D-Bee.)

Experience Level: 9th level Rogue Scholar.

Occupation: Adventurer and college professor.

P.P.E.: 8

Magic Knowledge: Lore only.

Psionics: Lore only.

Combat: Hand to Hand: Basic: 6 attacks per melee round.

Bonuses: +6% to all skills, +5% to Science and Technical skills (both already applied), +4 on Perception Rolls, +1 to strike, +2 to parry, +2 to dodge, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +2 damage, Critical Strike on an Natural 19-20, +2 vs Horror Factor, +3 vs disease, and +10 vs poison.

Skills & Abilities of Note: Natural Climb ability 90%/90%, excellent balance, can see the infrared and ultraviolet spectrum of light, Literacy 98%, Speaks American 98%, Euro 98%, Spanish 98%, Basic Math 98%, Computer Operation 98%, Pilot Automobile 92%, Advanced Math 98%, Anthropology 81%, Archaeology 81%, Biology 91%, Botany 86%, Xenology (North America, Europe) 91%, Writing 98%, Mining 98%, History (North American, European) 98%, Lore: Magic 96%, Lore: D-Bee 96%, Lore: Demons & Monsters 96%, Research 98%, Photography 98%, Prowl 81%, Wilderness Survival 81%, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Revolver, and W.P. Submachine-gun.

Weapons and Equipment: Carries an NG-45LP "Long Pistol" in a right-handed side-draw holster on a utility belt, and a Wilk's-Remi "Six Shooter" (a gift from Obioma) in a hip holster. He favors wearing a suit of Urban Warrior body armor when in the field, usually painted in shades of brown and tan. He wears a backpack and a shoulder satchel to carry his pocket magnifying lenses, notepad and pens/pencils, extra E-Clips, a portable language translator, a couple of books, pocket-size digital camera and sound recorder (6 hours of sound, 2000 pictures per disc), and a Wilk's EVC-600 video camera.

The Wilk's Explorer Video Camera (EVC-600) is practically a part of Neenok's hand. It is a lightweight (3 lbs/1.35 kg), waterproof, shockproof (has 22 M.D.C.) camera able to record up to 48 hours of sound and video per video canister (of which there are two mounted on the top; just aim and shoot), plus the camera has a full range of macro, zoom and telescopic lenses and filters and built-in editing features, as well as jacks and connectors for plugging into computer and communications systems, broadcast systems and bionic head and fingerjacks. This advanced camera is of the highest quality and is used by explorers, scientists, news reporters and amateur film makers. Cost: 20,000 credits and worth every penny.

A'rac R.C.C.

The A'rac (pronounce "eh rack") are a race of incredibly curious and intellectual humanoids who have evolved from arachnid life forms.

They are found throughout the Megaverse, including Phase World, and visit the Three Galaxies, though they originate from someplace altogether different. The A'rac are known to most dimensional travelers, including True Atlanteans, the Splugorth, Prometheans, and many dragons, but their numbers are not as large as many would think; they just like to travel a lot.

Their home world is lost, somewhere out among the stars, they say, but rather than spend time searching for it, most A'rac would rather spend their time exploring as many *different* worlds as possible. This draws tens of thousands of them to Rifts Earth every year, but most use the Rifts as portals to travel to other places and never even stop to explore the planet itself. To them and dimensional travelers like them, the Earth is a portal – a door way – to elsewhere, making the planet little more than a momentary stop on a longer journey. Such is Earth's unique status as a Dimensional Nexus among trans-dimensional travelers in the Megaverse. (At least among those who know about it. Rifts Earth is actually something of a well kept secret by those who draw upon its resources. The A'rac have been on Rifts Earth almost since the Cataclysm ceased its fury, but only in small numbers.)



A'rac are roughly human-sized bipeds with two arms and two legs. They are tall and thin, with arms and legs that often seem too thin and puny. However, the A'rac are very strong (equal to augmented/bionic strength). Their hands have six digits: four fingers and two opposable thumbs. Each finger is covered with thousands of microscopic hairs that enable them to climb with amazing power and grace. Their legs end in feet with short heels and arches, but also have six digits, and are much more like normal human toes suitable for walking long distances as well as climbing. Their heads are human-sized, only they have the head and features of a spider, complete with four insect eyes; two large, shiny black orbs where you would expect them, and two small eyes below. A similar pair of small orbs located where we humans would consider to be the eyebrows are false eyes to fool predators and enemies who don't know better. They have no apparent nose or external ears, and a set of four, toothed-mandibles are located where the mouth should be. A'rac are carnivores, preferring to eat liquefied meat and blood. Their skin is an armored carapace – an insect-like exoskeleton made up of extremely small, segmented plates. These plates are so small that they are only noticeable under an extremely close inspection. This gives them a certain shiny, attractive luster to their skin that somewhat offsets their insectoid faces. Their high M.A. attributes and surprisingly calm and gentle natures also go a long way to making humans and other humanoids learn to accept them.

Their bodies do not have musculature like that of most other species, because they are covered by an armored carapace. Consequently, they *do not* benefit from S.D.C. gained through physical skills, although their segmented skin plates are constantly growing, increasing in their strength and durability. They also do not benefit from strength and endurance training because of their insectoid bodies, but they do benefit from training that stresses reaction time and coordination. Thus, characters cannot gain bonuses to S.D.C., P.S. and P.E. attributes, but can gain from bonuses to P.P. and Spd. attributes from Physical skills. However, they are more likely to devote their lives to study and scholarly pursuits than waste time developing their bodies.

As they are natural intellectuals, the vast majority of them are educated in several fields of study. They also have an insatiable sense of curiosity that leads them to always seek out a greater adventure than their last. After an adventure, the character is likely to settle down for a time, reflect on what he has learned and experienced. Many keep comprehensive written journals or audio disks, and at least half will write one or more books in their lifetimes. A'rac are always eager to learn about new things and enjoy new experiences, but are sickened by willful ignorance, and find a nation of propaganda like the Coalition States to be a criminal state beyond all measure. Many A'rac who come to Rifts Earth are beginning to gather in New Lazlo and are among the first to publicly speak against ignorance and cruelty, making the Coalition States and the Federation of Magic two of their favorite subjects (hate them both). Some A'rac dare to travel to the CS 'Burbs where they spend their time trying to educate people in the basics of reading, writing and arithmetic. A few have become very active in the Black Market, particu-

larly in the trade of buying, preserving, selling, and smuggling books, vids, and other information outlawed by the CS.

A'rac make excellent player characters. They love to be on the move, seeing what's over the next hill, learning new things, and being in the thick of a new experience. They often start up an adventuring group for the experience and make very organized and determined leaders, lieutenants, guides, scouts and assistants.

A'rac R.C.C.

Optional D-Bee Player Character & NPC

Alignment: Any, but most tend to be good or selfish.

Attributes: I.Q. 3D6+8, M.E. 3D6, M.A. 3D6+6, P.S. 3D6+2, P.P. 3D6+4, P.E. 4D6+2, P.B. 2D4+1 by human standards (2D6+10 by A'rac standards), Spd 4D6. P.S. is equal to Bionic Strength.

P.P.E.: 2D6 or per magic O.C.C.

Hit Points: 3D6 +P.E. attribute, plus 1D8 per level of experience, starting at level one.

S.D.C.: 1D4x10, +5 S.D.C. per level of experience starting at level two, but do **not** gain the benefit of additional S.D.C. gained through Physical skills.

Natural A.R.: 13; a natural tough, hard skin/carapace.

Average Size: 6–7 feet (1.8 to 2.1 m); tall and lean.

Weight: 130 to 210 lbs (58.5 to 94.5 kg).

Average Life Span: 300 years.

Natural Abilities: Superior vision, can read a small sign or recognize a face from 1200 feet (366 m) away, can see the infrared and ultraviolet spectrum of light, possess natural Climb ability (81% +1% per level of experience and applies equally to climbing and rappelling), excellent balance (base skill of 50% or +15% to Acrobatics and Gymnastic skills), natural exoskeleton, hard armored skin, naturally resistant to poisons (+1 to save per level of experience), disease and toxins, and has a venomous bite.

Combat: Attacks Per Melee Round: Only those gained from Hand to Hand Combat training.

Bite Damage: Their venomous mandibles secrete a digestive juice that is also highly toxic to mammals, birds and reptiles. Bite damage is 1D4 S.D.C., however a successful strike will deliver the toxin into the victim. After the toxin has been injected, the victim must make a saving throw vs poison at 14 or higher. A successful saving throw results in an additional 1D6 S.D.C. damage, while a failure results in an additional 4D6 S.D.C. damage, and the victim feels dizzy and weak, as though they want to go to sleep. They are –3 to strike, parry and dodge, skill performance is at –15%, plus reduce speed by half for 2D4 hours.

R.C.C. Skills Bonuses: A'rac are natural intellectuals, and player characters will automatically start with one additional Language at +20%, and one extra Science skill at +10%, regardless of whether they choose an O.C.C. with access to Science skills. Further, they have a bonus of +5% to all Science and Technical skills in addition to any O.C.C. bonuses.

R.C.C. Bonuses: Roll 1D4 to determine the character's Perception Roll, +2 vs Horror Factor, and +1 per level of experience to save vs poison, toxins and disease. These are in addition to any possible attribute and O.C.C. bonuses.

O.C.C.: The A'rac are driven to intellectual pursuits, consequently they are most often drawn to the Scholar and Adventurer class of characters, particularly explorer types (e.g., Wilderness Scout, Saddle Tramp, Vagabond, Pathfinder and most O.C.C.s in **Dinosaur Swamp**). Like humans, the A'rac may select any O.C.C., however, most are attracted to the occupations in education (scholar, teacher, researcher, etc.), exploration, medicine, science, and technology. They usually avoid O.C.C.s dedicated to combat, although they can greatly appreciate the arts of war, and will more often than not possess a few Weapon Proficiencies.

Psionics: Standard; same as humans.

Magic: Standard, same as humans, i.e., the practice of magic is a learned skill. However, many A'rac tend to shy away from the mystic arts. Those who do take up magic tend to become Shifters and Temporal Wizards, but can become any magic O.C.C.

Equipment: As per their O.C.C., however they love sensory equipment, computers, and data storage materials. The character will likely have quite a diverse collection of books, data on computer disks, and film, and be up on most current events.

Allies: The A'rac find kindred spirits in anyone who has a love of knowledge, science and exploration. In North America they find good company in the *Aardan Tek* (See **Rifts® World Book 20: Canada,** page 130), and are often on good terms with dragons, Mystics, Rogue Scholars, Rogue Scientists, free thinkers, and anyone with a good head on their shoulders and a generous spirit.

Enemies: Varies with the geographic region and world. In Rifts North America, A'rac are extremely uncommon. They absolutely abhor the CS and pity the citizenry forced to live under their stifling rule and prevailing ignorance. The Coalition has reciprocated by branding A'rac as dangerous monsters to be destroyed on sight. A'rac aren't fond of the Federation of Magic either, and see the Federation as being just as narrow minded, manipulative and dangerous as the CS. Many humans are frightened and repulsed by the grim visage of a spider and frequently assume they are monsters or demons and either run for their lives or shoot to kill. The Horune and Splugorth of Rifts Earth find them to be very desirable in the slave market.

In South America, Africa, India and Asia where spider gods have been worshiped or venerated in past ages or during various times in history, the A'rac are often (not always) regarded as "divine children" of ancient nature spirits or even the avatar of a spider god, even if the D-Bee denies any such thing.

Since A'rac love to wander and explore, they seldom settle in one place for more than a year. When they do, that place usually becomes their permanent home, but even then the person will take frequent journeys to other places, sometimes disappearing for years at a time.

Fewer than two thousand are believed to inhabit the US and Canada combined, with the majority of them believed to live in the east and Magic Zone. There is a large population of approximately thirty living in *New Lazlo* and four times

that number living in *Lazlo*. A few to a dozen or so may also be found in other high-tech communities willing to tolerate spider-faced D-Bees. There are tales of families and small communities (4D6x10) living in isolation in the eastern United States and Canada. They are shunned and chased away by the vampires of Mexico because the blood of an A'rac cannot be consumed. That also means the vampires have little control over these beings, making them potentially dangerous to the vampires' power base. Nobody knows how many live in South America, but they are certain to exist in that part of the world, though not in great numbers. The rest are content to wander the continent and the world at large.

Habitat: A'rac tend to prefer cool, dry climates, but can be found just about anywhere.



Obioma Aardan-kwu

Another world traveler like Neenok, Obioma was already an experienced, if still very young, dimensional explorer by the time he came to Rifts Earth around in 67 P.A. Obioma forged a fast friendship with Neenok while attending the University at Lazlo in the early 70's. They share an insatiable hunger for knowledge, and a certain amount of good-natured competition developed between them.

Obioma was always much more physically oriented, and Neenok was driven intellectually, but they became known as a powerful research team among their classmates. After they graduated, Neenok set out for Europe, while Obioma traveled north and west, first exploring the frozen reaches of Canada and then traveling south along the Rocky Mountains and into the Vampire Kingdoms of Mexico, Central America and eventually returning to North America as 80 P.A. was coming to a close.

He returned to Lazlo, only to find that his good friend Neenok had also just returned from his travels. They both liked to joke that had either pushed farther in their travels, they might have run into one another. Obioma was fascinated with the idea of exploring the mysterious region known as **Dinosaur Swamp**, and joined the first expedition as his old friend's second in command in 82 P.A. Obioma was almost sad to return home and leave a realm that so challenged his mind, spirit and body. However, when the travel bug struck again, he took Neenok's advice and went to explore Africa. Obioma was in Africa at the time of the *Gathering of Heroes*, and took part in the fight against the Phoenix Empire and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. It was an experience that he has since tried to forget.

Recently returned to Lazlo, Obioma was distressed to learn of the events that transpired with Tolkeen and the Coalition States while he was gone for almost two decades. However, he was delighted to learn that Neenok was living in nearby New Lazlo and planning another expedition into Dinosaur Swamp. Obioma sees it as another one of those fortunate turns in life where his and Neenok's paths seem destined to cross. Eager to return to the land of dinosaurs and savages, Obioma has volunteered to join Neenok's expedition in any capacity where he might fill a need. To his delight, Neenok immediately gave him his old position as second in command. Obioma couldn't be happier.

Real Name: Obioma Aardan-kwu

Race: Aardan Tek.

Alignment: Principled.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 19, M.A. 14, P.S. 15, P.P. 18, P.E. 14, P.B. 3, Spd 14.

Hit Points: 53. **S.D.C.:** 41. **A.R.:** 13.

Age: 62. **Sex:** Male.

Height: 6 feet, 5 inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 190 lbs (86 kg).

P.P.E.: 15

Disposition: An intelligent, moral, levelheaded thinker who likes to confront a challenge whether it is mental or physical. Obioma is very much in tune with his mind and his body. He really enjoys a good workout as much as he does a good math problem.

Description: An athletically built D-Bee with a long, prehensile trunk-like nose. Very physically active, prefers to wear loose fitting clothes and armor to allow for as much freedom of movement as possible.

Experience Level: 9th level Rogue Scientist.

Occupation: Professional Adventurer.

Combat: Hand to Hand: Expert: 6 attacks per melee round

Bonuses: +3 on initiative, +2 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +2 to pull punch, +4 to roll with impact, Critical Strike on a Natural 18-20, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, +2 to vs save psionics, +2 to save vs insanity.

Natural Abilities: Recognize common scents (94%), Identify Specific Odors (74%), Land Navigation (80%), and Track by Smell (66%).

Magic Knowledge: Lore only.

Psionics: Minor psionics; Total Recall and Astral Projection.

I.S.P.: 44

Skills of Note: Literacy 98%, American 98%, Dragonese/Elven 98%, Spanish 98%, Japanese 98%, Computer Operation 98%, Advanced Math 98%, Read Sensory Equipment 90%, Basic Electronics 90%, Pilot Automobile 86%, Pilot Jet Pack 79%, Biology 90%, Botany 85%, Xenology: North American 90%, Chemistry 90%, Chemistry: Analytical 85%, Athletics, Prowl 65%, Lore: Demons & Monsters 80, Paramedic 85%, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Sword, W.P. Archery & Targeting, and W.P. Paired Weapons.

Weapons and Equipment: Wears a suit of Bandito body armor (54 M.D.C.) painted in varying shades of gray and green to match his skin coloration. He carries a Wilk's 457 Laser Pulse Rifle as his preferred energy weapon, and also carries a Vibro-Sword in a hip scabbard on his utility belt. Obioma likes to travel light, keeping most of his equipment stowed away in a vehicle. He usually only has his utility belt with a canteen, survival knife, and hip-pack containing a flashlight, cigarette lighter, a book of matches, compass, pocket mirror, clove of garlic, small silver cross, a P.D.D. recorder, and a small notepad and a pen.

Money: 10,000 credits on hand, plus 90,000 credits and 182,000 credits in artifacts that are salted away for his retirement.

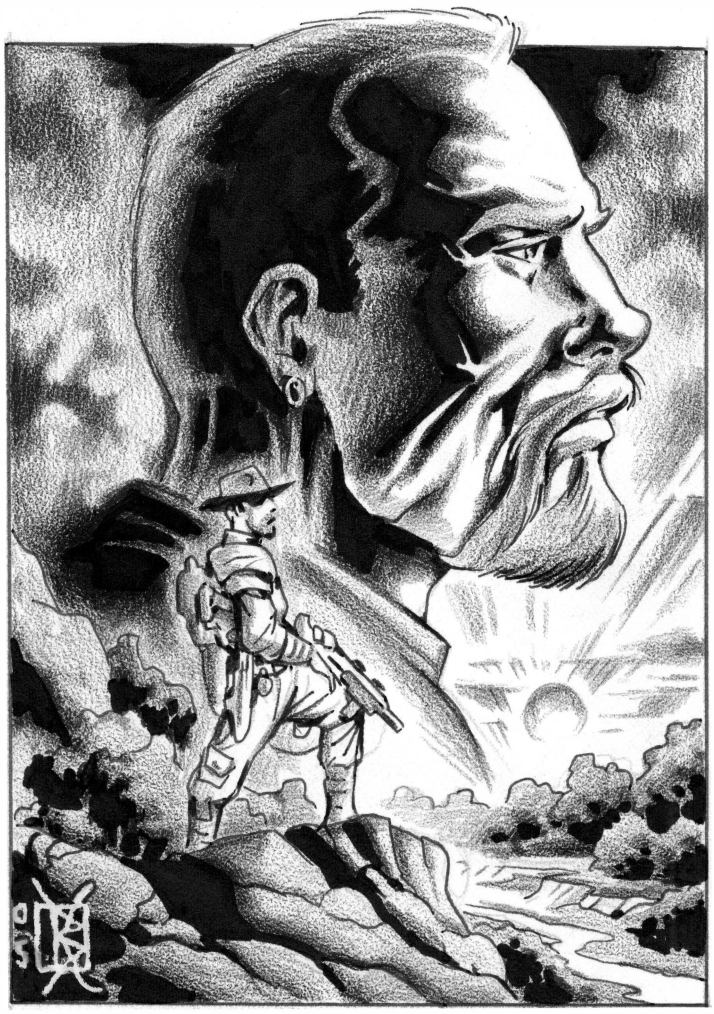
Alexander Washington Lee

Alexander was born into a barbarian tribe that lives in the foothills of the Virginian Appalachian Mountains. While not raised exactly within the boundaries of Dinosaur Swamp, he is familiar enough with the region. He has spent a large part of his youth traveling the Atlantic Coast, experiencing everything from the summer rains of the River of Grass to the icy winters of Newfoundland and traveling as far north as Greenland. Despite being a barbarian, he shows none of the expected outward signs of mutation that are prevalent in many of the eastern tribes.

He has gained a reputation for being not only widely traveled and hardy, but also extremely honest and forthright, if a little rough around the edges at times. His tribe places value on respect, honor and fair treatment; things passed down through many generations of folklore and mythology. In fact, his family names are taken from legendary figures of his homeland known among his people for these virtues. His parents are important leaders among their tribe, and Alexander is looking toward the day when he will leave the life of a wandering scout and take his place as one of these leaders.

Alexander was sent out when he was in his early teens, apprenticed to his uncle, a Wilderness Scout named H.B. Lee, to purposefully wander the land in order to make him a stronger leader. The Mystics of his tribe have foretold that the day is coming when the isolation of the east will end, and only the tribes that know and understand those who are coming will be the ones to survive. Alexander's parents understood this to mean the many inhabitants of the west across the Blue Ridge, including those who call themselves the Coalition States. There had been many rumors about this collection of states and other kingdoms spread across the heartland of the old American Empire, and they decided that their son must learn everything he can about them before he can properly take his place as a leader of the tribe.

The young man has spent the past decade traveling North America, learning its secrets and living among the people of the "civilized" west. To accomplish this, he has hired himself to anyone needing a guide, courier, hunter, gunman or strong back. He has lived in the Chi-Town 'Burbs, worked farms in Missouri, visited Kingsdale and Whykin, chased bounties for a year at MercTown, helped refugees from Tolkeen escape the murderous wrath of the Coalition, fought D-Bees, humans and demons, fought at the side of fellow humans as well as D-Bees and Dog Boys, seen the good and bad sides of magic, ridden shotgun on supply convoys for the CS wannabe Fort El Dorado, and even served as a guide to Coalition soldiers in Xiticix territory. Alexander feels he has seen and experienced enough and it is time for him to reacquaint himself with his home territory in the southeast. To that end it was fate that he learned about Neenok's expedition and managed to get work as the expedition's Quartermaster. After the anticipated conclusion of the Expedition in 112 P.A., Alexander plans on returning to his tribe and rejoining them as the experienced leader that the Mystics foretold.



Real Name: Alexander Washington Lee

Alignment: Principled.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 19, M.A. 15, P.S. 21, P.P. 13, P.E. 19, P.B. 15, Spd 14.

Hit Points: 36. **S.D.C.:** 52.

P.P.E.: 5

Age: 27. **Sex:** Male.

Height: Six feet (1.8 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg), all muscle.

Disposition: Alexander is a calm, soft-spoken man who is slow to anger. He plans things out, never in a hurry, but always seems to get things done ahead of schedule.

Description: A slim, trim, light skinned eastern barbarian, with long features, short brown hair and a neatly kept beard. Handsome, but not striking, very earthy in appearance. He prefers to wear well worn, but well cared for fatigues and a utility belt.

Experience Level: 8th level Mutant Barbarian Swamp Stomper.

Occupation: Quartermaster, Captain of the Scout Forces.

Combat: Hand to Hand: Basic & Boxing: 6 attacks per melee round.

Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +1 to strike, +5 to parry, +5 to dodge, +4 to roll with impact, +4 to pull punch, +6 damage (S.D.C.), Critical Strike on a Natural 19-20, +2 to save vs psionic attacks, +2 to save vs magic, +4 to save vs poison, +7 on Perception Rolls, +4 vs Horror Factor, and 40% charm/impress.

Natural Abilities: Heightened Sense of Hearing: Estimate distance: 80%, estimate speed and direction: 65%, Recognize voices, or other sounds: 65%, Heightened Sense of Smell: Recognize specific odors: 75%, Track by scent alone: 55%, and Natural Poison/Disease Resistance: 90%.

Skills of Note: Cooking 75%, Climbing 95%, Athletics, Spanish: 98%, Gobblely 98%, American (Southern Dialect) 98%, Land Navigation 84%, Horsemanship: General 88%, Identify Plants 80%, Hunting, Stalking, Fishing 85%, Prowl 80%, Swimming 95%, Track Animals 86%, Wilderness Survival 85%, Animal Husbandry 80%, Holistic Medicine 75%, Jury-Rig 75%, Pilot Motorcycle 88%, W.P. Knife, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Bolt-Action Rifle, and W.P. Automatic Pistol.

Magic Knowledge: None.

Psionics: None.

Weapons and Equipment: Carries a Viggo Savage pump-action rifle, two steel blue .45 automatic pistols in hip holsters, a Vibro-skinning knife, and a haggard, but often repaired L-20 Pulse Rifle. Typically wears a suit of Explorer full environmental body armor (65 M.D.C.) when traveling, but prefers to wear camouflage fatigues when specifically hunting or scouting. His standard equipment load is a utility belt with harness and a backpack with his essential survival gear. Everything else he keeps stored in cargo containers on his King Grizzly A.T.V. He travels light, but is a master at organization and planning.

Other Notable Members of the 2nd Neenok Expedition

Captain George Hallsley

Pilot of the Lazlo Model Behemoth – Quick Stats

Trained as an RPA pilot by a small, independent kingdom in Arkansas, Captain Hallsley eventually rose to the command of the armored division. As he was the commander of a defensive army, he gained a lot of experience shuffling men and materials in plenty of exercises, but saw little actual combat. He was happy and enjoyed a comfortable life as a favored member of the kingdom's elite. The world as he knew it came crashing to an end when the kingdom's leadership was overthrown by pro-Coalition members of the citizenry. It was clearly orchestrated by Coalition infiltrators, and since Hallsley was a loyalist and a known "D-Bee lover," he became a marked man. Afraid for his life, he left the kingdom and wandered from job to job as a freelance mercenary, usually plying his services to train young pilots in various small militias. He heard about the Neenok expedition through contacts in the Manistique Imperium and applied for the job. He doesn't know much about scientific expeditions, but he does know about vehicles, manpower and equipment, so he has come on board as the Captain of *the Lazlo*.

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 22, M.A. 12, P.S. 12, P.P. 13, P.E. 13, P.B. 15, Spd 14.

Disposition: A very calm, crisp, and well mannered man. He enjoys a good smoke, and takes to occasional bouts of swearing when the instrument panel lights up with a problem, but is always in command of himself and the situation. He is a good leader and skilled Robot Pilot.

Description: A relaxed, middle-aged black man with a regulation haircut that's going gray at the temples. He favors loose fitting jumpsuits, but wears his "lucky" bomber type jacket while on the command deck of *the Lazlo*.

Experience Level: 6th level Robot Pilot O.C.C.

Skills of Note: Pilot: Combat Driving, Pilot: Hovercraft 90%, Pilot Tanks & APCs 81%, Pilot: Robots & Power Armor 84%, Robot Combat: Basic, Radio: Basic 80%, Sensory Equipment 70%, W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Miles Montgomery

Mechanics Chief – Quick Stats

A perfect example of a shadetree mechanic, Miles grew up in the 'Burbs of Chi-Town repairing old vehicles with his father. In his spare time, Miles would scavenge rubbish piles for discarded parts and had assembled no less than three working hovercycles by the age of 12. He then either sold or traded them for his own tools and set out on his own to make his way as a journeyman. He has served as a mechanic for Black Market dealers and legitimate merchants, has owned his own garage, and even worked for a time as a civilian contractor for a Coalition military outpost. He has had his hands in just about every kind of vehicle

bought or sold in North America, and is the perfect man to head up the other Operators accompanying Neenok into Dinosaur Swamp.

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 15, M.A. 12, P.S. 12, P.P. 14, P.E. 11, P.B. 12, Spd 10.

Age: 29.

Disposition: Always quite jolly, Miles is extremely hard to depress. Even in the darkest of circumstances he always looks for a silver lining. He is easily one of the most irritating members of the expedition.

Description: A short, slightly overweight man with lightly tanned skin and a thin, black mustache. He wears a well-worn jumpsuit with a vest loaded down with tools, instruments, wires and other paraphernalia necessary for electronics and machinery repair.

Experience Level: 7th level Human Operator.

Skills of Note: Electrical Engineer 80%, Mechanical Engineer 75%, Weapons Engineer 70%, and Computer Repair: 65%.

Jed Smith

Security Forces Chief – Quick Stats

Jed doesn't talk much about his past, except to say that when he was an "enlisted man" he didn't have it so good. He claims that he's mellow when compared to some of the officers that he's served under, so he really hates it when people complain.

What is known is that Jed has a reputation for being hard-nosed, but following through with his missions. If he says he's going to protect someone or something, he succeeds. When given command of a group, he not only keeps them alive, but helps them accomplish their mission. He is gruff, hard to get along with, overbearing and generally impossible to please, but everyone who's ever served with and/or for him will tell you they are better warriors after the experience.

Alignment: Aberrant.

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 12, M.A. 22, P.S. 34, P.P. 21, P.E. 17, P.B. 8, Spd 19.

Disposition: Loud, cranky, authoritarian, and likes to have his way. Jed dislikes it when he doesn't get exactly what he wants, and this extends to people following orders. He expects perfection, but is largely disappointed most of the time because no one lives up to his standards. This leaves him to be generally disgruntled and with a smart remark ready to fly at a moment's notice.

Description: A large, tall, light orange skinned Grackle Tooth who has seen his fair share of battle. He is covered in scars from old wounds, and is missing several teeth from his right jaw.

Experience Level: 7th level Grackle Tooth Special Forces.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert, Intelligence 81%, Detect Ambush 70%, Demolitions 78%, Demolitions Disposal 78%, W.P. All Energy Weapons, W.P. Heavy, and W.P. Blunt.

Isabella Esposito

Chief Medical Doctor – Quick Stats

A wonderfully skilled physician who comes highly recommended, Isabella is eventually going to be a problem somewhere down the road. Not only does she have the capacity to do great harm to individuals, but also to the expedition itself. She is a dangerous psychopath, obsessed with causing pain, and is a very accomplished serial killer. She grew up near the Kingdom of Arzno. Her parents were both traveling Body-Fixers, offering their services to people living in the frontier, and often left their daughter in the company of others.

From the start, there was something odd about Isabella's behavior. She was cruel to animals and was exceptionally clumsy when assisting her parents with patients. She eventually learned, as her skills as a physician developed, that she could satisfy her internal urges to make others suffer, with measured subtlety. It opened whole new doors for her as a psychopath. Each success inspired her to commit more and more terrible crimes. In fact, she began her career as a serial killer with her parents, first killing her mother and then her father. They both took suddenly and mysteriously ill, and their daughter was only too obliged to treat them. They were the first to fall under her precise medical care, and she has left a path of death behind her stretching from Mexico to New Lazlo. She believes serving on the Neenok Expedition and going to the savage land will give her unparalleled opportunities to harm and kill. She can hardly wait.

Alignment: Diabolic (but acts very, very Principled).

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 14, M.A. 24, P.S. 17, P.P. 14, P.E. 12, P.B. 18, Spd 13.

Disposition: On one hand, Isabella behaves very rational, kind and personable. She seems completely trustworthy and genuinely caring. In front of others, she treats every patient with exceptional care and attention, soothing not only their physical hurts, but also the emotional trauma that comes from being sick or injured. In fact, she has a sterling reputation as an outstanding physician. On the other hand, she can be incredibly cruel and malicious, extracting great joy from inflicting unnecessary pain and suffering on the very people who seek her aid. She is a master at causing pain and illness without anybody knowing, and enjoys tormenting, torturing and killing (all in secret, of course).

Description: A very attractive, light skinned Hispanic woman with flowing dark brown hair and an athletic build.

Experience Level: 5th level Human Body-Fixer.

Skills of Note: Medical Doctor 93/83%, Biology 83%, Xenology (D-Bees) 58%, Pathology 93%, Body Building, Swimming 75% and W.P. Knife.

Adventures for the Neenok Expedition

By Todd Yoho

The first set of adventure hooks and ideas are presented for Game Masters who might want to play through the Neenok Expedition as an ongoing campaign. This means the *player characters* should be part of the expedition or hired later to help out.

Depending on the individual characters, the Game Master can play it as a very *tight and focused inter-dependent character interaction story* (of any kind), or it can be played as a fast and loose *man against the wilderness campaign*. The expedition has so many facets that the player characters can concentrate on one concept such as big game hunting, finding ancient technology, dealing with weird dimensional magic, fighting off strange aliens from a Rift, capturing dinosaurs for scientific study, searching to find something to help defend New Lazlo from the CS, rescuing team members from any number of dangers, getting swept through a Temporal Rift, and on and on.

No matter what the focus or discoveries or level of success, there should be countless challenges, surprises, twists and turns. I (Todd Yoho) see the expedition as the best of both worlds. You can throw in danger, mystery, and intrigue from the inside, and still have the possibility of dinosaurs, bandits, barbarians and other outside dangers to contend with. *And you've got a walking town or base camp (i.e., the Lazlo) that moves with the characters!* The many Non-Player Characters (NPCs) onboard *the Lazlo* and who are part of the team provide potential fodder for every kind of trouble and adventure you can imagine. Everything that can happen in a sedentary village setting can and will happen among a group of 200 people traveling though a hostile wilderness. What follows are just a few examples of how a Game Master can get more bang for the buck out of the Neenok Expedition.

Player Characters can be members of the *scout detail*, always ahead of the main group, blazing trails and enjoying the distinct privilege of seeing the mysteries and wonders of Dinosaur Swamp before anyone else. Or the player group could be concerned and insightful *adventurers* who decide to tag along and lend a hand whenever they can.

On the other hand, our heroes could be part of the expedition's *defense force/security team*. Members of the security detail will be charged with handling any threats that may come along. This can encompass anything from rescuing team members when they get into trouble, to finding lost or kidnaped scientists, defending *the Lazlo* and its personnel, to fighting dinosaurs, bandit raids, barbarian hunters, Splugorth Slavers, and dealing with a host of other menaces and danger.

Danger doesn't always have to mean combat against outside threats either, it may include dealing with problems and treachery from *within the expedition* itself. What if theft or sabotage happens? What if, for example, some of the food supply is lost, stolen, spoiled or deliberately destroyed or poisoned? Or maybe members from the team vanish? Are they lost? Kidnaped? Run off? What if the actions of some faction within the expedition accidentally (or deliberately) attract dinosaurs or cause some other problem/trouble? What if a Coalition or Federation of Magic spy is among the expedition members? Or Tolkeen Retributionists who plan to harm the expedition and make it look like the Coalition is responsible – a sacrifice to get people fired up against the CS? Or there could be a series of little problems begging the question of "who" is behind it and "why?" That answer might involve no political intrigue at all, but petty emotions like jealousy of Neenok or hatred because he is a D-Bee, or paranoia (fear that he'll bring back some terrible disease or new enemy or damage the fabric of space and time), or industrial espionage, or any number of possibilities. As members of the security detail or heroic adventurers hoping to help, it is up to the characters to find out who, why, and if the culprits are operating alone in this matter.

Another option is to make the player characters part of the *research staff*, responsible for discovering and understanding all manner of new and interesting information. They could be sent out with a scouting party or to investigate a ruin or the Time Holes or a strange outcropping of rock with unknown symbols etched on its face. Just getting to the site could be an adventure for characters who know more about book work than they do field work.

Conversely, perhaps it's the player characters who are doing the sabotage? They could represent a sinister agenda in the New Lazlo leadership that wants to get rid of Neenok and his associates permanently. Or, instead of delving into the shady politics of New Lazlo, the characters could represent a mercenary company, the Coalition, Tolkeen Retribution Squads looking to punish New Lazlo for not helping in the war against the Coalition, or anyone else the Game Master can come up with looking to harm New Lazlo in some way.

Another angle is for the characters to play inhabitants of Dinosaur Swamp who join the expedition. They could be barbarians interested in these people from the west, or Neenok could hire them on as guides, hunters, added muscle, interpreters, or a host of other jobs. With the diseases and other natural hazards, Neenok recognizes the wisdom of adding some native healers to his group, as he knows from experience that relying on modern, manufactured medicine alone is not enough. Even characters native to the streets of Char could find employment with Neenok's group, and another adventure to try would be one limited to the streets of Char itself. The expedition plans on staying in Char for a time and this could be a great way to start off a City Rat campaign in the frontier town. Neenok's group is going to want information on the city, the region, recent rumors even, plus guides around the city, supplies, and his people are going to be looking for a little recreation after being in the wilds for so long. It's a perfect opportunity to really flesh out the city of Char, no matter what angle the Game Master takes, and there's a large cast of characters to pull from.

Ultimately, being on a wilderness expedition like this has the unique element of being away from any kind of direct and immediate backup and support from a nearby, high-tech community. In Dinosaur Swamp our heroes are very much on their own. Even with the resources of *the Lazlo* and places like the City of Char, the rest of the expedition (who, in fact, look to *the player characters* for help and guidance) will depend on the players. And it all boils down to a lot of drama. Any variation on the themes suggested here and in the pages to follow could lead to fun and exciting adventures.

Below are a few select **Hook, Line and Sinkers™**, adventure outlines to get the Game Master's imagination moving with regards to the Neenok Expedition. Keep in mind that they take place at different times and locations throughout the journey, and some may be more appropriate chronologically than others depending on individual games. Some are fairly straightforward, while others are a bit more sinister in nature, but they all should prove useful in formulating some adventure and excitement among the player characters. Use the ones you like, discard the ones that you don't, and please, develop your own ideas and adventures.

An Explanation of Hook, Line & Sinkers™

The Hook: The current situation or location of the adventuring party.

The Line: An opportunity for adventure presents itself to the party. A Line is normally presented as a short paragraph. Think of the Line as the *bait* to lure the party into an adventure.

The Sinker: The clincher to the Line. The Sinker presents the Game Master with a *dilemma* that makes the situation a true adventure.

Lost in Transit

The Hook: The expedition is off on the wrong foot even before it has left New Lazlo. *The Lazlo* has been stolen while in transit from New Cedarville! No one knows where, or by whom, but without the vehicle, no one is going anywhere.

The Line: The player characters are either already part of the expedition and are expected to help locate it, or they have been approached by Neenok, the New Lazlo Council, or someone else involved in the expedition asking for their help to recover the vehicle. For the player characters, this could be just part of the job, their good deed for the day, a chance to get in good with the leaders of New Lazlo, the opportunity to join the expedition, or a way to make a quick profit doing mercenary work.

The Sinker: *The Lazlo* isn't lost, nor was it stolen by bandits. Instead, *the Lazlo* suffered from a major computer malfunction as it was being completed. This was going to result in Titan Industries missing their deadline for completing the vehicle. *Argent Goodson* has launched this phony story to help cover their mistake and give them time to repair the vehicle. He plans on arranging for *the Lazlo* to be "recovered" by agents operating for his company, and then charging extra for the cost involved with the search and recovery effort.

However, since word has leaked that a unique and possibly valuable Behemoth Explorer is up for grabs, various groups have converged on the region in order to search for it. It's become a free-for-all with a gold-rush-like fever. Some groups have already turned violent towards others, and bandits and thieves are enjoying the chaos to ply their trade. The player characters find themselves caught up in this mess while searching for the "lost" merchandise, although there is always the chance that they might somehow stumble on the company's scheme as well.

First, Do No Harm

The Hook: A member of the medical staff has suddenly taken ill and died of an as yet unknown cause. A second member of the staff has also taken ill and been confined to the medical bay. Dr. Esposito fears that it may be a contagious virus, and wants to inoculate anyone who had been in recent contact with the medical staff.

The Line: Almost everyone, including the player characters, are possibly infected because the individual who died had recently given everyone a standard medical checkup per the doctor's orders. As the player characters line up for their inoculations, they learn they are being given a powerful anti-viral drug known as "Obecalp." Dr. Esposito thinks it should do the trick. Unless some other action is taken, the second member of the medical staff will also die despite being given the inoculation.

The Sinker: The "good" doctor is having a bit of fun. She has poisoned two members of her staff with a powerful strain of bacteria that she recently discovered in the wilds. She has also had them immediately cremated and re-sanitized the medical bay so as not to spread the illness. While she has the opportunity to infect everyone in the expedition with her "inoculation" program, she is content to stop with the first two, and enjoy the fear and panic she has created among the rest of the expedition members. This is how she gets her kicks. Of course, her program will work, as no one will come down with the same illness that killed the first two, and this makes her seem (and feel) important. However, none of the other medical staff had heard of *Obecalp* until now, and marvel at its power. Given the amount of trust that the doctor has established, no one will push the matter. However, player characters who are on their toes *may* realize that Obecalp is "placebo" spelled backward.

The question becomes, how involved do the player characters get in this matter? Do they investigate further, or do they let it go for now? Did the doctor tip her hand too much and make them suspicious? If nothing else, this could be the first of several *incidents* involving the doctor that will eventually lead to the player characters catching on to her psychotic death games. This could play out for quite a long time, however, depending on the circumstances.

Distribution Solution

The Hook: Despite all of the publicity about Neenok's Expedition carrying everything they will need with them, the truth is that he planned for a system of supply depots to be set up well in advance of the main unit. These were sent out months before the actual main force of the expedition with a pre-designated route of travel and specific coordinates for where they were to set up and wait for the main group to catch up with them.

The Line: The player characters were in charge of one of these pre-fabricated supply depots and were sent out months ahead of the actual expedition. They have been given control of several cargo trucks and are tasked with getting them to a certain place, by a certain time, and holding that position until the main group catches up with them. At that point, they may return west, continue on with the expedition, or continue to explore the region on their own.

The Sinker: It sounds like a milk run, but it's not. The characters are tasked with crossing the Federation of Magic, going over the Appalachian Mountains, and deep into an untamed wilderness with a map over 20 years old. They don't just have to get there, but they have to ensure that their cargo makes it safely, undamaged, and whole. Once there, they have to establish a base camp for an indeterminate amount of time, keep it secure, and hope that nothing happens to the expedition in the meanwhile. They could very well spend years waiting for the expedition to show up, when the expedition may fail to come through the very same obstacles that the player characters did.

On the plus side, the characters are pretty much on their own in the meanwhile, enabling them to pursue whatever other interests they may have, so long as the supply depot remains secure. This could actually lead to the formation of a settlement, freehold or kingdom of their own.

Where Now?

The Hook: The expedition has entered into the Appalachian Mountains, and despite all the planning, they have been caught up in the turmoil of random D-Shifting. The shifting has actually caused the expedition to be separated into several different pieces, with *the Lazlo* last seen drawn into a watery void.

The Line: The characters and the expedition are trapped in a cycle of shifting dimensional terrain. It is them against the environment, having to use every skill, ability, and piece of equipment at their disposal to survive.

The Sinker: This isn't just some ordinary D-Shifting going on. It's part of an *annual cycle* tied with the Earth's orbit around the sun. The dimensional fabric is being stretched extremely thin, so thin, in fact, that it's not just shifting, but the realities are actually beginning to blur together. It is an endless, chaotic hell that is sure to drive the player characters to desperation in their quest to survive and hopefully, eventually escape. Depending on the desires of the Game Master, they could end up right where they entered the D-Shift, somewhere else in Dinosaur Swamp or across the globe, or deposited on any number of worlds, dimensions, or who knows where. This might be an easy way to get the group involved in the *Minion War* series, a trans-dimensional epic starting Summer or Fall 2006.

At These Prices, Everything's a Steal

The Hook: The expedition has finally made it to Char. It's a time to re-supply, relax and recover from the rigors of travel through the wilds. Char is the last stop before the really hard travel begins, so R&R is the name of the game.

The Line: Not long after arrival in Char, things begin to go missing. Medical supplies, weapons, ammunition, clothing, food, and even a couple of bolted down chairs in *The Lazlo's* mess hall have ended up unaccounted for. No one seems to know who's doing the stealing, but there have been plenty of people from the city who have come into the camp wanting to trade, exchange information, or are just curious. Neenok wants an immediate stop put to it, and the characters are placed on the detail.

The Sinker: It's not a matter of who's doing the stealing, it's a matter of who's not doing the stealing. An epidemic is running through the camp, with just about everyone pawning something off to the locals in exchange for trade goods, valuables and services. One of the medical staff has traded some very rare antibiotics away, while one of the weapons lockers is short three rifles, and several tool kits have come up missing many essential tools. The problem is that *everyone* thought they could get away with one or two little items, which has made the problem so much worse. Topping it all off, word is spreading that the expedition is an easy mark, attracting some of the more hardened criminal element in addition to people just looking for some good deals. It's probably going to get a lot worse before it gets any better, and the player characters are right in the middle of it trying to solve it.

And For Sale, the Famous Explorer . . .

By Kevin Siembieda

The Hook: The player characters return from their latest mission to find out that Neenok is missing.

The Line: A person the group had seen in passing at Char (or some village outpost), came to *the Lazlo* to talk to Neenok. The next thing they knew, Neenok was running off saying something about "an amazing discovery." He was supposed to be right back. It's been hours (even a day or two) now and no Neenok.

The Sinker: The group discovers the man who came to see Neenok is Ralph Sanguine, better known as the notorious slaver, "Ralph Sinister." Horune Pirates and Splugorth Slavers are his main clients, and his latest shipment of slaves just went out about an hour ago, with Neenok as part of the merchandise. A'rac fetch a good price from the Splugorth, and a famous one like Deearn Neenok should net Ralph Sinister a cool one or two million credits. Locals explain that the group has about seven hours before Sinister rendezvous with his inhuman clients. If they expect to rescue Neenok, they need to get him before the firepower and magic of the Horune or Splugorth is added to the mix. Ralph Sinister (a 7th level Dinosaur Hunter, Diabolic) and a small band of 1D4+2 mercs and Headhunters (all level 2-4) are all who transport the 12-24 slaves and a half dozen wild beasts.

Secret Knowledge

By Kevin Siembieda

The Hook: A trio of Native Americans come to the expedition with word that they know someone who holds the secret of the Ocmulgee Mounds (or the Time Holes) and they are willing to take Neenok to her.

The Line: They must leave now, because the person with the knowledge will soon leave the area. The Indians refer to her as the *Grand Elder Saura-ann*, a famous explorer herself, and they have come at her bidding. It is the Grand Elder who seeks to impart her secret knowledge to "one who will understand."

Being the intrepid explorer and man of science that he is, Neenok agrees and asks the player characters to escort him as his protectors and helpers.

The Sinker: Grand Elder Saura-ann is a King Raptor. She does indeed possess secret knowledge, but plans to use Neenok and the player characters as guinea pigs to test what (she thinks) she knows. Exactly what happens next – probably something in-

volving magic, teleportation, dimensional travel or time travel – we leave to the Game Master.

No Time Like the Past

By Kevin Siembieda

The Hook: Neenok, with the player characters in tow, has acquired an ancient, Native American, magic device that is said to be able to transport them back into time.

The Line: The device only works at the Florida Time Holes (or the Ocmulgee Mounds), so a trip and subsequent encounters and adventures may be required to get there.

The Sinker: The device works, creating a time travel effect like the one described in the Ocmulgee Mound section of this book. Exactly "when" our heroes travel to, we leave to the G.M. It could be prehistoric times, Chicago (or elsewhere) during the Great Cataclysm (use the **Rifts® Chaos Earth** books as reference), or anywhen.

Myths and Legends

By Kevin Siembieda

The Hook: While the player group is out in the wild, either on their own or scouting ahead for the Neenok expedition, a man stumbles out of the underbrush. The man speaks in an odd dialect of American (Boston). His body armor is high-tech, but unfamiliar, and it bears the flag of the old American Empire on one shoulder. He is injured from what appears to have been a firefight with energy weapons. Worse, he is sick with some sort of fungal disease nobody has ever seen. (He says it is not contagious.) The man is dying and begs the player group to help him . . . not for his sake, but for the sake of the entire world!

The Line: He explains he is a member of a science expedition himself. A team from an advanced secret society that has spent the last 18 years trying to unravel the mystery of the Time Holes. According to him, they have learned much and have almost figured out the answer.

An ancient enemy he calls "Archie, the insane sentient computer" has discovered their operation and seeks to acquire the information for itself. This must NEVER happen, because it could spell disaster on a scale equal to the Great Cataclysm. He swears he tells the truth and confides in them because he has no one else to turn to.

The stranger hands a member of the group a pocket-sized computer with a map displaying the location of their secret base and the code to access it. The place is 20 minutes away, he tells them, and instructs them to enter, hit the "emergency button" and leave. That's all they have to do. He can't join them, because the insane sentient computer has sent its robot minions after him, and they will be appearing any moment now. That's okay, he tells them, he'll lead them away, hopefully buying them (the player characters) the time they need. And with that, he hits a button on a wrist control pad and rockets through the trees via the smallest jet pack the group has ever seen.

The Sinker: If the group does nothing or goes to get help or tell Neenok, they will use up valuable time. Within 35-40 minutes, two *A-64 All-Purpose Master Robots* will appear at the secret location. They command *1D6+1 AA-10 Bottweilers, 1D6+3 battered looking A-63 All-Purpose Heavy Robots* and a pair of *AA-50 Insectons.* This is all that's left of the 40 robots that began the mission, and all look like they have taken a beating (each has 1D6x10% less than its usual M.D.C.). The robots will exterminate anyone found at the secret base and fight until obliterated themselves. (See **Rifts® Sourcebook One**, old or the new edition, for details on A.R.C.H.I.E. Three and the robots).

If the group gets to the location in short order (they can actually get there in 15 minutes if they leave immediately) they are able to gain access just as the stranger said they would, the blast door sliding open automatically (activated by the handheld computer).

This is an impressive underground bunker full of computer equipment and living quarters for a 10-person team.

The emergency button is plain to see. Hitting it instantly shuts down all computers and activates a series of flashing red and yellow lights. An automated warning spoken in American by a female states, "All files purged. Self-destruct initiated. Evacuate in T-minus 60 seconds, 59, 58 . . ." and the countdown continues. Once engaged it cannot be stopped.

There is no time to grab any souvenirs other than some of the personal belongings of the missing crew; photos of family members, trinkets, articles of clothing, etc. All systems are fried immediately and when the countdown ends, the entire interior of the bunker explodes, doing 1D6x100 M.D. to everything (and everyone) inside. There is no salvage.

Whether our heroes run into any of the robots as they leave the facility is up to the G.M. If any items were grabbed, one or more will indicate the name, *The Republicans*. Likewise, the characters may have seen the name *The Republicans* inside the bunker.

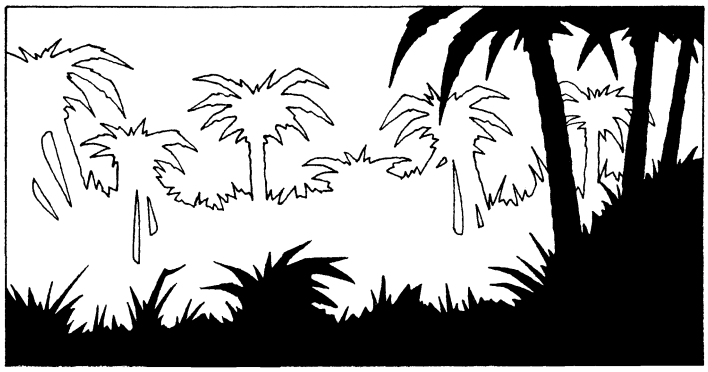
Rescue or Salvage?

The Hook: A member of the Neenok Expedition wanders back into New Lazlo a year after the group left for the wilds of Dinosaur Swamp. In a diabolical twist, if the Game Master wishes, this could even be a member of the medical staff, a certain Dr. Isabelle Esposito. However, it could be any NPC the Game Master wishes to use. This individual or small group of survivors will be ragged, malnourished, most likely sick, and tell a tale of how the expedition suffered a severe calamity. There are any number of dangers, ranging from Dr. Esposito's psychotic tendencies, to D-Shifting, a hurricane, barbarians, disease, bandits, infighting, literally anything, that could have happened to the expedition.

The Line: Much like with "Lost in Transit," as soon as this information gets out, there will be no shortage of people interested in searching for Neenok's lost expedition. The player characters may be no different, and their motives may range from good-hearted altruism to the ever-present quest for fortune and glory. New Lazlo will likely be heading up an official rescue mission, although depending on the circumstances, it may not be very serious of a mission. After all, part of the reason the expedition was funded was to get Neenok out of their hair for a while. Individual Game Masters will have to decide for themselves how deep they want to delve into those sorts of politics.

The Sinker: Neenok's expedition did not come to a clear cut calamitous end, but has *disappeared* after some terrible calamity. The "survivors" are the people who were separated from *the*

Lazlo. Truth is, Neenok and the rest could be continuing their expedition in Dinosaur Swamp as planned, believing the others are dead or lost. Or the expedition may have been swept to an alien world or parallel dimension where they enjoy unique adventures as they search for a way back home. This could be a nice way for the Game Master to reintroduce the setting of Dinosaur Swamp or kick off a new campaign in a different part of the world or an alien dimension.



Independent Freeholds

Freeholds are small, tightly knit communities formed by people with a pioneering spirit and a desire to start their lives anew, but instead of traveling to the West in search of a fresh start, they go to the East. This swelling migration eastward is, in part, because many of them are self-reliant individuals trying to free themselves from the grip of the Coalition States and the constant turmoil present in the *Domain of Man*. Recently, some of these groups are composed of the refugees from the Kingdom of Tolkeen, but the majority are people from the Midwest (Domain of Man) looking to get away from the established kingdoms for the promise of solitude and freedom in the East. A freedom from established governments, rivalry and people. A chance to carve out their place on their own terms.

For now, the Coalition States and others have their eyes keyed on the Midwest and West. The growing threat from the Vampire Kingdoms, the Xiticix, Tolkeen Retributionists, and the Federation of Magic keep governments busy and ordinary folk scared. Many people believe the East, especially the Southeast, offers a quieter, simpler way of live, and one largely free of governments and laws. To an extent, this is correct. However, don't mistake this migration as some massive, continental relocation reminiscent of the Westward Expansion of the Americas in the 19th Century. It could one day become something similar to that, but for now, people trickle in, and given the dangers inherent to the region, most die without ever realizing their dream.

If any government were ever going to expand Eastward, it would seem to be the Coalition States. The CS, with its vast resources, could certainly sponsor such an operation, but it has no interest in doing so.

Freeholders are pioneers – individuals, families and very small groups – trusting in themselves to survive the journey and make a new start. They would rather face the unknown than live in the increasingly chaotic and war-torn lands of the Midwest. Unfortunately for them, less than 20% actually survive the journey to Dinosaur Swamp and even fewer establish a freehold that survives for more than a year. Of the third who last more than one year, most will devolve into primitive squatters' camps with the people living like animals. The majority of freehold pioneers quickly discover they are physically and emotionally unprepared for the rigors of living in the wilderness. The romantic notion of living off the land disappears quickly, and even the physically strong often lack the mental fortitude and/or knowledge necessary to survive in this hostile environment. It isn't about brawn or having all the right equipment, although that can help. And it isn't about being as strong as an ox with the constitution of a sauropod. It's about the will to survive and plain dumb luck.

Sure, having the right equipment and being physically strong can increase the chances of survivability. It also provides confidence, but it can also result in overconfidence. When the equipment breaks, and the body wears down, it is the mind that must remain strong and not give in to despair. People hardened by life in other parts of Rifts Earth have been known to succumb to the wilds of Dinosaur Swamp. This region is just unlike any other, and the hardships are so great that even those with a strident commitment to settle there often break down and leave or perish.

Of course, some survive, adapt and succeed in making Dinosaur Swamp their new home. One such group is the inhabitants of the Heinland-Carter Freehold.

Heinland-Carter Freehold

Nestled snug in the mountains of northern Georgia, near the ruins of Ellijay on the Choosawattee River, two families from the west have settled down to start a new life in the peace and solitude of the Southeast. The *Heinlands* and the *Carters* were adventuring companions, and upon reaching their thirties, decided that they could either live under the constant threat of war in the Midwest, or they could take their chances in the East. Being experienced adventurers, they knew that they could rely on themselves and each other no matter what happened, so they spent every last bit of their savings on supplies and headed for the unknown. They traveled around the North Carolina and Tennessee Appalachians, hoping to avoid as much of the dreaded D-Shifting region as possible, and entered into the relative safety of the mountains of Georgia. They chose *Ellijay* because it looked as though it had been abandoned since the Cataclysm, and there were multitudes of apple trees covering huge swaths of land. This, in turn, attracted deer, small herbivorous dinosaurs and other animals that feast on apples, ensuring not only a steady diet of sweet apples, but also fresh meat.

With only the supplies they brought with them, their skills, abilities and what they could scavenge, they have created their own little utopia on Earth. The freehold rests atop a small, level hill and is completely self-sufficient. They have electricity, grow fresh vegetables, raise livestock, hunt, fish, have running water, a place to repair broken equipment and even a limited ability to manufacture spare parts. Conventional machinery and gear is supplemented by Techno-Wizardry to keep it all running. They have enclosed their camp in a wooden palisade to keep out animals and uninvited guests, and are quite content to live out their lives in the comfort that they have established for themselves.

Not only are they successful, but they even have a limited surplus of goods that they can trade to passersby, but not everyone is welcome, and all business takes place *outside* the family compound. The Heinlands are not the friendliest of people, whereas the Carters are usually happy to greet visitors, but even they nurture a healthy level of wariness and skepticism when dealing with outsiders. When threatened, the two families come to each other's aid and are quick to pull the trigger. Evidence of this is found in the small cemetery that most visitors pass while walking up the hill to the main gate of the freehold. A weather-beaten sign identifies the graves as "trespassers," "bandits," "cheats," and "villains." Are there really corpses buried there, or is this a ploy to scare visitors into being honest and respectful? It's hard to say, but anyone wishing to make contact with the Heinland-Carter Freehold probably shouldn't take any chances. The Heinlands and the Carters have worked for twenty years to build and maintain their home, and they aren't about to get careless or too trusting now. Thus, all visitors are regarded as potential trouble.

The layout of the Heinland-Carter Freehold

The Heinland and Carter families have pooled their resources and share the same freehold compound. This is typical of most freeholds, in which 2-5 families usually pool their abilities and resources and share the same settlement.

1) Entry Gate & Palisade: The only entrance to the freehold is through a set of large double doors that lead into a confined barbican and a second set of double doors. These doors are manually operated, and can be guarded by a watchtower armed with a heavy machine-gun taken from a Highway-Man motorcycle (1D4 M.D.). It is mostly a show of force that usually keeps visitors on their best behavior. The doors and palisade are made of wooden logs sheathed with re-fabricated scrap metal. They stand 15 feet (4.6 m) high, and are, on average, 2 feet (0.6 m) thick (1D4x100 S.D.C. or 1D4 M.D.C. per 10 foot/3 m diameter).

2) The House: The house is an impressive, two-story log-framed cabin complete with electric lights, two fireplaces, comfortable furniture and running water piped in by gravity feed from the cistern on the northwest side of the compound. It comfortably accommodates both families, and has room for a little more growth if necessary. The house has three porches, usually loaded down with supplies and necessities.

3) Storage Sheds: Three metal sheathed buildings contain various supplies as well as odds and ends for trading with the occasional passerby. These include everything from ammunition, to spare parts for vehicles and weapons, body armor repair materials, preserved medicines and food, homemade puzzles and games, interesting scrap and a modest collection of post-Cataclysm books.

4) Vehicle Garage: A large, wooden frame garage keeps their small collection of vehicles out of the weather and concealed from the prying eyes of strangers. These include a Big Boss A.T.V., seven bicycles, two dirt bikes, three canoes, two Firefly hovercycles, three motorcycles, plus two one-man transports in various states of repair. None of the working vehicles are currently for trade, however the broken-down ones are available for parts, or may be ready for trade once they can be brought back into working order. Everything is either run off of an electrical engine or has been converted over to Techno-Wizardry.

5) Smoke House & Freezer Units: Used to preserve fresh meats and vegetables, these buildings store part of the families food supply. Special condensation collectors trap water for later use. None of what is in these buildings is available for trade.

6) Water Well and Cistern: Originally a mechanical well, it has since been converted over to a Techno-Wizard Water Well that provides unlimited fresh, clean water. The families will trade water by the gallon with visitors, although the buyer must provide their own containers. The cistern collects water and acts as a reservoir for the compound, providing water for the garden, the house, the fountain and the livestock pens. It was the very first system installed when the families chose the site. It took over three months to acquire all of the necessary pipes and fittings, and two months just to install it into the ground. The work has been well worth it, providing the compound with a luxury not often seen in the region.

7) Vegetable Gardens & Orchards: Mostly tended by Connie Carter and the children, the gardens provide fresh fruits and vegetables that are eaten during their growing season, with one third to half of the crops canned and kept for the winter months. There is an underground sprinkler system that automatically waters the plants, ensuring a consistent harvest year after year. Even during periods of drought, the Heinland-Carter freehold has been able to sustain high yields of water. While the gardens don't provide enough food on their own to sustain the families all year long, they do provide a vital supplemental food source (about 40%) as well as necessary vitamins and nutrients to keep the families healthy. They also provide trade goods (especially apple sauce, apple butter, and canned apples) and a comfortable safety net during lean times.

8) Wood Shed & Lumber Racks: A long, open-faced building is used to season and store firewood and building lumber. Used during the cold winter months, there is always an ample supply of aged firewood on hand. They also keep a supply of rough-hewn lumber stacked in case they need to make repairs due to accidents, attacks and everyday wear and tear.

9) The Bonfire Amphitheater: More of a brick rimmed fire pit surrounded by benches and chairs than a true amphitheater, the family holds weekly "campfires" out here for an evening's entertainment. Jon usually tells stories while the children play, or everyone plays games. It's a welcome respite away from the daily chores necessary to keep the Freehold functioning. On very rare occasions, they invite visitors to join them to exchange stories and information. The families will only do this with people they feel they can trust, such as locals in the area, Cyber-Knights and other people reputed to be "upstanding folk." Part of why they have been able to survive as long as they have is that they engage their minds and spirits with these weekly parties. The Carters are especially attuned to this concept, and sometimes arrange special gatherings when they think things are getting a bit too boring or lonely.

10) Livestock Paddocks and Feed Sheds: In addition to hunting and trapping, the freehold also keeps a very small population of livestock. They have several goats that they use for milk, cheese and butter, a strange alien creature called a Brushback, a flock of chickens and a goose named Chester. The goose functions as a watchdog, er, guard animal, making plenty

of noise when an intruder appears. Kept in a separate walled off area, the animals are housed in fenced lots, while the chickens are allowed free range of the animal paddock but within the compound itself. The livestock pens have running water fountains, but the animals still have to be fed by hand; another chore for the children to tend to.

Two square buildings are used for storing animal feed, which is one of the few commodities they must acquire through trade. They have been known to hire adventurers and travelers to go to the City of Char and trade at Bearcat's Stable for a year's supply of animal feed and bring it back to them. The freehold could probably do without the livestock, but the animals provide a variety of food, companionship and insurance against poor hunting.

11) Entrance to Root Cellar & Herb Garden: A natural cold storage, the root cellar houses most of their preserved food stores, serves as a micro-brewery, and is the default emergency shelter when the weather turns extremely bad. The herb garden is small, but provides the group with spices to add to their food and to trade with adventurers and other homesteaders living in the region. It may sound like a small pleasure to have a little flavor to your food, but when you're out in the wild, sometimes even a small comfort can seem like the greatest joy.

12) Machine & Wood Shops: Two interconnected buildings, one has enough tools and equipment to make for a reasonable machine shop capable or turning out not just salvaged scrap, but also retooled parts for vehicles, robots and other equipment. They may be crude in some ways, but even a crude replacement is better than nothing. It is the functionality of the machine shop that has enabled the Heinland-Carter Freehold to make some of its best trades. There is simply no substitute for repairs while out in the wilderness, and many an outsider who has come by to trade with the community owes his very life to the Heinlands and the Carters. The families can repair most conventional vehicles (i.e., non-military), repair most types of body armor, and fix most mechanical devices.

The wood shop is of great value to the two families, but sees little use for outsiders; most of the carpentry work is for the compound itself. Every once in a while someone will want to trade for a wooden box, crate, coffin, grave marker, or other wooden container or construct, but the wood saws usually only fire up when something around the house breaks, or a fence needs mending.

13) Water Fountain: While every other structure in the freehold serves some utilitarian value, the water fountain is purely aesthetic, and speaks to how successful (and resourceful) this freehold is to have water flowing as a decoration. Sculpted by Jon out of concrete, it is shaped to look like a garden filled with flowers, and from each flower comes a spray of water. In the summer, the children use the fountain as an impromptu swimming pool, and everyone has been known to sit by it to cool off in the dog days of July and August. The fountain didn't start out with any practical purpose, but in true survivalist fashion, it was assigned one just the same.

The Heinland Family

Jason Heinland has always been a do-it-yourself, take care of number one, kind of a guy. He had a natural aptitude for mechanics, even developing the psionic ability of *Telemechanics* when he reached puberty. In fact, he had such an aptitude with mechanics, and a selfish attitude, that he started his career as a thief and safecracker. *Robier Ludglume* was his birth name. He was so good at his trade that he became quite famous in his enterprise of safe-cracking and theft, and is wanted not only in the Coalition 'Burbs of Chi-Town, but no less than 30 'Burbs, cities, fiefdoms and other communities. It was this infamy that forced him to change his name and give up plying his trade, at least for a while.

During his sabbatical from safe-cracking, he took the name Jason Heinland and hooked up with a small adventuring group that included a Mystic by the name of Jon Carter. Jason, as he was now known, became the group's resident mechanical genius, and found that working as a repairman and gadget-wizard was not only nearly as profitable, but less dangerous. He also found being a mechanic to be fun, challenging and exciting. More importantly, it was respectable, and so it was that Robier Ludglume was killed with his name and took up a new life as *Jason Heinland.* As Jason, he met and married Helen and had a son they named Benjamin. As family began to dominate the lives of Jason Heinland and his friend, Jon Carter, they decided they had no desire to raise children in the same environment they grew up in, so after about six months of planning, they packed up their respective families and headed east where they could live on their own terms. They liked the idea of not being beholden to anyone but themselves, and found the notion of living in a virgin wilderness to be exciting. Eventually, they came to the ruins of Ellijay, settled down and began to realize their dream.

Of the pair, Jason and Helen "Heinland" are not as open to strangers as Jon and Connie Carter. Jason and Helen are much more self-centered and suspicious of others. Jason is less trusting, in part, due to his past career as a criminal. Not only do he and his wife tend to see the dark side of people, but Jason worries that the law or a gunman hired by one of his victims might, someday, track him down; this despite the fact that he appears to have made a successful transition from criminal to Average Jason. Thus, he and his wife tend to deal with other people because they *have to*, not because they have any desire to do so. Consequently, it is Jon and Connie Carter who answer the door and who have the most contact with the outside world.

By contrast, the Carters enjoy chatting with travelers and swapping tales of Dinosaur Swamp, gossip and news. Jon and Connie don't shun human contact, they just want freedom from oppressive governments and to build a life away from rival kingdoms warring with one another like the CS and Tolkeen.

Jason Heinland – Quick Stats

Husband to Helen and father to Benjamin

Criminal turned wilderness homesteader, retired thief and safe-cracker. It was Jason who bankrolled the move to Dinosaur Swamp with his ill-gotten gains.

Real Name: Robier Ludglume, a.k.a., Jason Heinland, a.k.a. Robby Quickfingers.

Alignment: Anarchist.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 19, M.A. 18, P.S. 12, P.P. 15, P.E. 13, P.B. 11, Spd 13.

Age: 53

Disposition: Can be surprisingly warm to his friends and family, but is cold and aloof with strangers. He eyes everyone with suspicion, and suspects them all of larceny or ulterior motives. If strangers aren't out to pull a fast one over his family and friends, he fears they may be lawmen or agents out to get him. The fact that odds are slim to none that anyone would tail even a notorious criminal such as Ludglume to Dinosaur Swamp doesn't bring Jason much relief. Such are the daggers of guilt that will haunt him till the end of his days. A criminal past is difficult to escape.

Description: A short, thin man, almost child-like in some ways. He is gaunt, with weathered features, giving him something of a scarecrow appearance.

Experience Level: 10th level Human Operator and ex-thief/ safecracker.

Skills of Note: Appraise Goods 90%, Basic Electronics 90%, Carpentry 55%, Computer Operation 98%, Find Contraband 76%, Electrical Engineer 95%, Electricity Generation 98%, Gemology 85%, Hunting, Literacy: American 75%, Locksmith 80%, Automotive Mechanics 65%, Mechanical Engineer 90%, Pick Locks 90%, Safe-Cracking 70%, W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Heavy M.D. Weapons.

Psionics: Considered a latent, Minor Psychic with the limited powers of Mind Block (4), Object Read (6), and Telemechanics (10). **I.S.P.:** 62

Note: Jason still has 70,000 credits at a bank in New Lazlo, 30,000 credits in an account at Char, 50,000 credits worth of gems hidden at their freehold compound (buried in one of the fake graves) and easily 150,000 credits worth of parts and other tradeable goods.

Helen Heinland – Quick Stats

Jason's wife, mother to Benjamin

The daughter of farmers who provided crops to the Coalition State of Missouri, Helen learned the ins and outs of farming and raising livestock as a very young child. She was educated in everything from the everyday care of plants and animals to the fundamentals of crossbreeding, breeding and veterinary sciences.

Sick and tired of working like a dog for minimum wages from the oppressive CS, she left home, joined a band of Black Marketeers and used her inside knowledge of farming, pickup times, and trade routes to help highjack Coalition food transport convoys and stockpiles to the Black Market. Everyone has to eat, so it was a lucrative business for her. As an agent for the Black Market, Helen came into contact with many members of the criminal element, as well as adventurers, D-Bees and people from all walks of life, including a certain "Robby Quickfingers." They became something of an item, and she left the Black Market to join him and his team of high-tech bandits. When Rob was ready to retire and Helen was ready to raise a family, the two realized they had become too hot to do so anywhere in the Domain of Man or even the New West or Magic Zone. Even after changing their identities there were more than a few close calls with the law, and some trouble with an ex-associate.

When Rob/Jason suggested moving into the eastern wilderness, Helen agreed. She was still a farm girl at heart and the idea of going back to her roots, albeit a life of toil and hard work, sounded like a good one. Indeed, their combined areas of expertise and Jason's money from past jobs to purchase all the right items for the trip and the homestead have worked out wonderfully. One of the few success stories in Dinosaur Swamp.

Alignment: Anarchist.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 12, M.A. 11, P.S. 10, P.P. 12, P.E. 12, P.B. 15, Spd 12.

Age: 50

Disposition: Helen and Jason are like two peas in a pod, sharing many of the same attitudes, viewpoints, likes and dislikes. She too is leery of strangers, always suspecting deceit or trouble, and is standoffish and aloof toward outsiders. She is warm and loving to Jason, her children and friends, and can be very friendly after someone has earned her trust, but not until then. She loves the freedom and solitude of the wilderness and is as content as she could be living in their freehold. She remains a bit of a tomboy, unafraid of hard work or rough and tumble playing, fishing and hunting.

Description: A thin, muscular, attractive woman around 50 years of age (looks 40). She has short black hair and a slight rough-and-tumble glint in her eye and smirk on her face.

Experience Level: 9th level human Vagabond Scientist.

Skills of Note: Animal Husbandry 98%, Biology 95%, Botany 90%, Cooking 90% (professional quality), Fishing 80%, Hunting, Identify Plants & Fruits 80%, Literacy: American 98%, Preserve Food 85%, Lore: Cattle & Animals 90%, Holistic Medicine 85/75%, Veterinary Science 80%, W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Rifles (S.D.C.).

Psionics: None.

Benjamin Heinland – Quick Stats

Elder son of Jason & Helen

The son of Jason and Helen, Benjamin not only inherited his father's technical aptitude, but also a natural grasp of Techno-Wizardry. Completely self taught, Benjamin has made astounding contributions to the freehold, both mechanically and through Techno-Wizardry. He left home while in his early teens to take up the life of an adventurer, and returned not only with a wife, Sara, but also two children, Lisa (age 7) and Joseph (age 5). All were welcome and are regarded as wonderful additions to the family. Helen and Sara don't always see eye to eye, and there is a bit of ongoing rivalry, but Grandma adores the children and her first born son, Benjamin.

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 21, M.E. 15, M.A. 10, P.S. 12, P.P. 13, P.E. 14, P.B. 9, Spd 11.

Age: 28

Disposition: Mellowed by his time as an adventurer, Benjamin is not quite the isolationist as his parents, and is a fairly good judge of character. He tempers every meeting with a stranger with the fact that he may be the only one between danger and his family. Benjamin tends to be cool and aloof with outsiders and is quietly arrogant. He thinks he is smarter and better than most other people and looks down on those who aren't his equal, including his younger brother, Kyle.

Description: A good combination of his parent's, he is thin and gaunt like his father, with black hair and a glint in his eye like his mother.

Experience Level: 5th level Human Techno-Wizard.

Skills of Note: In addition to TW skills and knowledge, Ben knows the following: Automotive Mechanics 60%, Basic Electronics 70%, Carpentry 60%, Jury-Rig 60%, Language: Other (Spanish) 65%, Literacy: American 65%, Locksmith 60%, and Salvage 65%.

Psionics: Considered a Minor Psychic with the powers of Machine Ghost (12), Mind Block (4), Object Read (6), Speed Reading (2), Telemechanics (10) and Total Recall (2).

I.S.P.: 41

Sara Heinland – Quick Stats

Wife to Benjamin, mother to Lisa & Joseph

Sara is a trained Techno-Wizard from a family of Techno-Wizards. She grew upon the edge of the Magic Zone, but she and her family moved to New Lazlo when she was a young teenager. The family could make a better living creating and selling Techno-Wizard devices at New Lazlo as well as plying their skills on conventional machines, weapons and vehicles. That's where she met and fell head over heels in love with Benjamin Heinland. Sara, like Benjamin, is a country girl, so when Ben suggested moving back home to Dinosaur Swamp, Sara agreed.

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 14, M.A. 14, P.S. 12, P.P. 13, P.E. 9, P.B. 11, Spd 10.

Age: 26

Disposition: Sara is a sweet but strong willed and independent person. She is clever, inventive, and loves working on vehicles and machines. She is madly in love with her husband, but isn't too thrilled with his parents. She finds Jason (the father) to be quirky and paranoid, and Helen (the mother) to be possessive, dominating and snide, especially to her. Sara and Helen frequently clash, especially about issues involving the children and how to deal with strangers. She is devoted to her children and her husband, Ben.

Description: A plain, but attractive girl with long, straight, brown hair, and warm brown eyes. When she isn't clad in overalls and a tool belt (which is 80% of the time), she wears simple cotton dresses and a hooded cloak with many interior pockets.

Experience Level: 4th level human Techno-Wizard.

Skills of Note: In addition to TW skills and knowledge, Sara knows the following: Automotive Mechanics 55%, Barter 52%, Basic Electronics 65%, Computer Operation 75%, General Repair & Maintenance 65%, Jury-Rig 55%, Language: Other (Gobblely) 60%, Literacy: American 60%, Photography 60%, and Salvage 60%.

Psionics: Considered a Minor Psychic with the powers of Machine Ghost (12), Mind Block (4), Object Read (6), Speed Reading (2), Telemechanics (10) and Total Recall (2).

I.S.P.: 32

Kyle Heinland – Quick Stats

Younger son of Jason & Helen, brother to Benjamin

Kyle has a heart as big as Dinosaur Swamp, but he is the less favored of the to Heinland sons. He works the farm and handles most of the mundane but necessary responsibilities of the crops, orchard, and livestock as well as does a lot of the hunting.

Alignment: Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 20, M.A. 14, P.S. 17, P.P. 11, P.E. 13, P.B. 10, Spd 15.

Age: 20

Disposition: A good natured lad who loves hunting, farming and raising animals. He dislikes his older brother Benjamin because he never had (nor has) time for him and treats him like he's stupid. Gentle, kind and great with children and animals. He has adopted his parents' leeriness about strangers, but knows a number of the locals living in a hundred mile radius and is sweet on a Native American girl from a local tribe.

Description: Young, trim, muscular, and handsome. Definitely the rugged "jock" of the family. He has dark brown, almost black hair, a disarming smile and warm eyes.

Experience Level: 4th level human Vagabond.

Skills of Note: Animal Husbandry 65%, Barter 48%, Basic Mechanics 50%, Brewing 45%/50%, First Aid 60%, Gardening 55%, Hunting, Lore: American Indians 45%, Lore: Cattle & Animals 55%, Language: Other (Native American, same as his girlfriend's tribe) 59%, Literacy: American 55%, Swimming 75%, W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Rifles (S.D.C.).

Psionics: None.

Jillian Heinland - Quick Stats

Daughter of Jason & Helen

Jillian is the Heinlands' youngest child (one other died in child birth, and Matthew was killed by a dinosaur while hunting at the age of 14 a few years ago). She adores her brother Kyle and is the rebellious free spirit in the family.

Also Known as Little Jill.

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 13, M.A. 21, P.S. 9, P.P. 10, P.E. 13, P.B. 15, Spd 14.

Age: 15

Disposition: An adventurous and curious child who longs for adventure and to see the outside world. She dislikes her older brother Benjamin because he picks on Kyle when he's not ignoring him. Jillian is sweet, innocent and has a heart of gold. She and Kyle tend to the crops and animals. She is the least leery of strangers and often tries to sneak out to ask visitors about the outside world and if it is as horrible as mom and dad say it is. She doesn't have a beau, but wants one. Heck, she wants everything the world has to offer.

Description: A long, brown haired beauty just starting to exhibit a figure. Jillian is fit, trim and a bit of a tomboy. She has her mother's eyes and her father's winning smile.

Experience Level: 2nd level human Vagabond Farmer.

Skills of Note: Animal Husbandry 50%, Barter 48%, Cooking 50%, Dance 55%, First Aid 40%, Gardening 44%, Hunting, Land Navigation 44%, Lore: Cattle & Animals 55%, Literacy: American 45%, Swimming 65%, W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Rifles (S.D.C.).

Psionics: Minor Psychic: Healing Touch (6) and Psychic Diagnosis (4). **I.S.P.:** 23

The Carter Family

Jon Carter – Quick Stats

Jon believes that everyone is a potential friend who he hasn't yet had the pleasure to meet. Even despite the horrors that he has seen, he still wants to see the good in everyone and everything. He doesn't talk much about his past, preferring to relate stories that he has heard, or explain the subtle lines of a piece of sculpture that he happens to be working on. He suffers from arthritis and is increasingly frail now that he is getting on in years. However, Jon intends to enjoy life as long as he can. However, despite his ever-positive outlook, he does recognize that there is true evil in the world, and he won't get caught in its trap if he can help it. He's friendly, but like everyone else, he's wary out of necessity.

He met Jason Heinland during their days in Kingsdale. The two became friends when Jon discovered Jason's true identity but didn't judge him and accepted that he had turned a new leaf. That bond strengthened when Jon helped Jason out of trouble with some old associates looking to blackmail him into pulling another job.

Jon and his wife, Connie, lost two sons in the same hunting accident the Heinlands lost son, Matthew, all the victim of a Raptor pack.

Also known as Jon the Protector.

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 21, M.A. 12, P.S. 6, P.P. 13, P.E. 13, P.B. 8, Spd 5.

Age: 66

Disposition: A gentleman and a scholar, Jon loves art, stories, knowledge and learning. He tries to see the beauty in the world, wants to like everyone, and enjoys human interaction. He loves being around children, telling stories, and just talking with people. He's always open for a good conversation, but can go from open and inviting to closed and bullish when offended or he feels it is necessary.

Description: A wise looking old man, with a slightly unkempt beard, long, graying hair pulled back into a ponytail, and a bit of a pot belly. He walks with a limp, uses a handsome cane that he made himself, and is never seen without his smoking pipe.

Experience Level: 9th level human Mystic.

Skills of Note: Art 80%, Brewing 75/80%, Cooking 10%, Dance 85%, History 75%, Lore: Demons & Monsters 85%, Lore: Magic 85%, Play Musical Instrument (Guitar & Percussion) 90%, Performance 85%, Whittling & Sculpting 75%, and W.P. Blunt.

Psionics: Clairvoyance (4), Commune with Spirits (6), Group Mind Block (22), Healing Touch (6), Exorcism (10), Meditation (0), Psychic Purification (8), Remote Viewing (10), Sixth Sense (2), Suppress Fear (8), Telepathy (4), Telekinesis (super; 10) and Telekinetic Force Field (30).

I.S.P.: 79; considered a Major Psychic.

Notable Spells: Armor of Ithan (10), Befuddle (6), Blinding Flash (1), Call Lightning (15), Chameleon (6), Desiccate the Supernatural (50), Dispel Magic Barriers (20), Energy Bolt (5), Electric Arc (8), Escape (8), Extinguish Fire (4), Fly as the Eagle (25), Globe of Daylight (2), Greater Healing (20), Levitation (5), Locate (30), Impervious to Energy (20), Invisibility: Simple (6), Negate Poison (5), Paralysis (6), Power Weapons (35), Magic Net (7), See Aura (6), See the Invisible (4), and Turn Dead (6). **P.P.E.:** 124

Note: Jon has 6,000 in Universal Credits, and perhaps another 50,000-200,000 credits worth of tradable goods (journals, magic components and such).

Connie Carter – Quick Stats

Wife of Jon Carter

She is a sweet, loving woman who adores her husband, and enjoys nature. She misses civilization more than the rest, because books and accurate news and world information is impossible to get in Dinosaur Swamp. Like her husband, she enjoys hearing and telling a good story and just enjoying the company of others. Connie suffered from depression after the loss of her two sons, and still struggles misses them even though it happened more than eight years ago.

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 18, M.E. 12, M.A. 15, P.S. 9, P.P. 8, P.E. 11, P.B. 13, Spd 8.

Age: 61, but looks more like 50.

Disposition: Gentle and kind with children and animals. Loves the company of people almost as much as she enjoys reading and teaching. **Description:** Connie is a little overweight, but attractive in a maternal sort of way. She wears her sandy blonde hair cut in a short bob and seems to always have an apron around he waste. She has a comforting, matronly aura about her, like the kindly grandmother you can always go to with a problem. She is adored by Jason and Helen Heinland, Sara and their younger children, but is treated coolly by Benjamin, mainly because he feels he needs to prove he is a man and doesn't need a grandmother figure in his life.

Experience Level: 7th level Rogue Scholar.

Skills of Note: Art 60%, Barter 74%, Basic Math 92%, Cook 62%, Creative Writing 77%, Dance 72%, Law (General) 82%, all Lore 82%, Literate in American 98%, Literate in Euro 82%, Public Speaking 87%, Sing 92%, W.P. Energy Pistol and Zoology 82%.

Psionics: None.

Note: Connie's collection of more than 200 books is easily worth 15,000 credits, plus she has two dozen journals, notebooks and sketch pads that all deal with her observations about the flora and fauna of Dinosaur Swamp around their home.

HLS Adventures

You Scratch My Back

The Hook: Jason has recently learned that a group of about 15 Tolkeen Refugees led to the region by a pair of Cyber-Knights has set up residence in the ruins of downtown Ellijay. He's afraid they might become a threat to their freehold either directly or indirectly by attracting bandits, Coalition soldiers, or who knows what.

The Line: The player characters have recently stumbled upon the Heinland-Carter Freehold and are camped at the base of the hill that the compound rests atop. This is fortuitous, because the player characters are suffering from a series of serious equipment malfunctions, and the Heinlands can repair and manufacture the parts needed to get them on their way.

The Sinker: Jason, with the grudging support of the rest of his family, asks the player characters to chase off the group of refugees. He has threatened to withhold working on their equipment, and even hinted, ever so slightly, that they might find more wrong with their vehicles than was previously thought. Jason doesn't necessarily want the refugees hurt, he's acting in what he thinks are the best interests of his family and friends and just wants them gone. If the player group can get the refugees to move (to Char, perhaps), he has also offered to do all repairs for *free*. Whether the player characters actually go through with it or not depends on how well they can come to terms with the proposal. There are probably safer places than these ruins and all that might be necessary to effect the move is to be reasonable with the Cyber-Knights and explain the Heinlands' concerns. Or the group might tell them the region is much too dangerous and even fake an attack (in disguise, of course) to prove the point. For less heroic characters, the attack might be real, or the refugees forcibly removed or chased away after the Cyber-Knights leave.

Neither Rain, Nor Snow, Nor Pain of Death . . .

The Hook: Benjamin has recently completed work on a TW Water Well for another settlement, the Taylor Freehold, located a couple hundred miles to the southwest of Ellijay. Their water supply has steadily diminished and their wells keep running dry. Time is of the essence, as winter will soon set in, and the Taylor Freehold will likely need this well to make it through the season.

The Line: The player characters have arrived at an opportune time to trade with the Heinland Freehold. Benjamin offers some essential trade goods to the party in exchange for delivering the TW Water Well to the Taylor Freehold.

The Sinker: Winter is indeed setting in, and the temperatures are dropping rapidly. Not only that, but the skies are growing darker, promising some heavy snowfalls this winter. However, the real problem arises when the characters get to the Taylor Freehold and find that it's been overrun by a Long-Range Coalition Recon Patrol. The patrol has decided to use the compound as their winter quarters and have taken the Taylor family hostage. Does the player group try and rescue the family, dispatch the Coalition Patrol (who's to know what happened to these goons), or do they leave the situation as they found it and move on, having gained a TW Water Well?

Bring 'em Back Alive

The Hook: Jillian has gone missing, along with the Brushback and two of the family dogs. It has been two days, and people are starting to worry. Could she have run away to see the world, simply gone off exploring (she's done that a couple times before), or has some terrible fate befallen the girl?

The Line: When the player group arrives, they are grilled by the Carters and the Heinlands about who they've seen in the area, has there been any trouble, slavers, and so on. If the player characters seem honest, concerned and trustworthy, the Carters (if not the Heinlands) will ask the group to help find the sweet child. True heroes will agree to do so without asking for anything in return, less honorable characters may ask about a reward. The Heinlands will agree to make free repairs or give them a common Techno-Wizard weapon or device as their reward. Payable upon the safe return of Jillian.

The Sinker: The child didn't run away or go exploring, she was out playing with the Brushback when they were led off by a small group of *Pucks* (1D4+2 of these malicious Faerie Folk) who make their lair in a nearby limestone cavern (about six miles/9.6 km away). They have only recently come to the region and happened upon the girl purely by luck, as they see it. The Pucks have already eaten the dogs and the Brushback, but are still trying to decide what to do with the girl: Keep her as a slave, torture her first, then kill her, or what?

Brought to you in parts by . . .

The Hook: After a recent, sudden thunderstorm, a landslide washed away a large swath of a hillside not far from the Heinland-Carter Freehold. Concealed several feet under the topsoil, and then exposed by the landslide is a very unusual suit of power armor. It had obviously crashed into the hillside years ago and was covered by soil and vegetation. Jason recognized the basic design, but the stylization and outward appearance was completely wrong. He immediately hauled it into his workshop and began to examine it. His suspicions were confirmed. He had discovered what could only be called a "Glitter-SAMAS."

The Line: While the outward shell and most of the major pieces were still intact, all of the internal components were completely ruined after centuries of being buried. It would require an almost complete overhaul to return it to working order, but even Jason and Benjamin can't fabricate all of the necessary components and systems to make it operational. It would require either access to new parts from a supplier, or cannibalizing an existing suit of power armor or robot vehicle for the necessary systems. As it happens, the player characters have just come into the region, and between them, provided they have the right equipment, might have just the parts necessary to make this suit operational again. Then it's only a matter of bargaining.

The Sinker: The thought of the first actual, functional Silver Eagle NEMA assault suit to take to the skies in several centuries would, indeed, be something. (See the **Rifts® Chaos Earth RPG** for stats & details.) However, it would also become an in-

stant threat to the Coalition States. It would at once become a legend and a terror, with everyone scrambling to come into possession of it, while the Coalition would stop at nothing to either get their hands on it, or destroy it and dismiss its existence as a rumor or fantasy. Another possible fallout would be the swarm of adventurers, treasure seekers and others who would literally fall upon the suspected point of origin of the fabled suit. That's why the Heinland-Carter Freehold is willing to *give* the suit to the adventurers (i.e., player group), provided they are heroes and not brigands.

Well "give" might be too strong a word, trade for a bunch of supplies, tools, gear and credits. They want as much as they can get but will trade the suit away to the right people for as little as 100,000 credits. There is one more condition, they must NEVER reveal where they acquired this one-of-a-kind suit.

Just Being Neighborly

The Hook: The player characters see smoke rising from a nearby hilltop. Experienced adventurers know the difference between a forest fire, a smoldering ruin, and chimney smoke, so they'll know there is some sort of homestead nearby and on fire.

The Line: This is NOT the Heinland-Carter Freehold, and in fact, may be placed anywhere in Dinosaur Swamp. Investigating the source of the smoke, they find a freehold that has obviously been attacked. It looks as though the inhabitants gave almost as good as they got, but in the end, the raiders won the battle. The main gate has been smashed in, and several mangled bodies lay strewn about the road leading up to the main house. Pirates or merc raiders by the looks of things. The house and a Big Boss A.T.V. both continue to burn, indicating this battle ended not more than 2-3 hours ago. The other pens and huts have been kicked down and their stored goods taken. The inhabitants of the house are nowhere to be found, unless they are inside the inferno that was their home. There is a large, gaping whole blasted from the inside of the back wall, suggesting they may have made a run for it.

The Sinker: Closer inspection of the dead bodies reveal they are corpses in various states of advanced decay, indicating that they didn't all die at the same time. In fact, many of them are practically skeletons! Right about that time, a man shows up at the gate of the compound and politely introduces himself as *Aarmen Cartilage*, an exiled Necromancer from Clavicle, Alabama. He has just recently moved into the region, and is going around introducing himself to his neighbors. He'd also like to introduce all of his friends, the now shambling corpses littering the ground around the player group. He demands credits and obvious items of value, or he will send his animated dead against them and destroy them just as he did the family who lived in the freehold. And with that, the rotting husk of an Allosaurus rises up behind him. What happens next?

101 Adventures

By Kevin Siembieda

Roll percentile dice for a random encounter or pick one that seems fun and appropriate. Many are designed to serve as inspiration for a larger adventure that the Game Master can expand upon.

Encounters with Intelligent Beings

01% Wilderness Hermit (typically a Swamp Stomper, Wilderness Scout or Vagabond O.C.C.). The Swamplands are full of crazy individuals and homesteaders (a single family) who have chosen to live out in the wild, on their own. Roll again to determine how the hermit regards strangers.

01-70% Most hermits and homesteaders are surprisingly friendly and hospitable. They don't usually have any items of value worth stealing, but do know the lay of the land and recent events that have occurred within a 20 mile (32 km) radius of their shack. They may share food or offer to prepare any fresh catch friendly strangers might provide.

71-90% This hermit moved away from people for a reason, he or she doesn't like them, and has no desire to socialize with stupid adventurers, dinosaur hunters, or idealistic explorers. The hermit just wants to be left alone. Views strangers with a strong amount of suspicion and distrust, and will flee or attack at the first sign of trouble.

91-00% Crazy Hermit. Rambles on about strange creatures or strange goings-on that sound too wild to be believed. These tales may be pure nonsense and fictional delusions, or an opportunity for the G.M. to offer the player group clues, snippets of information or tips for a new adventure. The Crazy Hermit may be a strange ally or nothing but trouble. This encounter may be played seriously or for laughs.

02% Crazy Adventurer. There are a fair number of these folks out in the wilderness of Dinosaur Swamp. Men and women, humans and D-Bees, who came to the region to find treasure, make a name for themselves or find some other opportunity. Instead, they found Dinosaur Swamp's two most common commodities: terror and death.

The adventurer may be out of his head with fever or dehydration, exhaustion, trauma (mental or physical) or fear, and may recover his sanity (to a varying degree) with rest and proper treatment. Others are plumb crazy, driven mad by whatever emotionally traumatic experience they have suffered. In most cases, the lunatic has been lost and wandering the swamplands for weeks, sometimes months and even years. The crazy person may be a danger to himself or others, or someone who can offer hints, clues and information (even healing and other help), but always under the veil of riddles, rants and madness.

03% A man with a secret. Says he knows a short cut, a detour or the way out of danger. He's an honest Pathfinder or Barbarian who wants to help people in need. Whether he has any information the group might find helpful is left to the discretion of the Game Master. He is not likely to join the group (unless the G.M. would like the character to do so).



04% A man with a secret. Says he knows a short cut, a detour or the way out of danger. This leads to an ambush by 1D6+6 bandits (1D4+2 levels of experience, mostly Swamp Stompers plus a couple Wild Knives Barbarian Warriors, a 6th level Juicer, and a 4th level Full Conversion Combat 'Borg. Their leader is a 7th level Eco-Wizard known as *the Swamp Fox*; Anarchist). Fortunately the bandits only want credits, food, booze and the characters' most obvious valuables (magic items, golds, gems, ancient artifacts), not their weapons, armor or vehicles. These brigands are mostly (90%) Anarchist and they know taking a traveler's weapon and armor in Dinosaur Swamp is a death's sentence, so they don't do it.

05% A man with a secret. Says he knows a short cut, a detour or the way out of danger. This leads to an ambush by a *Splugorth Slaver*! There is a Splugorth Floating Barge piloted by a Splugorth Slaver (always an evil alignment), and 1D4+4 Blind Warrior Women (1D4+2 levels of experience), or six Gurgoyles (wingless Gargoyles; 1D4 levels of experience, or Hawrk-ka warrior slaves who capture others for their evil master). Depending on the size and power level of the player group, an Overlord and/or a Tattooed Man *may* also be part of the Slaver's henchmen. The man (or woman) who led the group into the trap is another Splugorth slave (6th level Pirate or a warrior O.C.C., Miscreant alignment), and he has marked them for capture.

If the player group proves to be too powerful or cunning, the Slavers will give up to move on and find easier victims. This happens when either the Splugorth Slaver, himself, or the majority of his team see their M.D.C. reduced by half or more, or if the pursuit and capture is just taking too darn long and not worth the trouble.

Note: Killing the Slaver will cause Gurgoyles, Hawrk-ka and other "slaves" to run for their lives, but actual Minions of Splugorth such as Blind Warrior Women, Tattooed Men, and the Overlord are likely to fight to the death, or retreat only to pursue and exact revenge at a later time. Only if the group is clearly too powerful will the Minions flee. If captured, the player characters will be stripped of all valuables and weapons, and shackled, some with Bio-Wizard devices (see the **Rifts® Book of Magic** or **Splynn Dimensional Market** for details on such devices).

06% A Legacy Scout knows the location of a treasure only he can't get it himself. He needs assistance from a group of stout and honest adventurers or warriors to give him a hand. He's heard (rightly or wrongly) that the player group are trustworthy and honest, so he comes to them. The Legacy Scout offers them half the treasure, provided they let him have first choice of the artifacts. Exactly what danger he and the group may face is left to the G.M., but word has already spread that he is onto something big, which is likely to attract at least one group of bandits, and the trek into the jungle is likely to include encounters with dinosaurs and other obstacles.

07% A man with a secret. He knows the location of ruins or a specific place, tribe or person that the group is either looking for or would find worth visiting. The right amount of incentive (booze, money, threat, etc.) will get this fellow to give up that information.

08% A beautiful woman looking for a delicious encounter. This lady is a knockout (M.A. 1D4+18, P.B. 1D6+20; Anarchist or Miscreant alignment) and she seems to have the hots for one of the male members of the player group. If she and one of the characters get romantic and wander off alone together, the character soon discovers she is really a *Zenith Moon Warper* (or some other Shape Shifter) with a taste for human blood, and he's dinner!

09% A beautiful woman looking for romance. This lady is a knockout (M.A. 1D4+20, P.B. 1D6+18; Anarchist or Miscreant alignment) and she seems to have the hots for one of the male members of the player group. If she and one of the characters get romantic and wander off alone together, the character enjoys some passionate kissing before she slips away. Slips away, that is, with his Universal Credit card and/or other valuables (magic items, gems, jewels, map, etc.). She is really a skilled thief and pick pocket (8th level) who preys on adventurers and foolish men. All her skills get a +15% bonus if she gets the sap drunk first.

10% A beautiful woman looking for a rewarding experience. This lady is a knockout (M.A. 1D4+18, P.B. 1D6+20; Anarchist or Miscreant alignment) and she seems to have the hots for one of the male members of the player group. If she and one of the characters get romantic and wander off alone together, the character soon discovers she is really a bandit who has led him into a trap. If in or around the City of Char, she is a member of one of the City Rat gangs, and if this happens in the wilderness or elsewhere in Dinosaur Swamp she is part of a group of bandits or a barbarian clan who preys upon adventurers and/or outsiders. Whatever the case may be, the poor guy finds himself outnumbered seven to one, and the woman is probably holding his own gun or Vibro-Blade at his head. The adventurer can surrender or be taken down by force. In either case, he is stripped of ALL belongings, down to his underwear, shackled, gagged, and held prisoner.

Within an hour of his disappearance, a runner (a youngster under the age of 14, because the player group is not likely to hurt him) delivers a message (verbally or on a tape recording) to the rest of the group. The message is simple: "Your friend is kidnaped, bring X amount in valuables (or a specific item the gang knows is in the group's possession) and you can buy back your friend. If you are late or don't show up, your pal will be killed." A specific time and place is provided. A personal belonging is sent along with the message to prove the fellow is their captive.

Showing up at the location gives the group the chance to trade the item or valuables for their friend (always an amount the kidnappers know the group can afford without bankrupting them), or to attempt a combat style raid and rescue. If the trade is made, the captive *is released* unharmed. If attacked, the kidnappers will fight fast and dirty, with a number of them hidden in ambush positions, giving the brigands the upper hand, and they will use the kidnap victim as a human shield and threaten his life unless the heroes back off and stop the attack.

11% A beautiful woman in trouble. This lady is a bombshell (M.A. 1D4+18, P.B. 1D6+20; Anarchist or Unprincipled alignment) and she needs help. She doesn't have much money (maybe as much as 500 credits, her family's entire life savings) to hire mercenaries, but pleads for somebody to please help her! Her little, seven year old brother (or sister) has disappeared after being seen talking to a stranger. She had taken the child away

and scolded him for talking to someone he didn't know so far from the house, but a little while later the child disappeared. She fears he was kidnaped and fears for the child's life and freedom. Slavers are commonplace in Dinosaur Swamp and so are all kinds of sorcerers, brutes and weirdos who might want the child for a human sacrifice in a magic ritual, as dinosaur bait, or worse. Won't somebody help?! Exactly what has happened to the child and whether there are other dangers beside this individual (his cohorts, dinosaurs, etc.) is left to the imagination of the Game Master.

12% A person with the goods. A man or woman who can get the player character or group what he/they want. The character knows the location of, or has a weapon, ammunition, magic item, map, info or supplies vital to the player character's plans. The price, however, may be steep and might involve a trade of services or a little favor, like killing the Sunaj assassin or barbarian clan after him, or providing him with some valuable item the character (or group) hates to give up, or the crook charges exorbitant prices.

13% A clan of barbarian warriors, twenty of them. For the player group to pass through "their territory" (at least they claim it's theirs) unmolested, they must prove they are worthy. This is done by one of the following means. Pick one or roll percentile again.

01-50% The contest involves one of the player characters fighting the barbarians' best warrior. The battle may be entirely hand to hand without a weapon (and the barbarian may be a mutant) or with handheld weapons such as a shield and clubs, spears or knives, not guns or magic.

51-00% Or the contest may involve fighting a dinosaur or monster that has been trapped (intentionally or by accident) in a pit or ravine. To prove their worthiness the fight must be done the way the barbarians would do it, with handheld weapons (magic okay), not guns. Also in this instance, 2-4 characters may be allowed to engage the beast.

This is a contest to prove fighting skill and courage, it is not a fight to the death. Consequently, the fight against the barbarian ends when the warrior surrenders or is rendered incapacitated or his clan leader calls an end to the fight (which could be a win, loss or tie).

In the case of fighting the dinosaur, the barbarian warriors expect the adventurers to kill the beast, but if things look bad for our heroes, the barbarians will jump in to slay the beast and give them a hand.

Win or lose, the barbarians accept the player group as "worthy" and let them pass. If the player character(s) didn't cheat and put up a good fight, win or loose, the barbarians will appreciate the effort, pat them on the back and offer to share their food with the group. They may also have information the player group may find valuable (G.M. discretion).

14% A clan of angry barbarians. A group of 3D6+2 barbarians don't like outsiders in their land. They threaten and call names, spit and may bump or shove a player character, but they do not draw their weapons or attack. That will change if one or more of the player characters draw their weapons and make serious threats or start shooting. Note: Among the barbarians (all 1D4 level) is a third or fourth level Eco-Wizard Barbarian Sorcerer eager to use his magic.

15% Dinosaur Hunt! A recent storm has washed out the bridge, and the normally dry countryside has been temporarily turned into swamp. The player group could take a detour, but it would take at least 3-4 days, put them miles out of their way, and take them through hostile dinosaur territory. A couple dozen other travelers have made camp near the submerged bridge and wait for the water to recede. They all agree the water has been going down quickly, and that it will only be another two days before the bridge resurfaces and the terrain becomes suitable for travel. Right now, the countryside is covered in miles of hip deep swamp water where anything could be lurking below its murky depths. In a couple of days, the land will be soft and muddy, but the water will have receded and foot travel possible.

Among the travelers is a band of four Dinosaur Hunters (could be hunters with modern gear, barbarians or Native Americans). To kill time, they invite the player characters to join them on a dinosaur hunt. The Dinosaur Hunters are bold, confident and cheerful. They insist the hunt shouldn't take more than half the day, that they've done this a hundred times, and that it will be lots of fun. Besides, the other travelers could probably use the meat. The jovial hunters plan to go off on a "big game" hunt whether the group joins them or not. What transpires next is up to the G.M. The hunt could go smoothly and provide everyone with a little adventure and fresh meat. The good natured Dinosaur Hunters may also provide the player group with information about the area or their target destination.

On the other hand, the G.M. may have our hunters and heroes run into all kinds of trouble with one dinosaur (or pack of dinos) after another. If the player group chooses not to join the hunt and waits it out on the bank of the receding swamp water, they or the other travelers might be attacked by something that emerges out of the water (the hunters sorry they missed the fun), or the Dinosaur Hunters may run into trouble and need rescuing themselves; or the hunters might accidentally lead a dinosaur (or pack of them) back to the group.

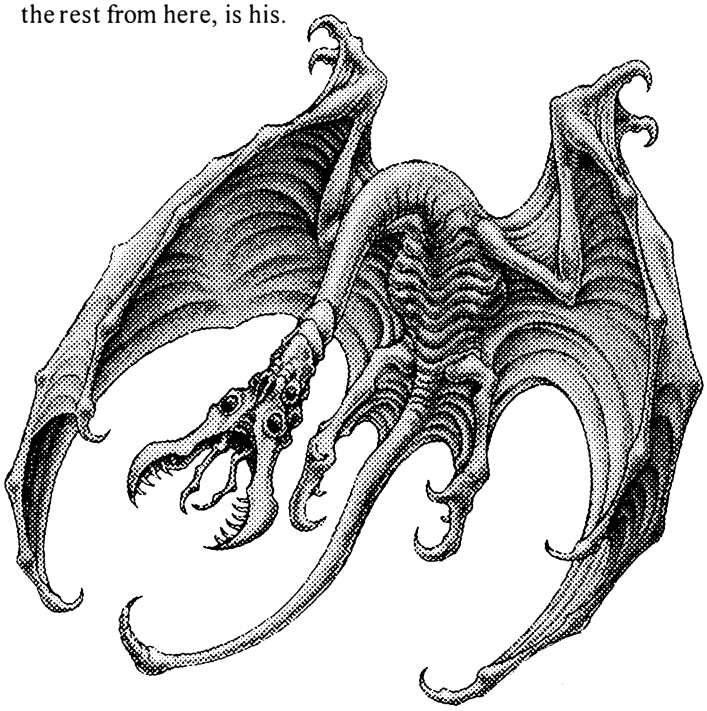
One way or the other, our heroes are going to have to fight dinosaurs.

16% Evidence of a battle with dinosaurs. A hunting party of barbarians lays slaughtered on the ground, the victims of a Raptor attack. Only the Raptors haven't eaten most of them, which is very strange.

A short while later, the player group runs into a barbarian tribe that is tending to their wounded after a vicious attack. Nine of the monsters slain during the onslaught lay in a pile. The barbarians explain that an angry Raptor King came into their village demanding something it called the "Rod of Power & Destruction." When they told him they knew nothing about such an item, the Raptor King accused them of lying and sent two dozen Tiger Claw Raptors against them. When the battle suddenly stopped, the warriors had killed 9 and wounded several others, but the dinosaurs had no reason to stop, they were winning. The tribal leader also notes that three of his warriors were missing. Three young men who had only recently returned from an expedition and claimed to have discovered a place of dark magic. Could they have had the item the Raptor King was looking for? Or perhaps they know where it is? What will the Raptor King do with this item once he gets it? Should someone try to stop him, or at least investigate while the number of Raptor minions are at a reduced level? The barbarians can't, they are too

shaken up and have too many injured. What about the player characters?

17% A fugitive from the North or West has taken up a new life in Dinosaur Swamp. He may still be a vile brigand or he may have turned over a new leaf to become an honest man, or he may have been falsely accused and innocent from the onset. In any case, he is now a resident of the swampland. There is a price on his head (2D6x10,000 credits) and the player characters may know this from their stay in town or find out later. What they do with this knowledge is their call. How the G.M. handles the rest from here, is his.



18% From out of the sky. The characters are in the City of Char or out in the wilderness. They hear a creature cry out, a crashing sound, and a very loud thud nearby. Following the sound, they see a man in battered body armor. Chained to his wrist is an armored briefcase. The body armor has gouge marks in it, and it's impossible to tell if the man is dead or just unconscious. Looking up, the characters see a Saurian Terror. It circles twice and flies away. A moment later, the player group then hears the sound of hovercycles or dirt bikes approaching. They also hear voices shouting things like: "There it goes." "Thank god it dropped him." "We gotta get that case!" "Don't you think I know that?" "I think it dropped him over there." "We have to get that briefcase before someone else finds it." "Quickly, this way . . ."

Our heroes have about two minutes to decide their next course of action. The 4-6 voices and the sound of their vehicles are getting closer. They could be the man's comrades, although they seem to be more worried about the contents of the briefcase than the victim. They could be after the man. What's in the briefcase? Drugs? Credits? Research documents? Treasure map? Gems? Coalition plans for an invasion of Dinosaur Swamp? CS plans to use the Florida Time Holes? Splugorth weapon designs? Black Market documents or money, or both? A deadly virus? Medicine? A box lunch?

Whatever it is, the player group needs to make a decision fast. Grab the case and run? Grab the man and the case and run? Call out to the "search party?" What unfolds next we leave to the players. Who this person is (could be a woman) and what might be in the case, we leave to the Game Master's imagination. Have fun.

19% A plague from Atlantis. A barbarian village is strangely quiet and seems deserted. Upon closer inspection, the player characters find half the tribe is dead, the other half is sick, covered with blue and white spots and swollen, blistered lips. Among them, the bodies of a half-dozen Horune pirates, killed and strung up like sides of beef. Near them is a crate with a bio-hazard symbol that has been opened, along with several specimen containers. Other markings on the case indicate it came (or was stolen) from Atlantis.

There are several other crates without bio-hazard symbols. If they are opened, the player characters will find a notebook and a computer disk along with numerous vials containing a liquid. Anyone with medical skill or even the ability to read will learn that the broken container held a specimen of a disease the Splugorth accidentally unleashed. The disk and other vials contain the vaccine for the cure, the disk and printed text hold the formula for making more. There are also notes indicating that a Minion of Splugorth had accidentally let loose a plague, and that some Horune and Slavers in Dinosaur Swamp *might* be infected. It was this Horune team's responsibility to find and innoculate them so that the plague did not spread into Dinosaur Swamp, a valuable resource to the slave trade. The disease is spread by touch, so it should be limited, so far. Did the Horune find the others and were they returning to their vessel when the barbarians (assuming they were slavers) attacked them? Or did they get jumped on their way into the swamp, leaving the possibly contagious Slavers still out there? And why would a rescue team have live samples of the disease with them?

20% A secret from Atlantis. The group runs into a Gargoyle or Kittani who claims to be a defector from Atlantis who desires to be free of his evil masters. He is being pursued by a band of Splugorth (Kittani warriors or a mixed slave team) and pleads for their help. Knowing they have no reason to help one such as he, the runaway reveals he knows the secret location of a Splugorthian nest of symbiotic organisms (and/or parasites) used in Bio-Wizardry. If they help him, he will take them to the nest and they can destroy the hideous things or take them and sell them on their own. **G.M. Note:** If the group helps the runaway, their opposition should be light, and their odds of winning good. True to his word, the runaway takes them to a cave that is really an old ruin. Inside, the 20,000 square feet of warm, dark, damp space is filled with gestating symboitic organisms! This is a major Splugorth breeding compound and destroying it will put a major hurt on the monsters. Of course, there are a few defenders and momma symbiotes who will try to stop them. See *Rifts® World Book 2: Atlantis* for details about the Splugorth, Kittani and other minions.

21% A dead man's tale. The remains of a high-tech adventurer (or group of them) are found. They are dead and half eaten. Killed by what? Eaten by what? One had made a video journal, and according to him, they were fleeing from Raptor Kings. Not just any Raptor Kings, but a trio that Splugorth Conservators had been experimenting on with symbiotes and magic to make them smarter and more powerful. The plan, to make them a new type of minion . . . and they are out there. The dead bodies are only a few hours old, so the mutant Raptor Kings might be near. And they aren't likely to want others to know what's going on.

G.M. Note: This could be a straightforward adventure of find the monsters and destroy them, or the monsters could attack our heroes for fear their secret is out. Or the mutants may have turned on their creators (so no others can be made), but still represent a terrible threat in the swamps, especially if they are more powerful than usual, can breed and pass along their mutant genes. This is bad, because based on the dead around them, these creatures are bloodthirsty and working as a team. Raptor Kings never work as a group . . . so this is very bad.

22% Something the hurricane blew in. A ship or boat, a sea serpent, treasure, strange device, alien spacecraft, survivor, prisoner, slave, villain, hero or intelligent monster – heck, you, the Game Master decide – but whatever it is, it spells trouble.

23% Bushwhackers! The lead character or 1D4+1 of the player characters suddenly find themselves falling down a pit (need to roll an 18 or higher on a D20 to avoid the fall). Even characters in M.D.C. armor take 1D6 S.D.C. damage from the fall. The pit is 20 feet (6.1 m) long, by 15 feet (4.6 m) deep, by 15 feet (4.6 m) wide. Anyone left above ground will see a *Vanguard Brawler D-Bee* with a rifle and clad in dirty clothing and light dinosaur armor (31 M.D.C.) peek around a tree. He has a laser rifle and is cautious. If everyone is down in the pit, they hear the same thing without seeing their attacker. The D-Bee behind the tree shouts that they are surrounded, but all *they* want is food and valuables. If nobody tries to be a hero, everyone *should* walk away from this *alive*. Two other D-Bees, Noli Bushmen (in dino-armor with 28 M.D.C. each), make their presence known on the opposite side of the pit, suggesting that the player character(s) is surrounded.

The Brawler says, "Maybe you don't take us too serious, but wanna take our master, Lord Kodo, serious." Right on cue, the upper torso of a large Raptor rises up from the bushes, a grin fixed onto his ugly face. "That's a Raptor King, and his friends are all around you. Now like I said, you hand us yer food and valuables and we'll toss y'all a rope, we'll back off and yer free ta go yer way."

Sharp player characters *may* notice that the expression on "Lord Kodo" never changes, and he's letting his humanoid henchmen do all his talking and the work. If questioned about that, the three bandits insist they are his slaves and that the master never speaks to his victims, "Now shut up and give us yer belongings or die!" Observant player characters may also notice there are no signs of other Raptors. Now while it is true that Raptors are stealthy and often hide until they are ready to pounce, one might think that a show of force might give these bandits more leverage over their victims.

Truth is, there are only these four, second level bandits, the fourth one being a barbarian inside a Raptor costume. There is no Raptor King or any Raptors. This ruse has worked twice before, so they are giving it another try. If the group gives them even half their food and some of their valuables, the Brawler and one of the Noli will scoop it up in sacks, toss them a rope and run off into the trees. If the group calls their bluff and starts to attack, they shoot back a few times (one melee round) and run for the hills.

24% Barbarian attack! 1D6+3 barbarian raiders attack the group (all are 3rd level, and wearing non-environmental body armor with about 50 M.D.C. each, and each has one Eco-Wizard Weapon). They will kill anyone they believe to be Slavers, take any caged animals, riding animals, food, booze, weapons, and obvious magic items, and leave their victims behind with their armor and basic gear. They have no desire for modern vehicles, so they are likely to leave them behind too. If the group proves to be too tough for them, the barbarians run off after losing half their M.D.C. or two of their men. However, they will return 1D4 hours later, having tracked our heroes, and this time they are accompanied by two Mutant Barbarians and three extra men (all are 3rd level).

25% Wraith Soldier (intelligent & aware). This ghostly being sizes up the group and likes what it sees. Adventure options (pick one):

1) The Wraith Solider would like to join the group on their adventures and be a member of the group. This could be a good way to introduce a Wraith Soldier player character or NPC.

2) The ghost has no desire to join the team, but knows the whereabouts of a missing comrade, or the location of whoever the group may be looking for, including pirates, bandits, slavers or barbarians operating in the area. It is information the ghost is willing to share, but after telling them, he says, "Remember, now you boys owe me a favor."

3) The Wraith Soldier asks the group to help him rescue a friend from the clutches of villains. If they don't help him, she will surely die. The G.M. can make up his own bad guys or roll percentile dice on the following table:

01-13% Splugorth Slaver with barge and six Blind Warrior Women.

14-25% 1D4 Horune Pirates and three Warrior Slaves (select races from any Atlantis sourcebook or make them D-Bees).

26-38% 1D4+3 Mutant Barbarians. Each is clad in light M.D.C. body armor, has weird powers and is level 1D4.

39-50% A pack of 1D6+2 Frilled Runners involved in cruel mischief.

51-62% A band of barbarians (rivals of the woman's clan), including 1D4+1 Warriors (2nd level), one Eco-Wizard (4th level) and one Barbarian Master Psychic (5th level).

63-75% A band of 1D4+3 Swamp Stompers (levels 4-7). All are wicked men who intend to have their way with the woman before they either kill her or sell her off to slavers.

76-87% A pair of evil, Trysia Faeries looking for some cruel fun and a human slave.

88-00% A band of outsiders – evil adventures who have no respect for the land or people of Dinosaur Swamp and who see the woman as a savage with whom they can have their way. Includes one Wilderness Scout (7th level), one Dinosaur Hunter from Atlantis (5th level), two Headhunters (both 5th level) and a Mind Melter (3rd level).

Note: With the exception of Splugorth Slavers (see *W.B. 2: Rifts® Atlantis*), all the other brigands are described in *this book* or **W.B. 26: Dinosaur Swamp**.

The woman is a 7th level Eco-Wizard (Scrupulous alignment) and an important member of her tribe. She is dazed or unconscious when the player group finds her and her captives, and the bad guys are just about to do their evil deeds when the player characters arrive on the scene. The villains will fight to the death, although one (the worst of the lot) will run off and be used as a returning villain in another encounter or adventure. He will hold a grudge on our heroes and seek revenge. The woman

and the Wraith Soldier have no use for the brigands' possessions, so whatever they had becomes loot for the characters. Likewise, the Eco-Wizard *may* give one of her rescuers an Eco-Wizard weapon or item, and will share what knowledge she has of the area or current events (but only if asked).

A continuing adventure? If the G.M. would like, he or she can use this as a springboard to a larger adventure. The Wizard may be on a quest, explains the rest of her kind were slain and ask the player group to help her. Or she may request they escort her to her tribe some distance away. Or she may hold some great secret (or magic item) and is being hunted by bands of mercs and villains, and needs the group's protection (she might not even know they are after her yet). Or she may hold the answer to what the group seeks and is willing to, temporarily, join them to help them get it (especially if a good cause). And so on. The Wraith Soldier is likely to stay and help in any of these scenarios.

26% Runaway slaves. Aliens and D-Bees from Atlantis have escaped a slave ship during a freak storm and seek to build a new life as free men in Dinosaur Swamp. The exact number of slaves is left to the G.M., and may be a tiny handful or a couple of dozen, but among them will be women and children. Other than the rare exception, all the slaves are first level characters. Once the slaves realize the player characters aren't slavers (and are good guys?), they will ask the group to help lead them to someplace safe. Maybe a village or town, or maybe just someplace relatively safe where they could build their own town. They are frightened and lost. The races can be selected from *Rifts® World Book 2: Atlantis* and *W.B. 21: Splynn Dimensional Market (Atlantis Two)*, and should include some strange and ugly beings. What trouble the group encounters along the way (dinosaur attacks, man-eating plants, bad weather, and perhaps slavers looking for their lost "cargo") we leave to the G.M. These people will be extremely beholden to their *rescuers* and always welcome them back into their village.

A slave's story part two: This is a subplot that could turn into an adventure at a later time in which these same slaves (all alien and inhuman) are recaptured by slavers at a later date (or persecuted by local humans or barbarians for their alien appearance) and our heroes just happen to run into them and their captors (or tormentors/attackers). What do our heroes do? This storyline is especially poignant if there has been subsequent interaction with the runaway slaves and the player characters. This could be visits to the slaves' new community, using it as a base camp, the slaves helping them out once or twice, and our heroes becoming friends with one or more of them. THEN have these people recaptured and facing a terrible fate in captivity, or worse.

27% Dinosaurs for sale! A group of Dinosaur Hunters, Swamp Stompers or barbarians have set up a roadside stand where they have a handful of dinosaurs for sale. There are a pair of *Lepidosaurs* in a bird cage, a lone *Azhure* in another bird cage, a young *Iron-Hoof* chained to a tree (its feet shackled in such a way that it cannot run, only walk), a baby *Tri-Tops*, bottles of weird-looking bugs, beetles and spiders (10-20 credits each; nothing rare), and a trio of caged *Frilled Swamp Runners* plucked of their dagger-like quills. (**Note:** The Swamp Runners could be substituted with a lone Faerie, Pixie, Brownie or Trysia Faerie.) "Please Free, yes?" says one of the Swamp Runners. "No eat me," says another with big sad eyes. "Mamma, mamma," cries the littlest one. "Help, please," adds the first. "Free. Set us free," begs the second. "Mamma," repeats the little one.

All the creatures are for sale at reasonable prices, typically half of what is normal. In the case of the Frilled Swamp Runners, the sellers want 250 credits each or equivalent in trade. Furs, animal skins, livestock, riding animals, vehicles, candy, booze, good meat, pre-Rifts artifacts, weapons, loaded ammo clips, body armor, and magic items are all goods they are willing to trade for.

The sellers are all Anarchist alignment and make money catching and selling dinosaurs and exotic creatures. They are also familiar with the immediate area (about 100 mile/160 radius) and will chat with pleasant customers. The more one buys, the chattier these trappers become.

28% An intelligent, talking dinosaur unlike any the group has ever seen or heard about. This dinosaur has a more humanoid shape, although its legs are chicken-like. The head is small and round, and even the features are more human-like than reptilian. The eyes are large and round but more dog-like than dinosaur. Its nose is flat and wide, its ears small circles on the side of its head, the mouth a small slit. The arms and hands are similar to a human's, complete with four fingers and a thumb. She is injured and using a tree branch as a crutch. She identifies herself as Quee-la, and asks them not to be afraid or harm her. She claims she is a traveler from another world who arrived on Rifts Earth quite by accident. She is a scientist who was experimenting with dimensional travel when something went wrong and suddenly she and six of her co-workers appeared in this jungle. Two members of the group were immediately separated and she doesn't know their fate. Three others were eaten by dinosaurs and she and the last one were captured by some men, beaten, chained and dragged through the jungle to meet with someone she identifies as "Horoon." She managed to escape during a terrible storm and has been on the run ever since.

To be honest, she doesn't know what to do and just wants to feel safe, sleep (she's at the point of exhaustion) and go home. Once rested, she explains that the men who captured her also have the dimensional travel device that *should* be able to send her back home. She will accept any help the player characters are willing to offer. If they are not willing to go after the slavers and the device in their possession, she understands.

Basic Stats for Quee-la:

Alignment: Scrupulous.

Attributes: I.Q. 20, M.E. 11, M.A. 19, P.S. 12, P.P. 9, P.E. 10, P.B. 10, Spd 18.

Age: 30

Size: Roughly human, five feet, six inches (1.6 m).

Natural Abilities: Roughly the same as humans other than innate psionics and an instinctive ability to swim at 66%.

Experience Level: 11th level Scientist.

Skills of Note: She is a scientist with skills including Astrophysics 90%, Basic Electronics 90%, Basic Mechanics 70%, Computer Operation 90%, Mathematics: Advanced and Basic both at 98%, Photography 98%, Radio: Basic 90%, Sensory Equipment 90%, and TV/Video 80%.

Bonuses: +2 on Perception Rolls, +2 to save vs mind control

and possession, plus any that may have been acquired via skills.

Attacks per Melee: Three, she has no combat skills.

Magic: None, she can't believe magic is real!

Psionics: Empathy (4), Empathic Transmission (6), Mask P.P.E. (4), Meditation (0), Sense Time (2), and Telepathy (4). Empathic Language Mastery (20; a special ability common to all people of her race): The special ability to learn a language via a combination of Empathy, Telepathy and intense study. Can learn a foreign language after 24 hours at 40% comprehension, and increase by 10% for each subsequent day. This includes the ability to *read* that language at a base skill of 60% +2% per month of study and practice. Quee-la can speak American at 98%; she has been trapped on Rifts Earth for 27 days and with the slavers for six days before she escaped.

Equipment & Possessions: None. She and her cohorts have either been stripped of all belongings or lost them.

29% Splugorthian Symbiotes living free in the swamps. What happens when they attach to humans without warning? Exactly how many and what types are left to the Game Master. See *Rifts® World Book 2: Atlantis* and *W.B. 21: Splynn Dimensional Market* for a number of symbiotes; or the *Rifts® Book of Magic* with symbiotes from both books in condensed form.



Monster Encounters in Dinosaur Swamp

30% A clutch of dinosaur eggs. The player group or one of its members literally stumbles upon a dinosaur nest made of mud and leaves. It is filled with 2D6+4 eggs. The eggs are good eating and are four times the size of a chicken egg, so a single egg can feed one or two men. Best of all, the eggs will stay fresh for 1D8+4 days and their tough, leathery shell (1D6+1 S.D.C.) makes them sturdy and durable for travel! There's only one problem – mother. The adult female will return to the nest within 2D6 minutes. She will attack any intruder she finds. Furthermore, she will track the eggs (can follow their scent up to two miles (3.2 km) away at an 88% proficiency) and attack anyone who has them in his possession. Whether daddy joins in on the rescue is left to the G.M., and if the dinosaur eggs are those of an animal that gathers in a pack, like a Raptor, then 1D6 members of the pack may also join the hunt to retrieve the eggs and eat the thieves. **Note:** Every second level or higher Swamp Stomper, Naturalist, Dinosaur Hunter, Barbarian and Native American living in Dinosaur Swamp knows what will happen if one takes eggs from a dinosaur nest (i.e., as above). However, taking 1-4 eggs is NOT likely to entice the parents to give pursuit.

31% Raptor in a trap. The creature is caught in a trapper's M.D.C. snare, and has already chewed through most of its ankle to get free. Perhaps needless to say, it will attack any humanoids it sees. The Raptor (G.M. pick the type) knows humans set such traps and will assume the player characters are the trappers. In rage and agony the Raptor bites or tears through the last bit of its ankle and attacks to kill! It fights to the death. Gnawing through its leg has only reduced its M.D.C. by 20 for that one leg.

32% A hungry Sarcosuchus attacks! It fights to the death. If this encounter is in an environment where such a creature is not usually found, it is there as the result of the strange magical and dimensional properties of Dinosaur Swamp. Confused and angry, the dislocated monster is even nastier than normal.

33% Alien Rex. The player characters find themselves being stalked by an Alien Rex that is trying to pick them off one by one.

34% Seep Ferns. Our heroes realize they have wandered into a patch of deadly Seep Ferns when one of them (an NPC perhaps) falls over unconscious. (See **W.B. 26: Dinosaur Swamp** for details.) Matters may be complicated with the appearance of a Switchback or other predatory dinosaur!

35% Spitfire Leapers! A pack of 1D6+2 Spitfire Leapers attack the lead character or two with blasts of M.D. fire! They see the characters as prey, but will flee if their intended *meal* gives them too much trouble. Still, the creatures will fight for at least 1D4+2 melee rounds and will try to drag off the first person to fall.

36% A hungry Carnosuchid attacks. If this encounter is in an environment where such a creature is not usually found, it is there as the result of the strange magical and dimensional properties of Dinosaur Swamp. Confused and angry, the dislocated monster is even nastier than normal.

37% A Devil Eel rises up from the ground and takes a cobra-like attack posture. It is less than one yard/meter away from one of the player characters, easy striking distance. It is startled and feels threatened, and attacks if the character makes a sudden move. Once combat is engaged, the Devil Eel fights to the death. If the character remains motionless for 1D6+4 melee rounds, the Devil Eel will lower itself to the ground and slither away. However, where there is one Devil Eel there are likely to be others, and the adventurers had better be on their guard. Whether or not more Devil Eels appear or drop on our heroes from the trees is left to the mercy of the Game Master.

38% A small herd of 3D4+4 Sauropods lunching on vegetation. They are nothing to worry about unless they are frightened and stampede. Then, watch out, because little humans are likely to get squished. Roll percentile dice again for a random determination of what might happen next.

01-20% The herd animals don't even seem to notice the adventurers; if they do, they ignore them. No risk of a stampede.

21-40% A giant predator (any type) or a pack of 2D6+2 Raptors rush out of nowhere to attack a young or sickly sauropod. The herd panic and stampede toward the player group. After the stampede, the group sees the predator feasting on his kill. If they give him a wide berth, the monster ignores them and feasts. If the group comes too close or make too much noise the predator feels threatened and attacks.

41-60% A Dinosaur Hunter takes down a sauropod with one shot, the rest of the animals panic and stampede toward our heroes. Assuming they survive the next tense minute or two, the Dinosaur Hunter apologizes and laughs about how a stampede is one of the dangers when around sauropods. He takes no genuine responsibility for his carelessness and resents anyone who implies he almost got them killed. This guy is an arrogant jerk (Anarchist or Miscreant), and looks upon outsiders as intruders and an annoyance. However, he may have information useful to the group.

61-80% A predator attacks the sauropod herd (could be a Razorback, Allosaurus, Raptor pack, etc.), but they all got away. Then it pauses, sniffs the air, and catches the scent of new potential prey – the player group! It turns and starts to run in their direction.

81-00% A bull male from the herd notices the group. He feels threatened and starts to grunt and stomp the earth. The rest of the herd tightens its formation as the big male and two others start to trot toward the player group. If the characters back off without attacking or moving too quickly, the males stop, grunt and move on. If a character shoots or attacks, the three males charge and the rest of the herd runs off in the opposite direction. The first wounded male will fight to the death, the other two will turn and flee after one melee round.

39% Razormouth Frog lunges out of its hiding place and tries to swallow one of the characters (or a pack animal or dog or familiar) whole! It fights to the death.

40% Panthera-Thrinax feasting on a recent kill. The beast doesn't appreciate its supper being interrupted, barks and growls menacingly. If the intruders slowly back away the animal will ignore them. If they move quickly, attack or make a threatening sound or gesture it attacks!

41% Wraith Brigades! Out of nowhere the player group hears the sounds of gunfire and shouting of men. They suddenly find themselves in the middle of two warring platoons of Wraith Brigades, and both sides consider them to be an enemy.

42% Duckbilled Honkers, an entire herd of 1D6x10 of them. The player characters can go around them, but if they move slowly and don't startle the beasts, they can walk right among them and keep on going without incident. Whether a predator intrudes upon this idyllic scene and stampedes the herd (or attacks one of the player characters) is up to the G.M. **Note:** This encounter may see any type of herd animal substituted for the Duckbilled dinosaurs.

43% A Devil Unicorn sits perched on top of a D-Bee. Its victim has been tortured and is covered in blood, but moves and groans, indicating he (or she) is still alive! The Devil Unicorn simply looks at the player characters and grins almost as if daring them to attempt a rescue.

44% A Gruesome Tarbid drops from a tree and attacks. It will fight to the death.

45% 3D4 Frilled Swamp Runners charge out from their hiding places and run through the player group. They are most likely to charge the group when they camp and are getting ready to eat (or are getting ready to cook something). The little twerps leap and grab at available food, snatch sacks and backpacks, and grab other things that might catch their eye, but stealing food is their main objective. They don't bite or fight unless cornered or one of their members are captured by the player characters.

46% A pair of Panthera-Tereon cubs romp and play in the underbrush. They are not afraid of people and will approach the player characters out of curiosity. The problem is mamma hates people and she will appear out of nowhere in 1D6 melee rounds to attack the person closest to her cubs! If a fight ensues, the cubs will try to run away and daddy will join the battle 1D4+2 melee rounds later. The adults fight until the humanoids flee or they can grab their babies by the scruffs of their necks and run into the brush.

47% Giant Hunter Turtle is hungry and in a bad mood. If this encounter is in an environment where such a creature is not usually found, it is there as the result of the strange magical and dimensional properties of Dinosaur Swamp. Unfortunately, this has only made the Giant Hunter Turtle that much more angry and it has already killed 1D4 barbarians who happened to stumble upon the brute. It has also killed a horse and partially eaten it. Whether or not the barbarians are dead (it sure seems like it) is unknown. The confused and angry monster is lashing out at everything it sees and just killing it in rage. Uh, oh, it has just noticed the player characters and is charging in their direction.

48% A Dilophosaurus has a young Frilled Swamp Runner or barbarian teenager corned. The intended prey has climbed a tree and is just a few inches out of the leaping predator's snapping jaws. The treed prey is bleeding and as long as the scent of blood is in the air, the Dilophosaurus will not leave. **Note:** This dinosaur may be substituted with any solitary hunter.

There is a 01-50% chance (roll every 10 minutes) that the scent of blood will attract an even deadlier predator such as a Razorback Rhino, Allosaurus, Alien Rex, Tyrannosaurus or other.

49% 2D6+1 Scampers charge out from their hiding place to converge on the characters' camp, searching for food and scraps. Or perhaps they have singled out an injured riding or pack animal, or worse, an injured or sick character, and attack to kill and then drag him away to devour. Thankfully, they will flee as soon as more than one other character attacks them.

50% A lone Pachycephalosaurus challenges all comers. This aggressive male has decided this particular path (or bridge, or cave opening, or tree) belongs to him and he attacks anyone who comes within 200 feet (61 m) of him. Will fight to the death.

51% A lone Switchback. This bizarre creature stands over the body of its slain mate, her belly gutted like a fish. Not far away is the corpse of the Tree Prowler responsible for the killing. This must have all transpired in the last hour, but the grieving Switchback refuses to leave his mate and will attack any creature that comes within 300 feet (91.5 m). Angry and sad, it would love to vent by killing humanoids, one of its perceived natural enemies.

52% Giant Petal Turtle out for blood. Somebody or something upset this creature and it wants blood. There are still obvious wounds on its neck and front legs, blood (of others) rims its terrible maw, and the partial remains of a Dinosaur Hunter dangles from vines that have grown on its back. It bellows in rage and will attack any humanoids it sees! **Note:** If this encounter is in an environment where such a creature is not usually found, it is there as the result of the strange magical and dimensional properties of Dinosaur Swamp. And a confused and angry dislocated monster is even nastier than one in its home range.

53% A Leatherwing dives out of the sky in an attempt to grab one of the player characters. The character must roll an 18 or higher to dodge! If the roll fails, before anyone can fire a shot, he is swept up and carried off by the monster to a nearby perch up in a tree, at the top of a ruined building or a hill, or a mountain peak, and it tries to eat him. M.D.C. body armor will prevent that, although all the banging around and rough handling inflicts 2D4 S.D.C. damage to the character inside the armor. After a minute or so of clawing, biting and pecking (all of which does 5D6 M.D.C. to the armor and 1D6 S.D.C. damage to the person inside), the dumb animal flies away. (Of course, the victim may try to shoot the monster, but it will keep grabbing at the character's weapons and arms and is likely to disarm him before he can get a shot off.)

Once the Leatherwing flies away the character can pick himself up and either wait for his pals to come to him, or he can try to find and go to them. Oh, just one problem,the vegetation all around the character is a field of man-eating plants, Lankton's Knots and Qink. About 500 yards/meters of them.

54% Giant Swamp Turtle is lurking in the water or underbrush. It has decided one of the player characters would make a nice meal and attacks. The beast will grab hold and try to pull him underwater where it has the advantage. If this encounter is in an environment where such a creature is not usually found, it is there as the result of the strange magical and dimensional properties of Dinosaur Swamp. The dislocated monster is even angrier and nastier than usual because it is afraid and confused. **Note:** The turtle may be substituted with a Carnosuchid, Devil Eel, Razormouth Frog, Sarcosuchus or a young Spinosaurus or young Petal Turtle.

55% A Wounded Stegosaurus. The beast has been injured in a fight with a large predator, but appears to have managed to escape. Its injuries make it more aggressive than normal and it will charge and attack anyone who comes within 20 feet (6.1 m) of it.

56% 1D6+2 Tiger Claw Raptors charge out from their ambush locations to converge on the group. Or perhaps they have singled out the person or two taking the lead or following in the back of the group. This is an all female hunting pack and they are out for blood! Will fight until half their numbers are slain, at which point the rest run away.

57% A flock of 1D4x10 Lepidosaurs attack! The raven-sized flyers screech and caw and try to divide the group in an effort to get one or two away from the others. It is a classic cut an animal from the herd attack and this one or two people are the dinosaurs' true targets. If the player characters stay close together and bat at, hit and shoot at the screaming Lepidosaurs, the flock will give up and leave after 2D4+1 melee rounds. However, any loose meat or obvious food that might have been out at the time of the attack will be gone, carried away by some of the little dinosaurs.

58% Night attack by Devil Eels! The characters' camp is invaded by 1D4+1 Devil Eels. Two of the monsters each grab an injured or small character, biting and injecting their poison (if possible), and try to drag the character into water nearby (may be a pond or swamp, or stream, etc.). Another two young Devil Eels (with only 1D6x10+20 M.D.C.) drop out of a nearby tree to join the attack.

59% A Raptor King is encountered munching on an unidentifiable piece of meat. He stands up and immediately speaks to the approaching adventurers, stating he comes in peace and means no one any harm. The Raptor King is happy to engage the adventurers in discussion about the area, trouble in the region, gossip, weather, etc. Eventually, he asks them their business and seems to want to know a little about each of them. He *may* even offer to join the group, as an equal partner, of course. If the group ignores him or turns down his bid to join them, the Raptor King lets them pass without incident. (He or she could appear again, later, as a friend or enemy as the G.M. might desire.) If the Raptor King is attacked, four *Tiger Claw Raptors* and a *Titan Raptor* leap, as if out of the blue, from their hiding places to defend their master.

60% A pair of Panthera-Tereon (or Panthera-Thrinax) cubs romp and play in the underbrush. They are not afraid of people and will approach the player characters out of curiosity. There is no sign of mamma or daddy, and looking around will reveal a half-eaten adult female not far away. Whatever killed the mother is probably still around and the cute, little cubs are probably next on its dinner list. Do the characters take the cubs or leave them to fend for themselves? Either choice is acceptable, but if they take them, then what? The cubs are likely to get into mischief down the road.

61% Devilsaurus. The group comes across an area of trees in which humanoid skulls and skeletons hang from their branches. The ground is littered in other bones, both humanoid and animal. A sinister laugh echos nearby. "Come visit home," says a raspy voice in the shadows. "We play now. Me have fun. You die."

The group has stumbled upon the lair of a Devilsaurus. Backing up or running for their lives and going around this area (giving it at least one mile/1.6 km) will save their lives. Pressing forward will lead them into a bloody confrontation with a Devilsaurus. The creature will use its wits, cunning, magic and hit and run tactics to besiege them. It doesn't really care if they escape or die, it just likes to torment those who wander into its domain.

Should our heroes kill the horrid beast and look around, they'll find its lair, a mess of knocked down trees. Inside are parts of M.D.C. armor that could be useful in making repairs to their own, a Vibro-Knife (1D6 M.D.), a Coalition C-18 Laser Pistol (2D4 M.D.), an NG-57 Ion Blaster (2D4 or 3D6 M.D.), a Wilk's 447 Laser Rifle (3D6 M.D.), a portable language translator and 1D4 canteens, all in working order. They will also discover a half dead Native American child (12 years old) and a tortured but alive Pathfinder trapped in a makeshift cage made from the ribs of a large dinosaur.

62% A Razorback Rhinoceros. Before our adventurers realize it, they have stumbled upon a sleeping Razorback Rhino

only 20 feet (6.1 m) ahead of them. The creature was sleeping off a recent meal until they woke it up. She's not especially aggressive and will let the group back up without incident, provided they do so slowly and don't make any aggressive gestures. HOWEVER, the beast could go for a nice dessert, and if any of the characters or their riding animals are injured and bleeding, the Razorback Rhino will attack that person or animal. Once combat is engaged, the great beast fights to the death (or until incapacitated by magic).

63% A Saurian Terror dives out of the sky in an attempt to grab one of the player characters. The character must roll a 17 or higher to dodge! If the roll fails, he is carried off by the monster to a nearby perch up in a tree, at the top of a ruined building or a hill, or a mountain peak and it tries to eat him. M.D.C. body armor will prevent that, although all the banging around and rough handling inflicts 2D4 S.D.C. damage. If a teammate shoots the creature out of the sky before it lands, the victim will take 2D6+6 S.D.C. points of damage in the fall to Earth and there is a 01-50% chance he will be pinned under the dead animal.

The commotion and scent of blood from the dead animal has a 01-80% chance of attracting predators such as a Razorback Rhino, Allosaurus, Alien Rex, Dilophosaurus, Giant Hunter Turtle, a pack of 2D6 Raptors or even a Tyrannosaurus Rex!

64% Spiny Creepers! When our intrepid adventurers pause to rest or camp for the night, one of them discovers a Spiny Creeper rummaging through his backpack looking for food. One or two others are seen scurrying around in the nearby underbrush. All are easily chased away. The characters might want to reconsider making camp at this location because it is obviously near a nest. If the characters ignore this warning, 1D6+6 of the creatures will return to invade camp and eat and steal food, cause damage, and attack when threatened. **Note:** Spiny Creepers may be substituted with Devil Eels, Scampers, Frilled Swamp Runners, Tiger Claw Raptors, Spitfire Leapers, monkeys or ordinary rats. In the case of the *Devil Eels, Tiger Claw Raptors,* or *Scampers,* the group should be glad the animals are scrounging for prepared food or meat and not attacking them outright. On the other hand, these types of predators might return, not looking for scraps, but to prey upon the humans and D-Bees who have conveniently camped in their hunting grounds.

65% A Tree Prowler drops from a tree and attacks. It will fight to the death.

66% 2D6+2 Tri-Tops, including one or more mated pairs. The rest are young who are near full maturity and will soon be leaving their parents' side. The young are more aggressive because of their age and the fact that their parents are nearby and will charge and attack any humanoid who comes within 100 yards/meters of their group. The young fight only enough to send the humanoids running, but even brief combat (1-4 melee rounds) with these large beasts can be deadly. To make matters worse, if the young are seriously hurt, both parents will join the fight! **Note:** This dinosaur(s) may be substituted with any Sauropod, Stegosaurus, Ankylosaurus, Duckbilled Honkers, Pachycephalosaurus or even Titan Raptors, Razorback Rhinoceros, Panthera-Tereon, Panthera-Thrinax, and Allosaurus.

67% 1D4+1 Titan Raptors see the characters as prey and attack. They will fight to the death, or until half their numbers are slain, then flee (returning later to feed on their fallen kin).

68% Tyrannosaurus Rex charges out of the trees. She has had a bad day, is hungry, and sees humans as easy prey. Fights until she loses 70% of her M.D.C., at which point the monster will run off.

69% Spinosaurus in a killing frenzy. A gigantic Spinosaurus (main body has 630 M.D.C.) has already torn through a freehold. It has eaten half the livestock and killed the rest. At least half the residents have also been devoured, with the rest fleeing as best they can. A woman carrying a child and her teenage son rush toward the player characters, the Spinosaurus right behind them.

70% A sea monster or aquatic dinosaur (G.M.'s choice) found itself trapped in this area when the water level of the lake or tributary it swam up fell. The monstrosity is cut off from the sea where it belongs and is making do until water levels rise high enough for it to swim away. Unfortunately, that could be months. Until then, it will prey on whatever is in the region.

71% An Allosaurus charges out of the trees. The beast is hungry and fights until it loses 80% of its M.D.C., at which point the monster will run off.

72% Dinosaur death! They can hear them for a mile before they can see them, a flock of 1D6x10 Leatherwings circling a location about one mile (1.6 km) away from the player characters. For that many Leatherwing to be circling, there has to be something big, or a number of things, dead.

If the characters go to investigate, they find the carcasses of a huge dinosaur (a Giant Petal Turtle perhaps, or a massive plant-eating dinosaur, like a Brontosaurus/Sauropod), a dead T-Rex and a dead Allosaurus. One of the predators killed the big beast then the other came forward to claim it, a fight ensued and they killed each other in the battle. Leatherwings swoop down, land, tear a chunk out of a carcass and fly off, circle and repeat. A Razorback Rhino, a few dozen Scampers, a dozen Raptors, some Spiny Creepers, and scores of buzzards and birds also feast on the remains. The bodies are already picked half clean.

Then there is a roar and another Allosaurus comes out from the trees, catches a Leatherwing in its teeth and kills it in three bites. The birds and Leatherwings take wing, screaming so loud their calls blot out most other sounds. Still, a trio of roars in the distance pierce the din. This could quickly turn into a dinosaur free for all and the characters are right there with front row seats. Who knows what other predators and scavengers are following the noise and scent of blood. Creatures who may find humanoids a nice appetizer before they get to the main course. Game Master's discretion as to what happens next.

Dimensional Anomalies

Dimensional Anomalies in the *Demon Sea* affect the Dinosaur Swamp Region. The infamous Demon Sea (also known as the *Devil's Triangle* and, before the Great Cataclysm, the *Bermuda Triangle*) is a constant source of storms and weird anomalies at sea and on the land around it. These storms, dimensional shifts and anomalies, and weird effects frequently spill over onto dry land or may be splintered off and pulled to the mainland by the regional ley lines and nexus points. Most scholars and practitioners of magic believe that the close proximity to the Demon Sea is enough to bring weirdness to the savage land of Dinosaur Swamp. Here are just a few *common occurrences and*

problems that the raging magical and dimensional forces in the Demon Sea can cause for people in Dinosaur Swamp.

73% All ley lines within Dinosaur Swamp pulsate, growing brighter than usual, and then fade dimmer than usual, rather like houselights flickering just before a brown out. The effect lasts for the duration of the storm at sea – typically 1D6 hours – and may occur at night or during daylight hours.

This light and dark effect is eerie and panics dinosaurs and animals in the area. Most creatures become nervous and high strung. Those who are not overtly aggressive are easily panicked and may stampede. Predators go on killing rampages, attacking and killing anything that doesn't run away or play dead. Furthermore, the ones with innate magical abilities become jumpy and more aggressive. These reactions are exhibited in animals up to three miles (4.8 km) from the ley line along its entire length. **Note:** Thrill seeking humanoids and the craziest Dinosaur Hunters deliberately go to ley lines during these periods to defy death and take on whatever comes their way. Most people avoid ley lines during these periods, staying at least five miles (8 km) away. **Note:** Ambient P.P.E. available to practitioners of magic during this odd effect is *half* the usual amount.

74% Dimensional energy surge brings instant trouble. There is an unexpected flash of light, or a pea soup thick fog, that lasts 1D4 minutes but when the characters can see again, they are someplace else within the borders of Dinosaur Swamp; usually somewhere in the swamplands.

75% An unwanted guest. There is a sudden flash of light, or a pea soup thick fog, that lasts 1D4 minutes. When the characters can see again, a T-Rex, Giant Petal Turtle or other dangerous creature has appeared out of nowhere, teleported from some other location to theirs. The beast is confused, angry and attacks the first humanoid or other threat it sees. If a pack animal, 1D4+1 of them appear and attack.

76% A boat or ship inland. After a storm at sea, an entire boat (up to 100 feet/30.5 m) or small ship is found whole and mostly intact 1D4x100 miles (160-640 km) inland! There is no crew. However, the vessel may have attracted local people or curious animals and dinosaurs. The vessel is typically a fishing boat, trawler, cargo boat (01-70% likelihood the cargo is also missing), or it may be a recreational boat from Atlantis. Less than one percent are a Horune pirate ship or warship.

77% Horune Pirates or Minions of Splugorth – 1D10+4 of them, probably Kittani, Kydians, Gurgoyles (wingless Gargoyles), or Blind Warrior Women and a Slaver and his barge. They make their way from the interior toward the coast. They seem ill-equipped for such a journey, and in an irritable mood. Understandable, since the Triangle Storm has teleported them from their ocean vessel to Dinosaur Swamp. They take no slaves, but brook no trouble from mere humans or D-Bees.

78% Slaves from Atlantis or a slave ship. All are D-Bee slave stock (see **Rifts® World Book 2: Atlantis** and/or **Rifts® World Book 21: Splynn Dimensional Market** for examples of common D-Bee slaves in Atlantis); 2D6+2 of them. They are pleased to be free, but they are confused, scared and leery of strangers. The Triangle Storm has teleported them from the ocean vessel where they were held captive or forced to work, and has placed them in Dinosaur Swamp. On one hand they are glad to be free, on the other hand they realize where they are and are terrified. They will run or fight when threatened with being recaptured and sold back into slavery or returned to their inhuman masters. Otherwise, they welcome kindness and aid from strangers.

79% 1D6+6 humans (may have been adventurers or locals) or indigenous people (barbarians, Indians, etc.) of Dinosaur Swamp, thrilled to be *home!* The Triangle Storm has teleported them from the ocean vessel where they were held captive or forced to work, back home to Dinosaur Swamp. They will run, and if threatened with capture, fight to the death rather than be returned to their inhuman masters.

80% Splugorth Slave Barge with one Slaver and 1D4+5 Minions (probably Gurgoyles or Blind Warrior Women) searching for slaves teleported or washed ashore from the ocean vessel where they were held captive or forced to work.

81% A circle of downed trees 2D6x100 feet (200-1200 feet/61 to 366 m) in diameter. The trees are uprooted and knocked down flat as if something big, like a meteor or airplane, dropped on top of them. However, there is no sign of what it might have been. No wreckage, no body parts, no footprints, just a circle of trees toppled on their sides. They radiate out from the center of what appears to have been the point of impact. Travelers must go around or climb over them. Climbing over the trees reduces travel speed by 75%.

82% A large sea animal – whale, giant squid, or sea monster – is found miles inland. If discovered within sixty minutes after the storm, it is still alive, but panicked and dying. In its death throes, the beast attacks anyone within its reach and may try to pursue humanoids and other creatures by pulling itself along or flopping around like a fish out of water. If found within three hours after the storm, the creature has only recently died and is fresh enough to eat. However, it is only a matter of time, if it hasn't already, before the smell attracts scavengers, meat-eating dinosaurs, swarms of insects and possibly local people.

83% A waterlogged and dazed Faerie or Pixie (or other little person that is a Faerie Folk) sits out in the open. The poor little thing has been teleported to . . . he/she has no idea where, and is easily captured or slain (the number of the Faerie Folk's attacks and speed are reduced by half, no combat bonuses, no initiative, and can only cast one spell per melee round until he/she fully recovers his wits; which will take another 4D6 minutes). The Faerie Folk responds well to Big People who exhibit kindness and concern for his/her welfare and he/she will join them if invited. Actually, all alone and lost, the little person will ask if he can join the group and be on his best behavior, at least for the next six hours. Once the little bugger feels fully recovered and gets his bearings, he'll start to get more cocky and mischievous. The Faerie doesn't mean any harm or ill will toward the group and is, in fact, very appreciative of their kindness, but mischief is the nature of these creatures of magic, so the Faerie Folk just can't help but to cause some degree of trouble. With any luck, he will prove to be more help than hindrance.

If attacked or genuinely threatened by the player group, the little fella will attempt to flee and hide, fighting in self-defense. However, once he has recovered, the Faerie *may* seek out the Big Folk who threatened or tried to hurt him to exact revenge by causing them trouble every way he can.

84% A Rift opens up along a ley line even if it is a single line with no nexus point! The Rift leads to one of the following

locations, roll percentile dice a second time for a random determination, or the Game Master can pick one, or make it a different place of his own.

01-05% To the middle of the Demon Sea! If the G.M. is kind, there is a boat nearby that will come to their rescue. If rescued by a passing boat it is likely to be one of the following (roll percentile or pick one): 01-20% A fishing boat from the American coast, 21-40% an empty vessel; no crew but the boat is in perfect working order, 41-60% Adventurers/explorers, 61-80% Pirates, 81-90% Horune Pirates, 91-00% a pleasure boat from Atlantis.

06-10% The City of Splynn on Atlantis. (G.M. may change this to any location on Atlantis.)

11-15% A Horune or Splugorth slave ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

16-20% Newfoundland in southeastern Canada.

21-30% The Horror Forest in Georgia.

31-40% The Time Holes in Florida.

41-50% One of the swamp areas in Florida.

51-60% The Ocmulgee Indian Mounds.

61-65% The Atlantic Coast in a direct line from where they were in Dinosaur Swamp.

66-70% The SteelTree Forest in South Carolina.

71-75% The Jungle Castle (what's left of Disney World in Orlando Florida).

76-80% The D-Shifting region in the mountains of South Carolina.

81-85% To one of the Barbarian, Indian or Eco-Wizard tribes.

86-90% The outskirts of the city of Char!

91-95% 1D4 miles from their present location.

96-98% The Magic Zone.

99-00% England!

Note: Ultimately, the above are common locations for this occurrence. The G.M. may have the Rift open to anywhere or even another time period.

85% Night Sky Thunderstorm. The sky gets so dark and ominous during the daytime that it appears to be night. The air gets very still (no wind), ley lines shine brightly and night creatures will become active, including nocturnal predators, while day animals go to sleep. Duration is 3D4x10 minutes. If this happens during the night, the stars and moon are blocked out and it is pitch black in the wilderness.

86% Snow flurries in the jungle. The temperature drops only 10 degrees, but it starts to snow. The snowflakes are cool to the touch and melt instantly (no accumulation). Duration is 3D6 minutes.

87% Ice storm in the jungle. The temperature drops 30 degrees and rain turns into sleet (freezing rain that hits the ground as ice). Branches, leaves and the ground become coated in a sheet of ice in a matter of 1D4 minutes. Duration of the ice storm is 3D6+3 minutes.

The ice typically melts within 2D6+1 minutes after the storm and damage to plant life due to freezing is minimal. However, travel throughout the storm is miserable, cold, wet, and slippery; visibility is five feet (1.5 m) in front of your nose; and the ground turns into an ice rink. The combination of effects inflicts a penalty of *-50% to all Piloting skills,* be it on the ground, in the air or on the water, and travel speed is also reduced by 50%.

Note: Even walking and running at speeds faster than 10% of the maximum is dangerous and characters have a 01-90% likelihood of slipping and falling every 10 feet (3 m) they travel. Each fall inflicts 1D4 S.D.C. damage, makes a loud thud, causes the person to lose initiative, and it takes four melee actions to get back on his feet. Likewise, all combat bonuses are halved and the act of swinging a punch, doing a kick, parry, dodge and even shooting a gun has a 01-60% chance of causing the individual to slip and fall.

The ice covering pulls tree branches and vegetation low to the ground, creates large icicles and generally transforms the lush, green environment, making it hard to recognize landmarks or follow trails even when the characters can see them. (-50% penalty to *Land Navigation, Tracking, Climbing/Rappelling, Spelunking, Gymnastics* and *Acrobatics* skills; and generally reduce balance by half.)

Waiting out the ice storm out is the best course of action.

88% Fish-frog rain shower. Strange, living things like tadpoles, little frogs or fish, snails, worms or alien counterparts, drop from the sky mixed with a light rain. Some people may find this type of rain shower disturbing or gross, but it is harmless in and of itself. The danger comes from the fact that birds, giant spiders, small dinosaurs and other predators and scavengers swarm to gobble up the meal from heaven. The cacophony of bird calls, squealing, barking, growling, hooting and the rustle of movement through the underbrush makes it impossible to be heard or notice an approaching band of humanoids or more dangerous creatures like man-eating dinosaurs, serpents, and flying dinosaurs until they are practically on top of the characters. The distraction can also make a character lose his sense of time and/or direction. Furthermore, the activity of the small (mostly) harmless critters will attract larger predators within 2D4 minutes. Predators who might find a human or D-Bee a nice snack or dinner. Duration of fish-frog rain showers is usually 6D6+6 minutes. Most Wilderness Scouts will suggest taking cover and having weapons drawn for potential dinosaur trouble until 10-15 minutes after the shower has stopped.

89% Water Fire storms! This weird effect is believed to be caused by fluctuations of magic energy and dimensional forces in the Demon Sea. It is most common on the open seas within the triangle where a wall of fire will suddenly appear burning on the water. The same thing sometimes occurs within the borders of Dinosaur Swamp on any body of water (swamp, pond, river, lake, etc.). Anything (person, boat, etc.) passing through the wall of fire takes 1D6x10 M.D., and there is a 01-80% likelihood of any combustibles (fuel, dry clothing, fur, paper, etc.) catching fire. Thankfully, Water Fire seldom lasts for more than 1D6 minutes and the fire seldom spreads, although any plants, structures, and animals caught in its path with be burnt to a cinder. Water Fire is *always* preceded 5-10 minutes ahead of time by streaks of red and orange appearing in the sky, even at night, but never during a storm. **Note:** The wall of fire is 2D6+10 feet (3.6 to 6.7 m) thick and may stretch 2D6x1000 yards/meters on the ocean, but only 1D6x100 yards/meters inland. However, 1D8 may appear clustered close together.

90% Insect storm! A swarm of tiny, gnat-like flying insects covers the area in a massive cloud. They are so thick they create a haze or fog-like effect, reducing visibility by half and interfering with radar and sensors (-30% to Read Sensory Equipment). Characters not clad in environmental body armor suffer 1D6 S.D.C. damage per 10 minutes they are caught in the swarm. Covering oneself in mud or submerging underwater up to one's lips will prevent the biting and the character suffers no damage. (**Note:** The native people know of a particular plant whose oils bled from its thick, soft stems can be used as an insect repellant to prevent the biting when rubbed all over the body. Eco-Wizards have a spell to keep them safe from biting bugs at the cost of 2 P.P.E.) **Other Penalties:** Characters without a sealed helmet will find speaking to be impossible without gulping down a hundred tiny insects every time they open their mouth. Wearing a cloth or air filter over the mouth is required to speak, but even then the buzz of the insect cloud requires characters to shout to be heard clearly. Thankfully, most dinosaurs and predatory mammals avoid the insect swarm no matter how tempting the prey inside the cloud (like the player group) may seem. However, snakes, lizards and amphibians will come out to feast, and if the Insect Storm appears at night, thousands of insect eating bats will join the swarm, gobbling them up. Such creatures are usually harmless, but may add to the mania or scariness of the situation. Duration is typically 1D6x10 minutes and the swarm covers a minimum diameter of 1D4x10 miles (16 to 64 km), often double.

91% Light show. This effect usually appears in the twilight hours just before dawn and dusk, but sometimes at night. Spheres of light that range in size from that of an orange to soccer ball-size appear floating in the air and gliding through the flora as if they were giant, lazy fireflies, blinking off and reappearing, light on, 1D6x10 feet (3-18.3 m) away. These Light Shows are beautiful and enchanting to the eye, but are also distracting and a bit disorienting. Penalties for player characters of any race: -2 on Perception Rolls, -2 on initiative, -1 to all combat moves (strike, parry, dodge, etc.), and -10% to Land Navigation, Track, Identify Plants, Detect Ambush, Detect Concealment, and similar skills. The lights also make aiming and targeting difficult, -2 to strike on an Aimed or Called Shot and burst. Duration of the lights is usually 1D8x10 minutes, and it typically covers a 2D4x10 mile (32 to 128 km) radius. **Note:** Non-human predators may attack humanoid prey that appears distracted or standing out in the open.

92% Walking on air! Suddenly the characters find themselves rising up into the air 2D6 feet (0.6 to 3.6 m) above the ground. This enchanting experience can be a pleasure, at least until a hostile dinosaur comes floating by! Animals feel vulnerable, confused and they freak out, attacking any humanoids with whom they come into close contact. Duration of the effect is usually 4D6 minutes, and it typically covers a 2D6 mile (3.2 to 19.2 km) radius. One can move in the air by making swimming-like motions, but at the ponderous Spd of 1D6+2 for humans. Most two and four-legged animals move at a Spd of only 1D6, but snakes, serpents and aquatic animals, including Devil Eels and the Devilsaurus, swim through the air at a speed of 1D6+8!

93% Magic brown out. Practitioners of magic and creatures of magic feel all tingly for the duration of the effect (typically 5D6 minutes). During this time they find they cannot cast magic or use natural magic-based abilities, making them extremely vulnerable. Likewise, magic weapons, Eco-Wizard items and TW devices do half damage, have 10% their normal range, and can only be activated or reloaded with I.S.P.; P.P.E. cannot be accessed during a magic brown out.

94% A pair of Temporal Wizards from England appear. Both have 1D4+2 levels of experience and they are accompanied by a (6th level) Druid and a (1D4+1 level) Royal Knight (human, not a Nexus Knight). They seek to find one of the time portals known to exist in Dinosaur Swamp and go back in time to uncover information and secrets about a legendary wizard. Inevitably, they cross paths with the player group. **G.M. Note:** Their cause may be good and just (believing Mrrlyn is evil and dangerous), or they may be out to hurt or undermine King Arr'thuu and the Kingdom of Camelot, or simply looking out for their own good (selfish). In any case, 1D4+1 minions of Mrrlyn (may be evil Nexus Knights, Ghost Knights, demons, monsters, mercs or other henchmen that originate in the British Isles and/or Europe) have followed them with the quest to stop the first group by "any means necessary." The villains are satisfied with *believing* their opponents are lost or dead and will not investigate to make sure. Game Masters may also use this as an opportunity for the player characters to go time traveling or travel to England or Europe.

95% A Cernun Mystic from England. The Cernun are lizard men from Celtic myth who possess psionic and magic power along with a lust for power and war. What he's doing in Dinosaur Swamp is anyone's guess, but he's probably up to no good. Whether the character is good, selfish or evil (typically the latter two), alone or accompanied by a mutant giant or two or more henchmen is left to the discretion of the Game Master. Inevitably, the creature crosses paths with the player group. **Note:** The Cernun have been quietly visiting the eastern coastal regions of North America for centuries. They are attracted to the unspoiled wilderness and often come to hunt Faerie Folk, find new herbs, and to use ley lines away from the prying eyes of enemies back home. They find the Dinosaur Swamp region of interest for many reasons, including trade with Horune Pirates and the Minions of Splugorth, investigating the Ocmulgee Mound Complex, finding and using portals in time, acquiring wood weapons that are like M.D.C. steel, finding rare herbs, poisons and venoms, studying practitioners of Eco-Wizardry (whom they fear), and other reasons, but they are especially interested in the intelligent dinosaurs who wield magic and/or psionics. (Ancestors perhaps, or distant cousins from another world going down a similar evolutionary path?)

96% Mantaz Sectles from England. 1D4 of these intelligent, insect D-Bees are transplanted from England to Dinosaur Swamp during a dimensional anomaly. Most people don't realize it, but Mantaz Sectles have come to the swamplands via ley line Rifting (often by accident or chance or Faerie Folk pranks) on a few occasions over the last couple centuries and there are at least a half-dozen small (6D6 member) tribes living in the region. There have been other tribes, but Mantaz Sectles are hunted and slain by frightened humans who believe they are demons or monsters, as well as hungry predators. Most of these insect-beings are of Good or Anarchist alignment.



Outside Influences

97% A Naturalist (6th level, Unprincipled, gullible scientist obsessed with finding and cataloging new life forms) is looking for a courageous group of adventurers willing to go into the jungle and help him capture a new, strange breed of creature for his studies. The beast may be a dinosaur, mutant, alien or whatever the G.M. might want (see the two **Dinosaur Swamp** books for likely candidates as well as **Rifts® World Book Two: Atlantis** and **World Book 21: Splynn Dimensional Market** for possible exotic creatures and D-Bees). He's already hired a notorious Dinosaur Hunter, Clive Winston Callahan (7th level, Miscreant) to lead the expedition. Pay is an impressive 250 credits a day, per person hired. Where the Naturalist is getting this kind of cash is unknown (he tells the players not to worry about it). **Note:** Naturalists and scientists frequently come to Dinosaur Swamp to do research. They may hire locals, mercs or adventurers, and whether their intentions were good from the start, many accidentally or carelessly create problems for the locals.

98% Coalition Soldiers. Either a deep reconnaissance team (6-12 soldiers of various O.C.C.s) or a science expedition (a 6-10 person team) escorted by two SAMAS, two Dead Boys, a Coalition Ranger and a pair of Dog Boys. Exactly what is their mission? That's for the G.M. to decide.

99% Adventurer team in over their head. This is a classic group of 5-10 people of mixed O.C.C.s and races who came to Dinosaur Swamp seeking treasure, fame and adventure. Instead they have found only fear, suffering and death. Bitter, afraid and down on their luck, they have become ruthless and careless, or downright cruel. They may have even turned to banditry, stealing what they need to survive and get enough supplies and gear to get the heck out of there.

00% Dark magic! Something strange and terrible is happening. Dark magic has raised the dead and sent skeletal warriors to attack the living. Some are killed, others are dragged away into the night. Sometimes livestock and fresh food are also taken. The incidents always takes place at night and are confined to one specific location.

This is the handiwork of a Necromancer (or other dark mage) who is using the cover of night and animated dead to kidnap people for sale to slavers (Splugorth and/or Horune Pirates). Livestock, food, and even obvious valuables are snatched up as additional means of revenue. Find the villain(s) responsible and make him stop (one way or another) and the dead will stop rising from their graves at night. Leave him be, and the fiend will continue to plunder the people in the region. Over time, the Necromancer will grow in experience, power and brazenness.

101% Bonus Adventure: Gone Native. A band of 1D6+4 adventurers or Coalition soldiers have "gone native."(If CS troops, 1D4+1 are Dog Boys or other mutant animals.) "Going native" is old military slang referring to soldiers or civilized people giving up on their old life, throwing away most of the trappings of civilization and technology, and going AWOL to live a more primitive life with nature like traditional *tribal people.* This usually means living and hunting off the land like Native Americans, but in some cases, the people may revert to true barbarism and savagery, living more like wild, predatory animals than humans. Which case this might be is left to the G.M.

Hook, Line & Sinker™ Adventures in Dinosaur Swamp

By Todd Yoho

The Hook: The current situation or location of the adventuring party.

The Line: An opportunity for adventure presents itself to the party. A Line is normally presented as a short paragraph. Think of the Line as the *bait* to lure the party into an adventure.

The Sinker: The clincher to the Line. The Sinker presents the Game Master with a *dilemma* that makes the situation a true adventure.

Hook, Line & Sinkers™ originally created by Jolly Blackburn.

Remember Where We Parked

The Hook: Near the ruins of the Jungle Castle (Disney World), the player characters have stumbled upon another large set of ruins. These appear to be part of another amusement park complex affiliated with the Jungle Castle, however there are actually standing ruins found at this site, something not usually seen in the Florida peninsula.

The Line: These buildings were part of an experimental sensory experience of this particular amusement park which

stressed learning over simple characters and thrills. The underground structures are simple constructs, but the elaborate images are advanced holograms that *look* and act as if they were real, 3-D people, animals, furniture, books, carpeting, etc. They as so lifelike that they appear to be solid and real in every way. Only when the images are touched is the illusion broken and their holographic nature revealed. (Primitive people might think the place is haunted and they are all ghosts.) This was an extremely new and still experimental technology that was developed shortly before the coming of the Great Cataclysm. There must be a still functioning computer, power system and transmitter for these ruins to still be active with holograms.

The Sinker: There is a computer and power system locked away in a sealed complex, however they have been lost somewhere deep underground, buried by centuries of soil, silt and groundwater. Finding the control systems is only one challenge. There doesn't *appear* to be any form of actual projector mechanisms present to form the holographic images. Should the projectors be found, it could open lost doors in terms of technological advancement, leading to the possibility of holographic illusions on a previously unparalleled scale. Illusions that could be made to look like an army of millions where there is no army at all. This could be one of the safeguards and deterrents New Lazlo is looking for. In the alternative, making this technology commercial to the public, everyone would want a piece of it, and the owners could get rich.

The Fountain of Youth

The Hook: Rumors continue to persist about a natural spring somewhere deep within the Florida peninsula that blesses anyone who drinks from it with immortality, a cure for illness, a recapturing of youth, or any combination of wondrous effects. It's there, waiting for someone to find it and to exploit it, or so people claim.

The Line: Some people are desperate enough to do anything to stave off the effects of time, going as far as hiring adventuring groups to find this fabled spring and return with a draft of the invigorating waters. The player characters have been approached by a businessman, claiming to represent an interested client working through the Black Market. He wants them to travel to Florida (as part of Neenok's expedition or independently), find this fountain of youth, and bring back some of the water. Price is no object, but will be paid upon *receipt* of the rejuvenating water and youth restoring results.

The group's sponsor insists the fountain is indeed real, and that *he* has acquired a map to its location. According to him, it is found at a *Transitional Place of Power* lost deep within the swamps on the west coast of the peninsula. Drinking the waters has the effect of revitalizing the drinkers, returning them to roughly the age of physical perfection, curing any and all diseases, and regenerates lost limbs and organs (expelling any bionic or cybernetic replacements from the body). They become physically young again, but retain all of their skills, experiences and memories that make them the person that they are today. It is the ultimate dream, especially for power-mongers.

The Sinker: The trick is in finding the *exact location* and the true fountain of youth out of the hundreds of thousands of little ponds and natural springs throughout the peninsula that *could* be it. There is also the little known fact (or so his sources say) that the water loses its potency 48 hours after being drawn from the spring. There is nothing to indicate that the change has occurred, so even after finding and recovering the water, it is almost impossible to transport it far from the natural source without using magic or some means of teleportation or air travel.

The third problem that arises is the "interested client." This could be anyone from the Coalition (can you imagine Emperor Prosek being restored to the age of 29?), someone from Atlantis, the Federation of Magic, or any number of powerful individuals. Returning empty handed, or with a jug of "normal" water isn't likely to earn them their negotiated fee (100 million credits each!), and could bring some very hard feelings depending on the situation.

A Little Competition

The Hook: The KLS Corporation wasn't the only major player in the massive Florida aerospace community. Aside from the American government, the Cyberworks Aerospace Network had at least as strong a presence in the region. They had major manufacturing and research centers along with private launch facilities of their own. The Time Holes that resulted from the KLS Corporation's experiments with dimensional travel receive a lot of attention when explorers consider the region, but there are also the lost secrets of the CAN facilities.

The Line: As the player characters are exploring the depths of the Florida peninsula, they stumble across a series of sinkholes that are too uniform to be random occurrences. At the bottom are a series of ruined buildings, all of which have collapsed in on their sub-basements. In these sub-basements there are still markings and signs on the walls with the name *Cyberworks* clearly evident. Cyberworks was a legendary player in the world of advanced technology before the Great Cataclysm.

The Sinker: Further down, beneath these mostly collapsed sub-basements, is a specially reinforced research facility. Contained within this facility is a small, toaster-sized computer system known as *A.R.C.H.I.E. Zero*, the forerunner for all of the A.R.C.H.I.E. model artificial intelligences that could "think." It is a primitive system when compared to the sentient Archie-Three, or the supercomputer A.R.C.H.I.E. Seven controlled by the CAN Republic Moon Colony, but it is still perhaps the most powerful computer system on Rifts Earth. Contained within its data banks is a wealth of knowledge unheard of since the Coming of the Rifts! However, here are a few problems. One, does any character in the group have the knowledge to understand what they have found, let alone the knowledge that it represents? If not, they are likely to leave it behind for obviously valuable salvage. Two, its existence would prove to be a potential threat to Archie-Three and Archie-Three would, quite literally, stop at nothing to get it! Lastly, like most pieces of important hardware or information, there would be no shortage of interested parties willing to take it off the hands of the player characters, by any means necessary. That means theft, murder, whatever it takes. **G.M. Note:** To avoid unbalancing Rifts Earth as we know it, the computer should, somehow, be destroyed, lost or fall into the hands of someone (like the Grey Seers, perhaps) who will hide and keep it out of the hands of any political power. Point is, our heroes should NOT profit from it or be able

to glean any vital information from it especially new technology.

Tribal Responsibility

Note on Hunting Parties: A major thematic component to Dinosaur Swamp is in wilderness survival. This isn't as simple as starting a fire and eating some bugs, but includes the skills and practices of hunting, which often means the difference between life and death. Sometimes, the death aspect is often played up much more than the *life* angle, but for the barbarian and Native American tribes living in the region, it's all about life. Many of their daily routines and important rituals are centered on hunting and survival, and this adventure brings that to the forefront.

For others, hunting and surviving in Dinosaur Swamp is all about sport. The Atlantean hunting parties that come to the region do so because it's either fun, profitable or both. Whether looking for slaves, gladiatorial arena fodder or food for the market, they aren't hunting for survival, they are hunting for sport and because they like to do it for the thrill.

The Hook: Many tribes rely on certain rituals for both male and female children to enter into adulthood. This is more than some meaningless ritual, it is proof that they can take care of themselves and be useful members of the tribe. It brings them and their families great pride to know that they have succeeded in learning all they need to know not only to survive as an individual, but to be part of a larger whole.

The Line: The player characters encounter one or more young members of the same tribe being sent out alone on their first hunt. They are expected to work as a team and not only survive for the required amount of time, but to thrive, proving that they have indeed learned everything they are expected to know as adults. The youths are allowed to take whatever weapons they own with them, but they are not allowed to take any food, shelter, or other equipment aside from a single canteen or waterskin and a utility belt.

The Sinker: The unproven youths are expected to survive on their own for four weeks without any help from the tribe, their friends or their families. While on their own, aside from being expected to hunt for their own food, they are expected to hunt two dinosaurs. They are expected to slay a carnivorous dinosaur to prove they are strong, and can protect the village, and they are also expected to slay a herbivorous dinosaur to prove they can supply the village with meat and raw materials. The methods are not important, only the results. They can employ whatever means are at their disposal, as long as they do it together.

Unusual circumstances (a freak storm, dimensional magic, an evil sorcerer, etc.) have stacked the deck against these youngsters. (If an intelligent force is behind this, his or her motives may be revenge on a particular tribe or family, cruel sport, or sheer meanness.) The player characters learn about this and aim to even the odds. However, they must do so without the young ones realizing it, otherwise they and the entire tribe will be shamed. Some of this can be played with humor, in which our heroes risk life and limb, get no credit, and, in the end, the young Native Americans may rescue (or think they have rescued) them.

Anything You Can Do

The Hook: Sometimes, adventurers come to Dinosaur Swamp with something to prove. This can be as simple as staying for a week or month just to say that they could. Other times it's in order to outdo someone else in any number of ways, or to bag a bigger or meaner dinosaur to hang on their mantel. One remarkably common challenge stands between *Crazies* and *Juicers*. They will oftentimes bet with one another to see who can kill the largest dinosaur in a twisted terrestrial version of a "fishing trip."

The Line: The player characters have been caught up in one of these dangerous competitions, either by making the challenge, accepting the challenge, or knowing someone who has and going along to give him a helping hand. Whether they truly want to go along or not, there is a certain amount of prestige that goes with not only surviving a hunting trip into Dinosaur Swamp, but of also coming out the winner with the largest dinosaur killed.

The Sinker: No one ever plays fair in these competitions. In fact, at least half of them are just an excuse to lure someone out into the woods and try to *kill them* instead of a dinosaur. It often becomes a four-way game between the hunters, the hunted, the local tribes and the dinosaurs, some of which, especially the more intelligent predators, appreciate on some instinctual level. Haven't you ever noticed that most predatory dinosaurs have a certain "grin" to their face?

I Can Do Better

The Hook: Minions from Atlantis find that while the wilds of Dinosaur Swamp are not a place they want to live in on a long-term basis, it is the best and most challenging hunting grounds in the world. There is everything from fierce natives, to dinosaurs, to fellow alien beings to supernatural creatures, escaped slaves, and their arch-enemy, True Atlanteans. These hunting parties are usually organized around a central theme, either for slaves, a particular dinosaur, for the most kills (or most impressive kill), or for any other specific reason that happens to come to mind.

The Line: In a quirk of fate, the player characters become hunted by all the Minions of the Splugorth or Atlantean Big Game Hunters. They are the prey for this trip, and whichever of two or three hunting parties kill them first or kill the most of them, is the winner! This means the characters have to find a place to hide for a week or two or they have a lot of sabotage and killing (or running) to do themselves!

(**An unusual G.M. suggestion:** For a change of pace, the players could be the Minions of Splugorth doing the hunting. Their target, a tough, mixed group of humans and D-Bees, or CS troops, or Mutant Barbarians, or Eco-Wizards or a cell of Tattooed Men. This can give players a chance to test drive, so to speak, those alien races from Atlantis that they may never have had a chance to play before or that are often chasing them. This can make a nice, one-shot, change of pace, night of gaming. – Todd).

The Sinker: Splynncryth is no fool, and some of these hunting parties are actually arranged by him or his agents in order to safely eliminate threats, rivals, or just to weed out the ranks.

Usually, after a few days of hunting and jolly good fun, the guides and certain planted individuals turn on those who were never supposed to return to Atlantis at the end of the trip, or make sure that they experience something that will really challenge and test them. Thus, our human player characters have, for whatever reason, been selected to be the pawns of Splugorth, in effect, turning the tables and having them serve their cause by killing undesirable minions or rivals. (If the players are the Minions of Splugorth the joke is on them, and there is some point where an NPC comrade might become an enemy.)

A True Collector's Item

The Hook: Many hunters who come to Dinosaur Swamp are looking for a particular trophy piece. This can be something as simple as a Raptor claw to decorate their hat or something as dicey to obtain as the teeth from the rumored albino Tyrannosaur. They don't come to indiscriminately hunt, but are searching for a very specific item, which is where the challenge truly lays. These can be for personal pleasure, or to be sold to the discriminating collector who wants to complete a collection. The prize may be a tooth, a claw, a hide, a living animal (big or small), an ancient artifact, a tribal artifact, a magic item, and so on.

The Line: Caught up in the whirlwind of collecting, someone has put out a bounty on the fabled white Tyrannosaur. Most hunters will tell you that a white Tyrannosaur isn't going to live much past birth as it would have no natural camouflage, thus be a poor hunter, and would likely be eaten by the first predator larger than itself that came along. However, with the reward of over *10 million credits* for the skin of an albino Tyrannosaur, it doesn't hurt to look for one.

The Sinker: Whether there actually is an albino Tyrannosaur is left up to the individual Game Master. It might actually be a white Alien Rex or Devilsaurus. If there isn't one, it becomes a futile chase, reliant on the Game Master to throw things at the players to keep it interesting. If, however, there actually is one (or an acceptable substitute), it is going to be an especially crafty animal (or possess mutant or magical powers not common to the breed) to have lived with such a conspicuous skin coloration. This could mean that it could end up leading the hunters on any number of chases, including leading them into traps of its own devising such as dead-end valleys, dry river beds, a Raptor pack, or any number of environmental hazards. Plus, with any number of other groups and individuals hunting the animal, it can become an open range free-for-all with conflicts erupting between the rivals. Not only that, but if the animal can be killed, it is then up to the hunters to return with the skin of the animal without being claim-jumped by their rivals. 10 million credits is a lot of money for one animal, and that's the kind of money that can drive people to remarkable extremes that they usually wouldn't resort to.

There is also the matter of who is offering this reward. It could all be a hoax concocted by bored mercenaries over a game of cards and a round of whiskey. After all, not many people on Rifts Earth have 10 million credits laying around for the skin of an albino Tyrannosaur, unless they aren't from Rifts Earth at all ...

This could be an interesting way to introduce the player characters to the Phase World setting or some other world. A man like Thraxus, or another wealthy individual, could use people like those willing to set out on an adventure to catch a near mythological beast, and succeed, for 10 million credits.



Toil and Trouble

The Hook: Magical components needed for certain rituals and devices are often rare, expensive and not available at the local shop, even on Rifts Earth. This often leads to trying to track down such components and wresting them from the environment, or the animals and supernatural beings that they come from.

The Line: In a somewhat characteristic move, a practitioner of magic is in need of a group of individuals to accompany him into Dinosaur Swamp to acquire the dorsal sail of a Spinosaur, osteoderms of a Stegosaur, and a host of other dinosaur *parts*. He needs them for a particular series of rituals that he wants to perform. The details about this ritual are fuzzy, and he tells them not to worry, there's nothing dangerous about it (which may be true or false). Certainly the immediate danger is getting the parts, but the price is right (150,000 credits per man) and the opportunity to explore some of Dinosaur Swamp is an one not to be missed.

The Sinker: Posing as someone he's not, the "practitioner of magic" is actually a very young and power hungry Necromancer (or a disguised dragon) looking for a fast power boost and believes that delving deep into Dinosaur Swamp is the way to do it. Once he obtains enough dinosaur parts, he plans on turning on everyone who accompanies him into the wilderness and making them into the first of many recruits in his undead army.

Checkout Time

An adventure for Juicers

Note: Checkout Time is good for a one-shot adventure, or can be played over an extended period of time depending on the wishes of the Game Master and players.

The Hook: A group of mid- to high-level Juicers (6-10th level) are entering their last year of life. They can feel the pull of "last call" tugging at their bodies, and some may have begun to exhibit the symptoms of their final days.

From time to time, a group of Juicers nearing the end will band together and enter into the depths of Dinosaur Swamp to "checkout" (a term they use for "die") in one final, spectacular or heroic battle. In this case, a battle against the elements, monsters and animals rather than fading out in a bed somewhere. To this end, guide services have actually sprung up to lead these doomed Juicers into the wilderness where they can meet their ends in the time and manner of their own choosing.

The Line: The player characters are either the Juicers or part of such a guide group hired to lead the Juicers on the most deadly and heroic adventure of their lives, so they can die well.

The Sinker: The adventure has to be death defying and heroic, spelling danger for the guides as well as their clients. Player characters may find themselves in deadly situations or faced with a dangerous trek home. Heck, the Juicers might even end up saving them! G.M.s, be imaginative.

An alternative plot. This particular guide service that leads these fading Juicers into the wilderness doesn't do so out of altruism or even in the hopes of gaining financial profits. They are actually representatives from the Hamlet of Clavicle in Alabama. They are less interested in seeing Juicers off to their glorious deaths than they are in harvesting the remains afterwards. In fact, they will oftentimes lure these Juicers into a trap rather than risk the damage that can occur to their bodies while facing down dinosaurs and other large beasts. They seem more interested in capturing the Juicers than killing them outright, so what started out as a quest for one final battle could evolve into a quest to escape before they are lost in the Dark Woods of Alabama and in the hands of the Necromancers. Just how far will a group of dying Juicers go to preserve their lives in order to preserve their souls? And how caught up in all this are the player characters as the unwitting pawns of this cult? And when they find out what's really going on, do they try to help the Juicers in the clutches of evil, or do they run for the hills and hope the cult doesn't come after them?

Adventures for Cyber-Knights

Saviors and Heroes

The Hook: The player characters are either Cyber-Knights or helping them. They have been assigned the task of escorting a group of Tolkeen Refugees north, around the Great Lakes, resting in Lazlo, and then moving south along the east coast to meet up with other refugee groups. The plan is to reestablish something of what Tolkeen was in the depths of Dinosaur Swamp away from the reach of the Coalition States.

The Line: It isn't an easy task, nor is success, much less survival, guaranteed. However, it is the best option given the circumstances. The refugee group consists of men, women and children, many of whom are incapable of defending themselves. The player characters are very much the only protection these people will have, and are very much their saviors and heroes.

The Sinker: One of the D-Bee children is not what she seems to be. She is actually an advanced model Coalition cyborg purchased from the NGR. Whereas the NGR maintains the use of Gargoyle-like cyborg bodies, the Coalition has used that technology to infiltrate this particular group of refugees. She will not only go to extreme lengths to make the situation difficult for the refugee group, ranging from wandering off/getting lost, to sabotaging equipment, and being a general nuisance, she is also trying to tip off their position to any Coalition patrols who may be in the area listening.

Rescue or Betrayal?

The Hook: Sir Mikael, Cyber-Knight of much renown, has disappeared in the wilderness of Dinosaur Swamp. He entered the region in order to bring justice to Char and others who have none, and has not been heard from since. When he did not return to civilization as planned, his friends began to worry, and a rescue mission has been dispatched.

The Line: The player characters have answered the call for the rescue of Sir Mikael and are speeding to the City of Char with all due haste. They must overcome the terrain, hostile natives and a host of other hazards that are between them and the rescue of their missing brother knight.

The Sinker: Sir Mikael was indeed last seen in Char, but the people of Char paint a different picture of Sir Mikael. He did not come to deliver justice, he came to deliver terror. He established a kingdom of sorts near the Treeline, and recruited members of several local gangs as his toughs. It wasn't long after when another Cyber-Knight and his apprentice came through the city and fought with the tyrannical Mikael. The search is now on to find out what happened, and what caused Mikael to fall from grace. The only clue is a mysterious blue stone necklace that Mikael had when he entered Char, and the unnamed Cyber-Knight left wearing it.

If, By My Death . . .

The Hook: A notable, respected member of the Cyber-Knight order named Sir Cosgrey has been found guilty of murdering a fellow Knight, Sir Slayde, during the Tolkeen War. The two Knights found themselves at cross-purposes and resolved to settle their differences through trial by combat. The victor, Sir Cosgrey, rather than show mercy to his defeated opponent, slew him in a fit of passion even as Sir Slayde begged for mercy. It is not the combat that has been judged, but rather the dishonorable way in which it ended. He has been sentenced to a trial of survival for his deeds.

The Line: The player characters have been tasked with escorting Sir Cosgrey deep within the wilds of Dinosaur Swamp in order for him to endure a trial of survival. They are to abandon him with nothing more than his armor and a knife. Should Sir Cosgrey survive his ordeal, he will be allowed to reenter the order. Should he perish, he will be remembered with honor as someone who committed a wrong but faced his punishment with valor.

The Sinker: A small group of young Cyber-Knights, three of Slayde's apprentices (all first level), have resolved to mete out their own sense of justice for the murder of their teacher and friend. Young, idealistic, and often at odds with other Cyber-Knights, they are part of a younger generation of knights who are less disciplined, selfish and violent. They are another example of the schism that the Tolkeen War has visited on the Cyber-Knights, and continues to threaten them from the inside. They have been tracking the player characters as they escort Sir Cosgrey into the wilds and plan on ambushing him after he is abandoned. Sir Cosgrey knows they are there, and is resigned to his fate. If, by his death, the slate can be wiped clean, he is willing to accept it. However, the question is if the player characters find out, how will they act? Will they accept a life for a life, or will they try and protect him, letting the justice as decided by his fellow Cyber-Knights be carried out? The ideals of the Cyber-Knights are fragile, and walking a thin line, and this is but a small part of that larger drama.

Horune Pirates

Horune Pirates are the scourge of the seven seas and a plague upon the people of Dinosaur Swamp, and all people along the Atlantic coast of North America. They are everything one would imagine pirates and slavers to be: ruthless, cold-hearted monsters who traffic in stolen merchandise and human flesh. On top of that, the Horune are ugly, inhuman monsters from beyond a Rift.

Horune Pirates attack and plunder ships at sea, raid coastal towns, hunt wilderness and tribal people, kidnap the wealthy and powerful for ransom, rob anyone who appears weaker than them, buy and sell stolen goods, and fight and kill for a living, but the slave trade is their primary business. As slavers, the Horune buy captives from other, regional, slavers, as well as go out and capture their own slave stock; usually the victims of their raids and sailors from the ships they board. Horune also transport slaves from seller to buyer, and on Rifts Earth, the Splugorth of Atlantis are the biggest purveyors of slaves. The Horune have strong business ties to the Splugorth of Atlantis, who represent 85% of their slave business, but the pirates also deal with other inhuman clients, including the Phoenix Empire (Africa), the Gargoyle Empire (their agents in France) and numerous other pirates and kingdoms of monsters in Europe, the Mediterranean, Africa, India and the South Pacific. Actually, the seafaring Horune Pirates are found along the coasts of almost every part of the world, but most of their business is with Atlantis or places around Atlantis.

Their most favorite client is the Splugorth, followed by other inhuman and monstrous clientele. However, they have no qualms dealing with anyone, including humans, if the reward is great and the opportunity plentiful. Though Horune are often perceived as the henchmen of other powerful forces, they are not mercenaries and *never* take work as soldiers; they are thieves, plunderers and merchants in the decadent and distasteful.

The Horune's appearance and life at sea as pirates mislead many people to believe they are a race of amphibians or lizard men, but the multi-eyed D-Bees are neither. If anything, their physiology is more closely related to Earth birds than anything else. On their home world, it seems likely they have lived, perhaps as pirate raiders or sea warriors, in an ocean environment for millions of years. This seems evident by their ability to hold their breath underwater for long periods, tolerance of depths of up to 500 feet (152 m), and vision suited for murky water, plus they are excellent swimmers, sailors and navigators who feel most at home on the sea.

The Horune in Dinosaur Swamp

In Dinosaur Swamp the slave trade is a despised but accepted fact of life. Likewise, the slave traders are accepted but hated. The Horune and the Splugorth Slaver are the twin faces of slavery, making them the most feared and hated of all. Minions of Splugorth are often seen, but seldom do they actually come into established towns or cities, like Char, not even to resupply. Instead they stay to themselves and scour the wilderness, capturing adventurers, wanderers, and tribal people, as well as Faerie Folk, other exotic intelligent beings, and dinosaurs. The Horune, on the other hand, often ride into towns to resupply, make repairs, drink and enjoy a little entertainment. They don't care that people point and spit at them or run to hide. In fact, the fiends enjoy their despicable reputations and the fear that even the presence of one or two Horune Pirates breeds in an entire town. Of course, these inhuman villains often mistake *fear* for respect, so they like it when women hold their children tight and run away, scream or faint when a Horune glances in their direction. They take pleasure when a server brings them their drinks or food with trembling hands. They love it when otherwise tough gangsters and adventurers back down from them and ordinary folk scamper to get out of their way. Such are the benefits (as the Horune see it) of being Horune Pirates – living legends and terrors of the Atlantic coast.

Without anything that truly passes for the law in Dinosaur Swamp, the Horune come and go as they please without a soul to stop them. Ironically, the pirates seldom start trouble when they come to a town for supplies or recreation, although one must always wonder if they are sizing up the place with thoughts of returning at a later time, in force. Like the Minions of Splugorth, the Horune tend to prey upon wilderness folk, freeholds, homesteaders, villages and tiny communities in the interior. The only people they raid are communities along the coast, as well as ships at sea, and that is usually with a small army launched from one of their distinctive ships. That having been said, Horune Pirates delight in creating fear and causing trouble. Though the Horune may not be the first to *start* a fight, one can be sure that they will be quick to join a battle and end it in bloodshed.

A visiting Horune will endure whispers, pointing fingers, curses, spit on their shoes, poor service, unfair pricing (though few are brave enough to charge the monsters more than anyone else), and even veiled threats. They often ignore such things, laugh them off, glower, or make scary faces to frighten those casting aspersions their way. Other times they throw a few jabs and barbs back in "friendly" banter and cast insults about humans or the local people, their food, their homes, etc., and/or make fun of their poverty or cowardice. In short, Horune Pirates are bullies and gangsters who enjoy the fear and hate they bring to boil in others, and like defiant gangsters, flaunt themselves at others. It is only when somebody draws a weapon or makes a threatening move, be it by gun, magic or psionics, that a Horune will take action – to protect himself, of course. The thing is, Horune Pirates always respond with extreme (if not deadly) force, inflicting greater injury than their assailant might deserve. For example, a D-Bee who flings a mug of beer in a pirate's face is likely to be set upon by the particular Horune and all of his buddies, and beaten to a pulp. The same holds true of someone who might have knocked over a tray of food, swung a punch, or taken a pot-shot at one of them. The level of violence unleashed in retaliation is always several times greater than the offense. That's part of the Horune's reputation and why people fear them so much, and partly how they are raised.

Horune society is violent and its people are raised to be raiders, plunderers, rapists, and pillagers. They respect no race whom they consider to be inferior (or handsome), and only truly respect power and brute force. That's why they respect and cheerfully work for the

Splugorth of Atlantis, and tolerate their Minions – because they wield great power. However, if the Splugorth should ever fall on hard times and lose their powerful edge (which could never happen, but if it did), the Horune would change their opinion of them and pillage them just as they would anyone else. In that regard, Horune Pirates are like scavengers who prey on the flesh and bones of anyone who falls before them, and as bullies they take advantage of those too weak to protect themselves. It's a repugnant lifestyle by civilized, human standards, but it works just fine for the cruel Horune.

Horune History on Earth

The Horune appeared on Rifts Earth approximately 230 years ago. Since then, they have carved themselves a place on the high seas as pirates, raiders and slavers. Dislocated from their home world, they have adapted well to Earth's oceans and seas, with an estimated 3 million of them worldwide. Of course, that is a feeble estimate and there could half that number to five times as many, nobody knows. Thousands of ships and scores of coastal and underwater communities around the world have felt the sting of Horune Pirate raids. These D-Bee pirates are generally acknowledged to be the most brutal and savage of any pirates in the world. They rob, rape, pillage and murder, taking what and whom they please with impunity. Although many have tried, no nation or kingdom has been able to stop them. The Horune are just too at home at sea, and cunning when it comes to life and war at sea. With the exception of Atlantis and a few other, select clients, the Horune recognize no flag, nation or boundary, and attack without mercy, ignoring flags of truce or surrender. The only nation truly safe from these marauders is Atlantis, with whom they freely trade goods, services and slaves. Atlantis is also the only *civilized nation* to offer these villains a safe harbor and welcome them to their cities.

Horune Pirates never speak about a home world, but do occasionally mention a revered and legendary place called "Mothersea." Most scholars have decided that this is probably the Horune's home world and that its mythical status may mean that the Horune are the descendants of escaped slaves or refugees who may have been displaced from their homeland thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of years ago. The pirates certainly don't have a home on dry land anywhere known on the Earth, and unless one considers the open sea to be their home (and it may be), they are constantly adrift and perpetually on the move.



Horune Culture & Government

Like the aquatic Naut'yll, the Horune are aliens with a quasi-militaristic, imperialistic culture. In their own chaotic way, there is structure and order of command, although it is sometimes difficult to recognize through their barbarism and savagery. There is no doubt that Horune are lecherous, gluttonous roughnecks who sometimes seem like the embodiment of pure anarchy. When not engaged in combat and piracy, they are disheveled in appearance, seldom bathe, are loud and boisterous, squabble, brawl, and get drunk, with no evidence of self-control or discipline whatsoever. However, when involved in pursuit, combat, pillaging, or when so commanded by their captain, they seem magically transformed into the world's most masterful sailors.

They respect power and ferocity, but show absolute loyalty only to the Horune people and their leaders. The supreme leader of the ship is the *captain*. His words are never doubted, questioned or defied. All Horune live by this credo. Any non-Horune pirate (always in the minority) who fails to give the captain the respect he commands is beaten or tortured and slain. Among Horune Pirate fleets, each ship will have a captain, but it is the *Fleet Commander* to whom all show blind obedience. Occasionally, non-Horune can become a captain, but only the Horune may become a Fleet Commander.

The Horune may squabble and fight amongst themselves and with rival Horune bands, but *seldom* battle to the death or with the wanton destruction they inflict on all others. In cases of a serious dispute, it is usually the two Captains or Fleet Commanders who battle to the death – winner takes all, and nobody questions the results. All Horune work and support other Horune. They never kill their own (unless absolutely necessary), never betray their own and never accept other beings as their masters. Despite the corruption and evil nature of these beings when it comes to dealing with other races, the Horune live by this law of the sea and their leaders have *never* betrayed their own people.

Unlike surface dwellers and other pirates, the Horune make their home at sea. Most will spend their entire lives on a ship, setting foot on dry land only to raid supplies, capture slaves or engage in other operations for profit or entertainment. In some cases, they enslave coastal villages or seize small islands to serve as outposts or dry docks, but the Horune, themselves, do not have homes at such locales. Most of these islands and ports are far from civilization and inaccessible without a ship, aircraft or magic. It is at these secret locations that the pirates repair their ships, store supplies and hold slaves, but the Horune seldom linger on soil for more than a few weeks, if that. This life at sea makes them the ultimate freebooters, without roots to any nation or people. This also means they view land dwellers and aquatic people with the same sort of ambivalence – both are simply viewed as victims waiting to be plucked and plundered.

Even the Horune's association with the Splugorth of Atlantis is completely self-serving. They like the Splugorth, drool over their rune magic, symbiotes and Kittani weaponry, and love to visit Atlantis, but they feel little commitment or obligation to them. The Splugorth make life easier for the Horune because they offer them a safe haven protected from other hostile nations, a place to sell slaves and booty, and a wealthy client who seems to have an endless appetite for slaves, monsters, magic and decadence. Horune Pirates visiting Atlantis enjoy many of the same inhuman and inhumane recreation, foods and pleasures as the rest of the people on the monster infested continent. This makes Atlantis all the more pleasant to visit, but does not, in the mind of the Horune Pirates, establish any bond of loyalty, friendship or commitment.

Horune Pirates may troll the seas as a solitary predator with one vessel, or in small groups of 2-6 vessels, or a fleet of 7-20 ships. The vessels may be entirely of Horune design or a combination of Horune and human, or other designs and manufacture. All non-Horune vessels have been captured during raids at sea and are seen as being expendable compared to Horune created vessels. The typical Horune ship is manufactured through magic by a *Horune Ship Dreamer*. Although the Bio-Wizards and engineers of Atlantis have managed to build reasonable facsimiles to the Horune magic ships, even the Splugorth's best ships have 30% less speed and M.D.C., and do not regenerate structural damage. Furthermore, such magic ships are costly and time consuming to build.

Magic & Technology

The Horune have a fondness for both high technology and magic, particularly as they apply to sailing, piracy and ship to ship warfare. As pirates, they have developed little in the way of manufacturing, science or technology themselves. Thus, most of the items in their possession have been purchased, stolen, seized, salvaged or otherwise "acquired" from others. This means members of a Horune raiding party may wield a strange combination of items from Triax, the Coalition States, and Northern Gun, to Kittani manufactured items, Rune Weapons, Techno-Wizard devices, other magic and conventional S.D.C. weapons.

Horune Pirates learn enough to maintain the items and/or find and enslave skilled people to maintain and repair the items for them. It is not uncommon to have a troop of Horune Pirates invade a port only to force its technicians to effect repairs and supply spare parts. Failure to comply to the pirates' demands leads to the torture and slaughter of innocent people and/or the destruction of the community. Cooperation will result in minimal damage and few painful incidents, especially if the Horune Captain gives his word. In these instances, the pirates take only what they need, get their repairs and leave. Besides, such an "understanding" and "helpful" place may be useful in the future. Much to the dismay of its citizens, some of these places become *marked* as safe ports to be visited on a regular basis several times a year (once every few months).

Atlantis is the Horune's favorite port of call. They have enjoyed nearly two centuries of trading slaves and pirate booty for alcohol, weapons and supplies with the Minions of Splugorth. They are especially friendly with Splugorth Slavers, Maxi-Men, Tattooed Men, Witches and Gargoyles. They love Kittani weapons and technology, but most Kittani warriors find the Horune to be repugnant and dishonorable. Likewise, the arrogant Sunaj assassins avoid these brutish pirates unless their work demands otherwise. Lord Splynncryth provides these villains with sanctuary not only to acquire ill gotten booty, but to gather regular reports about activities on the high seas around the world.

Dinosaur Swamp, as a whole, is another place the Horune feel safe and like to visit. The savage land simply offers so much variety and opportunity, that the Horune enjoy working, hunting and visiting the region.

Ship Dreamer Horune

One in every thousand Horune is a **Ship Dreamer**. These alien Mystics live in a trance-like state suspended between reality and their own dream-world. They don't eat or drink fluids, imperceptibly drawing nourishment from psychic energy and the air and water around them. They never speak or open their eyes, but sit like the ancient Earth Hindu Indians, legs and arms crossed, and float suspended two feet (0.6 m) above the ground. A large mystic eye will appear above the Dreamer's head and use magic to defend itself (all conventional spell magic levels 1-13!), but even then, the Ship Dreamer never moves, opens his eyes or speaks.

The Ship Dreamer's entire existence is passive, except for the creation of the Dream Ships and acts of self-defense. Even if the ship carrying the character is under attack, this Horune Mystic does nothing to help save the vessel or his fellow Horune. If the vessel is sunk, the Ship Dreamer usually survives via self-preserving magic. It is interesting to note that once a Horune Dream Ship is sunk/destroyed it seems to disintegrate and vanish as if it had never existed at all.

The creation of the Dream Ships. It is believed that the Ship Dreamers are somehow linked, because all of them make the same ships with the exact same specifications and design elements. Ten Dreamers can build one large ship or two small ships, annually. In the alternative, as many as ten ships, regardless of size, can be magically repaired/restored as if new, or 1000 sea sleds/scooters and magic weapons, or 100 Dolphin Combat Drones (either type) can be created. It is believed that if enough (all?) Ship Dreamers were slain, the Horune Fleet could be destroyed once and forever.

Human and D-Bee psychics who have tried to probe the minds of Ship Dreamers, and survived, all report the same thing. First, they are lost in an ocean of swirling colors, mostly reds, blues and purples. The psychic feels a sense of disembodiment similar to Astral Projection and floats aimlessly among the colors. After what seems to be a few moments, the psychic's ears begin to ring and the mumbling of a thousand voices can be heard, although no words can be recognized. The sound and pressure build, and numbers and mathematical equations flash before his eyes too fast to be recognized or remembered later (even via Total Recall). The psychic's head begins to throb and feels like it's going to explode. Try as he might, the psychic cannot break the connection, screams and keeps screaming as the sounds and images intensify. Suddenly, the grinning face of a Ship Dreamer fills the sky. Sometimes he appears to be speaking, but his words cannot be heard over the din. There is a blinding blue flash and the ordeal is over. When or if the psionic recovers his senses (many die or fall into a catatonic state), he learns what seemed to be an excruciating hour was less than a minute.

G.M. Note: Give psionic characters ample warning about the consequences of probing the mind of a Ship Dreamer. If the character persists in trying a probe (or does so out of ignorance) he must make a roll to save vs psionic attack. A failed roll means the psychic has suffered a brain aneurism and either dies or becomes a vegetable (roll for best two out of three if desired). The effect is usually permanent. If the G.M. is generous or the character was well meaning, then he should probably be allowed to survive the ordeal without rolling to save. Those who survive (or save) vividly recall the horror and the helplessness of the event and will NEVER try to probe a Ship Dreamer again! It is impossible for even a Mind Melter or Mind Bleeder to penetrate the alien mind of the Ship Dreamer.

M.D.C.: Each Ship Dreamer has 3D6x10 M.D.C. plus magical and psionic defenses. Bio-regenerates 1D4x10 M.D.C. per hour, and is constantly in a trance-like state. Other Horune always try to save the Ship Dreamers.

Horror Factor: 10; 19 when attacking or being probed.

Attacks per Melee Round: Two by magic; self-defense only.

Other Abilities and Bonuses: Impervious to psionic attack (see the outcome of probes above) as well as to cold, heat, fire, poison, disease and Horror Factor. Floats a few feet above the ground or above water, has no apparent need to eat or sleep, is +6 to save vs magic.

Magic: Equal to a 1D4+10 level wizard. P.P.E. 3D6x100. Knows all conventional spell magic levels 1-13 (see **Rifts® Ultimate Edition**).

Psionics: Unknown and alien, but impervious to all psionic attacks, probes and possession, and draws on psionic energy around him. Also psionically linked to other Ship Dreamers. **I.S.P.:** 6D6x100!

Average Life Span: 770 years, but some have lived as long as 1100.

Slave Market Value: None. These strange beings will either magically escape and rejoin their Horune brethren or die in captivity. No amount of force, intimidation or magic can force them to create ships for anybody other than the Horune people.

Habitat: They exist only on Horune ships scattered throughout the Horune Pirate fleets.



Horune Pirate R.C.C.

NPC Villain or Optional Player Character

Note: Much of the source material about the Horune from this point forward originally appeared in **World Book 7: Rifts® Underseas**, by Kevin Siembieda. However, these predatory D-Bees play such a large role in Dinosaur Swamp, and throughout the Atlantic Ocean and the North American coastline, that we felt it important to print their information again, along with contexting their place and activity in Dinosaur Swamp, specifically.

Horune Pirates are the boogie men of the region, and as such, are feared, hated and shunned. All Horune are Mega-Damage creatures and some scholars suspect they may actually be minor supernatural beings or sub-demons from another dimension, similar to Gargoyles. They are a stocky race of beings with rough, almost scaly skin and a set of five eyes. The two on short eye stalks can bend to look up, down and backwards without moving the head. However, these short eye stalks are not flexible tentacles and require thought and concentration to look around in a position other than forward. The eyes in the stalks have hawk-like vision and are able to see details at great distances (up to two miles/3.2 km away), but have poor close-range vision (nearsighted). The three eyes fixed in the center of the head are used for close combat and detail work, and are roughly equal to perfect human sight. These eyes can also see in the ultraviolet and infrared spectrums of light, enabling the Horune to see in murky and dim water, as well as see the magically invisible. The nose has a flap of skin to plug the nostrils underwater. The mouth is extended, like a short snout, and filled with large, sharp teeth.

The Horune are carnivores who feed on the flesh of animals, fish, humanoids and intelligent life forms. They are also ritual cannibals who will devour the flesh of renegades and rivals after a battle to the death (usually between Captains). This is a rarity however, as most Horune seldom face each other in mortal combat.

Underwater, Horune swim with the same motions as humans, but at a greater speed and can survive greater depths. They do not have gills and must use air tanks, power armor, vehicles or magic to function underwater for extensive periods of time. Unaided by artificial devices, a Horune can hold his breath for up to 12 minutes.

Horune Pirate Stats

Note: Horune may be used as a player character only if the Game Master allows it. As a player character, the Horune is likely to be a loner and secretive, unable to completely trust anyone who is not a fellow Horune. The alignment is not likely to be better than Anarchist or Unprincipled, although good alignments are possible. However the character will be regarded as a dangerous rogue or a fool by other

members of his race, and not to be trusted. The racial memories and instinctual bonds of this race are so powerful that even a good Horune will try to avoid conflicts and battle with other members of his race.

Alignment: Anarchist (40%), Aberrant (30%), and other (30%; mostly evil). Most see nothing wrong with preying on innocent people.

Attributes: I.Q. 2D6+4, M.E. 2D6+4, M.A. 2D6+4, P.S. 3D6+10 (Supernatural), P.P. 3D6+6, P.E. 3D6+6, P.B. 2D6, Spd 4D6+10 underwater and on land. Supernatural Strength and Endurance.

Size: 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m) tall.

Weight: 200 to 300 lbs (90 to 135 kg); mostly muscle.

M.D.C.: 1D4x10 +P.E. attribute number, and add an additional 1D6 M.D.C. per level of experience. Natural M.D.C. is supplemented with M.D.C. body armor or magic for additional protection.

Horror Factor: 10

P.P.E.: Standard.

Average Life Span: 160 years.

Natural Abilities: Instinctual swimmers, Swim 92%, hold breath underwater for up to 12 minutes, tolerate depths of up to 500 feet (152 m), nightvision 500 feet (152 m), see infrared and ultraviolet light, and hawk-like vision (can read a sign two miles/3.2 km away). They also have a good sense of hearing, bio-regeneration 1D6 M.D.C. per hour and can regrow small appendages like fingers, toes, eye stalks and eyes in 1D6 weeks. Arms and legs take 2D4 months to regrow.

Psionic Powers: Considered to be a Major Psionic of vast ability. All possess Hydrokinesis (super), Object Read, Mind Block, Resist Fatigue, Resist Hunger and three Physical powers of choice.

I.S.P.: M.E. x5 plus 1D6+2 per level of experience.

Magic Powers: Available only to *Horune Mystics,* who get the psionic and magic powers same as the *Mystic O.C.C.* (see **Rifts® Ultimate Edition**), but use the O.C.C. Skills and Secondary Skills described here, not those of the Mystic O.C.C.

Combat/Attacks per Melee: As per combat skills and occupation.

Damage: Based on Supernatural P.S. (typically 4D6 S.D.C. on a restrained punch, 2D6 M.D. on a full strength punch, and 4D6 M.D. on a power punch).

R.C.C. Bonuses (in addition to attribute bonuses): +1 on Perception Rolls at levels 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, and 13, +2 on initiative, +1 to strike and parry, +2 to pull punch, +4 to save vs disease, and +4 to save vs Horror Factor.

Bonuses Under Water Only (add to all others): +1 on initiative, +1 to strike, parry, and dodge, +1 to disarm, and +1 to roll with impact.

Alliances and Allies: The Horune have no official alliance with any other kingdom or people, but are associated with Atlantis and the Minions of Splugorth. They will only come to the aid of other Horune, so a helpful pirate has ulterior motives, beware. They may also associate and make deals with other pirates, monsters and evildoers.

R.C.C. Skills:

Basic Math (+10%)

Pilot: Warships & Patrol Boats (+5%)

Pilot: Water Scooters (+10%)

Pilot: Water Skiing and Surfing (+10%)

Pilot Related: Navigation (+10%)

Underwater Navigation

Salvage (+10%, applicable on dry land and underwater)

Wilderness Survival (+10%)

W.P. Knife or Sword (pick one)

W.P. Harpoon & Spear Gun

W.P. Torpedo

W.P. Spear/Trident

W.P. Energy Pistol

W.P. Modern: Two of choice.

Hand to Hand: Expert, but it may be changed to Martial Arts or Assassin at the cost of one O.C.C. Related Skill.

O.C.C. Related Skills: Select four other skills at level one, plus one additional skill at levels 3, 6, 9, and 12.

Communications: Any (+5%).

Cowboy: None.

Domestic: Any.

Electrical: None.

Espionage: Any (+5%).

Mechanical: None.

Medical: None.

Military: Any (+5%).

Physical: Any, except Acrobatics.

Pilot: Any (+5%; +10% on all sea vessels).

Pilot Related: Any (+5%).

Rogue: Any (+4%).

Science: Math and sea related only (+10%).

Technical: Any (+10%).

W.P.: Any.

Wilderness: Any.

Secondary Skills: Two Secondary Skills at levels 2, 4, 8 and 12. These are additional areas of knowledge selected from the Secondary Skill list in the Skill Section of **Rifts® Ultimate Edition**. All start at the base skill level without benefit of bonuses, with the possible exception of an I.Q. bonus. Start at first level proficiency.

Standard Equipment: Standard half suit body armor (50 M.D.C.; other armor can be purchased or stolen), energy pistols of choice, energy trident or M.D.C. trident, Vibro-Sword or Dagger, and harpoon gun; plus a magic Sea-Horse Scooter, holster, utility belts, four large sacks, backpack, and a handful of personal items. Bigger, better weapons, environmental armor, magic items (they love 'em) and equipment can be acquired later.

Money: Pirates tend to spend their loot on weapons, booze and good times. Player characters start with 1D6x1000 worth of tradeable valuables.

Cybernetics: Not applicable because of their Supernatural and regenerative nature.

Experience Table for Horune Pirate:

1	0,000-1,900	8	40,001-53,000
2	1,901-3,800	9	53,001-73,000
3	3,801-7,300	10	73,001-103,000
4	7,301-14,300	11	103,001-138,000
5	14,301-21,000	12	138,001-188,000
6	21,001-30,000	13	188,001-238,000
7	30,001-40,000	14	238,001-288,000
		15	288,001-330,000

Horune Weapons & Technology of Note

Horune Harpoon Gun

A man-sized underwater rifle that fires harpoons; metal spears. As many as three spears can be housed and fired at a time. An additional quiver of spears can be carried on the back or strapped to a waist belt.

Weight: 5 lbs (2.3 kg).

Damage: Standard spear/harpoon: 3D6 S.D.C.

Explosive tipped: 2D4 M.D. per spear.

Magic/Techno-Wizard: Electrical charge (6D6 M.D.), heat/plasma

(4D6 M.D.), or releases a Magic Net upon impact (same as the spell; 4th level in strength).

Rate of Fire: Single shot or a volley of two or three fired simultaneously.

Maximum Effective Range: 500 feet (152 m) underwater or in the air.

Payload: Three harpoons. It takes one melee action to reload per each harpoon. A quiver holds 12 harpoons.

Cost: 2,000 credits. Manufactured in Atlantis or by Ship Dreamers.

Horune Sonic Rifle

This is a short-barreled rifle created by the Ship Dreamers and, as such, it registers as pure magic. It can only be recharged by a Ship Dreamer or by leaving the weapon on a Dream Ship for six hours. Unlimited payload in the possession of a Dolphin Combat Drone. Once charged, anybody can use the weapon. It is the standard issue of the Dolphin Combat Drones and may also be assigned to ships' officers and Captains. Only one in 50 Horune Pirates will carry this weapon.

Weight: 6 lbs (2.7 kg).

Mega-Damage: Same as the Sonic Blast spell; 6D6 M.D. per blast.

Rate of Fire: Each blast counts as one melee attack.

Maximum Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m).

Payload: 40 sonic blasts. Unlimited when used by a Dolphin Combat Drone.

Cost: 10,000 credits.

Note: The magic rifle has 100 M.D.C. points and is very durable.

Horune Energy Trident

Many of these are stolen from other beings like the Naut'yll and Kittani, but all have the same basic stats. The Trident can be energized, firing particle waves or delivering energy strikes in close combat.

Weight: 12 lbs (5.4 kg).

Mega-Damage: Both the ranged particle wave attack and the energized strike inflict 5D6 M.D.

Rate of Fire: Each strike or blast counts as one melee attack.

Maximum Effective Range: Energy blast: 1000 feet (305 m). Physical strike via hand to hand combat.

Payload: 30 energy blasts or close combat blows (every successful strike drains one charge). Changing E-Clips counts as one melee attack/action.

Cost: 70,000 credits.

Other Weapons

As stated previously, Horune Pirates capture, seize, steal, trade and use all types of weapons from around the world. Favorites include items made by Triax, Kittani, New Navy, Tritonia, Naut'yll, Lemuria and the Japanese. Horune love magic and covet magic weapons and equipment of all kinds. They also love Kittani plasma swords, tridents, lances, and blasters.

Horune Sea-Horse Sled & Speeder

This is another creation of the Ship Dreamers. There are two types, one that looks more like a "sea horse," complete with prehensile tail to carry or pull cargo, and the "speeder" that looks more like a torpedo with a stylized sea horse head. (Both are depicted on the cover of *Rifts® Underseas*.) Each type is a one-man vehicle suitable for riding on the surface of water, or diving and propelling underwater. The sea *sled* is built for maneuverability, silence and towing cargo. The *speeder* for speed and combat. They are used for reconnaissance, exploration and combat both above and below the water. At slow speeds (under 20 mph/32 km) two or three other SCUBA divers can hold onto the vessel and be pulled along; any faster and they are pulled off.

Model Type: HM-S2

Class: Magic one man aqua-sleds or scooters.

Crew: One pilot.

M.D.C.: 223 Main Body. Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body destroys the sled and it vanishes in a puff of sparkling light! Sleds and speeders that are damaged will regenerate 4D6 M.D.C. every hour. The pilot is a difficult target to strike. Attackers must make a Called Shot and even then are -3 to strike.

Speed:

Driving on the Ground: Not possible.

Flying: Not possible.

Surface Water Speed: Sled: 35 mph (56 km; 30 knots). Speeder 90 mph (144 km; 77.7 knots).

Underwater Speed: *Sled:* 35 mph (56 km; 30 knots) and can maintain that speed pulling six tons. *The speeder* travels underwater at speeds up to 60 mph (96 km; 51.8 knots) and can dive 3000 feet (914 m) at the full 90 mph speed.

Range: Magic; effectively unlimited.

Depth: Unlimited.

Bonuses: +10% to piloting skill; handles like a dream (no pun intended), can make quick turns, +1 attack per melee for the pilot, and is +2 to dodge for the sled and +3 for the speeder.

Statistical Data:

Height: Sled: 5 feet (1.5 m). Speeder: 3 feet (0.9 m).

Width: Sled and Speeder are both 2.6 feet (0.8 m).

Length: Sled: 7 feet (2.1 m). Speeder: 10 feet (3 m).

Weight: 200 lbs (90 kg),magically lightweight.

Cargo: The sled can pull 6 tons, the speeder 3 tons but speed is reduced by half.

Power System: Magic with a 900 year life.

Weapon Systems: Both spit fire balls from the mouth of the horse head twice per melee round and do 6D6 M.D., range 300 feet (914 m). The horse heads also bite those they do not know and will start to shriek if being stolen (1D6 M.D. from bite; a safety/anti-theft system). The sled can ram or gouge enemy soldiers or ships with the horns on the top of its head (3D6 M.D.). All attacks, except for defense system, must be initiated by the rider and count as one of his attacks per melee.

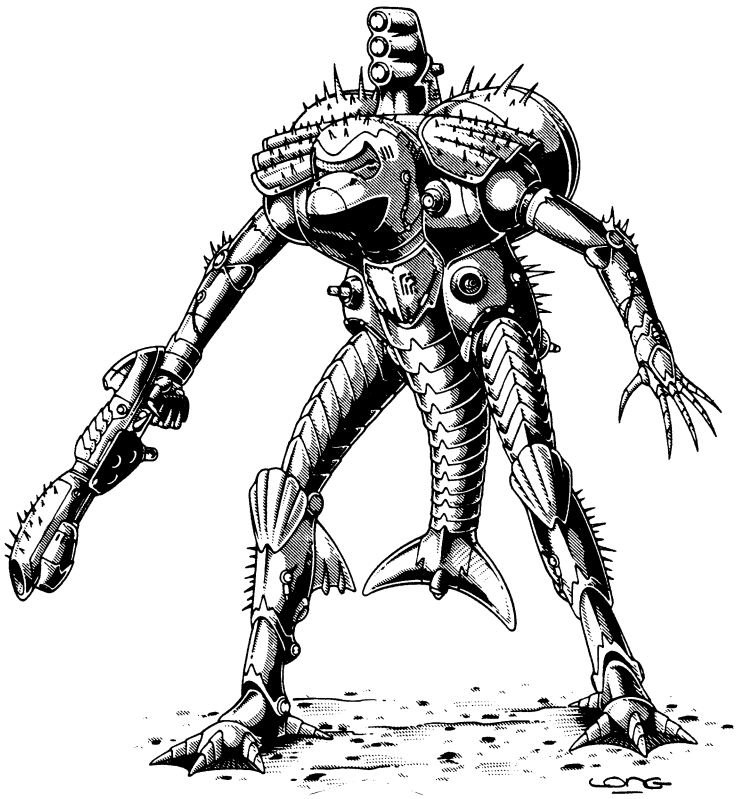
Market Cost: Never sold and only works for the Horune race.

Horune Dolphin Combat Drone

This bipedal robot and the *Land Shark Drone* look like something that walked out of a nightmare and are the product of the Ship Dreamers' twisted imagination. In both cases, the creation requires a *living host*. In this instance, that host is a *dolphin*. This is a tragedy because the gentle cetacean is transformed into a killing machine that serves the Horune Pirates as a shock-trooper. The drone obediently follows orders like a magic zombie sheathed in spiny metal armor.

In most cases (98%), all remnants of the dolphin's personality and memory are destroyed. Only rarely does a dolphin manage to retain them and escape. Unfortunately, the transformation appears permanent, so the dolphin is forever condemned to life encased in magic armor, a freak and a misfit. Some of these "free will" drones turn to evil, others try to build a new life and continue to fight evil and injustice (indeed, these poor souls have firsthand knowledge of evil and injustice).

Model Type: HM-D1



Class: Horune magic automaton/combat drone.

Crew: One dolphin host body.

M.D.C. by Location:

Thrusters (2; back) – 150 each

* Arms (2) – 100 each

* Clawed Hands (2) – 25 each

Legs (2) – 150 each

Tail (1) – 150

* Plasma Ejectors (3; top) – 20 each

* Hip Lasers (2) – 15 each

* Sonic Rifle (1) – 100

** Main Body – 270

* Locations marked with an asterisk indicate targets that are difficult to hit. Attackers must make a Called Shot and are -3 to strike.

** Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body destroys the drone and kills the dolphin inside. Otherwise, the armor, limbs and all weapon systems *regenerate* 20 M.D.C. per hour, and destroyed items actually grow back in perfect working order when all M.D.C. is restored! If needed, the entire 20 M.D.C. can be focused to regenerate one particular weapon or location.

Speed:

Running: 44 mph (70 km) maximum. Note that the act of running does NOT tire out the creature inside.

Flying: Via magic only: Fly as the Eagle (equal to an 11th level spell). Thruster assisted leaps can carry the wearer 100 feet (30.5 m) high or 120 feet (36.6 m) lengthwise.

Underwater: The thruster system allows the suit to travel at up to 60 knots (69 mph/110 km) underwater (double when the Speed Doubler spell is engaged). If damaged, magic propulsion can be used as a substitute: swim as the fish (superior).

Maximum Safe Depth: Three miles (4.8 km) deep.

Statistical Data:

Height: 10 feet (3 m) tall.

Width: 4 feet (1.2 m).

Length: 4 feet (1.2 m) long when standing straight up.

Weight: 1000 lbs (450 kg).

Physical Strength: Equal to a Supernatural P.S. of 30.

Relative Intelligence: 9

Cargo: None.

Control System: Unless the dolphin was able to survive the magical transformation, a fully functioning combat drone only obeys the Horune. It can recognize leaders and will obey them without question unless a Ship Dreamer mentally commands it to do otherwise. Furthermore, these drones NEVER fight each other even under direct command. They are programmed to obey and to capture and fight non-Horune life forms. One or two are frequently seen among Horune operating in Dinosaur Swamp.

Power System: Magic with a 900 year life!

Sensors & Internal Systems of Note: Same as the natural dolphin!

Market Cost: Never sold or created for outsiders.

Weapon Systems (Magic):

1. **Horune Sonic Rifle:** Standard issue, described previously (6D6 M.D.; 2000 foot/610 m range); unlimited payload when in the possession of this drone.
2. **Plasma Ejectors:** Mounted on the back of the drone is a three barrel plasma ejection system that fires magic fire balls!

Primary Purpose: Anti-Armor.

Mega-Damage: 1D6x10 M.D. per single blast, 2D6x10 per double blast and 3D6x10 M.D. per triple blast. Simultaneous blasts count as one melee attack.

Rate of Fire: Each single shot or a volley of two or three fired simultaneously counts as one melee attack.

Maximum Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m) underwater or in the air.

Payload: 30 blast per 24 hour period.

3. **Hip Lasers:** A pair of tiny lasers are built into the hip. Each can rotate 180 degrees.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Personnel.

Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single blast or 4D6 per double blast.

Rate of Fire: Single shot or double simultaneous shot at the same target, both count as one melee attack.

Maximum Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m) underwater or in the air.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

4. **Bonuses & Hand to Hand Combat:** Six attacks per melee round with long-range weapons or close combat. +2 on initiative, +5 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to disarm, +4 to pull punch, and +6 to save vs Horror Factor.

Elbow with Spikes – 3D6 M.D.

Slashing Claw – 3D6 M.D.

Punch or Kick – 3D6 M.D.

Power Punch – 6D6 M.D.

Shoulder or Head Butt – 2D6 M.D.

The mouth and teeth are painted on and cannot bite.

Horune Land Shark Drone

The land shark is another magical, nightmare creation of the Ship Dreamers. Like the dolphin combat drone, a tiger or great white shark is the living component that gives the automaton its life. Unlike the dolphin, this monstrous drone never has a will of its own and is truly a killing *machine*.

Model Type: HM-S1

Class: Horune magic automaton/combat drone.

Crew: One shark host body.

M.D.C. by Location:

* Arms (4) – 120 each

* Clawed Hands (4) – 35 each

Legs (4) – 200 each

Tail (1) – 200

* Mouth Plasma Ejector – 120

* Eye Lasers (2) – 15 each

* Wrist Blaster (1; right) – 40

* Chest Lights (2) – 40 each

** Main Body – 470

* Locations marked with an asterisk indicate targets that are difficult to hit. Attackers must make a Called Shot and are -3 to strike.

** Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body destroys the drone and kills the shark inside. Otherwise, the armor, limbs and all weapon systems *regenerate* 20 M.D.C. per hour and destroyed items grow back in perfect working order when all M.D.C. is restored! If needed, the entire 20 M.D.C. can be focused to regenerate one particular weapon or location.

Speed:

Running: 44 mph (70 km) maximum; the act of running does NOT tire out the creature inside.

Flying: Via magic only: Fly as the Eagle (equal to an 11th level spell). Can leap 20 feet (6 m) high or across.

Underwater: The monstrosity can fold its legs and swim; 20 mph (32 km; 17.2 knots) underwater.

Maximum Safe Depth: Three miles (4.8 km) deep.

Statistical Data:

Height: 18 feet (5.4 m) tall.

Width: 8 feet (2.4 m).

Length: 25 feet (7.6 m).

Weight: 2 tons.

Physical Strength: Supernatural P.S. of 38.

Relative Intelligence: 7

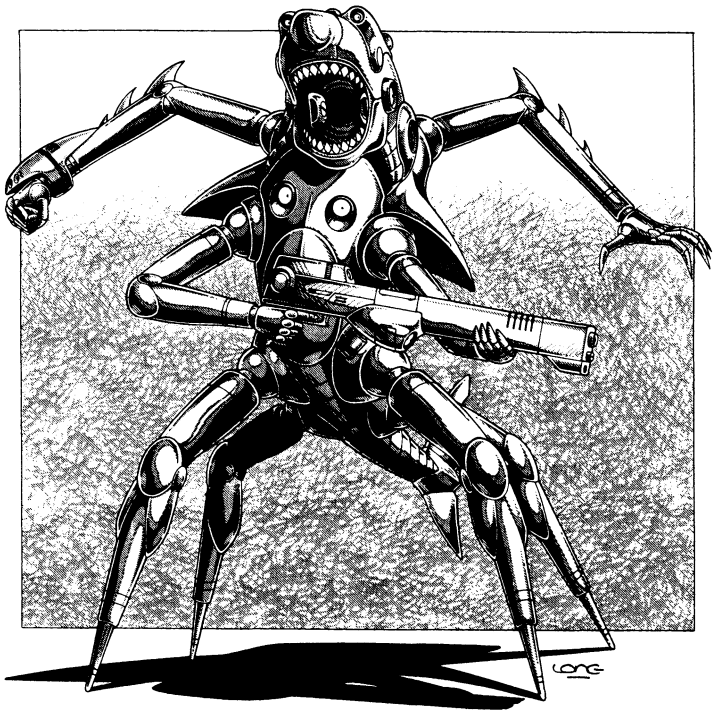
Cargo: None.

Control System: Only obeys the Horune; same as the Dolphin Drone.

Power System: Magic with a 900 year life.

Sensors & Internal Systems of Note: Same as the natural shark!

Market Cost: Never sold or created for outsiders.



Weapon Systems (Magic):

1. **Plasma Ejector (1):** Fiery balls of magic plasma can be fired from the terrible mouth of the mechanical shark.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Armor.

Mega-Damage: 1D6x10 M.D. per single blast, 2D6x10 per double blast. Simultaneous blasts count as one melee attack.

Rate of Fire: A single or double blast counts as one melee attack.

Maximum Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m) underwater or in the air.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

2. **Eye Lasers (2):** A pair of small, but powerful lasers are built into the eyes.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Personnel.

Mega-Damage: 3D6 M.D. per single blast or 6D6 per double blast.

Rate of Fire: Each single or double shot counts as one melee attack.

Maximum Effective Range: 2000 feet (610 m) underwater or 4000 feet (1220 m) in the air.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

3. **Forearm Blaster (1):** The upper right arm has a triple barrel blaster that fires mini-lightning bolts.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Personnel.

Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single blast, 4D6 per double blast or 6D6 per triple blast.

Rate of Fire: Each single, double or triple shot counts as one melee attack.

Maximum Effective Range: 1000 feet (305 m) underwater or 2000 feet (610 m) in the air.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

4. **Chest Lights (2):** The chest lights can be used as spotlights or to create a *Blinding Flash, Globe of Daylight* or *Wisps of Confusion* (same as the spell).

Primary Purpose: Anti-Personnel.

Damage: Same effects as a 10th level spell. Otherwise they are used like ordinary search lights.

Rate of Fire: Each single or double shot counts as one melee attack.

Maximum Effective Range: 100 feet (30.5 m) underwater or in the air.

Payload: Each can be cast three times per 24 hour period.

5. **Handheld Weapons:** The Horune Land Shark can use a sonic rifle, rail gun or other handheld weapons in addition to its formidable built-in arsenal.

6. **Bonuses & Hand to Hand Combat:** Eight attacks per melee round with long-range weapons or close combat. +3 on initiative, +7 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, and +10 to save vs Horror Factor.

Elbow with Blades – 6 M.D.

Slashing Claw – 5D6 M.D.

Punch or Kick – 5D6 M.D.

Power Punch – 1D6x10 M.D.

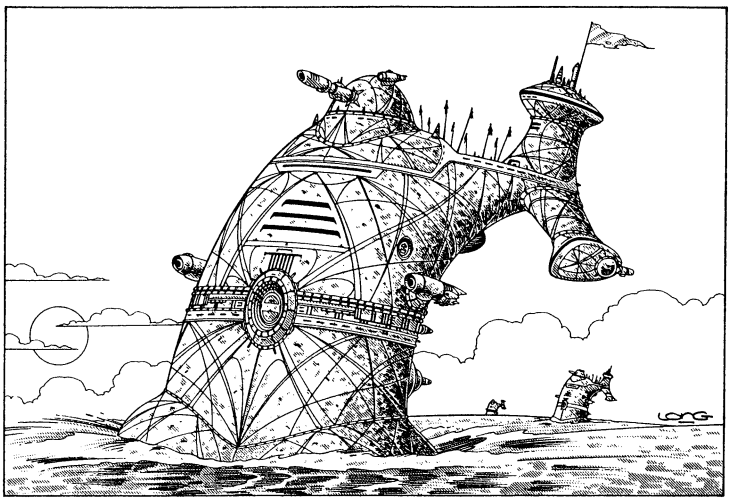
Tail Strike – 5D6 M.D.

Bite – 1D4x10 M.D.

Head Butt – 3D6 M.D.

Horune Dream Ship

These ships are sometimes called "whale ships" because they resemble a diving whale with its tail in the air. They are light grey in color and marked with arching lines. Dream Ships appear to be made of a porous metal or carved out of a single, massive piece of stone. The ships are amazingly fast, heavily armed and can *submerge* for up to 12 hours! However, most Horune prefer to ride on top of the ocean and submerge only to surprise an opponent, to escape, or to attack underwater vessels or communities. There can be no mistaking a Horune ship



from its appearance and they are, undoubtedly, among the most powerful ships at sea. It is no wonder that the Horune rule the oceans and are so feared.

Model Type: H-1 Magic Ship.

Class: Horune assault ship.

Crew: *A typical pirate ship* will have one Captain, 10 officers, one or two Air or Water Warlocks (all 1D4+4th level) or one dragon or practitioner of magic (Ocean Wizard, Warlock, etc.) and 1D4x100 pirates. The vessel can hold an additional 1,200 crewmen and 5,000 slaves or 70,000 tons of cargo.

M.D.C. by Location:

Storm Cannon (1; top) – 1,400

* Plasma Cannons (2; one per side) – 350 each

* Laser Turrets (2; rear) – 150 each

Tower (1; rear) – 2,000

Tail Fins (2) – 1,500 each

Hatches (10; small) – 200 each

Cargo Bay Hatches (2; top) – 1000 each

* Forward Cargo Hatch (1) – 4,000

** Main Body – 20,000

* Indicates targets that are small or difficult to hit. Attackers must make a Called Shot and are -3 to strike.

** Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will destroy the vessel, causing it to vanish in a shower of sparkling light! Damaged vessels *regenerate* 1D4x100 M.D.C. every hour.

Speed:

Driving on the Ground: Not possible.

Flying: Not possible.

Surface Water Speed: 90 mph (144 km; 77.7 knots).

Underwater Speed: 35 mph (56 km; 30 knots).

Range: Magic; effectively unlimited.

Depth: Unlimited!

Statistical Data:

Height: 280 feet (85.3 m) from top to bottom.

Width: 150 feet (45.7 m) at its widest point, but tapers at the top with a deck roughly 100 feet (30.5 m) wide at the tail section.

Length: 400 feet (122 m).

Weight: 90,000 tons.

Cargo: Up to 5,000 slaves or 70,000 tons of cargo.

Power System: Magic, and seems to be unlimited.

Weapon Systems:

1. Storm Cannon: The huge turret in the front (top) is a magic cannon that can fire the following:

Call Lightning: 1D6x10 M.D.; range: one mile (1.6 km).

Summon Storm: Same as the spell at 11th level strength.

Whirl Pool: Same as the Ocean Magic spell at 11th level strength.

Calm Storms: Same as the spell at 11th level strength.

The cannon is mounted in a huge turret that can rotate 360 degrees and has a 90 degree arc of fire.

A small plasma turret is also mounted on each side of the Storm Cannon. Each single blast does 1D6x10 M.D. and has a range of 3000 feet (914 m); anti-aircraft/anti-missile.

2. Forward Plasma Turrets (2): At the mid-section on both sides of the Dream Ship are powerful plasma cannons that fire magic fire balls. The guns can rotate 360 degrees and have a 90 degree arc of fire. This means these cannons can fire into the water but the blast can't travel deeper than 300 feet (91.5 m).

Primary Purpose: Anti-Ship and Defense.

Mega-Damage: 1D4x100 M.D. per single blast or 2D4x100 M.D. per double turret blast.

Rate of Fire: Each single blast counts as one melee attack, but a double blast counts as two.

Maximum Effective Range: 6,000 feet (1828.8 m) in the air, but only 300 feet (91.5 m) below the surface of the water.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

3. Laser Cannon Turrets (2): A pair of these heavy laser turrets are built into the rear fins of the tail. They can rotate 360 degrees and have a 45 degree arc of fire.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Ship.

Mega-Damage: 2D4x10 M.D. per blast.

Rate of Fire: Each blast counts as one melee attack; each turret has its own gunner.

Maximum Effective Range: One mile (1.6 km) in the air or 3000 feet (914 m) underwater.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

4. Heavy Torpedo Launchers (2): Torpedo tubes are concealed in the forward section of the vessel where the ring design and forward cargo hatch are located. Each can fire heavy or medium torpedoes. The "tube" openings are comparatively small and difficult targets to hit, thus an attacker must make a Called Shot to hit, and even then is -3 to strike. Depleting the M.D.C. of a torpedo tube means torpedoes cannot be launched from that tube (300 M.D.C. per tube). Depth charges may also be included as part of its armaments.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Ship, Anti-Armor and Defense.

Mega-Damage: 4D6x10 M.D. each.

Rate of Fire: One at a time or in pairs.

Maximum Effective Range: 20 miles (32 km) underwater.

Payload: 60 torpedoes. Torpedoes can be routed to whichever launch tube is desired.

5. Missiles: Most Dream Ships will also have 2D4x10 long- or medium-range missiles and 1D4x100 mini-missiles on deck to combat ships, aircraft and other dangers.

6. Power Armor & Robots: As many as 100 of each combat drone may be on board, or as few as a dozen. The pirates may also use other power armor, robots or aircraft *acquired* through raids. They may also have super-powered beings, mages, demons and monsters as part of their crew.

7. Ramming: The front of the ship is designed to ram vessels while doing minimal damage to itself.

Mega-Damage: 2D6x10 M.D. per every 20 mph (32 km) the vessel is traveling. The Dream Ship suffers the equivalent of 10% damage itself from ram attacks but regenerates.

Horune Strike Ships

These vessels look exactly like the Dream Ships but are a third of the size.

Model Type: H-2 Magic Ship.

Class: Horune assault ship.

Crew: *A typical pirate strike ship* will have one Captain, six officers, one or two Air or Water Warlocks or an Ocean Wizard (all 1D4+4th level), and 100 pirates. The vessel can hold an additional 100 crewmen and 1,000 slaves or 30,000 tons of cargo.

M.D.C. by Location:

Plasma Cannon (1; top) – 800

* Plasma Cannons (2; one per side) – 125 each

* Laser Turrets (2; rear) – 50 each

Tower (1; rear) – 650

Tail Fins (2) – 650 each

Hatches (10; small) – 65 each

Cargo Bay Hatches (2; top) – 350 each

* Forward Cargo Hatch (1) – 1,200

** Main Body – 6,500

* Indicates targets that are small or difficult to hit. Attackers must make a Called Shot and are -3 to strike.

** Depleting the M.D.C. of the main body will destroy the vessel, causing it to vanish in a shower of sparkling light! Damaged vessels *regenerate* 2D6x10 M.D.C. every hour.

Speed:

Driving on the Ground: Not possible.

Flying: Not possible.

Surface Water Speed: 120 mph (192 km; 103.6 knots).

Underwater Speed: 35 mph (56 km; 30 knots)

Range: Magic; effectively unlimited.

Depth: Unlimited!

Statistical Data:

Height: 95 feet (29 m) from top to bottom.

Width: 50 feet (15.2 m).

Length: 120 feet (36.5 m).

Weight: 30,000 tons.

Cargo: Up to 1,200 slaves or 25,000 tons of cargo.

Power System: Magic, seems to be unlimited.

Weapon Systems:

1. **Plasma Cannon:** The huge turret in the front (top) is a powerful plasma cannon (replaces the Storm Cannon on the Dream Ships).

Primary Purpose: Anti-Ship and Defense.

Mega-Damage: 1D4x100 M.D. per single blast.

Rate of Fire: Each blast counts as one melee attack and the gun cannot fire more than five times per melee round.

Maximum Effective Range: 6,000 feet (1828.8 m) in the air, but only 300 feet (91.5 m) below the surface of the water.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

2. **Forward Plasma Turrets (2):** At the mid-section on both sides of the Strike Ship are powerful plasma cannons that fire magic fire balls. The guns can rotate 360 degrees and have a 90 degree arc of fire. This means these cannons can fire into the water but the blast can't travel deeper than 300 feet (91.5 m).

Primary Purpose: Anti-Ship and Defense.

Mega-Damage: 1D4x100 M.D. per blast.

Rate of Fire: Each blast counts as one melee attack and the gun cannot fire more than five times per melee round.

Maximum Effective Range: 6,000 feet (1828.8 m) in the air, but only 300 feet (91.5 m) below the surface of the water.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

3. **Laser Cannon Turrets (2):** A pair of these heavy laser turrets are built into the rear fins of the tail. They can rotate 360 degree and have a 45 degree arc of fire.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Ship and Defense.

Mega-Damage: 4D6 M.D. per blast.

Rate of Fire: Each blast counts as one melee attack; each turret has its own gunner.

Maximum Effective Range: One mile (1.6 km) in the air or 3000 feet (914 m) underwater.

Payload: Effectively unlimited.

4. **Heavy Torpedo Launchers (2):** Torpedo tubes are concealed in the forward section of the vessel where the ring design and forward cargo hatch are located. Each can fire heavy or medium torpedoes. The "tube" openings are comparatively small and difficult targets to hit, thus an attacker must make a Called Shot to hit, and even then is -3 to strike. Depleting the M.D.C. of a torpedo tube means torpedoes cannot be launched from that tube (300 M.D.C. per tube). Depth charges may also be included as part of its armaments.

Primary Purpose: Anti-Ship, Anti-Armor and Defense.

Mega-Damage: 4D6x10 M.D. each.

Rate of Fire: One at a time or in pairs.

Maximum Effective Range: 20 miles (32 km) underwater.

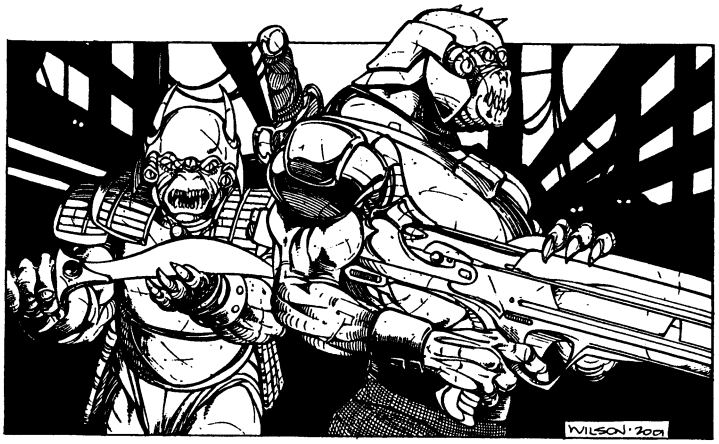
Payload: 20 torpedoes. Torpedoes can be routed to whichever launch tube is desired.

5. **Missiles:** Most Strike Ships will also have 1D4x10 long- or medium-range missiles and 2D4x10 mini-missiles on deck to combat ships, aircraft and other dangers.

6. **Power Armor & Robots:** 3D6+2 of each combat drone are likely to be on board. The pirates may also use other power armor, robots or aircraft acquired in their raids. They may also have super-powered beings, mages, demons and monsters as part of their crew.

7. **Ramming:** The front of the ship is designed to ram vessels while doing minimal damage to itself. Mega-Damage: 1D4x10 M.D. per every 20 mph (32 km) the vessel is traveling. The ship suffers the equivalent of 10% damage itself from ram attacks but regenerates.

Note: None of the Dream Ships can navigate in rivers or lake, only the oceans and seas.



New Eco-Wizardry Constructs

EW Waterskin

Constructed from the bladder of a juvenile sauropod or other medium-sized dinosaur, with a leather carrying strap and a bone stopper. This is a common piece of equipment carried by barbarian hunters and guides. Not only are they self-replenishing, they are also imbued with illness and disease fighting magic. They are wonderful pieces of survival equipment, ensuring that there will always be a supply of fresh drinking water. They are also used to provide water to cleanse wounds or simply wash up with.

Creation Requirements: A small, cleaned bladder, gut thread, and a bone stopper.

Creation Spells: Create Water (15), Cure Illness (15), and 60 P.P.E. in addition to that required for the previous spells.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: 12 P.P.E. or 24 I.S.P.

Duration: Immediate, the Cure Illness effect lasts for 3 hours after activation.

Effect: As the Create Water and Cure Illness spells.

Water Quantity: As much as three gallons (11 liters) per 24 hour period.

Cost: Good availability, 35,000 credits.

EW Bandages

Another common application of Eco-Wizardry, bandages made of hide and sinews are part of any native healer's medicine kit. Any animal hide will do, but the components must be taken from the same animal for the magic to take effect. Combining deer hide with dog sinew is ineffective, as is taking the hide from one deer and the sinew from another. In order to properly treat Mega-Damage beings, M.D.C. flesh is required, which in Dinosaur Swamp, is taken from dinosaurs.

There are different levels of treatment available, ranging from bandages that treat minor cuts and abrasions to those that treat much more serious wounds. The function is the same; it's the power level that differs.

Creation Requirements: Prepared animal flesh, usually cut to the size of common bandages, sinew and bone restraints to secure the bandage to the patient.

Creation Spells: Varies depending on the level of healing.

Light Healing (6) and an additional 8 P.P.E.

Heal Wounds (10) and an additional 16 P.P.E.

Greater Healing (30) and an additional 24 P.P.E.

Super Healing (70) and an additional 40 P.P.E.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: Varies depending on the level of healing.

Light Healing: 3 P.P.E. or 6 I.S.P.

Heal Wounds: 5 P.P.E. or 10 I.S.P.

Greater Healing: 12 P.P.E. or 24 I.S.P.

Super Healing: 20 P.P.E. or 40 I.S.P.

Duration: Immediate.

Effect: As the appropriate spell invocations.

Cost: Good availability, 2000, 6000, 12,000, or 22,000 credits respectively.

EW Limb Cast

Used to reattach severed limbs to victims of battle, accident or other hazards, the limb cast is one of the most powerful constructs ever created by the Eco-Wizards. They are, at times, rather revolting to behold, but the end result is a completely healed and reattached limb. It is a slow process, and for some of the smaller versions, such as reattaching a severed hand or foot, once the cast is in place the patient can be up and about. For reattaching legs and arms severed at the hip or shoulder, the patient needs a week of bed rest and light activity until the healing is completed.

Made of tanned and stiffened hide, the cast is strong, but not intended to take a great deal of punishment.

In order for the construct to work, the severed limb must first be attached to the body via a conduit created from the animal's intestinal tract. This is then encased in stiffened hide, and wrapped tightly with the straps. As the magic works, the intestinal component sometimes squirms around as the limb is repositioned and the connections are magically reconstructed. This usually makes for some unpleasant "meaty" sounds from within the cast, creating a general level of discomfort to those around the patient. It isn't pretty, but it does work.

Creation Requirements: The tanned and stiffened hide of a dinosaur or other M.D.C. creature, sinew and hide straps, and the intestinal tract, all from the same animal.

Creation Spells: Restore Limb (80) and 100 P.P.E. in addition to that required for the previous spell.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: 35 P.P.E. or 70 I.S.P.

Duration: It usually takes 1D6+4 days to restore a small limb (finger, toe, hand, foot), and 1D8+8 days for the enchantment to fully complete the healing process of a severed arm or leg.

Effect: As the Restore Limb spell.

Cost: Rare, 80,000 credits and up.

EW Messenger

A crude method of communication used between Eco-Wizards is commonly known by the quaint name of the "flying tongue." Many outsiders find it to be grotesque, but it's a much faster and reliable method of communication than by overland courier. These are among of the rare Eco-Wizard constructs that do not require the components to be from the same animal, and in fact, they are actually made from several different animals.

Creation Requirements: Bird feathers, the tongue of an animal, and gut thread to lace it all together.

Creation Spells: Magic Pigeon (20) and 15 P.P.E. in addition to that required for the previous spell.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: 9 P.P.E. or 18 I.S.P.

Duration: As per the level of the creator.

Effect: As the Magic Pigeon spell.

Cost: Common, if gruesome, 4500 credits.

EW Horror Armor

A popular complement to the Horror Mace, this suit of armor is usually constructed from the hide of a large predatory dinosaur such as a T-Rex or an Allosaur. The suit is reinforced in the chest and shoulder areas with plates of bone usually taken from the shoulder blades and hips. The forearm and shoulder pieces are decorated with the teeth and claws of the animal, giving it a very predatory appearance. Heavy, only the strongest of warriors could actually wear the armor unless it has been imbued with magical properties by the Eco-Wizard.

When activated, the armor takes on the appearance of being covered in fresh blood and strands of warm, shredded meat. To anyone seeing this, it looks like the wearer was just spit out of the mouth of a large carnivore. The teeth decorating the forearms and shoulders also move around of their own accord, like they are trying to chew these strands of meat, or possibly pull themselves free of the armor itself. Like the Horror Mace, it is used to strike fear in the heart of the enemy, but often disdained by those who consider themselves to be true warriors.

Creation Requirements: The prepared skin of a large predatory dinosaur, crafted bone plates, strong hide and sinew straps, gut thread and bone fasteners, all from the same animal.

Creation Spells: Power Weapon (35), Aura of Power (4), Mystic Fulcrum (5), Armor Bizarre (15), and 75 P.P.E. in addition to that required for the previous spells.

M.D.C. Protection: Base M.D.C. protection is 4D6+25.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: 15 P.P.E. or 30 I.S.P. to activate the Armor Bizarre. The base M.D.C. protection of the armor is constant. A character can get an additional 15 M.D.C. of protection by pumping 7 P.P.E. or 14 I.S.P. into the suit.

Duration: The base M.D.C. protection of the armor is constant. When all M.D.C. is lost, the suit is reduced to tattered rags and shattered bone. The magical M.D.C. are lost before the base M.D.C. and last for 3 minutes or until the 15 M.D.C. is reduced to zero. The Armor Bizarre effects last for 10 minutes per activation.

Effect: When activated, the wearer is surrounded by a magical illusion that provides a Horror Factor of 12. Anyone who failed their H.F. roll suffers the usual penalties of Horror Factor, plus they are distracted and repulsed by the armor's appearance the entire time they battle its wearer, inflicting a penalty of –3 on initiative and -1 to strike, parry, dodge and disarm the character in armor.

Cost: Rare, 150,000 credits.

EW Armored Shield

Complementing the bone and hide armor is an armored shield constructed out of the dorsal osteoderm of a Stegosaur. The smaller plates on the neck are usually chosen to create this construct, however the larger ones will do just as well, and may be used for larger than human-sized characters wishing to own one of these shields. Even without enchantment the shield has 20 M.D.C.

Creation Requirements: A Stegosaur dorsal osteoderm, hide straps for handholds, and bone fasteners.

Creation Spells: Power Weapon (35), Magic Shield (6), and 20 P.P.E. in addition to that required for the previous spells.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: 5 P.P.E. or 10 I.S.P.

Duration: 10 minutes per activation.

Effect: As the Magic Shield spell.

Cost: Relatively common, 14,000 credits.

EW Cradle of Life

A powerful and extremely rare construct, only three tribes have ever been known to have actually constructed this expensive building. The Cradle of Life is a hut built out of the rib cage of an adult sauropod. The hut has not only the power to heal the mortally wounded but also to return the dead to life. Usually the product of several Eco-Wizards working in unison with the benefit of a nearby ley line, or some other form of external magical enhancement, the hut is painstaking to construct, but is also a healthy reward for those willing to undertake the process. It requires the complete rib cage of an adult sauropod, the tanned and prepared hide of that animal, plenty of sinew to lash the hide to the bones and enough raw power to enchant it. Once created, it is immobile, and would likely become the centerpiece of a new village.

Creation Requirements: The rib cage of an adult sauropod, its prepared hide, and enough sinew to lash it together.

Creation Spells: Restoration (750), Resurrection (650), and 1,200 P.P.E. in addition to that required for the previous spells.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: Varies.

Restoration: 400 P.P.E. or 800 I.S.P.

Resurrection: 300 P.P.E. or 600 I.S.P.

Duration: The hut takes 24 hours to completely restore someone and takes 48 hours for resurrection.

Effect: As per the Restoration and Resurrection spells.

Cost: As they are unique structures, their price is incalculable.

EW Spitfire Leaper Cowl

A loose fitting headpiece much like a mail coif, this popular piece of Eco-Wizardry is constructed from the scales of a Spitfire Leaper. When activated, it protects the wearer from fire and heat, including magic, plasma and dragon fire, and grants him the ability to breathe fire. Often worn by hunters for good luck when they are tracking a Spitfire, they are also popular among adventurers. They are simple to craft, but obtaining the necessary raw materials is something of a hazard.

Creation Requirements: Enough hide from a Spitfire Leaper to craft the cowl.

Creation Spells: Impervious to Fire (5), Fireblast (8), and 35 P.P.E. in addition to that required for the previous spells.

P.P.E. Cost to Activate: Varies.

Impervious to Fire: 2 P.P.E. or 4 I.S.P.

Fireblast: 4 P.P.E. or 8 I.S.P. per blast.

Duration: 15 minutes for the Impervious to Fire effect, instantaneous for the Fireblast effect.

Effect: As the Impervious to Fire and Fireblast spells.

Cost: Rare, 58,000 credits.

Other Equipment

Northern Gun Individual Combat and Survival Shelter

Designed as a more sophisticated version of the two-person tent that comes standard with the NG-S2 Basic Survival Pack, the NG-ICSS is a three-person tent, or a one- or two-person tent with plenty of room for equipment and gear. Flame resistant, waterproof, and insulated to –60 degrees Fahrenheit (-51 C), the NG-ICSS is standard issue among many mercenary companies and standing armies operating in the Great Lakes region. It also features the popular water collection system of the NG-S2 tent, extending water supplies by up to 20% under the best conditions. Slightly larger than the bare bones survival model, the ICSS is about the size of a hardback book when collapsed, and takes only 5 minutes for two people to set it up.

Statistical Data:

Height: 3 feet tall (0.9 m). Width: 5 feet (1.5 m). Length: 6 feet (1.8 m). Weight: 5 lbs (2.3 kg).

Power Systems: Has a small, built-in battery system with an overhead light; good for 72 hours of continual operation.

Market Cost: 800-1000 credits; common.

NG Command and Control Shelter

The NG-CCS is a large, hut-like tent system that is modular in its design and capable of operating in almost any environment. With a ceiling height of over 7 feet (2.1 m) and an integral arch support structure, every square inch of the interior is available, useful space, and best of all it does not require any special equipment, ladders, or specialized training to construct. In fact, four individuals can assemble the entire structure in less than 20 minutes time under optimal conditions.

The shelter is modular, meaning that it can easily connect with other shelters of the same model, creating a series of interlocking rooms capable of being fully sealed and operating independently from one another. The shelter system also has additional packages that can be added to it, including environmental controls and HVAC systems, protection against Nuclear, Biological and Chemical Warfare contamination, and even a complete surgical package with not only air purifiers, but a complete and separate air supply.

It stands up well in rain, humidity, and can even withstand wind gusts of up to 80 mph (128 km) for a protracted period of time. It protects against heat, cold, and can handle a load of 15 lbs (6.8 kg) of snow per square foot for 24 hours. It is an excellent temporary shelter for sleeping quarters, a mess tent, a communications room, medical tent, or even a command and control shelter as the name implies. It can even serve as a long-term, inexpensive shelter, being able to withstand years of abuse before suffering any lasting effects or damage. They are found in the service of mercenary groups, standing armies, militias, adventuring groups, and even the Coalition Army produces a knock-off.

Statistical Data:

Height: 8 feet overall (2.4 m).

Width: 9 feet (2.7 m).

Length: 22 feet (6.7 m).

Weight: 18 lbs (8.1 kg).

Power Systems: A small internal battery system that powers a series of small overhead lights; good for 144 hours of operation. For long term use the lighting system can be hooked up to a generator, has a separate adapter so that it can run on E-Clips or could be converted to Techno-Wizardry.

Market Cost: 3000 credits; common.

NG "Overland" Harness and Frame Pack

A compact but expandable, external frame, load bearing pack favored by many Wilderness Scouts and other explorers who are used to carrying everything they own on their person. It comes in a variety of styles, including woodland camouflage, arctic, desert, black and olive drab. The chest straps feature three magazine/utility pouches, a small compass pouch, and a quick-release connector enabling the main pack to be dropped in able for the bearer to move quickly as in a combat situation. The main compartment is capable of holding 3000 cubic inches (49,000 cc) of gear, and has a detachable daypack that holds 500 cubic inches (8200 cc). It also features a separate locking mechanism to conveniently secure the NG-ICSS sleeping system to the pack as well. It has numerous side pouches perfect for holding items that are often hard to get to in other backpack systems, for things like rations, first aid kits, maps, extra E-Clips, canteens and many other essentials. Constructed of heavy-duty materials, it's definitely an excellent buy for the money.

Cost: 700 credits.

NG "All-In-One" Utility Belt

The companion to the Overland Frame Backpack, the All-In-One Utility Belt is designed with not only the explorer in mind, it's a favorite of military personnel as well. It locks into the Overland Harness, providing for a complete load bearing system perfect for long-distance travel. It has four magazine pouches on the sides, each holding three standard rifle-sized E-Clips, or six pistol-sized E-Clips. There is a large fanny pouch that can hold rations, a large first aid kit, personal items, or a complete change of clothes. It has a separate radio pouch designed to fit most short-range radios and a canteen pouch perfect for hauling a standard one quart (0.95 liter) canteen. It can accommodate a pistol holster at the expense of one of the magazine pouches, or can be fitted with one or two hip-holsters without sacrificing storage space. Alternatively, instead of the hip-holsters, up to two leg pouches can be secured to the belt and strapped to the legs for extra cargo space. Ask most people who have traveled using it for an extended period of time, it lives up to its name of being "All-In-One."

Cost: 400 credits, 350 if purchased as part of a complete Overland package.

NG "Huntsman's Choice" Brand Clothing Line

Expanding on the wildly popular load bearing equipment line, Northern Gun has branched out to offer a line of clothing for the outdoorsman. The name "Huntsman" is no coincidence, as merchants are hoping to create name recognition with the Huntsman style body armor that is popular among wilderness explorers. These are clothes specially designed for wear in the wilderness, and are becoming popular not only among Wilderness Scouts, explorers, and adventurers, but are also seeing increased use among kingdom militias and militaries for use as standard uniforms. They are more expensive than regular clothing, but because of their durability they are well worth the expense. While not intended as combat armor, some of the clothing makes use of Mega-Damage fabrics, so they do provide some limited protection. All of the styles come in a choice of sizes and colors, including custom camouflage patterns, and personal insignia can be embroidered at an additional cost.

The NG "Hunter Suit" Jumpsuit

A common piece of clothing often ordered in bulk by militias, militaries, mercenary groups, expeditions and the occasional adventuring group in search of a uniform. It offers numerous pockets, including two on the chest, two rear pockets, two front pockets, two hip pockets, and small pockets on the upper sleeves, each with a magnetic strip closure. Additional pockets can be built in per special order, including secret pockets on the inside.

The standard NG Hunter Suit is made of a water and wind resistant fabric that is also rated for limited protection while in a contaminated environment. They also come in a more expensive upgrade made of Mega-Damage fabrics. With the proper headgear, boots and gloves, they are actually fully environmental. The wrist and pant cuffs come with magnetic strip closures like the pockets that are used to seal out dust, dirt and insects, but are also water and air tight, sealing out potential hazards such as poisonous gasses, biological weapons and other contaminants. They also have the added benefit of keeping out disease carrying insects. The suit comes standard with reinforced knee and elbow pads for comfort. The jumpsuit also comes with optional protective armor plates for the chest and back, providing nominal protection for the upper body and vital organs.

The suits come in a variety of colors ranging from black to stark white and any number of standard camouflage patterns. Special patterns, as well as modifications for D-Bees with extra limbs, tails or other non-human features, are possible and are available for a small extra charge.

Protection for the standard Jumpsuit: A.R. 7, S.D.C.: 15. Cost: Excellent Availability, 225 credits.

Protection with the armor plates: A.R. 11, M.D.C. 20. Cost: Good Availability, 500 credits.

Protection for the upgraded Jumpsuit: A.R. 12, M.D.C.: 10. Cost: Excellent Availability, 750 credits.

Protection with the armor plates: A.R. 16, M.D.C. 30. Cost: Excellent Availability, 1050 credits.

Cost for added insignia: 3 credits per insignia, per jumpsuit.

Cost for special colors, patterns, or modifications: Depending on the complexity of the pattern, anywhere from 5-50 credits *per jumpsuit*.

NG "Hunter Utilities"

Popular among customers who don't want the all-in-one features of the jumpsuit, a line of jackets and pants are available. Made of the same fabrics as the jumpsuits, although the jacket and pants are not readily fully environmental. They feature the same pockets and magnetic closures along the cuffs to keep out water, dust, dirt and insects, but the separation of the two at the waist prevents them from being a closed environment.

Protection for the standard Jacket: A.R. 5, S.D.C.: 10. Cost: Excellent Availability, 175 credits.

Protection with the armor plates: A.R. 9, M.D.C. 12. Cost: Good Availability, 425 credits.

Protection for the upgraded Jacket: A.R. 7, M.D.C.: 8. Cost: Excellent Availability, 525 credits.

Protection with the armor plates: A.R. 12, M.D.C. 20. Cost: Excellent Availability, 725 credits.

Protection for the Pants: A.R. 5, S.D.C.: 11. Cost: Excellent Availability, 200 credits.

Protection for the upgraded Pants: A.R. 8, M.D.C.: 10. Cost: Excellent Availability, 500 credits.

Cost for added insignia: 3 credits per insignia, per jacket.

Cost for special colors, patterns, or modifications: Depending on the complexity of the pattern, anywhere from 5-25 credits per jacket or pants.

NG "Hunter Paws Gloves" and "Hunter Tracks Boots"

An integral part of the Hunter Suit's environmental qualities, the boots and gloves are equally protective in their own right. The boots have an adjustable magnetic strip closure and also have a magnetic lip that locks into the cuffs of the jumpsuit, making a fully environmental seal. The treads come in a choice of patterns, with some of the more brash mercenary groups and militias creating their own unique tread pattern complete with insignias. Typically either dark brown or black, special order colors are available.

The gloves come in anything from light duty "driving-style" to mittens suitable for wear in the arctic cold. They all come standard with the magnetic sealing system and are available in a multitude of colors and patterns the same as the jumpsuit.

Boots Cost: Excellent availability, 250 credits.

Gloves Cost: Excellent availability, 100 credits.

Cost for special colors, patterns, or modifications: 50 credits per pair of boots, 10 credits per pair of gloves.

Explore the Palladium Megaverse®

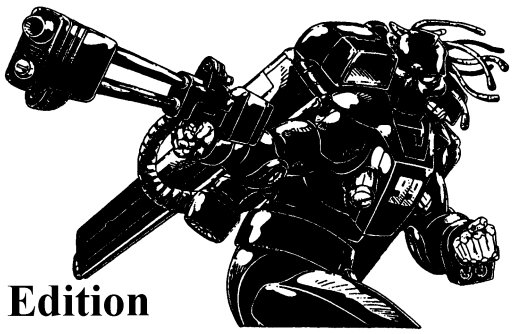
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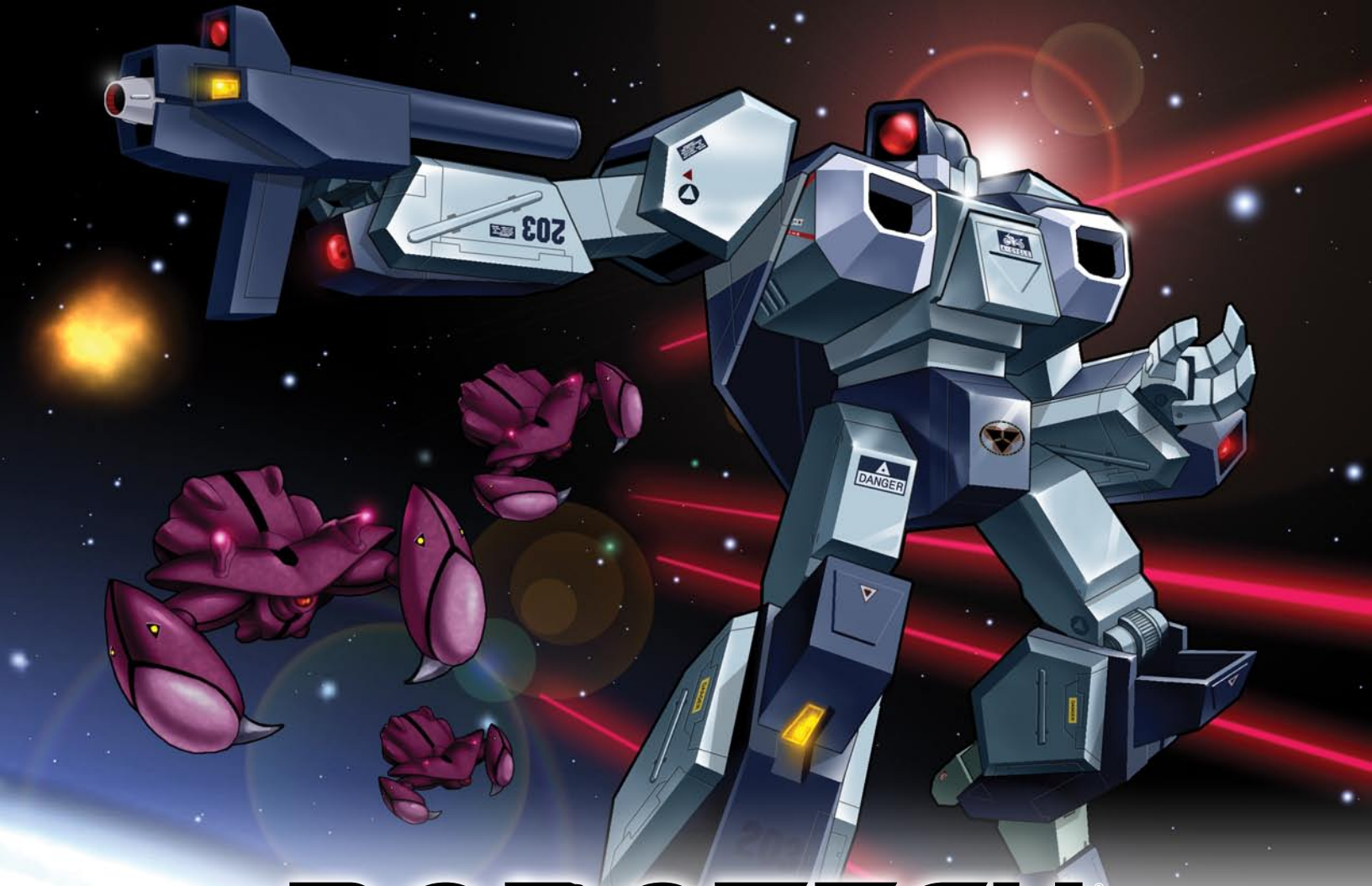
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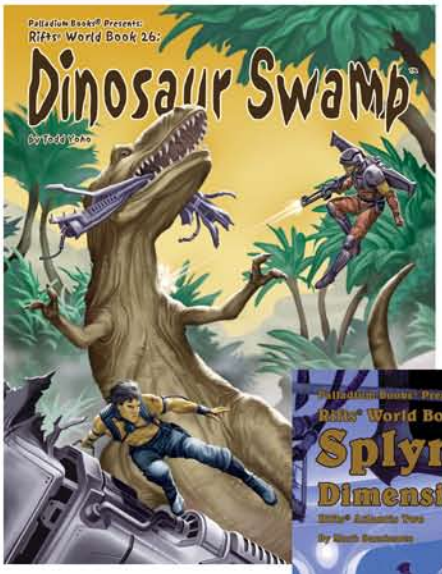
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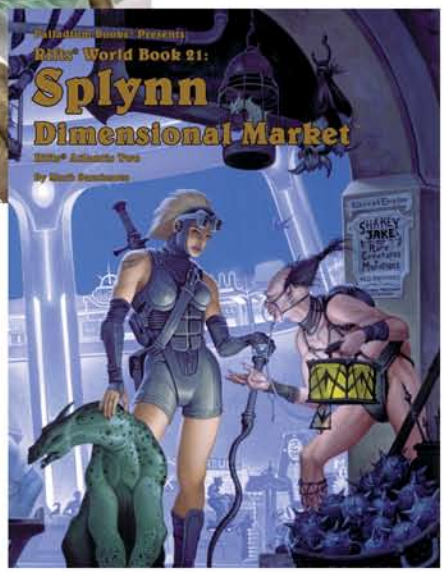
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