

# Z-LAND

THE SURVIVAL HORROR RPG



# Z-LAND

## THE SURVIVAL HORROR RPG

**LEAD DESIGNER:** Scott Dugdale-Wright.

**HEAD DEVELOPER:** Izak Tait.

**CO-DEVELOPER:** Scott Andrews.

**CONSULTANT:** Christopher Brady

**ARTIST:** Leonardo Colapietro



Find more creations from Stormforge Productions at <http://www.stormforgeproductions.com/>

Join us on Discord and chat with us and other Stormforge fans: <https://discord.gg/6GD43QD>

# OUR BACKERS

We cannot thank you enough for helping us make Z-LAND a reality. Without your pledges, this book wouldn't have happened. So give yourself a good pat on the back and enjoy the apocalyptic events in this book. It wouldn't have happened without you.

Christopher Brady  
James  
DanPew  
Eitje  
Mark Doering  
Scott Broadbent  
Jeff Glandon  
Danald A.Turner  
See's Before L Werremeyer  
Kyrak Drakhar  
Web Crittenden  
Michael Jaegers  
Sergei Orekhov  
Erik Quist  
Jacob Vance  
James Porter  
James  
Nic Golding  
Salvatore Puma  
Carl Friddle  
Calum  
Ben Fischer  
Davis Csobay  
Louise Hale  
John  
Pat Lockwood  
Shawn Murphy  
Nick  
David Kalnins  
Lucas Carraway  
Hauk Marki Hansen  
Eric Phaneuf  
Damoclese  
Galeg Helross  
Rebecca Paisley  
Robert Bund  
Christian  
Angelina Mosley  
Maverick Emmons  
Daniel Kane  
Brody Ratcliffe  
Demitrice  
Beau Saunders  
Ciaran Hammond  
Connor  
Carl Walter  
Cristopher Bruce  
Rebecca Thomson  
Huffatron

Kristofer Cook  
Ginette  
Clark Otis  
Fawn Colombatto  
Oliver Bock  
Matthew Swallow  
Shining Arrow  
Doug Moyer  
Hunter Campbell  
Andrew Taylor  
Printable Scenery  
Chris Volcheck  
Chris Hitchcock  
Chad Lynds  
William  
Jacob Jones  
Luis Hubbuck  
CJ Williams  
Alex Aire & Andy Aire  
Andreas  
Ryan Lawrence  
Peter Jønsson  
Jordan  
Allan Prewett  
Robin A. Nissen  
Andrew Walker  
Carzak  
The Freelancing Roleplayer  
Sebastien Babineau  
Andrew  
David Beasley  
Scott Spear  
Jessica  
Alfredo Lp  
Martin Hoag  
Richard Glenney  
Xiang Ron  
Simon Haywood  
Tflagg  
Luis Dantas  
Lars Neumann  
Jason Thorne  
Ryan  
Dallas Taylor  
Brian Hrischuk  
Derek & Kaitie Hayes  
Sam Hing  
Alex Moore  
Trevor Fetherstonhaugh

Emily  
Gianluca Galtelli  
Ben  
Joseph Stanford-Turner  
Lee Castor  
Alan Boscato  
Robbert Moore  
Artaey  
Jjnarutojjj  
Alexandre Skromov  
Andrew Agnew  
Christopher  
Jeremy Troxel  
John  
Tyler Potter  
Paul Miguel  
Valarie Botchlet  
Brent Burkett  
Amelia Petherbridge  
Sarah Denton  
Angus Abranson / Chronicle City  
Matt Snyder  
Esterwogen  
Danny Dryden  
Sven Niklas Schäfer-Näthke  
Amethys  
'Nique  
Alyssa Vetter  
Nuri  
Lukuz13  
Anna Grub  
Anthony Pendleton  
Elin Hedin  
Lennart Kueck  
Doug Grimes  
Turindo  
Ryan Byczek  
Adam Bushell  
Urist McBacker  
Tyler  
Jpyron  
Anthony  
Zachery  
Michael Kimber  
Bryan  
BaconRider  
Mark H. Walker

# CONTENTS

<b>CREDITS</b> .....	<b>1</b>
<b>OUR BACKERS</b> .....	<b>2</b>
<b>CONTENTS</b> .....	<b>3</b>
<b>THE FALL</b> .....	<b>6</b>
<b>THE APOCALYPSE</b> .....	<b>7</b>
The end of his world .....	<b>7</b>
The Days Before The Night ....	<b>8</b>
The Longest Night.....	<b>11</b>
A Brand New World .....	<b>14</b>
Life in the Wastes .....	<b>16</b>
The Ways of the Wastes ....	<b>20</b>
Rise of the Unborn.....	<b>23</b>
a Good place to die .....	<b>24</b>
Breakdown of The Fall .....	<b>26</b>
<b>CHARACTER CREATION</b> .....	<b>29</b>
Who are you? .....	<b>30</b>
Childhood .....	<b>31</b>
Teen Years .....	<b>33</b>
Adulthood.....	<b>35</b>
Finishing Touches .....	<b>37</b>
Archetypes .....	<b>38</b>
<b>PRE-MADE CHARACTERS</b> .....	<b>40</b>
Amber the Military Brat.....	<b>40</b>
Freddie the Hooligan .....	<b>42</b>
Jack the Dreamer .....	<b>44</b>
Kazuo the Gangster .....	<b>46</b>
Sabina the Momma Bear.....	<b>48</b>

<b>STARTING SCENARIOS</b> .....	<b>50</b>
<b>THE RULES</b> .....	<b>54</b>
<b>BASIC RULES</b> .....	<b>55</b>
Basic Game Concepts.....	<b>55</b>
Playing the Game .....	<b>56</b>
Skill Checks .....	<b>58</b>
Skill Check Modifiers .....	<b>60</b>
Degrees of Success.....	<b>64</b>
Sigils.....	<b>65</b>
<b>COMBAT</b> .....	<b>67</b>
Initiative .....	<b>67</b>
Turn Times .....	<b>68</b>
Combat Actions .....	<b>69</b>
Wounds.....	<b>70</b>
<b>SANITY</b> .....	<b>76</b>
The Road to Insanity .....	<b>78</b>
Mental Recovery.....	<b>79</b>
<b>SKILLS</b> .....	<b>80</b>
Skill list.....	<b>80</b>
Specialisations .....	<b>81</b>
Skill Descriptors .....	<b>81</b>
<b>EQUIPMENT</b> .....	<b>85</b>
Money.....	<b>85</b>
Gear.....	<b>87</b>
<b>ADVANCEMENT</b> .....	<b>91</b>
<b>SURVIVAL</b> .....	<b>93</b>
Hunger.....	<b>93</b>
Food Spoilage .....	<b>94</b>





Thirst . . . . .	95
Stamina . . . . .	95
Exposure . . . . .	96
Unconsciousness . . . . .	97

**THE INFECTION. . . . . 99**

Becoming Infected . . . . .	99
Spread of the Infection . . . . .	99
The Fever. . . . .	100
The Calm Before the Storm . .	100
Sample Infected . . . . .	100

**TERRA MORTIS . . . . . 102**

**THE DEAD WORLD . . . . . 103**

The Dead World . . . . .	106
The Fall of the Mighty . . . . .	107
Under the Earth . . . . .	108
Life Adrift. . . . .	110
Rise of the Unborn . . . . .	111
Dead Surroundings. . . . .	112
Breakdown of Terra Mortis . .	116

**CHARACTER CREATION . . . . . 119**

Transition . . . . .	120
Who are you? . . . . .	123
Childhood . . . . .	124
Teenage Years . . . . .	127
Adulthood . . . . .	129
Archetypes . . . . .	132

**PRE-MADE CHARACTERS . . . . . 134**

Amber the Slaver . . . . .	134
Freddie the Family Man . . . .	136
Jack the Vagabond . . . . .	138

Kazuo the Shade . . . . .	140
---------------------------	-----

Sabina the Sufferer. . . . .	142
------------------------------	-----

**STARTING SCENARIOS. . . . . 144**

**THE PLAGUE . . . . . 148**

**THE CREEPING DEATH . . . . . 149**

The Lost Origins . . . . .	149
Anatomy and Physiology . . .	158
The S1122-O12v6 Cell . . . . .	159
The Infernal Hosts . . . . .	166

**NEW GENESIS. . . . . 178**

**A NEW BEGINNING . . . . . 179**

A World Reborn . . . . .	183
The Nomen . . . . .	184
The Arbiters . . . . .	185
The Keepers . . . . .	187
The Sunken . . . . .	188
The Way of the Grey . . . . .	189
The New World. . . . .	191
Breakdown of New Genesis. .	195

**CHARACTER CREATION . . . . . 197**

Who are you? . . . . .	198
Childhood . . . . .	199
Teenage Years . . . . .	202
Adulthood . . . . .	205
Archetypes . . . . .	208

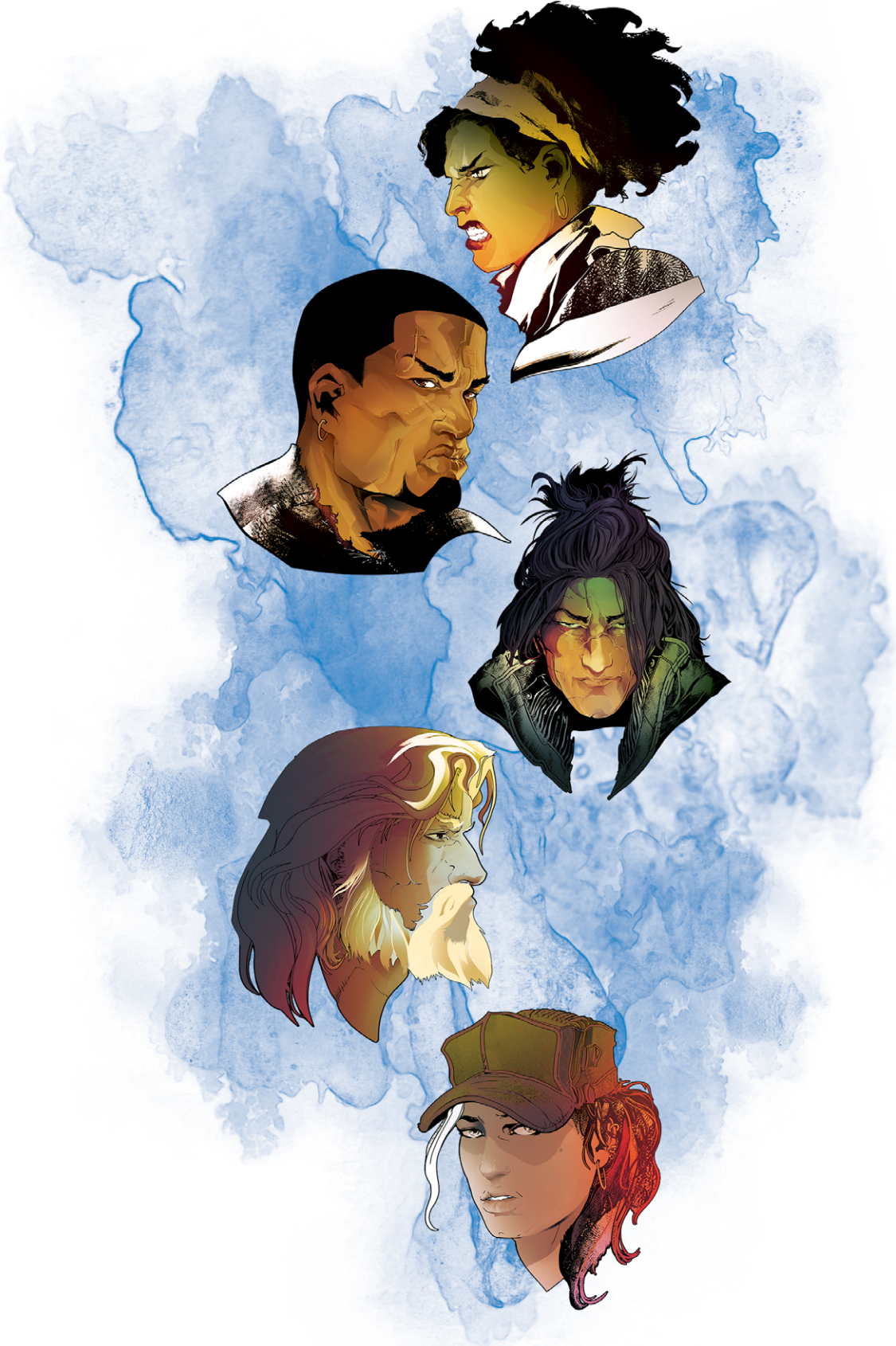
**PRE-MADE CHARACTERS . . . . . 210**

Akagi Ishikawa . . . . .	210
High Inquisitor Kane Joubert	212
Linka . . . . .	214
Ford . . . . .	216

The Wanderer . . . . .	218	Infrastructure . . . . .	252
<b>STARTING SCENARIOS . . . . .</b>	<b>220</b>	The Environment . . . . .	254
<b>GAME MASTERS . . . . .</b>	<b>223</b>	The Infection . . . . .	255
<b>GM SECTION . . . . .</b>	<b>224</b>	<b>CHEAT SHEETS . . . . .</b>	<b>259</b>
Know yourself and your players	224		
House Rules . . . . .	225		
The Game . . . . .	226		
Running the Game . . . . .	229		
Combat and Damage . . . . .	231		
The Long Game . . . . .	233		
Scavenging . . . . .	234		
Introducing the Infected . . . .	235		
<b>FACTION CREATION . . . . .</b>	<b>237</b>		
The Fall . . . . .	237		
Terra Mortis . . . . .	238		
New Genesis . . . . .	240		
<b>SCAVENGING . . . . .</b>	<b>242</b>		
Finding What You Need . . . .	242		
Environments . . . . .	242		
For everything else . . . . .	244		
<b>THREAT . . . . .</b>	<b>245</b>		
Generating Threat . . . . .	245		
Noise Table . . . . .	246		
Environments . . . . .	246		
<b>APOCALYPSE TIMELINE . . . . .</b>	<b>247</b>		
Food . . . . .	247		
Power . . . . .	248		
Animals . . . . .	249		
Transportation . . . . .	250		
Communication . . . . .	251		



# THE FALL



# THE APOCALYPSE

## THE END OF HIS WORLD

The sun settled beyond the horizon as the populace slept soundly, with many of the afflicted seeming to recover from their feverish plight. As they slumbered, those that dared say they were better soon found themselves rising from their beds; yet not as the people they once were, but as something wholly sinister, something un-human...

Frank Dupont had crawled into bed drunk that night, an easy choice for him as his wife Linda had the boys for the weekend. His bedroom was illuminated by a muted television that cast scenes of police blockades, protests, and brutal violence upon the walls.

The world was going to hell.

The thought crossed his mind as he struggled to watch the broadcast, eventually giving in to his spinning mind and letting sleep take his worries somewhere else for the night.

A gunshot cracked through Frank's stupor, but the spinning was still there. The flashing red of his alarm clock gave him no sense of time. Screams followed another shot as fear began to bubble inside of Frank. The still glowing television displayed bars of colour and a scrolling message.

**[PLEASE REMAIN CALM AND STAY INDOORS. DO NOT APPROACH VIOLENT INDIVIDUALS.]**

An engine was heard revving outside, wheels screeching as it left in a hurry. The screeching tires gave way to more screams, screams that Frank didn't recognise as human at first. It hardly left space for breathing; it was just rage, pure rage. He moved aside the blinds, peering out into the night. The street lights

still burned bright in the cul-de-sac as Frank saw a woman as the source of the screams. She slammed the head of his neighbour, a police officer no less, into the sidewalk again and again. Frank span away from the window, fumbling in the light of the television to find his phone. A robotic voice told him that emergency services were at capacity, to remain calm, and to stay indoors.

He returned to the window as the screaming stopped. The woman, now hunched over the officer, appeared to be giving the man mouth to mouth, but as she lifted her head away part of the officer's face followed suit. "She's fucking eating him," Frank whispered in disbelief. His boys flashed in the back of his mind as he dialled Linda's number. The phone beeped back to him, the lines too busy, thousands were calling for those they loved. He couldn't stay here not knowing if they were safe. With drunken bravado he reached for his keys and left for the garage.

Turning the ignition, the car sprang to life as a radio announcer screamed panic across the airwaves. Frank turned the volume down as he attempted to collect himself, his head still a swirl as he thumbed the door opener. Headlights beamed out into the cul-de-sac catching the woman and the officer on the sidewalk. The screeching began again as she lifted herself from the bloodied body. It was then Frank saw two small holes in her torso leaking red onto the white of her nightgown. She leaned forward sprinting full pace at him, screaming into the night...

Frank slammed the accelerator down and the car lurched out of the garage,

*Feeling better doesn't mean you're not infected anymore.*

*Check out sample Undead Skills on Page 101.*

# THE FALL

## LORE

*How can you outrun something that will never tire?*

swerving from his driveway as the woman drew closer. The headlights caught the pure rage in her eyes, the madness. She leapt toward the bonnet bouncing off and cracking the windshield. Frank swerved down the small suburban road as the woman gripped the wipers, smashing her head into the windshield all the while screaming her lungs out.

Rounding the corner at speed the *thing* was thrown to the road. With heart racing and head spinning Frank followed the signs to the highway. The woman in his rear view mirror climbed back to her feet and continued her chase, but slowly faded into the dark. The streets were in chaos and in the distance he heard horns telling him the highway was near. Sooner than he hoped Frank found the start of the traffic attempting to merge. People weren't staying home, they were leaving in droves; whole families with their lives packed on top of their cars. As more cars joined the queue Frank was now committed to the highway, no way on or off, stuck with hundreds of other drivers.

Figures emerged from the dark running between the cars. Frank watched in the mirror as motorists were torn from their vehicles by groups of maddened, animalistic people. He saw the blood and the body parts removed by the growing crowd. In a panic Frank bashed on the horn in futility, willing the bumper-to-bumper traffic to move. The maddened crowd turned, facing towards the new sound. It was now or never for Frank, run or hide.

With adrenaline pumping Frank fumbled with the handle pushing his way out and onto the road. He wouldn't stay trapped like the others. It was now that he heard the screams; not from the victims but rather the crowd. An inhuman scream, each and everyone of

them, screaming as though their lungs were on fire. True fear struck Frank. A fear humanity hasn't felt since our days around the campfires of old. The fear only prey feels.

They began to run, both Frank and the crowd. Fearful faces looked on from inside the other vehicles as pain and exhaustion began to attack Frank. His mind was clear now, the drunkenness torn away, but he still couldn't remember the last time he ran this hard. It was then that arms reached around him, the fingers digging in and Frank was pulled down to the asphalt. He broke his fall as best he could, grazing himself as hands began to grab at his hair. The first time his head slammed against the road he felt a hot wetness dripping from the top of his head, the blood stinging as it reached his eyes. Then came the second, harder this time, stunning him. At the edge of consciousness Frank felt hands pulling him in every direction, then came the teeth. Not all broke through his clothing but those that did were accompanied the horrific realization that he was about to be eaten alive. Luckily for Frank, a moment later his head was again dashed into the road throwing him into darkness. A kindness considering the gnashing teeth that now tore into his flesh. The chaos continued on the highway and throughout the city.

The Longest Night had begun.

## THE DAYS BEFORE THE NIGHT

When news first broke about the organism that would later be known as HKEV (the Hong Kong Encephalitic Virus) it broke locally. The wider global community was unaware that the flu, which had begun to strike down their travellers, was connected to other cases

across the globe. With flu-like symptoms it worked fast, but took experts far longer to connect the dots. The first case which gave the Pseudo Encephalitic Virus (PEV) its full title was from Hong Kong Airways flight HX249. Over a hundred of the passengers were confirmed to be infected with PEV. It was Dr. Benjamin Tse of Queen Elizabeth Hospital that drew the connection. Dr. Tse believed that more passengers could have been exposed to PEV, but were yet to come forward.

Dr. Tse was correct, but it wasn't just the passengers that were infected. Over the coming days Q.E. Hospital and many other health care facilities saw a rise in numbers; a situation that was mirrored across the globe. Dr. Tse, who was fast becoming the authority on HKEV, spoke to the international media, confirming the crisis that Hong Kong was facing, but urged that Hong Kong was not ground zero for the virus. The "Flight Flu" as Tse called it became the name the media would run with. He advised travellers to wear face masks while in the air and on board planes if travel was a necessity.

While Tse's interview was being played around the world the Centre for Disease Control and Prevention in the United States was struggling to keep up with the political pressure. The President wanted answers now as concerns continued to rise among the population. More than travellers were falling ill, doctors and nurses were joining their patients. The pressure forced the CDC to release a rushed statement claiming that, while contagious, the lack of fatalities meant the flu would likely run its course. Hospitals would be pushed to capacity and a recommended course of home treatment was called for.

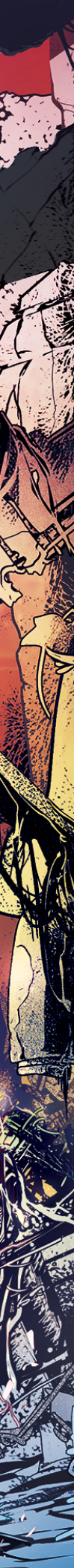
This response, while reassuring, was met with anger from the public. The

Flight Flu was the first global pandemic of recent times and the official response was home treatment? The message was repeated by many governments around the world and drew the ire of their people. Social media screened protests and demonstrations as the people demanded more of their elected officials. In their eyes tax dollars weren't being utilized to ease the disaster; but in reality the hospitals were already at breaking point. The halls were overflowing with patients from every walk of life.

Schools fell silent as concerned parents kept their children home, many already suffering the effects of HKEV. Supermarket shelves began to empty. Customers bought all they could, forcing owners to control item limits. The limits wouldn't stop the panic, however, with customers immediately returning for more. Fights for what remained on the shelves was a certainty and with protests growing ever more violent, looting of these places was becoming common. Unwilling owners hired private security to protect what little that remained.

As panic bubbled over globally the European Union declared a state of emergency, opening thousands of emergency care facilities across Europe. Schools and universities became homes for the fevered. It was from these camps that the first rumoured deaths of HKEV spread. The virus was treated as influenza and while the fever brought on by HKEV was dangerous, experts had predicted a low fatality rate. The deaths were not confirmed by officials and the media-swarm around the subject now turned to the United States. FEMA camps had been activated by the President in response to the EU and a blanket travel ban was brought before the senate. For the first time in its history the United States attempted to closed its borders

*Read the other side  
of the Plague's origin  
on Page 149.*



# THE FALL

## LORE

to the world. Yet the ban was overruled, not reaching a majority vote. The very irate POTUS attempted to veto the decision but the action would take time, too much time.

International air travel slowed with many fearing the stigma the Flight Flu had given airlines. Australia established a three day quarantine, required for any traveller entering the country, resident or not. The travellers were held under high scrutiny. Any displaying the tell tale signs of HKEV were shifted to camps organised by the Australian military and the NCCTRC (National Critical Care and Trauma Response Centre). Across the ditch New Zealand followed the American's suit, attempting to close their borders to international flights bound for the country.

It was too little too late for many nations, with HKEV already planting its roots deep into the population. There wasn't a nation on earth that hadn't been touched by it in some manner. The protests began to taper out, with many of the sign-bearers too weak to continue their march. The world governments had finally responded to the threat but in the words given to a journalist by Dr. Benjamin Tse: "The reaction has not been enough to help save the situation, we have arrived too late."

It certainly seemed too late as global figures estimated an infection ratio of 1 to 10, numbers unheard of since the plagues of our past. The world seemed to be on the brink of total chaos when a miracle occurred. Dr. Tse reported a one hundred percent recovery rate from the passengers of HX249. Similar reports were made by experts across the planet and the world let out a collective sigh of relief. Medical officials had used every dollar they had to find an effective treatment of HKEV and had come up

short. Standard influenza treatment had little to no effect and a vaccine was deemed to be years from completion. The infected population, however, seemed to be recovering fine.

While this was a relief to many, a startling discovery was made out of Johannesburg. A research group had determined that HKEV had made the jump to mammals with cases of bovine and swine infection from industry professionals. Even pet owners reported the same Flight Flu symptoms in dogs and cats. Dr. Tse suggested that people were making connections where there were none, that this was a product of the panic the world was under. No virus had ever made the jump across as many species as quickly as people were suggesting.

With the claims debunked, hospitals and medical facilities finally had the chance to breathe again, but travel restrictions were still enforced. Some folks even returned to the workplace after their recovery and many reported a sense of renewed vitality. Over the following week many more returned to health and, in turn, their homes. This, however, was not the end of their ordeal. Dr. Tse and his growing number of colleagues had managed to isolate HKEV and, under closer inspection, had devised that what they were looking at wasn't a virus at all but rather a living organism unlike anything the team had seen before.

This realization came once again too late. For many the miraculous recovery of thousands was an act of god, and if that is true, then what was to come surely was the act of something darker. Days before The Longest Night pictures and videos of violent acts spread across the internet; attacks akin to the Bath Salts incidents of 2012. An individual

*Could Dr. Tse's work be the base for a cure in the apocalypse?*

was shot and killed after the attack of six people in Berlin, with medical officials claiming the man was a HKEV victim and that the fever had driven him to the attack. Shocked family members claimed the man had recovered and was cleared by the hospital. More stories similar to the Berlin attack emerged from around the world. The fear was rising again and the world's governments seemed far too quiet.

What was a trickle soon became a flood as the sun set on the final day of the old world. The Longest Night had begun. East Asia and Oceania were the first to suffer the effects, with the rest of the world soon following as the sun crept its way across the face of Earth. With the sunset came sleep for the population, a population that was finally beginning to see an end to the panic, the fear, and the flu that had taken the world by storm. It was this night that the first who were infected would succumb to the organism. It had by this time spread throughout the body and infected the brain. Once REM (rapid eye movement) sleep occurred the organism took control, effectively killing the host. The body was still alive but the brain was hijacked.

Jolting into consciousness the infected person would rise from sleep with an uncontrollable rage, killing and consuming anyone unfortunate enough to be sharing a bed with the creature. Any other household members soon fell to it after running towards the screams. The cities were alive with sirens, but there was no one to come to their aid, everyone was fighting their own fight. The brutality of the attacks made its way to the internet giving some a warning of what was to come, but the warning would not save them from The Longest Night.

Before dawn the world's population

had plummeted like never before. No plague, no disease, no famine had claimed so many in such a short time. Nearly a quarter of humanity was snuffed out as the night continued. Some tried to run, but others stayed in their homes hoping the horror would end, that someone would come to save the day, that something would be done. This was a shared experience of all humanity, but no one was coming. We were all in the same boat and that boat was sinking fast. Those lucky enough to survive the night would wake to a world changed.

The floor of the New York stock exchange was silent; the Eiffel tower housed those attempting to escape the climbing blight; the CN tower burned, a candle on the Toronto skyline. The world we knew disappeared in a night, a night where we became the hunted, the prey. The coming day would have as many casualties. The infected, the dead, chased down their quarry in the streets and in the fields. They did not tire and there was no running from them. Hiding worked for some, but not for long, soon hunger or thirst would drive them to reveal themselves. Slowly the bodies of those who died the night before would rise, driven by the plague now inside them. Humanity was vastly outnumbered by an enemy that did not sleep and did not feel pain. An enemy that we could not defeat.

## THE LONGEST NIGHT

Violent attacks caused by HKEV were explained away as products of the riots. Packaged in among scenes of protests they went unnoticed alongside the rest of the violence. It was a possibility that governments were aware of these deaths and attempted to keep them

*See how the Plague infects a host body on Page 158.*

*Hunger and Thirst rules on Page 93.*

# THE FALL

## LORE

quiet, as to avoid mass panic. The lack of preparation would tell us otherwise. Armed forces, both territorial and international, showed no change in the days before The Longest Night. Like in homes around the world, emergency services and armed forces had their own people coming for their flesh. Some managed to contain the outbreak to their respected facilities, but the majority failed. The panic and confusion came from the enemy waking up beside them. Unable to defend themselves against the brutal attacks they succumbed to their wounds.

The bases were not prepared for an attack from within. Unarmed soldiers could do little to fight off their squad-mates. Reinforcements arrived with free-fire authorised but in most cases heavy ordnance and armour weren't. Contain and capture was the command and this lead to the deaths of many more. They did manage to contain and restrain some of the Plagued, yet any attempt to treat them proved useless and resulted in greater injury to the soldiers. Those wounded in the attack became feverish, taking them out of the line of duty. It was not long before the plague claimed them too.

Police and emergency services suffered a similar fate. Attempting to help or restrain the Plagued masses was impossible. Many of the officers returned to their homes hoping to protect their own after seeing the nightmare taking place on the streets. People of all ages and sizes were attacking and beating their victims to death... and eating them. That last detail finally made its way onto the late night news that continued to run. They streamed footage seen live on social media throughout their own networks. Soon the rainbow hue of colour bars replaced the news and all

doubt was cast aside as a message began to scroll across the screen.

**[PLEASE REMAIN CALM AND STAY INDOORS, DO NOT APPROACH VIOLENT INDIVIDUALS]**

Roads across the world's cities clogged with the vehicles of panicked civilians. What little emergency response that remained sat stuck in the very same traffic. Horns blared as the bumper-to-bumper traffic squeezed to fit onto the already clogged motorways. Like blood vessels attempting to squeeze through a tightening artery they jostled and battled to find a way through, but the cities' heart attack continued. The fleeing motorists had nowhere to go as the Plagued found them trapped in their metal cages. They tore people from their cars, with no sense of preservation the Plagued bled as their arms crashed through wind-shields and passenger windows. These empty cars would remain there forever, till the rubber of their tires degraded, till paint peeled and metal chassis rusted away. These now stood as gravestones to those lost during the night.

Some ran after seeing what would happen to them if they stayed. A few of those runners made it off the motorways and highways that night, but most did not. Most would rise to join the Plagued, with some consumed to the point where only bones remained. Those who listened to the broadcast to stay indoors stood a chance at surviving the night. Those who didn't have an infected family member that is. With a tenth of the population infected the chances were high that on a given street more than one property would hold a member of the Plagued. This one would become many with family members and house mates standing little chance to protect themselves. It was the element of surprise that caught the world's armed

forces off guard and the same was true of the civilian population.

Husbands, wives, mothers, fathers, daughters and sons all became the enemy of one another. Many were unable or unwilling to do harm to the ones they loved. Plenty didn't even have the choice, waking, screaming as their partner bit down into their neck. Once the inhabitants of the house were still and the feasting began the Plagued would only be disturbed by sounds outside. With most doors locked the *thing* would find the path of least resistance, more than likely throwing itself through a window or a ranch slider door. Now outside the sounds of the night would reach it, and with singular purpose the creature would follow the noise to attack any and all it found. Before long its family would follow, slower than the one who killed them but with the same singular purpose. The Lifeless would continue to join the Plagued as the Longest Night raged on.

Those lucky enough to be alone or without a Plagued relative stood the best chance to live till the dawn. With chaos on the streets the dead occupied themselves with those who ran. While the dweller wasn't in immediate danger, come the dawn they would find themselves surrounded by the same threat. There is only so much food and water in one household and if the dweller wasn't prepared they would have to leave their safe haven in time. Dogs that succumbed to the plague stood a chance to sniff out the dweller and alert the neighbourhood to what lay within. Arguments or any loud noise from inside might be enough to trigger a response from the outside. The dweller would find themselves in the heart of enemy territory where the majority of the infected population would remain.

In comparison, those who left their homes early gambled with their lives, but someone has to be at the front of the traffic. Those people avoided the horror of being trapped in their homes and cars. Few would find themselves in this position of potential safety. If they stick to the roads and watched their gas they'd see the city and crowds of the Plagued shrinking in their rear-view mirrors. Mammals, however, were not exempt from the plague. Livestock, both living and dead, would be a hazard to the traveller if they found themselves in rural areas. The population count of the Plagued mammals would be lower but the danger is still real. Humans are far from fastest in the animal kingdom and can be run down on foot by wild animals, pets and livestock alike.

Surviving the first night of the end of the world was no easy task. Those who waited for the aid of others would more than likely join the creatures hunting the living. Even with the Plagued attacking all they see some people would turn to their basic instincts: looting and stealing all they can. Supermarket shelves would be stripped bare of what little they still had in stock, banks would be emptied of cash and jewellery stores their jewels. Opportunists exist in all levels of society, seizing the day, they would see the riots and growing disaster as a chance to score big, even facing the risk of death or infection to reach their goals. The spread of chaos from the cities would reach out across every country, across the globe. No government was safe from The Longest Night, no organised resistance would take place. Only disorder, chaos, fear... the end of the world. But the sun would rise and the world it rose upon was one forever changed. Blood had been spilt like no event before. The skeletal remains of those torn apart by

*With gnashing teeth and rotting flesh, the Lifeless can be found on Page 170.*

*Scavenging will be the way of life, find out how to do it on Page 242.*

# THE FALL

## LORE

the Plagued litter the cities and small town streets alike. A wound that would take generations to heal was inflicted on the human psyche.

The survivors of the night now looked out from their places of hiding, the homes, factories, stadiums, office towers, sewers and many more. The world that now greeted them was hostile and alien. The chaos had not ended with the rising sun. Automated broadcasts still spat out their robotic warnings. Large scale infrastructure began to fail without human intervention. But for the most part the lights stayed on, a testament to the engineers who designed the fail safes, although none would have predicted a disaster of this scale.

The Plagued and the dead would spend their first day hunting down those survivors, and many would find themselves alone, lost in a sea of chaos and despair. Those lucky enough to have another beside them would stand a fighting chance, not against the Plagued, but against the world. Any foolish enough to stand their ground against the enemy would soon be joining them. The many heroic acts that occurred throughout the night and the morning had only served to swell the ranks of the dead, costing humanity some of its strongest. Groups of survivors would begin to form over the coming days and it was those groups that would shape the years to come.

## A BRAND NEW WORLD

In all the stories humanity told of the end, one fact was often overlooked: “what came next?” The world as we knew it may have ended but the Earth continued to spin. Days followed nights and the seasons came and went. In

these days and nights people still lived, still breathed. What happened after the rapture? After the cataclysm? After the end of the world? It’s a small group of people who held the answers, the stories of survival, hope and despair.

After the Longest Night came an unnerving silence. A quiet we had never known in our modern lives. The roads stood still, the carcasses of metal tarnishing with time. The malls empty of shoppers, home now to animals that sought shelter. The office towers of big businesses muted, their shadows looming long over the quiet world below. The world of work and production came to a sudden and permanent stop. Homes stood frozen in time collecting dust, evidence of evacuation everywhere. Plastic sheets of emergency tents flapped in the wind, blood coating their sides.

Some survivors of the night may have found themselves working in far away remote locations, only to return to a world they no longer recognised, a world of silence. The silence didn’t remain for long, the living screamed as the dead found them. Gunshots of resistance sounded loud in the distance. Humanity fought to survive in a world of which they were no longer the ruler. Shrieks of the Plagued haunted the empty squares and plazas where thousands once walked. The hunters of humanity were without a doubt a threat, but there was another unseen danger that cost copious lives in the early years. The majority of humanity had lived a life of convenience, never knowing what it would take to survive away from the luxuries of their homes. Starvation, thirst and exposure came fast, no one was there to tell them what was safe to eat or to drink. Many were desperate enough to drink from any source, then finding

themselves too sick to fight, too sick to carry on. Mistakes were certainly made but as always humanity learnt from its mistakes, learnt once again the power of fire and how to create it.

These survivors stripped the world of what it had left. Every can of beans, every bottle of water, if it could be found it already had been. In those early days groups survived as nomads, carrying all they had with them, leaving bare the environment around them. Survivors siphoned cars as fuel pumps ran dry. The necessities of life would be scarce but with a keen eye one could still come across something lifesaving.

Hunting was in some cases more difficult than scavenging for food. How does one hunt when they themselves are hunted? We did once before in the prehistory of humankind and we would again. The problem was if that food was already infected by the plague it was no good to anyone. The Plagued hungered for more than human meat and would happily consume anything living within its path. Herds of them destroyed all that remained of organized farming. The fields, no longer tended, grew large and unruly. A buffet for the Plagued who washed upon them like locust.

With its normal sources of food stolen humanity faced a monumental task. Small groups of hunters and scavengers would scrape by with whatever came their way, collecting water from the sky and streams that were safe from the bodies of the Plagued. The living survived wherever they could, most not by choice. Finding themselves surrounded or unable to move on from fear of death but still with a roof above their head. Shelter from mother nature was the next crucial element of survival.

The seasons would hit harder than ever before. No air conditioning, just a

fire to stay warm and shade to stay cool. Exposure to extreme weather conditions, be it hot or cold, could claim a life as quick as the Plague. Many froze to death when the first winter came, falling prey to hypothermia. The elements didn't effect the dead the same as the living, they still searched on, drawn to the fires, the pockets of warmth, the light of the living. With temperatures dropping and lack of proper clothing, excursions out from their new homes would prove difficult for the survivors. For those of whom the Longest Night struck in the middle of winter would find it the hardest.

With no time to prepare and stockpile food many would starve huddled in their creaking homes. A fate perhaps more pleasant than those hunted on the streets. The Plagued were not immune to the climate and would eventually succumb to cold. Their bodies slowing and dying, but they wouldn't find rest yet. They would rise again as the Lifeless and join the shambling hordes of shadows that walked among the snow. Understanding the enemy was the first step in fighting back. Looking past the folklore, pop culture and rumours, these are the threats they faced.

*Learn how to cope with the cold on Page 96.*

## THE DREADED MARK

It's the worst nightmare of any survivor, fighting for your life only to discover afterwards the trickling of blood from a bite that might end it. There are many legends of how to survive the dreaded mark ranging from the bizarre to the almost believable. But the fact remains: there are no guarantees. Some try burning the flesh, others covering the thing with honey and sage. When your life's on the line you'll try almost anything to keep it going. The answer

*You can avoid becoming infected, check Page 99.*

# THE FALL

## LORE

*Why not try incense and meditation? It can't hurt.*

may still be out there but as of yet the only sure fire way to even attempt to survive is amputation. An act which more often than not kills the patient. It doesn't need be clean to stop the spread but it must be done soon after a bite or you'll be losing more than one part. This unfortunately only saves those bitten on either the arms or legs. Anywhere else and death will surely find them. It's then the folklore becomes appealing. Applying leeches to the wound then burning them, taking hundreds of vitamin C supplements or even biting the one who bit you. There are many stories but most are just that... stories. Be careful what you read...

## LIFE IN THE WASTES

### THE PLAGUED

#### (SONICS, RUNNERS, SCREAMERS)

The Plagued were the first stage of the infected and perhaps one of the worst. After entering REM sleep they would rise again from their place of rest, no longer the person they were before. Consumed by a need to eat, a need to kill, the Plagued would seek out any living creature be it human or animal. They are as fast and strong as their pre-infected selves but they don't have a barrier of pain to concern them. They push past the point of exhaustion, past the point of collapse; they run till their muscles tear, till their lungs give out. They leap into danger with no sense of self-preservation. At least it seems that way from the outside. Some have reported the creatures attacking those who pose the most threat to them, but all are in agreement that the Plagued seem to prefer to hunt the slowest, most

vulnerable in a group. Children snatched from their protectors find themselves victims to their horrific nature.

While they are fast and strong they don't carry the intellect of their pre-infected selves. Their brains operate on a more basic animalistic level. They don't communicate with one another nor do they work together. Yet they seem to know enough to attack only those who aren't carriers of the plague. The horrific things aren't satisfied with only one kill. Once a mark is incapacitated they move onto the next and the next until none remain. Then the feast begins.

The Plagued consume vast amounts of raw flesh powering the infection within them, keeping them "alive". They begin with the softer, fatter parts, moving on till either they fill their stomachs or only bones remain. These creatures are in every sense living, their bodies functioning like before the turn. But beneath the surface the plague continues to change them, preparing them for the next stage in their undeath.

Because these creatures are living, it would be safe to assume they can die and that much is true. In this first stage blood still flows providing oxygen and nutrients throughout the body, but something unseen begins to replace the process. These living infected can drown, asphyxiate, bleed out and even suffer cardiac arrest. They die like us but will continue to fight until the last moment of consciousness. With no sense of pain, they are unaware that there is anything wrong and will continue as though there isn't. Their bodies will fail, their chest no longer rising, their heart no longer beating, the blood slowing to a stop within their veins. They are now well and truly dead if not for a firing within the brain along a pseudo-neural network. This is the end for the Plagued, but not

for the creatures as now they will rise from death as the Lifeless.

## THE LIFELESS

### (BITERS, SHAMBLERS, DEAD, JACKSONS)

When life leaves the Plagued they become the aptly named Lifeless: an abomination of nature, the nightmare of humanity... the living dead. A tireless and unstoppable army that continues to march through any injury or obstacle. On the surface they seem less dangerous than the prior stage. They shamble at various speeds but none close to the power of the Plagued. The Lifeless become increasingly dangerous as their numbers swell. They turn to follow any sound or movement, sometimes walking days to reach the source, all the while drawing the attention of other Lifeless. As little as one gunshot could bring hundreds from the surrounding areas, clogging the roads and eliminating any chance of escape.

First, the sound of hundreds moaning in chorus would reach the unfortunate survivor. Then the sliding and shuffling of feet marching to no common beat. Finally, the smell would reach out, a horrid mixture of excrement and decay, all encompassing and stupefying. The Lifeless would march upon and through any structure that stood in their path to reach their goal. These creatures seem easier to fight than the Plagued but their numbers make them formidable. You can only run for so long before you tire, before your legs give up. The Lifeless do not, they continue, little by little gaining ground until they find you in an exhausted sleep. An easy meal to fuel them further.

Even after their initial death the hair and fingernails of the Lifeless continue to grow further reducing their human

appearance as their hands become more claw-like overtime. Even a scratch from these horrid creatures can spell the end for the unwary. Unlike the Plagued there is only one true way to stop the Lifeless. It's not holy symbols and garlic like some would have you believe. The brain is still the source of "consciousness", thus destroying it will render the creature dead. Lopping of the head will only stop the rest of the body while the head will stay "alive". Once the brain has been pulped any semblance of animation will stop. Even after death the body still remains a danger and must be disposed of in a safe and effective manner if the plague is to spread no further.

## THE SCOURGED

### (BLOATED, POPPERS, BOILERS)

The Scourged are a walking nightmare. Entering a building that contains one of the creatures could very well spell the end. An almost invisible threat leaks from them and permeates the air. The spores that began the end of the world still exist within them. From a distance the Scourged may appear to be one of the Lifeless, stumbling and sniffing the air for prey, but they are something very different. Time has allowed the plague to change the body, turning the veins a visible black and around every orifice foul boils sprout. Inside them pockets of spores that consumed the world wait. The spores spurt into the air upon popping, the wound crusting over, building itself up bit by bit as new boils form.

The Scourged up close appear anything but human. They still have arms, legs, torso and a head, but those that are older walk with large mounds protruding from their skin. Mounds that appear almost like those of termites or coral.

*They may be slow and stupid, but misjudging them may leave you Limbless.*

*Want to stay alive? Avoid the Scourged at all costs.*



# THE FALL

## LORE

Smaller boils inside of the mounds burst as the creature moves releasing a steady stream of spores into the surrounding air. This new generation of spores won't survive for long outside of the human body, unlike their ancestors, but for the unsuspecting survivor it is a silent death sentence. Without a filtration mask, inhaling the air or having a spore land on an exposed wound would infect even the hardiest survivor. They can be killed like any other Lifeless but moving in close is a risk that could cost you everything. Keeping a distance from the foul smelling fiends is the best and safest course of action.

### WILDLIFE

Before **THE FALL**, wildlife posed a threat to any hunter caught by surprise. HKEV made that threat all the more dangerous. Like humanity, mammalian life was hunted by the dead and were found to be just as susceptible to its curse. Those living with the plague fuelling them would be at their most dangerous. Even docile creatures like cattle will become a formidable force, deadlier than any Plagued human. HKEV was unprecedented in its spread but we can be grateful it stopped with mammals alone.

Going against all logic even species of herbivores would lash out, consuming anything that moved rather than stick to the grasses and plants that they're used to. This brought an added danger to the countrysides. Farmed domesticated animals turned against their owners, breaking free from the fields that contained them. The same was true of numerous species who before **THE FALL** were bound to zoos. They escaped their cages and roamed the city streets hunting for uninfected flesh. Like the

living humans infected with HKEV, the Plagued wildlife would eventually succumb to wounds or hunger entering the second stage of infection. Now they were less dangerous alone but were still a threat when walking with the hordes of Lifeless.

Many reported seeing whole herds of animals standing completely still, as if waiting for something, looking on with dead eyes at passers-by. A rare sight as their human counterparts would come charging with reckless abandon. Even throwing sticks and stones wouldn't break their silent watch. No one would dare go close enough to test any other hypothesis.

With all this being said a lone living hungry dog can be as vicious as a wolf. And while it's bite might not carry the plague it will undoubtedly carry many other diseases, a threat not to be taken lightly. It's less predictable than the Plagued and Lifeless but an open book compared the next threat survivors would face in **Z-LAND**.

### THE LIVING

The goals of the dead are simple. Kill, eat, rinse and repeat. While terrifying in every aspect there was another terror still to come in a more recognizable form. Even before the Longest Night natural disasters would bring stories of heartlessness; small groups taking advantage of the many in their time of need. The apocalypse was no different and survival had a way of bringing out the very best and worst in people. Alone we are vulnerable, but to trust another with your life or the life of your family is a leap of faith. An abundance of food, water, medicine and other necessities of life made this easy at first, but when times became tough many groups

fractured and turned on one another. Even if they survived the internal conflict, the chances of them taking in an outsider were slim to none. With the bonds of nationhood withering we were entering an era of *us* and *them*.

Blood would be spilled sometimes in defence and at other times for selfish greed. Not all killed to survive. Some chose to shoot first, unable to work with others, be it out of fear or a want for power. Unlike the goals of the dead the goals of humanity were many and not all were pleasant. If you encountered one of the Lifeless shambling down the street you would know exactly what it wants. A person on the other hand? There would be a multitude of possible thoughts running through that person's head and to guess wrong could cost your life. That's why the sight of a stranger was to become as terrifying as the unflinching dead. The dead don't hide weapons. The dead don't think. The dead want only one thing where a living breathing human can want many.

In the early days these people were nothing more than a nuisance, taking far more than they needed from supermarkets and emergency supply points. But as the days drew on from the Longest Night and the gravity of the disaster became clear they saw one simple way to survive. Groups of survivors would scavenge the cities and countryside for everything they could find. Once all the resources were in one place then they would strike.

Raiders, bandits, thieves, scum. Call them what you like, they knew what they were. They saw what the world was becoming and adjusted to ensure they would survive at any cost, and that cost was usually at the expense of others. They didn't kill all they crossed, knowledge was a valuable asset before

the night and even more so now. Doctors, engineers, mechanics and more were taken by these raiders to ensure their vehicles stayed running and their bodies stayed healthy, giving them an advantage over many. A power that they would use to enslave and rule, convinced that they were the next King or Queen of Earth, but that was their weakness. They all wanted to rule, and in a society that reveres strength uprisings were commonplace. Still these people would bring fear to many attempting to survive in the new world. Not just fear of them but fear that this was what we were destined to become. That humanity was lost and the animal had gained control once again.

## SETTLING DOWN

Be it through circumstance or choice, survivors put down roots. Some too tired to continue life on the road; others too injured, requiring time to heal their wounds. Whatever the case, the decision to settle is not one to be taken lightly. You can wander endlessly, searching for that perfect place, somewhere to call home. That place is only in the heart and in our dreams, all that's needed is four walls and roof to start. From there that dream can be built, a place of safety and security.

Supplies would be needed and hard to come by, but would ensure even the smallest sense of safety. With windows boarded and doors reinforced the home would be able to hold off smaller numbers of the Plagued and Lifeless. Food, water and other necessities would be secure inside, but the residents would have to roam further and further to find these leaving the home or those watching it without their full numbers. Should an attack happen they may

*Sometimes to survive, you might do things that won't sit well with your conscience.*

# THE FALL

## LORE

Where do you fall?  
Run, hide or fight?

very well be outnumbered. Yet if food production starts early they won't be faced with venturing out. They'll be able to keep their attention focused on the home, tending their animals and growing gardens. Peace can be fleeting and with hard work and effort spent, the home will not be an easy place to leave if danger arrives. Without managing the dead population, given enough time they will find the survivors. And if outsiders trace them back home an enemy will show up on their doorstep before long.

Nowhere is safe forever and a life on the road doesn't spare that. Cold nights huddled in long discarded cars or on top windswept skyscrapers are the start of the hardships but there is freedom in the road. The survivor will always be ready run, to move on, to leave it all behind to stay alive. If you have nowhere to give your life for your life remains your own. There will be no farming, no growing seeds to fruition. Only searching in the deep dark halls of silent supermarkets, avoiding the shambling hordes to find the night's dinner. It certainly isn't an easy life but surviving never is. The constant movement means avoiding both the living and the dead beating down your door, but both can still find a runner on the open road. A reliable set of wheels or the will to hide and stay hidden for lengthy periods will save the survivor more often than not.

Both ways of life have their ups and downs, both are difficult and neither is wrong. They are born from circumstance and comfort with one's environment. As long as you are still breathing at the end of the day it matters not how you got there. These two ways of life will eventually form two very different societies over time: the Nomads and the Dwellers. These two different ways of life would shape the world in the days

to come with groups thriving and failing in turn. The third way of life was that of the Ravagers, a combination of the two lifestyles but with a reliance on them both. The Ravagers would take it all, both people and resources, a distinction they did not make. It was all wealth to them, something to be used, something to be spent. They would become the dominant force in **Z-LAND** and would stretch their territories as far as their egos allowed.

## THE WAYS OF THE WASTES

### THE NOMADS

They started as wanderers, survivors alone in the darkness of the new world, but slowly they found each other. Wanderers on the roads hauling their worldly possessions on their backs. They came together in small groupings at first but with one philosophy at their core: their home was the road. They moved together across the cities and countrysides scavenging for all they could. Stabbing the tanks of long abandoned cars to drain every last drop of fuel. Emptying cisterns and hot water cylinders to quench their thirst. They knew how to survive with very little and when they needed to move on.

Their life was one of cycles. Moving all they owned along the road till they came upon a township or city, then finding temporary shelter as they combed the area for everything they'd need. They left markers for future wanderers to know the town had been depleted and that nothing useful remained. They weren't immune to the threat of the dead, but they chose to distract rather than face the horrors head on. They sent riders on horseback or motorcycle to lure the

dead away, blasting horns and music riding circles around them while the rest of the convoy moved on. A collection of RVs and all terrain vehicles rumbled with everything they owned packaged inside. Once stationary, a village of tents would soon pop up about them.

The Nomads were more inclusive on the whole than the other factions, welcoming any who would choose the road along for the ride. Their numbers would swell until a portion broke off to form their own convoy and continue their endless journey on another bearing. That's why the Nomads and their way of life are known to many across **Z-LAND**.

The road wasn't their only means of travel. The sea called to many and these splinter groups set sail from their home shores, searching for new opportunities and unspoiled cityscapes. The seas were mostly safe from the dead. Apart from aquatic mammals burning with the plague, there weren't many signs of the human varieties. The occasional bloated corpse might float near and cause a moment's panic, but that would soon subside as the Nomads sailed on past it.

Like on land the sea had its share of human horrors. The Ravagers might not have fixed borders at sea but if you were unlucky enough to spy one of their vessels on the horizon it was already too late. Plunder on the high seas wasn't restricted to the Ravagers, the Nomads were just as capable of murder and theft in the name of survival. No one was innocent anymore, only the Ravagers stood apart from the others with the brutality of their acts.

The Nomads would become the backbone of the new world economy. Bringing resources from one region to another, trading with the many variations of Dwellers. It was this that

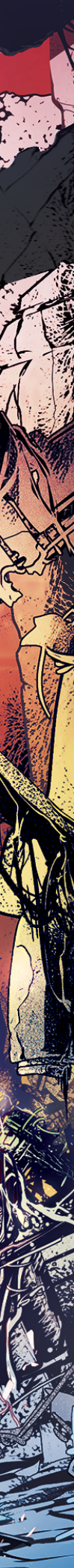
allowed humanity a glimmer of hope, that life might one day return to before the fall, but all this was to be a precursor of the darker days to come. Humanity was struggling to find its footing and was destined to lose it once again.

## THE DWELLERS

They were the dreamers, the ones who wished to rebuild the world, to learn from the failings of the Longest Night and stop it from happening ever again. While the Nomads roamed, the Dwellers put their roots down deep, converting stadiums, office towers and gated communities into homes for many of the broken and hopeless people of **Z-LAND**. They built walls and dug trenches to protect themselves from many dangers. They couldn't drive away like the Nomads if the hordes of Lifeless came marching upon them. They would stand their ground and fight tooth and nail till one or the other was left standing. This made the Dwellers fearlessly loyal to one another, and more than a little distrustful of outsiders. They had bled for the ground they stood upon and those who hadn't were given the cold shoulder.

They raised animals and grew crops to feed their population. Self sufficient in every sense but dependent on the kindness of mother nature. A cold snap or days without rain could put strain on both the food source and the people. Trade with the Nomads became an important part of their survival, to overcome these moments of hardship. They used what little infrastructure that remained to assist them in everyday life. This allowed many settlements to have some form of electricity. It was a rarity in the wastes and for this reason they prized the people who kept the lights on. Engineers and tradespeople were

*Remember to always have a way out. You don't want your fortress to be your grave.*



key to building that infrastructure and maintaining it which gave them influence in their communities. Governments of these settlements differed from location, some running as democracies others dictatorships. They couldn't exist as islands however and began to connect and trade with other settlements across the fading landscape. The Nomads were key to this often moving large amounts of resources for the Dwellers.

The daily life of a Dweller would differ but on the whole they awoke to safety, protected by their high walls. People became specialists at one trade but still learnt enough of others to cover loss, as loss still occurred. The Dwellers weren't immune to this, the Ravagers found their settlements as rich fat fruit ripe for the taking, and take they did. The larger settlements held for a time, but the resources behind their walls and the specialists that maintained them were desired by the Ravagers. Walls were torn down and the dead allowed to flow inside. The Ravagers would pick among what remained and burnt the rest. This forced the Dwellers to live smaller, subdued lives, hidden from the lustful eyes of the Ravagers. They began to camouflage their homes to match the grey decaying landscape around them. The fires and songs were silenced as the people went about their daily lives as meekly as they could.

In time these settlements would reclaim large sections of the world but for now they survived as best they could: hiding, hoping, dreaming of a better future. Knowledge was slowly being lost to time and the Dwellers sought to preserve it. They kept digital backups on low draw drives and transferred as much as they could by hand. Future generations would learn from these archives and the fire of humanity would

be kept alight for a moment longer. Darker days were still to come for the human race, as a shadow was growing, cast by the Ravagers who would see humanity fall back to its base emotions and desires. They were the masters of the apocalypse.

## THE RAVAGERS

The third way of life belonged to the Ravagers. They did not sow, nor did they scrounge in the dirt to survive. From day one they learnt to take from those weaker than them. It was survival of the fittest and in their eyes they were the peak. Many revelled in the destruction of government, a chance to test themselves against one another. They began in small groups and gangs roaming the cities and countrysides searching for the signs of life. A smoke trail in the distance, lights at night. They knew how to find others and when they did it almost always ended in blood.

Resources were limited and the Ravagers felt justified in taking all they needed and removing the competition. Where possible they avoided the dead, preferring to use them as a weapon, herding the Lifeless towards the walls of Dwellers and demanding their surrender. The Ravagers preferred to take a settlement without killing all inside, people still had a purpose to them. Those with intelligence would be used to maintain their transport and homes. Those without would be taken all the same, forced into hard labour or much worse. The Nomads did not deal in slavery but the Ravagers had no such qualms. Those who survived the raids of the Ravagers would find themselves in chains, the strongest forced to face the dead to keep the labourers safe. Living under the Ravagers seemed a cruel

fate but some came willingly, seeking sanctuary from the horrors of the new world. At least the Ravagers wouldn't eat you like the dead, that is if the food kept coming.

When times became difficult the worst of them turned to consuming the flesh of their common man. Some began to prefer the practice and continued the horrid act even in times of abundance. This fostered more fear for the bogeymen and their legend grew. No Dweller settlement or Nomad caravan lived without the tingle in the back of their mind that they could be next. If it wasn't the dead, then the Ravagers would be the terror in the night. The sound of their thundering engines in the distance always caused panic.

They didn't hide their presence in the cities. They wanted to be known, to be feared. They lived large, impressive lives trying to outdo one another and this would eventually topple them from their position of power. The homes of the Ravagers became fat and decadent. In their minds they had conquered both the living and the dead, but the dead weren't finished yet. In the later years of the decade, clouds of spores began to overtake the cities, rising from the corpses of those long thought inert. The city based Ravagers suffered first, unaware of the slow creeping death that would find them bringing about new waves of Plagued. The spores were only the beginning. In the shadows of skyscrapers the true children of the apocalypse began to emerge. Thought at first to be nothing more than feral children they seemed to pay no mind to the thickening clouds that polluted the cities. These children were the Unborn, an abomination of life brought into the world by the dead. The weakened Ravagers unwillingly left their city

fortresses behind, driving out into suburbia and beyond. They brought with them stories of these children, a new terror in the world that haunted humankind.

## RISE OF THE UNBORN

The Unborn are the ultimate nightmare, the offspring of the enemy many hoped would die out. The very first were those of rats, the Plagued still seeming to respond to the urge of procreation after a varying period of time. These unborn rodents would stand as direct competition to any still uninfected of their kind. Like any introduced species they fought for the same resources, the same mates. Only one could be left crawling in the sewers and the Unborn were catered to this new world. With the plague already part of their body, the creatures were immune to infection. Yet the Lifeless would still attack and kill them if they had the chance. Rodents and other species of animals were the first to be born but humanity would soon follow.

A child of a living infected, the Unborn human was at first similar to us but years of interbreeding would twist them into a horrific subspecies more alien to us than the Neanderthals of old. At first they were mistaken for feral children left to fend for themselves. They lacked education and didn't seem to possess the same natural intelligence as us, but they would use the guise of the feral children to confuse us, to lure us in. Once close enough to see that something was off with the pale child's face they leaped into a furious and bloody attack.

In these early years they weren't organized, they lacked any form of society and were most commonly found

*If you're going to eat another person, make sure they're not infected.*

*Find how the Unborn work on Page 175.*

# THE FALL

## LORE

alone. But even alone these children were dangerous. Their bite carrying the plague would infect and kill from even the smallest of teeth, and because of their immunity to the plague they would just as gladly consume the dead. Like the rodents, these creatures were challengers to the human race and these early years cast a long shadow into our uncertain future.

## A GOOD PLACE TO DIE

### URBAN

Monuments to civilization our cities stand as a reminder of our “greatness” now they are nothing more than death traps, narrow streets still gridlocked with cars whose owners have long departed to join the throngs of dead that populate the city. In the beginning cities seemed to be the way to go, safety, security & the armed forces to keep it that way. How wrong they were. A once resource rich environment now plucked clean by looters, you won’t find many decent folk among these streets. My advice? Stay away!

- Large numbers of infected
- Resource rich earlier in the timeline
- Stronghold of looters & thieves
- Narrow streets make it hard to navigate & easy to get trapped

### SUBURBAN

Most of the population was tucked away in their homes before the Longest Night, some just stayed there, barricading themselves in shutting the rest of the world out...or trying to at least, you see the world now has ways of tearing through those barricades to take a nice big bite out of you and your

family... In the suburbs you’ll find a mixture of homes, some nearly empty, the occupants taking everything that wasn’t bolted down & hitting the road. Others, time capsules into the lives we lived before the world started to consume itself... Don’t linger in one place for too long, they always find you and the louder you are the more that will come.

- Wide range of resources/equipment
- Supermarkets rich with supplies earlier in the timeline
- Higher chance of encountering other groups

### INDUSTRIAL

Dangerous & unstable two words I’d use to describe industrial sectors but because of that you’re less likely to find other folks and in turn the infected. No good if you’re looking for bite to eat but perfect for building supplies, fuel, tools & heavy equipment. I’ve even seen some facilities sealed up like modern day forts. But back to the danger, chemical leaks, explosions, collapses. Just some of the potential hazards you could face here without workers maintaining equipment & keeping everything ship shape, huh that actually brings me to my next Port of call, you’ll get it in a second...

- Good source of base building supplies
- Well defended
- Potentially hazardous
- Large fuel reserves

### PORTS

You get it yet? Sorry don’t get to joke around much these days... Anywho, Ports! After Industrial sectors Ports are your second best source of fuel, that is if your motor isn’t too picky. A lot of folks

*Remember there is always a trade off between danger and good supplies.*

fled to the sea or at least tried to in the early days, if you're lucky you might still find something floating but you better be in quick. Suburban houses can feel like time capsules, well nothing beats a sealed container, you just never know what you're going to get. Clothes, food, brand new cars, three hundred and eighty nine oscillating fans! Maybe not so helpful but you get my point, there are a lot of possibilities & a high chance of them still being closed when you find them. Definitely a good place to visit, just don't settle down. Those boats that left when this all began, they'll be coming back..

- Source of boats & larger vessels
- Good source of diesel & bunker Fuel
- Potential source of goods containers

## RURAL

Great wide open spaces! If you made it out of the cities to here then congratulations you're a survivor and if you were living here when the world came crashing down, you're one of the lucky ones. Lower population means less of them. While not many of the crops have been maintained some remain making rural sectors an excellent source of perishable foods. Because of that you can expect to find more living than dead out these ways, but that's not always a good thing. Be careful lighting those fires because that smoke is a beacon to everyone nearby. Fear can be a good friend.

- Source of perishable food
- Some surviving communities & larger groups
- Smaller number of infected
- Source of ammunition and weapons early on

## FORESTS/WOODLANDS

Heading into the woods now we move further from civilization or what remains of it & because of that we leave behind many of the living & the dead. However they can still surprise you here, low visibility is a double edged sword leaving you just as likely to be surprised by a dead one wandering into your camp during the middle of the night. Food can be plentiful here if you know where to look the same can be said for water. It's not an easy life but it can be a lot safer than the alternatives.

- Low visibility
- Good source of perishable foods & water
- Low numbers of living & dead

## MOUNTAINS

You're not likely to find anyone or anything all the way up here, difficult terrain can deter the living & force back the dead. That however makes survival difficult for you too, food is scarce & beyond stumbling upon a cabin you're unlikely to find anything non-perishable. Life still finds a way though even in these harsh environments, hunting is viable but you best be prepared because Mother Nature is just as unforgiving as the cracked teeth of a dead one.

- Colder climate
- Scarce wildlife
- Isolation

## PLAINS

Open and relatively empty, you'll be seen from every direction here, luckily it's unlikely anyone will. That being said The Plains are good for hunting from a distance, if you have the skills you can find a meal out here, just don't linger for too long.

*Won't you come down to the woods today on Page 52.*



# THE FALL

## LORE

- High visibility both positive and negative
- Wildlife for hunting
- No or very little signs of civilization

### DESERTS

Really!? Okay, sure you're not likely to find any other people or dead here but not likely to find anything else! Period! Unless you have experience in traversing desert terrain just don't! You'll be safer running for your life from hungry mouths, you can't outrun the sun.

- Extreme temperatures
- Food & Water near non-existent

*Inhospitable biomes mean fewer undead, but the effort you need to put in to live here is huge.*

### TUNDRA

Cold and just as harsh as the deserts and like them you're unlikely to find many living folk or food to sustain you. Fresh water however is prevalent, you'll find it in abundance both in liquid and frozen forms. If the temperature is low enough the dead have been known to freeze solid! At least that's what I've heard.

- Extremely low temperatures
- Good access to fresh water
- Low amounts of living/dead
- Low amounts of food

### OPEN SEAS

Out on the water you're safe from the dead...right? Well in theory yes but being out on the open sea brings on its own challenges. No fresh water but there's plenty of other fish in the sea, if you're a good fisherman that is but our oceans aren't what they once were. You're also at the mercy of waves, storms will ravage you and the sun will scorch you & there's always a chance you aren't the only ones out on the water. Life out here isn't easy, but it is possible, for a time. Eventually

though you'll be forced to make for land.

- Safe from the infection
- No access to fresh water
- Storms

## BREAKDOWN OF THE FALL

### DAY 1

The beep and drone of emergency broadcasts begin as cellphone networks become flooded with calls. Supermarket shelves empty as the population begins to panic-buy and raid stores to stockpile food and drink. The lights begin to flicker as fossil fuel power stations shut down, causing cascading blackouts worldwide once they run out of fuel. From their human owners, pets become infected by the plague and join the chaos. Petrol stations are mobbed by fleeing families, some are raided, others destroyed. Motorways clog, unable to deal with the mass evacuations of the cities, the roads becoming feeding grounds for those trapped inside. Planes still aloft fall from the sky as sleeping passengers turn into the Plagued, killing their way up to the pilots. 1 in 10 people across the globe wake up fuelled with the rage and hunger of the plague, killing those sleeping beside them. During the Longest Night nearly a quarter of humanity will perish.

### WEEK 1

Emergency generators have run dry and without human intervention natural gas lines lose pressure, limiting homes to whatever remains in their lines. To avoid possible meltdown most nuclear power plants enter an automatic safe mode, but still remain a great danger to their surrounding regions. The days become

warmer and the nights cooler without planes creating condensation with their contrails. Even being conservative, most smart phone batteries have run out lacking power to charge. Without humans to cull them, rats and insects consume what little food that remains in the world's supermarkets. Livestock enclosed in their paddocks are slaughtered by the Plagued with the survivors rising to join the attackers. With hints of plagues prior, rodents infected with HKEV spread the virus further to humans and animals alike. Lions, tigers and bears along with many others escape from their cages moving into the city streets, some still living others prowling with the plague. There are now more Plagued and Lifeless than uninfected human beings. We are now an endangered species.

## MONTH 1

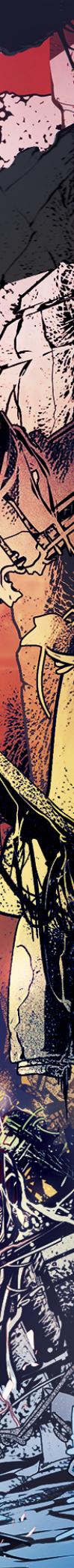
Non-perishable foods are all of what remains, with all other foods produced before the fall rotting away. This lasting food becomes a valuable commodity. Lacking maintenance and intervention from workers, hydroelectric dams start shutting down, plunging those relying on them into darkness. Those still living aboard the international space station will witness a darkness on the earth never seen before by human eyes. Many abandoned cars in very hot or cold conditions will no longer start, their batteries now dead from inactivity. With cell phone networks down across the world and no power running the landlines the humble carrier pigeon remains as one of the last reliable forms of long distance communication. Radio transmitters and receivers still remain active where charge has been available. Across cities and suburbs liquefied

natural gas tanks begin to fail leading to widespread fires and explosions. Cities that relied on water start to dry up and those that needed to be dry begin to flood. Earlier in the month nuclear power plants across the world begin to melt down. Without workers to operate the plants that didn't shut down, the fuel rods boil away their coolants leaving them to catch fire. The resulting disasters spread fallout across large areas killing the majority of plant and animal life within. Plagued rodents begin to mate, bringing the first unborn life-form into the world. Competing for food and mates the new species will conquer the old slowly as time progresses.

## YEAR 1

The crops that once fed humanity and depended on rotation fail and fall prey to rot and pests. Without people to suppress them, wild animals return to the cities and suburbs. Abandoned swimming pools give birth to mosquitoes and termites spread, weakening wood structures. Wind turbines hang limply in the breeze. Without maintenance high winds destroyed them after their emergency brakes failed. Roads begin to suffer from weather, and the environment as the diesel within trucks starts to perish. All but the very best stored petrol has degraded to uselessness. Across the world plants have taken over, turning manicured lawns into overgrown fields. Weeds grow through cracks in the roads, eventually forming a layer of nutrient-poor topsoil where clover fields spread. Plants and ivy take root in stone and masonry work, and begin to damage the foundations of buildings. Sparked by lightning storms, many wildfires will go unchecked, and without people to fight them they

*The apocalypse continues in Terra Mortis on Page 103.*



# THE FALL

## LORE

*The full apocalypse timeline can be found on Page 247.*

destroy all in their path. During the winter, water pipes in houses freeze and burst, causing extensive damage to the homes in the spring when the ice thaws and melts. Tropical rainforests begin to recover with deforested areas reclaimed by nature. Less than 1% of the pre-apocalyptic human population remains uninfected. The world of the 21st century is gone along with many of its great thinkers, performers, athletes and heroes. Under the streets of some decaying city the very first human unborn is birthed. A herald of the dark future ahead.

### YEAR 5

Pests that evolved to live off human produce now go extinct as wild plants and grasses overtaking the fields that once fed the world. Skyscrapers become aviaries and nests to all types of birds and zoo animals that escaped their cages all those years ago and have found their niche, spreading and changing the ecological landscape around them. During the past few years the very last watch battery on earth finally runs out of power. The roadways that once powered industry now disappear under a carpet of grass, the tires on the empty cars deflate, grounding the vehicles in place. The sky burns bright for but a moment as the international space station returns to Earth, without corrections it's slow fall back to us was inevitable. Unborn begin to hunt the living in the dead of night. While only children the creatures are still dangerous, more than capable of taking down an unaware adult with their plague carrying bite.

### YEAR 10

On the coasts of the world, cars begin to rust away as the salt and wind lash against them. After a decade of forest fires large sections of cities are reduced to ash, while in the deserts of the world massive sand storms run rampant. The great promise that was solar energy finally begins to fade as panels degrade and inverters fail. Without a competent team supporting them most GPS networks shut down as satellites move out of alignment. The world continues to return to a natural balance as age old migration routes are restored through previously populated areas. Predators such as bears expand their feeding grounds and nature spreads deeper into the cities turning the grey to green. In the dark nooks and crannies spores burst from the discarded corpses of the undead venting the plague into the surrounding area.

# CHARACTER CREATION

In **Z-LAND** you can play as anyone you can imagine, and with the character generator, some you didn't even think you could imagine. However, **THE FALL** is first and foremost a setting meant for you to play in as yourself. The character creator provides you the option of randomly creating a character, although you can simply pick the options best suited to your own history to turn yourself into a **Z-LAND** character.

**THE FALL** has been called many things since the Longest Night happened and the world forever changed, but it is the definitive date of the apocalypse.

Creating characters in the **THE FALL** means one big thing: your character survived the day the world ended. Whatever else happens in their life, this is something to be proud of, because few can say they survived **THE FALL** uninfected.

**THE FALL** era characters work perfectly for games where you want to start off just before or during the apocalypse, but they are equally equipped for games where you want to go through normal, everyday life for days, weeks, if not months before the Plague changed the world. This is because **THE FALL** characters are just normal, regular people. They have yet to go through that terrible crucible that separates the wheat from the chaff.

## THE PROCESS

The character creator will build a character all the way from birth to whatever age you choose to start the game at, but if you want to jump

straight into a game then at the end of the character creator you will find ten archetypes with fully filled in Skills that you can pick from to start the game. Each archetype is based on one of ten careers, so if you are a Policeman or an Artist (for example) then you can just pick that archetype and jump straight into Z-LAND.

## HOW TO CREATE A CHARACTER

For each question in the character creator, roll a **d100** and record the result. In most cases, **your result will get you one or two Skills**. Each time you gain a Skill, roll a **d5** ( $d10 \div 2$ ) and **increase that Skill's Level** by that amount, unless otherwise stated. **All Skills start at Level 30**, so anything you get is added onto this.

*A d100 is two d10s with one as the "tens" and the other as the "ones".*

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS

After this section, you will find five pre-made characters to choose from if you want an even quicker start to the game but you also want a fully fleshed out character. Each of the five pre-made characters were made with the character creator and are tailor made for **THE FALL**, so you can see what sort of characters you can make as well.

# WHO ARE YOU?

### SEX

01 - 50	Male
51 - 100	Female

### HANDEDNESS

01 - 89	Right Handed
90 - 99	Left Handed
100	Ambidextrous

### SKIN COLOUR

01 - 17	Pale
18 - 34	Fair
35 - 50	Ivory
51 - 66	Olive
67 - 83	Brown
84 - 100	Black

### HAIR COLOUR

01 - 34	Red
35 - 68	Blonde
69 - 100	Chestnut
101 - 122	Auburn
123 - 166	Brown
167 - 200	Black

### EYE COLOUR

01 - 34	Blue
35 - 68	Grey
69 - 100	Green
101 - 122	Hazel
123 - 166	Brown
167 - 200	Dark Brown

For **HAIR COLOUR** and **EYE COLOUR**, add the number result of the **SKIN COLOUR** to your roll.

### MALE BODY TYPE

01 - 10	Scrawny
11 - 25	Lean
26 - 40	Athletic
41 - 60	Average
61 - 75	Brawny
76 - 90	Stocky
91 - 100	Heavy

### FEMALE BODY TYPE

01 - 10	Petite
11 - 25	Slender
26 - 40	Fit
41 - 60	Average
61 - 75	Muscular
76 - 90	Buxom
91 - 100	Plump

# CHILDHOOD

### DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR PARENTS?

01 - 50	Both were alive	Luck & Fine-Craft
51 - 70	Something happened to mum	-
71 - 90	Something happened to dad	-
91 - 100	Something happened to both	-

### HOW LARGE WAS YOUR FAMILY?

01 - 20	Tiny
21 - 40	Small
41 - 60	Average
61 - 80	Large
81 - 100	Massive

### WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PARENTS (IF 51-100 ON PRIOR ROLL)

01 - 11	I never knew my parent(s)	Will & Diplomacy
12 - 22	My parent(s) were murdered	Investigate & Intuition
23 - 33	My parent(s) abandoned me	Wealth & Broad-Craft
34 - 44	My parent(s) died in a war/battle	Athletics & Drive
45 - 55	My parent(s) died in an accident/of an illness	Logic & Constitution
56 - 66	My parent(s) and I are estranged	Intimidate & Perception
67 - 77	My parent(s) are in prison	Burglary & Fight
78 - 88	I killed my parent(s)	Shoot & Deceive
89 - 100	I was kidnapped from my parent(s)	Might & Stealth

### WHAT WAS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD?

01 - 20	Deus Vult!	Intimidate & Luck
21 - 40	Jesus loves us all	Fine-Craft & Logic
41 - 60	As long as it doesn't affect my day-to-day life	Diplomacy & Investigate
61 - 80	I leave him alone and he leaves me alone	Intuition & Stealth
81 - 100	I don't know and I don't care	Perception & Will

### HOW STRICT WERE YOUR CAREGIVERS?

01 - 20	The Nazis could've learnt a thing or two	Might & Fight
21 - 40	Spare the rod, spoil the child	Constitution & Shoot
41 - 60	I got smacked when I needed it	Broad-Craft & Athletics
61 - 80	Best friends with the "naughty corner"	Burglary & Deceive
81 - 100	I didn't have caregivers, I had staff	Drive & Wealth

# THE FALL

## CHARACTER CREATION

### WHERE DID YOU GROW UP?

01 - 10	On the streets	Stealth & Burglary
11 - 20	On the road, always traveling for business	Drive & Fine-Craft
21 - 30	On the farm, in the muck	Athletics & Constitution
31 - 40	In the shop, always underfoot	Broad-Craft & Diplomacy
41 - 50	On the run from enemies	Fight & Shoot
51 - 60	In a boring suburban home	Perception & Luck
61 - 70	In a boarding school	Logic & Investigate
71 - 80	In a mansion, waited upon hand and foot	Wealth & Intimidate
81 - 90	In a cramped urban apartment	Deceive & Intuition
91 - 100	In one military base or the other	Will & Might

### WHO WAS THE GREATEST INFLUENCE ON YOUR CHILDHOOD?

01 - 10	My parent(s) (or the idea of them if they are gone)	Drive & Diplomacy
11 - 20	My sibling (or friend if you're an only child)	Athletics & Fight
21 - 30	My best friend	Fine-Craft & Burglary
31 - 40	My favourite teacher	Logic & Broad-Craft
41 - 50	A military hero	Shoot & Might
51 - 60	My bully	Intimidate & Stealth
61 - 70	A celebrity	Intuition & Wealth
71 - 80	A religious leader	Will & Constitution
81 - 90	A fictional character from my favourite book/tv show/movie	Investigate & Luck
91 - 100	Me	Deceive & Perception

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR CHILDHOOD?

01 - 10	Happy	Athletics & Deceive
11 - 20	Sad	Diplomacy & Intuition
21 - 30	Angry	Shoot & Intimidate
31 - 40	Peaceful	Drive & Broad-Craft
41 - 50	Afraid	Perception & Stealth
51 - 60	Ashamed	Burglary & Constitution
61 - 70	Confused	Luck & Might
71 - 80	Proud	Fine-Craft & Fight
81 - 90	Cynical	Investigate & Will
91 - 100	Indifferent	Logic & Wealth

# TEEN YEARS

### WHO WAS YOUR BEST FRIEND?

01 - 10	A street urchin	Perception & Stealth
11 - 20	The "rich kid"	Wealth & Drive
21 - 30	A young farmhand	Might & Shoot
31 - 40	The "normal kid"	Broad-Craft & Diplomacy
41 - 50	The loner/outcast	Athletics & Burglary
51 - 60	An army brat	Fight & Constitution
61 - 70	A bookworm	Luck & Investigate
71 - 80	The Pastor's daughter/son	Will & Intuition
81 - 90	A powerful politician's child	Deceive & Fine-Craft
91 - 100	I didn't have a best friend	Logic & Intimidate

### WHAT WAS YOUR FAVOURITE SUBJECT IN SCHOOL?

01 - 10	Science	Logic & Investigate
11 - 20	Social Studies	Burglary & Fine-Craft
21 - 30	Outdoor Education	Drive & Athletics
31 - 40	Legal Studies	Deceive & Luck
41 - 50	Woodwork/Metalwork	Broad-Craft & Fight
51 - 60	English (or vernacular if different language)	Diplomacy & Stealth
61 - 70	Drama/Theatre	Intuition & Intimidate
71 - 80	Gym Class	Constitution & Might
81 - 90	Home Economics/Hospitality	Wealth & Perception
91 - 100	Mathematics	Will & Shoot

### HOW DID IT GO WITH YOUR FIRST CRUSH?

01 - 10	Sweet, like chocolate	Luck & Broad-Craft
11 - 20	They loved me, and so did their best friend	Constitution & Athletics
21 - 30	I fought with my best friend over them	Shoot & Burglary
31 - 40	I caught them and their old lover together	Intuition & Fight
41 - 50	Their parents didn't like me	Fine-Craft & Intimidate
51 - 60	They got involved with the wrong crowd and turned to crime	Burglary & Might
61 - 70	They didn't know I existed, but I up-voted all their photos	Will & Logic
71 - 80	They kept secrets from me	Investigate & Stealth
81 - 90	They didn't love me back	Drive & Perception
91 - 100	Cheap and by the hour	Deceive & Diplomacy

# THE FALL

## CHARACTER CREATION

### DID YOU LOSE ANYONE?

01 - 10	My parent(s)	-
11 - 20	My sibling	-
21 - 30	My crush	-
31 - 40	Other family member	-
41 - 50	My best friend	-
51 - 60	My favourite teacher	-
61 - 100	Fate spared me	Luck & Will

*If you roll a person whom you do not have, then fate spared you.*

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR TEEN YEARS?

01 - 10	Happy	Might & Athletics
11 - 20	Sad	Shoot & Constitution
21 - 30	Angry	Will & Burglary
31 - 40	Peaceful	Fight & Logic
41 - 50	Afraid	Deceive & Investigate
51 - 60	Ashamed	Intimidate & Stealth
61 - 70	Confused	Intuition & Diplomacy
71 - 80	Proud	Drive & Luck
81 - 90	Cynical	Fine-Craft & Perception
91 - 100	Indifferent	Broad-Craft & Wealth

### IF YOU LOST SOMEONE, WHAT HAPPENED?

01 - 20	They vanished. No one knows how or when	Investigate & Intuition
21 - 30	An accident, nothing could be done	Might & Fine-Craft
31 - 40	Murder most foul	Perception & Fight
41 - 50	Old debts chased them away	Athletics & Intimidate
51 - 60	Illness. Not even the priests could help	Constitution & Broad-Craft
61 - 70	An ill-fated journey was their end	Drive & Stealth
71 - 80	They were kidnapped. No ransom was demanded	Logic & Diplomacy
81 - 90	The police discovered they were a criminal and locked them up	Burglary & Wealth
91 - 100	They gave up on this world and rest eternally	Shoot & Deceive

### THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR YOUNG LIFE WAS WHEN YOU...?

01 - 10	Nearly died. I still bare the scars of the incident	Constitution & Perception
11 - 20	Saved someone from dying. I was the hero they needed	Athletics & Fine-Craft
21 - 30	Were blackmailed by criminals to do something terrible. The memories still haunt my dreams	Stealth & Shoot
31 - 40	Found a starving, dying animal and nursed it back to health. It became your my companion	Broad-Craft & Drive
41 - 50	Got an addiction. I don't know what is worse, the substance I take or the withdrawal pains if I don't	Burglary & Fight
51 - 60	Got disowned by those closest to me. I never saw them again	Will & Deceive
61 - 70	Were given a precious family heirloom. I keep it on me always	Logic & Might
71 - 80	My most prized possession is stolen. My world was suddenly empty	Investigate & Intimidate
81 - 90	Travelled around the world. I saw things which forever changed how I look at the world.	Luck & Intuition
91 - 100	Won the jackpot during my first time at a casino	Wealth & Diplomacy

# ADULTHOOD

## YOUR JOB:

So now that you turned 18, you're an adult and it's time to find a job, or at least some way to make money. Simply **roll a d100 to see which job your character thought was best for them, or which job fate chose for them**. Even if you think it doesn't match your character's current skill set, remember that everyone has wanted to do something they weren't exactly the best at.

### A JOB'S TERM LASTS 3 YEARS.

For your very **first term in a job, you gain 1d5 Skill Levels** in the Skill listed next to the Job. For each successive 3-year term, **roll a d10** to see if you stay in your current job. If you **roll a 1-6, you stay in your current job** and gain another 1d5 Skill Levels in its associated Skill.

If you **roll a 7-8, you move to another job within your overall Career** (e.g.: within *Athlete*, or within *Cleric*). **Roll a d10 within that specific Career table** to find your new job, and gain 1d5 Skill Levels in that new job's Skill.

If you **roll a 9-10, you move to an entirely new job**. Roll a d100 to find your new job and get 1d5 Skill Levels in that new job's Skill.

You then **repeat this for every 3-year term until you decide that your character is at an age that you want to start the game**. Once you decide to stop aging up your character, go on to the Final Touches section.

## AGING

When you hit 40, it's all downhill from there. Your eyes can't see as well, your back gets stiff, you can't hear as well as you used to and a flight of stairs leaves you puffing. Or so they say.

To simulate the ravages of age, once your character turns 40 years old, after every term in a job roll a +0 Constitution Skill Check. If you fail, reduce every *Physical Skill* Level by 1. After the age of 60, reduce every *Skill* Level by 1. If you roll a 100 during any Age Check, reduce every *Skill* Level by 2.



# THE FALL

## CHARACTER CREATION

### ACADEMIC

1 - 2	Economy	Luck
3 - 4	Medicine	Investigate
5 - 6	Philosophy	Deceive
7 - 8	Science	Logic
9 - 10	Technology	Intuition

### ARTIST

11-12	Actor	Deceive
13-14	Author	Intuition
15-16	Dancer	Burglary
17-18	Painter	Fine-Craft
19-20	Singer	Diplomacy

### ATHLETE

21-22	Athletics	Athletics
23-24	Ball Sports	Drive
25-26	E-Sports	Stealth
27-28	Racquet Sports	Constitution
29-30	Swimming	Might

### BUREAUCRAT

31-32	Accountant	Wealth
33-34	Administrator	Investigate
35-36	Civil Servant	Perception
37-38	Librarian	Diplomacy
39-40	Office Worker	Logic

### CLERIC

41-42	Friar/Beguine	Luck
43-44	Lay Brother/Sister	Perception
45-46	Missionary	Investigate
47-48	Monk/Nun	Will
49-50	Priest/Priestess	Intuition

### HOBO

51-52	Burglar	Burglary
53-54	Fugitive	Athletics
55-56	Mobster	Intimidate
57-58	Thief	Stealth
59-60	Vagrant	Broad-Craft

### POLICEMAN

61-62	Emergency Response	Shoot
63-64	Military Provost	Fight
65-66	Private Investigator	Athletics
67-68	Private Security	Constitution
69-70	Street cop	Might

### SALESMAN

71-72	Entertainment	Drive
73-74	Fashion	Luck
75-76	Hospitality	Diplomacy
77-78	Luxury Goods	Wealth
79-80	Retail	Deceive

### SOLDIER

81-82	Air Force	Drive
83-84	Infantry	Might
85-86	Marines	Fight
87-88	Navy	Will
89-90	Private Contractor	Shoot

### TRADESMAN

91-92	Builder	Broad-Craft
93-94	Computing	Fine-Craft
95-96	Engineer	Constitution
97-98	Labourer	Intimidate
99-100	Tailor	Perception

# FINISHING TOUCHES

### FOUND YOUR SOULMATE?

01 - 50	Yes
51 - 100	No

### HOW MANY CHILDREN DID YOU HAVE?

01 - 10	One
11 - 30	Two
31 - 50	Three
51 - 100	Never work with children or animals

### DID YOU LOSE SOMEONE?

01 - 10	Your child(ren)	Deceive & Broad-Craft
11 - 20	Your mentor	Logic & Intuition
21 - 30	Your spouse/lover	Drive & Will
31 - 40	Your closest friend	Fine-Craft & Shoot
41 - 50	A sibling	Diplomacy & Investigate
51 - 60	A parent	Might & Fight
61 - 100	Fate spared you	Luck & Perception

*If you roll a person whom you do not have, then fate spared you*

### HOW MANY OF YOUR LOVED ONES HAVE STUCK BY YOU THROUGHOUT YOUR LIFE?

01 - 20	I stand alone in the world
21 - 40	A paltry few still care
41 - 60	Only half remain
61 - 80	Most of my loved ones stand with me
81 - 100	I have more loved ones around me than I can count

### HOW DO YOU LIKE TO SPEND YOUR FREE TIME?

01 - 20	Learning new things and bettering myself	Logic & Constitution
21 - 40	Creating beautiful things that will outlast me	Might & Wealth
41 - 60	Going to places I've never been to before	Burglary & Drive
61 - 80	With others talking, singing and dancing the night away	Intimidate & Athletics
81 - 100	Hunting & Fishing	Stealth & Fight

### WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT TO YOU?

01-10	My family, my blood	Diplomacy & Fight
11-20	My friends, the family I chose	Fine-Craft & Intimidate
21-30	My people, my nation	Athletics & Might
31-40	My god(s), my faith	Will & Perception
41-50	Knowledge, and the study thereof	Logic & Intuition
51-60	Power and the will to use it	Wealth & Burglary
61-70	Technology and the future	Drive & Broad-Craft
71-80	Freedom and chaos, as nature intended	Luck & Stealth
81-90	Order, peace, tranquility	Shoot & Investigate
91-100	Myself, clearly	Deceive & Constitution

# ARCHETYPES

## ACADEMIC

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	50
Burglary	30	Logic	55
Constitution	30	Luck	50
Deceive	40	Might	30
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	40

## ARTIST

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	30
Burglary	40	Logic	30
Constitution	30	Luck	50
Deceive	55	Might	30
Diplomacy	50	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	40
Intimidate	40	Will	30

## ATHLETE

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	55	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	50
Burglary	40	Logic	40
Constitution	50	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	40
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	40
Fight	30	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	40

## BUREAUCRAT

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	40
Burglary	30	Logic	40
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	50	Might	30
Diplomacy	55	Perception	40
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	50	Wealth	40
Intimidate	40	Will	30

## CLERIC

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	55
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	40
Burglary	30	Logic	40
Constitution	30	Luck	40
Deceive	30	Might	30
Diplomacy	50	Perception	40
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	40
Intimidate	30	Will	50

## HOBO

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	30
Burglary	50	Logic	30
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	40	Might	40
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	40	Shoot	40
Fight	40	Stealth	55
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	50	Will	30

### POLICEMAN

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	55
Burglary	40	Logic	30
Constitution	40	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	30
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	50	Shoot	50
Fight	40	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	40

### SALESMAN

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	30	Luck	40
Deceive	50	Might	30
Diplomacy	40	Perception	50
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	55
Intimidate	30	Will	30

### SOLDIER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	50	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	40	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	40
Diplomacy	30	Perception	40
Drive	40	Shoot	40
Fight	55	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	40	Will	50

### TRADESMAN

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	55	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	40	Luck	40
Deceive	30	Might	50
Diplomacy	40	Perception	40
Drive	50	Shoot	40
Fight	40	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	30

# AMBER THE MILITARY BRAT

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	31	Intuition	31
Broad-Craft	43	Investigate	32
Burglary	33	Logic	41
Constitution	42	Luck	36
Deceive	48	Might	35
Diplomacy	34	Perception	35
Drive	31	Shoot	41
Fight	48	Stealth	35
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	41
Intimidate	41	Will	33

Amber was always destined for the military. After all, how could she not when her father died a military hero, saving his comrades-in-arms on some far flung battlefield. After that, his death was all their family friends would talk about; how brave a man he was, how proud she must be of him, how she must now be brave too.

Her mother came from money and she and her three younger sisters grew up in luxury, but her mother was distant, reclusive and narcissistic. When her father passed, Amber's mother just seemed to stop caring, preferring to wile away her time drinking with her socialite friends and buying ever more expensive clothes.

The memory of her dead father was the only real parent she ever had.

By the time she got to high school, she was determined to free herself from her mother's gilded cage and make a life of her own. Money, however, has a way of attracting a lot of false friends, and once they found out that she didn't have her hands on the purse strings, they all faded away.

All except one. Susanna was a girl in

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Female
Age	24
Skin Colour	Brown
Hair Colour	Black
Eye Colour	Green
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Petite

much the same situation as she: dead father, rich spoilt mother, and no friends. They quickly became the best of friends and they were there for each other through the worst of their teen crises, such as Michael.

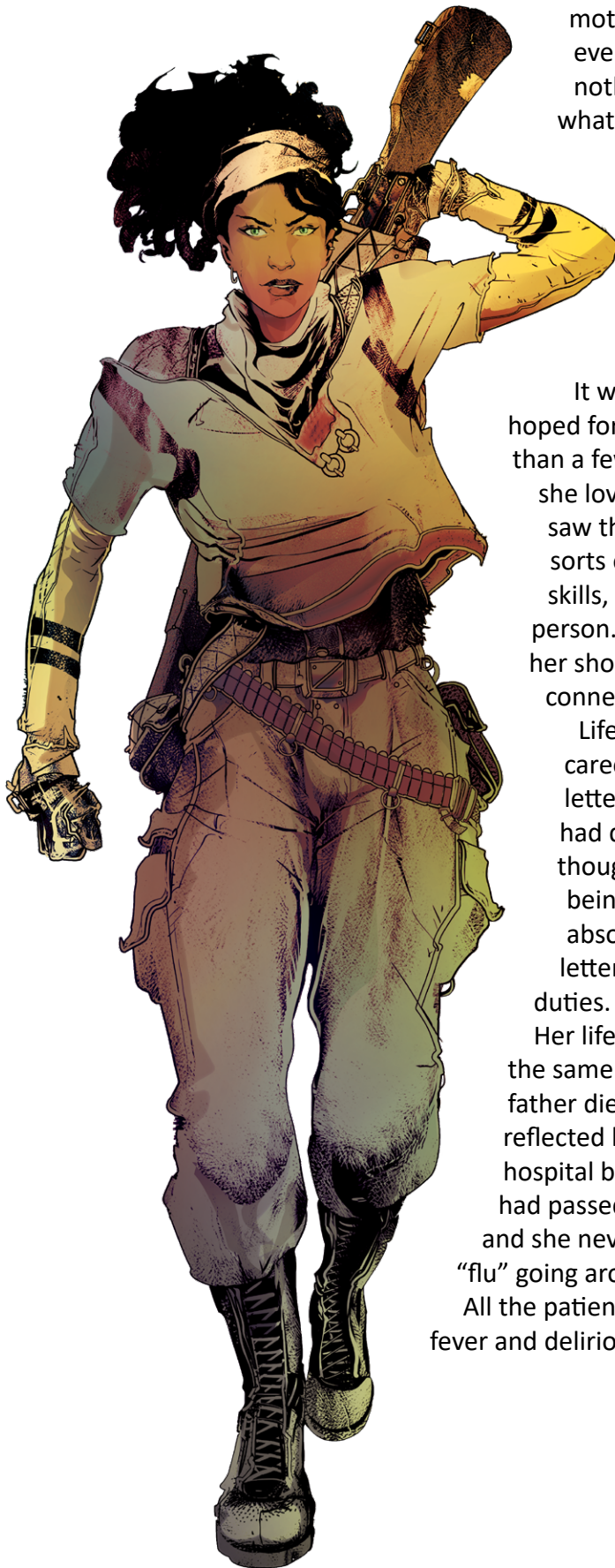
Michael was the best thing to ever happen to Amber and they had eyes only for each other. They were the great romance of their senior year, but it was a romance ripped from the pages of Shakespeare. Michael's family was quite poor and Amber's mother didn't approve. Michael's father wasn't all that pleased either that his son was involved with such a snobbish family. Amber and Michael were out to prove them all wrong though, and show that love can find away.

Unfortunately, fate had other plans. One day during gym class, Michael had a spontaneous nose bleed. Within a day he was in the hospital on life support. No one knew what had happened and there was little the doctors could do. Amber would have given everything to be with Michael, but both her mother and his father forbade it. She only found out the next week at school that Michael had died.

It was then that she made her decision to get as far away as she could from her

# THE FALL

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



mother, her school, her city, from everything that had given her nothing but pain. She took only what she could fit into a backpack, stole her father's old dog-tags from the mantelpiece, and went straight to the nearest military recruitment office.

Amber joined the navy at age 18 and never looked back.

It was everything she could have hoped for, and while there was more than a few troubles along her career, she loved every moment of it. She saw the world, made friends from all sorts of different nations, learnt new skills, and finally became her own person. She became known for both her short temper and her ability to connect with others.

Life was looking good for this career soldier until she received a letter from her sister. Her mother had died in a car accident. Amber thought it would affect her deeply, being an orphan now, but she felt absolutely nothing. She threw the letter away and went on with her duties.

Her life came to a sudden stop in the same war-torn patch of land her father died on. All she saw was a flash of reflected light and then she woke up in hospital back at her naval base. Months had passed while she was unconscious and she never heard the news of the new "flu" going around.

All the patients in her ward were sick with fever and delirious, until they slept that night...

# FREDDIE THE HOOLIGAN

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	36
Broad-Craft	42	Investigate	36
Burglary	38	Logic	33
Constitution	38	Luck	34
Deceive	32	Might	39
Diplomacy	30	Perception	41
Drive	34	Shoot	38
Fight	40	Stealth	35
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	31	Will	40

Freddie liked the simple things in life. He just didn't like paying for it. The boy was a moral reprobate for as long as his father could remember, who attempted to set him on the straight and narrow through the tried-and-true method of beating the hell out of him and hoping the holy remained.

It never worked. Freddie bore the brunt of the belt time and time again with a look of contrition on his face, said his sorrys, and then went and did it all over again. His father had thought that living on a farm far from the vices of the city, where you work from sun-up to sun down, would have put some moral fibre into young Freddie, but the hooligan found a way to sin.

Before he could even properly read (and he never tried too hard to do so), he was already rustling anything on four legs. Sheep, pigs, cattle, horses, he stole them all and took them to some immoral and unethical slaughterhouse for some easy money, which he then spent on all sorts of things that a child shouldn't.

Even the local rural school couldn't set him straight. He learned only as much as he needed to get by on the farm and

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	17
Skin Colour	Black
Hair Colour	Brown
Eye Colour	Dark Brown
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Average

failed everything else. He was a loner at school and preferred it that way. The only thing he had that was close to friendship was with the few farmhands that helped him with his illegal activities.

He never really fell in with the wrong crowd as much as he was the one who started the wrong crowds and left them when he got bored. He left a trail of petty crimes and upset folk wherever he went, but that was him and he cared for very little but himself.

He was always on the move. There were always new places to go, new things to see, new fixes to score, and if that meant slipping away from work at the farm, then so be it.

It was on one of these walkabouts that his life changed forever, although not even he could say if it was for better or worse. He had been gone for a few days, getting high on who knows what, when he stumbled back to the farm expecting another tongue-lashing from his mother and a belt-lashing from his father.

What he found, however, was the farmhouse in flames and for once he wasn't the guilty arsonist. He soon discovered that it wasn't just his farm that has suffered a calamity. He could already see smoke in the distance and when he got closer to investigate he saw

# THE FALL

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



that the folks had gone mad. They were killing each other left, right and centre. Even the farm animals had suddenly become quite carnivorous.

After making sure he wasn't still high, he had to now figure out what to do. He had the freedom he always wanted: the freedom from his parents, from responsibility, and (from looking at the madmen all around) freedom from morality.

But what could he do with his new-found freedom?

# JACK THE DREAMER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	38	Intuition	39
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	33
Burglary	33	Logic	37
Constitution	28	Luck	34
Deceive	41	Might	36
Diplomacy	42	Perception	29
Drive	41	Shoot	33
Fight	31	Stealth	41
Fine-Craft	37	Wealth	38
Intimidate	39	Will	37

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	45
Skin Colour	Fair
Hair Colour	Blonde
Eye Colour	Green
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Lean

Jack always had dreams. He had goals and things he wanted to do with his life, things he wanted to be, things he wanted to become. Making those a reality... well that's a different story.

Jack didn't have the most stable of childhoods. The earliest memory he had was of a terrible fight between his parents, and then his dad scooped him up and suddenly they were on the move. They never really stopped moving, never stayed in one place for too long, but his dad said it was for business and brought out his belt when Jack asked too many questions, so Jack let it be.

It was only when he got older that he found out his dad had essentially kidnapped him and they spent his entire childhood on the run from the cops and anyone asking too many questions. Jack always wanted to know what happened to his mother, to reconnect with her, but this was another dream that Jack had; another dream that fell by the wayside.

Always being on the move meant he never had time to make friends, and even his crushes and girlfriends never lasted long, but what Jack had was a love for the English language and how it

could be shaped to draw out the most passionate of emotions. He read as much as could, performed in all the drama clubs at his various schools and even wrote poetry, filling the void of family and friends as best he could.

It was on his way back from a school production of Hamlet that he discovered his dad wasn't just running from cops and private investigators, but from organized crime as well. He found his home ransacked and everything of value taken. After much searching he found a torn up note from his dad telling Jack he owed money to the wrong people and had to disappear for a while. Jack never saw him again.

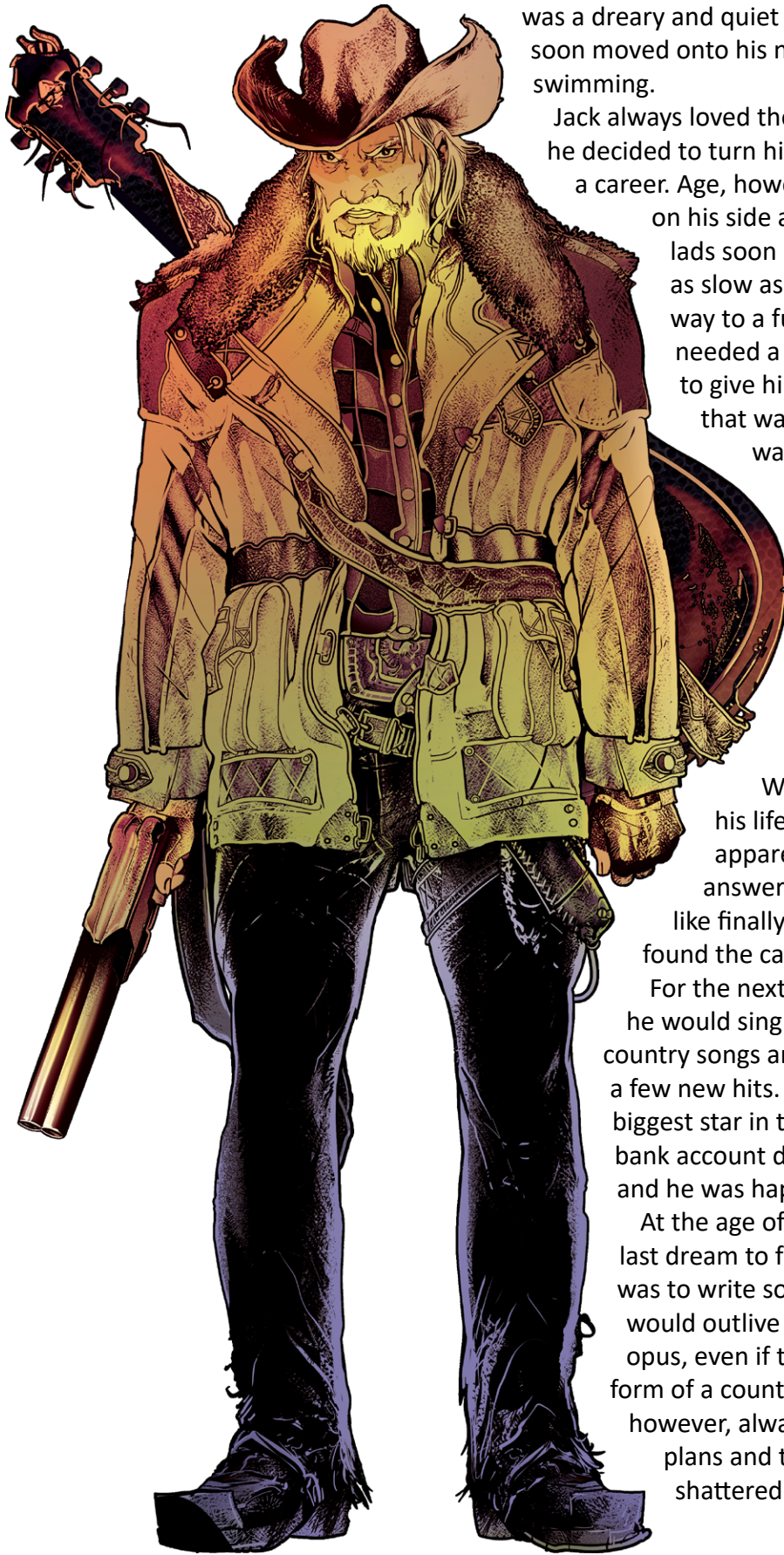
There was one good thing to come out of his childhood was meeting his future wife and saving her from a terrible decision atop a bridge.

They were happy for a few years as Jack became a stage actor, but as much talent as he had he just didn't have the contacts to succeed. The lack of money, the stress and the bickering became too much for his wife Linda. After another failed audition he came home to yet another empty house and tearful note.

In his grief and to make ends meet, he did odd jobs here and there, even becoming a tailor for a short while. It

# THE FALL

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



was a dreary and quiet life and he soon moved onto his next dream: swimming.

Jack always loved the water and he decided to turn his passion into a career. Age, however, wasn't

on his side and the young lads soon made him look as slow as a snail on the way to a funeral. Jack just needed a little something to give him a boost, but that was illegal and he was soon caught and exposed.

His athletic life was over.

He retreated to his books and poetry and started dreaming again.

What to do with his life? Singing, apparently was the answer and it looked like finally he might have found the career for him.

For the next few years he would sing the greatest country songs and even write a few new hits. He wasn't the biggest star in the sky, but his bank account did well enough and he was happy for while.

At the age of 45 he had one last dream to fulfil and that was to write something that would outlive him, a magnum opus, even if that came in the form of a country song. Fate, however, always has other plans and the apocalypse shattered that last dream.

# KAZUO THE GANGSTER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	35	Intuition	31
Broad-Craft	32	Investigate	39
Burglary	35	Logic	30
Constitution	35	Luck	40
Deceive	41	Might	38
Diplomacy	34	Perception	31
Drive	33	Shoot	37
Fight	40	Stealth	55
Fine-Craft	31	Wealth	30
Intimidate	42	Will	34

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	33
Skin Colour	Ivory
Hair Colour	Brown
Eye Colour	Brown
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Brawny

Kazuo's family came to this country with the hope of starting a new life, but like with so many, they got caught in a scam. Once they got off the plane and gave their passports and all their money to the "agent", they never heard from him again and they were left penniless on the street.

It was a hard life living hand to mouth, but Kazuo's parents tried to raise Kazuo and his sister to be honourable and upright people. This was made even more difficult with all the gangs preying on them and petty priests and pastors taking advantage of their naivety and trust.

There was a brief ray of light when Kazuo got to high school that made him hope for a brighter future. Charles, the mayor's son, took an interest in this poor immigrant and, at least for a while, it seemed as if the two would become best friends.

Charles showed Kazuo there was a life outside the streets and ghettos, and Kazuo did all he could to reach it. He worked hard and excelled in his classes, especially the more technical and physical subjects, and while his

attempts at love didn't work out as he liked it seemed that he would become a productive member of society.

And it was all thanks to Charles.

Or so Kazuo thought, until he discovered that Charles had stolen his grandfather's pendant, a family heirloom, the only item he still had from Japan. Charles wasn't really his friend. He had only used Kazuo and when he overstayed his welcome, Charles took what he wanted and left.

Kazuo had never felt the class divide as deeply as he did that day.

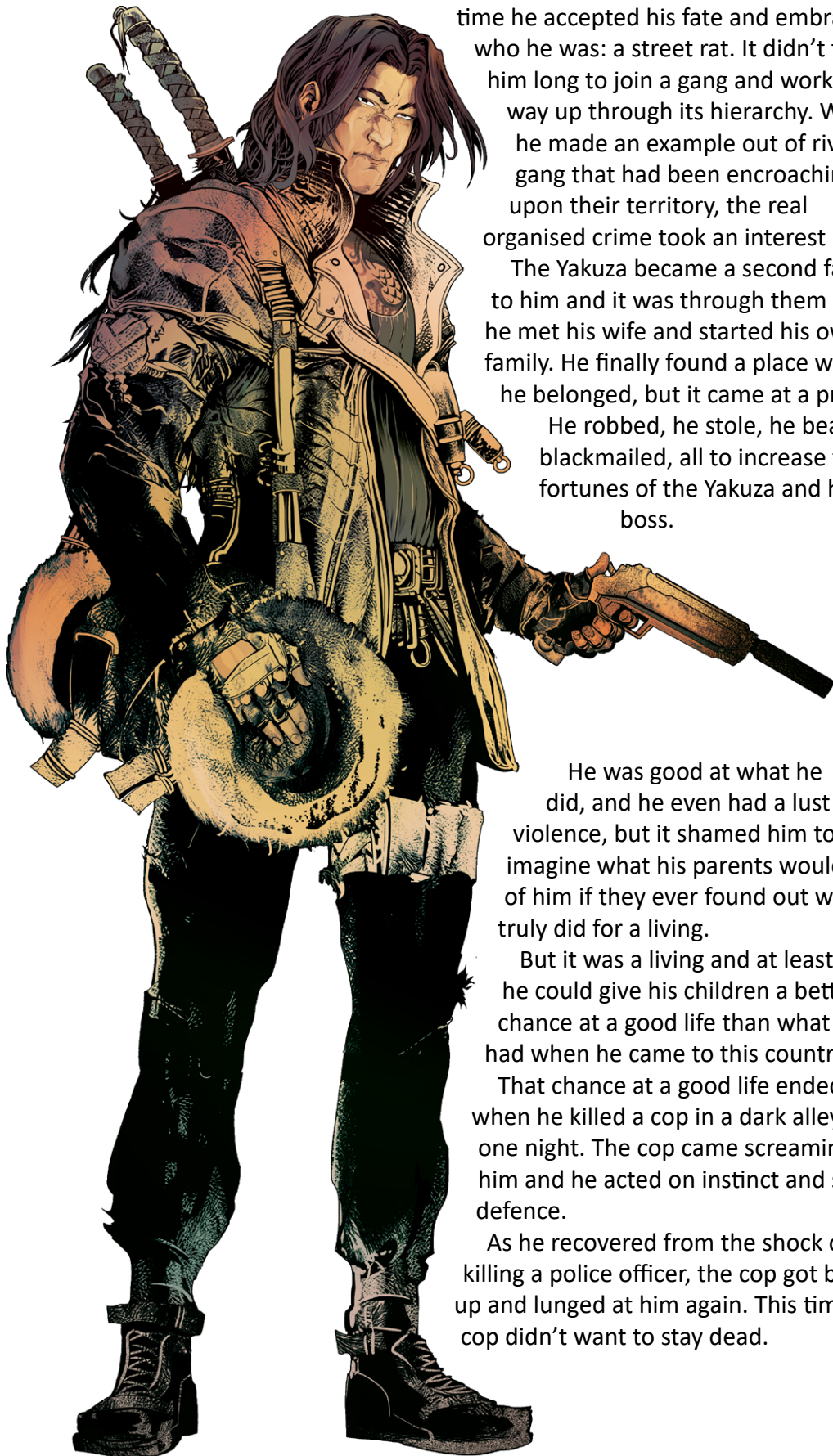
He promised himself it wouldn't drag him back down, that it wouldn't stop his hopes and ambitions of doing something with his life. He took up an apprenticeship at a local builder and soon enough he was a working man, earning a living and paying his taxes.

The streets, however, have a way of catching up with those trying to escape. He wasn't even finished with his apprenticeship when the business he worked for was robbed. Not long after, his working van was stolen while he was up a ladder fixing a roof. He even bought a gun to keep himself safe, but the crime didn't stop and his boss had to let him go.

He was back on the streets, but this

# THE FALL

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



time he accepted his fate and embraced who he was: a street rat. It didn't take him long to join a gang and work his way up through its hierarchy. When he made an example out of rival gang that had been encroaching upon their territory, the real organised crime took an interest in him.

The Yakuza became a second family to him and it was through them that he met his wife and started his own family. He finally found a place where he belonged, but it came at a price.

He robbed, he stole, he beat and blackmailed, all to increase the fortunes of the Yakuza and his boss.

He was good at what he did, and he even had a lust for violence, but it shamed him to imagine what his parents would think of him if they ever found out what he truly did for a living.

But it was a living and at least he could give his children a better chance at a good life than what he had when he came to this country.

That chance at a good life ended when he killed a cop in a dark alleyway one night. The cop came screaming at him and he acted on instinct and self-defence.

As he recovered from the shock of killing a police officer, the cop got back up and lunged at him again. This time, the cop didn't want to stay dead.

# SABINA THE MOMMA BEAR

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	44	Intuition	43
Broad-Craft	39	Investigate	32
Burglary	32	Logic	38
Constitution	31	Luck	41
Deceive	30	Might	37
Diplomacy	50	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	39
Fight	39	Stealth	35
Fine-Craft	49	Wealth	34
Intimidate	30	Will	34

Sabina had a fairly normal childhood. Some might even go so far as to say it was a boring childhood. Her parents treated her and her twin sister well, gave them a smack when they needed it, took them to church every Sunday (although she was always a bit blasé about religion) and cared for them as well as any parent could.

When she wasn't playing around the house, she was found underfoot at her parents small cafe where she discovered she had a knack for interacting with people; and who didn't want to buy an extra muffin from a puppy eyed little girl.

Her teenage years were similarly uneventful. She did well enough at school, enjoyed her time with her friends and even had herself a neat little love triangle. She even joined her generation in mourning the loss of her favourite pop star. In her clichéd rebellious teenage phase, she even took up smoking to "stick it to the man", although it took her years to kick that habit.

After graduating with above average grades and promising to always keep in touch with her classmates, she decided to make a difference in the world like so

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Female
Age	39
Skin Colour	Olive
Hair Colour	Brown
Eye Colour	Hazel
Handedness	Left handed
Build	Average

many others. So she became a cop and walked the beat for nearly three years.

Unfortunately for her she fell in with the wrong crowd who cut a few too many corners, and may have planted one piece of evidence too many to convict what she was told was a scumbag.

Internal Affairs eventually found them out and she almost landed in prison, but there wasn't enough evidence against her to make a case, so she was "persuaded" to resign.

She came back to her parents' cafe in shame, but interacting with people was what she was good at. In no time at all the cafe did better than her parents could possible have hoped for and so they let her have the reigns of the cafe.

Perhaps it wasn't her dream job, but she was good at it and over the years she even came to enjoy running (and then owning) a cafe. She even managed to open up a few franchises across her city and the neighbouring towns.

From then on, she was mostly found on the road between one cafe or the other, or on the way to a business conference to grow her operation even more. Her husband and young daughter always missed her but understood that she did it all for them, so they can have a better life.

# THE FALL

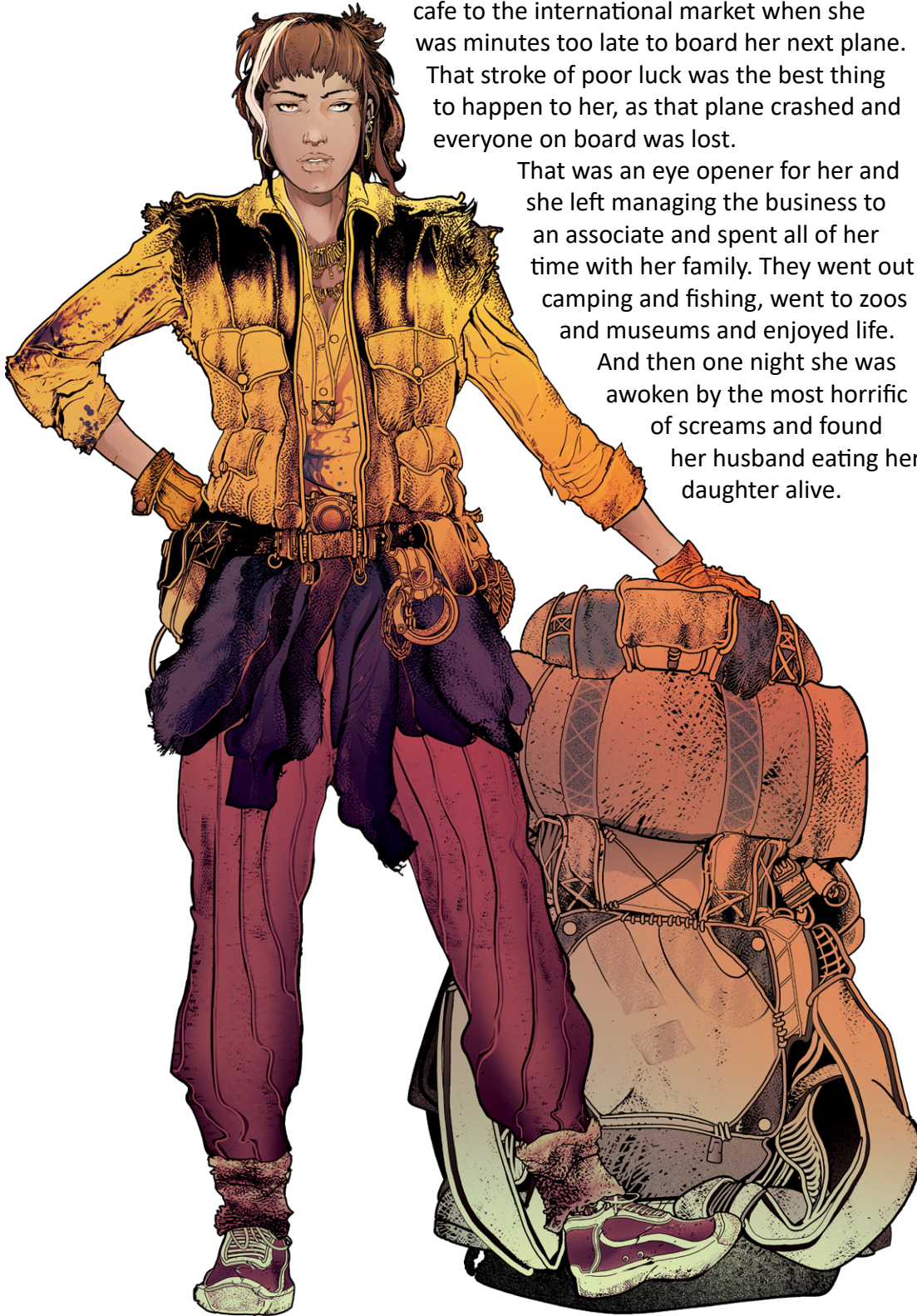
## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS

So she went from motel to hotel, conference to cafe, meeting client and investor here and there, sometimes even forgetting what day of the week it was. Despite all this, she did well and her network of contacts spread around the nation, getting her more deals and opportunities than she could ever hope for.

She was on the verge of taking her once-small cafe to the international market when she was minutes too late to board her next plane. That stroke of poor luck was the best thing to happen to her, as that plane crashed and everyone on board was lost.

That was an eye opener for her and she left managing the business to an associate and spent all of her time with her family. They went out camping and fishing, went to zoos and museums and enjoyed life.

And then one night she was awoken by the most horrific of screams and found her husband eating her daughter alive.



# STARTING SCENARIOS

The world will end whether you like it or not. It doesn't care if you are prepared or whether you were asleep when it happened. It *will* happen, so the only thing to decide is where and when.

Below you will find ten different scenarios for how you can begin the age of the apocalypse and, while they are broad in scope, they are by no means an exhaustive list. **Z-LAND** during **THE FALL** is meant first and foremost to be played by you as yourself, so if you don't find anything you like below, create your own adventure!

The ten starting scenarios are simply jumping off points. Use them, abuse them, modify them how you wish so that they make sense in the context of your party, your history, location and all the other factors that will make your game truly unique.

## SAILING INTO UNKNOWN HARBOURS

You and your party are alone on a boat, or perhaps even a ship. Maybe you went for a long fishing trip or maybe you decided on a short vacation and are sailing between two ports. Whatever the reason may be, your party was on the water when **THE FALL** happened.

The only notice you had that something wasn't right was that all your communication devices stopped working overnight. No one was replying on the boat's radio and suddenly it looked like your phones weren't getting reception.

As you pull into the dock, you can't see a soul around. You can, however, see smoke in the distance and can hear a siren. There is also a strange scent in the air, like spoilt meat.

*Your boat will be your most valuable asset. Don't lose it.*

For now, though you feel all alone in the world, but that won't last long...

## LONGEST ELEVATOR RIDE

People get stuck in elevators all the time, and this time it happened to you and your party. Maybe you were in a hotel or staying late at the office, but just before dusk you few got into an elevator and it stopped working between floors.

The hatch at the top won't open and you can't get through the doors, all you can do is wait. The voice at the other end of the emergency line said they'll be a few hours, but you'll be staying until dawn and there's no cell reception inside the elevator.

When morning comes, you awake as the elevator moves down one floor and opens. It won't work anymore and you are still several stories up, so it's the stairs for you.

Out through the windows you can see smoke and fire coming from buildings and you can hear... noises... coming from the floors below you. It sounds like someone left a hungry dog or something here overnight...

## FOR WANT OF A TIRE

It's the middle of the night and you and your party are on a bus. Maybe you are catching the cheap bus between cities or maybe you're coming home from a late party, but other than your party and the driver, there is only a handful of people on the bus.

The drive doesn't last very long after the bus gets onto the freeway. You get jolted awake as you hear what sounds like an explosion coming from just

outside the bus. The bus swerves off the road and screeches to a halt. The driver has a look outside and reports back that the bus has blown a tire, he'll have to fix it before you can go further.

As soon as he steps outside again he is grabbed by a screaming man running past, thrown to the ground out of sight and then you hear the drivers unholy screams and sounds of flesh being ripped apart...

### RED EYE FLIGHT

It's 3am. You and your party are waiting at the airport for a good friend to arrive. Other than yourselves, there are only a few people scattered across the airport that you can see and most of them are asleep.

You can see signs warning of the Flight Flu and telling people to regularly wash hands and wear face masks if they are feeling sick. You don't think you've seen anyone paying attention to the signs and what is just another flu scare like all the rest were.

You wait nearly an hour after your friend's plane was supposed to land when you hear screams coming from across the terminal and see bloodstained people running for their lives. At the same time you see the flash of a plane coming in too fast and smash itself down onto the tarmac.

All hell breaks loose and then you see a bloodstained man sprinting in your direction screaming his lungs out...

### BARS TO KEEP THEM OUT

You and your party had been a bit naughty and said the wrong thing to the wrong cop. Maybe you were just drunk or maybe you were indeed looking for trouble, but now you're sleeping it off in the cells overnight. Luckily you and your

party had a cell all to yourselves.

The two gents in the next cell haven't taken kindly to each other and had kept you awake all night cursing and shouting at each other. A few times they have come to blows and a cop had to come in to intervene.

You thought it was over when one fell asleep, but an hour later he awoke with a jump and lunged at the other man, screaming all the while. The other gent did what he could, but he stopped struggling when the madman bit open his throat.

When the cop tried to stop them, he too was taken down far too quickly for your liking. He only had time to throw you the keys to your cell and screamed at you to get out...

### PARTY TO END ALL PARTIES

Maybe it was a roaring birthday party, a family get together or perhaps you and your party decided to hook your computers up for a bit of multiplayer action. You could even have had a quiet night of tabletop roleplaying.

In any event, you were oblivious to the world at large for the night and **THE FALL** seemed to have passed you over until the sound of gunshots stopped the party in its tracks. Everyone quieted down and then you picked out the sound of sirens and screaming in the night.

TVs and radios were turned on, the internet was checked, everyone looked for news and it wasn't good. The news was a confusing mess, but it looked like the world had ended, or as near as makes no difference.

The moment of introspection was interrupted when someone crashed through a window into the house. You thought perhaps they were looking for help, until they jumped up and tried

*This is the scenario used for Rycon's campaign on YouTube.*

# THE FALL

## STARTING SCENARIOS

to grab the nearest person they could reach...

*Is another person worth saving if your group will be in danger?*

### ALONE IN THE WOODS

You have had enough of the world and decided to take a break. You and your party went for a short camping trip; just you few and the great outdoors. No people, no civilisation, no phones, no tablets or computers. Just the wilderness and your camping supplies.

You tramped, you hiked, you fished; all in all you enjoyed yourselves that day and your campsite for the night was already set up and the food was already cooking. When you went to bed you couldn't be happier with your decision to get away from it all.

Until you were awoken by a scream that didn't sound like any animal you knew. It couldn't possibly be a person as you were so far out and hadn't see anyone all day, but what else could it be? And why were they screaming so horrifically...

### AT THEIR DEATHBED

It's a sad time for you. A family member of one of your party had been taken to the hospital and you were all there for support. It might have been an accident or perhaps illness, but it was serious enough that the nurses allowed your party to stay the night, just in case.

The patient, your loved one had fallen asleep hours earlier and none of you had the energy to keep talking all night long so you each drifted in and out of sleep.

Then the worst imaginable thing happened: your loved one awoke, took one look at the nearest person and tried to take a bite out of them. While you were trying to restrain them, they thrashed with more energy than you would ever give them credit for, healthy

or otherwise.

As this tussle went on you could hear fights break out all over the hospital. Screams of pain and anguish mixed with those of fear and horror and suddenly it seemed like a nightmare come to life.

And in between it all, there is your loved one manically trying to eat you...

### ON THE ROAD AGAIN

There's always something across the horizon, around the corner, over the next hill and you and your party took a weekend off to go find it all. With just a few spare clothes you went off on a grand road trip across the country.

You decided not to pay for a motel or hotel that night, and one person filled up on caffeine and drove you all through the dark hours. Everything seemed to be going fine until the car hit something and careened off the road before coming to a stop.

The driver swore they didn't see what they hit and never even saw it coming onto the road, but the dent and blood on the front of the car tells you it was something big.

You all walked back onto the road and back to where you think the accident took place, but there was nothing there other than a trail of blood leading off the road.

Before your party could decide whether to investigate or not, you heard a scream in the night, a howl of pain and anger. You were in the middle of nowhere and something did not take kindly to you crashing into it...

### ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK

Maybe you like the underground scene, or maybe you are a fan of death metal music. Whatever the case might be, you and your party have gone to a

*A hospital is one of the most dangerous places in the apocalypse. This would be the most difficult scenario.*

# THE FALL

## STARTING SCENARIOS

late night concert that promised to go for as long as the fans can.

Some fans have already fallen asleep drunk, high or both. The rest of you lot were still having a good time, but something suddenly changed the feeling in the air. In between the loud music and shouting, a scream pierced the air that did not belong at the concert.

Only a few seconds passed before another scream joined it in harmony and suddenly everyone was running for their lives. It was total chaos and confusion in the dimly lit area, but you could see more than one person lying too still to be alive and people running around covered in blood...



# THE RULES



# BASIC RULES

## WHAT IS A ROLEPLAYING GAME?

A roleplaying game is pretty much what it says in the name: it is a game where you play the role of a fictional character. Rather than playing as existing characters, you and your group will create your own original characters that will have adventures, intrigues, comedy and drama.

Playing a role playing game is much like playing a video game: you take control of a character and direct them through their fantastical world, interacting with the world and its people. The difference here is that you are in full control of your character. There are no dialog boxes or buttons to press, no pre-generated stories or quests. You as a group will create your own stories and whatever your character does is completely up to you.

## BASIC GAME CONCEPTS

### GAME DICE

Z-LAND uses only one type of dice: ten sided dice. This abbreviates as d10. The d stands for dice, and the 10 for how many sides are on the dice, in this case ten. For the Skill Checks you will be rolling in game, you will need a d100: a hundred sided dice. While you can, if you look far and wide, find a dice with a hundred sides, it is easier to use two d10s. Designate one dice as the tens and the other as the ones dice, then when you roll them together you will get a number between 00 and 99. A 00 in this case is treated as 100.

For example, if you roll a 3 on your tens dice and a 5 on your ones dice, you have rolled a 35. In hobby stores and on hobby websites you will often find a special d10 which is already marked for tens (00, 10, 20, 30, etc. instead of 0, 1, 2, 3 etc.) that will make rolling a d100 far easier. Or, if you are feeling very 21st century today, there are plenty of websites and free mobile apps that can let you roll dice digitally.

### TERMINOLOGY

As with any instructional manual, this book will make use of jargon and abbreviations that may be unfamiliar to those who have not played a tabletop roleplaying game. To make your life easier, here are the jargon with their explanations so you can refer back to this list if you find anything later on that you don't immediately understand.

**GM: The Game Master.** This is the person that will be “running” the game. While the other players in the group will be playing as characters, the GM will be playing as the world. They will create the quests and obstacles and all other characters that you will encounter. They will also act as a referee should any dispute arise.

**PC: The Player Character.** This is you in the RPG, your avatar, embodiment, representation, what-have-you. Just as you would control a character in a video game, you will be controlling your PC.

**NPC: The Non-Playable Character(s).** The opposite of the PC, the NPCs are the

# RULES

## THE BASICS

characters you can't control. They are the barkeep, the merchant, the quest giver, the enemy minions you fight. They are all the characters your PC will interact with in the game. The GM controls the NPCs.

You can find the Character Creators on Pages 29, 119 and 197.

**d10/d100: A ten and hundred sided dice**, respectively. You will use a d100 throughout the course of the game and for the Character Creation.

**d5: A five sided dice.** A true d5 is quite hard to get a hold of, so the best thing to do is roll a d10 and divide the result by two, rounding up. So a 1-2 becomes 1; 3-4 becomes 2; 5-6 becomes 3 and so on. Don't worry overly much about the d5, you will only be using it in the Character Generation.

You can find a list of Skills on Page 80.

**Skill:** The way your PC mechanically interacts with the world. This could be through using the Fight Skill to punch a bandit or the Diplomacy Skill to get a better price on that hat you have had your eye on.

**Skill Check:** Whenever your PC does anything in the game that has some element of risk involved, your GM might call for you to make a Skill Check. This is done with your chosen Skill and a d100.

**EXP: Experience Points.** Those lovely little numbers we all want so dearly. EXP is used to increase the potency of your skills. They are how you get stronger, faster, and hopefully wiser. The more EXP you get, the more powerful your character will become.

**Roll: Rolling dice.** In the course of the book, rather than constantly saying "roll a d100 and obtain a number under your

Skill Level", it will usually just say "roll under your Skill Level" or "roll a Skill Check". It all means the same thing. So when you see "roll" it means the dice, not you.

**Roleplay:** "Acting", as a wise man once said. You don't have to dress up in costume or put on an accent (although I won't stop you, who am I to judge, I'm a book) but roleplay is how you tell the story of your characters in the world. There is no Skill Check for walking down the street, having a pint at your local and discussing your upcoming plans for the heist. This is all done through you: talking about it, sharing about it, roleplaying it.

## PLAYING THE GAME

### YOUR CHARACTER

Throughout the course of this book you will generate a character to call your own. It will be your own unique character that you can stamp your name on. You give your character their hopes and dreams and ambitions, you make them a complete and fully rounded person. You can come up with everything about the character before you play, coming to the table with a character that you know everything about, or you can let the game teach you about the character, letting how you act in the game influence who your character is. Either option is perfectly acceptable and both makes a great character.

Whichever option you take, be prepared that once you start playing with that character it might all change. Just like how real life affects and changes you as a person, the game will change your character. And this is great, a lot of

roleplay is all about character growth and development. That shy scholar you first made might have to start standing up for themselves and by the end of a long campaign become the greatest warrior in the world.

Once you get your character in the game, it is always important to keep asking yourself “what would my character do in this situation?”. This is important as your character could be completely different to how you are as a person in the real world and thus your character could act differently in any given situation than you would.

Your GM will give you the scenario, they will fill the world with NPCs and events and it’s up to you to decide how your character interacts with all of this. You will decide if your character is rude or nice, if he takes the left road or right road. You tell the group and the GM what you want to do and the GM will tell you how the world responds to your actions and the other players will tell you what their characters are doing.

## PLAYING AS A GROUP

No man is an island and while it is certainly possible to play an RPG by yourself, games like these are meant for a group. At the very least you will need two people because one person needs to be the GM, the referee, the judge, the one who plays as the whole world just as you will play as your character.

This is a group game so always remember the golden rule: **BE NICE**. It doesn’t matter what your characters get up to, who they hate and love, what they do, how they feel about the other PCs; remember, the people playing with you are real people. They are also here to have fun just like you are. You would hate it if someone ruined your fun, so

don’t go around ruining their fun. Don’t hog all the spotlight, don’t try and do everything yourself, don’t cut others out, and if there is conflict between your characters, keep it in character, don’t let it spill into real life. At the end of the day, it is just a game. There is no reason to lose friends over it.

Treat your gaming group like a relationship, and as your mum will tell you: the secret to a good relationship is communication. If something happens that you don’t like, that makes you uncomfortable, speak up and say something. Make sure do it politely. Keeping those things bottled up will just make them brew and stew till you are no longer having fun coming to the game. There is nothing wrong with making house rules about what is acceptable and not. It’s all about having fun, and if someone isn’t having fun then it stops being a game.

## CAMPAIGNS AND ADVENTURES

When it comes to role playing games, you can think of a campaign as a TV series and an adventure as a movie. A campaign is a long, sprawling story that can take months if not years to complete. In it, you could go through half a dozen characters as the plot moves along or you could have one character that ends up being completely different to what you started with. It will have plenty of twists and side stories, and you will be kept busy and by the end of it you will feel like you have finished a book series.

An adventure is more like the movie: short, compact and powerful. Adventures rarely last more than a few sessions. They usually have only one quest or story you can play and there will be a definite end to the mini-story. Some

# RULES

## THE BASICS

adventures will follow on one another so that you can get a campaign made up of adventures.

**Z-LAND** supports both campaigns and adventures; it's all up to how you want to play. Campaigns do involve more commitment as they will take a long time to finish and missing players may mean you have to postpone that session. On the other hand, campaigns have a bigger payoff as you will have a lot of stories your characters will go through.

## SKILL CHECKS

Whenever a character attempts an action that has a risk of failing, the player makes a d100 roll to determine the outcome. This is known as a "Skill Check". All Skill Checks, as the name implies, will involve a skill that a character has some, or none if unlucky, training in. Some Skill Checks will be quite straightforward such as rolling "Fight" to attack an opponent. Other Checks may be more elaborate such as rolling "Investigate" to know if the scorch marks you are looking at could have come from an explosion or an improvised flame-thrower.

Apart from roleplay, Skill Checks are how you will affect the world around you. You will use them in any situation, from trading with a nomad to fighting off bandits to finding that food you have been scavenging for, to surviving a week in the wilderness. They will be used a lot, so let's make sure we know how they work.

Remember that any modifiers only affect your Skill Level and not your roll.

### HOW TO ROLL A SKILL CHECK:

- Decide which skill is best suited for the task at hand.
- Make a note of the level of the skill.
- The GM will apply situational

modifiers to the roll, which can increase or decrease your skill level *for this roll only*.

- Roll a d100.
- Compare the result of the roll to the modified level of your skill.
- If the result from the roll is equal to or less than your modified skill level then congratulations, you succeeded at this task.
- If it is higher than your modified skill level, then unfortunately you failed the test and your character did not succeed at this task.

### EXAMPLE:

- Karen is playing Cassandra, a survivor and thief, who is currently running from some ravagers across the rooftops of a ruined metropolis.
- Cassandra comes to an alleyway. She needs to jump. The ravagers are right behind her. It's either jump or be captured by ravagers.
- Karen's GM tells her this will be an **Athletics Skill Check** to make that jump.
- Cassandra's **Athletics Skill** is at **Level 46**.
- So far, she needs to **roll under a 46** to make the jump.
- Karen's GM says it's pretty wide alleyway and the ravagers are right behind her so this isn't going to be easy.
- He puts the **Difficulty Modifier** of **Difficult** on her skill check. This is a **-10**.
- This means that her **Modified Skill Level** for this skill check is **36**.
- Karen **rolls a d100**.
- The **result is 27. Success!**
- Cassandra leaps over the alley and escapes the ravagers this day!

And that is all there is to it. All the skill

checks you will be rolling for in the game will follow this format. Just remember: Check your Skill Level, add Modifiers and roll under it. Also remember that the Modifiers go on the Skill Level, not the Roll Result.

## OPPOSED SKILL CHECKS

Most of the time your characters will be going up against the world, the environment and their own limitations, so you will be the only one rolling dice. Other times however, you characters will be going up against other flesh and blood creatures, be it animals, NPCs or even other PCs. For this we use Opposed Skill Checks. They work very similar to normal Skill Checks except that two people will be rolling dice here.

Figuring out who wins an Opposed Skill Check is simple. **Whoever rolls highest but still underneath their Modified Skill Level wins.** Think of it like blackjack. You want to get as high a number as possible while still saying at or under the target number. If there is a tie, then whoever has the highest Modified Skill Level wins.

### EXAMPLE:

- Karen's character Cassandra has gone into hiding, waiting for the ravagers who are looking for her.
- She did not expect someone else was looking for her.
- Harry's character Selwyn is a mercenary, tracking Cassandra to get back the supplies she stole from a group of dwellers.
- Their GM decides this will be a **Stealth vs Investigate Skill Check.**
- Cassandra's **Stealth Skill** is at **Level 38.**
- Selwyn's **Investigate Skill** is at **Level 42.**
- So far, **Karen** needs to **roll under a**

**38** to stay hidden.

- **Harry** needs to **roll under a 42** to find her.
- Their GM says Cassandra didn't pick the best spot to hide in, an empty barrel really is a cliché, but she fits so it's only a **Challenging Modifier at +0.**
- Their GM says because Cassandra didn't know until just a few moments earlier Selwyn was looking for her, he has a good idea of where she is. So it should only be an **Ordinary** task for him. This means a **+10 Modifier.**
- This means that Cassandra's **Modified Skill Level** for this skill check stays at **38.**
- Selwyn's **Modified Skill Level** for this skill check goes up to **52.**
- Karen and Harry both roll a d100.
- Karen's **result is 28.**
- Harry's **result is 30.**
- Since both players rolled underneath their Modified Skill Levels, it's just a case to see who rolled higher.
- Since Harry rolled higher, Harry wins!
- Cassandra's game of hide and seek was too little, too late. It doesn't take Selwyn long to find her hiding in that old stinking oil barrel.

And that's all there is to it.

## WHEN BOTH CHARACTERS FAIL IN AN OPPOSED TEST

It is easy to tell who is the winner when both players rolled under their Modified Skill Level or even if only one rolled under their Modified Skill Level. But what happens when both fail? Can one character fail at hiding, thus being found, but the other player fails at finding them

# RULES

## THE BASICS

at the same time? Is this some strange physics paradox?

There are two ways of dealing with this situation and it depends which of the characters is **proactive** and which is **reactive**, or if both are **proactive**.

In the Example of an Opposed Test, **Cassandra is being proactive** in trying to hide. **Selwyn is reacting** to Cassandra's attempt to hide and is looking for her. Determining who is proactive and reactive is much easier in combat: whoever is **attacking is proactive**, whoever is **defending is reactive**.

In an Opposed Test, the **proactive character rolls first**, and if they fail then the reactive character wins by default. If Cassandra failed miserably at hiding, then there is no need for Selwyn to investigate as he would clearly see her. If the thug shot at your PC and failed that Skill Check, it means he missed you, and you don't have to roll to dodge (you can, but you don't have to).

There are some uncommon cases where both players are proactive, usually in some form of contest: running a race, a tug of war, an arm wrestle. If both characters fail in an Opposed Test when both characters are proactive then it is up to the GM to decide if they both succeed at the task or not. For example, if two characters are racing to a target and roll an Athletics Skill Check then they both can't lose the race. The Skill Check was also for who was running the fastest, not to see who could run, so clearly both will reach the end. When this is the case, the characters may tie, the one with the highest Skill Level would win or they may both get run over by a car. It all depends on the GM's decision.

### CRITICAL SUCCESSES AND FAILURES

Regardless of any Skill Level or

Situational Modifiers, if you **roll exactly on your Modified Skill Level that is a Critical Success**. This means that whatever you tried to accomplish, you did so in magnificent style. If you succeeded on a Shoot Skill Check by rolling on your Modified Skill Level, you hit that undead through the head even though he was behind the door.

However, if you **roll a 100** that is a Critical Failure. If you failed on a Fight Skill Check with a roll of 100, not only did you miss but you tripped and your knife went straight through your leg. This is where GMs can get creative with how events happen.

In combat, Critical Successes and Failures take on a special role. **If you are attacking** and you roll on your Modified Skill Level and **hit the opponent, the Wound you cause will automatically be increased in severity by one step**. **If you are defending** and roll a 100 then **any wound you incur will automatically be increased in severity by one step**.

There are limits to Critical Successes and Failures, so don't abuse it. It doesn't matter how much you flap your arms, you won't fly to the moon. No amount of critical successes will help that. If a GM thinks a task is outside the realms of possibility then you will fail. GMs, this is a responsibility on your part to be both fair and just. You know what comes with great power.

## SKILL CHECK MODIFIERS

### DIFFICULTY

First and foremost, **Z-LAND** is a narrative-based RPG system. It is all about the story that you as a group tell about your characters and what they do

### TEST DIFFICULTIES

Insignificant	+60
Simplistic	+50
Easy	+40
Routine	+30
<b>STANDARD</b>	<b>+20</b>
Ordinary	+10
Challenging	+0
Difficult	-10
Hard	-20
Very Hard	-30
Severe	-40
Harrowing	-50
Near Impossible	-60

in the world. It is for that reason that the rules presented here are as simple as possible while still providing quality game mechanics. A perfect example of this is any modifier put on to Skill Checks to modify their difficulty.

It is exceedingly easy to use the d100 system to give everything in existence a modifier, such as the difficulty of kicking down a plain wooden door (-14) to kicking down a solid steel door (-61) and become a simulationist game instead of a narrative game. This however brings in too many numbers that need to be kept track of while playing the game and, at the end of the day, turns the game from a narrative game into a game simulating the world in minute detail.

Therefore we are providing a blanket modifier that can be used in any circumstance and situation: the **DIFFICULTY MODIFIER**. While there are more modifiers shown later in this book, they are optional and so you do not need to use them if you don't want to, or you can use them together with the Difficulty Modifier. The Difficulty Modifier is really all you need. Between it and the 20 skills

(plus specialisations) on offer, there is more than enough flexibility to do absolutely anything in the game that you can think of.

And of course, if you do want to get more technical and precise in your games, there are plenty of other modifiers listed in this book to help you with exactly that.

When you attempt a Skill Check, your GM will decide how difficult that Skill Check should be. This should be based on the circumstances you are in and will include a lot of different aspects that will ultimately boil down to a single Difficulty Modifier. For example, your PC, equipped with a rifle, wants to shoot a target. The circumstances surround that simple action will include how far away the target is, if the target is moving, if the sun is in your PC's eyes, if it is raining, how many obstacles there are between your PC and the target, if your PC is in a hurry or if your PC can take time to do it right, and many many more. Your GM will condense all these circumstances into one modifier, for example a **Difficult -10 modifier**.

### COMBAT MODIFIERS

Combat Modifiers are, unsurprisingly, only used in combat situations. It is up to the GM if they want to use these; they can always just use Difficulty Modifiers if they feel this slows the game down too much.

The Ranged Attack and Defence Modifier table assumes there is a clear attacker and defender. If both characters are attacking each other with ranged attacks, in a firefight or a standoff, then both characters can use the Ranged Attack Modifiers.

**If the defending character** in a Ranged Attack Opposing Skill Check **elects to do**

# RULES

## THE BASICS

**nothing** (perhaps they believe they are behind cover that they will not be hit) then it is up to the GM to decide if the defending character deserves some form of defence roll.

If the character truly is doing nothing, then treat the Opposing Skill Check as if the attacking character is shooting an inanimate object. This means that only the attacking character rolls and all damage is calculated by just the attacking character's roll.

If the defending character does nothing, *but* there is something that can prevent the ranged attack hitting them (that has nothing to do with the attacking character) then simply **do a Flat Skill Check with base Skill Level of 30** with the Ranged Defense Modifiers added to represent all the external things that can aid that character.

Melee combat, on the other hand, is a dance made for two, but as in any dance there is someone who leads. For this we use the Melee Attack and Defense Modifiers. If you declare an attack on an opponent, then you use the Melee Attack Modifier and your opponent uses the Melee Defense Modifier. Once your attack is done, your opponent then has

RANGED ATTACK MODIFIERS		RANGED DEFENSE MODIFIERS	
In melee	-40	In melee	-10
Moving quickly	-20	Moving quickly	+20
Off-Handed weapon	-20	Area of Effect Attack	-15
Firing blindly	-40	Dodge	+10
Aimed	+Shoot Skill/2	Surprised by Attack	-40
Area of Effect Attack	+15	In cover	+20

MELEE ATTACK MODIFIERS		MELEE DEFENCE MODIFIERS	
Charging	+20	Parry	-20
In a superior position	+40	In a superior position	+40
Off-Handed weapon	-20	Off-Handed weapon	-20
Aimed	-10	Dodge	+10
+5 for every ally flanking		-5 for every enemy flanking	

the chance to attack you, where you will use the Defense Modifier. Think of this as a sort of turn based combat. There is no strict turns and rounds, that will all be handled narratively, but for the purposes of opposing rolls there definitely is.

Three things to note with Melee Modifiers. Firstly, **every flanking combatant gets the flanking bonus for every other flanking combatant**. This means if there are three allies flanking an enemy, each ally will gain a +15 to their combat Skill Checks. Bottom line: don't get flanked or you'll get shanked.

Secondly, **a Parry is not simply a block** but a turning away of your opponent's weapon to set up a counterattack. For this reason it is a -20 Modifier, *but* if you successfully parry your opponent's attack then for your next Melee Attack against that character you will **gain the Superior Position +40 Modifier**.

Thirdly, it may seem counterintuitive that aiming would mean you have less of a chance to hit, but it is the difference between hitting someone anywhere you can and hitting them on one specific position. Aiming does give you a bonus to deciding where you will wound your opponent and it can also be used for

non-lethal methods as well, such as disarming your opponent.

## THE SUPERIOR POSITION

Innuendo aside, the Superior Position Modifier is perhaps the most important combat modifier. It is the modifier that encompasses a host of others. Instead of having a “prone” or “longer reach” or “have the high ground” or any such modifier, the Superior Position Modifier covers all of these and more.

The basic concept is this: whenever you are in a much better position in melee combat than your opponent, for whatever reason, you can get this modifier. You could have tripped your opponent and now he is on the ground; you could be standing on top of the stairs letting your opponent come to you; you could be fighting with a long halberd while your opponent only had a short knife; or you could have just disarmed your opponent. In short, the Superior Position is whenever the situation has made it much, much easier for you than for your opponent.

It is a powerful modifier and reflects in how much better a position you have to be to get it. It is up to the GM’s discretion, but it is something that should be situational and make you think “this is not a fair fight.”

Flanking someone does not automatically give you the Superior Position Modifier; that is why the Flanking Modifier exists.

## SKILL CHECKS AS MODIFIERS

No action, task or Skill Check happens in a vacuum. There is always the context of the situation to consider when dealing with Modifiers and how difficult, or easy, a Skill Check has to be.

There are times, though, when you can

let the PCs own actions determine their future Modifiers. In simpler terms: the result of one Skill Check can become the Modifier for future Skill Checks.

Let’s say for example that you are trying to win someone over to your point of view, whether it be haggling with a passing trader or trying to prevent a fight breaking out between hostile characters. One way or the other what you say will affect how they feel about you, so you can’t simply insult and denigrate them one second and then win them over with a lucky Skill Check.

In cases such as these, you can let the one Diplomacy Skill Check’s result act as a Modifier for the next Diplomacy Skill Check. If the PC succeeds at the first Skill Check, take the amount by which they beat the Check and add it as a positive Modifier to their next Skill Check. Similarly, if they fail their first Skill Check, take the amount by which they failed and add it as a negative Modifier.

While this use of Checks as Modifiers works well for ongoing challenges, it can easily be used for quick events. If a PC is driving along and another car comes barreling at it, the result of the PC’s first Perception Skill Check can act as a Modifier for their Drive Skill Check to avoid the oncoming car.

Be careful not to let these Modifiers stack up between Skill Checks as the Checks may become impossibly difficult or absurdly easy. These are best used once only, although the success or failure of the next Skill Check can determine the next-next Skill Check.

## MULTIPLE MODIFIERS

Always remember that you can add multiple modifiers to any Skill Check depending on the situation the characters are in. You can always add a

# RULES

## THE BASICS

Difficulty Modifier to everything because it is such a blanket statement, and if the characters are good at multitasking you can even combine a Social and Combat Modifier or a Melee and Ranged Combat Modifier.

### ASSISTING

It won't always be the case where only one character is performing a task. Sometimes, multiple characters will be doing the same task. Two characters might be helping each other lifting and carrying a person out of a burning building, or three characters might all be scavenging through the same building, looking for supplies. When such a situation comes up, **it is up to the GM to decide** how best to resolve it. There is no one size fits all cure.

If it's a task where all parties need to succeed or everyone fails, then it would be best to **average the Skill Levels of all the characters** participating and **then add Modifiers** and **let one player roll** for the outcome. For example: if the characters need to carry a large container filled with food out of burning building, if any character drops the container then it is not going anywhere. One character can't lift it by himself. Either everyone carries the container out the building or it is not going anywhere.

If it's a task where one character is pulling most of the weight and the other characters merely helping a little bit then **add a +10 Modifier for each assisting character** to the main character's Skill Level and treat it like a normal Skill Check. For example, if the characters want to intimidate a rival faction's leader to staying off your territory, one character will be doing the most of the "negotiation" while the others occasionally throw in the odd insult

or threat to help emphasise the lead character's points.

If it's a task where one character has a reasonable chance at success alone, but it is safer to use more than one character, then **add the Skill Levels together** of all the characters involved, and treat it like a normal Skill Check. For example, if a character needs to hold open a heavy sewer grate so that the other characters can quickly escape, that character might be able to do it alone but it would be safer for all involved if another character joined in. If the second character drops the grate, the first character will still have hold of it so it wouldn't be a failed test.

### DEGREES OF SUCCESS

The dice rolls in **Z-LAND** inevitably come down to a binary outcome: you are either succeed or your fail. However, this doesn't mean everyone does equally well. The result of your Skill Check will also give you an idea of how well you succeeded or how badly you failed.

To see how well you succeeded in whatever task you were attempting to perform; simply look at the result of your roll and match it to the table below. The higher you rolled, the better you did. This

#### DEGREES OF SUCCESS

1-10	Scarce
11-20	Mediocre
21-30	Average
31-40	OK
41-50	Good
51-60	Great
61-70	Excellent
71-80	Outstanding
81-90	Unreal
91-100	Superhuman

means that the higher your Skill Levels, the better your chances will become at excelling at your tasks.

For example: if you rolled a 38, it means you had an OK success in whatever task you were performing, while if you rolled an 81 then you had an Unreal success in your task.

If you happen to fail your Skill Check, the process is a little bit different. You don't just compare your Check result, instead you see how far above your Modified Skill Level you rolled. After that, you can compare it to the table below to get an idea of just how badly you did.

For example: if you rolled a 62 and your Modified Skill Level is 43, it means you rolled 19 above your Modified Skill Level which means you had a Poor failure. If you had rolled a 94 instead, then you would have rolled 51 above your Modified Skill Level, which means you had a Horrid failure.

DEGREES OF FAILURE	
+1-10	Scant
+11-20	Poor
+21-30	Bad
+31-40	Awful
+41-50	Miserable
+51-60	Horrid
+61-70	Terrible
+71-80	Pathetic
+81-90	Catastrophic
+91-100	Subhuman

Just as with the successes, remember that the higher your Skill Levels, the less likely you are to fail horribly. If you can get your Skill Levels to above 50 then the worst you can fail is Miserably.

Remember that these Degrees are not absolutes, but are instead guidelines to give you and your GM a better sense of your successes and failures.

## SIGILS

**Sigils are tokens** that you can spend to **gain a +25 bonus** to any Skill Check. Remember that this is not the final modifier to your roll, the Situational Modifiers can still affect the final Modifier you get. You can only **spend 1 Sigil per Skill Check to gain a +25 bonus**.

In the same vein, you can **spend a Sigil to reroll a failed Skill Check**. As with gaining a +25 bonus, you can only **spend 1 Sigil per Skill Check to gain a reroll**.

Sigils can be spent for any sort of Skill Check and for as many Skill Checks as you have Sigils. However, if you are using a Sigil to gain a bonus to your Skill Roll, you must declare the use of a Sigil *before* you roll the Skill Check. You cannot roll the Check and then decide you want to use a Sigil.

You can, however, roll the Skill Check and then declare that you are using a Sigil to reroll that Check.

You start each session with an amount of Sigils equal to your Sigil Threshold. **Your Sigil Threshold is equal to the first digit of your Luck Skill Level.** For example, if your Luck Skill Level is 38, then you have a Sigil Threshold of 3; if your Luck Skill Level is 54, then you have a Sigil Threshold of 5. While your Luck Skill may increase or decrease during gameplay due to penalties and positive Modifiers, **your Sigil Threshold is always taken from your unmodified Luck Skill Level.**

Use your Sigils as much as you can, because they do not carry over between sessions. Any **unspent Sigils at the end of a session is lost**. On the plus side, you start each session with your full complement of Sigils again. **You can also always have many more Sigils than your threshold**, if you can gain them during gameplay.

# RULES

## THE BASICS

In drastic circumstances, you can **burn a Sigil**. This can be done even if you do not have any Sigils left. **Burning a Sigil negates any Wounds** you were given this turn, even if they should have incapacitated or killed you. This is best used if you are about to take your 3rd Grievous wound or about to lose a limb. It is fate itself and the hands of the gods that saved your life. If you burn a Sigil, work it out with your GM to decide how and why your life was just saved. If you burn a Sigil, **your Sigil Threshold is permanently decreased by 1**.

### GM INTRUSIONS

Sigils can be earned during gameplay through GM Intrusions. A GM Intrusion is when the GM makes your character's life difficult, sometimes for the good of the story, sometimes to add drama, sometimes for their own amusement. A GM can Intrude at any moment they feel appropriate to add some spice. They can declare that your pistol just misfired, your sword got stuck in its scabbard, your horse suddenly broke a leg, you slipped off the balcony you tried to jump off, etc.

When a GM wants to Intrude they will declare they are about to do so and explain exactly what is about to happen. Then they will offer you a choice. You can **accept the intrusion** and all the drama that comes along with it, and for your trouble be **given a Sigil**; or you can **refuse the intrusion** but then you will also **miss out on the Sigil**.

Just remember that not everything bad that happens in your character's life is worthy of an Intrusion and a Sigil. Sometimes bad things happen, and there is nothing you can do about it. On the other hand, if it feels that so many bad things are happening to your character

that you are longer in control of events, then it's time to talk to your GM about it.

GMs: be fair and be reasonable.

# COMBAT

The actions you take in combat will be mechanically played out with Skill Checks and the Situational Modifiers as shown in the Skill Checks chapter. That, however, only covers the actions you take in combat, not their effects. Roleplay and the GM's narrative will play a big part in how the combat goes. It is the roleplay that will determine what you do and what happens, and then the mechanics which determine how it turns out.

The mechanics are all condensed for you in the Order of Combat table that you can also find at the end of the book in the Cheat Sheets.

## ORDER OF COMBAT

1. Declare an Attacker and a Defender.
2. Both parties pick an appropriate Skill.
3. GM places Difficulty and/or Combat Modifiers on the chosen Skills.
4. Both parties roll an Opposed Skill Check.
5. Determine which party has rolled highest below their Modified Skill Level.

## IF THE DEFENDER WON THEN THE COMBAT ROUND ENDS HERE.

6. If the Attacker won: Determine by how far the attacker won the Opposed Skill Check and compare this number to the Wound Severity table.
7. Reduce the Wound Severity based upon the armour that the Defender is wearing.

## IF THE ARMOUR REDUCES THE WOUND SEVERITY TO 0 OR LESS THEN THE COMBAT ROUND ENDS HERE.

8. Reverse the numbers on the Attacker's dice (i.e.: 69 becomes 96) and compare this to the Hit Locations table.
9. Resolve wounds.

## INITIATIVE

To determine a character's Initiative, or who goes when and in what order in combat, all you have to do is look at that character's Skill Level.

When combat begins, or is about to begin, the GM declares what Skill will be used for Initiative. What this Skill will be will depend entirely on the context of the situation, but it will mostly be either Athletics or Intuition.

Use Athletics when everyone already knows there is going to be a fight and it is simply a race to see who can reach their weapon first or who can move first.

Conversely, use Intuition when combat begins unexpectedly, or not everyone in the scene is aware that combat is about to begin. You can also use Intuition in the classic "stand off" scenario when each party needs to read the other in order to "draw" first.

Whichever one of these Skills the GM chooses (or any other skill they feel is appropriate to the current context of the scene), it must be the same Skill for everyone involved. You can't have one person with Athletics as their Initiative Skill for this combat and another person with Intuition. Everyone must use the

same Skill for the same combat scene.

Once the Skill has been chosen, all you need to do is look at your Skill Level. The higher the Skill Level, the better, since the combat turns will start with the one with the highest Skill Level and work its way down from there until it hits the one with the lowest Skill Level. After that, the next round begins in the same order (assuming everyone remains alive).

### TURN SLOTS

Once everyone has checked where in the turn order their character's Skill Level puts them, check and see which result was from a PC and which came from an NPC.

This is because you are not determining your own character's position in the combat turn order. Instead, you are determining where there will be a Player Slot and where there will be a GM Slot. Every result generated by a PC creates a Player Slot and every result determined by an NPC creates a GM Slot.

So after all this is done you (or most likely your GM) will have a piece of paper noting down where all the Turn Slots are (and in what order they are for each round).

If more than one character has the same Skill Level for determining Initiative AND they come from the same group (Player or GM), don't worry about it. Since you are determining slot order, if two results are equal, it just means two slots go one after the other.

If however, there is an NPC and a PC with the same Skill Level, the NPC always goes first unless the player spends a Sigil. This works on a per-NPC and per-PC basis. So if three NPCs and three PCs all have the same Skill Level, each player will need to spend three Sigils to get

their Player Slot ahead of the NPCs.

### TURN ORDER

Now that you know in what order a PC or NPC goes in combat, it's time to figure out where your specific character's turn comes.

This part is easy: the players collectively decide who among them goes where in the Player Slots, and the GM decides who among the NPCs goes where in the GM Slots.

This isn't a permanent order for the entire combat scene. After everyone has had their turn and a new round begins, the players all again pick which PCs go in which Player Slot and the GM picks which NPCs go in which GM Slot. So you can have the PC that went last in Round 1 be the PC that goes first in Round 2, effectively having two turns after each other.

### TURN TIMES

Combat within the Sigil System is designed to be as fluid and narrative as your group needs it to be. As such there is no definite and set for how long a turn *must* take or how many actions can be performed per turn. We can do, however, is tell you how long a turn *should* take, as that will inform how much you want to do once it gets to your turn.

A turn *should* take approximately **5 seconds**.

Five seconds isn't very long, but you will be amazed at what you can fit into it, as the section below will give an indication. There is no set amount of actions or movements that you can do within a turn. As long as it doesn't take more than five seconds, and your GM allows it, then there shouldn't be an

issue. So don't take the actions listed in the section below as exhaustive.

## FIVE SECOND ACTIONS

- You can walk (in meters) up to the 1st digit of your Athletics Skill
- You can run twice as far as you can walk and sprint thrice as far as you can walk.
- You can do one Fight or Shoot Skill Check.
- You can perform one of the Combat Actions below.
- You can aim your firearm for an Aiming bonus Modifier on your next turn.

## COMBAT ACTIONS

While it is the ostensible purpose of combat to do as much damage to your opponent(s) before they can do the same to you, there are more actions that can be performed in combat than simply Fighting, Shooting, Dodging and Moving. In fact, one can argue that simply doing damage is the exception and not the rule to what can be done in combat.

Remember that combat is as much about dominating the field of battle and your opponents as it is about damage, so there is a host of non-lethal moves you

can do to make this happen.

This is by no means an exhaustive list. It is simply an example or two of what can be done in combat. As you can see, different actions are performed by different Skills, and some actions can even be performed by more than one Skill depending upon the context in which it is performed.

## ACTION DESCRIPTORS

**GRAPPLE:** Call it wrestling or brawling, grappling is when two (or more) opponents use their sheer strength and technique rather than their weapons in order to hold, throw, pin or choke one another. Depending on whether you are using technique or strength will mean the difference between using the Fight or Might Skills, respectively.

**THROW (PERSON):** Exactly what it sounds like. It's taking a person that you already have a hold of and throwing them as hard or as far as you can. This can do damage depending on what you throw them into (or off of) and damage will depend on context. The distance you can throw another person is equal to the first digit of your Might Skill Level in meters. For smaller things (like children or small animals), you can double this distance.

**DISARM:** This can be done either during grappling (by using the Athletics Skill) or with your own weapon during a standard attack (with the Fight Skill). The purpose is quite clear: to get the opponent's weapon out of their hands.

**CHOKE:** Can be either non-lethal or extremely lethal. If non-lethal, the purpose is to render the opponent unconscious and so any Wound caused will simply reflect the length of time the

COMBAT ACTION	SKILL TO USE
Grapple	Might/Fight
Throw (person)	Athletics/Might
Disarm	Athletics/Fight
Choke	Might
Pin	Athletics/Might
Leg Sweep	Fight
Feint	Deceive
Throw (weapon)	Fight/Shoot
Throw (object)	Athletics

opponent remains unconscious. If lethal, then the purpose to cut airflow to the opponent's brain until it expires. If so, resolves Wounds as normal.

**PIN:** To hold an opponent in such a way as to render them incapable of significant movement. This must be done after grappling an opponent and can be done standing up, pushing an opponent against an object or on the ground.

**LEG SWEEP:** It does what it says: to sweep the leg(s) out from under an opponent in order to make them fall on the ground.

**FEINT:** This is a fighting technique used in order to misdirect an opponent as to your true intentions. For example, making your opponent think you are going to swing on their right while actually swinging on their left. If successful, the amount by which you succeeded becomes a bonus to your next immediate Combat Skill Check against that opponent.

**THROW (WEAPON):** Sometimes throwing a pistol works just as well as shooting someone with it. Other times, you may have a flair for the dramatic and enjoy throwing knives. Whatever the case may be, you want to throw something to hurt someone and depending on what it is it may use your Fight or Shoot Skills.

**THROW (OBJECT):** Throwing something other than a weapon. This is meant more for things which aren't easily held in one hand (which can be covered by Throw (weapon)) such as crates and kegs and donkeys and chairs. This is why it uses your Athletics Skill because it is more about the physical feat of lifting it up and

throwing it than about aiming.

## WOUNDS

Wounds are the main mechanic that will deal with the stress and injury surrounding physical conflict. Wounds act in a narrative fashion in that it is up to the GM to detail what sort of wound a character receives based on the actions performed by the characters in combat.

How and where the character's wounds will be located is determined by the Hit Locations mechanic. When you have **rolled an attack Skill Check and it was a success, simply reverse the numbers on the dice and compare them to the Hit Locations table.** The new number is the location on a character's body where you successfully struck the defender.

### EXAMPLE:

- Karen's character Cassandra and William's character Gerrit are in a shootout.
- After the Situational Modifiers have been applied, Cassandra needs to roll under a 54 to hit Gerrit and Gerrit under a 39 to dodge the bullet.
- Karen **rolls a 31.**
- William **rolls a 74.**
- **Karen wins** the test.
- Karen **reverses the numbers** on the dice, **making the 31 into a 13.**

### HIT LOCATIONS

Head	1 - 10
Torso	11 - 40
Left Arm	41 - 55
Right Arm	56 - 70
Left Leg	71 - 85
Right Leg	86 - 100

- Karen **consults the Hit Locations Table** and sees that a **13 falls within the range of the Torso**.
- Gerrit gets hit in the torso, gaining a Wound.

If you have **Aimed with an Attack**, it stands to reason that you will be more accurate than a simple random dice roll. Because of this **when you reverse the dice numbers** to obtain your Hit Location after you have Aimed, you can **modify that number by adding or subtracting up to your whole unmodified Shoot or Fight Skill** (depending on ranged or melee combat), giving you the possibility of hitting closer to where you intended.

For example, say you want to specifically shoot an undead's head. You declare that you are Aiming, make your Shoot Skill Check and succeed on it with a roll of 43, which when reversed would be 34 and meant you hit the undead's Torso. However, since you have a Shoot Skill Level of 60, you can move that Hit Location number by up to 30. So you can choose any number from 1 to 94 in order to hit the Location that you want. In this case, since you want to hit the undead's head, you choose 1 which corresponds to the Head Hit Location.

## WOUND SLOTS

Each Hit Location has **3 Types of Wound Slots**. These are, in order: A **MINOR** Wound Slot, a **SIGNIFICANT** Wound Slot, and a **GRIEVOUS** Wound Slot. That means that a character can have, in total, a potential maximum 18 Wound Slots: 6 Minor, 6 Significant, and 6 Grievous (3 Wound Slots for each Hit Location). However, to get all these Wound Slots, you would need a Constitution Skill Level of 100.

A character may have more than 3 Wound Slots per Hit Location, or may not have all 3 Wound Slots filled up. The

**amount of Wound Slots** a character has is **determined by their Constitution Skill Level**. The first number of the character's Constitution Skill Level is the amount of Wound Slots that character has per Hit Location. For example, if your character has a Constitution Skill Level of 52 then they have 5 Wound Slots, at 48 they would have 4 Wound Slots, and if they managed to get their Constitution Skill Level to 100 they would have an amazing 10 Wound Slots.

Wound Slots come in groups of 3s, so if your character has more than 3 Wound Slots their 4th Wound Slot becomes a Minor Wound Slot again, their 5th a Significant, their 6th a Grievous and their 7th another Minor and so forth.

## RESOLVING WOUNDS

RESULT	SEVERITY
1 - 20	Minor
21 - 50	Significant
51 - 80	Grievous
>81	Location Destroyed

When a character gets hit, the specific Hit Location gains a Wound. To determine the **severity of a wound**, **simply look at the result of your roll**. **Whatever you rolled is the damage you inflicted**. **If your opponent did an Opposed Roll to yours, subtract the result of their roll from yours to see what the final damage is**, (e.g.: if you rolled a 30 and the opponent rolled a 20, your damage is 10).

If the defender rolled over their Modified Skill Level, add the defender's result to the attacker.

Compare this number to the Wound Severity table above and see into which Wound Severity category it falls.

That then is the Wound the defender suffered.

### EXAMPLE:

- Karen's character Cassandra and William's character Gerrit were in a shootout.
- Cassandra shot Gerrit and successfully hit him.
- Karen **rolled a 23** which is under her Modified Skill Level.
- William **rolled 35 above** his Modified Skill Level.
- Since William **rolled over his Skill Level, Karen adds together the results.**
- $23+35=58$ .
- Karen **compares this number to the Wound Severity Table** and see that Cassandra **inflicted a Grievous Wound** on Gerrit.

It is clearly possible through luck to inflict the same severity of wound on the same hit location multiple times. That's just how the dice rolls. If this happens, one of three things will happen next. **If the defender has more than one Wound Slot of the same Severity available** (for example having two Significant Wound Slots) then just **use that Wound Slot**. If the **defender does not have another Wound Slot of the same Severity available then use the next lowest available Wound Slot** (for example moving to a Minor Wound Slot if all Significant Wounds have been filled). If all lowest available Wound Slots have been used up, then use the next available higher Wound Slot.

### EXAMPLE:

- Karen's character Cassandra shoots and successfully hits William's character Gerrit once again.
- Karen works out the Hit Location

and the Wound Severity.

- Cassandra has once again hit Gerrit in the Torso for a Grievous Wound.
- **Gerrit does not have another Grievous Wound Slot, but he still has an empty Minor and Significant Wound Slot.**
- The **Grievous Wound becomes a Significant Wound** as the Significant Wound Slot is the next lowest available Wound Slot.

If all the Wound Slots on a specific Hit Location have had Wounds allocated to them, then **the next Wound that Hit Location receives permanently destroys that Hit Location**.

## WOUND REPERCUSSIONS

For **every Significant Wound** a Hit Location (e.g.: Head, Left Arm) has, using that limb incurs a **-10 Injury Modifier** until that Wound is seen to. For **every Grievous Wound** a Hit Location has, using that limb incurs a **-15 Injury Modifier** until that Wound is seen to. For **every Location Destroyed** a Hit Location has, using that Limb incurs a **-40 Injury Modifier**. **Minor Wounds incur no Injury Modifiers.**

Any Injury Modifiers to the Head Hit Location will affect every task a character attempts. Similarly, if a character suffers a Hit Location Destroyed on either the Head or Torso Hit Location, then that character automatically dies.

For **every 1 Grievous Wound and/or 3 Significant Wounds** that a character incurs, **roll a Constitution Skill Check** to see if that character goes into shock.

The first time a character rolls a Constitution Skill Check due to their wounds, it will be a +0 Constitution Skill check. For every successive wound that causes a Constitution Skill Check, those

characters will incur a -10 penalty to the Constitution Skill Check. These penalties stack, meaning that by the fourth wound that causes a Constitution Skill Check, the difficulty will be -40.

**If a character succeeds this Constitution Skill Check, then they do not have to roll another one** until the next Significant or Grievous Wound that causes a Constitution Skill Check. **If that character fails the Constitution Skill Check, then they go into shock.** Every time that character wishes to attempt to do anything, they must retake the Constitution Skill Check to snap out of the shock.

**If a character suffers a Hit Location Destroyed Wound then they must pass a -40 Constitution Check every time they attempt to do anything,** until the remainder of that Hit Location has been seen to and it is not an immediate threat. Unlike the regular Constitution Skill Check to avoid going into shock, a success on this Skill Check does not mean they are OK. **Even if they succeed, they must pass another Constitution Skill Check each time they want to perform a narrative action.** If that character ever fails the Constitution Skill Check, then they go into shock.

## CRITICAL SUCCESSES AND FAILURES

In combat, Critical Successes and Failures take on a special role. If you are attacking and you **roll exactly on your Modified Skill Level and hit the opponent** then the **Wound** you cause will **automatically be increased in severity** by one step. If you are **defending and roll a 100** then any **Wound** you incur will **automatically be increased in severity by one step.**

## WOUND DESCRIPTIONS AND HEALING

A Minor Wound is something small and insignificant: a scratch, a bruise, a bump, a cut that barely broke the skin. It is something that is no more than an irritation that will take care of itself within a matter of minutes. It won't heal that quickly, but it will stop being an issue. Because of this **Minor Wound Slots refresh after each scenario or encounter.**

A Significant Wound is exactly that: it is painful; it is distracting; it is weakening. It is a deep cut, a broken bone, a cracked rib, an arrow through the leg. Getting a Significant Wound will weaken you. **Significant Wounds need to be seen to** by someone with medical expertise. They need to be splinted, or stitched up, or bandaged or whatever it will take to start the healing process. Once you have done so, **after that session** of gaming has finished, **the Significant Wound Slots will refresh** so that when you have your next session you are good, relatively speaking, to go.

A Grievous Wound is something you may never recover from. It is truly something to grieve. It can be your hamstrings being cut completely through and you will never fully recover the use of your leg; it can be a hand cut clean off; a collapsed lung; a knife through your eye; a mace to the skull causing irreversible brain damage. It is not about healing a Grievous Wound, but learning to live with it. Even after you have received medical attention for your Grievous Wound, **the Wound Slot will not refresh until your GM is satisfied your character has learned how to cope with life after receiving it.**

How long this can take depends on the type of injury your character received. Healing time for Grievous Wounds are

WOUND TYPE	HEALING TIME
Abrasion	2 - 3 weeks
Bone Fracture	6 - 8 weeks
Burns	4 - 6 weeks
Concussion	1 - 2 weeks
Damaged Nerve	6 - 12 weeks
Hematoma	4 - 6 weeks
Internal Bruising	3 - 12 weeks
Laceration	1 - 2 weeks
Muscle Tears	6 - 12 weeks

not measured in encounters or sessions, but rather in actual time it would take for that wound to heal (regardless of whether you regain full function of it).

The table above shows various types of injuries your character can sustain and the time it takes for those to heal up to a point where the -15 penalty associated with that Grievous Wound will refresh. Each type of injury's healing time is a range (and some are quite broad) and the exact time in game it will take for your character's Grievous Wound Slot to refresh will depend on your GM.

As the name implies **Hit Location Destroyed is a permanent condition**. This does not mean that the limb in question suddenly disintegrated (although that is a possibility); it merely means that **you will never be able to use that limb** for absolutely anything ever again.

If this Hit Location is either the **Torso or Head** Hit Location, then that **character automatically dies**. If it is an arm or a leg that has been destroyed and that character gets hit in that location in the future use the closest Hit Location to the number on the dice as the true Hit Location.

### EXAMPLE:

- Harry's character **Selwyn lost his**

**left leg.**

- In a fight, William's character **Gerrit shot Selwyn** and the Hit Location number was **83**: the **Left Leg** Hit Location.
- Since Selwyn no longer has a left leg, Harry **checks the closest Hit Location to 83** which is **86**: the **Right Leg** Hit Location.
- Thus **Selwyn was actually shot in his Right Leg**.

Remember that once a **Wound Slot has refreshed**, the **penalty** associated with it **is removed** from the PC.

When a limb has suffered a Hit Location destroyed, it is clearly unusable and so you suffer a -40 modifier to any Skill Check using that limb. This **-40 modifier will remain forever** as a Hit Location Wound lasts forever. However, after you have received medical attention, the **modifier will only apply to directly using that limb**. For **any other task and Skill Check** that is not directly dependant on that limb (but would benefit from having it), you will only **suffer a -20 modifier** to that Skill Check.

### EXAMPLE:

- Harry's character **Selwyn lost his left leg**.
- In a fight, Selwyn is being shot at and **wants to dodge** out of the way.
- He doesn't need his left leg for it, but it would certainly help.
- Thus, Selwyn suffers a **-20 modifier** to his **Athletics Skill Check** to dodge.
- Selwyn needs to **roll under a 24** to dodge.
- Selwyn **rolls a 34** and fails. He really did need that leg after all.

## NARRATIVE COMBAT RESOLUTION

**Z-LAND** is first and foremost a narrative system. While there are lots of numbers to play around with, their job is only to further the story that your group is putting together. This is a Roleplaying Game, not a Numbercrunching Game. This applies to combat as well.

There will be plenty of situations where Combat Modifiers and Hit Locations and Wound Slots just don't make it feel "real". This might be something like the infamous coup de grâce (a lethal blow to an opponent unable to defend), or in fact it could be the opposite when you want to take down an opponent in a non-lethal manner, or even sneaking behind an unsuspecting opponent to take him out in one hit without anyone else knowing (dead men tell no tales after all).

When such a scenario takes place, talk it over with your GM to see what would be the most logical and reasonable way for it to happen. Most times it may involve you rolling another Skill Check such as a Stealth Skill Check to sneak up to backstab the guard.

**Bear in mind that just because you want to do something, doesn't mean you can automatically succeed.** A sword to the skull is lethal unless angels and trumpets are involved; there just isn't getting around that fact no matter how much you want it. On the other hand: GMs, be nice, it's about fun after all.

# SANITY

There is a lot in the wastelands of the apocalypse that will cause a strain on the minds of those who wander through it. From seeing people being eaten alive to having to come to terms with just having to kill someone, the stress can be a lot to a fragile mind. For these situations, we have Mental Wounds to track the damage caused to the mind.

The amount of Mental Wound Slots that a PC has is calculated nearly exactly the same as Physical Wound Slots, but uses Will instead of Constitution. The **first digit of your PC's Will Skill Level** dictates **how many Mental Wound Slots** your PC has **at each wound level**. This means that if your PC has a Will Skill Level of 30, then your PC has 3 Minor Mental Wound Slots, 3 Significant Mental Wound Slots, and 3 Grievous Mental Wound Slots. **There is only ever one Location Destroyed Mental Wound Slot.**

As with Physical Wounds, Mental Wounds carry with them an associated penalty for future Skill Checks; and just as with Physical Wounds, a **Minor** Mental Wound has **no penalty**, a **Significant** Mental Wound has a **-10 penalty**, and a **Grievous** Mental Wound has a **-15 penalty** to future Skill Checks.

RESULT	SEVERITY
1 - 20	Minor
21 - 50	Significant
51 - 80	Grievous
>81	Location Destroyed

A distinct difference between Physical Wounds and Mental Wounds is that **penalties from Mental Wounds do**

**not stack with others of the same**

**Wound Severity.** This means that if you have 2 Grievous Mental Wounds, you won't get a -30 penalty. Penalties from Mental Wounds only stack with other of different severities.

The penalties to Physical Wounds are always about using that limb. For Mental Wounds, it's slightly different. Mental Wounds affect a specific set of Skills to which they give penalties. These are the three social Skills, the two knowledge Skills as well as Perception.

### SKILLS AFFECTED BY MENTAL WOUNDS

Deceive

Diplomacy

Intimidate

Intuition

Logic

Perception

This is to simulate that mental stress causes us to become more inwardly focused as we struggle with what is going on inside our heads. As such we become less adept at handling social situations, remembering and judging things as clearly, and our ability to perceive the outside world diminishes the worse our mental state becomes.

As with Physical Wounds, **Minor** Mental Wounds **heal and refresh after the encounter** and **Significant** Mental Wounds **heal and refresh after the session** in which they were recovered from. This is where the similarity between Physical and Mental Wounds ends, as Grievous Mental Wounds and Mental Location Destroyed are handled

differently.

**The penalties that Grievous Mental Wounds give you are based off the subject that caused those Wounds.** This may be seeing a loved one die, killing an innocent, seeing an undead eating someone alive, etc. **This subject** (dead loved one, killed innocent, being eaten alive) **becomes your Grievous Wound.**

How you respond to this subject will depend on what type of Grievous Mental Wound you gained, and that in turn will depend on the context at the time and your GM's decision. There are four broad categories of mental stresses (Anxiety, Mood, Delusional and Hallucinogenic) and depending on which one you gained, will indicate how you respond in game to your Grievous Mental Wound.

To begin, your PC will have a **-15 Penalty** to the Skills affected by Mental Wounds but **only for the session in which it happened**, much like a Significant Mental Wound.

After the first session, there are no penalties for a Grievous Mental Wound. Instead, being near the subject that caused this Wound can trigger a reaction from your PC.

Each time your PC encounters the subject of their wound, you must do a Will Skill Check. If you pass this Skill Check, then your PC is coping with the mental strain. However, if you fail the check, then the subject of the Wound triggered a reaction from your PC. When this happens, roll on the Reactions Table to see what specific reaction your PC will do.

If you succeed on these Will Skill Checks 3 times in a row, then your PC has overcome their mental condition and the Grievous Wound Slot refreshes. However, if you fail a Will Skill Check before you get to 3 in a row, then the counter resets.

A Mental Location Destroyed takes this one step further. Unlike Physical Wounds, a **Location Destroyed** result does not mean death for Mental Wounds. It does, however, **mean insanity.**

When a character suffers a Mental Location Destroyed, that character is classed as going into **Mental Shock**; and just like shock caused by physical wounds, this comes with a **-40 penalty.** Should the PC fail this Will Skill Check, they will then go into shock and become non-responsive for the remainder of the encounter.

A Mental Location Destroyed means exactly that: the character's mind is broken; that character has gone insane. Every time a PC suffering from insanity wants to make a decision, the player **has to pass a Will Skill Check.** If the player succeeds, then the PC can do what they decided. If they failed then the PC's insanity has prevented them from doing whatever it may have been.

Just like with a Grievous Mental Wound, if the player fails the Will Skill Check, they roll on the Reactions Table to see how their PC reacts to the decision they had made. How this differs from a Grievous Mental Wound is that there is no distinct "subject" that triggers this reaction. Instead, every decision that the PC makes becomes the subject that triggers it.

Every decision has a "subject", in the sense of "I need to [subject]" or "I need to do something to [subject]". **That** is what the Reaction Table refers to for the insane.

There are of course times when the "subject" of a decision is far too awkward or nebulous a concept to attack or eat, etc. Should that be the case, the GM can simply choose another subject of the decision or an object in the decision. Should none of these apply, simply have

REACTIONS		
ROLL	ANXIETY	MOOD
01- 25	PC recklessly attacks the subject.	PC breaks down, sobbing uncontrollably.
26 - 50	PC runs away from the subject.	PC stars laughing hysterically.
51 - 75	PC freezes in terror.	PC tries to harm themselves with the subject.
76 - 100	PC tries to hide from subject.	PC becomes catatonic and non-responsive.
ROLL	DELUSIONAL	HALLUCINOGENIC
01- 25	PC is convinced the subject is the cause of all their problems.	PC thinks subject is a monster from their nightmares.
26 - 50	PC believes the subject is telling it to harm other party members.	PC thinks subject is delicious and attempts to eat it.
51 - 75	PC believes subject has been following them.	PC thinks subject is their long lost love.
76 - 100	PC believes the subject has a divine message for them.	PC believes subject is imaginary.

the insane character become catatonic for the rest of the encounter.

## THE ROAD TO INSANITY

When a character becomes insane, it means that their mind is now broken. They have moved beyond the realms of mental illness into the realms of madness. That is why their reactions to things are on the primal level, because that is all that is left.

However, that is not say that you can't model a PC's road to insanity or other mental illnesses. In fact, the reverse is true. By using Mental Wounds, you can show the strains that have been placed on the PCs' minds and what maladies and illnesses they have received from this.

The Wounds System, whether Physical or Mental, are intentionally vague enough so that the GM can determine

on what the wound is based using the context in which it was obtained. For Physical wounds this can be a broken rib, a bisected bicep or a crushed ankle, but the premise works equally well for Mental wounds.

The only thing to remember is that a Minor wound refreshes after the encounter, a Significant wound after the session in which it was seen to, and a Grievous wound after the PC has overcome their mental condition by succeeding a triggering Will Skill Check 3 times in a row.

With only this, the GM can decide that, upon seeing a loved one dying, the Grievous wound the PC got was severe depression; or that the Minor wound that the PC got from being in a haunted mansion was hearing voices.

This is a great opportunity for the GM and player to roleplay these sorts of mental stresses and illnesses through the penalties these wounds give to Skill

SEVERITY	MINOR	SIGNIFICANT	GRIEVOUS
ANXIETY	Panic, Shock	Obsessive Compulsion, Irrational Worry	Phobia, Chronic Stress, PTSD
MOOD	Hysteria, Anhedonia	Mania, Listlessness	Catatonia, Depression, Bliss
DELUSIONAL	Irrational Jealousy, Destined action	Being followed, Blessing of the gods	Paranoia, I-am-a-god!, Conspiracy theorist
HALLUCINO- GENIC	Hearing voices, Seeing ghosts	Imaginary friend, Something-inside-me	Nothing-is-real, Body-snatchers, Devil-on-the-shoulder

Checks.

The table shown gives some brief examples on what sort of affliction each severity of wound could mean for different types of mental conditions.

## MENTAL RECOVERY

For Significant and Grievous wounds to refresh and stop giving the player penalties to their Skill Checks, they need to be seen to. For Physical wounds, this is easy enough. A bandage here, a stitch there, a set bone here and that is enough medical attention to start the healing process.

A Mental wound can't be bandaged, stitched, or set. It needs care, love, and attention and that makes it a far more nebulous wound to heal. This is where roleplay and GM's decision making comes in.

What it takes to heal mental trauma is different for each person and so must be handled differently. For some, a night of drinking with friends can heal the scars of a lost one, while for others it needs a trip to a quiet place and some meditation.

However it is done, it does require

roleplay and agreement between the player(s) and the GM as to whether this is sufficient to heal the Mental wound. This is also a case where a wound can be downgraded in severity (e.g.: Grievous to Significant) after some roleplayed healing if the player(s) and GM feel that some more work needs to be done.

# SKILLS

## SKILL LIST

Below are the twenty Skills in **Z-LAND**. Using any of these or a combination of them, you will be able to do anything humanly possible. The first group of Skills are labelled as physical Skills; this is mainly important for the Aging part of Character Creation as your physical Skills decline with age. They are also the Skills most likely to be affected by Wound penalties.

Suggested Specialisations of all the Skills are shown in italics.

### PHYSICAL SKILLS

- Athletics
  - *Dodge*
  - *Acrobatics*
  - *Running*
  - *Parkour*
- Burglary
  - *Pickpocket*
  - *Lockpicking*
- Constitution
  - *Survival*
  - *Masochist*
- Drive
  - *Horse Riding*
  - *Boat Sailing*
  - *Airship Operations*
- Fight
  - *One handed Weapons*
  - *Two handed Weapons*
  - *Unarmed Combat*
  - *Duel Wielding*
- Might
  - *Lifting*
  - *Climbing*
  - *Swimming*
- Perception

- *Enhanced [Sense]*
- Shoot
  - *Pistols*
  - *Rifles*
  - *Bows*
  - *Crossbows*
- Stealth
  - *Sneaking*
  - *Smuggling*
  - *Blending In*

### NON-PHYSICAL SKILLS:

- Broad-Craft
  - *Craft [Profession]*
  - *Craft traps*
  - *Carpentry*
  - *Cooking*
- Deceive
  - *Disguise*
  - *Lying*
  - *Impersonate*
- Diplomacy
  - *Trading*
  - *Etiquette*
  - *Leadership*
  - *Rapport*
- Fine-Craft
  - *Craft [Profession]*
  - *First Aid*
  - *Tinkering*
  - *Wiring*
- Intimidate
  - *Demoralise*
  - *Threaten*
  - *Command*
- Intuition
  - *Sense Motive*
  - *Danger Sense*
  - *Lie Detector*
  - *General Knowledge*
- Investigate

- *Interrogation*
- *Tracking*
- *Scavenging*
- Logic
  - *Biology*
  - *History*
  - *Maths*
  - *Tactics*
- Luck
  - *Sigil Threshold*
  - *Looter*
  - *Infection Avoidance*
- Wealth
  - *Land*
  - *Slaves*
  - *Antiques*
  - *Jewellery*
- Will
  - *Meditation*
  - *Resist Interrogation*
  - *Fearless*
  - *Resist Temptation*

## SPECIALISATIONS

Once you get a Skill to Skill Level 50 you gain a specialisation in that Skill. After that, every 10 Skill Levels (i.e.: at Skill Level 60, 70, 80, etc) you will gain another specialisation in that Skill. You can't get a specialisation of another specialisation, so levelling up your specialisation will not get you another specialisation. You have to level up the base Skill to get the specialisations. Each Skill is tracked separately, so every Skill you get to Skill Level 50 will give you a specialisation in that Skill.

Once a specialisation is chosen, it will start at the same Skill Level of its parent's Skill Level. So if you have levelled up your Athletics Skill to Level 60 and chose Dodge as a specialisation, your new Dodge Skill will begin at Level 60.

The specialisations shown above are

merely examples of what you can do; they are not an exhaustive list. You can specialise a Skill in any which way you choose as long as it fits within the context of the base Skill and does not perform the same function as another base Skill.

Specialisations are permanent. Once you have it, you can't lose it. You can trade one EXP between Skills and specialisations between gaming sessions, and this means that it is possible to reduce a Skill with a specialisation below Skill Level 50. If that happens, you don't lose the specialisation.

*EXP trading is part of Advancement, found on Page 91.*

## SKILL DESCRIPTORS

**ATHLETICS:** This Skill covers most of dexterous things the human body can do. It is your ability to move nimbly and swiftly; it is your sense of balance and your reflexes. The more agile, lean and acrobatic you want to be, the higher your Athletics Skill should be.

**Specialisations:** *Dodge, Acrobatics, Running, Parkour.*

**BROAD-CRAFT:** The first of the two Craft Skills and the exact opposite to Fine-Craft. Broad-Craft deals with creating or fixing anything where you are looking at the bigger picture rather than the detail. It's about working in broad strokes, looking at it as a whole, and thinking about the space/time it will occupy once it's done.

Broad-Craft can be used at any scale, from building a house, to fixing a cupboard, to making a good meal.

**Specialisations:** *Craft [Profession], Craft Traps, Carpentry, Cooking.*

**BURGLARY:** Taking things that don't belong to you. Burglary covers the dirty

# RULES

## SKILLS

deeds that thieves do, from picking locks to picking pockets to getting into places where you don't belong. Burglary allows you to perform certain acts without being noticed, but be careful, it's not Stealth.

**Specialisations:** *Pickpocket, Lockpicking.*

**CONSTITUTION:** The other part of your physical body. If Athletics and Might are what your body can do, then Constitution is what your body can take. Resistance to the elements, surviving poison, holding your breath, shrugging off wounds; this is what Constitution is made for.

The first digit of your Constitution Skill Level is also the amount of Wound Slots you have per Hit Location.

**Specialisations:** *Survival, Masochist.*

**DECEIVE:** Convincing someone that a lie is the truth. It's quite simple really. There are many and varied ways of achieving this, but at its core its all about getting someone to believe a falsehood.

**Specialisations:** *Disguise, Lying, Impersonate.*

**DIPLOMACY:** The art of making people like you. Getting a better deal at the merchant's, making sure your contacts give you the best information possible or defusing a sticky situation: the Diplomacy Skill is all about forming and keeping positive connections.

**Specialisations:** *Trading, Etiquette, Leadership, Rapport.*

**DRIVE:** Operating heavy equipment, hopefully while not taking medication. The Drive Skill covers anything you can ride, drive or pilot. Cars, boats, trains, airships, horses, donkeys, ostriches; as

long as you are controlling something else to move you around, Drive will most likely cover it.

**Specialisations:** *Horse Riding, Boat Sailing, Airship Operations.*

**FIGHT:** Some say this is what humans are best at. Some say we only achieved our current level of technology because of this. All we know is it's called the Fight Skill, and that if you want to get gritty and dirty in melee combat, you need to get your Fight Skill up as high as possible.

**Specialisations:** *One Handed Weapons, Two Handed Weapons, Unarmed Combat, Duel Wielding.*

**FINE-CRAFT:** The second of the two Craft Skills and the exact opposite to Broad-Craft. Fine-Craft is all about details and fine-motor Skills. If what you are creating or fixing needs intricate work then it calls for Fine-Craft. Fine-Craft can be used at any scale, not just for little things. From trying to stitch a wound, to fixing the wiring of a house, to making a new firing pin for a gun, to coding a new computer program.

**Specialisations:** *Craft [Profession], First Aid, Tinkering, Wiring.*

**INTIMIDATION:** If Deceive is about lying and Diplomacy is about convincing, then Intimidation is all about putting the fear of god into them. You could go the blunt way, using your raw strength and aura to frighten someone into backing down, or perhaps you like the subtle, quiet, decent way and threaten his family with intimate knowledge of his children's whereabouts. It's not nice and sometimes it's not clean, but someone's gotta do it.

**Specialisations:** *Demoralise, Threaten, Command.*

**INTUITION:** Gut feelings, instinct, life experience. Intuition is the knowledge you pick up through life just by living. There's no reason or theory involved; just knowing things. Whether that is picking up on someone lying, some general knowledge trivia, or how to fix a broken light-bulb, if your gut knows how to do it, you're set.

**Specialisations:** *Danger Sense, Sense Motive, Lie Detector, General Knowledge.*

**INVESTIGATION:** Searching, tracking, querying, researching. Investigate is all about finding the truth, whether it is through the interrogation of a person of interest, looking at a room and knowing the butler did it, or tracking your quarry down ten days after they skipped town. Investigation is not just Perception, it is the entire process of searching and uncovering.

**Specialisations:** *Interrogation, Tracking, Scavenging.*

**LOGIC:** Traditionally defined as "reasoning", "deduction", "analysis". Logic is as vague a Skill as Intuition and covers all form of academic learning, problem solving, and technical knowledge. Logic is not gut instinct or trivia; you would have needed to study something at length and with difficulty in order to use Logic for your Skill Check.

**Specialisations:** *Biology, History, Maths, Tactics.*

**LUCK:** Open any dictionary and you will find in the definition of "luck" that it is uncontrollable. Luck is not something you can affect or influence; it merely happens. It is the random order to the universe. However, you will know exactly how lucky you are with the Luck Skill and you can even spend EXP to make yourself luckier. Other than for Sigil Thresholds,

Loot Tables and Infections, your GM can call for a Luck Skill Check whenever something happens over which you have no control and no Skill or action you take will matter, like seeing if a stray rock from an avalanche hits you or the guy next to you.

**Specialisations:** *Sigil Threshold, Looter, Infection Avoidance.*

**MIGHT:** Raw power and pure muscle. Might measures how physically strong you are and what you can do with all that strength, from throwing things (and people) around to lifting heavy objects and moving things out of your way. It also measures how powerful you can move yourself around, so if you want to be good at climbing or swimming, or dragging your self through a mile of mud, then Might is for you.

**Specialisations:** *Lifting, Climbing, Swimming.*

**PERCEPTION:** The five senses (actually closer to fifteen if you believe some people). Perception is unsurprisingly about what you perceive about the world around you. It's not just about the signals your brain is getting, but about the processing of those signals. It is the difference between looking and seeing, between hearing and listening. You could see the target you're tracking, but your mind might be a million miles away and there goes the target without you ever truly noticing.

**Specialisations:** *Enhanced [Sense].*

**SHOOT:** If you can kill the opponent before they ever get to you, was it really a fight? Whatever the case may be, like Fight, Shoot is unsurprisingly about shooting things at, usually, people. Fight is for melee; Shoot is ranged. Pistols, rifles, cannons, bows, crossbows,

# RULES

## SKILLS

slings or the good old throwing a rock. The higher your Shoot Skill, the more accurate you will be.

**Specialisations:** *Pistols, Rifles, Bows, Crossbows.*

**STEALTH:** Being undetected by others, usually with the purpose of doing something you aren't supposed to. Honourable men don't sneak, do they? Anything underhanded you wish to do without anyone being the wiser, you can rely on the Stealth Skill, be it sneaking about rooftops in the middle of the night, blending in with the crowds, or in general just trying not to be noticed.

**Specialisations:** *Sneaking, Smuggling, Blending In.*

**WEALTH:** Money, the love of which has been said to be root of all evil. Looking at the rich nobs, it's hard to argue with that sentiment. But we'd all rather be the rich nob than the poor pleb staring daggers at said rich nob, now wouldn't we? Money can't buy happiness, but I'd rather be crying in a palace than in a hovel if it's all the same to you.

**Specialisations:** *Land, Slaves, Antiques, Jewellery.*

**WILL:** The body can't achieve anything without the mind. A weak body with a powerful mind is infinitely more dangerous than a powerful body with a weak mind. The Will Skill is all about willpower. Resisting temptation, interrogation, intimidation, torture, hunger, thirst, fear; resisting the urges and weakness of the flesh to keep you alive.

**Specialisations:** *Meditate, Resist Interrogation, Fearless, Resist Temptation.*

# EQUIPMENT

The short of it is that there isn't money or equipment in the traditional RPG sense. **Z-LAND** is first and foremost a narrative one. It's all about the story your group creates together, and keeping track of how many dollars, cents, and bottlecaps you have in your wallet to buy the Ultimate Apocalypse Sword +1, or whether the pipe wrench or two handed axe does more damage completely breaks the immersion of the game.

In saying that, there are mechanics that you can use to add to the realism of your games without breaking the immersion of your players.

## MONEY

While there isn't any coppers and silvers to keep track of, money still plays a role as it can be a source of drama when you can't buy what you need and have to work out alternative, perhaps not so legal, means of getting what you want.

To simulate this, **Z-LAND** uses the **Wealth Skill**. This represents your coin purse, your pocketbook or wherever you keep your "hard earned" money. It can be levelled up just as any other Skill and you can even Specialise in it, should you so wish. If you want to buy anything, your **GM will decide the value** of the object by using the **Difficulty Modifier** to determine how difficult it would be for the ordinary chap to buy the object given the circumstances you are in. If you pass, you've bought it, if you fail you couldn't afford it.

GMs, you don't have to make your players roll for every little thing they

want to buy; remember it's all about what furthers the plot and adds drama. Getting a pint from a wandering trader probably doesn't need a Wealth Skill Check, but buying the last bottle of stout that the secretive, cloistered order of monks brewed centuries ago and that survived the apocalypse certainly does qualify for a Wealth Skill Check.

## LOSING AND GAINING MONEY

Even though you have a Wealth Skill, you can spend all your money. Your Wealth Skill might never go down, but that does not mean your coin purse is infinite. If you ever **succeed on a Wealth Skill Check but your roll is 10 or less**, then you gain a **-5 penalty to all Wealth Skill Checks for the remainder of the session**. This penalty does stack with itself, meaning if you roll a successful Wealth Skill Check again and once again roll within 10 points of your Modified Wealth Skill Level then you will receive another -5 penalty, making your Wealth penalty -10 now. This simulates you slowly losing money by spending it all.

This **penalty will stay in effect until the end of the session or until you get more money**. How that happens is up to you. You could pickpocket a trader, rob a vault, kidnap someone rich and wealthy, or go scavenging for more loot. When you get money, your GM can remove some of the penalties you have acquired. How many of the penalties are removed is up to your GM and how much money you got. One pickpocketing might only remove a single penalty while cracking open a safe could get you back to your full Wealth Skill.

# RULES

## EQUIPMENT

Of course you can **always get more money even if your Wealth Skill has no penalties on it**. Your ability to pick pockets does not magically disappear if your pocket book is full. If this happens, then you will gain bonuses to the next few purchases you make.

How large a bonus for how many purchases? Once again, that's up to your GM. One pocket picked might only give you a +5 bonus for the next purchase, while a vault burglary could give you +30 for the rest of the session.

### EARNING MONEY

While stealing your way through life and doing odd jobs for odd folk may put food on your table, you might be looking for something a little more stable. Perhaps a career, or a stipend from wealthy benefactors, or even a return on investing in that quaint lemonade stand down the road.

Whatever the case may be, earning a regular income is handled differently than the money luck and fate hands you.

Your GM will give your source of income a Wealth Skill Level quite like that of a character, that will range from 1 - 100 depending on how great a source of income it is. Then, once a week your GM will roll (1 - 5)d10 depending on how successful your GM thinks your source of income has been that week. For fixed sources of income, like that stipend from your rich but childless uncle, this will of course be a fixed number.

Add this result to your income's Wealth Skill Level and you have that week's Profit. For the rest of that week, whenever you have to roll a Wealth Skill Check, you can take some of that Profit and use it as a bonus to your roll. The Profit then loses those points you've taken.

### EXAMPLE:

- Thomas' character Cy owns a weapon store in a small town controlled by the Arbiters. While Cy is off adventuring, his sister runs the store.
- Thomas' **GM decides** that the **store's Wealth Skill is 35** since it is the only weapon's store in the small town.
- The GM decides that since the weapon store has performed quite well the past week, he will **roll 4d10**.
- The **result is 24**, which the GM **adds to the store's Wealth Skill** of 35.
- Thomas' **Profit** for this week is **59**.
- Thomas decides that it is time for Cy to get a new car, but his Wealth Skill Level is only 43 and his GM has said this is a Severe -40 Skill Check.
- He decides to **take 40 points from his Profit** to give Cy a +40 bonus to the Skill Check.
- His **Profit is now only 19**. He has to budget if he wants to have any money left over by the end of the week.

Whatever is left over at the end of the week is lost when you get your new Profit.

If several characters share a source of income, then they have to share the Profit amongst themselves as well.

### HAGGLING

No one ever buys something at full price. You always haggle the price down to something a little more kind to your bank account. Some people will even spend an hour haggling just to take 1%

off the price. If you do it right, you could get even more than that.

Haggling in **Z-LAND** will mostly be handled by roleplay. You will get to flex your acting muscles with the GM to see how much a discount you can get. However, there are some rolls involved that you can use if you want. These will all give you a bonus to your Wealth Skill Check that you will need to roll to purchase the item in question.

Be warned though: you can't just use everything in the Haggling Modifiers table to make sure you get the best deal. You can't use Diplomacy to make the seller like you to give you that bonus then turn around and use Intimidate to get another bonus. The work you just put in to get him to like you just vanished. You also can't use the Diplomacy more than once to get multiple bonuses, **you only get one bonus per sale.**

Since you are in competition with the seller to get a better price, Haggling is always an Opposed Skill Check: Diplomacy versus Diplomacy, Deceive versus Insight, and Intimidate versus Will.

### HAGGLING MODIFIERS

Successful Diplomacy Skill Check	+20 to Wealth Skill
Successful Deceive Skill Check	+20 to Wealth Skill
Successful Intimidate Skill Check	+20 to Wealth Skill

## GEAR

There isn't too much to worry about in the equipment department, mechanically speaking. At the end of the day a one inch knife can kill you as easily as a ten pound hammer, and a pistol

can put a hole in you just as well as a shotgun, so they will wound as much as each other mechanically.

You should always make sure you know what weapons and armour and ammunition you have on you, as well as any other gear you need so you never caught with your pants around your ankles. You don't want to forget whether you have a two handed sword or a paring knife on you when the proverbial hits the fan.

In saying that, there are some modifiers that you can use to aid in your gameplay. This will mainly come down to armour and ranged weaponry.

## ARMOUR

While there are no hard and fixed descriptions of the protective value of each

### ARMOUR CLASSES

Soft Armour	-15
Sturdy Armour	-25
Strong Armour	-35

possible type of armour (and there are a lot of different types of armour in the world!), for the purposes of Z-LAND all armour fall under three broad classes:

Soft armour covers the various types of fabric-based armours that are available in the world such as gambesons, stiffened silks and leather. **Note that this does not cover basic, everyday clothing. Basic clothing is not considered armour.** Sturdy armour covers hardened and boiled leather, chainmail, Kevlar vests rated for handguns or its equivalent. Strong armour is your plate mail, military grade flak vests or the equivalent.

**Armour does not stack for gameplay purposes**, so don't even think about wearing three suits of plate mail over each other. You can, however, have different types of armour, or no armour at all, covering different Hit Locations.

# RULES

## EQUIPMENT

For example you can have a military grade flak vest (Strong Armour) covering your torso; hardened leather (Sturdy Armour) covering your arms and legs; and a fashionable hat (No Armour) on your head.

**When you determine the severity of a Wound** by seeing how much the attacker and defender rolled and subtracting the defender's result from the attacker's, **add in the modifier of the armour to this calculation.** In effect, the armour will lower the Wound severity. **If the Wound severity number hits 0 or below, then no wound is incurred.**

### EXAMPLE:

- Karen's character Cassandra and William's character Gerrit were in a shootout.
- Cassandra shot Gerrit and hit.
- Karen **rolled 23**.
- William **rolled 28 over** his Modified Skill Level .
- Since William rolled over his Skill Level, Karen **adds together the results** to calculate Wound Severity.
- $23+29=52$ .
- Gerrit is **wearing heavy kevlar armour** over his torso, which **counts as Strong Armour**.
- Strong armour has a rating of **-35**
- $52-35=17$
- Karen **compares this number to the Wound Severity Table** and see that Cassandra inflicted a **Minor Wound** on Gerrit instead of the Grievous Wound he would have suffered.

Armour is not the most comfortable attire to walk around in and it does hamper your movement, not to mention the extra weight that you are carrying around that will also take its toll on you. For this reason, **any Skill Check that**

**involves your character being quick or nimble will come with a penalty** if you wear armour. This is a -5 penalty per armour type, so **-5 for Soft, -10 for Sturdy** and **-15 for Strong Armour**. If you are wearing different armour types on different parts of your PC's body, then take the appropriate armour penalty based upon which limb is used. If the whole body is being used in a Skill Check, then used the highest rated armour your PC is wearing.

Always remember in what sort of setting your playing in when thinking about armour. It is always tempting to get the biggest and strongest armour available, but you can run into some trouble because of it. Think about seeing a man walk into your local restaurant wearing a military flak vest, you'll certainly treat him differently.

## RANGED WEAPONRY

WEAPONS	RANGE
Pistols	Near
Shotguns	Medium
Cross Bows	Medium
Short Bows	Medium
Submachine	Medium
Long Bows	Far
Rifles	Far
Machine guns	Far

A key difference between ranged and melee combat is that in ranged combat it is not solely your skill with the weapon that determines whether you successfully hit your opponent.

The chief culprit in this is range. Between the force of gravity and the amount of powder in your rounds, you have the least say in how far your bullets travel.

In **Z-LAND** there are 5 range bands

*Learn to Aim and get the best out of your scope in combat on Page 62.*

which affect how far you can shoot a ranged weapon. Each type of ranged weapon has an associated range which shows the maximum range it can accurately shoot. Beyond its given range in the table above, it is inaccurate to such a degree that hitting someone comes down more to luck than skill.

A ranged weapon can always be fired at targets in ranged bands closer than it's maximum range, just not farther.

The 5 ranged bands are as follows:

- **CLOSE:** melee range. If you can hit something with a stick then they are within Close range.
- **NEAR:** from a few meters away up to a couple of dozen meters. This is the range at which pistols and thrown objects will accurately hit their target. Anywhere in a room, decently sized house or equivalent is in Near range.
- **MEDIUM:** most of the way across a football field, Medium range requires people to shout to be heard and good sized weapons to hit something.
- **FAR:** from the far end of a football field to easily twice that distance. This is the furthest a person can reliably hit someone or something without assistance from a scope.
- **DISTANT:** any distance further than the above. You need binoculars to see what's going on and a scope to accurately hit anything.

## RANGED DAMAGE

The weapon you have will not only say how far it can shoot, but how much damage

CLASS	DAMAGE
Light	10
Medium	20
Heavy	30

it will deal. All weapons are divided into three broad classes: Light, Medium and Heavy.

The table above shows the damage each class does when you hit someone or something with a Shoot Skill Check. Damage from a weapon works similarly to Armour. After you have successfully hit someone/something, and you determine the severity of Wound to be inflicted, you add to that number the damage from your weapon class, making the damage you inflict worse and potentially increasing the severity of the Wound Inflicted.

The table below gives some examples of what the classes of ranged weapons can be, but the individual ranged weapons you use will be classed by your GM.

WEAPONS	LIGHT	MEDIUM	HEAVY
Near	.22 pistol	9mm pistol	44 Magnum
Medium	Shortbow	Crossbow	Slug shelled Shotgun
Far	.22 hunting rifle	AK-47	50 caliber rifle

## SCOPES

Scopes and other magnifying devices for ranged weaponry work by **increasing the ranged band for firing a ranged weapon**. A +1 Scope will turn a Rifle's range from Far to Distant, while a +2 Scope will turn a Pistol's range from Near to Far. A +3 Scope is the best Scope you will be able to find.

A scope is no good to anyone if you don't look through it to shoot. As such, you can only get the benefits from using a scope if you take the time (and a turn in combat) to Aim.

# RULES

## EQUIPMENT

### ARMOUR PIERCING

Armour piercing for ranged weapons work exactly the same as the Armour Classes do. Just as armour is rated as either Soft, Sturdy, or Strong, **armour piercing projectiles are rated against Soft, Sturdy, or Strong.**

So if you have an armour piercing round that is rated against Strong Armour, then when determining the wound severity of a hit, ignore the modifier that Strong Armour provides. The same would be true for an armour piercing round rated against Soft or Sturdy Armour.

### MELEE WEAPONRY

CLASS	DAMAGE	MOD
Light	10	-5
Medium	20	-10
Heavy	30	-15

For melee weapons, there clearly aren't any ranged bands to worry about, but there is the weight and shape of the weapon that can have an impact on how accurate you are with it. **The more cumbersome a weapon, the harder it is to hit.**

Melee weapons are classed into different weights in the same way that ranged weapons are (Light, Medium and Heavy) with the same damage done by each class. However, **each class of melee weapons has an associated penalty** to using it with a Fight Skill Check, as shown in the table above. The heavier a weapon is, the more difficult it is to use, but the more damage it deals when it does hit.

The table above has some example of melee weapons from each class, but as with the ranged weapons, your **GM will determine the weight class** of the specific weapon you are using.

WEAPONS	EXAMPLE
Light	Knives
	Daggers
	Batons
	Knuckle-dusters
Medium	Whip
	Swords
	Maces
	Clubs
	Bats
	Hatchets
Heavy	Spears
	Axes
	Sledgehammers
	Pole-weapons
	Greatsword

# ADVANCEMENT

Advancement of your characters works by spending EXP to increase your Skill Levels. **Each Skill is levelled up individually** and it takes **1 EXP to increase a Skill Level by 1 level**. Each Skill's base level is 30, although by the time you finish Character Generation your Skill Levels will be greater than this.

**Starting at Level 50, at every 10 Skill Levels** you will be given the option of a **Specialisation** in that skill; so you will get one at Skill Level 50, 60, 70, etc. **A Specialisation's Level is increased by 2 for every EXP you spend in that Specialisation**. Whatever you spend in a Specialisation or its parent Skill is *not* carried over between the two. For example: say you have Fight at Skill Level 51 and One Handed Weapons Specialisation at 62, if you spend an EXP to increase Fight to Level 52, One Handed will not increase to 63, and vice versa.

## WAYS TO GAIN EXP

For each of the ways listed below, your character will gain 1 EXP.

### GAMEPLAY/ROLEPLAY:

- For **turning up** to the game.
- Being instrumental to **advancing the plot**.
- **Rolling your Modified Skill Level** in a Skill Check. *EXP gained here can only be used in that Skill or Specialisation.*
- **Finishing an important quest line** or a mission.
- Any **amazing roleplay**. This is up the group and GM, but the roleplay

needs to be the stuff of legends.

### SURVIVAL:

- Avoiding becoming **Infected** from a zombie bite/scratch/etc.
- Surviving **Hypothermia** or **Hyperthermia**.
- Surviving after having gone **unconscious** due to **Hunger, Thirst** or **Stamina**.

If you get all these EXP every session, it is possible to level up 1 Skill from the Base Level of 30 to Level 100 in only 10 sessions (assuming no Specialisations). It will take a long while to get all your skills up to high levels, and this is meant for the longer campaigns you can play in.

## DECIDING WHICH SKILLS TO LEVEL UP

Whichever Skill you want to level up with your newly acquired EXP is (almost) entirely up to you. You choose where you want to spend your EXP.

There is only one restriction: **you can only choose a Skill to level up if you have rolled that Skill this last session**. The Skills you have not rolled this session haven't been used by your character this session, and thus your character can't have gotten better at something they haven't been practicing. When it comes to Specialisations, you need to have rolled **that specific Specialisation** this session to be able to spend EXP in it; rolling its parent Skill doesn't count.

## LEVELING TIME

EXP is only awarded after a session, so that is **the only time** when you can

# RULES

## ADVANCEMENT

spend the EXP to level up your Skills. In between sessions you will have the time to decide which Skills to level up by taking into account which Skills you have rolled that session, which Skills you think you will need most next session, which Skills you think your character or the group needs most or even just what you think is the coolest Skill.

Because you can only choose a Skill to level up if you have rolled that Skill this last session, **you cannot store EXP** for a later date and time. **Any EXP you gained from a sessions must be spent before the next session.**

### TRADING EXP

In between sessions, as well as spending your EXP you **can also trade 1 EXP between Skills**. This is for those Skills that you have decided not to use as often but you don't want to waste the EXP you spent in them.

**There are restrictions** on this however. In between each session, **you can only trade 1 EXP** from 1 Skill to another. **You also can't trade that 1 EXP from a Skill that you have just spent your fresh EXP on.** If you want to trade EXP from or to a Specialisation, then **you can still only trade 1 EXP**. The doubling you get when leveling a Specialisation doesn't count when trading EXP.

Trading EXP is also restricted by which Skills you rolled in the latest session. **You can only trade to a Skill that you have rolled in the latest session.**

### SKILL CAP

By default **all Skills are capped at Skill Level 100**. This means that the maximum Skill Level a Skill can get to is Skill Level 100. Any EXP that is spent on a skill after Skill Level 100 is wasted. This also **includes Specialisations**.

Depending on your game/campaign, you may wish to increase or decrease the Skill Cap for all Skills or only for some Skills.

If this is the case, simply make a note of the new Skill Caps and remember that they will act just as the default Skill Caps, meaning that any EXP spent in that skill after it has reached the Skill Cap will be lost.

# SURVIVAL

In a world ravaged by an apocalypse, it is not the hordes of the undead which most often kills you, nor is it the other humans still alive, unaffected, yet equally as monstrous. No, what kills most folk in the post-apocalyptic world is the lack of the basic things we all take for granted: food, water, and sleep.

Survival is so much more than being able to shoot a firearm, bash in a human head or dramatically jump over walls and fences. It is about taking care of yourself in a world which no longer can.

## THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF SURVIVAL

Survival in the post-apocalyptic realm of **Z-LAND** is measured in terms of blocks per day. There are three blocks in a day, each technically equaling eight hours but can best be thought of in narrative terms such as the three aspects of daily life (work, sleep, play), the three square meals in a day, or the three parts of a day (morning, noon and night).

Each of the three survival mechanics will focus on these blocks, with the modifiers to Constitution Skill Checks and penalties for failure increasing and decreasing with the blocks.

Eating, drinking and sleeping are all measured in terms of “units”, i.e.: one food unit is one meal, one water unit is enough to last a third of day and one sleep unit is roughly two hours. The size of a food and water unit is entirely up to the GM as it will be different for each individual.

In the broadest of general terms, you need to eat and drink once per block, and sleep for a whole block, each day in order to remain in peak condition.

## HUNGER

We need food to survive as it is the energy we use to power our bodies. Yet as vital as it is, it is also the survival aspect which takes the longest to kill us, as an average adult human can survive more than a month without any food.

## STARVATION

Eating one food unit three times a day will keep you satiated and in tip-top shape. However, when you start skipping meals that is the time when things start to go badly.

For each block of a day that a PC does not consume at least one food unit, that PC must take a Constitution Skill Check. A successful Skill Check results in no adverse effects, however a failed Skill Check will result in a **-2 penalty to all Physical Skills** and a **-1 to all Non-Physical Skills**. These penalties stack with each other, meaning that if the PC fails three Constitution Skill Checks for hunger, that PC will have a -6 penalty to all Physical Skills and a -3 to all Non-Physical Skills.

**Each Constitution Skill Check for hunger will also become progressively more difficult the longer the PC has gone without food.** There is no Difficulty Modifier on the Skill Check for the first block in which the PC does not eat. Starting at the second block since the PC last ate, there will be a -2 Difficulty Modifier per block on the Skill Check for hunger. By the fifth block since the PC last ate (two whole days) there will be a -10 Difficulty Modifier on the Skill Check for hunger.

### EATING

A PC must eat one food unit per block, and **each food unit recovers two blocks of hunger**, meaning that if a PC had not eaten for two blocks, the PC only need to eat one food unit to recover both blocks.

If the PC has already gone into hunger and is suffering mechanical penalties because of this, eating will remove these penalties. For each block that a PC recovers through eating, the penalties associated only with that specific block are also removed. Penalties from other, earlier blocks are unaffected.

Because one food unit can recover two blocks, **a PC can only eat two food units per time block**. Additionally, a PC can only **carry as many days worth of food units as the first digit of their Might Skill Level**. So a PC with a Might Skill of 43 can carry 4 days worth of food units.

### FOOD SPOILAGE

In terms of hunger and eating, all food units are equal, but some are more equal than others. While the size and composition of the food units are left to the GM's narrative, there are some numbers to play around with to make gathering and storing foods in the apocalypse feel more real.

### PERISHABLES AND NON-PERISHABLES

Food units come in two varieties: perishable foods and non-perishable foods.

Non-perishable foods are the easiest to deal with in game terms as they have no real expiration dates and do not spoil unless they are opened and unsealed. This can be things like canned foods, sealed drinks, and dried, dehydrated foods.

Perishable foods on the other hand do have an expiration date and will spoil if they are not consumed before that. While the time to expiration and spoilage is unique for each type of food, in **Z-LAND** each type of perishable foods is classified and given a specific amount of days before spoilage. They are as follows:

- Meat: 2 days
- Baked goods: 5 Days
- Dairy: 6 Days
- Fruits: 7 Days
- Vegetables: 14 Days

Once you gain a food unit of the specific type listed above, the clock starts counting down. Once daybreak hits on the specific day, that food unit spoils and can no longer be eaten.

### TRACKING FOOD SPOILAGE

You can use any number of means to track food spoilage, but the easiest one we've found is by using the Wheel at the end of this section.

All you need is to print off that page and have a pen (or pencil) and some tokens to represent each perishable food type. Then simply put the pen on the section of the wheel for the current day (doesn't matter which section you start at) and when you find new perishable food types, put a token representing them as many sections clockwise away from the pen as the days it takes for them to expire.

For example, say you found 3 food units worth of apples. Since fruit spoil in seven days, you will count seven sections clockwise from your current day (the section with the pen) and put three tokens representing fruit on that section.

At the beginning of each new day you move the pen one section clockwise around the wheel. If you move the pen onto a section where there are tokens, it

means those food units have spoiled.  
Simple as that.

## THIRST

Water is the source of all life on this planet and constitutes nearly four fifths of the human body. It is no surprise then that thirst is the quickest killer. Five days without water will kill even the hardest of men.

### DROUGHT

As with Hunger, for each block of a day that a PC does not consume at least one water unit, that PC must take a Constitution Skill Check.

A successful Skill Check results in no adverse effects, however a failed Skill Check will result in a **-2 penalty to all Physical Skills** and a **-5 to all Non-Physical Skills**. These penalties stack with each other, meaning that if the PC fails three Constitution Skill Checks for thirst, that PC will have a -6 penalty to all Physical Skills and a -15 to all Non-Physical Skills.

**Each Skill Check for thirst will also become progressively more difficult the longer the PC has gone without water** in the same way as with the Hunger Skill Checks. There is no Difficulty Modifier on the Skill Check for the first block in which the PC does not drink, but for each subsequent block there will be a -5 Difficulty Modifier on the Skill Check for thirst.

### DRINKING

As with eating, A PC must drink one water unit per time block and drinking one water unit recovers two blocks of thirst and removes any associated penalties that the PC may have gained

from those specific blocks.

A PC can also only drink two water units per time block. PCs can only carry as many days worth of water units as the first digit of their Might Skill Level. So a PC with a Might Skill of 37 can carry 3 days worth of water units.

## STAMINA

Apocalyptic survivors often have very little sleep as they are far too busy trying not to die. However, sleep is important as sleep deprivation can do terrible things to the human mind.

### SLEEP

A PC needs three sleep units per day, with each sleep unit equalling roughly two hours of sleep. Each sleep unit recovers only one block and that block's associated penalties, but this is balanced by a PC being able sleep for three units within a single block. **A PC cannot sleep for more than nine units within a three block period**; in other words, a PC cannot sleep for more than 18 hours in a single day.

The PCs also can't only sleep for one unit per block indefinitely; the human body simply wasn't meant for it. If a PC staggers his sleep like this for more than three blocks, it requires two units of sleep to recover one block.

At full rest, a PC has three sleep blocks in reserve. Once these have been used up, for every block in which a PC does not sleep at least one unit, that PC must take a Constitution Skill Check. Failure results in a **-3 to all Skills**. Each subsequent Skill Check for sleep will also have a -3 Difficulty Modifier.

**For every three Skill Checks a PC fails in a row, that PC gains a Mental Wound**, the severity of which is equal

by the amount the PC failed the third Constitution Skill Check.

## EXHAUSTION

Exhaustion is the one survival mechanic which does not use the block system; rather it is measured on a case by case basis with the GM's discretion, based on the perceived activity of the PCs.

Everything a human does costs energy, from sleeping to running a marathon. The more energy an action or activity requires, the more tired and exhausted the person becomes. Surviving in the post-apocalypse is no different.

Whenever the PCs perform an action or activity, whether it is standing guard all night or running from the undead, the GM will determine if the action or activity is strenuous enough to cause the PCs to become tired or exhausted.

If a GM feels that this is the case, he will call for the PCs to take a Constitution Skill Check. **The Difficulty Modifier for this will range between -0 for light exercise to -60 for activities which can literally break your back.** Should any PC fail this Skill Check, they will gain a penalty to all Physical Skills **equal to half the amount by which they failed.** For example, if a PC failed the Skill Check by 30 points, he will gain a -15 penalty to all Physical Skills.

If a PC does not perform any strenuous activity for one block, then 10 points can be removed from that PC's Exhaustion Penalty. Similarly, each unit of sleep will remove 20 points from a PC's Exhaustion Penalty.

## EXPOSURE

Hunger, thirst and sleep deprivation aren't the only things that can kill you.

Sometimes the most insidious killer is the one you can't see.

Hypo- and hyperthermia can kill a survivor in the post-apocalypse as well as any zombie can, especially if they are too brave or stupid to take precautions against it.

Adverse temperature in **Z-LAND** comes in three degrees of severity as shown in the table below.

As long as a PC is affected by one of the temperature severities, they will get the associated penalty to all their Skill Checks. For example, if a PC is Freezing, then they will suffer a -15 penalty to their Skill Checks, and if the PC is Hot then they will suffer a -5 penalty to their

TEMP	PENALTY
Hot/Cold	-5
Burning/ Freezing	-15
Hypothermia/ Hyperthermia	-25

Skill Checks.

If a PC spends more than one block affected by one of these temperature severities, then the severity will increase (eg from Cold to Freezing, or Freezing to Hypothermia). Once a PC enters Hypo- or Hyperthermia, they must make a Constitution Skill Check to avoid going into shock and falling unconscious. Each time a PC performs any narrative action while in Hypo- or Hyperthermia, they must make this Shock Check. Failure means falling unconscious. If a PC stays in Hypo- or Hyperthermia for an entire block and is unconscious, they make a final Shock Check to see if they die from exposure.

If the penalties from Temperature ever puts a PC's Constitution Skill Level to 0 or below, they immediately fall unconscious.

What qualifies as Hot or Cold is up to the GM's discretion, but general guidelines are that the PC must be uncomfortably Hot or Cold to be affected by these severities.

Similarly, what measures the PCs take to protect themselves from these severe temperature is also up to the GM. Warming yourself up with clothing, fire, heaters or warm food will help with Cold, Freezing and Hypothermia, and cooling yourself off with cold food/drink, or removing clothing will help with Hot, Burning and Hyperthermia.

ever reach 0, that PC will gain either a Grievous Physical Wound to their torso or Grievous Mental Wound respectively. If a PC's Constitution or Will Skills ever reach 0 at the same time, they will gain both Wounds.

## UNCONSCIOUSNESS

With all these penalties to a PC's Physical and Non-Physical Skills, it is easy to see how some Skills might be reduced to 0. This is exactly why you should take extra care of yourself in the post-apocalypse.

If the Constitution or Will Skill Levels ever reach 0, then that PC falls into unconsciousness, regardless of what they were doing at the time. The PC will remain unconscious until the penalties which drove their Skill Level(s) to 0 are removed. Penalties gained from Sleep Deprivation or Exhaustion will be removed naturally with time, but if the penalties are from Thirst or Hunger, other characters will have to help the PC.

If a PC's Constitution or Will Skill Levels ever reach half their unmodified values into the negative (e.g.: -15 for a normal value of 30), that PC dies. This is a very real threat for Hunger or Thirst, as an unconscious PC cannot eat or drink by themselves (they can be assisted by other PCs) and will by default fail all Constitution Skill Checks.

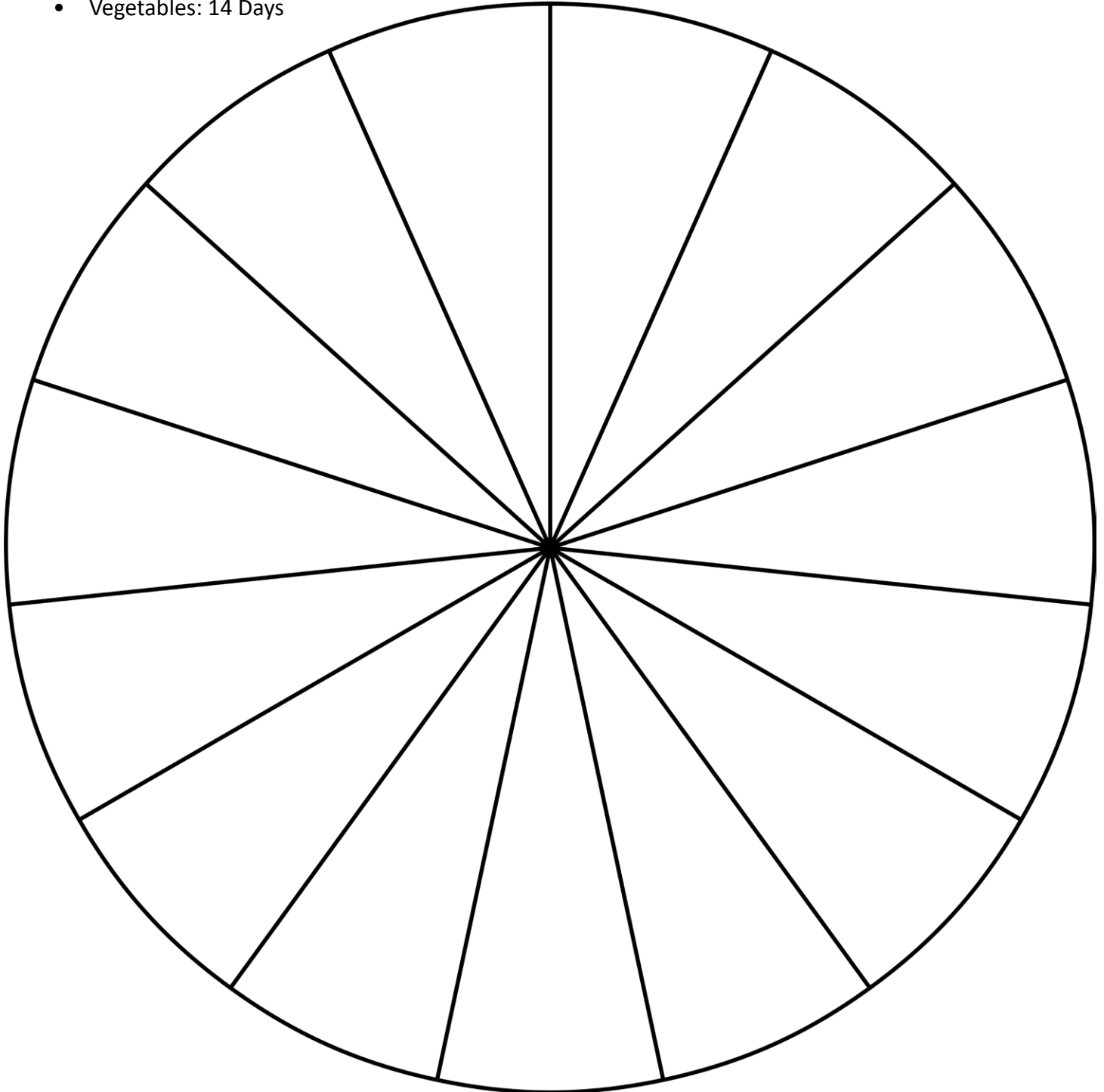
As well as falling unconscious, if a PC's Constitution or Will Skill Levels



# FOOD SPOILAGE WHEEL

## FOOD SPOILAGE TIMES.

- Meat: 2 days
- Baked goods: 5 Days
- Dairy: 6 Days
- Fruits: 7 Days
- Vegetables: 14 Days



# THE INFECTION

## BECOMING INFECTED

Other than through contact with spores, infection predominantly happens when a zombie breaks through the skin. This can be through biting, clawing or other forms of physical damage, or through ingestion of zombie flesh or fluids.

If the PCs are in danger of becoming infected, through contact with spores, ingestion or combat (as determined by the GM) the player makes a Luck Skill Check to resist the infection. If the risk of infection occurs during combat, the roll to resist it takes place after the entire combat encounter.

The method of transmission will determine the severity of any penalties to the Luck Skill Check. Penalties gained from Wounds during combat are cumulative. This means that gaining multiple Wounds that could cause infection will add their penalties together. Note, however, that Wounds only generate penalties if the narrative quality of the Wounds (as narrated by the GM) means a skin penetration.

### PENALTIES:

- Minor Wound: -5
- Significant: -15
- Grievous: -25
- Limb Destroyed: -40
- Ingestion: -10 to -40 depending on amount ingested.

The site of infection is determined by whichever Hit Location is responsible for the greatest penalty to the Luck Skill Check. If more than one Hit Location offers the same penalty, it is up to GM's

discretion which Hit Location is the site of infection. The Torso is the site of infection for any ingested material.

## SPREAD OF THE INFECTION

There is no cure for the infection. Once someone is infected, the only way to stop the infection is to amputate the affected body part before the infection has spread beyond it.

Once a person has become infected, the parasite will first completely infest the Hit Location at which it entered before spreading to the next closest Hit Location. It will then completely infest that Hit Location before spreading to the next. The parasite spreads to all Hit Locations from the Torso.

It normally takes the parasite 1 hour to completely infest a Hit Location before spreading to the next one, but this time can be extended through a successful Constitution Skill Check. If the Constitution Skill Check is successful, see how far under the Skill Level the result was. The first digit of this number is the amount of hours added onto the hour it takes the parasite to infest the Hit Location. E.g. If the player rolled 25 under their Skill, then the parasite takes 3 hours to infest that Hit Location. A result of 9 or less under the player's Skill adds no time to the infestation.

This Constitution Skill Check can be rolled for each Hit Location as they become infected.

Once the parasite reaches the head, or if the head was the point of infection, then after the hour it takes the parasite to infest that Hit Location (modified by



# RULES

## INFECTION

a Constitution Skill Check) the parasite reaches the brain and starts the Fever Stage of the infection.

Throughout the whole ordeal, there is no physical changes to the victim that anyone will be able to detect to determine if they are indeed infected. Without a laboratory full of the correct tools, there is no way for any PC or NPC to tell if someone has been infected or not.

If the victim or other person(s) amputates an infected Hit Location before the time is up for that Location to be infected, the victim's player rolls a Luck Skill Check, on a success, the infection has not spread through that Hit Location.

## THE FEVER

Once the parasite has reached the brain, it will start spreading throughout it and attempt to take it over. This will result in a severe fever for the victim. While the fever has taken hold of the victim, the PC will suffer -15 to all Mental and Social Skill Checks and -30 to all Physical Skills to simulate the draining and lethargic effects of a high fever on the body.

The parasitic fever normally takes 5 hours to run its course, but as with the spread of the infection, this is modified by a Constitution Skill Check. If the Skill Check is successful, see how far under the Skill Level the result was. The first digit of this number is the amount of hours added onto the 5 hours it takes the fever to run its course. If the Skill Check is failed, see how far above the Skill Level the result was. The first digit of this number is the amount of hours taken off the 5 hours it takes for the fever to run its course (to a minimum of 1 hour).

Once the fever has run its course, it goes away as does the penalties associated with it. This is the final stage of the infection.

## THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

Once the fever has cleared, everything seems to be back to normal and there is no visible ill effect on the victim. In fact, what has happened is that the parasite has completely taken over the central nervous system and is simply waiting to "activate". The parasite will "activate" by creating its final connections in the brain which will intercept all neural messages from the fore to hind brain, effectively taking control of the body.

However, it can only do so while the victim is asleep. So nothing untoward will happen to the victim until they next fall asleep. As they enter into unconsciousness, the parasite will activate and take control of the body. The victim is now one of the living infected Plagued and utterly controlled by the parasite. The victim is still conscious, however, but is trapped inside their body, unable to affect anything, a prisoner forced to watch and unable to stop.

At this point, the PC becomes an NPC and the player can no longer control their actions.

## SAMPLE INFECTED

The infected come mostly in three forms: those living humans who have completely gone through the infection called the Plagued; those Plagued and infected (but not turned) humans that have died and risen back to life; and the Unborn, that unholy offspring of infected

and uninfected life.

## THE PLAGUED

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	60	Intuition	00
Broad-Craft	00	Investigate	50
Burglary	00	Logic	00
Constitution	70	Luck	40
Deceive	00	Might	60
Diplomacy	00	Perception	75
Drive	00	Shoot	00
Fight	60	Stealth	00
Fine-Craft	00	Wealth	00
Intimidate	100	Will	100

The Plagued are humans with all measures of restraint taken off. They will howl and sprint at the nearest vulnerable person they see to rip them apart and consume as much of them as they can stomach. The Plagued also retain some measure of reason and still remember what doors and windows are. They may not have the fine motor skills necessary to open a doorknob, they will easily jump through windows, can climb fences and scale buildings.

## THE LIFELESS

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	10	Intuition	00
Broad-Craft	00	Investigate	30
Burglary	00	Logic	00
Constitution	80	Luck	30
Deceive	00	Might	30
Diplomacy	00	Perception	30
Drive	00	Shoot	00
Fight	50	Stealth	00
Fine-Craft	00	Wealth	00
Intimidate	100	Will	100

The Lifeless are the shambling corpses that we all imagine when thinking of the

undead. They have lost most of their motor function and most times their muscles are hanging on by sheer force of will. They may not be as immediately dangerous as the Plagued, but they endure and as time goes by there will more and more of them.

## THE UNBORN

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	60	Intuition	10
Broad-Craft	20	Investigate	50
Burglary	30	Logic	20
Constitution	70	Luck	40
Deceive	20	Might	60
Diplomacy	20	Perception	75
Drive	40	Shoot	30
Fight	60	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	10	Wealth	10
Intimidate	100	Will	100

The end of all humanity. Just as Zeus killed his father Cronus to assume his throne on Olympus, so the Unborn will kill us to take control of the world. They are half-human, half-plague and they bring the best and worst of both worlds to kill us off one by one. They are Plagued, but with a cunning intelligence that lets them form tribes, start ambushes, and create rather than just destroy.

# TERRA MORTIS



# THE DEAD WORLD

## A SLOW COLD DEATH

### ROSS ISLAND - ANTARCTICA

When Mia Schneider signed her contract as a biological researcher at Antarctica's McMurdo Station, she expected to be back home after two long and very hard winters. Home for Mia was the Sunset Cliffs of San Diego with her older sister and two adorable nephews waiting for her. But Mia was set to spend much, much longer on the small island just off the icy continent. While the rest of the world was in the grip of mass panic from the initial HKEV outbreak, McMurdo Station had problems of its own. Twenty three of the stations nine hundred plus staff had fallen ill. Believed to be HKEV, more were beginning to show early symptoms. The base was put on lock-down with the infected staff treated in quarantined areas. Luck was with Mia as she wasn't among the sick, but even those uninfected would soon feel the wrath of the plague.

The Longest Night came for McMurdo Station as it did the rest of the doomed world. The infected scientists and workers who turned on that night would find countless sleeping victims, whose screams filled the halls of the station. Panic and disorder took over as many fled into the freezing night. In the grip of winter the sun would not rise again for months, so they trudged through the darkness and the snow only to be followed by their hunters. Mia was working late in an isolated section of the base reading through her data when the calls began. The radio came to life with screams and pleas for help. She looked around her small lab for anything

to defend herself with, but all her eyes could find was a fire extinguisher bolted to the wall. Shaking her head at the idea, Mia locked the two doors that lead to her lab and sat beside the radio as the screams continued, screams that she could now hear outside.

She heard her colleagues beating on her door pleading with Mia to open them. She had covered her own ears as best she could, looking towards the water dripping down from row upon row of hydroponics. She stayed in this hypnotic state till the dawn. It was an artificial dawn as the sun wouldn't rise for another three months. The numbers on Mia's watch blinked 0600. She still hadn't slept, but the screams had finally stopped. Mia wasn't the only one of the base's 900 staff to survive the night. Those that did survive attempted to keep the power on as long as they could while Mia worked the hydroponic farms to keep the small population fed.

They were lucky that many of the Lifeless and Plagued wandered off into the empty darkness only to freeze into silent human statues. They remained that way till the sun returned, thawing the creatures out and beginning a second wave of death. Resources were limited and with too many mouths to feed some sections of the station turned to cannibalizing those who died naturally over the winter. The transportation planes had frozen over the long winter, taking away any dream of escape as the Lifeless waited and thumped on the metal doors ensuring all stayed cowering inside. The years weren't kind to Mia or the inhabitants of McMurdo Station. What little fresh food she could produce

*Check out sample  
Undead Skills on  
page 101.*

# TERRA MORTIS

## LORE

was never enough and workers began “disappearing” in the night. If not for her talents in growing food where others couldn’t Mia feared she might have disappeared too. She spent most of her time alone. Many did, as no one knew who was taking people in the night. She picked through her minced rations trying not to think of what or who might be in there.

The fuel was long spent and the station was running on empty. Solar kept them running at a minimum but during the long winters it would be useless. Expeditions scoured other bases hoping to acquire diesel for the stations generators. Scott Base, a New Zealand station, was the first. The teams returned with enough to see them through the winter, and brought along new “supplies”.

*Find the Insanity  
Rules on Page 76.*

Eventually madness began to overtake the survivors of McMurdo Station as the near endless winters came and went with no word from the outside world. Mia held in her frail shaking hand a picture from when she first arrived on the continent. The Mia that looked back had a smile that stretched from ear to ear and a team full of hope and purpose. So many of those faces were gone and Mia couldn’t bring herself to look at those that remained. Both their bodies and minds had all changed over the unforgiving years wasting away in their cold metallic tomb.

She dreamed of the warm kiss of the San Diego breeze, the water of the sea lapping at her feet, and of her sister still waiting for her at home. Then Mia would awake and reality would set in.

The cycle continued for fifteen long and gruelling years. The people of McMurdo Station lived without hope but with a will to survive. They had scoured the bases of the continent taking all

they could and the now small group was at its end. With their fuel reserves at their lowest Mia knew they had a fast approaching expiration date. They had to leave, and that needed to be now.

The Indomitable, a stranded icebreaker, had been seen on the southern coast of their small island but the ship was swarming with Lifeless. A weakened Mia convinced the surviving twenty members of McMurdo Station that they would freeze and starve if they didn’t try to escape the frozen continent. The line was drawn and all twenty crossed it with Mia. Of the twenty only five survived the fight for the Indomitable, including Mia. Those bitten were left on the shore after loading the remaining supplies on board the icebreaker. The engines roared to life and with heavy hearts the five survivors looked back to their doomed friends.

After fifteen years stuck on an island of ice and rock they were finally free. Mia could imagine that warm breeze again as the Indomitable crashed its way through the ice shelf to the open ocean. They navigated as best they could, with stars and charts correcting the failing GPS, and after weeks of endless blue and rough seas, land was finally within sight.

The Indomitable came upon the shores of New Zealand not far from Port Chalmers. As they entered the harbour the land either side of them was deathly silent. The engine was the only sound that reverberated about harbour as they passed countless vessels capsized and half submerged. The sun-bleached remains of human skeletons greeted the travellers as they disembarked. The docks were silent, absent of containers, machinery and people. The group took to the cracked asphalt following the road towards the barely visible city. The sun was low in the sky and Mia had the sense of being watched as they past numerous

abandoned buildings being strangled by the hands of mother nature. The silence almost seemed to follow them as birds halting their songs when the travellers passed by. Other than the birds Mia hadn't seen anything living or dead, just the bones of those long forgotten, until they reached the city proper that is. Then the smell found her. Like the bottom of a sewer the smell suffocated the air causing Mia to gag. They knew the odour belonged to the Lifeless but never dreamed to see so many. The streets writhed with the unwashed decaying masses, humans and animals alike. Once Mia and her friends had been seen by the closest of them, the mass began to surge forwards.

The travellers ran as fast as their legs would allow them, back through the city streets only to find themselves surrounded by the dead. The smell and moans crashed down upon them and all hope seemed lost. Out of the corner of her vision Mia found a path leading the travellers into the darkened gallery of a crumbling mall. She felt the eyes upon her now more than ever even though they had left the horde behind.

The five of them stood breathless in an atrium with no ceiling, the slowly rising sun casting thin rays into the space, reflecting off the shards of glass that littered the floor. Through the dim light Mia swore she saw movement, darting shadows in looted stores. Then the shadows became a form: a child standing naked before Mia, pale and covered in dirt and grime. He turned, running back into the darkness as Mia started towards the child. The other travellers followed as Mia called out into the dark. She whispered that it was alright, that they weren't going to hurt him. She was answered by something closer to a hiss than a whisper.

"Here, here, here," the child beckoned. At least that's what the travellers thought they heard as they searched the clothing store for the pale child.

A scream tore through the silence as Mia span to see another child wrapping its arms and legs around her friend, tearing into his jugular with its teeth. The man screamed out in pain and surprise as the others ran to help. With blood flowing from his neck he fought as best he could to remove the child, but his legs buckled and his mind weakened. Mia froze, she could see them now in the darkness around her friends. The pale children were waiting and her voice caught in her throat. She couldn't scream, she couldn't shout, she couldn't move as the children leapt upon the unsuspecting travellers, tearing at their throats and dragging them into the darkness. Adrenaline finally found Mia as she ran from the store and from her companions till her lungs gave out. An access-way was in sight leading to the roof and Mia took it, slamming the door behind her and climbing the stairs one level at a time. She finally came out onto the roof and the sun blinded her as the door flew open. She sat back against it sucking air in as fast as she could until her eyes adjusted to the morning sun. Blue paint was spilt near a giant sign spelling out "Save our Souls." Mia began to cry for the first time in years. They were gone, all of them. She was the only one left now, again finding herself in a foreign country dreaming of her home.

A warm breeze stirred in the cool morning, bringing a smile to her face. It wasn't home but it was closer than she was yesterday and she was still alive, alive in a dead world. She stood looking across the city, looking for life, and saw lights in the distance. Not all was dead, not yet, and her home was still out

*Discover how the Unborn work on Page 175.*



# TERRA MORTIS

## LORE

there waiting for her. The world Mia had known was dead, replaced by a new reality. The streets were slowly becoming green with vines and grasses were spreading across the concrete jungle.

The distant lights meant people, and in Mia's mind if they could survive so could she. Fifteen years had ravaged the world and its people, but the world was not over. The sun would rise and life would continue as best it could in the face of undeath.

For Mia this was just another day.

## THE DEAD WORLD

*Want to know how the world ended? The Fall is on Page 7.*

Fifteen long, hard years have past since **THE FALL**, and the population of the world has plummeted. The lights have gone out and the Earth has remained dark ever since, albeit for small pockets of civilization. Humanity as we know it is no longer the dominant force on the planet. A year after the Longest Night less than 1% of the human population remained uninfected. Earth is a dead world, but life still has a way.

Small groups of survivors became communities and those communities became towns. **THE FALL** took its toll on the human spirit in those early years, those dark years. The very worst aspects of humanity rose from the ashes of our world. Scarcity drove people to commit horrific acts on one another. Hunger drove some to feed on the living like the dead. Cannibalism was only a small part of the larger picture.

What little resources that were left in the towns and cities had been stripped away in the early years or had rotted and degraded by the later.

People became resources alongside fuel and food; and ammunition the new currency of **Z-LAND**. The Plagued

and Lifeless stalked the nights and the Ravagers ruled the days. The Ravagers prized intellectuals like doctors, engineers and scientists above all others. They could keep you alive in a world where tetanus was as deadly as the infected. This gave the Ravagers power and they used this power to grow.

With power and control of resources these groups dominated the landscape with ferocity and brutality. They didn't, however, play well together and that was their weakness. When the great hordes of the dead swept across the world, the Ravagers were alone. The dead consumed their livestock and their crops as locusts would. They had no allies to call upon as wave upon wave of the dead crashed against their walls. Eventually they crumbled and the inhabitants, slavers and slaves alike, were consumed or added to the ranks of the living dead.

Smaller communities survived these calamities *because* they were small. The larger Ravager settlements drew the ire of the undead first, giving the small the chance to blossom and connect with other communities. Without as much fear of the Ravagers these connected communities could now develop ways to manage the undead menace. They began to herd the creatures, drawing them away from their settlements and driving them into the towering graveyards that were once cities. Light returned to the surface of the planet in these communities and the darkness was pushed back. While scars from past horrors remained on the survivors, it was in the past. It was history that they needed to bury if they wanted to rebuild and reclaim what was lost in **THE FALL**.

As the decade passed the dead changed with it, so much so that seeing a recently infected human was a rare sight and the hordes of the dead began

to slow in pace. Mounds of disposed and decaying bodies of the Plagued and Lifeless began to release clouds of spores. In the still air of buildings they would hang in a haze. Some of the Lifeless had been seen with spores about them too and were to be avoided at all costs without the proper protection. The spores, however, were just the start of the next evolutionary stage. Feral children were seen stalking the shadows of the cities. But these children were not the product of humanity as we know it, they were born of something else, something not quite alive. The offspring of infected animals had been seen many times before but the children of the undead was an idea too chilling for many.

After a decade of death it seemed that humanity was finally finding its footing and would rise up out of the ashes to retake their world. But the dead, the dead weren't ready to let go yet. This would be but another chapter in the war between the living and the dead.

## THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY

The skyscrapers of our concrete world once belonged to the Ravagers. They lit them up in direct opposition to the dead, showing the world where the power was and who was really in control. They forced their slaves on the lower levels to defend their homes from the endless waves of dead. All about the base of their towers the corpses piled high. These open mass graves stood as an example of their strength, their will to survive, but as the bodies began to rot and decay the sores and boils of the dead crusted and burst. Vents of crusted human fluids built up around the wounds and spores began floating from the openings only to be caught by the

wind and swirled around the base of the concrete fortresses. The slaves fell first, bringing about a new wave of Plagued humans. With rage and hunger the one time defenders of the towers climbed their steps and feasted upon their fat, unprepared masters.

The Ravagers panicked, destroying the stairwells, but the Plagued slaves climbed the outsides and reached them with ease. The dead reclaimed the cities as the spore clouds continued to spread. The Vents grew as more bodies decayed forming horrid crusted mounds of humanity akin to termites. These towers would become home to the Unborn, the children of the dead that will come later. Within a matter of months, the years of power and dominance the Ravagers held over **Z-LAND** was lost. They scattered and were thrown to the wind as small gangs and groups just like the early days of the fall. They became hyenas, surviving off what was left by the Nomads and Dwellers who were starting to emerge as the greater powers. This was not the end for the Ravagers yet as not all held power in the cities. Some chose isolation. These isolationists would continue to terrorize the free people of the waste, learning from the mistakes of their larger city-dwelling kin.

With protective clothing these Ravagers used bulldozers to dump the rotting corpses of the dead on the steps of the Dwellers. This allowed Vents to form from their remains and the wind to take the deadly spores into their settlements. It was a new kind of biological warfare, crude but to the same effect. Those of the Dwellers that remained as the hazy clouds washed over their walls would die by the fever and join the dead of our world. The Ravagers hoped that most would choose to flee as any that turned would need

*If you want to survive, you should know how vents work. Page 172.*

# TERRA MORTIS

## LORE

to be killed. It would be an unnecessary risk and a waste of potential property in the eyes of the slavers. They would repeat this practice again and again slowly retaking the strength and power that they swore was rightfully theirs. It was this that drove many Dwellers underground into a life of hiding, a life of prey.

The cities were lost to the Ravagers but the rest of the waste was theirs for the taking. They built war-machines from the trucks and freighters of old, and powered them with the fuel that remained in their control. They hunted the caravans of the Nomads, lusting for their fuel above all else. If they couldn't dominate the cities then they would control the roads. The black smoke rising from the engines of the Ravagers in the distance was a sight to make any stomach sink. Many Nomads had no other choice than to stop and serve the new rulers of the road. They were forced to take on board human cargo and sell them back to the loved ones they were taken from. This practice was repeated across the desolated landscape and it filled the tankers of the Ravagers with black gold. Their wealth enabled them to establish new outposts and refilling stations for their wheels of enterprise. The Ravagers had created their own form of order and saw themselves as the law keepers of this new land. They made the laws to suit their needs and if you were caught breaking one you'd quickly be found in the pits that they so loved, fighting for your life against the living and the dead.

They held themselves in high regard and their leaders truly believed they were the future of humanity. They believed that civilization before the fall had been a lie and that the end had enabled humanity to break free from pretence and lies. The true form of

humankind had risen from the ashes of the old world and it was them, the survivors, the ones who bled and continued at any cost. Many would fall under the shadow of these new Arbiters, both Nomads and Dwellers alike, but not all would. Some remained free from their way of life, hidden from sight, withdrawn from the world, but that too would have its cost.

## UNDER THE EARTH

There was a peace that came with life underground, tucked away in the subways, sewers, and dams of our world. It was safe from the conflict and horror of the world above, away from the new laws of the land. Some Dwellers chose this life as the decade after the Longest Night drew on, and it was not an easy life. Without electricity many lived a life in darkness, speaking only in hushed voices, afraid of drawing the dead to their new place of refuge. They continued their lives as best they could but it was one of solitude. Without trade they relied on themselves and this furthered their distrust of outsiders. The groups who had electricity stood a stronger chance of survival and had attempted to grow food, but without the sun or sufficient UV lighting their yield was small and this in turned affected the dwellers bodies. They were thin and pale from the lack of sun and their numbers were few, but those few had learnt how to survive. How to make due with less and how to remain hidden from the life above.

As isolated societies these groups of Dwellers began to slowly form their own slang and accents that were different from the norm. They were mechanics and engineers who could fix

*Noise is your worst enemy underground, so read Page 245 to keep yourself safe.*

almost anything, and their ingenuity drove them to solve complex problems that presented themselves on a daily basis. The constant maintenance their machinery required was their daily grind, it gave them focus and purpose, but this couldn't help with food shortages. In the best cases hydroponics allowed small populations to survive but they needed to remain small. These Deep Dwellers took that point seriously, implementing a single child policy that upon breaking would lead to the death of a parent. Their leaders meticulously planned and calculated the necessary resources required for their communities to survive. Every plant, pencil & protractor was accounted for and the Directors who managed them took their roles very seriously.

Nothing was new under the earth, they only had what they brought with them and what the facility provided. In times of great desperation teams were sent back out to the surface to gather information and rare supplies. These teams were chosen carefully and they knew the price they would pay for capture. The colony must stay safe and it's whereabouts hidden.

That is why these individuals would end their lives rather than fall captive to the Ravagers or others on the surface. The knowledge they held was too valuable to fall into the hands of the enemy, and for the Deep Dwellers that was anyone who walked in the sun. Those that returned were regarded as heroes and held a place of high esteem among their colony, with many become leaders in time. They told tales of the dead that walked the world, the herds of lifeless cattle shuffling in the dust and the monsters that looked just like our children.

The Unborn were more than just

hearsay to the Deep Dwellers, they were real and a threat to their young and old. The children of the dead were drawn to the dark and quiet places of our world, the places where many Dwellers had settled. They found their ways through vents and tunnels into the hearts of these colonies. Calling out from the shadows they beckoned children to follow, mimicking the voices they had heard in the past. "Here, over here," they would whisper, calling the unsuspecting prey into the dark. Then the Unborn would pounce silently on their prey, biting deep into the throat and dragging the lifeless body deeper into their web of tunnels. At first it was thought that many were wandering off, finding themselves lost in the underground. But once blood and remains were found the Deep Dwellers learnt they weren't so alone in their havens under the Earth.

All the while life continued above and the Dwellers that remained on the surface learnt to further adapt. They blended their dwellings with the environment and became masters of camouflage. They wore tattered and bloody clothing, attempting to blend in with the wandering hordes that shuffled across **Z-LAND**.

This wouldn't fool the dead, but it would fool the living and, while it was a risk, many Ravagers would just continue driving past paying the Dwellers no mind. Even farming was done in secret as the Dwellers kept their crops surrounded by tall weeds and shrubs, hidden from the eyes of the Ravagers who swept across the landscape on their hunt for the "lawless". Life certainly wasn't easy for both the Dwellers above and below, but it was a life of freedom. They controlled their own destiny, something they would never relent to the Ravagers of the world.

*The location of home is an important one. You'd do well to keep it safe.*

### LIFE ADRIFT

*You can find out more about life at sea on Page 189.*

The caravans of the Nomads once roamed the world from settlement to settlement, bringing much needed goods to far off places. All that changed when the Ravagers returned to the roads. Their laws and tariffs forced the Nomads into a life of servitude to escape death or slavery. They moved human cargo across the land and transported what little fuel was still to be processed by poorly run refineries back to outposts of the Ravagers. Their life of freedom and constant motion had become stagnant and routine. The Nomads shepherded herds of the dead away from the strongholds of the Ravagers, keeping the new law keepers safe. They led them instead to the enemies who stood in opposition to the new world order.

Under the oppression of the Ravagers there seemed to be no other way. Even with their ruthlessness and cruelty there was a sense of order to the chaotic world of the apocalypse. The Nomads of the land still had ties with the sea, however, and heard the stories of those much like themselves. The Ravagers of the sea weren't organised like their landlocked counterparts. These consisted of small gangs and fleets picking at the remains of decaying ships, which made life easier for those who called the ocean home. The jewel of those sea dwellers was a giant now called Harmony, in its day the cruise-liner could carry 6,780 passengers and a crew of over 2000 across the world in comfort and luxury. The Harmony remained in motion, powering its way across the world's oceans followed by a flotilla of smaller support vessels. Over the decade many of the seaborne Nomads would gravitate towards the mammoth ship and a thriving community was founded aboard it's many decks.

The seas provided much in the way of food and The Harmony had gardens overflowing with fresh produce. Even fresh water was caught and treated by the ship. Life was good for those who called it home, but word of the new paradise would travel fast across the waves. Ravagers attempted to board again and again, but were thwarted each time. With no way to ascend to the deck they were left many feet below in the shadow of the giant. Eventually any thought of capturing the vessel left the minds of the Ravagers, with only greed and desire left. In the dead of night a smaller boat laden with explosives was driven into the bow of the behemoth. It tore a hole in the starboard side and dark cold water began to rush into the breach, leaning the ship to its side. While crippled, this move did not end The Harmony as the quick thinking crew was able to stabilize the craft by flooding much of the lower decks, levelling out the vessel.

Sitting lower in the water the ship was still intact but it's residents were shaken. Their paradise was not as safe as it seemed. It was then another flotilla found the Harmony. They were seen at first on the horizon, grey blips far in the distance, but as the day broke they pulled closer to the giant. To the disbelief of passengers leaning across the railings of the Harmony it was the military. Or at the very least what remained of one. They called themselves the Greywatch and consisted of a strange assortment of nations from the pacific rim. They had fought their own battles against the dead at sea and found that the land had fared far worse. With no nation to return to they stayed at sea, grouping together to survive. The Greywatch had heard of the Harmony and had been following her to establish contact with a civilian

population, something the Watch had avoided out of fear of the plague. After the attack the decision to make contact was made. Not an easy task with six national military leaders. They offered the Harmony protection in return for food and personnel. The communities on board agreed with little choice, another attack like the night before would see them on the bottom of the ocean.

With this alliance the flotilla of the Greywatch grew to become the dominant force of the seas, taking in the weary and putting them to work on board the Harmony. This fleet would become one of the true bastions of the human civilization as the decade led on. Stories of the Watch and their massive ship were told around the world. Many set forth attempting to find them, often with little success. In the true nature of the Nomads they remained forever on the move. Refuelling at strategic military positions the Watch still operated and sailed the seas with no intention to return to land and perhaps that was for the best. It seemed that under the iron fist of the Ravagers some form of order was established, but that order was about to be challenged again, as would all our species.

Not since the Neanderthals were wiped by our ancestors had our position of power been challenged. There was a new species of humanity rising from the ashes, born to survive in this new world gripped by the plague.

Now was the time of the Unborn.

## RISE OF THE UNBORN

When the children of the dead first appeared and were nothing more than rumour, most considered them to be feral children abandoned by their

parents and forced to survive on their own. They were partly correct. After giving birth the Unborn were abandoned by their mothers be they human or dead. They were forced to crawl blindly into the dark, into some form of safety. Often they were born in these places with the Plagued mother following a primal urge to “nest”. They spent their early years scavenging in the dark of sewers and waterways, eating anything living or dead, and there were plenty dead to feast upon. The rotting corpses of the old world provided these children sustenance. They would not fall ill, not to the plague or the other diseases these bodies carried. The infection had altered their very DNA in the womb, creating a new species of human brought into the world by HKEV. They had the strength of the Plagued but did not suffer their lack of intelligence. While they would not challenge our own intellect, they were smarter than the dead and had a cunning that made them lethal.

It was in these sewers that the children first found each other, believing before that they were alone in the world. They were small, frail and covered in the grime of the underground. Their eyes had adapted to the darkness after years spent crawling under our feet. Without the sun their skin became hairless, pale and translucent with many Unborn carrying albino traits. They hunted together, moving silently through the tunnels, communicating through sign language and tapping on the skin. Any who found themselves in the underground would fall prey to these children. While small, they were ferocious. They did not have a spoken language themselves but the children of the dead became exceptional at mimicry, be it human or animal, and this trickery helped them lure their victims into an



# TERRA MORTIS

## LORE

ambush. They became masters of the underground and, other than small encounters with Deep Dwellers, they ruled their hunting grounds without fear.

This first generation would leave the sewers, slowly at first, venturing out during the night, finding new smells on the air, and seeing the light of distant stars for the first time in their short lives. However, come the morning as the blazing sun rose they would return to their sanctuary under the earth, safe from it's harmful rays. Years underground had branded the Unborn with extreme photo-sensitivity. After the first few felt its bite they learnt fast to avoid the light. And so they would wait, wait till the sun dipped below the horizon and then the city would be theirs. While the Ravagers held the towers there would be little the Unborn could do to threaten them. And so they would lure stragglers off into the night, providing the fledgling Unborn clans with fresh meat. There wasn't much culture to the children yet, but the oldest of them lead the hunts and received most of the kill. Clans would consist of children varying in age, some as young as four and others as old as fifteen. It was these teens that would push the Unborn to the surface. For years they had lived in the darkness with the spores of the dead swirling around them but now the spores had found a foothold on the surface, on city streets, and Ravager towers.

These spores caused the Ravagers to flee and leave their fortresses empty and ripe for the taking. The Unborn took to the high-rises and howled into the night. They had a new home high above the streets, high above where they began crawling in the dark. The cities no longer belonged to humans, the clouds of spores flowing throughout the streets infected anything stupid

enough to walk them. The Lifeless would still attempt to eat any Unborn, be it human or animal, so their perch high above the streets would keep them safe during the long days. It was in these towers that necessity would breed ingenuity. Without education the Unborn were simple, but still had a form of intelligence, and they used this to overcome the hurdles of survival.

They linked together skyscrapers with fire hoses to travel from one to the other with no need to touch the ground. They trapped the many species of birds who had come to reside in the upper canopy of the concrete jungle. It was here they would start to flourish and become a species separate from our own. Developing into tribal societies and clans, founding culture, even painting their pale bodies with colours representing their home tower. When matured they mated and new generations followed. Once born from the dead this new species was able to adapt to the world in a way we never could. This was their world now and we were living in it. As the decades continued it would not be the Ravagers and their new laws that would threaten the survival of the human race. It would be the painted ones who came from the towers during the night, that whispered our words and hunted us.

We were the Neanderthals this time and our continued existence was on the line.

## DEAD SURROUNDINGS

### ENVIRONMENTS OF TERRA MORTIS

The world has changed a great deal since the Longest Night. Even those that lived during **THE FALL** would find this dead world a strange place. There is a strange sense of familiarity if you were

*Perhaps our most dangerous enemy yet, and potentially our end.*

to walk through the towns and cities, but it would be a familiarity tinged with new and strange things. The dead world, the **TERRA MORTIS**, is a dangerous place, even more so because people see the places they knew and believe they know what to expect.

If you want to survive in the dead world of the future, you need to know what it is like first.

## URBAN CITYSCAPES

Since **THE FALL** the bodies of dead have piled up in these urban graveyards. Now, a haze of infectious spores moves between buildings and streets flowing with the wind. Vents constructed from the crusted bodily fluids protrude from the corpses reproducing these spores in a last ditch attempt to find a new host. The city was a danger fifteen years ago but to enter now without protection would mean certain death. The Ravager fortresses, while empty for a time, are now host to small groups of the Unborn who stalk the city streets in the dark of night. Vines and grasses strangle the concrete, competing to reach the sun atop the artificial canopy. Green is slowly overtaking the grey, and sounds of traffic have been replaced by the moans of the lifeless wandering endlessly among the broken street lights. One must be wary entering the buildings as many are less structurally sound after a decade of neglect.

- Highly infectious spores common in the lower levels of the city
- Depleted of nearly all food produced before **THE FALL**
- Home to feral Unborn children
- Long abandoned cars litter the streets restricting movement

## SUBURBAN

With doors smashed down by looters and Plagued, the homes of suburbia are now open to nature. Moisture retaining carpets gave life to grasses and fungi. Wildlife have created nests and burrows in what once was our domain. All but the best hidden food has long ago been eaten by the animals who have taken up residence. Some dead still linger in the dusty halls and dining rooms, searching for warm tasty life. Large areas of suburbia are nothing more than ash after gas lines ruptured giving life to fires. The seemingly endless rows of homes aren't welcoming anymore, we are the pests that disturb the young ecosystem growing there.

- After years of looting some tools still remain
- Potential hunting ground for uninfected wildlife
- Easy to stumble upon the Lifeless and become surrounded
- Shelter when you need it the most

## INDUSTRIAL

In the first decade after **THE FALL** industrial plants became the hubs of trade. Being able to store massive amounts of fuel in one place made these areas banks of a sort. That brought with it its own danger, fuel was one of the cornerstones of the new world economy and these banks were prone to robbery attempts. That's why most industrial fuel plants you come across nowadays will come with a free set of armed guards. Don't look at them the wrong way and you'll be fine. Other than fuel these "banks" stored, and in some cases produced, the second form of currency, bullets. This combination could lead to

*Cities are the best places to go scavenge, so brush up on your looting skills in Page 242.*

# TERRA MORTIS

## LORE

some explosive results if one wasn't careful. Unless you plan to trade, steer clear because thieves are dealt with swiftly and the years haven't been so kind to the rusting tanks that hold it all together.

- Trade hubs for fuel and ammunition
- Well defended by the bankers
- Dangerous and potentially unstable environment
- Large fuel reserves

### PORTS/DOCKS

Many of the hulking ships that once cast shadows on ports around the world now lay half submerged, slowly rusting away as their bellies become home to sea life. The green of nature has struck here too, twisting its way through dry-docks, collapsing the artificial land into the sea. If you're lucky, some of the large ships still moored or crashed against the ports might hold unspent fuel, but after years of inactivity much of that fuel is useless. However it could still fool naive traders. You won't be finding a sail-able ship or pilot-able boat in these waters, only pieces, crashed upon concrete and rock for over a decade. Row after row of containers stand open, their metal locks broken off long ago and their cargo hurried away. The Nomads who chose life on the sea will often dock at these long neglected spaces, trading their goods with any they can find before returning to the open blue. There isn't much else for you to find among the broken sails, but for the adventurous sunken treasure may remain.

- Source of parts for shipbuilding and maintenance
- Potential location for trade

- The hulking remains of container ships offer both risk and reward

### RURAL

Nature has started to reclaim the cities but in the rural areas of our world her beauty has truly flourished. Over the years new and old ecosystems have reformed, shaping the old country into something ancient. The fertile soil has given birth to wide planes of grasses and flowers alike. Where fires once raged new life has grown from the soil. Roads that once linked together communities are slowly swallowed by the green tide. The roads that remain, while relatively free from congestion, are still difficult to travel with cracks and fissures marking their faces. To survive off the land in these parts requires a good knowledge of wild edibles, and the ability to hunt the many types of game that roam here. You won't be the only one as dead still roam the fields eating whatever they can in their path to survive. Some communities may have found ways to survive and thrive away from the cities, choosing to live off the land, but years of contending with the dead, the elements and the Ravagers would have greatly decreased the number of successes. The promise of a new life is out here in the rolling hills but it's a life that will need to be fought for.

- Poor lines of sight from dense, tall grasses
- Scarce pre-fall resources
- Large roaming hordes of Lifeless
- Fertile clear land for farming

### FORESTS/WOODLANDS

The woods stand undisturbed by humankind, solitary and silent. They have healed over time from years of

*All things good in the new world have a cost in blood.*

deforestation and with their returned vitality comes all forms of wildlife. The small number of living that decided to settle in the woods and forests found safety from their own kind, both living and dead. The Ravagers had their eyes set on the visible and easily accessible homes of those residing in the cities and countrysides. Other than smoke escaping the treetop canopy these Dwellers would go unnoticed, utilizing ranger stations and trapping huts. Everything else they would need to build from scratch. Distance from the city kept them safe from raids, but the same was true of trade. Life in the forest meant relying only on the forest, and harsh winters brought about the end to many who tried to make it in the wild. The moss covered skeletons picked clean mark the only remains. The dead would still find their way into the shadow of the pines, seeking the sights and sounds of human life: wood being chopped, the scent of smoke drifting through the branches, or even voices carried by the wind. Eventually they would find the settlements as they always did and if the Dwellers were unprepared then death would find them in the yellow chipped teeth of the dead.

- Low visibility
- Good source of perishable foods and water
- Low numbers of living and dead

## MOUNTAINS

The cold mountain peaks remain some of the only areas untouched by the plague. The wildlife that call the slopes home live free from infection and safe for human consumption. While their numbers are still low a fresh food source is hard to find a decade and a

half on from the world falling apart and a sickness that strangles not only us but all species of planet Earth. While meat may be found high up here nothing else can be grown, making long term survival impossible without the tools of adaptation we lost during **THE FALL**. The dream of a fortress above the clouds safe from both man and beast is only a dream and to pursue it would lead to a slow cold death. Hunt in these hills but do not linger long.

- Colder climate
- Scarce wildlife
- Isolation

## PLAINS

The plains have remained similar to before **THE FALL**. Even in less remote areas wildlife has returned and in some cases run rampant without humans to cull the population. With little to stop them the sometimes endless hordes of Lifeless wander for days at a time across the flat expanse, searching for anything to sustain them, chewing at the grasses when hunger becomes enough. You won't find much in the way of living human life out here except for the Nomads as they pass through. Even these explorers prefer to stay away from the widely visible space, so should you.

- High visibility, still both a positive and negative
- Large herds of wildlife, albeit unborn in some cases
- Other than the passing caravans, very little civilization present

## TUNDRA

Some chose the cold in the hopes that it would help combat the dead. It did in a

*Hunger and thirst will be your main enemies in the wild, so check Page 93.*

# TERRA MORTIS

## LORE

sense but it didn't stop them all together. The slightest change in temperature and the dead would find movement again, tracking the fires of the living. Unborn populations of mammals remained low in the icy climates, meaning the game was safe for consumption. This in turn with lower number of Plagued and lifeless made the tundra appealing to Dwellers and Nomads alike. Here you could focus more on surviving the elements than the jaws of the dead. The bite of the cold could be just as deadly, however, and would claim the unprepared. Frozen cabins and fortresses can be seen through the snowy haze, some still home to the hardy and maybe even to you.

- Plentiful amounts of water
- Slowed or frozen dead
- Low human populations
- Deadly without proper preparation

### OPEN SEAS

The sea became home to many over the decade, some chose to survive on small outposts and oil rigs, others chose to remain in motion aboard a vessel. Like anywhere else, life would not be simple. With scarcity of resources came piracy and murder. There was no great coming together, life on the sea pit every man and woman against the next. Rumour abounded of flotillas, great groupings of boats and naval ships but for most they were just rumours. The oceans had begun to heal, with fish flourishing outside of factory farms. Even the virus had struggled to take hold of ocean mammals, making the sea the great repository of life before the plague. But while the seas had healed, we had not. Years of fear and scarcity meant a boat seen over the horizon was in ill omen or

for some an easy opportunity.

- Dangers of piracy
- An ocean rich in life
- No access to fresh water

## BREAKDOWN OF TERRA MORTIS

### YEAR 15

The world of the 21<sup>st</sup> century has been buried beneath the ever growing blanket of nature. Weeds and hardy plants twist their way through buildings fighting for sunlight. The monuments of the old world still stand but are beginning to show wear from the changing environment and lack of maintenance. Wildfires have raged through California and other fire prone areas of the world, removing many of the signs of civilization. Corrosion causes the Sydney harbour bridge and others like it to collapse from seized hinges, plunging the motionless cars that litter it into the harbour below. Entering a building provides a real risk after years of neglect and damage. The chance of a collapse is much higher in regions with extreme temperature differences. With these collapses, artefacts and artworks from the old world will be lost for all time. The Vents of decaying bodies have grown in size, producing and spreading a greater number of spores. The Scourged can be seen walking the city streets while the Unborn travel from building to building above. The urban centres of the world no longer belong to uninfected humans, with Unborn forming rudimentary tribes and clans. The world remains dark and the infrastructure that once brought it to life is near a point of no return, without maintenance now it remain silent forever.

### YEAR 20

The levees finally break, flooding the low lying cities of the world, and the windows of skyscrapers crack and fall to the streets below exposing the interior to weather. Unborn felines roam the towers hunting their uninfected counterparts and compete for control of the new feeding grounds. There isn't a spark left in the areas of the world devoid of humanity, any usable electricity or generation there is now dead. Among the foods produced before the fall Twinkies remain as one of the only edibles, and the ecology of the planet starts to enter a new era as the Unborn of the world begin to dominate their uninfected counterparts with carnivores suffering the most as Unborn prey would poison them from the inside. The food chain had never before been thrown so far out of balance. This wasn't just the end of days for us but for many of the species that once thrived alongside us. Unborn varieties of mammals have become the norm, making hunting increasingly difficult for human survivors and easier for the children of the dead. The main highways connecting the country are now under the law of the Ravagers and their outposts stretch far and wide with each under a tanks worth of fuel away from the next. The Unborn have full control of the world's cities, as totems and painted symbols mark their domain. They have developed a comprehensive sign language and continue to grow in numbers, with each generation separating them further and further from us.

### YEAR 30

Even after thirty years canned and freeze-dried goods remain edible but the stores that once housed them have

begun to collapse burying anything that remains under the crumbling roofs. Seeing a car or truck in motion is now a rare sight, with any fuel produced before the fall having well since expired. Uninfected beasts of burden and horses have become invaluable assets. Economies built around fuel collapse and are rebuilt upon ammunition and food, becoming more of a true bartering system. Unborn hunting parties begin to leave the cities in search of uninfected humans, rounding up those they find and keeping the unfortunate souls as a live food source. Their culture continues to evolve and rudimentary religions are formed around the spores that protected them and drove out the "animals", the humans, from their new home. They learn to sacrifice some of their living food source to the spores birthing new Plagued and Scourged into the world.

### YEAR 50

Some of the only combustible engines still in operation are those run by the Greywatch and their sea based oil platforms. Some of the oil finds its way back to land fuelling the engines of the would-be rulers that sprung from the Ravagers as they continue to consolidate power. Their laws spread across the land but the limited amount of fuel slows their progress. The Dwellers who had not yet accomplished hiding found themselves under the boots of these new lawmakers along with the Nomads who remained tethered to land. Harmony, the giant ship of the Greywatch, continues to move across the globe with its flotilla albeit much slower now, remaining stationary for months at a time while more fuel is produced to keep the behemoth in motion. Far to the north of the world in the Svalbard Seed

*The full apocalypse timeline can be found on Page 247.*



# TERRA MORTIS

## LORE

*The apocalypse  
continues in New  
Genesis on Page 179.*

Vault the seeds that humanity once kept frozen in case of disaster are no longer viable and the entrance to the vault is lost beneath the snow. High above in orbit communication and research satellites begin to collide adding millions of small particles to the substantial debris field whirling around the planet. Earthquakes over the past fifty years have added to the instability of many structures if not outright collapsing them to the ground. The many great bridges that once interconnected our daily lives have crumbled under their own weight.

### YEAR 100

The last child born before the fall of the modern world has died with the new generations only knowing a world of pain, struggle and poverty.

# CHARACTER CREATION

**TERRA MORTIS**, the dead Earth: the world has now ended and only the most deluded think there is a chance of going back. The main feeling to get from the **TERRA MORTIS** is that the world from before is still within living memory, but the cities of that world have now been completely overgrown with plants and have begun to crumble.

New characters that you start in **TERRA MORTIS** are vastly different from **THE FALL** characters and will in some ways be less complex in their generation. They have merely one world to grow up in, the world of the Infected. Their horizons are only as broad as they can see, and they will miss a lot that we take for granted.

But they will be tougher, leaner and more cunning than us today. They are born survivors and natural killers. They grew up in a world where everyday was a struggle to survive and they have become stronger for that ordeal. They are more than us and less than us. They are their own people and will be unlike what we expect

## THE PROCESS

The character creator will build a character all the way from birth to whatever age you roll at below, but if you want to jump straight into a game then at the end of the character creator you will find ten archetypes with fully filled in Skills that you can pick from to start the game. Each archetype is based on one of ten group roles, so if you feel like a Counsellor or Mentor (for example) then you can just pick that archetype and jump straight into Z-LAND.

## HOW TO CREATE A CHARACTER

For each question in the character creator, roll a **d100** and record the result. In most cases, **your result will get you one or two Skills**. Each time you gain a Skill, roll a **d5** ( $d10/2$ ) and **increase that Skill's Level** by that amount. **All Skills start at Level 30**, so anything you get is added onto this.

## AGING

In **TERRA MORTIS**, you can only choose whether to play as a Child, Teen or Adult, rather than the exact age. If you choose Child or Teen, simply roll 1d10 or 1d10+10 respectively for your character's age. If you choose Adult then roll on the table below and apply the Permanent Skill Penalties as shown.

AGE		
01-25	20+1d10	-
26-65	30+1d10	-
66-85	40+1d10	-2 Physical Skills
86-95	50+1d10	-4 Physical Skills
96-100	60+1d10	-6 All Skills

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS

After this section, you will find five pre-made characters to choose from if you want an even quicker start to the game but you also want a fully fleshed out character. Each of the five pre-made characters were made with the character creator and are tailor made for **TERRA MORTIS**, so you can see what sort of characters you can make as well.

# TRANSITION

It is also possible (and encouraged) to start a character in **THE FALL** and finish it in **TERRA MORTIS**. E.g.: You can have a child born before the plague grow up in the apocalypse and so you would do the Childhood portion in **THE FALL** and the Teenage and Adult sections in **TERRA MORTIS**. If you do transition a character from one time frame to the next, you must also do this Transition section.

### HOW DID YOU HANDLE THE START OF THE OUTBREAK?

01 - 10	I ran. Left everything and everyone behind. What else could I do?	Athletics & Perception
11 - 20	I found what friends and family I could, and we got out as fast as we could.	Fine-Craft & Constitution
21 - 30	The world was in chaos, so I did what I wanted and took what I wanted and had fun doing it.	Burglary & Investigate
31 - 40	I hid myself away and prayed to God it would all just go away.	Stealth & Will
41 - 50	My loved ones all gathered together to hide. We held each other as the world outside went mad.	Might & Diplomacy
51 - 60	I wasn't near civilisation when it happened. When I got back, it was over and the world was in ruins.	Drive & Logic
61 - 70	I tried to hold out as long as I could and fight them off, but there were just too many of them.	Fight & Luck
71 - 80	I took advantage of others who tried to flee, and took everything from them that I could carry.	Wealth & Intuition
81 - 90	I joined a militia that were trying to hold them off, but even when we killed them they didn't stay down.	Shoot & Broad-Craft
91 - 100	That is between me and God. Let's leave it at that.	Intimidate & Deceive

### HAVE YOU KILLED OTHER UNINFECTED HUMANS SINCE THE OUTBREAK?

01 - 10	Never. Life is a precious light that I can't snuff out. I'd rather die.	Will & Wealth
11 - 20	I haven't needed to. Everyone I know died without my help.	Logic & Athletics
21 - 30	No. Luckily I've never been put in a position to make that choice.	Luck & Constitution
31 - 40	If it was up to me, yeah, but it seems my group has higher values than me.	Fine-Craft & Broad-Craft
41 - 50	Well... technically speaking, no I haven't.	Stealth & Deceive
51 - 60	I didn't have a choice. It was them or me. If I didn't kill them, I'd have died.	Fight & Drive
61 - 70	My loved one had become one of the Infected and needed to eat. What else could I do?	Might & Investigate
71 - 80	I was only thinking of them. They were bitten and was about to turn. They begged me.	Intuition & Perception
81 - 90	It was an accident, I swear. I would never do it intentionally.	Diplomacy & Shoot
91 - 100	Yeah, why wouldn't I? There's no cops around, so who's gonna stop me?	Intimidate & Burglary

# TERRA MORTIS

## CHARACTER CREATION

### WHAT'S THE WORST THING YOU HAVE DONE SINCE THE OUTBREAK?

01 - 10	I sold men and women like cattle, but it made me wealthy and I survived.	Wealth & Fine-Craft
11 - 20	I let the worst of humanity do inhumane things to me just to get enough to eat.	Will & Fight
21 - 30	There was nothing else to eat, and human meat is nutritious... and surprisingly tasty.	Constitution & Stealth
31 - 40	They were weak, starving and looked nearly dead, but I still stole the last food they had.	Burglary & Drive
41 - 50	I burnt a city to the ground and watched the flames light up the night as the screams faded away.	Might & Luck
51 - 60	I sold out my closest friends and a part of my soul when a stranger offered me hope for a better life.	Intuition & Athletics
61 - 70	My child doesn't know that I'm not their parent. I'm just the thief that stole them from a loving home.	Logic & Shoot
71 - 80	They were happy to give me all they had for my "cure" for the infection. The undead found them later that night.	Broad-Craft & Perception
81 - 90	My group trusted me to give them a better future, but I was wrong and they went through hell because of me.	Diplomacy & Intimidate
91 - 100	I came across a group, lost and afraid, and I led them to danger just so I could take their stuff.	Deceive & Investigate

### WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE WERE THE LAST GROUP YOU WERE WITH?

01 - 10	They were gonna change the world, find a cure and put everything right. I've never seen such optimism.	Fine-Craft & Might
11 - 20	The unluckiest bastards I've ever met. Nothing went right for them and their numbers kept on falling.	Luck & Burglary
21 - 30	They were worse than the undead, except they knew exactly why they killed, raped and burned.	Wealth & Fight
31 - 40	Good people, decent people. They just wanted to get on with their lives and live in peace.	Diplomacy & Constitution
41 - 50	Cowards, but it kept them alive for a time. They were always on the run. Never stopped for the dead, or even the living.	Stealth & Broad-Craft
51 - 60	They couldn't let go of the past. They were in denial about the new world and refused to adapt to it.	Logic & Deceive
61 - 70	Lost and confused. They were never sure of what the hell was going on or even where they were.	Athletics & Investigate
71 - 80	They were the chosen people, saved by God Himself. And boy, they didn't let anyone forget that.	Will & Intimidate
81 - 90	Ruthlessly pragmatic. They thought that if they were worse than everyone, they wouldn't find anyone worse than them.	Shoot & Perception
91 - 100	The world didn't care about them and they didn't care about the world. It was easy going, at least for a while.	Intuition & Drive

# TERRA MORTIS

## CHARACTER CREATION

### WHAT'S THE WORST THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU SINCE THE OUTBREAK?

01 - 10	I wasn't quick enough to save my loved one. I had to watch them be eaten alive by the infected.	Deceive & Constitution
11 - 20	Even when civilisation is gone, there are still rules. I broke them and paid for it with time spent in a cage.	Might & Intuition
21 - 30	I had a gun to my head while they took everything I had, and then left me for dead.	Investigate & Broad-Craft
31 - 40	I was bought like property and treated as such. They owned me and did whatever they wanted to me.	Athletics & Wealth
41 - 50	Some disease nearly killed me, and everyone thought I was infected. I was a leper.	Will & Fine-Craft
51 - 60	The people I thought were my friends told me I was no longer needed nor wanted, and so now I'm alone.	Stealth & Logic
61 - 70	Other than the usual? Nothing to write home about. Guess I was lucky.	Shoot & Luck
71 - 80	We had more supplies stockpiled than we knew what to do with it. Then mother nature destroyed it all.	Perception & Burglary
81 - 90	Sometimes the living are worse than the dead, especially when they cut down someone you love like a dog.	Intimidate & Fight
91 - 100	They're dead. All of them. I finally thought I found a group to belong to, and then the world took it away.	Diplomacy & Drive

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE UNDEAD?

01 - 10	My life was shit before, and now I can do whatever I want. I should thank them.	Luck & Wealth
11 - 20	It's a fate worse than death. My heart breaks for them and the hell they must be going through.	Fine-Craft & Intuition
21 - 30	They took everything from me. I hate them, and I won't rest till they're all dead.	Fight & Investigate
31 - 40	This is their world now and we're a part of it. We should accept that and all that comes with it.	Will & Broad-Craft
41 - 50	How do I feel? I'm terrified, what else?! They're monsters and they've taken over the world!	Athletics & Stealth
51 - 60	Every time I see them, I keep thinking of all the horrible things I had to do to survive.	Burglary & Diplomacy
61 - 70	I don't know. I still don't understand them or how this all happened. I don't think I ever want to.	Deceive & Might
71 - 80	They are animals and I will kill them like animals. Humans will always be at the top of the food chain.	Shoot & Drive
81 - 90	Man killed man long before the world ended. Nothing has changed. The undead are just honest about it.	Logic & Perception
91 - 100	I have more important things to worry about than the dead, infected or not.	Constitution & Intimidate

# WHO ARE YOU?

If you are creating a character from scratch in **TERRA MORTIS**. This is where your apocalyptic life begins. You've never known the world before **THE FALL**, but you are intimately familiar with how this dead world works. You are as much a part of the apocalypse as it is a part of you.

### SEX

01 - 50	Male
51 - 100	Female

### HANDEDNESS

01 - 89	Right Handed
90 - 99	Left Handed
100	Ambidextrous

### SKIN COLOUR

01 - 17	Pale
18 - 34	Fair
35 - 50	Ivory
51 - 66	Olive
66 - 83	Brown
84 - 100	Black

### HAIR COLOUR

01 - 34	Red
35 - 68	Blonde
69 - 100	Chestnut
101 - 122	Auburn
123 - 166	Brown
167 - 200	Black

### EYE COLOUR

01 - 34	Blue
35 - 68	Grey
69 - 100	Green
101 - 122	Hazel
123 - 166	Brown
167 - 200	Dark Brown

For **HAIR COLOUR** and **EYE COLOUR**, add the number result of the **SKIN COLOUR** to your roll.

### MALE BODY TYPE

01 - 10	Scrawny
11 - 25	Lean
26 - 40	Athletic
41 - 60	Average
61 - 75	Brawny
76 - 90	Stocky
90 - 100	Heavy

### FEMALE BODY TYPE

01 - 10	Petite
11 - 25	Slender
26 - 40	Fit
41 - 60	Average
61 - 75	Muscular
76 - 90	Buxom
90 - 100	Plump

# CHILDHOOD

### WHAT WAS YOUR EARLIEST MEMORY?

01-10	A crash, I remember nothing from before that.	Drive & Intimidate
11-20	Running for our lives from something terrible.	Athletics & Perception
21-30	Stealing food to survive.	Burglary & Will
31-40	Eating and living like royalty.	Constitution & Wealth
41-50	Getting lost inside an old bunker.	Fine-Craft & Investigate
51-60	Accidentally pulling the trigger...	Broad-Craft & Shoot
61-70	My parents telling me it will all be OK.	Deceive & Might
71-80	Finding a safe place to set up camp.	Diplomacy & Luck
81-90	Watching my family battle the Plagued.	Fight & Logic
91-100	Hiding away when the bad men came.	Intuition & Stealth

### WHERE DID YOU CALL HOME?

01-10	Dark stinking tunnels below the old, ruined cities.	Stealth & Fight
11-20	A boat drifting from port to port, scavenging what it could.	Drive & Diplomacy
21-30	In one of their old towers that scraped the clouds.	Broad-Craft & Burglary
31-40	In darkened woods surrounded who knows what.	Investigate & Might
41-50	The stars above me. The open road below me.	Intimidate & Athletics
51-60	A community that was able to survive the apocalypse.	Logic & Fine-Craft
61-70	A stronghold the old armies had long since abandoned.	Shoot & Perception
71-80	Inside a massive building that used to sell trinkets.	Will & Wealth
81-90	A labyrinthine bunker deep below the earth.	Luck & Intuition
91-100	As far away from any traces of civilisation as possible.	Deceive & Constitution

### WHAT WERE THE PEOPLE YOU CALLED FAMILY LIKE?

01-10	They had everything, and the strength to protect it.	Athletics & Wealth
11-20	They knew how to stay hidden, no matter the cost.	Will & Stealth
21-30	Folks who shot first and rarely stayed around to ask questions.	Shoot & Luck
31-40	To them, strength was merely a matter of perception.	Perception & Might
41-50	Smart people, always willing to talk through their issues.	Logic & Diplomacy
51-60	Always on the move, stopping only when they had to.	Investigate & Drive
61-70	Tough bastards who could take what the world threw at them.	Intimidate & Constitution
71-80	They could bring anything mechanical back to life.	Intuition & Fine-Craft
81-90	They always were equipped to overcome any obstacle.	Fight & Broad-Craft
91-100	Thieves and criminals, but then, who weren't?	Burglary & Deceive

### WHICH GODS HEARD THE CRIES OF YOUR PEOPLE?

01-10	The bleak gods of the bleak new world.	Constitution & Fight
11-20	The dark ones that destroyed the world that came before.	Broad-Craft & Luck
21-30	No gods, just science, but it didn't stop them praying to it.	Logic & Drive
31-40	The loving martyr that brought about the apocalypse.	Diplomacy & Will
41-50	The conqueror that said the strongest deserve victory.	Deceive & Intimidate
51-60	Gods with many faces, arms and personalities.	Investigate & Perception
61-70	A stern king that judged his chosen people.	Wealth & Stealth
71-80	The calm sage who said the next life would surely be better.	Might & Intuition
81-90	The committees who ruled the world but couldn't save it.	Athletics & Shoot
91-100	The spirits of their dead ancestors.	Fine-Craft & Burglary

### HOW DID YOU RESPOND TO THIS?

01-20	Zealously.
21-40	Devoutly.
41-60	Moderately.
61-80	Uncaringly.
81-100	Antagonistically.

### HOW BIG WAS YOUR FAMILY?

01-20	Tiny.
21-40	Small.
41-60	Average.
61-80	Large.
81-100	Massive.

### WHO HAD THE BIGGEST IMPACT ON YOUR YOUNG LIFE?

01-10	The stranger who smuggled me out of danger.	Drive & Stealth
11-20	The people who blazed the trails before us.	Athletics & Investigate
21-30	The lying trader who scammed us.	Burglary & Diplomacy
31-40	The undead. They took everything from me.	Constitution & Will
41-50	My brother, who managed to get the power working again.	Fine-Craft & Luck
51-60	My first friend. I learnt much from them.	Broad-Craft & Logic
61-70	My father, he promised nothing would ever hurt us.	Deceive & Intuition
71-80	The raider who taught me a valuable lesson.	Fight & Shoot
81-90	The thief in the night who stole all we had.	Intimidate & Might
91-100	My mother, she tried to give me everything she could.	Perception & Wealth

# TERRA MORTIS

## CHARACTER CREATION

### WHAT DID YOU DO FOR FUN, WHEN YOU COULD GET AWAY?

01-10	Making zombie scarecrows, scare-zombies.	Broad-Craft & Intimidate
11-20	Breaking into old cars and pretending to drive.	Drive & Intuition
21-30	Looked for shiny stuff from the before-world.	Investigate & Wealth
31-40	Running around until my legs gave out.	Athletics & Will
41-50	Stealing everything not nailed down and saving it for later.	Burglary & Stealth
51-60	Playing "zombies and survivors" with my friends.	Constitution & Shoot
61-70	Helping the adults out with whatever I could.	Fine-Craft & Diplomacy
71-80	Bullying those kids weaker than me.	Perception & Fight
81-90	Learning from the adults how to be a better survivor.	Logic & Might
91-100	Seeing how many lies i can get away with.	Luck & Deceive

### THE ONE SHINING MOMENT OF YOUR CHILDHOOD?

01-10	Killing my first undead.	Athletics & Fight
11-20	Stealing a gun from the adults and going shooting.	Burglary & Shoot
21-30	Rebuilding our family home after a fire almost took it all.	Constitution & Broad-Craft
31-40	Repairing an old music player a listening to music.	Fine-Craft & Will
41-50	Outsmarting the adults around me.	Deceive & Logic
51-60	Standing up to the bully that tormented me.	Diplomacy & Intimidate
61-70	Finding a car that still worked and trying to drive.	Drive & Luck
71-80	Spotting a trap that would have killed my parents.	Intuition & Perception
81-90	Sneaking out of the compound and seeing the world.	Investigate & Stealth
91-100	Taking what I wanted from someone weaker.	Might & Wealth

### LOOKING BACK, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS TIME IN YOUR LIFE?

01-10	Afraid	Athletics & Stealth
11-20	Peaceful	Burglary & Logic
21-30	Happy	Fine-Craft & Broad-Craft
31-40	Cynical	Diplomacy & Investigate
41-50	Proud	Might & Drive
51-60	Sad	Constitution & Intuition
61-70	Ashamed	Deceive & Perception
71-80	Confused	Fight & Luck
81-90	Angry	Intimidate & Will
91-100	Indifferent	Shoot & Wealth

# TEENAGE YEARS

### YOUR WHOLE WORLD CHANGED WHEN...

01-10	I stole the wrong thing from the wrong guy.	Burglary & Broad-Craft
11-20	I took the punishment for someone else's misdeeds.	Constitution & Intuition
21-30	I found out that violence isn't always the answer.	Diplomacy & Perception
31-40	I found a treasure trove, but kept it secret from the group.	Deceive & Wealth
41-50	I stood up to those who would enslave us.	Might & Intimidate
51-60	I was exiled by the group and had to survive on my own.	Athletics & Fine-Craft
61-70	I got cut off from the group, had to find them on my own.	Drive & Investigate
71-80	I came across info that saved our group from raiders.	Logic & Luck
81-90	I chose not to take the shot.	Shoot & Will
91-100	I murdered a good friend.	Fight & Stealth

### WHAT DID YOU LEARN FROM THE ADULTS AROUND YOU?

01-10	What learning? There was too much work to do.	Drive & Might
11-20	How to always stay one step ahead of danger.	Athletics & Deceive
21-30	That no one should see you stealing things.	Burglary & Stealth
31-40	A well-built encampment is better than a thousand guns.	Constitution & Broad-Craft
41-50	Skills from the people who survived the apocalypse.	Fine-Craft & Diplomacy
51-60	That I should take what I need, when I need it.	Fight & Wealth
61-70	Knowing when, where, and how far I push other people.	Intuition & Intimidate
71-80	How to live off the land and keep myself alive.	Investigate & Shoot
81-90	That the old world still has much to teach us.	Logic & Perception
91-100	To trust that things generally work out in the end.	Luck & Will

### WHO STUCK WITH YOU THROUGH THICK AND THIN?

01-10	The scout always had my back when I needed it.	Athletics & Luck
11-20	A scavenger who could find anything you wanted.	Burglary & Drive
21-30	No one has yet, I'm still searching.	Constitution & Investigate
31-40	The voices that warn me in my sleep.	Intuition & Broad-Craft
41-50	The one who was always a step ahead of everyone.	Deceive & Logic
51-60	The guy who always had it easy.	Diplomacy & Wealth
61-70	The bully that used to torment me.	Fight & Will
71-80	My dog, the best friend a man could ask for.	Might & Stealth
81-90	Someone who did the things I couldn't do.	Shoot & Intimidate
91-100	A introvert who couldn't stop tinkering with things.	Fine-Craft & Perception

# TERRA MORTIS

## CHARACTER CREATION

### WHO DID YOU LOSE?

01-10	My mother.
11-20	My father.
21-30	A sibling.
31-40	My best friend.
41-50	My girl/boy-friend.
51-60	My mentor.
61-100	A relative.

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR TEEN YEARS?

01-10	Ashamed	Deceive & Broad-Craft
11-20	Afraid	Will & Drive
21-30	Confused	Diplomacy & Stealth
31-40	Proud	Perception & Wealth
41-50	Angry	Fight & Intimidate
51-60	Happy	Athletics & Might
61-70	Indifferent	Burglary & Luck
71-80	Peaceful	Constitution & Logic
81-90	Sad	Shoot & Fine-Craft
91-100	Cynical	Intuition & Investigate

### WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PERSON YOU LOST?

01-10	They died fixing a hole in our encampment's walls.	Broad-Craft & Intimidate
11-20	Went on a supply run and promised to come back.	Deceive & Drive
21-30	I traded them in for a big pay off.	Investigate & Wealth
31-40	They stole from our group and was exiled.	Athletics & Burglary
41-50	Got mixed up with bad people in the worst ways.	Constitution & Fine-Craft
51-60	Picked a fight they could never have won.	Diplomacy & Fight
61-70	They took the coward's way out.	Intuition & Will
71-80	Arrogance. The undead don't forgive mistakes.	Logic & Might
81-90	They didn't see the ambush, I did, but too late.	Perception & Shoot
91-100	We hid from the Infected, but I could hide better.	Luck & Stealth

### WHAT IS LOVE?

01-10	Something to use and abuse.	Athletics & Shoot
11-20	A stolen kiss.	Burglary & Intuition
21-30	Something worth going the extra mile.	Constitution & Drive
31-40	Something you must constantly work at.	Broad-Craft & Fight
41-50	A heartache to be avoided at all costs.	Deceive & Stealth
51-60	Something that is more than the sum of its parts.	Diplomacy & Will
61-70	A treasure worth fighting for.	Might & Wealth
71-80	Holding onto the person meant only for you.	Intimidate & Luck
81-90	An oasis that is always over the horizon.	Investigate & Perception
91-100	Something that requires patience and effort.	Logic & Fine-Craft

### WHAT DREAM DID YOU HAVE FOR THE FUTURE?

01-10	To leave it all behind and see what's over the horizon.	Fight & Drive
11-20	I didn't dream, I worked hard to make it happen.	Investigate & Broad-Craft
21-30	One where folks paid for things I didn't want and they needed.	Luck & Wealth
31-40	To find and kill the person that's wronged me.	Shoot & Stealth
41-50	One where we no long have to run and hide from everything.	Athletics & Perception
51-60	A world where I steal from the raiders for once.	Burglary & Will
61-70	To be strong enough to protect those I care for.	Constitution & Might
71-80	To find a cure, or at least convince the buyers that I have.	Fine-Craft & Deceive
81-90	However it turned out, I wanted to rule it.	Diplomacy & Intuition
91-100	Fear is strength in this world, and I wish to be strong.	Intimidate & Logic

# ADULTHOOD

### WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD IN STORE FOR YOU?

01-10	I need to find someone. I won't rest until I do.	Fine-Craft & Investigate
11-20	There's a big score out there just waiting to be taken.	Logic & Burglary
21-30	Helping humanity back onto its feet.	Luck & Diplomacy
31-40	All the riches in the world if they don't stop me.	Shoot & Wealth
41-50	Killing as many undead as possible before I die.	Stealth & Might
51-60	The road and wherever it takes me.	Constitution & Drive
61-70	Creating a legacy that will outlive me.	Broad-Craft & Intuition
71-80	Vengeance. There's a grave that needs filling.	Athletics & Fight
81-90	I need to atone for all the wrongs I have done.	Deceive & Will
91-100	I'll just have to wait and see.	Perception & Intimidate

### WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT TO YOU IN THIS WASTED WORLD?

01-10	Always staying faster than the living & the dead.	Athletics & Diplomacy
11-20	An eye for opportunities, wherever they're presented.	Burglary & Investigate
21-30	Strength. The strong survive while the weak fade.	Constitution & Might
31-40	The people I call friends, the only ones I can trust.	Fine-Craft & Deceive
41-50	Always doing something right the first time.	Broad-Craft & Will
51-60	My ride, and they haven't let me down yet.	Drive & Luck
61-70	Patience, keeping cool and looking for my opening.	Fight & Perception
71-80	Knowing when to take the shot.	Intuition & Shoot
81-90	Control. It means power, stability and survival.	Intimidate & Wealth
91-100	Keeping the flame alive, preserving our knowledge.	Logic & Stealth

# TERRA MORTIS

## CHARACTER CREATION

### WHEN NOT BATTLING TO SURVIVE, WHAT DO YOU ENJOY DOING?

01-10	Traveling, the open road always clears the mind.	Athletics & Drive
11-20	Shooting bottles and knocking them back.	Burglary & Shoot
21-30	Strengthening ties with those I know.	Constitution & Diplomacy
31-40	Going where I'm not suppose to with friends.	Fine-Craft & Stealth
41-50	Creating things that might just save my life one day.	Broad-Craft & Luck
51-60	Punching someone in the face.	Deceive & Fight
61-70	Watching over those around me.	Intuition & Perception
71-80	Finding our weaknesses and removing them.	Intimidate & Investigate
81-90	Searching for reminders of the world before.	Logic & Wealth
91-100	Training my body and mind to be ready...	Might & Will

### WHAT SKILLS HAVE KEPT YOU ALIVE ALL THESE YEARS?

01-10	Knowing the value of a life and how to use it.	Will & Wealth
11-20	Having an eye for opportunity, then taking it.	Burglary & Luck
21-30	"An apple a day keeps the infected away"	Constitution & Perception
31-40	Making sure I always have backup in a fight.	Fine-Craft & Fight
41-50	Finding new ways to hide my footprint.	Broad-Craft & Stealth
51-60	Leaving dead weight behind.	Deceive & Drive
61-70	Talking my way out of trouble.	Diplomacy & Intimidate
71-80	Understanding my body can only take so much.	Intuition & Might
81-90	Knowing where to find the right supplies.	Investigate & Athletics
91-100	Always having a gun at my side.	Logic & Shoot

### WHAT'S THE ONE REGRET THAT EATS AWAY AT YOU?

01-10	Running from my past.	Athletics & Logic
11-20	Not standing up for a friend now long dead.	Will & Fine-Craft
21-30	Taking everything from someone who needed it most.	Burglary & Diplomacy
31-40	Having a friend take the fall to make me rich.	Wealth & Deceive
41-50	Nothing I can't handle.	Constitution & Luck
51-60	Missing a shot that would have saved a life.	Shoot & Drive
61-70	I cut corners I didn't need to and it cost lives.	Broad-Craft & Perception
71-80	Forcing others to live the way I wanted to.	Might & Intimidate
81-90	Picking the wrong fight.	Fight & Intuition
91-100	Learning something no one should ever know.	Investigate & Stealth

### YOUR MOTTO IN LIFE?

01-10	The end justifies the means.	Deceive & Intimidate
11-20	Knowledge is power.	Logic & Drive
21-30	Victory likes careful preparation.	Might & Broad-Craft
31-40	Nothing ventured, nothing gained.	Fight & Investigation
41-50	Love conquers all.	Fine-Craft & Wealth
51-60	He who hesitates is lost.	Shoot & Diplomacy
61-70	Evolve or die.	Burglary & Perception
71-80	Beyond fear lives freedom.	Athletics & Will
81-90	Fortune favours the bold.	Luck & Intuition
91-100	Always darkest before the dawn.	Constitution & Stealth

### DID YOU FIND SOMEONE TO LOVE AND HOLD?

01-40	Yes, it made my life better.
41-70	No, I'm not that lucky.
71-90	Yes, but only for a while.
91-100	Wait, just one?

### AND WHAT ABOUT KIDS?

01-10	Just the one.
11-30	Two survived.
31-50	A little litter.
51-100	No. It's not worth the heartache.

### WHAT ROLE DO YOU PREFER TO PLAY IN A GROUP?

01-10	The Counselor.	Athletics & Intuition
11-20	The Fixer.	Burglary & Broad-Craft
21-30	The Muscle.	Constitution & Fight
31-40	The Mentor.	Will & Logic
41-50	The Trader.	Deceive & Luck
51-60	The Leader.	Diplomacy & Perception
61-70	The Enforcer.	Drive & Intimidate
71-80	The Scout.	Investigate & Might
81-90	The Coach.	Shoot & Fine-Craft
91-100	The Outcast.	Stealth & Wealth

### DO YOU STAND ALONE?

01-20	Never. I need people.
21-40	No, there's always someone around.
41-60	Only when I have to.
61-80	I might as well, few others care.
81-100	I do now, I won't put others in harm's way.

# ARCHETYPES

## THE COUNSELOR

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	50	Intuition	55
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	50
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	30
Diplomacy	40	Perception	40
Drive	40	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	40
Intimidate	30	Will	40

## THE FIXER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	55	Investigate	50
Burglary	50	Logic	40
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	40
Diplomacy	40	Perception	30
Drive	40	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	30

## THE MUSCLE

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	40
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	50	Luck	40
Deceive	30	Might	40
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	50
Fight	55	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	40	Will	30

## THE MENTOR

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	50
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	55
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	40	Might	30
Diplomacy	40	Perception	40
Drive	40	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	40	Will	50

## THE TRADER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	40
Burglary	40	Logic	30
Constitution	30	Luck	50
Deceive	55	Might	30
Diplomacy	50	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	40
Intimidate	30	Will	30

## THE LEADER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	40
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	40	Might	30
Diplomacy	55	Perception	50
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	40	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	40
Intimidate	50	Will	30

### THE ENFORCER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	30
Burglary	40	Logic	40
Constitution	40	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	30
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	50	Shoot	40
Fight	50	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	55	Will	40

### THE SCOUT

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	55
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	40	Luck	40
Deceive	30	Might	50
Diplomacy	30	Perception	40
Drive	30	Shoot	40
Fight	40	Stealth	50
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	30

### THE COACH

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	50	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	40
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	40	Might	30
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	55
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	50	Wealth	30
Intimidate	40	Will	40

### THE OUTCAST

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	30
Burglary	40	Logic	30
Constitution	40	Luck	40
Deceive	50	Might	40
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	40
Fight	40	Stealth	55
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	50
Intimidate	30	Will	30

## AMBER THE SLAVER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	31	Intuition	37
Broad-Craft	43	Investigate	32
Burglary	36	Logic	41
Constitution	44	Luck	36
Deceive	50	Might	35
Diplomacy	34	Perception	35
Drive	32	Shoot	41
Fight	48	Stealth	37
Fine-Craft	36	Wealth	41
Intimidate	43	Will	38

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Female
Age	39
Skin Colour	Brown
Hair Colour	Black
Eye Colour	Green
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Slender

Amber's start to the apocalypse was more frightening than most people's. She awoke in hospital after being knocked unconscious in a battle in a completely different country, not knowing where or when she was. She had spent months unconscious and didn't know anything about the HKEV plague that was spreading throughout the world. Worst still was that she awoke mere hours before the Longest Night.

She had barely enough time to ask a nurse what was going on before all hell broke loose. All the patients in her overcrowded ward were either still sick with the HKEV fever or had been ill and were waiting for the doctor to give them a clean bill of health. That would never happen, and as night fell, the entire hospital erupted with the sounds of chaos.

Amber had no idea what was going on or why. She couldn't even fight back, with her muscles weakened and stiff after months in a coma. Terrified and alone, she did the only thing she felt she could: she found a supply closet and hid inside until she could no longer hear noises outside. At times, she had to stuff

bandages into her mouth to stop her cries from being heard.

She spent days in that cramped closet, while the most hideous sounds one could imagine resounded throughout the halls. When she finally came out, she stepped into a world dreamed up in the nightmares of madmen. Bodies littered the floor everywhere she walked, and blood covered every surface in the hospital.

The world had ended and she still did not know the hows and the whys, but she did know what to do. She would go to the only family she had left: her sisters. They lived one town over, and she knew the trip to get there would be a lengthy one with the turmoil and confusion going on outside, so she could only pray that they were still alive.

God wasn't listening that day. When she eventually reached her old home after battling through countless undead, she found her youngest sister being eaten alive by her two eldest sisters. After all she had done to get here, she had arrived literal moments too late.

Something inside her broke that day. She had spent her entire young life trying not to care, and now she physically couldn't muster up an ounce of sympathy for anyone. The fifteen

# TERRA MORTIS

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS

years since that dreadful day has blurred into one for Amber, and she drifts from this group to that one, doing what she can to survive. She had once sworn a duty to protect others, but her skills in combat had led her down another path: the path of the slaver. She was as good at

rounding people up for the Arbiters as she had been fighting insurgents in war-torn countries. Her life had become one long, drawn out battle, and it was one she didn't know if she could win it.

Although she is uncaring to the needs of others, there is still one rule she holds dear, one principle she fears breaking, and that is killing the undead. They may be monsters who hunger only for human flesh, but each time she sees one, she is reminded of her poor sisters, lost in the eternal hunger. It breaks her heart whenever she has to kill one, and her wrath is often directed back at the living. She has become a revenant and a reaver, wandering through this life as if already dead.



# FREDDIE THE FAMILY MAN

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	45	Investigate	41
Burglary	42	Logic	33
Constitution	41	Luck	34
Deceive	37	Might	49
Diplomacy	38	Perception	47
Drive	38	Shoot	41
Fight	44	Stealth	35
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	39	Will	42

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	32
Skin Colour	Black
Hair Colour	Brown
Eye Colour	Dark Brown
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Brawny

They say that calamities brings out the best and worst in humanity. It can make saints into sinners, and turn criminals into champions. Freddie was most definitely of the latter sort.

Freddie was always a moral reprobate, and the hell that the world became should have been his heaven. He should have been the lord of the Ravagers, and by now an Arbiter king, but life has a funny way of working out.

Freddie refuses to speak of those first few weeks after the apocalypse, other than to admit he did things he was not proud of, things that he still believes he needs to atone for. What these heinous crimes were, no one alive now knows, but it landed him in a cage in a Dweller community, and there he stayed for close to a year.

It was the best thing that could ever have happened. It was perhaps the first time ever that this 18 year old could see the consequences of his actions on people trying their level best just to survive. Forced to watch the lives of the survivors go by, Freddie's opinion of humanity changed, and so did he. It was a completely different man who climbed

out of that cage, a man determined to do what was right.

That wasn't always easy, and Freddie soon learned that a single plan would never work in this new world. He had to adapt to survive, but he had help.

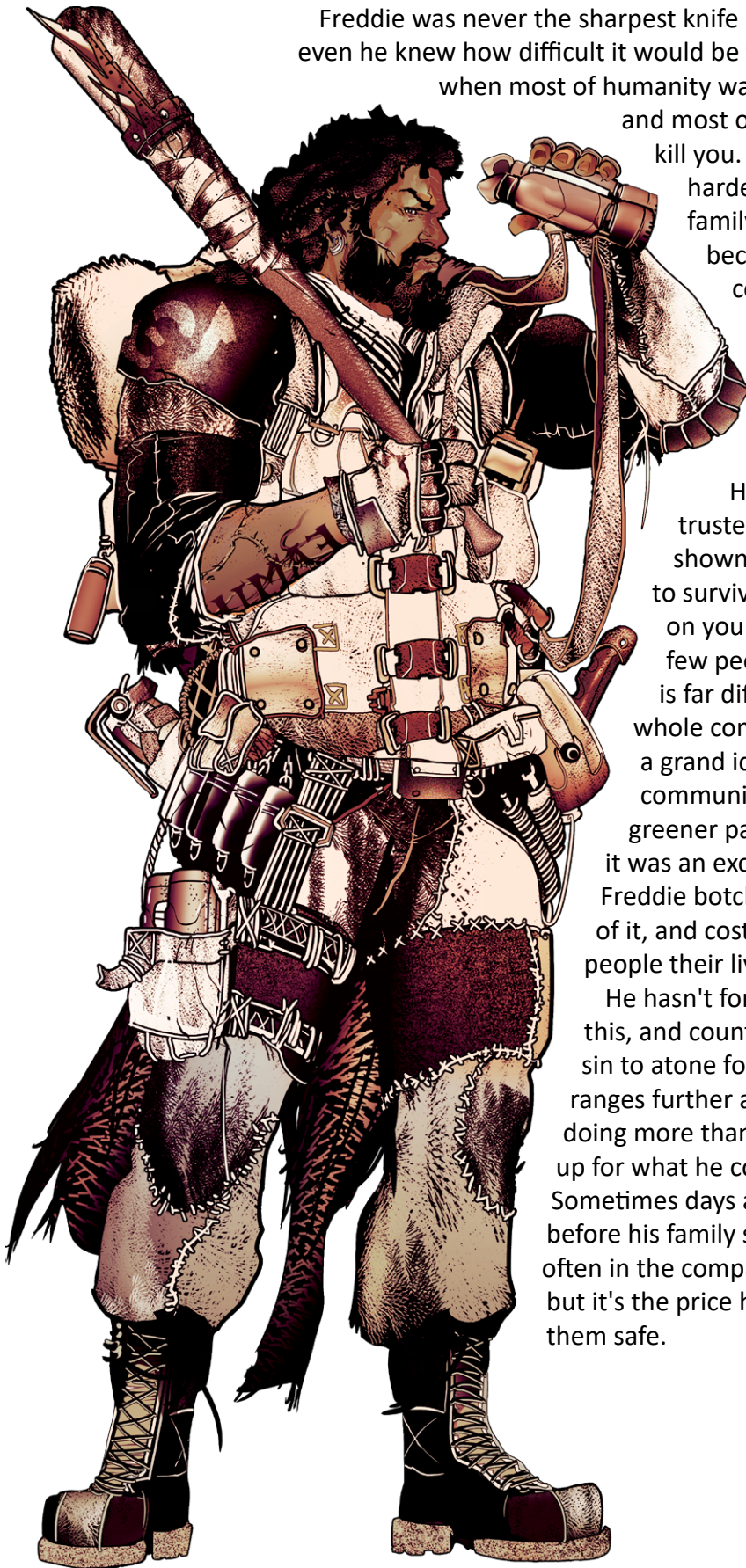
This new man had found himself a new woman, and Angela became Freddie's shining light in this dark world, his rock to lean on. Together, the couple overcame hardships that neither could do alone. Freddie had found his equal in the world, someone to keep up with him and challenge him to go further.

Despite the world having ended, he couldn't have been happier. However, just because Freddie had settled down didn't mean he wanted to stop roving. His criminal nature and lust for adventure meant that he was the perfect scout for his community. He and Angela would hunt and scavenge, set traps and stalk intruders, keeping other safe by putting themselves in harm's way.

Nothing lasts forever, and soon Freddie became the lone scout of the group, but it was a sacrifice he was happy to bear. Angela became the mother to a whole litter of children, and this post-apocalyptic family was (and still is) the reason for Freddie to go on despite any hardships he might be going through.

# TERRA MORTIS

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



Freddie was never the sharpest knife in the drawer, but even he knew how difficult it would be to raise a family when most of humanity wants to eat you, and most of the rest wants to kill you. He worked even harder to ensure his family's safety, and even became involved in his community's politics to make it a better place.

Politics, unfortunately was not his forte.

His community trusted him as he had shown he knew how to survive, but surviving on your own (or just a few people) in the wild is far different than for a whole community. He had a grand idea to pack up the community and move to greener pastures. In theory it was an excellent idea, but Freddie botched the execution of it, and cost a few dozen people their lives.

He hasn't forgiven himself for this, and counts it as one more sin to atone for. Now, Freddie ranges further and further afield, doing more than he should to make up for what he cost his community. Sometimes days and weeks go by before his family sees him again, often in the company of strangers, but it's the price he will pay if it keeps them safe.

*Sometimes a light  
can be found in the  
darkness.*

# JACK THE VAGABOND

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	38	Intuition	39
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	34
Burglary	30	Logic	45
Constitution	24	Luck	34
Deceive	43	Might	32
Diplomacy	42	Perception	25
Drive	37	Shoot	34
Fight	28	Stealth	45
Fine-Craft	37	Wealth	41
Intimidate	39	Will	37

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	60
Skin Colour	Fair
Hair Colour	Grey
Eye Colour	Green
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Stocky

Jack always had dreams, but other people kept getting in the way. It was always other people's fault, not his. His father abandoned him, his wife left him, all but one of his careers ended in ruin, and it was always someone else's fault.

So when the world ended, Jack couldn't be happier. Now there was no one to get in his way; no cops, no family, no debt collectors, he was the master of his own fate. Jack did what he wanted, went where he wanted, took what he wanted, and generally enjoyed life. The only thing he wished was different in his new life was the undead. Something about them terrified him more than he was willing to admit, and it brought out feelings that he did his very best to suppress.

At his core, Jack was a coward, and perhaps in his hearts of hearts he knew this is why all those dreams he had never came to fruition. This is why he feared the undead, because there was nothing he could do about them. No fast talking, pleading, cajoling, bribing or blackmailing would work on them, and that was all Jack knew.

In the post-apocalypse, however,

cowards do far better than brave men, and Jack found a way to survive to an age many would only dream about, and he did it at the cost of others.

Jack spent his decade and a half in the new world travelling from group to group, living off their hard work before deserting them when his luck started to run out. With each new group, he would introduce himself as a man fallen on hard times looking only for warm food and roof over his head, willing to do his share for the greater good.

It was all a lie, however. Jack's backpack was always kept full of food and water he would steal from whichever group he wandered into, and the work he promised would dry up as soon they got used to him. Slowly, but surely, he would start to complain about aches and pains, about he was too old to do the heavy lifting, but there other things he could do. Telling stories, playing the guitar, keeping up morale, that was how he could earn his keep.

When the group got tired of that, he would appeal to their humanity, plead for mercy, but that well too would dry up. After everything the group had given, he would start looking for an escape, and almost always he would make sure the group had an "accident" that would

*One must be wary of the seemingly helpless.*

# TERRA MORTIS

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



keep them occupied. He never killed anyone personally, but he has been the cause of many deaths.

Jack would rationalise all this by saying it was their fault.

They were the ones who couldn't appreciate him. They were the ones who kept getting in the way of his dreams. What those dreams were now, not even Jack knew. He only knew he had a dream and he was too old and too tired for other people to get in the way of it again.

# KAZUO THE SHADE

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	33	Intuition	31
Broad-Craft	32	Investigate	42
Burglary	41	Logic	30
Constitution	33	Luck	43
Deceive	41	Might	39
Diplomacy	36	Perception	31
Drive	36	Shoot	38
Fight	42	Stealth	53
Fine-Craft	34	Wealth	30
Intimidate	42	Will	39

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	48
Skin Colour	Ivory
Hair Colour	Brown
Eye Colour	Brown
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Brawny

Kazuo calls the day the world ended "Tuesday", because that's all it was to him: another day. Kazuo was a ganster, he was Yakuza, and they were made for a world of chaos and slaughter. They are ruthlessly pragmatic, violent to a fault and loyal beyond all else. What better organisation to take on the horde of undead coming at them.

Kazuo's Yakuza syndicate was overrun by their own undead members, much like everyone else, but the hardened killers survived better than most. When Kazuo fought his way back to their headquarters, more than half survived, and that was enough to set themselves up for the apocalypse.

To this day, fifteen years later, Kazuo is proud to say he is still part of his syndicate, the Arashitanzo-Kai. They have carved out (in some cases, very literally) a niche for themselves as Arbiters in this new dead land, and Kazuo is their blade in the dark.

Kazuo is successful, he has his honour, but what he does not have is happiness. That died a long time ago, and when that light died, Kazuo gave everything else to the Arashitanzo-Kai.

Once upon a time, Kazuo had a wife and three young children. He had always spared them the worst of being a Yakuza gangster, but the end of the world changed all that. When the Arashitanzo-Kai left town, so did Kazuo's family. They now saw what life he led, and it broke his wife's heart. Kiyoko always knew her husband was a hardened criminal, but out of sight is out of mind. Now she saw the crimes he perpetrated and the violence he and his comrades committed, Kiyoko knew she had to get her children out of there.

She didn't make it far. The Yakuza are terrible people, but they have rules. The undead have none. When Kazuo found them, it was too late for his children, but his wife was still alive. Only when he brought Kiyoko back to camp did he realise she had been bitten.

Having already lost his children, he couldn't lose his wife and so committed dishonour by keeping her and her condition from his *oyabun*. He was there when she died and rose again, and it broke his heart each time he had to find someone to be her next victim, but he persevered for three whole years. It was easy enough to hide her from his syndicate since his role in the organisation meant he came and went

# TERRA MORTIS

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



as he pleased, ranging far away from the camp to find information, supplies, or to kill any opposition. It was far from camp where he kept her, fed her, and tried to find some semblance of humanity, but three years later he could stand it no more.

Her death was quick and clean, and when Kazuo told the truth to his *oyabun*, he was prepared to commit *seppuku*, but his boss had other plans.

Kazuo was told that his death would come, but at the hands of the undead.

He was

banished and told he would never again set foot in the camp until he could bring the Arashitanzo-Kai something greater than his betrayal cost them.

And so Kazuo wanders the wastelands, searching for something to bring him back to the only family he has left.

# SABINA THE SUFFERER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	38	Intuition	43
Broad-Craft	39	Investigate	41
Burglary	28	Logic	38
Constitution	27	Luck	41
Deceive	35	Might	35
Diplomacy	54	Perception	26
Drive	30	Shoot	44
Fight	35	Stealth	31
Fine-Craft	49	Wealth	39
Intimidate	30	Will	36

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Female
Age	54
Skin Colour	Olive
Hair Colour	Grey
Eye Colour	Hazel
Handedness	Left handed
Build	Fit

Sabina's time in the apocalypse has been hell on earth from day one to this very day. It began when she woke up in the middle of the night to hear (and then see) her husband eating their daughter alive. It never got much better for her than that.

When she got over her shock and horror at the situation, she ran from her home and never looked back. Her parents lived less than a mile away, and she ran there watching as the world around her broke down. Her parents, luckily, were alive and they hid in their storm cellar, waiting for the world outside to quiet down.

It was a long month, but starvation finally drove them from their shelter... right into the arms of a group of Ravagers. They killed Sabina's parents without a second thought, and they luckily never saw what the Ravagers did to Sabina.

For ten long years, Sabina was a slave to the Ravagers. They did whatever they wanted to her and with her, and she was bought and sold between various gangs like the property she was. Her only thought throughout this trying time

was that at least her family was dead. They did not have to see what she had become.

And what she had become was something less than human, in body and in spirit. After a decade of being beaten, battered and abused, Sabina had lost whatever sympathy she had for the human race, but she could never bring herself to kill another uninfected person. To her, life itself was still precious, even if her own wasn't.

Sabina never escaped her life of slavery. No, she was merely left behind and forgotten. She had become old, used up, and too broken to illicit a laughter from her beatings, and so the Ravagers went on without her.

She may have been free of the Ravagers, but after so long spent with them, they would always be a part of her. She would never sink as low as they would, she would kill another living human, but neither would she save them. She met many groups and people in the years since then, and nearly all of them came to a ruinous end.

She would come in like a thief in the night, take up residence when they could not refuse an old, weary woman, or skulk in the shadows when they would not. Then she would take what she could

# TERRA MORTIS

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



to survive and then leave. Somehow, the undead always followed on her heels, and every group she left soon faced a tough battle with a horde of Infected.

She never did this out of spite for the living, but out of hatred for the undead. There was only one thing in this world she despised more than the Ravagers, and that was the Infected. It were the Infected that took her husband and her daughter.

The Infected were the cause of the Ravagers, her parents deaths, and her own ordeals. If it weren't for the Infected, she would still be happy at home, not a soulless husk wandering the wastelands.

So she kills them wherever and whenever she can, and when there are too many of them, she leads them to other humans so they can kill the Infected as well. It is her final goal in life, to see as much of these creatures dead before her own life fades away.

# STARTING SCENARIOS

After fifteen years, starting off is even more challenging!

The world came to an end and there was nothing we could do to stop it. Now we wander through abandoned ruins that were our cities, and fight for our very survival each and every day. It is hell on earth, but it is what it is and we must live with it. The only question is how will your struggle begin?

Below you will find ten different scenarios for how you can begin a game in the apocalyptic wastelands and, while they are broad in scope, they are by no means an exhaustive list. Z-LAND during **TERRA MORTIS** can be played either as yourself in the far, apocalyptic future or as a character you created earlier in the section. Some scenarios might good for one, either or both, and bear it mind you can always create your own.

The ten starting scenarios are simply jumping off points. Use them, abuse them, modify them how you wish so that they make sense in the context of your party, your history and location and all the other factors that will make your game truly unique.

## FIGHTING THE FIRE

You thought you were safe. You thought you had finally found a place to settle down, a new home. You thought a great many things, but fate always has other plans.

Perhaps you and your group had found a small hide-away to rest for a while; perhaps your group joined up with another and you have a (fairly) large settlement to claim as your own; or perhaps you just left a larger group to make your own way in the world and found a place to start.

Whatever the case might be, that hope, that dream is now at an end, because your new home *is on fire*.

Whether you were awake when it happened or asleep, one minute all seemed fine, and then next the entire place was up in flames. You don't have time to worry about who did it or why. All you have to do now is survive, make a choice about helping others, and then begin panicking about all the undead the light and sound will draw to you...

## CIRCLE OF DEATH

This is the end. This might well be your final thoughts, your final breaths as a living, uninfected human. Are you happy with how your life went? Any regrets? Any last requests?

Maybe you have been on the run for days and this is your last, exhausted stand; maybe some third party led the undead here; or maybe this was all a cosmic coincidence and there was nothing to do about it.

All that matters now is that you are surrounded by a horde of the undead and you need to make a decision on how to get out. The undead are patient, but they won't wait for very long. You need to make a plan and then put it into action or you will not live long enough to think about all your regrets.

Do not go gentle into that good night...

## BEHIND THE 8-BALL

Prison has never been an enjoyable place, not before the world came to an end and certainly not now. At least back then you could count on three square meals a day and your phone call. Now

what do you have?

However you did it, you're behind bars and you need to escape before the worst happens. You could be sitting in a Raider cage waiting to be killed in bloodsport; you could be in a Dweller jail waiting for a quick trial and quicker execution because they thought you stole from them; or you could even be on the back of a Nomad prison transport because you were in the wrong place at the wrong time.

None of that matters now, all that does matter is getting out of here and doing so quickly. You can try and plead your way out, you fight your way out, or you can hope that whatever "trial" awaits you is fair, but you need to leave...

### THE LONELIEST BOAT

This might have been your first time on a boat or ship, you might be a master of the sea, but even the most experienced of sailors know that the ocean cares little about you or your vessel.

You and your group decided to take to the sea and look for your promised land. You knew it would be difficult, but no one could foresee this. Perhaps it was a storm you only see once in a lifetime; perhaps a wall of fog and mist descended and followed you like a lost puppy; or perhaps you just weren't as good as you thought and got lost; because that's what you are: lost.

You have absolutely no idea where you are. You could be right around the corner, or you could be on the other side of the world.

You've lost track of how many days you've spent on the water, and all you really know is that you need to be prepared for whatever awaits you on land...

### CABIN IN THE WOODS

Bugger it all. Bugger the Raiders, the Dwellers, and the Nomads. Bugger the undead and the bloody Unborn. Bugger the whole sorry lot of them. You've had enough.

You said "sod it!" to the world and left with your group. Where you went to only you can tell, but it was as far away from what used to be civilisation as you know it. Deep into the woods where light barely shines through; down into the deep dark caves of the earth; out into the scorching desert; or perhaps up a steep mountain.

Wherever you made it to, you made it. You set up a shelter and for a while it went great. You and your group were all alone in the world and you made it work. For a time you even forgot that the world had ended all those years ago and that the dead now walked the earth.

Until you heard a knock on the door...

### PLANTING ROOTS

All the work you've put in is finally paying off. You can take a moment to relax and pat yourself on the back. It was a hard slog through the years and you may have done things you aren't quite happy with, but in the end you finally did it.

You got a community.

It might only be a handful of people, or you might have found a few dozen folks to help you, but you managed to get them all in the same place and working together. That deserves an applause.

But the work isn't over just yet.

You might have gotten the people here, but that isn't a community. You need a place to live in, a place to call home. Maybe you already found an existing shelter that needs some care and attention, or maybe you and your new



# TERRA MORTIS

## STARTING SCENARIOS

allies decided to build one from scratch. However you decide, one thing is for certain: your choices no longer affect just your own life, there are other people now that you have to consider...

### PREY

Once upon a time humans were at the top of the food chain, but that all changed when the world ended. Now we are food to be chased down and devoured just like anything else.

In the years since the apocalypse you have gotten used to the undead in all their shapes and forms. You know how to handle them, what to do and what not to do... but there is a new threat in town.

The Unborn; they are smart, they are cunning, and they want to eat you.

Somehow, some way a pack of Unborn managed to track you and your group down and now you are on the run. Was it pure coincidence and bad luck? Did you do something to them and now they are out for revenge? Those are all questions to ask later, but for now there is only one thing to do.

Run!

### THIS MEANS WAR

War. It never really changes. The weapons we use change, but not the nature, the emotion and the heartbreak of it.

You've been battling every day since the undead first appeared. If you weren't fighting off the hordes of undead around every corner, then you were fighting other uninfected humans for the meagre supplies that still litter the world.

This, however, is different. It's not just a fight, a scrap, or a battle. It's full fledged war.

You have a community, people you care about and that cares about you. For

one reason or another your community and another have come into conflict and words have not been enough. They want you all dead, down to the last person.

It's up to you to stop it, but what will you do? Will you try and resolve it peacefully even though it hasn't worked thus far? Will you abandon your new home and flee with your community?

Or will you let slip the dogs of war...

### LAST HOPE

Life is rough and if you want to make, you gotta be tough, but you never thought it would be quite *this* rough.

Somehow you and your group have found yourselves without any supplies and you are on your last legs. If you don't find something soon, you don't know how much longer you will stay alive.

Fate has been kind, or so you hope, and on the horizon you see a community. Salvation at last... or perhaps damnation? You have no idea what sort of community it is. It might be a group of Dwellers that would take you in in a heart beat or throw you to the wolves to keep themselves safe. It could be a group of Nomads resting for the day and gone tomorrow. Would they take new people on and share what little supplies a nomadic people would have? You only pray it isn't a Raider encampment, because then you might as well die here and now.

They haven't seen you yet, so you have some time to consider your options. What will you do? Don't wait too long, your time is running out...

### THE ENDLESS JOURNEY

You've never been one to sit still for very long, especially now where everything either wants to kill you and eat you, or eat you and then kill you.

Discover the horror that is the Unborn on page 175.

# TERRA MORTIS

## STARTING SCENARIOS

You and your group have decided to take on the lives of Nomads. You travel from place to place, carrying whatever you can and trading it to whomever you meet. In your time as a wandering trader you've seen every type of experience a human can have.

You've seen the worst of the Raiders and the best of the Dwellers. You know the world has gone to hell, but you also know that human life still flourishes in its own macabre way.

On this day you've been given a package to deliver. What is it? Who is it from? Who exactly are you taking it to? All unanswered questions. You just have a big box that you were told not to open, and to deliver it to a very specific location. It sounded suspicious, but the payment was worth it so you took the job.

Now you have the open road ahead of you and a lot can happen between here and there...

*This is just the beginning, you poor soul.*



# THE PLAGUE



## THE CREEPING DEATH

### THE LOST ORIGINS

#### THE ROAD TO HELL

Psychological Operations (PSYOPS), as the name implies, are missions aimed not at bodies of men to kill and conquer, but at their hearts and minds to sway them to your point of view. In times of war their main goal is persuade enemies to lay down their arms and surrender. It goes without saying that they are vital support operations to military detachments.

It was during the concluding days of 1953 and only a few short months after the end of the Korean War. In an unassuming office in Washington D.C., an unassuming dossier about the war came across the desk of an unassuming man. It was a dossier of lists and numbers, facts and figures that this man had to reassemble into something readable for his boss. This man was the assistant to a self-important, and demanding congressman.

During one of his many late nights compiling his report, after far too many cups of coffee, this assistant found a figure too interesting to merely note down. In fact, it became not only the basis for his report, but the foundation of the rest of his life. The fact was this: more than a third of all the Korean POWs taken by UN forces had surrendered due to PSYOPS missions. A third of the communist Korean army had surrendered simply because the Allies asked them to do so.

And this was all done through some pamphlets and loudspeakers. How many

more could be persuaded surrender with a more personal and intimate touch? If asking them provides such stellar results, how much more could be achieved if you could, almost literally, get inside their heads and force them to? That was the recommendation in his report: that psychological conditioning and pharmaceuticals be investigated as means to pacify enemy populations.

Behind closed doors, a committee received the assistant's report with stern nods and reserved acknowledgements. The assistant's congressman political esteem increased substantially, as did the budget of a nascent Central Intelligence programme. This programme was determining the effectiveness of drugs as means of extracting information during torture. It was a small programme called MKUltra.

Due to his assistant's excellent work, as well as his fervour to continue down this path of research, the congressman pulled some strings and called in some favours. Soon his assistant was attached to MKUltra as a congressional liaison. The liaison didn't stay one for long. In only a few years he became an assistant again, but this time to the head and director of MKUltra.

Soon, he even began to lead his own research and experiments and MKUltra moved from torture to espionage. Their main goal was to use drugs and psychiatry to turn Soviet agents against their KGB masters. Double agents, triple agents, sleeper agents, they were all created under the guidance of the assistant. As the Vietnam War broke out, MKUltra had become MKSearch and then MKDelta. As the war raged,

*Sometimes a hindered mind can be worse than being physically hindered.*

# THE PLAGUE

the assistant still hadn't found a way to control enemy combatants on masse.

PSYOPS, however, was performing above and beyond their duty by getting Charlie to lay down his guns. In his lab, the assistant was still drugging Russians one by one with LSD. Then, to add insult to injury, it was all over in 1973 when the CIA ordered them to destroy all their files. The public, and the assistant's former congressional masters, could not find out about the horrors they committed.

As always, the assistant was prepared and soon become the civilian contractor to the DOD's Stargate Project. It all came to naught as Stargate was more concerned about using drugs to unlock man's "hidden potential" than turning the enemy against himself. Eventually, the government decommissioned Stargate as well and the contractor was now working well past the age of retirement. Finally, he came to the conclusion that his life's work had meant nothing.

Drugs and chemicals weren't the way forward. You could make any specific individual do what you want, when you want, and how you want, but an entire enemy army? No, that was beyond the scope of pharmaceuticals.

But there was hope, and the contractor wasn't about to die before ensuring his work would go on. The world had recently become enamoured with chromosomes, genes and DNA. The new frontier in science was genetic engineering, fixing nature's mistakes and improving on the human template. It was early times, but there was talk that cloning might even be possible soon.

His last work on this earth was to outline yet another project. This one would be aimed at engineering "something" that could infect enemies

like a virus and control them from the inside. The contractor poured four decades worth of reconditioning experience into this project outline before the angels carried him home. He hoped that when the technology was available, someone could finally finish his dream.

He called his last hope Project Centribellum.

## MALICIOUS MILITARY MANEUVERS

The Cold War was over, and so was the Gulf War. Pop music was the order the day and everyone began talking on cellular mobile phones. People were looking forward to the new millennium and the wonders it would bring. The western world was at peace and the future never looked brighter. The worst the populace had to worry about was whether the leader of the free world did indeed have sexual relations with "that woman".

The American PSYOPS divisions couldn't be more happy with the state of the world. The free media were doing their work for them and everyone loved the good old U.S.A. None but the most extreme of radicals would lift a hand to attack her. So when that did finally happen, everyone started looking for a scapegoat.

The blame fell on the (oxymoronically termed) Military Intelligence after it was discovered that these radicals who attacked the United States were themselves trained and armed by that same country to defeat the Soviets, who then forgot all about them. It was too late however, and a new war began, the War on Terror.

It was a brand new millennium, a brand new type of war, and it called for a brand new type of PSYOPS. Pamphlets

*Genetic manipulation, what's the worst that can happen?*

and loudspeakers didn't seem to reach these radicals as it did the communists and contras of the Cold War. These radicals weren't fighting for their people or their nation. They were fighting for an idea, and an idea couldn't die. Or could it?

A military base in Florida was searched and scoured for any old documents from the time American soldiers last fought in the Gulf, hoping to find any insights from that war to help the PSYOPS during this one. They found little to help in that regard, but in a dusty corner of a storeroom they did find an archive box labelled Centribellum. Like everything else it was pushed up the chain of command until someone with a high enough salary could determine if it was of any use.

The old box travelled across the country until it found itself in a basement complex in Virginia. Here, the DoD assembled a group of scientists and told them to turn the theory inside that box into reality. The scientists had a blank check to order whatever they needed, but they had a time limit. G.I.s were dying on the sands and the world was paying close attention to everything America was doing. The sooner they ended this war with the insurgents "peacefully", the better it was for all involved.

So the equipment was ordered, personnel enlisted, non-disclosure agreements signed, and renovations planned. Soon the basement complex was a fully functional laboratory complex, working entirely to bring Project Centribellum to life, in a more literal fashion that one would think.

After nearly a decade it was done, and as soon as it was done, it ended.

It was never given any proper name, be that scientific, official or otherwise;

although for a while it was nearly named after the contractor. It was only known as S1122-012v6. This was the 1122 attempt to create a viable subject, and it was the 12th strain of this Subject 1122. It was the sixth version engineered, the first to work, and the final to ever be worked on. The scientists and technicians who worked on S1122-012v6 gave it the closest thing it ever had to a name: the Voodoo Virus. As it isn't a virus, one would suppose it was for the added alliterative appeal if nothing else.

The Centribellum project outlines and files were exhaustive in their detail, and at times the scientists felt like they were following a recipe. The only times they could innovate and create something new was when the Centribellum files called for technology or knowledge that did not exist at the time they were written. At the end, the final product was a blend of old and new. The scientists had changed much, but one could still see the contractor's hand at work.

The Voodoo Virus was the contractor's dream come to life, and it promised to do exactly what he had always wanted. It would cut out the middleman in PSYOPS and grant control of an enemy's body directly to the PSY-operator. More than anything, it could do this on a population level scale. An entire army could be infected and then merely told to lay down their arms, or even kill their comrades, and they would do it. Or so the scientists claimed.

The theory was perfectly fine and it should have worked. The organism was to be created from nothing, and it so it would allow the scientists (following the contractor's notes) to craft specific features that would never be seen in nature. The most interesting, and crucial, of these was the organism's ability to act as a pseudo-nervous system. The

# THE PLAGUE

Voodoo Virus was engineered to spread throughout the victim's body, connecting to every muscle and tissue, and then work its way to the brain where it would cut off the brain's signals to the body, replacing the connections with itself.

Lastly, and this was a touch of self-indulgent brilliance by the lead scientist, it would intercept any signals coming from or going to the forebrain, leaving only the parts of the brain responsible for movement and the senses active. Theoretically this was supposed to the put the victim in a dissociative state (like hypnosis) forcing the victim to accept any and all commands given while being utterly unaware of their actions. They would awaken from their sleep and find themselves in a POW camp, wondering what had happened. No one would know that the victims had been exposed to dangerous genetically modified organisms, and more importantly none would know America did it. It was the perfect plan.

*The urge to eat, but to eat what?*

## MOVING UP THE TREE OF LIFE

The animal tests were remarkably successful, and thereafter Centribellum's blank check became decidedly blander. Unfortunately, the more money they pumped into the project, the more pressure they added onto the science team to speed up the project. Every new day brought more news about bombings, beheadings, and American blunders. The scientists had no choice but to agree to the ever narrower deadlines.

One team became ten, and then ten became dozens as they had to work around the clock. They created scores of organism specimens each week only to fail and destroy them the next week. Dozens of animals were culled each week as those specimens that managed

to survive either failed to work on the animal subjects or outright killed them. There were more carcasses in that lab complex than in a slaughterhouse, but it was all worth it once S1122-012v6 was created.

Mice, cats, dogs, pigs, and even chimpanzees were infected with S1122-012v6. All were able to respond without hesitation to the commands that they had been trained with before infection, and with greater precision and accuracy than uninfected animal subjects. All was again right with the world. What's more, the scientists discovered intriguing side effects to the infection. The animals no longer needed sleep and their only observed urge, other than following commands, was to eat.

Needless to say, this news made the military overjoyed. Not only could they command an enemy force to do as they please, at least theoretically, but these conscripted turncoats would not and could not rest until they have. Also, while they were carrying out their orders, they would see to their biological needs without needing supervision. It was the perfect result.

The scientists, on the other hand, were concerned. This was not what they had expected, and in fact it was quite the opposite. The mental functions should have remained intact, if only dormant. This departure from basic bodily needs spoke of deep neurological issues. But there were deadlines to meet and pressure that could turn coal to diamond. So they pressed on.

There was only one last test that the Voodoo Virus, and Project Centribellum, had to pass: human trials.

Flown in from a black site under the cover of darkness, armed men dressed in black brought a political prisoner to the lab complex in Virginia. He was

already dead to the world and now he was to become the first human to ever be infected with the Voodoo Virus. Strapped down onto the operating table, the condemned man begged, pleaded, threatened and raged as they prepared him for the injections.

Soon enough he quieted down as the S1122-012v6 injections took hold. The scientists monitored him around the clock and for a while at least all seemed to go to plan. The first few hours the Voodoo Virus spread throughout his body, forming its pseudo-nervous system. When it reached his brain, he passed into a deep fever, but this too was expected. For hours he mumbled incoherently as the organism spread through his brain before quieting down as the fever broke.

For a while he appeared completely normal, but the same had happened with the animal trials. The scientists knew that all nothing would seem amiss until he slept. During REM sleep was when the organism would take control and the poor prisoner. It did, as planned and on schedule, but what re-emerged from sleep was no longer the prisoner and perhaps not even human.

The very moment REM sleep registered on the monitors, the prisoner broke free of his restraints that were meant to contain the very strongest of military men. Rather than becoming compliant and obedient, the patient was enraged and immediately attacked the scientists in the room. His muscles were no longer constrained by the human mind, and he was far stronger than the security personnel expected. He killed 16 men and put 9 others in hospital before they killed him. Pain didn't register in his mind and when he finally hit the floor, one couldn't even count all the bullet holes in him.

Death itself couldn't even stop the Voodoo Virus, as 5 more unfortunate souls discovered before someone put a bullet in his brain. Twenty two fatalities that night, and no one could say why.

## SHUTTING THE DOORS ON EVIL

You would think that so much blood couldn't just be swept under the rug without the world at large knowing, but that's exactly what happened. They bribed some, blackmailed others, and simply threatened the rest into silence, but all in all not a word of the massacre left the lab complex.

Or so they thought.

While the Under Secretary of Defense told the team to start working on S1122-012v7 immediately, one of the scientists grew a conscience. As the Under Secretary told the lead design team to develop a method of aerial dispersion for S1122-012v6, that scientist became worried. As rumours spread around the lab of the military using the Voodoo Virus as a chemical weapon to sow chaos among enemy troops, the last straw was placed on the scientist's conscience.

It took him a considerable amount of time to gather all the information, more so than he had hoped. At long the day that the design team had been building towards arrived, and the scientist saw his chance. That day the scientists showed off the new "hardened spore casings" and their effectiveness at dispersing the Voodoo Virus through air currents as well as through contact. Praise was given all around, and beers and wine were opened to celebrate the first success since the V6 slaughter.

As everyone else pretended that life would return to a semblance of normality, the scientist quietly sneaked out with his ill-gotten information.

*Hit them in the head and burn what remains.*

# THE PLAGUE

He drove all day and all night to hand-deliver it to his congressional representative.

By sheer cosmic coincidence, that representative was the successor to the contractor's original boss and congressman. One congressman who sat behind that desk had opened the door to the Voodoo Virus. It was only fitting that the other would close that door on the evil that was almost unleashed upon the world.

The congressman didn't ponder long about the information the scientist brought. He recognized its potential in furthering his political career as well as his renowned anti-war agenda. Congressional hearings were called as soon as it was humanly possible, although the military worked quickly ensured it would happen behind closed doors. The congressman would not have his day in the spotlight quite yet.

The military was figuratively keel-hauled by the congressional sub-committee. More than one man lost his job that day and plenty others were demoted. The military gave as good as they got, and they managed to live to fight another day. However, the lab's very existence now depended on the decision of an ethics committee, that bane of scientific research.

The military didn't care, and in fact never even showed up to that ethics hearing. The Under Secretary had a plan. Scheduling the ethics hearing would take time, and in any event he would appeal its decision causing another hearing to be scheduled. In all that time, the Under Secretary would have ordered the lead design team fill their new hardened spores with the Voodoo Virus and prep it for shipping. He would show congress the Voodoo Virus in action, and then they'd leave him to do whatever he

wanted.

Or so he thought.

As soon as word got to the heavy-burdened scientist, he was darkening the doorstep of his congressman to share the news. The ethics hearing was suddenly moved up. Before the military knew what hit them, they were ordered to shut down. The military still had their appeal, but while they were busy preparing legal documents, the other bane of scientific research reared its head.

Funding cuts. It came quick and it came hard, and it left the military with tough choices to make. In the end, Project Centribellum was too costly to maintain for the little progress it had shown. For now, at least, the military would have to stick with the tried and true methods of PSYOPS, and leave the mad-science to the next generation.

Masked men in HAZMAT suits scrubbed the entire lab complex from top to bottom. Everything inside was shipped to other institutions where they would be repurposed, incinerated or stored. Among all the equipment that the cleaning teams put into storage were all the biological samples. These awaited the day when the military would have the funding to reopen the project. This included the single canister of Voodoo Virus spores that the design team was able to complete.

Unfortunately no one knew this.

In a moment of spite that would cost the world everything, the head designer had switched the labels of the canisters. To the world outside it was known only as UNKNOWN PATHOGEN 297. And so the S1122-012v6 was taken to a less secure warehouse of the Centre for Disease Control where one day, maybe, someone would try to identify it.

*The virus is very dangerous and it is wise to protect yourself accordingly*

## APOCALYPTIC LIBERATION

“Restore the Planet Initiative”. It sounds clean. It sounds green. It sounds like something the planet needs. Well, at least on paper it does. The reality was far different. In the real world the RTPI was simply the way that a small group of environmental radicals could get donations. Fraud would be the least of their crimes as they had high aspirations and very few morals.

In secret, they called themselves the Enochian Army, named after the first city mentioned in the bible. The EA were, in principle, against such a “patriarchal and oppressive” religion as they were against most things in life. Yet, in their secret little meetings they found the origin of the name poetic and more than a little ironic.

This is because the EA’s goal wasn’t anything clean or green, but was in fact something of a far more biblical scale. Much as God thought about man before sending the deluge to flood the earth during Noah’s time, the EA believed that humanity was the root cause of all the ills of the planet today. To them, humanity was a disease, a cancer, and all cancers they must cut out, irradiated or poisoned if the patient is to survive.

Their goal was simple: reduce the human population to save the planet.

The end of the world wasn’t their first crime. Quite a few in the upper echelon of this self-proclaimed Army had spent time behind bars for various conspiracies. In factories across the world, they poisoned cereals, mixed lead in with paints, added pathogenic bacteria to fertilisers, anything to cause as much damage to the most people. No one could trace any of this back to the EA, though, as their “soldiers” were fanatics that would never rat out their

comrades.

The EA had never attempted anything on this scale, however, but their previous victories and successes had made them confident and perhaps a little arrogant. Most of their previous “work” had been undone by factory recalls and state sponsored medical intervention. This time they wanted to send a message that the world could not ignore. This time they would make sure the people of the world felt the pain that they had caused the planet.

If only they knew how right they would be.

They had schemed and planned this operation for years. While the scientists of Project Centribellum were sketching out the layout of their Virginia complex, the soldiers of the Enochian Army were laying the foundations for mass murder. Say what you will about them, but they were perfectionists. The EA made sure every aspect of this plan were, beyond a shadow of a doubt, perfect.

But they were wrong. The plan wasn’t perfect and their one, single mistake destroyed the world.

They believed the best way to reduce the number of humans on the planet was through disease and plague. Thus, their first stop was to obtain a disease virulent and deadly enough to do decimate a planet. Diseases, as one would imagine, are dangerous and the EA did their due diligence and spent years learning all that they could about pathogens and plagues, and acquiring all the equipment they would need to protect themselves. After all, the plan wasn’t for them to die, just for as many of the rest of the world as possible.

You can’t just buy world ending viruses at the pharmacy, and the EA didn’t quite have contacts in the genocidal black-market, so they had to steal a plague.

*The dead aren't  
your only enemies  
in this world.*

# THE PLAGUE

They set their sights on a less secure warehouse ran by the CDC. It seemed important enough that it would hold deadly diseases, but not too important to warrant the best security that money could buy.

After months of surveying, scouting and finding all the information they could about the facility, they sprang into action. They expertly infiltrated the warehouse without anyone the wiser and started searching for anything deadly enough to suit their purposes. Unfortunately, there is an age-old idiom that says no plan survives contact with the enemy. The EA didn't account for human nature and what boredom can do to security officers in the middle of night.

*To complicate the enemy's response, hit them all at the same time.*

They had barely begun to search through a chilled storeroom full of canisters with scientific sounding names when a security patrolman made an unscheduled patrol. He was bored after five hours of watching screens and his leg was cramping, so he had decided a walk would do him good. As the officer and the terrorists locked eyes, the patrolman became the twenty-third person to die because of S1122-012v6, as one of the EA soldiers shot him straight in the chest.

The eco-terrorists grabbed the nearest canister and ran for the exit, knowing all hell would break loose soon. Their suspicions were confirmed as sirens started blaring and the hallways flashed the tell-tale red colour of alarms. The world was almost saved that night, but the security response was seconds too slow. The EA made it to safety with their sole prize: a metal canister cold to the touch and covered in a layer of frost.

Wiping away the frost, one of the soldiers read aloud the name of the plague they had found.

UNKNOWN PATHOGEN 297.

## THE END OF THE WORLD

They may not have known what they were dealing with, but at least the worst was behind them. Their entire plan hinged on getting a plague, and while UP-297 might not have been their ebola or bubonic plague, it would have to do.

The next stage of the plan had been in motion for years, having been planned in concert with the CDC robbery. While the terrorists were planning their breaking and entering to get the plague, the other half of their apocalyptic army were planning a different sort of infiltration.

The EA selected ten airports around the globe with meticulous care. These weren't the ten busiest airports in the world (although most did fall in the top 20 in the world), instead the army chose them for the reach they had. They spent months calculating and cross-checking the connecting flights between major airports and the rest of the world. The final ten they selected were those airports that carried their passengers to the most, and furthest, airports around the world.

The Enochian Army wanted to ensure their plague reached the most people it could.

It did.

When the terrorists got back from the CDC, they handed over the Voodoo Virus canister to those who knew what to do with it. These were soldiers who had spent months and years working their way up the maintenance crew of these ten airports. After dividing the contents of the canister into ten aerosol powered, time release devices, the ten infiltrators went back to their respective airports around the world. They then simply went back to work.

Coordinating with each other, the infiltrators put their canisters in the air

ducts of the departure lounges. They had timed these to slowly release their contents over the next ten days. The infiltrators were hoping to have one or two days of successful infection, at best, before airport security found their contraptions and them as well. The Voodoo Virus, however, was something no one had ever seen. For a full ten days in ten airports around the world, the canisters released S1122-012v6 out into the world.

If there is one small bit of closure to be had, it would be that all of the EA that took part in destroying the world were infected with the Voodoo Virus. They became among the first to turn.

Between the ten airports, more than ten million people were infected in those ten days. If it stayed at that tragic statistic, then perhaps the world wouldn't have ended. Unfortunately, the design team at the end of Project Centribellum designed the airborne spores to be more than effective. They were designed in such a way as to be carried along on clothing, luggage, vehicles, skin and even hair. Over those ten days, and the few that followed, these spores were carried to every corner of the world. They passed from person to person and object to object, carried on wind and tide, by cars and trucks. By the end of it nearly a billion people were unknowingly infected with S1122-012v6.

Unlike the infections that would become an unfortunately common site after the apocalypse, the spores released in the airports were entirely artificial in nature. These specifically produced spores would take nearly a month to completely infect their victims. The fever stage that lasts mere hours and spells the end for those survivors scrabbling around in the wastelands took nearly a

week to complete. And when the fever broke, the victims that would soon become killers had days of blissful peace before devouring their loved ones.

## THE LONGEST NIGHT

In the two weeks leading up to the apocalypse, the newest media medical scare was seen and heard on TV screens and radios. PEV, or the Pseudo-Encephalitic Virus, was the newest threat to watch out for. Like the Swine Flu, Bird Flu, SARS, Ebola, South Asian Flu, and Zika that came before it, people just didn't care. They had outlived them all, with barely a scratch in the western nations, so why would this be any different?

Oh, it certainly made an impact on the news, and the ratings couldn't be higher. Scenes of feverish patients thriving in hospital beds made a huge impact on the bank accounts of international charities and media. But for the average man on the street, it was an illness with no fatalities and gave you a week off from work.

It wasn't until PEV got called HKEV (the "Hong Kong Encephalitic Virus" due to a mistaken belief it originated there) that people became frightened. By then it would already be too late. Just days before the apocalypse, videos emerged on the internet of people inflicted with HKEV becoming violent and mindlessly attacking others. This would be the prelude to the Longest Night, as those with weak immune systems fell under the spell of S1122-012v6 first.

During this month long countdown to the end of the world, the Enochian Army collectively ran through the entire spectrum of emotions. At first, they were joyous and celebrated their complete success. Other than the dead guard at

# THE PLAGUE

the CDC and some close calls, their plans were executed perfectly. All they had to do was wait to see the results.

Then came the confusion as for nearly two weeks nothing happened. Did they get the wrong canister? Was UNKNOWN PATHOGEN 297 a dud? Was all this for nothing? Confusion gave way to anger that they had spent years doing this work and had nothing to show for it. That soon too turned into relief once the news reports of PEV and HKEV starting circulating.

*Ashes to ashes,  
dust to dust.*

Relief transformed into fear as one by one they all came down with the fever. They thought they had been safe and sterile when splitting UP-297 into the ten aerosol canisters. They thought they wouldn't be infected, but the ambulance was called for each and every one of them. When they woke up a week later, they were strangely calm. Yes, it seemed UP-297 wasn't fatal and wouldn't return the world to the time of Enoch, but at least they wouldn't die as well.

The last emotion they felt before it was too late was remorse. A deep and sorrowful remorse at what they had done. Seeing the world turned to ashes within a night wasn't what they wanted. Far from it. They wanted a new paradise for them and those who shared their political ideals. What they got instead was hell incarnate.

Some of them survived a day or two into the new world before they fell asleep and became one of the Plagued. The living hell they would experience later was almost as horrific as seeing the consequences of their actions.

And at the end of it all, as the world now lay in ruins, what of the beginning of all this? What of the legacy of the contractor? He began with the greatest of intentions: to end war. But as the saying goes "the road to hell is paved

with good intentions". He spent the majority of his life, through the MK and Stargate Projects, torturing hundreds of people and breaking the minds of many more. By the end, he was much like the undead, not even knowing what he was fighting for.

He was long dead by the time the Longest Night arrived. His grandchildren, however became infected and consumed their own children and relatives. The contractor's bloodline ended with the Longest Night, as is only fitting for the one who began it all.

## ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY

### PLAGUE PHYSIOLOGY

They say that man was made in the image of God and thus stands as a testament to His majesty. If S1122-012v6 was made in the image of man, what does that say about us?

You won't find S1122-012v6 anywhere on the grand tree of life, although it takes its inspiration from branches all across its vastness. Parts of it were drawn from animals, plants, fungi, bacteria and protozoa to craft its unique features. However, as with all of mankind's creations, the men who created S1122-012v6 first drew from themselves to build it. Maybe it was just practicality, or maybe it was vanity, but the basis for the plague is the human nerve cell, that small but important cell that makes up the human brain.

The neuron chassis is the key that makes the whole plague work. Its axons and dendrites allow it to send and receive electrical signals just like a real nerve cell. It is through this that the plague can control its host. As the plague spreads through the body, it replicates

## DENTRITES

Receives electrical signals from other human and plague cells

# THE S1122-012V6 CELL

## CELL BODY

The main part of the cell which holds the vital components needed to keep the cell alive, such as the nucleus (and DNA), the mitochondria, and golgi bodies. This is also where the electrical signals forming the plague network are transferred from dentrite to axon.

## HYPHAE

The fungal-like branches, that convey nutrients to the main cell body, and which create new plague cells in the host.

## HAUSTORIUM

The food collection part of the cell, and the organelle which creates spore cells.

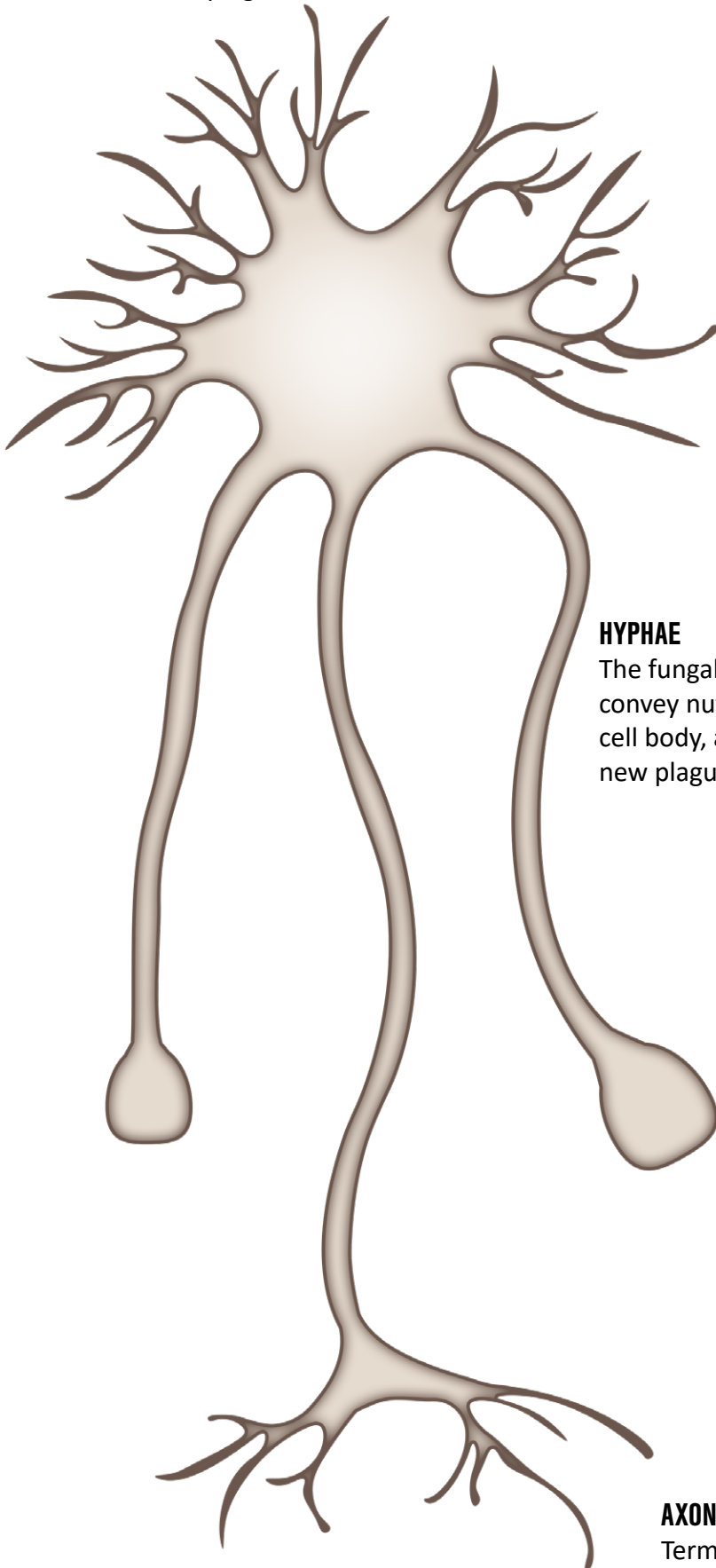


## PLAGUE SPORE

The comparative size of a newly created spore cell.

## AXON

Terminal branches of axon that sends electrical signals to other cells, creating the plague network.



# THE PLAGUE

and divides, with each cell extending its axons and dendrites to every other one. In no time at all, it becomes a secondary nervous system and controls everything the body sees, hears, and does.

The ability to send and receive electrical signals through the axons and dendrites were the only things the scientists left of the nerve cell. The scientists' next priority was keeping the plague alive once it was in the body. They had feared at first that the human immune system would find a way to destroy the plague, and they sat around the drawing board for months trying to figure out a way to defeat the immune system. As soon as they did their first animal tests, they knew they no longer had to worry.

The plague is more aggressive than the worst cancer. As soon as the immune system destroys one cell, two more have already grown to reroute the neural network around the gap. The plague is simply too quick for the immune system. As soon as it enters a living host, it is already too late and the immune cells of the body are fighting a losing battle.

That, however, did not stop them from introducing into the plague's genome several strands of antibiotic resistance DNA taken from the most dangerous breeds of pathogenic bacteria. Better to be safe than sorry, they said. It couldn't hurt to be careful, they thought.

With its protection assured, the scientists had one last job to do: keep it healthy enough to do its job of controlling its host. This meant finding a way to get nutrients to the plague cells. Modifying DNA from fungi, the scientists genetically engineered the plague to sprout hyphae and create a type of mammalian mycelium. To fungi, the hyphae that make up the mycelium network are simply the body of the

fungus. To the plague they became so much more.

When the plague first penetrates the body, it sends out hyphae in all directions. Some of these become further plague cells which then wind their axons and dendrites back toward their parent cell. Most, however, become what the scientists called "feeding tubes". These feeding tubes grow and grow and then continue to grow some more, only stopping once they have found what they seek.

That is, as the name implies, food. The tubes can find their way into the bloodstream to gather nutrients, but their main target is the gastrointestinal tract. The ends of the hyphae were designed to detect and seek out traces of gastrointestinal fluid (that mixture of acids, enzymes, mucus and bile that digests our food). As the plague multiplies and spreads throughout the body, these hyphae grow until they break through the soft membranes of the gastrointestinal tract.

Once there, the hyphae sprout what is called haustoria. These haustoria chemically break down and absorb nutrients they find there and send it back the plague cells. But it isn't just a one way street. The plague cells redistribute nearly as much nutrients as they receive. As the hyphae spread through the body looking for the gut, they inadvertently plant themselves into nearly every tissue in the body. Through this, the plague can keep the bodily tissues active far longer than is natural.

It is these feeding tubes which provide the two most striking features of the undead. First is the ever consuming hunger, especially for flesh, and second is the ability to continue moving after death. The plague cells are astoundingly active, with a high metabolic rate, and

so they need constant sustenance. The undead will eat anything and everything if they are hungry and desperate enough, even grass if it comes to it. Flesh, though, has everything they need to survive and thrive, and the most nutritious meal of all is human flesh.

After all, what single type of food contains all the nutrients that human flesh needs other than human flesh?

Since the plague cells provide nutrition to the surrounding tissues, if the host dies the plague will keep the body active even if not truly alive. The nutrition that the plague supplies to the host is not as effective or as quick as a human or animal's body can do itself. What it can do is keep the host at the bare minimum of life that is required to keep the host cells and tissues active. It is this minimal life support system which gives the Lifeless their stumbling, slow and palsy movements.

Sometimes the feeding tubes grow in completely opposite directions to the gastrointestinal tract and find themselves completely exiting the body. The skin is too tough a barrier for the fragile tubes to break through, but if there are exposed tissues, such as wounds, the feeding tubes will be exposed to the environment. This also happens around the soft tissues of the mouth and through the nostrils, eyes and other orifices.

The individual tubes are too small to see with the human eye, but their locations are obvious from the chemicals they produce to break down organic tissue, causing discolouration to the skin and tissues. This skin necrosis most often looks like blackened, splotchy spider webs reaching out from the feeding tubes.

As with the gut, the feeding tubes will attempt to release their dormant cells

(as explained below) through the skin. However, these cells cannot survive outside a nice, moist environment like the gut. Therefore, the feeding tubes will start to release the dormant cells just underneath the skin, forming boils filled with the dormant cells. These boils leak pus, and are surrounded by hardened, crusty skin.

## REPRODUCTIVE CYCLE

There is a purpose for every living thing on this planet, from the smallest virus to the largest whale. It just happens to be the same purpose for all of them: sex. To reproduce and multiply is the most basic and universal feature of life and the plague is no different. In fact, the scientists were counting on it to make sure the plague worked.

Much like plants and fungi, the plague reproduces and spreads in two distinct ways. Firstly through vegetative reproduction as the plague infects and spreads throughout a host. Secondly, through sexual (or rather asexual in its case) reproduction for spreading between hosts.

When the plague enters the host body (through any means) it plants itself inside the nearest tissue and immediately sends out its feeding tubes in all directions. At between 1 and 10 cm (depending on the tissue) if the feeding tube hasn't found another plague cell to connect with, it will create one. The new daughter cell will do two things once it has matured. It will first send an axon back snaking back towards its mother cell to connect with its mother's dendrite to form an electrical bond as part of the plague network. Then it will send out its own feeding tubes to start this process all over again. Through this method, the host will be infected from the top of his

# THE PLAGUE

head to the bottom of his feet.

Spreading through the brain is a little differently than other tissues, though, and requires a different approach. Surrounded by all those neurons and so much electrical potential, the plague cells can get a little confused about where they are. As with nearly everything else about the plague, even this is by the scientists' designs. At its core, each plague cell is built on a heavily modified human neuron. Distinguishing between one nerve cell and another is thus often too difficult for the plague cells. Rather than attaching its axons, dendrites and feeding tubes to each other, the plague cells often attach them to brain cells. This links the host's neurons to the plague network.

This overlap of conflicting electrical signals in the brain is the cause for the fever seen in the plague victims. It is the consequence of their brains try to comprehend the incomprehensible. Everything in nature eventually corrects its course if it has gone astray and the same is true for the plague. Once it starts struggling in the brain, it starts creating new plague cells every 50 to 500 micrometers rather than 1 to 10cm. This forms a dense network of plague cells towards the back of the skull. This creates somewhat of a secondary, more primitive brain inside the brain.

Once the plague has spread throughout the host, the second stage of reproduction begins. This is the one that the scientists didn't design, create or plan for. This is because standard laboratory procedure is to cull all animals used in experiments once that experiment has been completed. All their specimens were culled long before they could observe this second stage. It never occurred to the scientists to even go looking for this reproductive function

as they didn't design it, and so it must not have existed.

The plague cells' feeding tubes are special little things. They carry food from the gut to the plague cells, and then spread that food around the plague cells in the network, as well as to the surrounding tissues.

It's also their penis.

Once a feeding tube has broken through the gastrointestinal wall, it forms its haustorium to collect nutrients. When this happens, the plague cell on the tube's other end will go through its own little version of puberty and start dividing. It's not quite mitosis or meiosis as normal cells does it, but it's close. The nucleus of the cell, along with its other organelles (like the mitochondria, powerhouse of the cell) will divide, but won't form their own cell yet. Instead, the organelles will travel down the feeding tube, through the flow of nutrients heading for its mother cell, until they reach the haustorium.

Once there, the organelles will clump together at one side of the haustorium and then bud off with a piece of the cell membrane to form their own cell. These newly formed cells will then find themselves dispersed throughout the gastrointestinal tract all the way from mouth to anus. Here they will lay dormant until they enter an uninfected host. There will also always be dormant cells floating through the infected host's bloodstreams due to wounds the host has taken or because of malformed feeding tubes that sprouted their haustoria inside the blood vessels. This means that an infected host's blood is as dangerous to an uninfected person as the host's bite.

Dormant cells will never mature and send out feeding tubes if they enter another infected host. There is a

*All parts of an infected are dangerous, so keep its bits away.*

chemical signature to the plague cells, a type of pheromone, that act as a chemical blocker to dormant cells. Only when they find tissues not yet infected by the plague will they start their vegetative reproductive cycle.

This pheromone also follows the infected hosts around like a smell only they can sense. It is how the Plagued and Lifeless know which creatures around them are infected with the plague or not.

Transmission from an infected to uninfected host is perhaps the most straightforward of all these processes. The dormant cells require a moist environment in order to sustain themselves, and so will not survive outside a host body for very long. As such, the simplest and quickest method of transmission is through one of the infected hosts biting an uninfected host. As the infected are always consumed by a need for food, it becomes a matter of two birds and one stone. Any ingestion of infected meat or blood will also almost carry along with it dormant plague cells, and once inside the new host's gastrointestinal tract, infection is easier than ever.

## THE UNBORN

For every action there must be an equal and opposite reaction. It is a basic law of physics, but it applies to philosophy and dramatic irony just as much.

If you start messing around with nature, nature starts messing around with you as well.

Project Centribellum spanned well over a decade and was built on the shoulders of prior projects. Enough money was put into it to buy several small nations. The best researchers in their fields were assigned to it. Yet, more errors were

made there than at a poverty-stricken printing press. The fact that the most minor of these errors were that the plague can spread between hosts all by itself should indicate the gravity of the mistakes Centribellum made.

With the constant military pressure put on them and the tight deadlines they had to meet, corners had to be cut somewhere. This was most easily seen when it came to analysing the data and investigating further avenues of research. One of these avenues left untravelled were the potential effects of S1122-012v6 on pregnant animal specimens and their foetuses. Had they investigated this, they would have seen perhaps the most unnatural and horrific part of the organism's interaction with the host.

The researchers designed the plague to act as a secondary nervous system to take command of the host. It does its job reasonably well, all things considered, but things work a little different in foetuses.

In the seventh week of human pregnancy, a brain (or at least the early stages of what would be the brain) has just formed, with the rest of the nervous system on its way. By the end of the end of the second trimester, most the cells needed in the brain are already there, as well as the majority of the rest of the nervous system. It will take a human until their early twenties to have finished maturing their nervous system. However, by six months into a pregnancy the basis is already there.

If the plague infects the foetus before this six month mark, what comes out at birth simply is not human any more. The survivors in the post-apocalypse call them the Unborn, and they are the future.

The most striking feature of the

*The conflict between humankind and nature has only just begun.*

# THE PLAGUE

Unborn is their hairless skin. They don't have a single follicle of hair on their entire body; not on their heads, their faces, their eyelashes, nowhere on their skin. They are also untouched by the boils and blackened, spider-webbed discolouration left underneath the skin by the plague organisms' feeding tubes. It is a strange sight, especially when they are seen in packs, and their smooth, hairless skin is a symptom of their transformation by the plague.

When the infection occurs this early in fetal development, it doesn't become a secondary nervous system; it becomes the only one. If infected early enough in the foetus' life cycle, the plague will simply take up the space where the body's natural nervous system would have been. While it grows it will suppress the body's nervous system as it goes along. If the plague comes along a little later, but before the six months is up, it will spread as it does in a post-natal hosts. It's sheer growth rate, however, will overwhelm the foetus' nervous system, leaving it to wither and die.

The effects of a fully plague-controlled nervous system are many and varied, but other than the strange hair loss, these are mostly confined the brain. The plague was never meant to function as an entire brain and it doesn't quite excel at like a normal brain does. The Unborn are intelligent creatures, unlike the Plagued, but their intelligence is less than that of a four-year-old. They are incapable of higher, abstract thought and are in all senses of the word animalistic. They are closer in brainpower to chimpanzees and the other great apes than humans, and they are no less fearsome than these beasts.

With such limited intelligence, the Unborn are incapable of speech. Their vocal chords do remain intact, and they

have learnt to mimic sounds they hear much like a parrot. Unlike a parrot or the musical birds of the world, the Unborn's mimicry is a crude thing, but as they are (nominally) human their mimicry of human speech sounds almost natural. They use this to hunt other, uninfected, humans.

To humans, the plague is a parasite in our bodies, but to the Unborn the plague and them are one and the same.

## PASSIONS OF THE ID

The mere existence of the Unborn is an immensely troubling thought. For the first time in tens of thousands of years, there is a new type of human walking around on earth alongside us. Can we outlast this new competitor as we did all the rest, or will this new terror outlast us?

Unfortunately, there is a far more immediate horror to consider. The Unborn aren't only created through infection of a foetus, but also through conception.

The scientists of Project Centribellum had presumed that the only primal urges left in an infected host animal was hunger and thirst. They had come to this conclusion through careful observation and meticulous data keeping. They were wrong; there was a third primal urge. Due to their deadlines, the scientists never left their animal specimens alive long enough to discover it. The people living in the apocalypse, however, would know this urge all too well.

The urge to mate is native to all living things and it's what keeps evolution ticking along. That most primal of urges is not suppressed by the plague, although it may take some time to manifest. In the living Plagued humans the urge can manifest from the moment

the victim wakes up as one of the Plagued, all the way out to 15 months later for males and 24 months for females.

While the urge to mate exists within the Plagued's warped remnants of a brain, it is last on its list of priorities. To survive and to feed comes first, and thus only well sated Plagued will start looking for a mate. Unfortunately for the victims, few survive the ordeal of a Plagued's copulation. The Plagued are as violent and vicious with their sexual urges as with their appetites, but those who survive risk siring an Unborn.

Just as the plague cells' feeding tubes get lost in the bloodstreams and tissues of a host on their way to the gastrointestinal tract, some will get lost further south. Some will invariably find their way down to the fallopian tubes and ovaries of females, and to the seminiferous tubules and testes of males. The haustoria in these genital feeding tubes will release their dormant cells thinking themselves to be in the gut.

These dormant cells, insignificantly small as they are, will attach themselves to any sperm and ovum they can find. The dormant cells will not recognise these as host cells. This is because sperm and ova only carry half the host's DNA and are carried along in special secretions which dilute and diminish the effectiveness of the plague cells' pheromones.

When sperm and ovum meet, the dormant cells are carried along, sticking to the newly formed zygote. Here they wait for it to turn into an embryo and then a foetus, waiting for there to be enough tissue to infect. Then it will spread vegetatively as normal. This time, however, it will completely supplant the foetus' native nervous system, creating

an Unborn from the ground up.

When the Unborn mature into teenagers and go through a mockery of puberty, they too have urges that must be sated. As filled to the brim with the plague as they are, it should come as no surprise that their offspring will be Unborn as well, whether the other parent in that equation is Unborn or not, willing or not.

## THE UNKNOWABLE HELL

If it were given enough time, Project Centribellum could very well have succeeded in its task to create a bioweapon capable of ending war. Or at the very least, it could have fixed the issues with S1122-012v6. The world would rue the fact that it didn't.

The scientists only ever had one human subject injected with the plague and the outcome was disastrous. The victim had to be put down with a bullet to the brain, making any post-experimental brain scans and neural observations frustratingly unnecessary. The scientists had to make due with their animal models and extrapolate from there, hoping that these would be enough. Their extrapolations were incorrect, and it wasn't enough.

When the plague spreads through a host's brain, it does two vital tasks to ensure that the host comes under its complete control. The first task is quite accidental. As mentioned earlier, the plague cells misidentify the host's normal brain cells and connect with them as if they are plague cells. This causes the tell-tale fever, but it also allows the plague to use certain sections of the brain to its advantage. The most important of these areas are those responsible for movement and the senses.

The second, and more vital, task

*Is a human who carries the dead within them a friend or foe?*

# THE PLAGUE

is the intended task the plague was designed for. As the plague forms certain connections, it intercepts some and halts others. One area in particular is targeted: the forebrain. This area of the brain controls abstract reasoning, higher thought, personality, and everything else that makes a person a person. After the plague has completely infected the brain and the fever has passed, all it needs to take control is for the host to go to sleep and enter REM sleep. As the brain unconsciously dreams and processes, the plague takes control and the host wakes up as one of the Plagued.

All of this is exactly as Project Centribellum intended it to be. The separation between fore and hind brain would in theory allow the military to bypass a victim's reasoning centre to directly control them. In reality, this is why the Plagued seem to have lost all humanity and become ravaging beasts.

What the scientists could never have known with their animal models is that the plague only ever intercepts impulses from the forebrain. It never intercepts messages going towards it. Even after a host's initial death, the plague will keep the forebrain alive, just barely, as it does the rest of the body. Everything a host would normally experience, it still does so while infected. The only difference is that now the host has lost all control.

From the moment the host wakes up as one of the Plagued, they become a prisoner in their own body. They are conscious and aware of everything as any normal person would be. They know what happens around them, to them, and all the horrible things they do, but they are unable to stop themselves doing anything. The host will never gain control back over their body. Just as they can't stop themselves from harming others, they also can't stop

themselves watching, hearing, tasting, and experiencing their own hell on earth.

After death, with the little nutrition available to the brain, the host enters a dreamlike state as one of the Lifeless. More accurately, however, this is an unending nightmare. Not fully conscious, but also not asleep, the host dreams away their afterlife as a ravaging, wrathful, ever consuming monster.

Perhaps the worst tragedy of all this is that no one knows about it, and no one ever will. The scientists working on S1122-012v6 never had the chance to investigate it, and the survivors of the apocalypse have neither the technology nor inclination to do so. The undead are to be feared, hated and killed. To the survivors, the host dies when they become infected, it is as simple as that.

And the infected undead can not tell anyone. Locked away inside their own minds, forced to watch and taste as they tear into their loved ones, the host is unable to communicate to anyone. Not a word, a gesture, or even a wink will ever escape the undead to show that there is still someone alive inside.

## THE INFERNAL HOSTS

Those infected with the plague come in four varieties, regardless of whether they are human or animal. The first are the Plagued, those that remain alive, fresh and full of fury. Then there are the Lifeless, those that have died but refused to stay dead. A more rare sight are the Vents, the Lifeless that have finally given up on this world and have become nothing more than spore producing factories. Lastly, and rarer still are the Scourged, walking Vents that exist only to spread the plague and cause terror to the few remaining uninfected humans.



*A red sheet won't save you from this charging beast.*

## ANIMALIA CORPUS

There is a distinct difference between the behaviour of infected human hosts and other mammalian hosts. As a rule, infected animal hosts are not inherently violent, although this may not always be the case. The scientists of the Project Centribellum tested the organism only on a handful of animals, but in the world after the apocalypse, all mammals are susceptible to the plague. Non-mammalian animals are immune to the plague but this is more through luck than design. That won't, however, stop them from becoming prey to the human and mammalian Plagued.

Infected animal hosts are normally docile creatures. Unless given direct and understandable commands, the Plagued animals will remain motionless until such a time as they become hungry, thirsty, or in heat. Whatever it is within S1122-012v6 that causes the rage and unending hunger in humans seem to have no effect on animals. Perhaps it is

because the plague is based on human nerve cells, and not those of lower animals. Hunger will eventually drive an infected animal to violence and it will see anything moving as a food source. Even herbivorous animals will hunger after the flesh of others instead of eating plants.

If there is nothing moving around a hungry and infected animal, it will look at anything for sustenance. Grass, bark from trees, anything to keep the plague inside it alive.

What is curious about infected animals is that they will obey any command given without hesitation. As the S1122-012v6 organisms themselves are, clearly, incapable of understanding speech, the commands that an infected animal will follow are only those that it has been trained to follow. An untrained animal, infected or not, can't obey a command it does not understand. It is possible to train an infected animal, but this does take much longer than training uninfected animals, and is far more dangerous.

# THE PLAGUE

One behaviour common to all types of infected hosts is their peculiar tendency to sniff when they see another creature. This can be seen in both humans and animal hosts, alive or not. One can see this behaviour all the way from Plagued mice straight through the Scourged human hosts.

The infected hosts all keep the senses they have before they became infected, and like all predators they use these to find their prey. At significant distances the hosts use their senses of sight and hearing to find prey.

With sight

alone they find each other more often than they do uninfected prey. To differentiate between the infected and uninfected, they sniff.

The pheromones that the plague releases are odourless to uninfected humans. To the organisms inside the infected hosts these chemical traces of other plague cells will stop the hosts attacking one another. Those infected hosts that have lost their noses, lungs or ability to smell can often

be seen tasting the air to see if the pheromone is present.

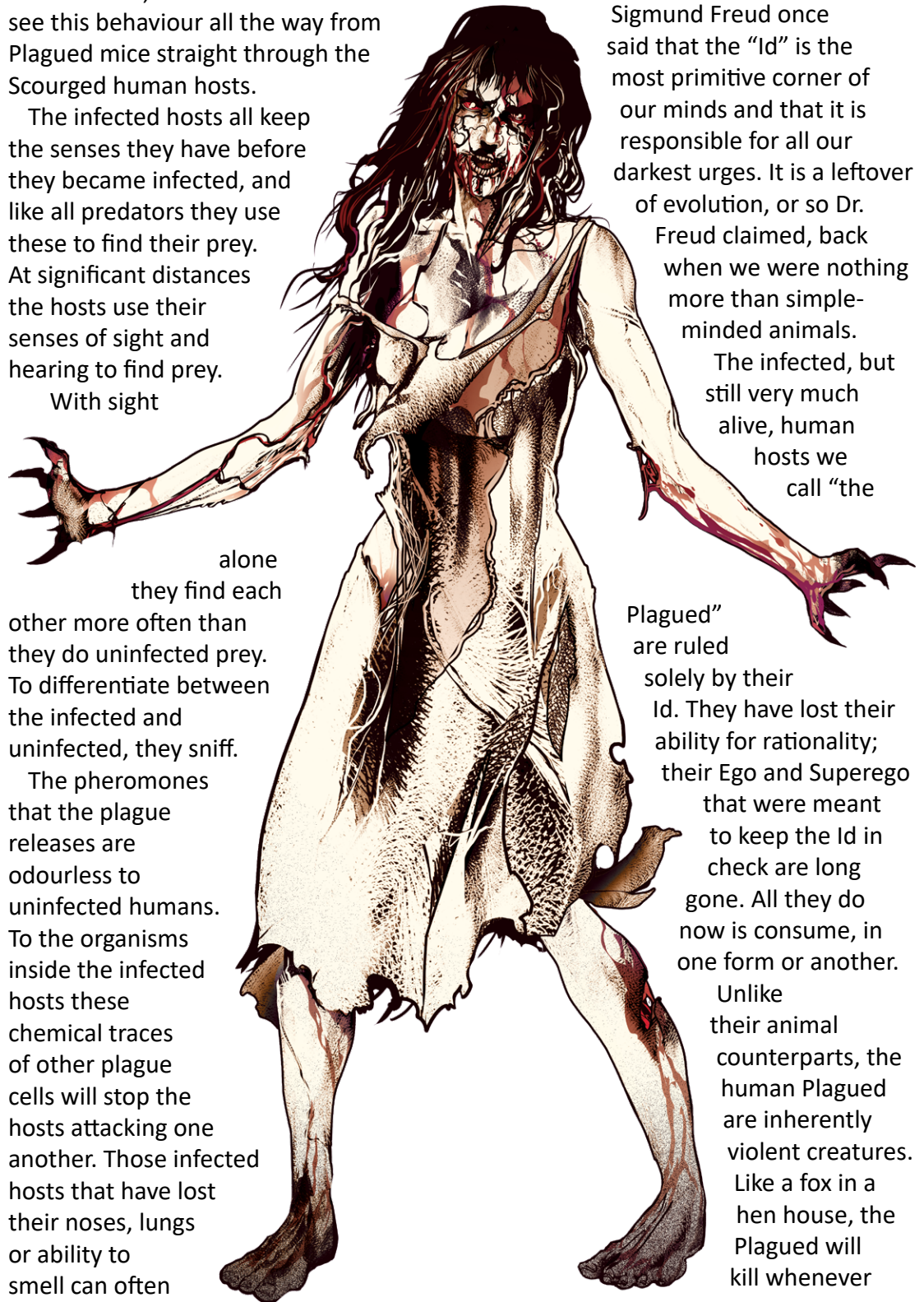
## THE PLAGUED

Sigmund Freud once said that the "Id" is the most primitive corner of our minds and that it is responsible for all our darkest urges. It is a leftover of evolution, or so Dr. Freud claimed, back when we were nothing more than simple-minded animals.

The infected, but still very much alive, human hosts we call "the

Plagued" are ruled solely by their Id. They have lost their ability for rationality; their Ego and Superego that were meant to keep the Id in check are long gone. All they do now is consume, in one form or another.

Unlike their animal counterparts, the human Plagued are inherently violent creatures. Like a fox in a hen house, the Plagued will kill whenever



possible. Even when their seemingly insatiable appetites have been filled, they will continue to kill uninfected living creatures as if their survival depend upon it. They only time when they will refrain from killing an uninfected human is when the Plagued host is “in heat” and finds the soon-to-be victim a “suitable” mate.

While all higher brain functions have been cut off, there are still some vague recollections and muscle memory that remain. This means that the Plagued still know what things are, even if they do not know that they know, or what to do with this knowledge. They know what a door is and that it is an entrance and an exit. They know what a car is and that it can move quickly with people inside. They know that windows are easier to break through than doors and walls.

Anything more complex than this has disappeared. While they know what a car is, they do not know how to operate it, or even how to open the door. It is the same with any machinery or electronics. They may know that a big red, cross on a large white building has something to do with human bodies, but they will not remember it is called a hospital or even what medicines are. It is only the most basic of basic things in the world, the things we take for granted, which they can comprehend. In this way they are very much the same as animals.

This elementary and primitive understanding of the world extends to the way the Plagued interact with the world. They know that smaller things are easier to kill than larger things. They know that if their soon-to-be victim doesn't realise the Plagued host is there, they can get closer before having to spring their trap. They even know that hitting someone with something is better than using their fists, and will often pick

up anything nearby as a makeshift club.

While the Plagued are aware of ambushes, picking weak targets, and using tools, they are far more likely to rush at a victim at a full sprint while screaming at the top of their lungs. This is because the conscious mind of a Plagued host is a chaotic whirlpool of fleeting thoughts rushing through their minds in an instance only to disappear the next moment. Because of this, the Plagued have also lost nearly all fine motor skills and the inclination to use them. Window latches, door handles, pens and pencils; these are all things the Plagued would never even think to use.

They may have become monsters, but the Plagued are still very much human in many regards. Their muscles are only as strong as they were before the infection, but what they can do with these muscles have changed. Our minds impose limits on our bodies to prevent us from unintentionally hurting ourselves. Our muscles never work to their full capacity because they would pull and tear and break. The Plagued have none of these concerns. Their muscles work at 100% capacity all the time. They can break through doors and lift small cars because the limiters in their brains have been turned off by the plague. They do all this while not knowing or caring what happens to their overworked and overstressed muscles.

The infection has also removed the Plagued's sense of pain. Even though they do scream incoherently as often as they can, this isn't out of pain, but is just animalistic vocalisation. They can still feel touch, heat, cold and all the rest, but they show no reaction to pain. A feather drawn across their skin elicits the same response as a dragging a hot iron across the skin.

This does, however, leave all Plagued

*With no sense of pain they will push themselves till the body breaks.*

# THE PLAGUE

with a time limit on their lives. The older they become, the more tears and strains and breaks they accumulate. Each wound they suffer will be added to their collection until the day comes when the poor sods simply can't carry on any more, and succumb to their various injuries. Soon, though, they will rise again as one of the Lifeless.

## THE LIFELESS

Those Plagued who have shuffled off the mortal coil, but whose hind brain remains mostly intact, are called the Lifeless. The post-apocalyptic survivors call them this because to all outside appearances, they are quite dead. There is no pulse, no heartbeat, no breathing, no blood flowing through the veins. All bodily functions we associate with a sign of life have stopped... except of course for the fact that the Lifeless are still up and about, moving around and intent on killing and eating anything that moves.

When a host body dies, the plague organism does not die with it. The network of organisms inside the dead or dying host still need to stay alive, and they will do their very best to ensure their survival. This means ensuring the survival of the host itself. There is no conscious decision on the plague organisms to keep the host "alive", it is merely a chemical response to its changing environment.

The feeding tubes that the plague organisms spread throughout the body are the key to this necromantic process. The tubes take nutrients from the host to itself, and through its network, but they can also send those nutrients back to the host. In this way the network of organisms can send nutrients such as proteins, energy and even oxygen back to the host to keep it active. The

organisms get these life-preserving nutrients from the gastrointestinal system, just as in the Plagued hosts. This is the reason that the Lifeless continue on their eternal quest to consume as much as possible.

This does not mean that the Lifeless are truly "alive". The plague network merely keeps the muscle and nerve cells at the bare minimum they need to function. As long as the nerve cells transmit bio-electrical signals and the muscles respond to these, the Lifeless can eat and consume. As long as the Lifeless eat and consume, the network of plague organisms can be fed and continue their own existence.

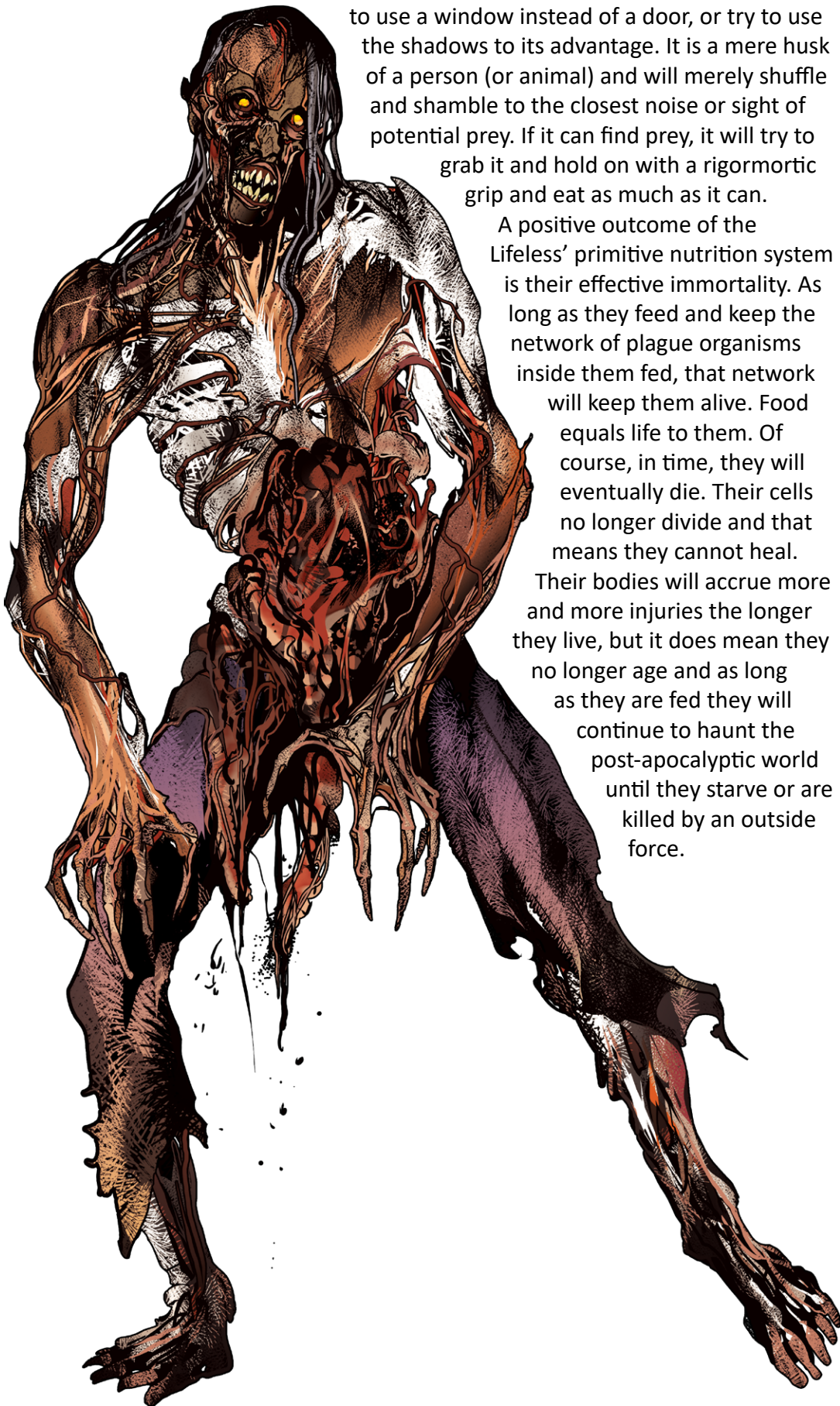
There are some significant side effects to this means of undead life-extension. Just as the cells are given the least amount of nutrients needed to stay alive, so the tissues and muscles can only work at a bare minimum level. The Plagued hosts are quick, fast and strong, but the Lifeless are anything but that. They shuffle and shamle around, their legs working as hard as they can with what little they have. Their slow actions (and reactions to the environment) are a direct cause of the lack of nutrition and care their cells receive.

It isn't only their speed which suffers, but their dexterity and deftness as well. The nutrition provided by the plague network is neither uniformly spread through all tissues nor is it reliably constant. This has led the Lifeless to lose nearly all small motor skills due to the sporadic firing of nerve cells in their hands and arms, as well as only certain parts of their brains working "efficiently" at any one time.

As such, no one will ever see the Lifeless picking up, holding, and using objects as many would see the Plagued do. No survivor would see a Lifeless try

*Don't let the shuffle of the dead fool you, lest you become them.*

# THE PLAGUE



to use a window instead of a door, or try to use the shadows to its advantage. It is a mere husk of a person (or animal) and will merely shuffle and shamble to the closest noise or sight of potential prey. If it can find prey, it will try to grab it and hold on with a rigormortic grip and eat as much as it can.

A positive outcome of the Lifeless' primitive nutrition system is their effective immortality. As long as they feed and keep the network of plague organisms inside them fed, that network will keep them alive. Food equals life to them. Of course, in time, they will eventually die. Their cells no longer divide and that means they cannot heal.

Their bodies will accrue more and more injuries the longer they live, but it does mean they no longer age and as long as they are fed they will continue to haunt the post-apocalyptic world until they starve or are killed by an outside force.

# THE PLAGUE

## THE VENTS

Given enough time, the Centribellum researchers would eventually have figured out all of S1122-012v6's lethal and world ending flaws. Given enough time, the researchers would have created the perfect PSYOPS tool. Given enough time, many things could and would and should have happened.

But there wasn't enough time.

The Centribellum scientists were overworked, overstressed and over-micro-managed. In the grand sense of it all, they underperformed.

There was so much about the infection and the plague organism that they missed. From the rabid feeding behaviour, to the urge to mate and create Unborn, to the fact that the host's mind is always aware of what is going on. What they also missed, and what would haunt the world forever more, is the process that creates Vents.

The researchers had believed that by creating an artificial organism mostly from scratch that it would only display the behaviours and processes they had built into it. They were wrong, of course. They stole bits and pieces from other organisms and cobbled these together to form their own Frankenstein's monster. Regrettably, these pieces brought with them biological baggage that no one could erase. This baggage would not be seen for months, if not years after the world came to an end.

Eventually all Lifeless will die in the truest sense of the word, as will all the Plagued hosts. They may fall prey to the elements, their own clumsiness or by the murderous hand of survivors. Whatever the case may be, they will die. The network of plague organisms within them, however, won't always die with them, just as how they don't die

when a Plagued host dies of (somewhat) natural causes. If the plague organisms cannot revive the host, they will seek to continue living without the host.

Unfortunately for them, the host is crucial to the plague organism's success as it was designed for a host. Without the host moving around and feeding, the organism cannot gain nutrients. This simple fact will mean that the vast majority of organisms will die with their hosts. Nonetheless, evolution is a fickle mistress and a one in a million chance does happen once every million times. With billions of plague networks, each with the smallest variations in their DNA, that one in a million chance will set the course for the next world.

Through luck and the right mutations on their DNA, some networks of plague organisms will not die when their hosts finally meet their ends. Instead, these plagued networks will continue to grow, searching out fresh food and new life. As they expand and ultimately grow out of their hosts, they will use their hosts as food much like a new plant uses its seed.

If the plague organisms can find a source of food outside their host, they will live, and some will even thrive.

As they spread out from their host, they will resemble the ragged and blackened spider webs seen on the skin of infected hosts, except here it will be across whatever surface they grow on. While they extend out further and further, their reproductive processes will not stop and will continue to create spores.

On a still-moving host, a survivor would see the crusted boils around any injury the host has and around all the soft tissues. Boils which would occasionally burst to release spores. This process doesn't stop, and the fallen hosts will become totally covered by pus and spore

*The Ravagers learnt the dangers of the vents the hard way:*  
Page 107

filled boils as the corpse rots and exposes fresh soft tissue to the environment. As these boils burst and release their spores, the rotting flesh around them will become crusted and hard with pus and other bodily fluids.

And so the cycle will repeat for as long as the plague organisms have nutrients.

Eventually the body will disappear under a layer of crusted spores, pus and boils, looking like a small, diseased coral reef. Over time, the network of plague organisms will spread throughout these crusted layers, seeking fresh air to produce more spore filled boils. As such, over the weeks, months and years that pass the long rotten corpse will have become replaced by dozens of hard and crusted towers. These towers will periodically spew forth spores into the air, and drip pus and fluid down their sides to grow the towers. Like deadly limestone stalactites, they will slowly grow as time goes by.

In the post-apocalyptic world, these corrupted coral reefs with their collections of spore towers are called Vents and are avoided at all cost. The air around them are full of drifting spores, waiting for a survivor to walk through them and breathe them in.

Some Vents last mere days or weeks, as the microscopic tendrils that spread out from them find no fresh source of nutrition. Others, however, last years, decades and even centuries. These long-lived Vents were fortunate enough that their hosts fell in lush terrain such in parks, farms grocery stores, markets, and the like. As the years roll by after the apocalypse and plant life reclaims the cities where most of the undead would always be, the cities will become havens for the Vents. Not long after, entire cityscapes will be covered in a fog of spores.

## THE SCOURGED

These evolved, corrupted coral reefs made of dried pus, spores and hardened flesh do not only arise on the hosts that finally meet their end. Very rarely these vent-like structures will start growing on the living Plagued if they manage to survive long enough.

The Plagued hosts are immediately recognisable by their behaviour and their untreated injuries. Even without these, you could tell a Plagued by the boils around their mouths, noses, eyes, ears and other orifices, and the black, spiderweb-like veins running from these boils just underneath their skin. This is the tell-tale sign of the plague, but it is also the precursor to both the Vents and the Scourged.

In the case of the Vents, these boils multiply and grow only after the host's final death. In the Scourged, this deathly and exponential growth can occur while they are still very much alive. As with the Vents, the boils on the Scourged have grown, erupted and formed their flaky, hardened, volcanic like pillars to better release the spores. This process will continue much like with the vents, for as long as the host is alive and active. These pillars will grow across the Scourged's body until the host resembles a walking, diseased coral reef.

The Scourged are as deadly as they are rare. Well over 99% of Plagued hosts will never "evolve" into the Scourged. The boils on these "normal" Plagued will continue to rest at or under the skin, spreading only where injuries to the host's body has exposed soft tissue to the elements. These boils will rarely burst, and never with any great force, certainly not enough to propel them far into the air. The only thing the Plagued's boils will be a danger to is anyone

# THE PLAGUE

coming into direct contact with the host.

It is the less than 1% of Plagued that will become a terror to those living after the end of the world. It is in these 1% that the pillars and vent-like structures will form. In both the Vents and the Scourged, the spores and liquid produced in these structures build up pressure before erupting. This propels the spores far into the surrounding air, enough that the wind may catch a few spores and spread the

infection even further afield.

For the survivors in the post-apocalypse, this isn't a quite a concern when it comes to Vents. Once a Vent is discovered, it is quite simple to avoid the area altogether. You may lose access to an area and the resources it contains, but you will live. The Scourged cannot be avoided so easily. They are still alive (as all Plagued are) and that means they can move. The pillars and toxic "volcanoes" jutting out from their bodies



have slowed them down considerably and reduced their agility, but they can still walk and that is the frightening part.

Wherever a Scourged goes, a cloud of spores follow. Thus, any mammal in the wake of a Scourged has a high chance of becoming infected. It also means that the trail of a Scourged is nearly uninhabitable until you can be 100% sure that there are no more spores left in the area. They are walking natural disasters to be avoided at all costs. Many an encampment and community have uprooted themselves when they saw a Scourged coming their way, never to return.

While a Scourged can most easily be summed up as “a walking Vent”, unlike the Vents, the Scourged are alive. They still require everything a living person (or at least a Plagued) needs to stay alive. This leads to its greatest weakness. A Scourged is (depending on how grand its coral, volcanic like structures have grown) only a little more dexterous than a Lifeless. While it may scream and howl like a Plagued, it will only shuffle after you, grasping with trembling limbs. Therefore, the best way to kill a Scourged is to starve it to death.

A dead Scourged will attempt to rise as Lifeless, but in such a state it is even less mobile and dexterous than it was before. Soon enough it will be unable to get any food to keep itself going. The eventual fate of all Scourged, given enough time, is to become a Vent. It is a pyrrhic victory for the uninfected survivors, as they are simply changing a greater evil into a lesser one, but once the world has ended, a lesser evil is often the best you can hope for.

One thing to remember about the Scourged (and by association the Vents) that many in the post-apocalypse will forget is that all mammals are vulnerable

to the plague. Many survivors will not live long enough to regret remembering this. Just like how all mammals can become Plagued and Lifeless and Unborn, so too can the less than 1% of these become Scourged and Vents. In the post-apocalyptic future, you won't just have to worry about Scourged humans, but Scourged cats and rats and dogs and wolves and bears, and so many more.

## THE UNBORN

The Unborn are the result of the unholy unions between infected and uninfected hosts. They are abominations to nature that should never have arisen, and the pain and heartache that precedes their birth is best not imagined. However, they are here and there is no sign of them ever leaving the earth again.

At its simplest and most reductive, the Unborn can be called “smart zombies”, but they are so much more and so much less than that. They are born already infected with the Plague and it has become as much a part of them as the rest of their tissues. In fact, there is no way to say where the host begins and the plague ends. As such, there are a few things that makes the Unborn different to the other infected hosts.

Unlike the other hosts, the Unborn do not normally carry the boils and blackened, spider web like veins under their skin. These only show up when one of two things happen. Firstly, you can see the boils and black veins in and around any injuries on an Unborn, but these will vanish as the injuries heal. Secondly, and much more rarely, the boils and veins will spread across the Unborn when the unlucky Unborn start its process to becoming a Scourged.

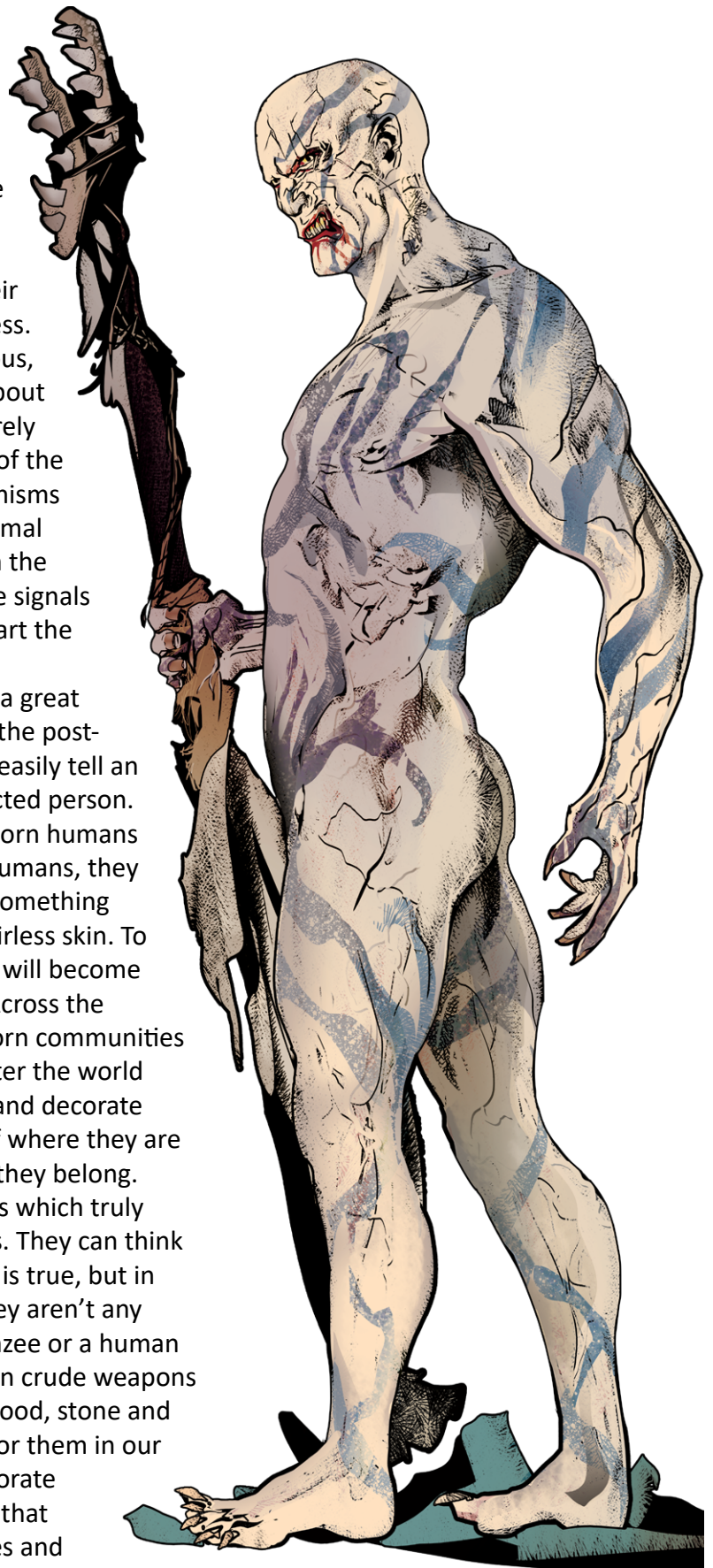
*Never trust the hissing voices in the dark, there the Unborn live...*

# THE PLAGUE

This lack of blatant corruption does little to make them appear normal, as the hallmark of an Unborn is its hairless skin. There is not a single hair on its entire body; from the head to the feet their skin is completely hairless. There is nothing nefarious, biologically speaking, about the lack of hair. It is merely a distinctive side effect of the network of plague organisms usurping the body's normal nervous system while in the womb, and stopping the signals that would ordinarily start the hair growth cycle.

It has, however, been a great help to the survivors in the post-apocalypse as they can easily tell an Unborn from an uninfected person. While the brains of Unborn humans are less complex than humans, they too know that there is something different about their hairless skin. To their simple minds, this will become key to their identities. Across the world, the various Unborn communities that would spring up after the world ends will crudely paint and decorate their bodies to show off where they are from and to what tribe they belong.

It is their simple brains which truly sets them apart from us. They can think and process, that much is true, but in terms of intelligence they aren't any smarter than a chimpanzee or a human toddler. They can fashion crude weapons for themselves out of wood, stone and whatever we have left for them in our cities; and they can decorate themselves to a degree that we could tell the families and



tribes apart. They can also create the most rudimentary of structures inside the great buildings in our cities to live. All this, however, is the extent of their civilisation.

Hunting, on the other hand, is where they excel. In hunting, the Unborn are much like chimpanzees. They often hunt in gangs, they organise their tactics and strategies together, and they even form hierarchies amongst their hunting packs. This is what makes them so dangerous. Because they are already infected they are unaffected by the Vents and Scourged. In return, they show little interest in these infected hosts. That allows them to focus completely on hunting uninfected animals and humans, something their prey cannot do.

Much like the stereotypical portrayal of Neanderthals, the Unborn are skilful practitioners in the art of the ambush. They either wait for prey to come to them, or they will herd prey towards another pack of theirs waiting to spring their trap. They do this best by being able to mimic nearly any sound they hear. They still have vocal chords, but they lack the brainpower to speak properly and coherently. Instead, what they do is mimic sounds they hear like a parrot. They can't understand what they are saying, but they can see that certain sounds have certain effects on their prey. So a survivor might hear a child cry for help from its mother only to find a pack of Unborn waiting to strike.

Among all the mammals that will eventually give rise to them, the survivors of the post-apocalypse will see the human Unborn last. This will be no relief as they will be the most dangerous. The Unborn rodents will be born only weeks into the apocalypse, with Unborn cats and dogs soon after. The first Unborn human will only be

born after nine months have passed. As with human Unborn, the lesser Unborn mammals will have underdeveloped brains compared to their uninfected counterparts, and this will make "dumb" animals even "dumber". These Unborn mammals will survive despite this, mostly around the Unborn humans.

As the uninfected mammals disappear one by one while the Unborn mammals grow under the care of the Unborn humans, the world's mammal population will slowly but surely become less intelligent and less hairy.



# NEW GENESIS



# A NEW BEGINNING

## DAWN OF A NEW WORLD

The bright orange light of a fire bathed the vine covered walls as Dawn sipped at the warm broth her Grandfather had prepared.

"Don't burn your mouth again, let it cool," he advised as the much older man slumped next to the fireplace, warming his near white fingertips. The two huddled closer to the flame as the winter wind sneaked through cracks and broken windows, stirring leaves and causing a rattling sound that struck fear into the young girl.

"It's the breath of the wind, settle yourself. They won't come for us during the day," he reassured. Dawn's eyes still stayed alert, searching the shadows of the long abandoned coffee house.

The interior flowed into the outside, offering little shelter for the two, but they would not dare stray into the towering structures that surrounded them. The coffee house held the remains of a fireplace, making the ruin comfortable enough to stop for a quick meal and a chance to warm their bones before continuing.

"This is our way, young lady. The proving is never easy, but it is a part of growing, and without it more of the world's knowledge will decay. You don't want us to be like all the others do you, hmm? Squabbling in the dirt?" he lectured as he picked himself up from the fire with a groan.

"I know, and I will. You don't need to follow me. I can do this on my own and, like you said, the Nomen won't come out during the day. I have time," she leant in and kissed the old man on the cheek

before picking up her belongings.

"Be forever wary, the cities are no place for Keepers," he whispered as Dawn walked through what remained of the store-front.

Covered in flowing grasses, the roads moved with the winds passing through tight streets. It was near midday and the sun shone brightly all the way down to where Dawn walked. She stepped with speed and care through the grasses, wary of traps or snares hidden among them. The only shadows that were cast were those of the rope walkways that stretched from building to building, and the street held an eerie silence. Even the rusted hulks of countless cars now covered by green remained silent, and Dawn held her breath as she stopped in place. She wore buckskin clothing with a cloak of grasses not unlike those on the road, and to the human eye she was near invisible. However, Dawn felt the eyes upon her, watchers in the shadowy towers to either side of her. Preoccupied with searching those shadows she didn't notice the wind changing direction. Not until she saw small particles drifting towards her from further up the road.

Spores from some distant source were being carried by the wind and Dawn scrambled to reach an object dangling from her neck. She held her breath and shut her eyes tight as she struggled to fit the old rubber mask in place. With a deep breath she opened her eyes and sighed. She hated the gas masks, but knew without it she would be just another of the undying. Dawn continued moving forward, staying low in the grass when she heard a rattling sound ahead. Her breath caught in her throat and

*Cities are covered in spores. Without face protection, you won't last long.*

# NEW GENESIS

## LORE

*Scourge are death made manifest. Find the evil on Page 173.*

her chest tightened in panic. There was something ahead of her. From behind the rusted remains of a bus emerged a shambling man. Naked but for the paint covering his body in a tribalistic fashion. Shimmering discs of reflected light hung from around his neck. This man, this thing was the source of the spores. He was one of the Scourged. All over his body were what seemed to be purposely inflicted wounds, lacerations that built into crusted mounds producing the foul air that now surrounded them both. It was yet to see Dawn, but she could sense the anticipation of the watchers, the hushed whispers carried on the wind from the shadows. From under her cloak she drew an ornately carved wooden bow and nocked an arrow. She drew the string back and held her sights on the creature shambling towards her. With a quick prayer to Newton she let the arrow fly, and fly it did hitting her mark in the corner of its eye. As the painted creature fell backwards the street erupted in screams of outrage and anger. Thrown from above, rocks and sharpened sticks cascaded down and Dawn began to sprint as fast as she could. Past the body of the downed creature, the bus and further down the street she fled as far as her lungs could take her.

She had left the screams and shouts behind her by the time she had reached her goal. The massive stone building wasn't as tall as the towers of glass and steel around her, but it stood proud among the vines and trees that attempted to strangle it. Two giant stone lions flanked her on either side and the pillars of a once great center of knowledge greeted her. The stone still proudly read "The New York Public Library". It was here her people made pilgrimage to in their fourteenth year. Named the proving, the practice

required a Keeper to travel into the heart of Noman's Land to bring back knowledge for her people. Knowledge that she would come to memorize and teach to her kin deep in the forests. Mould and damp had destroyed many of the tomes of knowledge the stone building held, but even after one hundred and fifty years some still remained.

The enormous hall was well lit with sunlight creeping in through the long broken windows. Towering above her breathtaking murals on the ceiling were barely visible through the vines that wound across its surface. Dawn knew to look for them, she had heard all the stories of this place growing up and now finally she was witnessing it with her own eyes. The marvel of the place was still palpable through the years of decay and neglect. While she would love nothing more than to stand and admire the giant hall she was here with a purpose. Dawn scurried to the towering bookshelves that lined the walls and began searching. She knew where to look to stand the best chance of finding a book intact, somewhere out of the sun, with good airflow and... there! There it was. "On the Origin of Species" by Charles Darwin. She snatched the book from the shelf, wrapping it in deer hide and adding it to a pouch under her cloak. There was still so much more here that she wanted to know, that she wanted to bring back with her. However, Dawn knew better than to fall to greed, and began to leave the breathtaking hall behind, allowing her eyes to linger on the murals above for a moment longer.

"Dawn!" The shout startled her and she ran from the hall to the towering entrance to find her Grandfather heaving for air.

"S-s-storms rolling in fast! Dark s-s-

skies," he stammered as he sucked in air.

"It wasn't meant to hit here!" she exclaimed as she looked out past the towers to the dark clouds quickly approaching the sun and them.

"We...need... to leave now," he gasped.

"I know that!" Dawn replied in frustration as the cold wind began to pick up force, throwing leaves and loose grasses into the air.

"It's a s-s-straight path down 41st to the canoe. Don't let me slow you down," he said finally catching his breath.

"You won't! I'll drag you if I have to!" Dawn shouted as she helped the old man down the stone steps. At least she knew that no traps had been laid as the two began to run, following the path that Dawn had already tread. Dawn ran behind her Grandfather and could hear the man heaving as cold winds chased them, and the growing shadow of the storm approached their heels. Icy rain began to fall around them and the light shining down on 41st street was slowly swallowed by the storm. By the time the shadow had caught them, the two were halfway to the East River and the old man's pace had slowed. He gripped his side forcing himself on as best he could.

"Give me your pack!" Dawn yelled as she attempted to remove any encumbrance from her Grandfather. The man didn't protest but his eyes continued to dart across the many walkways that stretched high above them.

"The Nomen, they..."

"I know!" Dawn interrupted as she struggled to pull the larger pack onto her shoulders. Above them strange inhuman calls could be heard and they now saw pale figures on the walkways above.

Their feet pounded against what remained of the asphalt, occasionally kicking the long dead remains of their

ancestors aside. They could see the river now, but guttural screams and calls from behind them were growing ever closer. Dawn spun her head behind to see the Nomen approaching with speed, leaping with ease over the rusted remains that littered the streets. These pale painted creatures had once been the Unborn that had dwelt in the sewers. Now they ruled the cities and hunted Dawn and her people. Her stomach lurched at the sight of their sharpened nails and teeth, but her terror was interrupted by a shout ahead of her.

"No, no, no, no!" her Grandfather uttered. 41st street had reached an abrupt end with towers on either side and a five story drop down to 1st Avenue with another 200 metres to the river. The old man looked down from the iron barrier.

"There's no way down, we were meant to turn," he said with disbelief.

"There's always a way!" Dawn shouted as she quickly dropped her Grandfather's pack to the floor and rummaged through it, revealing a red metallic can. She unscrewed the lid and poured the black contents in a semicircle on the grass surrounding them. The older man saw her intention and pulled a small steel stick from his trousers and began to scrape at it with his knife. With only small droplets of rain hitting the ground the grasses had remained dry. With the strike of his knife sparks leapt forth from the old man's hands and a wall of fire spread around the two as the Nomen finally reached them.

As the fire grew fiercer more of the Nomen arrived. Men, women and children surrounded the two Keepers standing at the edge of the blazing flames. Sharpened teeth glinted in the firelight. The darkness of the storm was complete and sun was only barely visible.



# NEW GENESIS

## LORE

*The Unborn rule the world, but how do they work? Page 175.*

The heat of the fire was becoming more noticeable as it slowly burnt its way towards Dawn and her grandfather. One of the largest Nomen let out an inhuman laugh as the other joined him.

"Yis is ow whey oung ledey" it mimicked the words of her Grandfather as it tilted its head towards Dawn searching for a response.

"Heahs no ay doan" it hissed stepping towards the fire. Dawn pressed her back against the railing as the fire drew nearer. The drop was too far, but the idea of being eaten alive made the drop much more appealing. She searched for options, deciding that a tree beneath would be the best chance to break their fall.

"You go, I'll hold them here," the old man said brandishing his knife.

"No, you don't get to take the easy way out. We are jumping together," Dawn whispered to him beneath her breath. They held each other's gaze for a moment before snarls and barks broke their focus. A pack of unborn dogs had been brought to the front of the growing crowd. The largest Noman pounded his chest and the leads holding the snarling creatures back were released. The feral hairless dogs rushed towards the flames howling in excitement.

"Now!" Dawn screamed as she rolled back off the railing, falling towards the large tree beneath her. Falling, she was unable to see her Grandfather, and barely had the time to register the thought before the limbs of the tree bashed against her. Spinning about, she reached out to the leaves, grabbing in every direction as her arms slapped from branch to branch. Finally, with a jarring motion her hand found purchase, bringing her to a stop.

Everything ached, but she didn't have time to think of her injuries as her eyes

caught of sight of her Grandfather. He struggled to stand near the base of the tree below her.

"G-g-go," he spoke weakly as Dawn dropped to the ground.

"Not negotiating!" she asserted as she began to drag the old man by his buckskin collar. The two could hear something crashing down in the canopy above them. He screamed in pain as his legs bounced along the uneven ground. Dawn strained with all her might as her Grandfather began to drift to unconsciousness. She saw a small trail of blood being left by the man and cursed the pale ones as she looked back up towards the railing. The fire had reached the edge, and she had no sight of the animals that were chasing them. That was until the grass beside them parted and a pale hairless hound leapt out biting down hard on her back. Dawn released her Grandfather and rolled with the motion of the hound. It landed, shaking its head furiously, but Dawn felt no pain, only rage. She pulled a small bone knife from a pouch and drove it into the canines skull. With its death it released its hold on Dawn, and to her relief it was the book not her flesh that the thing had bitten into. Stowing her knife she grabbed her Grandfather again, continuing to drag the man towards the canoe which was now in sight. The old man was mumbling something Dawn couldn't understand, but eventually saw what he was trying to warn her of. Crawling through the grass the remaining hounds slowly followed. With broken spines and legs from the fall they matched the pace of the Keepers.

The old man tried to point to warn his Granddaughter that the snarling snapping jaws were nearing them, but he was too weak. With the rain falling in full force now the darkness took him just as

one of the creatures leapt forward with what little motion it had left.

After years of survival his time was finally up. He felt the cold of the rain give way to a warmth. The wind that whipped past his ears subsided and became distant. This was what it was like to die, he thought to himself before he felt a sharp pain in his side and the darkness slowly gave way to a calming orange light.

"Easy, easy, don't sit up too fast. You had a branch stuck in your side there and, yes, your legs are broken. You never were very graceful Pappy" Dawn spoke as she appeared in the old man's view.

"Where-where are we" he strained.

"Inside of old lady liberty. Carrying you up wasn't easy, but I couldn't get us back to Hartshorne in the storm, and needed to patch you up. Well as best I could... I've got some broth on, what little we had left," Dawn spoke as she poured a cup from the small pot sitting on the makeshift stove.

"Don't burn your mouth," she smiled as she handed the old man a cup. He smiled back as Dawn left him to look out from the crown back towards the city.

"This was all once ours," she marvelled under her breath as she studied the skyline now dotted with small fires. She reached underneath her cloak, pulling out the wrapped book. Five points stabbed through the leather where the animal had bitten down.

"Help me understand. How can they be so much like us but so different. Why do they excel while we fall further behind?" she spoke as if expecting an answer from book. The pages remained silent as did the Keepers.

After the storm past and the sun parted the clouds they would return to their home in the forest. The fire of humanity was kept alight by the Keepers,

but there were many out there who would see it snuffed out. The Nomen wouldn't stop until they were all that remained. This was the dawn of a new world, a world in which humanity was an endangered species. Our survival was far from guaranteed.

## A WORLD REBORN

150 years have past since the Longest Night and still humanity clings to the fight. The world would now be alien to anyone from that fateful night. Twenty-first century life is now buried under the green cover of Mother Nature. Firearms and combustible engines have become a mystery, and even magic to some. Much of humanity's knowledge has been lost to the old world, forgotten in favour of immediate focus on water, food and shelter. The homes of these survivors resemble pioneers and in some cases the medieval forts of yonder. The towers of the great cities have fallen, or remain covered in thick vines and trees that compete for sunlight. The humans of the old world are not to be found in those cities. Only the Nomen reside there, in the ruins of what once was.

Some roads still snake across the landscape, albeit unrecognisable, their cracked asphalt broken down by erosion and grasses desperately seeking sustenance. Plastic components inside the skeletal frames of cars and trucks remain, but any paint or fabric has long since perished. Some of the old frames have become homes to unborn animals that withdraw from the sunlight and stalk their prey in the night. Finding an uninfected mammal within the city limits would be a near impossible task. In the hard years that followed the night, the Unborn, both human and animal, began

*Learn how this new world was born on Page 7.*

to topple the food chain.

Unborn felines and canines prowl both hairless and pale. Some have come to live alongside the Nomen as hunters of pests just like their ancestors. Those pests, including rodents, proved to be just as dangerous as the animals that hunted them. An unborn rat alone is of little danger but together a swarm could very well consume a person whole. Even the Nomen know when to shy away and find higher ground once the shrill screams of the swarms are heard. The urban jungle that now truly lives up to its name is no place for the living, it is a land of the dead lost to us, perhaps forever.

## THE NOMEN

### THE DESCENDANTS OF UNBORN HUMANS

Safe high above the ground in their skyscraper homes, the Nomen have remained a mystery to the living of this time with exception to the unfortunate few snatched away in the night. Once taken, one does not return from Noman's Land. In the exceptionally rare times that someone does return, the stories they tell further the fear of the pale hairless humans who hide in the shadows of the old world.

Generations of Unborn had lived and died within the world's cities, and in the years since the fall they had developed their own culture and belief system separate from our own. From the outside they appeared primitive, often seen wearing only splashes of colourful paints across their hairless bodies, and wielding rudimentary spears tipped often with sharp shards of plastic. Much like the children that terrified the underground dwellers in the past, these Nomen could mimic human speech. They cannot mimic with complete accuracy or

knowledge of what the words meant, but enough to lure an unsuspecting survivor into danger. The Nomen often use calls for help or sounds of pain, knowing that some words and sounds work better than others. As for their own language, over the generations it has remained much the same from their origin in the dark of the sewers: tapping another's skin and communicating with swiping motions that would be felt with no need for sound or light. This is why perhaps their second and now more common form of communication is a type of sign language.

The language consists of both small and large gestures, but is distinctly different from any form known to man. This was a language developed from scratch by beings that were once thought to be sub-human by the Dwellers that first encountered them. If they only knew then how far the Unborn would come, and how far the balance of power would shift.

Language wasn't the only development for the Unborn over the past century. Religion came next. The children of the dead hold a great reverence for the spores that gifted them the cities, the spores that drove out the haired ones and granted them the surface. It is for this reason the descendants of the first who reclaimed our world came to worship the spore.

They bedeck the shambling members of the Scourged in ornaments and bright paints, dangling shiny plastic discs and other valuables that the Nomen consider jewellery. The Scourged to them are what priests were to the old world: missionaries sent forth to convert the masses, the masses in this case being living breathing humans. The Nomen hungered for humans the same as the other undead. Those that weren't turned

by the Scourged would be brought back for the feast. That is how Noman's Land was formed. The fear of being snatched in the night saw any human settlement close to the cities reduced to another ghost town. Now, hunting parties of Nomen and their hounds set out in the night to hunt for humans. Carrying nets and cages they search for us until the dawn sun rises and they return to their crumbling towers.

The bones of uninfected humans are a favourite piece of adornment for the Nomen, and are one of the only piece of clothing they wear. Their nails remain long and their teeth sharp, but even with all their strength and ability to survive in this new world, eventually like everything they too shall die. Be it through sickness or falling in a hunt, the bodies of the Nomen are given to the great spires that were once the vents, built up from the rotting corpses of the dead. Once lowered into the crusted horrid spire, the body would decay and its nutrients be used to feed the larger organism and further the spread of the spores slowly drifting from its mouth.

The true key to success and survival for the species is their ability to eat infected flesh. Their food sources are far more plentiful than those that remain to living humans. Many species of mammals have been decimated by the plague, leaving only unborn varieties alive, all harbouring the same organism that will kill any living human, especially from consuming infected flesh. The Nomen need not worry as the organism already exists within them, and so they spread throughout the cities better able to survive and adapt to the fast changing food chain. This truly is their world now and the humans that still live in it already know that fact all too well.

## THE ARBITERS

### DESCENDANTS OF THE RAVAGERS

Beyond the crumbling towers of Noman's Land, in the pockets between the world's cities, lies the Living Land. It's a place where humanity still holds on fighting the daily battle of survival. The land is vast but largely empty, the urban sprawl of the twenty-first century was consumed by the green of the twenty-second. While plant life had overcome the strains of the modern world, reclaiming much of the grey that humanity built upon it, the plague had devastated the delicate balance of the world's fauna. Unborn variations of mammals had become the norm, forcing species to adapt against this new threat. Many nocturnal species became diurnal to avoid the Unborn, in some cases completely changing their feeding habits. Humankind went through all these changes simultaneously, each finding a way to adapt to the new world. These different schools of thought and practice lead to very different lives. Over time the descendants of the Nomads, Ravagers, and Dwellers grew further and further apart.

Now the Living Land consists of four different cultures, each of which can be called a civilization in their own right but all are still hunted by the dead. Humanity never had the chance to rebuild what was, but those that are living still shape the world with their beliefs. Be it power, knowledge, revenge, or tradition, each has carved out an existence. The borders of the old world dissolved with the demise of nations, but in its place a new kind emerged. The first being Noman's Land, the cities that no longer belonged to the living, and the second the boundaries of the Arbiters' domain.

The Ravagers of the past had become

*This new world in many ways has become an ancient one, dominated by nature.*



# NEW GENESIS

## LORE

the kings and queens of the future, now known as the Arbiters. Ruled by a single Supreme Justice, their word was law across the majority of the Living Land. Their protection and service came at a cost to any living within their domain. Judges and Inquisitors that served the Supreme Justice sought out rebellion and crime throughout the land, collecting taxes from the lower class. Taxes are paid in the form of food and services to the domain. If a subject was short on a payment the consequences were dire. The blood-lust of the past century hadn't quenched the thirst of the Arbiters, and gladiatorial games were still the sentence of choice. The strength and resolve of the human spirit was challenged and harden by conflict in their eyes, so these games served as rehabilitation of a sorts. Those who survived the blood sport became a shining example of triumph and perseverance, proof that humanity could and would overcome any obstacle with strength and will alone.

They attempted to harden themselves to the horror of the apocalypse by becoming the horror. Any that would challenge their rule or break their laws would be fed to the dead moats that surrounded their towns. With each fed to the writhing mass the moat would grow. Up close the smell of rot and decay would drive any mad, but the ruling elite was far removed from the foul river. Once one of the Lifeless perished or showed signs of becoming one of the Scourge the creature would be removed and disposed off. An incredibly dangerous job reserved for the lowest of the Arbiters subjects. Should a worker fall in, the lost would be negligible and the moat would grow stronger.

The towns of these Arbiters were among the largest in the Living Land, housing both lower and upper classes

in a medieval fashion. Wealth naturally flowed to these centres and great markets became commonplace. Goods from all across the Living Land were sold, people included. Some of these poor souls were destined for the arena or the farms outside the protective walls. It was the slaves that upheld the Arbiters, that built their walls and fought their battles. An army of slaves is unstable and volatile, but the fear of the Arbiters' forces kept rebellion in check. These lightly armoured troops marched the roads, protecting trade and keeping the peace, and should the slaves fail an Inquisitor would relish in their creative punishment.

While the dead moats kept the Arbiters safe from the living, they still feared the Nomen, but knew that fear had also driven them to their position of power. They offered protection to the living behind their walls from the creatures of the night, but the cost was indebted servitude. For some this was enough. They swore allegiance to the Arbiters and lived a life of relative safety, albeit one of hard labour and sacrifice. However, should they suffer severe injury or weaken to age, a subject would be removed from the workforce and placed into "care" from which no one returned. Caravans full of these poor souls would be driven to the edge of the cities where they would be abandoned after being restrained. As the sun set the children of the night would come for them, gladly accepting the neatly packaged cattle. They would never be heard from again as their screams of protest were lost to the night.

This practice kept the Nomen content for a time, but as their civilization grew so too did their hunger. The sacrifices wouldn't be enough and the creatures of the night would seek the sights and

sounds of the Arbiters, snatching away farmers that lived outside the walls of stone and wood. The plague wasn't finished with them yet either. The threat of the Nomen would drive the Arbiters to greater cruelty, as a tyrant will do everything in their power to retain that power, and the Arbiters gave "tyrannical" all new meaning.

## THE KEEPERS

### DESCENDANTS OF THE DWELLERS

Forced to hide at first from the new law bringers in the early part of the century, the Keepers were well equipped to deal with the Nomen hunters that sought them out as well. They retreated from their camouflaged homes to the safety of the forests and woodlands. In their retreat they brought with them the knowledge of those who came before. This would be one of the pillars of the Keepers and the cause for their eventual name. They built their homes off the ground in the trees, connecting them to one another. Disguising them in the upper canopy, they learnt to live quiet lives, keeping to themselves and seldom trading with the outside world. The Arbiters of the new world and the Nomen were reason enough to stay safe in their woodland refuge. Their elders realized early on that knowledge would be the treasure of the dying world, that it would be lost forever if it wasn't cared for, if it wasn't kept.

They tasked themselves with preserving the knowledge of the twenty-first century, so that thousands of years of human progression wouldn't be lost. Even with all the knowledge they've preserved you'd be forgiven for thinking the Keepers a simple folk at first glance. They build their homes from wood and

clothing from natural materials, and no more than fire light might be seen when traveling beneath their tree top homes. All of this is done to keep them hidden. They blend into their environment like no other with woven cloaks of leaves and grasses, and kill any that threaten them with silent precision, letting loose an arrow to pierce the throat of their quarry before completing the kill.

Some members of the Keepers choose martial prowess over knowledge and dedicate their lives to becoming Wardens that protect the forests they call home. From sunrise to set they walk the forest floor silently, eyes searching for wanderers who might stumble upon them. The Wardens will not kill outright, but warn the wanderers that they are not welcome under their treetops. Should the outsiders return the same grace will not be given. A swift death will find any who crosses a Warden, and their dying body now a gift to the woods that protect the Keepers.

Bird life remains one of the few species untouched by the plague and are a valuable asset to the Keepers, their eggs supplementing a diet of leafy greens, berries and nuts that are grown and collected from meadows near to the Keepers' homes. They have, for the most part, found a sustainable existence, but their quest for knowledge draws them away from the forests and back to the cities from whence they came.

This practice is called the Proving and requires a Keeper that has come of age to venture into the greater world in search of new knowledge to be kept. A Warden will accompany the young seeker most of the journey, but they must enter the place of knowledge alone and choose their path in life. Biology, engineering, farming, construction, healing, the list goes on but a choice

*The Keepers know noise and light attract enemies. Find out how on Page 245.*



# NEW GENESIS

## LORE

must be made, as the Keeper will learn to recite the pages of the book they choose and teach its lessons to their people.

The Keepers gather around the fire at night and share the lessons they have learnt, passing on their knowledge to the young seekers and recreating their books on fresh pages. The history of the Keepers is carved into standing dead trees with a mixture of pictographs and words.

This too is how they choose to remember their dead. The body is returned to the earth and in it's mound a seed is planted. The seed grows and as it does the life of the person is carved into it. The tree reaches up from the ground with the end of the tale not told till the tree stands tall. The Keepers have found a balance in this life, and should another century pass they would choose to remain the same: in touch with the natural world and separate from the forces that would seek to corrupt it.

While they try to live a peaceful life, conflict is inevitable. The Keepers will do all they can to keep the fire of humanity lit in a world of fading light.

## THE SUNKEN

### DESCENDANTS OF THE DEEP DWELLERS

The men and women that left the surface to hide underground remained there over the last century, but not without hardship. The rumours of monstrous children in the darkness became a reality. The Unborn began to venture further in the networks of tunnels and sewers beneath the world's cities. What started with one or two people missing in the dark became full scale attacks as the years drew on. The Unborn grew bolder, more confident of

their strength over the haired ones that huddled around pools of light in the earth.

Fire became the weapon of the Sunken and they used it to great effect against the homes of the Unborn, driving them from the earth below and ensuring the underground would remain theirs. There were great losses in their fight however. With a smaller population, maintaining the great machines that once provided the world with power became burdensome. Food production slowed and variety decreased as mushrooms became the primary crop of the budding civilization. Digging began in an attempt to tap into the water table and provide reservoirs that were both clean and sustainable. All the while they faded from the world, growing mistrustful of anyone but their own and harbouring a fear that the pale ones might one day return.

Over time the complexity of the tunnels, sewers, and facilities that belonged to the Sunken increased. Their population bounced back as they adjusted to life underground with each generation. Unlike the Keepers, the Sunken held only the knowledge that was needed to operate their rusting machines and that helped them survive in their sunless world. And survive they did, expanding on what was already there and working the stone with an expert hand. As the population grew so too did the tunnels, with great drilling machines still barely operational, chewing the rock apart to allow the Sunken to spread.

It was a rare event for one of the Sunken to walk upon the surface, and that in part gave them their name. Other than being slightly paler than their surface dwelling kin it was the eyes that truly made the Sunken differ. Dark and

withdrawn into the skull, it would be a task to read the emotion hiding within them. It is harder still with the dark goggles they choose to wear when above ground. The harsh sunlight was too much for their eyes which were more attuned to the dark. With their goggles off and the sun set, one of the Sunken could see into the night where the other cultures could not.

Eventually the Arbiters who ruled the Living Land found the Sunken's underground realms. Instead of taxing them to near death an exception was made due to the skilled craftsmanship of the Sunken. Over the century they had learnt to recycle and make anew with what little they had, melting down machinery and working the metal into tools, weapons and even armour. The Arbiters would trade with the underground folk rather than rule them, leaving the Sunken to govern themselves.

Now aware of the wider world, the Sunken prepared themselves for the inevitable attacks of the Nomen. Donning their heavy iron armour, they stood guard at every entrance to the surface, vowing that no child will ever again be lost to the creatures of the night. Every living group harboured a hatred of the Nomen, but none came close to the hatred of the Sunken. They knew a loss like no other, and the stories they told their young ones instilled both a fear and sense of responsibility. They had held against the Unborn in their infancy and now they fight back against their agents, and attempt to reclaim all that was lost so many years ago.

The reputation of their warriors is well known across the Living Land. Clad in iron they never run from the pale ones even to a fault, falling once their heavy armour is pulled from them and the

teeth of the Nomen find the unprotected flesh beneath. There is honour in death for the Sunken, as dying in combat with the Nomen is revered over the shame of passing in one's own bed, safe from the world above.

A complicated people, the Sunken have found their place in this new world, and while the Nomen still invade the Living Land they will march their warriors to face them.

## THE WAY OF THE GREY

### DESCENDANTS OF THE NOMADS

The Harmony, the behemoth ship of the Greywatch and centre for trade and life at sea, no longer voyages across the oceans. It has remained stationary for the better part of the century, its fuel hungry engines long ago starved of the black gold that powered it. The people of the Grey kept the monstrous vessel moving with scattered oil rigs across the world's oceans, but without proper refinement the modifications made to the engines eventually destroyed them. The Watch grounded the vessel in shallow waters off the coast of an uncharted island. While no longer in motion the Harmony still provided shelter and security for the people of the sea, and the island provided resources and freshwater.

The military traditions of the Rimpac navies combined over the century and merged with their civilian population. Following a strict code of discipline and self control, the "way of the Grey" became more than just a belief system, it became a way of life. Personnel on board the Harmony and the various other flotilla vessels became ranked, and could earn promotion through excelling in one's field, be it engineering, agriculture

*Weapons and armour are the difference between life and death. Page 88.*

# NEW GENESIS

## LORE

or defence. The years weren't kind to the Harmony as the wind and salt of the sea wore it down, but janitorial staff did all they could to preserve her. The flotilla had changed much with many of the ships requiring fuel abandoned in favour of those powered by sail and wind. Nothing would be wasted by the Grey as the old hulking vessels were bound together in the island's shallows, forming a ring of naval and commercial ships that would house their population. These homes were kept immaculately clean as the way of the Grey dictates. While rust was unavoidable they felt like home enough.

*The Greywatch are men and women of tradition. Start off as one on page 119.*

Great care was taken with uniforms that they revered so much. Handed down from generation to generation, patches and stitches were common across the faded grey material of the twenty-first century. Families could trace their lineage back to the first soldiers and civilians of the Greywatch and took pride in the honour and deeds of those who wore the uniform before them. It was an odd sight to see a patchwork garment so well cared for and ironed flat, but it gave the personnel strength. It was an armour of sorts and a link to the past. The weapons of the old world were treated with the same respect. They were maintained daily and seldom fired, but always carried by the security forces. Disobedience was dealt with swiftly and a court martial was a stain against a family's name. The security forces rarely had to draw their weapons but were prepared to at a moment notice.

There were five admirals that governed and controlled the Grey, each descended from a national fleet that originally made up the watch. Over them was one fleet admiral elected by the five to guide the fate of the Watch. It would be this person that had the final say and brought

a balance to the often-divided five. While nationhood had been abandoned in favour of the neutral grey, each leader still had their own shade in mind. Originally there were six nations that made up the Greywatch, but as tempers flared over what was to be done with the Harmony one of the six, Admiral Cortés, attempted a hostile takeover of the fleet. He threatened total annihilation if the other admirals didn't abandon the Harmony and return to sea. It was no empty threat as Cortés controlled the nuclear fleet, consisting of three submersibles and a cruiser, each housing armaments capable of levelling the island the Watch planned to call home.

In the end a delicate peace was formed after the five remaining admirals allowed any who wished to join Cortés leave of their duties along with one of their three carriers. The defectors were to never return or else face punishment for mutiny, and Cortés was erased from the history books of the watch. While he no longer appeared on those pages, he still appeared in the minds of the people. Even generations after the conflict a fear remained in the hearts of the people that the fleet would one day return with Cortés at the helm, ready to blast them into oblivion. The tale was told mostly to scare the young into completing their chores. It was difficult to fear an old story when the undead still posed a threat even in such an isolated location.

The currents brought them every spring: rotting corpses, some decades old, and others far fresher. They would rise from the surf and seek out the living, many covered in barnacles and detritus of the sea. The watch stretched nets along the shoreline, but they would only hold for so long. Gaps would be found and the undead would continue. Watchful eyes kept the population safe

and alarms sounded, ammunition would be spent, and the cycle would continue year after year. With each year that past the reserves grew lower and the forces of the Watch had no choice but to fight back the tide of the undead in close combat. Lives were lost and if not dealt with swiftly the fallen would join the dead against their own families they died to protect.

The island paradise was a prison to some, seeing the cycle of death and no way to break it. They prayed that the Cortés of the tales would return to free them from the “cult of the Grey,” but the fleet never did. While the people of the island faced hardship they were safe from the Nomen, they weren’t hunted and preyed upon like cattle. Cortés would not return to them because he had seen what had become of the land. He had seen the rise of the Unborn and knew that humanity could very well be in its final chapter. The nuclear fleet would remain at sea in what Cortés saw as the last bastion of the human race.

## THE NEW WORLD

### ENVIRONMENTS OF NEW GENESIS

The world as we know it gone forever. The modern world is outside of living memory and is more of a legend than real history. The environments of the far future would be as alien to us as our life would be to the inhabitants a hundred and fifty years from now.

It is the post-post-apocalyptic future and you will need to quickly learn the differences between its world and ours. The Nomen are always on the hunt and you don’t want to be caught by them because you thought an area was safe.

### URBAN

The heart of Noman’s Land. You don’t belong here and if the totems of skulls and bones aren’t enough to deter you, the lingering spores should be. This is the home of the Nomen, and during the night or when the sun is at its weakest they ride out on unborn steeds with nets and cages to hunt us: the living. To the Nomen we are the plague, the weak tasty creatures that attempt to evade them. If you do find yourself in their streets without the sun above you, best start praying to whichever gods you hold dear. When they find you, and they will, you’ll be brought to the tower of whichever clan has claimed you and kept locked away before the feast begins. Among towers of concrete and flesh you’ll meet your end. Do listen to the warnings, the protests of others... it’s not called No Man’s land for nothing.

- Highly infectious spores still common, pushed out by the towering Vents.
- Home of the Nomen, enemy of Humankind.
- Dense foliage and rubble hiding countless dangers.
- Free from the influence of the Arbiters.

### SUBURBAN

Years of fires and decay have reduced the once sprawling grey of suburbia to a wide ruin overrun with flora. Great trees now shade what little remains of homes and buildings. Those constructed from brick or stone still stand after the great fires tore through countless neighbourhoods. Any useful tools or resources these structures once contained is now lost under roots, leaves and ruins. Unborn creatures call these



# NEW GENESIS

## LORE

ruins home and serve as a buffer to Noman's land. While not human, these animals still pose a threat to any that should cross them. With just one bite carrying the plague, an unaware traveller will quickly perish. The food chain has altered with the plague. No truly living animals walk these ruins, only the unborn rats, cats, and other mammals. For a place that was once home to millions of the living, these areas of the world should be given the same wide berth as Noman's Land

- Hunting ground of the Nomen.
- Flush with infected animal life.
- Still home to the moss covered Lifeless.
- Little in the way of tools or resources remain.

### INDUSTRIAL

*The locations in which humanity can survive have shrunk over the many years.*

The banks of the Ravagers no longer stand on these sites, but the entrances to the world below remain. It's here the Sunken emerge and trade with the Arbiters who grant them independence, bringing forth weapons and armour created beneath the surface in their great re-purposed forges. Traders prefer to not linger in the presence of the strange folk from under the earth. Clad in armour and with eyes hidden from sight, the Sunken strike fear even into those familiar to the treatment of the Arbiters. The giant rusted tankers that contain crude oil remain on the surface, useful to both the law makers and the Sunken who provide it. If you can care to trade with the Sunken be sure to bring fresh meat as the underground does not bode well for raising livestock.

- Entrance to underworld of the Sunken.

- Relatively safe from plagued creatures.
- Frequented by the Arbiters.
- Large fuel reserves.

### PORTS

On occasion one might find a trade-ship of the Greywatch flanked by warships moored at these ancient ports. Although much of the docklands has flooded or eroded, the area still remains accessible for water-craft. The activity can draw the shambling dead from the nearby cities. That and the proximity to the Nomen mean that ships don't wait for long. Any valuables have long since vanished and once the trade-ships leave, the ports will grow silent yet again. Sea life can be seen from some of the piers that still stand but is hardly worth the risk that such a place can bring. Unless you care to trade or find passage across the seas stay away.

- One of the rare locations the Greywatch can be found.
- Trade and passage can be bought if the time is right.
- Close proximity to the city makes for a dangerous place.
- Small amounts of fish and other sea life are accessible.

### RURAL

The rural areas of the world are known to most as the Living Land. They encompass the spaces between the great cities, of which we are no longer guests. The Domain of the Arbiters stretches across most of the land, of which they rule with a iron fist. Their towns can be seen from a distance as well as smelled. The large stone and wood walls that protect those within are encircled by a moat of moaning, groaning dead.

Once the dead go “bad” and start the process of becoming the Scourge they are removed from the moat and burnt. Across this rural landscape farms and smaller settlements can be found, non-independent from the would be rulers however. Their laws and enforcers have transformed this once free land into one of absolute control. One best behave while in the Domain lest they end up in the Arbiter’s Arena.

- Relatively safety from Plagued and Lifeless undead.
- Outskirts of the domain are hunting grounds of the Nomen.
- Arbiter towns hold markets and work.
- Strength and willpower are virtues of the Arbiters, weakness will not be tolerated.

## FORESTS/WOODLAND

The woods of the world are home to the Keepers, the reclusive sect dedicated to the preservation of knowledge. They build structures high in the treetops connected to one another, camouflaged from both the living and the dead. They count themselves separate from the Arbiter’s Domain and should one of their agents wander into the Keepers’ woods, they wouldn’t be leaving alive. The Keepers aren’t hostile to all peoples however. Should a trader find one of their camps by accident, they would be warned to never return or else face the wrath of the forest folk. Large populations of birds and even uninfected mammals can be found in the forests that the Keepers protect. They live in a harmonious balance with their environment and have mastered the art of stealth throughout their years in the woods. Even the Nomen with their

keen senses would have trouble finding a Keeper camp. If you find yourself wandering through the woods perhaps considering carrying an old tome of knowledge, it may just save your life if the bows of the Keepers are aimed your way.

- Plentiful amounts of edible flora and fauna.
- Dangerous if the Keepers are angered.
- Smaller number of Plagued & Lifeless.

## MOUNTAINS

Some of the Sunken have claimed homes in the mountains and caves for the purpose of mining, but for the most part these barren landscapes remain empty. In colder climates ages old dead freeze and defrost as every year passes. These Lifeless wander the valleys in search of warm living food. They will be found wanting, there is little life still in among these windy peaks. The Arbiters have little interest in the area and lawless vagabonds and fugitives might be found hiding amid the stones. If you’re to travel through, be sure to keep your eyes peeled to the outcrops and overhangs or else an arrow or spear might strike you down. Keep your wits about you as always, nowhere is safe in this new world.

- Potential home to criminals and fugitives.
- Wandering starving Lifeless.
- Fast changing and dangerous weather.

## PLAINS

The plains have slowly shrunk as the forest have spread. Great meadows and



# NEW GENESIS

## LORE

open spaces still remain, however, some born from the great fires that raged across the land, striping the houses that once stood upon it. Unborn strains have finally started to take root in these remote areas, upsetting the natural cycle of things once again and reducing the possible food pool available to us. These unborn predators have adapted to the landscape, hiding in the grasses and pouncing upon the unsuspecting. Large cats that once lived behind bars have found new life on these plains. A battle between the living and dead rages for them too, as it does for all life. With the unborn having distinct advantages over their uninfected counterparts, the same fate that has befallen many species will prove to be the same. We can only hope that we will be the exception to that rule.

- Large amounts of uninfected animals remain on these plains.
- The unborn varieties have begun to take root.
- Be it living or dead the wildlife is still a danger.

### TUNDRA

The Tundra at the foot of the great mountains was home to small bands of people, people under the rule of the Arbiters but at the edge of their rule. There was a freedom to their life out here on the frontier. The lawmakers seldom sent their Inquisitors their way, leaving them to govern themselves for the most part. They farmed furred mammals for their skins which were prized by the high-born of the Arbiters, but the same skins helped them survive in the harsh climate. The Nomen wouldn't travel so far and even the dead seemed to avoid the cold environment.

*There is always a price to pay for freedom in NEW GENESIS.*

They still came in the warmer months, but in smaller number than they were used to. It's hard life but one that can offer a rare commodity in this new world... freedom.

- Little interest to the Nomen.
- Far from the influence of the Arbiters.
- Slower and lower numbers of dead.
- Deadly without proper preparation.

### OPEN SEAS

The Greywatch remain a great power on the seas, even with their great ship now anchored to the shore of a hidden island. They kept its whereabouts secret from the outside world, protecting all of those who had come to call it home. It was here that the Way of the Grey was birthed. Believers attempt to share their way of life with other seafaring folk. So if you see a boat of the watch on the horizon you best hear them out. In rare instances outsiders might be brought to the Harmony if the need for a particular or rare skill arises. Piracy still exists as the watch can't be everywhere on the seas so one must remain vigilant. In the years since **THE FALL** the plague has leached its way into the seas and its ecosystem, infecting many sea mammals. Legends have been told of undead whales attempting to swallow vessels whole but most chalk that up to folklore. All the same, one can never be too relaxed while on the uncertain seas.

- Chance encounters with the Greywatch.
- Possible infected sea creatures.
- No access to fresh water.
- Pirates and brigands still stalk the waters.

## BREAKDOWN OF NEW GENESIS

### YEAR 150

The world is a stranger to those of the past, the cultures and customs of old have given way to the new. The Arbiters have become a dominant force across the Living Land, and the Nomen control all that Noman's Land holds. The cities are lost to the living and now the Nomen hunt the remaining survivors during the night. The fear of the Nomen grants further power and control to the Arbiters who pledge to protect their domain and its inhabitants from the terrors of the night. They begin to sacrifice their old and wounded to the Nomen, creating an understanding for a time. This only allows the Nomen to grow stronger and their numbers to swell. The cities will only hold them for so long. Infighting with the other factions takes place as the Greywatch challenge the Arbiters rule. The war will continue for decades with no clear winner. The search for the lost fleet of Cortés begins as the desire for its arsenal grows. The nuclear weapons on board the ships could turn the tide of any fight. With every faction now searching for them it is only a matter of time before the weapons of mass destruction are found.

### YEAR 300

It isn't known if the strike was made with the arsenal of Cortés, but nuclear weapons were detonated in the heart of Noman's Land. The survivors of the attack now fuelled with a new sense of rage and revenge left the crater that was their home. They no longer hunted or stalked us, they sought to exterminate

us. Waves of Nomen clashed with the Arbiters who fought alongside the Sunken. A bloody war ensued with many Arbiter towns burning to the ground, forcing the once proud and prestigious people to seek refuge in the underground halls of the Sunken. It was from here they would resist, seeking the aid of the Keepers and Greywatch. The Keepers had taught small numbers of captured Nomen our languages in an attempt to broker peace. The act failed and the forest homes of the Keepers burnt as the sky bled. They saved what little knowledge they could and fled. From the fires, the Nomen learnt the ash lessened the harsh rays of the sun. They continued to burn the living land and the skies grew darker. The Nomen now walked under the bleeding sun, seeking out the living and bringing an end to all life.

### YEAR 500

Across the scorched landscape the lifeless walk, ash swirling around their feet as their masters seek out pockets of resistance, pockets of life. Over the past two hundred years the Nomen eliminated all trace of the Arbiters and their towns, burnt the forests of the Keepers, and buried the Sunken alive in their underground homes. All that remained was the Watch. They rescued as many survivors of the factions as they could, taking the huddled masses to the last bastion of humanity: the Harmony. Even after 500 years the massive vessel still remained. Now unsafe to enter it stood as a monument, an example of human achievement. Their island became a haven to the living that remained. People from all walks of life, Arbiter, Keeper, Sunken, here none of that matter. Here they were of the





# NEW GENESIS

## LORE

Watch. They made contact were they could, sailing across the world to seek out the living, the very same task the Nomen were attempting. They kept in them a hope that humanity would prevail, that life would win over death. But with every day that the sky bled, that hope continued to dwindle.

### YEAR 1000

*The full apocalypse timeline can be found on Page 247.*

Only one human settlement remains, the last hope for humanity in a world of the dead. The Watch are the flickering flame at the end. The world has been scorched by the Nomen, and what remains is covered in spores and the walking legions of the dead. Their hunger and anger has not abated, even after a thousand years. They will not rest until the last human is dead, until this world finally belongs to them.

# CHARACTER CREATION

**NEW GENESIS**, the new beginning. It has been nearly two centuries since the undead apocalypse and the world is a strange, new place. Our world has drifted out of living memory and has become as much myth and legend as history. Everything has changed in this new world, from people to society to the environment itself.

New characters that you start in **NEW GENESIS** are dramatically different from anything in the previous two eras. To them the undead hordes and the ever-growing unborn (or Nomen) tribes are a normal part of everyday life. Strange new civilisations may have cropped up, but battling to survive comes as naturally to them as working a 9 to 5 job does to us.

What makes them the most different, however, is their outlook on life. Whether they come from the Sunken tribes, to the Keeper communities, they see the world as a dangerous place that no longer welcomes them. They are the underdogs and they must adapt to survive.

## THE PROCESS

The character creator will build a character all the way from birth to whatever age you roll at below, but if you want to jump straight into a game then at the end of the character creator you will find ten archetypes with fully filled in Skills that you can pick from to start the game. Each archetype is based on one of ten group roles, so if you feel like a Fearless Rider or Agile Scout (for example) then you can just pick that archetype and jump straight into Z-LAND.

## HOW TO CREATE A CHARACTER

For each question in the character creator, **roll a d100** and record the result. In most cases, **your result will get you one or two Skills**. Each time you gain a Skill, **roll a d5 (d10/2)** and **increase that Skill's Level** by that amount. **All Skills start at Level 30**, so anything you get is added onto this.

## AGING

In **NEW GENESIS**, you can only choose whether to play as a Child, Teen or Adult, rather than the exact age. If you choose Child or Teen, simply roll 1d10 or 1d10+10 respectively for your character's age. If you choose Adult then roll on the table below and apply the Permanent Skill Penalties as shown.

AGE		
01-25	20+1d10	-
26-65	30+1d10	-
66-85	40+1d10	-2 Physical Skills
86-95	50+1d10	-4 Physical Skills
96-100	60+1d10	-6 All Skills

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS

After this section, you will find five pre-made characters to choose from if you want an even quicker start to the game but you also want a fully fleshed out character. Each of the five pre-made characters were made with the character creator and are tailor made for **NEW GENESIS**, so you can see what sort of characters you can make as well.

# WHO ARE YOU?

### SEX

01 - 50	Male
51 - 100	Female

### HANDEDNESS

01 - 89	Right Handed
90 - 99	Left Handed
100	Ambidextrous

### SKIN COLOUR

01 - 17	Pale
18 - 34	Fair
35 - 50	Ivory
51 - 66	Olive
66 - 83	Brown
84 - 100	Black

### HAIR COLOUR

01 - 34	Red
35 - 68	Blonde
69 - 100	Chestnut
101 - 122	Auburn
123 - 166	Brown
167 - 200	Black

### EYE COLOUR

01 - 34	Blue
35 - 68	Grey
69 - 100	Green
101 - 122	Hazel
123 - 166	Brown
167 - 200	Dark Brown

For **HAIR COLOUR** and **EYE COLOUR**, add the number result of the **SKIN COLOUR** to your roll.

### MALE BODY TYPE

01 - 10	Scrawny
11 - 25	Lean
26 - 40	Athletic
41 - 60	Average
61 - 75	Brawny
76 - 90	Stocky
90 - 100	Heavy

### FEMALE BODY TYPE

01 - 10	Petite
11 - 25	Slender
26 - 40	Fit
41 - 60	Average
61 - 75	Muscular
76 - 90	Buxom
90 - 100	Plump

# CHILDHOOD

### WHERE DO YOUR MEMORIES BEGIN?

01-10	Travelling the country on the back of a horse.	Drive & Intimidate
11-20	Running from the Nomen in the dead of night.	Athletics & Perception
21-30	Stealing bread, not because I needed it but because I could!	Burglary & Will
31-40	Hot baths and warm food, I was lucky. Very lucky.	Constitution & Wealth
41-50	Opening an old machine, seeing all of the glittering pieces inside.	Fine-Craft & Investigate
51-60	An old boomstick going off by accident, taking a friends eye out.	Broad-Craft & Shoot
61-70	A best friend ratting me out, I felt betrayed	Deceive & Might
71-80	Finding a real live puppy and raising him by hand.	Diplomacy & Luck
81-90	A bad man, I had a knife and I remember nothing more.	Fight & Logic
91-100	Hiding under dead bodies to escape the Nomen .	Intuition & Stealth

### DID YOU HAVE A ROOF ABOVE YOUR HEAD? IF SO WHERE?

01-10	The alleys of an Arbiter town where I slept with one eye open.	Stealth & Fight
11-20	The back of a cart that travelled the cracked highways.	Drive & Diplomacy
21-30	Wherever I could get out of the rain.	Broad-Craft & Burglary
31-40	A cage, far from a home I'd never see again.	Investigate & Might
41-50	The edge of Noman's Land, out of reach of the Arbiters.	Intimidate & Athletics
51-60	Deep underground in the cavernous halls of the Sunken.	Logic & Fine-Craft
61-70	The belly of an old warship in the fleet of the Greywatch.	Shoot & Perception
71-80	One of the Supreme Justice's palaces.	Will & Wealth
81-90	Among the trees of the Keepers, far from the Nomen.	Luck & Intuition
91-100	A foreign land where I couldn't understand their words.	Deceive & Constitution

### YOUR FAMILY, YOUR TRIBE, YOUR PEOPLE, WHAT WERE THEY LIKE?

01-10	They ruled with an iron fist, the highborn of the Arbiters.	Athletics & Wealth
11-20	Survivors who scavenged what little the Nomen left behind.	Will & Stealth
21-30	Hunters of the living and the dead. Ruthless and unforgiving.	Shoot & Luck
31-40	The sea was their home and the Way of the Grey was their life.	Perception & Might
41-50	The people of the forest. The Keepers of Knowledge.	Logic & Diplomacy
51-60	Merchants who travelled the ancient roads of the Arbiters.	Investigate & Drive
61-70	They were outsiders who trusted only themselves.	Intimidate & Constitution
71-80	Expert craftspeople who brought old machines back to life.	Intuition & Fine-Craft
81-90	The people of the underground. The proud and mighty Sunken.	Fight & Broad-Craft
91-100	Thieves that stole back from the coffers of the Arbiters.	Burglary & Deceive

# NEW GENESIS

## CHARACTER CREATION

### TO WHAT EARS DID YOUR PEOPLE PRAY?

01-10	The Way of the Grey that had spread from sea to land.	Constitution & Fight
11-20	One of the gods from before the fall whose name has been lost.	Broad-Craft & Luck
21-30	The god of war, who hides his power in the black powder.	Logic & Drive
31-40	The words of the great philosophers who came before us.	Diplomacy & Will
41-50	The gods who gifted us their music on flat black discs.	Deceive & Intimidate
51-60	None, the gods died with the rest of this world.	Investigate & Perception
61-70	Great faces who still look upon us from huge boards up high.	Wealth & Stealth
71-80	The Nomen, the future of this new world.	Might & Intuition
81-90	Who ever it is that guides our arrows and repels the enemies.	Athletics & Shoot
91-100	The engine and the black blood that flows through it.	Fine-Craft & Burglary

### HOW DID YOU RESPOND TO THIS?

01-20	Zealously.
21-40	Devoutly.
41-60	Moderately.
61-80	Uncaringly.
81-100	Antagonistically.

### HOW BIG WAS YOUR FAMILY?

01-20	Tiny.
21-40	Small.
41-60	Average.
61-80	Large.
81-100	Massive.

### WHO HELPED WEAVE YOUR TALE IN THESE EARLY YEARS?

01-10	My older sister who always had my back.	Drive & Stealth
11-20	The superheroes of old comic books I found.	Athletics & Investigate
21-30	My parents who did what ever it took to keep me breathing.	Burglary & Diplomacy
31-40	The stranger that sacrificed themselves so that I might live.	Constitution & Will
41-50	A priest who claimed I was the second coming of some old god.	Fine-Craft & Luck
51-60	The slavers who took me away from my home.	Broad-Craft & Logic
61-70	The first person I saw turn into a Plagued. That would never be me.	Deceive & Intuition
71-80	The Nomen, they always came for us and I would always be ready.	Fight & Shoot
81-90	The ruthless Arbiters. They forced me to become stronger.	Intimidate & Might
91-100	My Grandfather who would share tales of the old world.	Perception & Wealth

### WHEN AWAY FROM YOUR GUARDIANS WHAT TROUBLE DID YOU BREW?

01-10	Pretending to be the Taxmen taking anything we could from the other children.	Broad-Craft & Intimidate
11-20	Walked the boundary of Noman's Land imagining the monsters inside.	Drive & Intuition
21-30	Searched ruined buildings for shiny things of the old world.	Investigate & Wealth
31-40	I ran, as far and as fast as I could.	Athletics & Will
41-50	Let the horses out and watched the adults try and chase after them.	Burglary & Stealth
51-60	Fun, there wasn't fun. Only more training.	Constitution & Shoot
61-70	Told ghost stories around the fire.	Fine-Craft & Diplomacy
71-80	Fought with friends away from the adults and hid the bruises as best we could.	Perception & Fight
81-90	Played hunt the human, I was always on the Nomen side.	Logic & Might
91-100	Pretending to be Plagued to scare the others.	Luck & Deceive

### WHAT WAS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE ARBITERS?

01-10	We hated them, what they stood for and would help to bring them down.	Athletics & Fight
11-20	I stole from them and learnt the consequences the hard way.	Burglary & Shoot
21-30	Work is work. My family found a place within their world.	Constitution & Broad-Craft
31-40	My best friend was the son of the Supreme Justice.	Fine-Craft & Will
41-50	We did what was needed to survive, under them it was easier.	Deceive & Logic
51-60	I worshipped them, the strength, the power, they are what we are meant to be!	Diplomacy & Intimidate
61-70	We stayed well away from those psychopaths.	Drive & Luck
71-80	An uneasy balance, they're needed but we didn't love them.	Intuition & Perception
81-90	I learnt to hide when the Taxmen came our way.	Investigate & Stealth
91-100	Who doesn't want to be rich and famous? We could be with the Arbiters	Might & Wealth

### REFLECTING ON YOUR PAST, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS TIME IN YOUR LIFE?

01-10	Afraid	Athletics & Stealth
11-20	Peaceful	Burglary & Logic
21-30	Happy	Fine-Craft & Broad-Craft
31-40	Cynical	Diplomacy & Investigate
41-50	Proud	Might & Drive
51-60	Sad	Constitution & Intuition
61-70	Ashamed	Deceive & Perception
71-80	Confused	Fight & Luck
81-90	Angry	Intimidate & Will
91-100	Indifferent	Shoot & Wealth

# TEENAGE YEARS

### MY LIFE WAS NEVER THE SAME SINCE...

01-10	An ancient piece of tech was stolen, I was framed and exiled.	Burglary & Broad-Craft
11-20	The whole colony got sick, many perished but I pulled through.	Constitution & Intuition
21-30	I saved a friend from slavery but doomed another to that fate.	Diplomacy & Perception
31-40	I found a perfectly preserved cask of whiskey, I was set after that!	Deceive & Wealth
41-50	I realised the strength I had to make others bend to my will.	Might & Intimidate
51-60	A relative sliced open an artery on old scrap, I saved their life.	Athletics & Fine-Craft
61-70	I left home to discover new lands.	Drive & Investigate
71-80	I discovered the histories of Humankind.	Logic & Luck
81-90	War broke out between my people and a neighbouring Tribe.	Shoot & Will
91-100	My hands were broken by an Arbiter Judge for stealing.	Fight & Stealth

### WHAT LESSONS DID YOU LEARN FROM THE ELDERS?

01-10	Survive, no matter the cost. Just keep breathing.	Drive & Might
11-20	Never sit with your back to the door.	Athletics & Deceive
21-30	With the right preparation and patience anything can be mine.	Burglary & Stealth
31-40	How to survive in the wild green places of the world.	Constitution & Broad-Craft
41-50	That violence and death is not always the answer.	Fine-Craft & Diplomacy
51-60	Don't fight for free when someone can pay you.	Fight & Wealth
61-70	Present strength, through strength there is control.	Intuition & Intimidate
71-80	Shoot first, ask questions later.	Investigate & Shoot
81-90	The patterns of the dead, their "life cycle" and how best to end it.	Logic & Perception
91-100	To roll with the punches, our day will come.	Luck & Will

### WHO WAS WITH YOU THROUGH THE GOOD TIMES AND THE BAD?

01-10	An old ragged teddy bear with only one eye.	Athletics & Luck
11-20	A smuggler that could get anything in and out of an Arbiter town.	Burglary & Drive
21-30	The Inquisitor that had soft spot for me.	Constitution & Investigate
31-40	A Mason who did his best to teach me his trade.	Intuition & Broad-Craft
41-50	An exiled Seeker who couldn't return to their people.	Deceive & Logic
51-60	An old crone who's name I never knew, but she kept me fed.	Diplomacy & Wealth
61-70	A woman of the Sunken who could fight from dusk till dawn.	Fight & Will
71-80	The Gladiator that spared my life in the Arbiters' Arena.	Might & Stealth
81-90	The men and woman of the Grey.	Shoot & Intimidate
91-100	A bird of prey that warns me of danger as it nears.	Fine-Craft & Perception

### WHO DID YOU LOSE?

01-10	My mother.
11-20	My father.
21-30	A sibling.
31-40	My best friend.
41-50	My girl/boy-friend.
51-60	My mentor.
61-100	A relative.

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THESE FORMATIVE YEARS?

01-10	Ashamed	Deceive & Broad-Craft
11-20	Afraid	Will & Drive
21-30	Confused	Diplomacy & Stealth
31-40	Proud	Perception & Wealth
41-50	Angry	Fight & Intimidate
51-60	Happy	Athletics & Might
61-70	Indifferent	Burglary & Luck
71-80	Peaceful	Constitution & Logic
81-90	Sad	Shoot & Fine-Craft
91-100	Cynical	Intuition & Investigate

### WHAT FATE BEFELL THE PERSON YOU LOST?

01-10	The Arbiters made an example of them. Now they're with the Lifeless.	Broad-Craft & Intimidate
11-20	They left to find a better life, without me in it...	Deceive & Drive
21-30	One day they were just gone. I haven't given up hope, I'll find them.	Investigate & Wealth
31-40	The Nomen took them during the night.	Athletics & Burglary
41-50	Died in their sleep at night. There are worse way to go.	Constitution & Fine-Craft
51-60	They got in a fight with the wrong person, never saw the knife coming.	Diplomacy & Fight
61-70	It took time but eventually drinking destroyed them.	Intuition & Will
71-80	They left me to join up with some kind of cult.	Logic & Might
81-90	I put a bullet in them, the plague got them...	Perception & Shoot
91-100	They traded their life for mine to the slavers.	Luck & Stealth

### WHAT WOULD YOU RISK YOUR LIFE FOR?

01-10	Every single day is a risk, even breathing is. I have enough risks.	Athletics & Shoot
11-20	The haul of a lifetime that I know is out there waiting for me.	Burglary & Intuition
21-30	Speed, as much of it as possible, and an open road.	Constitution & Drive
31-40	The chance to save all those I've lost to the Nomen.	Broad-Craft & Fight
41-50	The look on my parents faces when I screw them over.	Deceive & Stealth
51-60	My friends & family in a heartbeat. They are my whole world.	Diplomacy & Will
61-70	We'll I'd risk my life for a good deal, but I wouldn't die for it.	Might & Wealth
71-80	No one but myself, number one comes first.	Intimidate & Luck
81-90	With the right preparation there is no risk, so almost anything.	Investigate & Perception
91-100	The pursuit of knowledge. Without it we cant crawl out of this hole.	Logic & Fine-Craft

# NEW GENESIS

## CHARACTER CREATION

### WHAT DREAM DID YOU HOLD DEAR FOR THE FUTURE?

01-10	That somewhere out there I wouldn't need to fight anymore.	Fight & Drive
11-20	To rebuild what was lost in the fall.	Investigate & Broad-Craft
21-30	Win big in whatever way possible.	Luck & Wealth
31-40	To end the life of those who have done me wrong..	Shoot & Stealth
41-50	I wanted to fly, in the old metal birds that once did.	Athletics & Perception
51-60	Steal from the rich, give to the poor, it was a noble dream.	Burglary & Will
61-70	Find a way to destroy the Nomen once and for all.	Constitution & Might
71-80	Dreams are only for those who lack the imagination to achieve.	Fine-Craft & Deceive
81-90	Unite the Sunken, Keepers and the Grey against the Arbiters' rule.	Diplomacy & Intuition
91-100	One where I didn't need to keep one eye open during the night.	Intimidate & Logic

# ADULTHOOD

### WHAT DO THE STARS FORETELL OF YOUR FUTURE?

01-10	Slicing the Nomen open one at time to learn their weaknesses.	Fine-Craft & Investigate
11-20	Stealing away the knowledge of the Keepers.	Logic & Burglary
21-30	A crown I don't want.	Luck & Diplomacy
31-40	Somewhere out there is a sealed armoury just waiting to be mine!	Shoot & Wealth
41-50	Giving those who hide in shadow the strength to stand in the light.	Stealth & Might
51-60	The long open road. As long as I stay moving I stay alive...	Constitution & Drive
61-70	Building a home that will stand the test of the dead.	Broad-Craft & Intuition
71-80	Ending the curse of the dead one minion at a time.	Athletics & Fight
81-90	I am the saviour, the new messiah. At least they think that...	Deceive & Will
91-100	Uniting the land of the living with words not bullets or blades.	Perception & Intimidate

### WHAT DO YOU CHERISH MOST IN THIS DEAD WORLD?

01-10	Helping others survive, we'll only get through this together.	Athletics & Diplomacy
11-20	The next person I'll be robbing blind. I need it more than them.	Burglary & Investigate
21-30	Becoming stronger than any other. I am a survivor	Constitution & Might
31-40	My silver tongue that can weave the tallest of tales.	Fine-Craft & Deceive
41-50	All of the living that remain, we are the last of humanity.	Broad-Craft & Will
51-60	My horse who takes me from danger with speed.	Drive & Luck
61-70	My own two fists, even unarmed I can be dangerous.	Fight & Perception
71-80	The old pistol I keep at my side, no bullets but it still scares.	Intuition & Shoot
81-90	Taxes, glorious taxes! And the bit I like to shave off the side.	Intimidate & Wealth
91-100	Knowing when a fight is lost, there is no honour in death.	Logic & Stealth

### WHAT JOY DO YOU SEEK WHEN NOT FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE?

01-10	Canoeing the waterways of the great old cities.	Athletics & Drive
11-20	Throwing stones onto the dead-moats of the Arbiters.	Burglary & Shoot
21-30	Drinking at wherever the nearest tavern is.	Constitution & Diplomacy
31-40	Tinkering with whatever machinery I can get my hands on.	Fine-Craft & Stealth
41-50	Sharpening and retooling my weapons, always prepared.	Broad-Craft & Luck
51-60	Watching the Gladiatorial fights with all the blood and applause.	Deceive & Fight
61-70	Reading what ever I can get my hands on.	Intuition & Perception
71-80	Pushing the buttons of those with me, to know their weaknesses.	Intimidate & Investigate
81-90	Clearing out the pockets of anyone at the cards table.	Logic & Wealth
91-100	Winning a coin or two arm-wrestling the biggest I can find.	Might & Will

# NEW GENESIS

## CHARACTER CREATION

### WHAT HAS SAVED YOU FROM THE REAPER ALL THESE YEARS?

01-10	Money. It's coin that's kept me alive.	Will & Wealth
11-20	Nimble fingers that can open any door.	Burglary & Luck
21-30	Keen eyes and a stout heart.	Constitution & Perception
31-40	Always having the edge in a fight.	Fine-Craft & Fight
41-50	Being at home in the shadows.	Broad-Craft & Stealth
51-60	Never showing them your whole hand.	Deceive & Drive
61-70	Having friends in the right places.	Diplomacy & Intimidate
71-80	A strong body and mind.	Intuition & Might
81-90	Running faster than the poor fool beside me.	Investigate & Athletics
91-100	The tomes that teach us all we could ever need.	Logic & Shoot

### IF THE SANDS OF TIME COULD BE REVERSED WHAT WOULD YOU CHANGE?

01-10	Never learning to read. The words of old are forever lost to me.	Athletics & Logic
11-20	The cart wheel I never did fix, my idleness cost three lives.	Will & Fine-Craft
21-30	Stealing from an Inquisitor who's now out for my head.	Burglary & Diplomacy
31-40	Fold on the hand that could have changed it all.	Wealth & Deceive
41-50	I would have braved the fire that took a young girl.	Constitution & Luck
51-60	Mercy. I would have shot my friend before he turned.	Shoot & Drive
61-70	I would have seen the fault in the old tower before it collapsed.	Broad-Craft & Perception
71-80	Not standing my ground against the Nomen that took my people.	Might & Intimidate
81-90	I'd have gone easy on the kid who stole my dinner.	Fight & Intuition
91-100	Losing a family heirloom to a petty thief.	Investigate & Stealth

### FROM WHAT LINE DID YOUR FAMILY DESCEND.

01-10	The highborn lawmakers of the Arbiters.	Deceive & Intimidate
11-20	The tree-dwelling Keepers in search of knowledge.	Logic & Drive
21-30	The proud and fierce warriors of the Sunken.	Might & Broad-Craft
31-40	The wise but capable seafaring Greyguard.	Fight & Investigation
41-50	The travelling merchants of the Living Land.	Fine-Craft & Wealth
51-60	Wandering mercenaries who worked for anyone.	Shoot & Diplomacy
61-70	The folk who stalk the roads in search of wealth.	Burglary & Perception
71-80	I come from a mix of family lines and traditions.	Athletics & Will
81-90	I can't be certain. I know little of their past.	Luck & Intuition
91-100	Those that survive on the scraps of the Nomen.	Constitution & Stealth

### DID LOVE FIND YOU?

01-40	I did, but it didn't last.
41-70	Love is dangerous, so no I didn't.
71-90	I'm still waiting for the right one.
91-100	Yes, and we're still together.

### WHAT OF LITTLE ONES?

01-10	Just the one, adopted too.
11-30	You could say I've been around..
31-50	Two of my own.
51-100	None as of yet. Maybe it's better that way.

### WHAT ASPECT DO YOU TAKE ON IN A GROUP?

01-10	Agile Scout	Athletics & Intuition
11-20	Cunning Burglar	Burglary & Broad-Craft
21-30	Indomitable Fighter	Constitution & Fight
31-40	Wise Sage	Will & Logic
41-50	Silver-Tongued Rogue	Deceive & Luck
51-60	Perceptive Leader	Diplomacy & Perception
61-70	Fearless Rider	Drive & Intimidate
71-80	Mysterious Shaman	Investigate & Might
81-90	Stoic Ranger	Shoot & Fine-Craft
91-100	Prosperous Merchant	Stealth & Wealth

### DO YOU STAND ALONE?

01-20	Yes, and that's exactly how I like it.
21-40	I have a family, a tribe that will always be with me.
41-60	When I have to, but I still like a little company.
61-80	I do, but I wish it wasn't this way.
81-100	Never, life is lacking without another to share in its pitfalls.

# ARCHETYPES

## AGILE SCOUT

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	50	Intuition	55
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	50
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	30
Diplomacy	40	Perception	40
Drive	40	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	40
Intimidate	30	Will	40

## CUNNING BURGLAR

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	55	Investigate	50
Burglary	50	Logic	40
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	40
Diplomacy	40	Perception	30
Drive	40	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	30

## INDOMITABLE FIGHTER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	40
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	50	Luck	40
Deceive	30	Might	40
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	50
Fight	55	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	40	Will	30

## WISE SAGE

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	50
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	55
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	40	Might	30
Diplomacy	40	Perception	40
Drive	40	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	40	Will	50

## SILVER-TONGUED ROGUE

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	40
Burglary	40	Logic	30
Constitution	30	Luck	50
Deceive	55	Might	30
Diplomacy	50	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	30	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	40	Wealth	40
Intimidate	30	Will	30

## PERCEPTIVE LEADER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	40	Investigate	40
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	40	Might	30
Diplomacy	55	Perception	50
Drive	30	Shoot	30
Fight	40	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	40
Intimidate	50	Will	30

### FEARLESS RIDER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	30
Burglary	40	Logic	40
Constitution	40	Luck	30
Deceive	30	Might	30
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	50	Shoot	40
Fight	50	Stealth	40
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	55	Will	40

### MYSTERIOUS SHAMAN

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	55
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	40	Luck	40
Deceive	30	Might	50
Diplomacy	30	Perception	40
Drive	30	Shoot	40
Fight	40	Stealth	50
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	30

### STOIC RANGER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	40
Broad-Craft	50	Investigate	30
Burglary	30	Logic	40
Constitution	30	Luck	30
Deceive	40	Might	30
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	55
Fight	30	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	50	Wealth	30
Intimidate	40	Will	40

### PROSPEROUS MERCHANT

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	30	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	30
Burglary	40	Logic	30
Constitution	40	Luck	40
Deceive	50	Might	40
Diplomacy	30	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	40
Fight	40	Stealth	55
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	50
Intimidate	30	Will	30

# AKAGI ISHIKAWA

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	34	Intuition	37
Broad-Craft	36	Investigate	38
Burglary	30	Logic	30
Constitution	36	Luck	38
Deceive	32	Might	41
Diplomacy	33	Perception	49
Drive	38	Shoot	51
Fight	44	Stealth	30
Fine-Craft	31	Wealth	37
Intimidate	37	Will	39

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	32
Skin Colour	Ivory
Hair Colour	Black
Eye Colour	Brown
Handedness	Right Handed
Build	Muscular

Akagi is a man of tradition and duty. Born into the Greywatch and descended from the great Admiral Tatsuo Ishikawa. The uniform he wears with pride is the very same his great-great-grandfather once wore. Small dark stains of long spilt blood pepper the sleeves from generations of use. He has spent much of his life anticipating the day he would first put on the uniform and that day finally came. Due to advanced age his Father could no longer serve and the garment was passed down the next child, that child was Akagi.

Akagi struggled as a child, growing up in the belly of an old warship moored off the island of the Greywatch. The dark cramped conditions lead to many escape attempts. While it wasn't forbidden for a child to leave their ship the Watch had strict rules for their young. As soldiers in training they were expected to follow the orders of their elders to the letter. The Isle of Grey provided too much intrigue for the young boy however and his escapes led him to shore. He wasn't alone in these attempts, joined by his childhood friend Keiko the two would explore in the shadow of The Harmony,

the great behemoth of a ship that long ago came to rest on the isle.

A terrible accident changed the pairs lives forever. Keiko was just as curious as Akagi, she lead the two to an old cabin supposedly inhabited by the exiled Admiral Cortez. The two hoped to find some long forgotten treasure but instead found a small black pistol hidden in a previously locked cabinet. Not unlike the ones their parents wore at there side. They knew that they were guns, weapons that their ancestors used to defend themselves. But for generations they had just been ceremonial. With limited ammunition the Greywatch reserved what little that remained and could be produced for only the darkest of days. All weapons remained..empty.

Keiko pointed the dusty black pistol towards Akagi and he played along, pretending to be one of the rotten horrid creatures that washed up on their shores. He stumbled towards her as Keiko stood her ground. "You won't eat me today Kyonshī" she shouted as she pulled back on the trigger when a loud bang ringed throughout the cabin. Smoke, dust and odd smell floated on the air. Akagi opened his eyes and Keiko lay motionless on the ground. As panic leapt into his heart he rushed to his

# NEW GENESIS

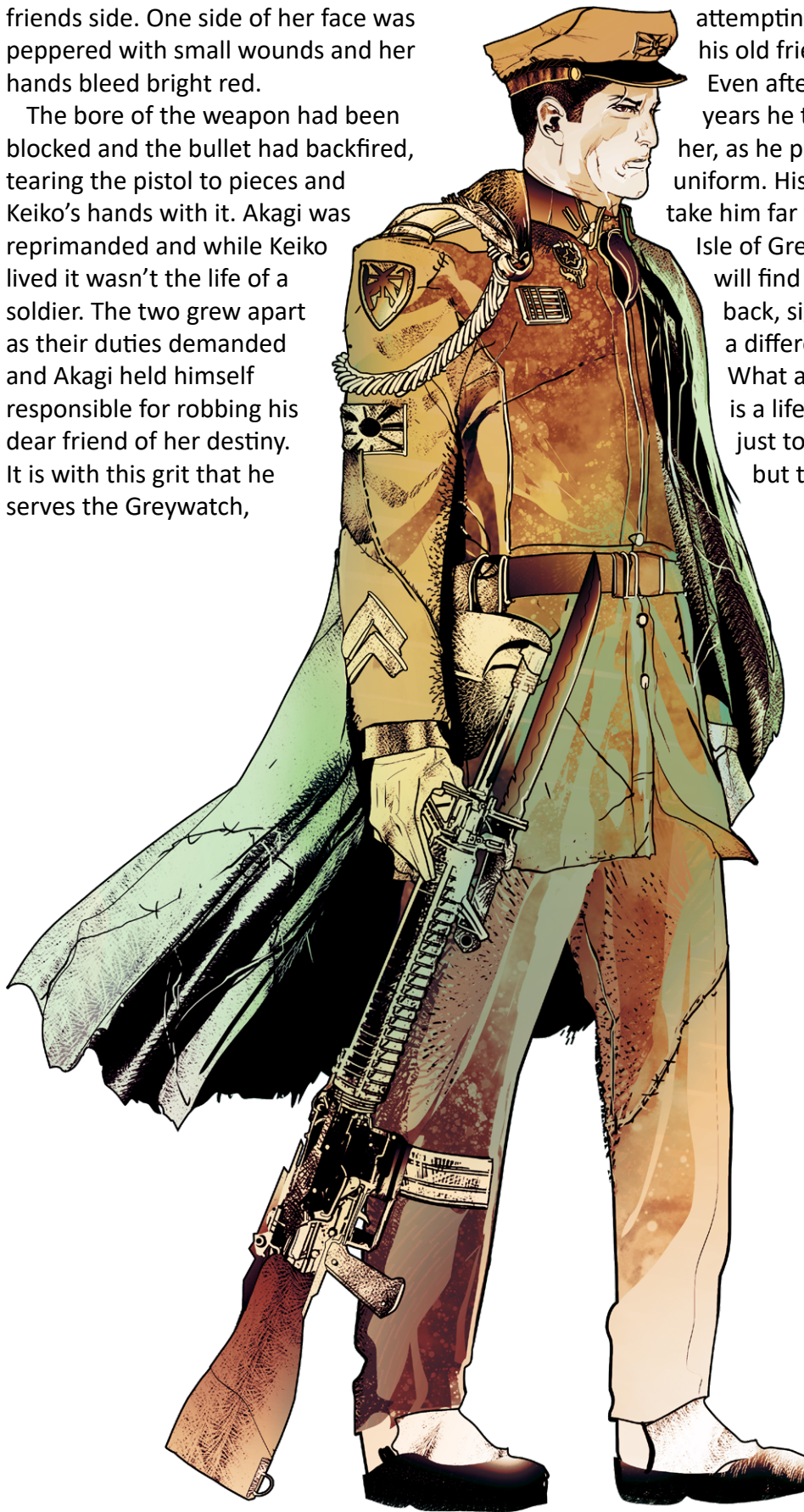
## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS

friends side. One side of her face was peppered with small wounds and her hands bleed bright red.

The bore of the weapon had been blocked and the bullet had backfired, tearing the pistol to pieces and Keiko's hands with it. Akagi was reprimanded and while Keiko lived it wasn't the life of a soldier. The two grew apart as their duties demanded and Akagi held himself responsible for robbing his dear friend of her destiny. It is with this grit that he serves the Greywatch,

attempting to make his old friend proud.

Even after all these years he thinks of her, as he puts on that uniform. His duties will take him far from the Isle of Grey but letters will find there way back, signed under a different name. What awaits Akagi is a life of duty, not just to the Grey, but to Keiko..



# HIGH INQUISITOR KANE JOUBERT

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	33	Intuition	30
Broad-Craft	39	Investigate	34
Burglary	30	Logic	32
Constitution	37	Luck	32
Deceive	49	Might	42
Diplomacy	35	Perception	30
Drive	30	Shoot	33
Fight	43	Stealth	43
Fine-Craft	30	Wealth	49
Intimidate	58	Will	35

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Female
Age	23
Skin Colour	Black
Hair Colour	Black
Eye Colour	Brown
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Slender

*With a position of power comes great responsibility...*

Kane had a life that many would dream of, as a child she bathed in warm soapy waters and had a hot meal awaiting her every eve. She was a highborn of the Arbiters and grew up with every luxury at her beck and call. Her mother Kaja taught her that there was a natural order to things and that they were the ones to set and balance that order. Through strength and will their family had fought for their position in the Dominion many generations ago. While her father Bran flitted over his stable of fighters destined to die in the arena, her Mother taught her the ways of the Inquisitors.

Feared more than any in the Dominion the Inquisitors were the eyes and ears of the Supreme Justice. They would seek out rebellion and decent where ever it grew, cutting it from the body of the Dominion. Kane's mother was one of these practitioners and she desired to see her Daughter follow the same path.

Kane was only thirteen when Kaja brought to their manor a heretic who had been spouting the ideals of The Grey. With hammer and blade Kaja taught her young daughter how to retrieve knowledge from one who

sought to hide it. The hour of screams that followed inducted Kane into the art of the Inquisitors. She became an assistant to her mother and was equally feared among the lowborn.

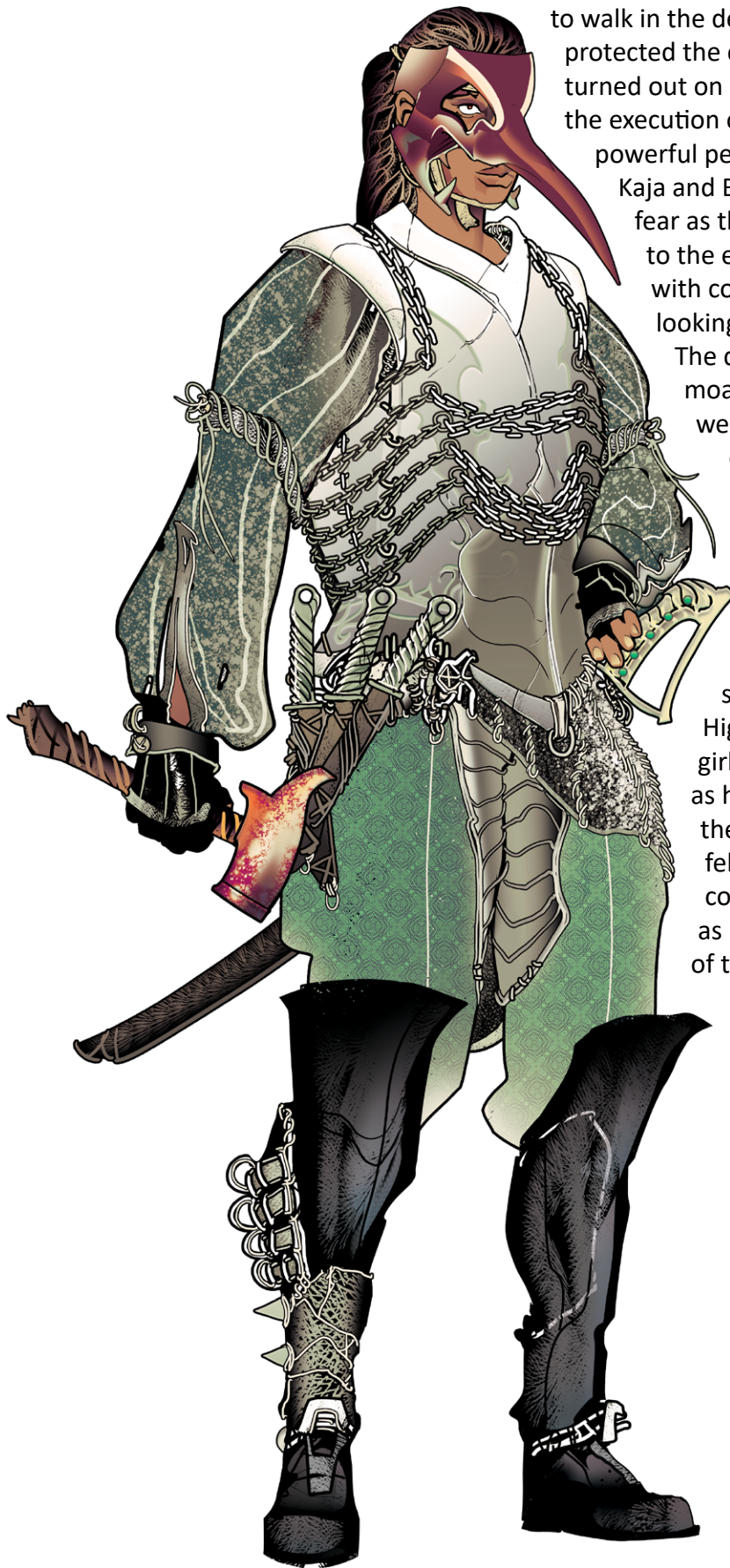
Wherever the duo walked the peasantry would soon talk. They travelled far throughout the Dominion and spent increasingly longer periods away from their manor. Life couldn't get better for the young Kane but fate would soon intervene. The High Justice that oversaw their home territory required their services. Rumors abound of a highborn families embezzlement from the Dominion. The two travelled as fast as they could to offer their unique services only to find Bran in chains. Kane's father and Kaja's husband had betrayed them and the Dominion they had served.

Kaja could not, would not cut the man she loved but the same could not be said for Kane. She asked to be alone with her Father. Thinking that she might help free the man Kaja agreed. To her horror she couldn't have been more wrong.

Kane retrieved her Father's confession and the implication that her Mother helped with the embezzlement of coin and slaves from the Dominion. The two were tried and found guilty sentenced

# NEW GENESIS

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



to walk in the dead moats that protected the city. The lowborn turned out on mass to witness the execution of two of the most powerful people in their town.

Kaja and Bran shook with fear as they were marched to the edge of the moat with countless hungry eyes looking up toward them.

The dead surged with moans of glee as the two were pushed from the edge falling into the undulation mass of people. The High Justice watched as the guilty were devoured by the dead, beside him stood Kane, his new High Inquisitor. The girl watched unblinking as her family joined the dead moat, she felt nothing. She was cold as ice and firm as rock. An Inquisitor of the Dominion, the last chance for Humanity.

# LINKA

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	38	Intuition	43
Broad-Craft	42	Investigate	32
Burglary	38	Logic	31
Constitution	41	Luck	41
Deceive	30	Might	41
Diplomacy	30	Perception	36
Drive	37	Shoot	30
Fight	57	Stealth	29
Fine-Craft	43	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	31

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Female
Age	55
Skin Colour	Pale
Hair Colour	Black/Grey
Eye Colour	Grey
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Muscular

Grey hair on the ones who dwell below is a rare sight and Linka is one who wears it with pride. Covered with the scars of battle she has lived a hard life. The Sunken fight back against the creatures of the night. The creatures that would snatch their young and weak. The Nomen.

Linka is one of the rare few that has returned from towers of Noman's Land. As a child she was taken along with her family. First captured by outlanders then sold to the Arbiters only to be used as a sacrifice to quench the thirst of the Nomen. This alone gave Linka a hatred for the many different people of the waste. Her family did not go down without a fight however, giving the Arbiters hell every mile of their journey to the edge of the Dominion. They attempted to escape and even killed a number of the guards along the way but chained together they were slowed by Linka, her small legs unable to keep up pace.

Once recaptured and beaten Linka and her family were too weak to attempt to escape again. Chained to a post at the edge of Noman's Land they were

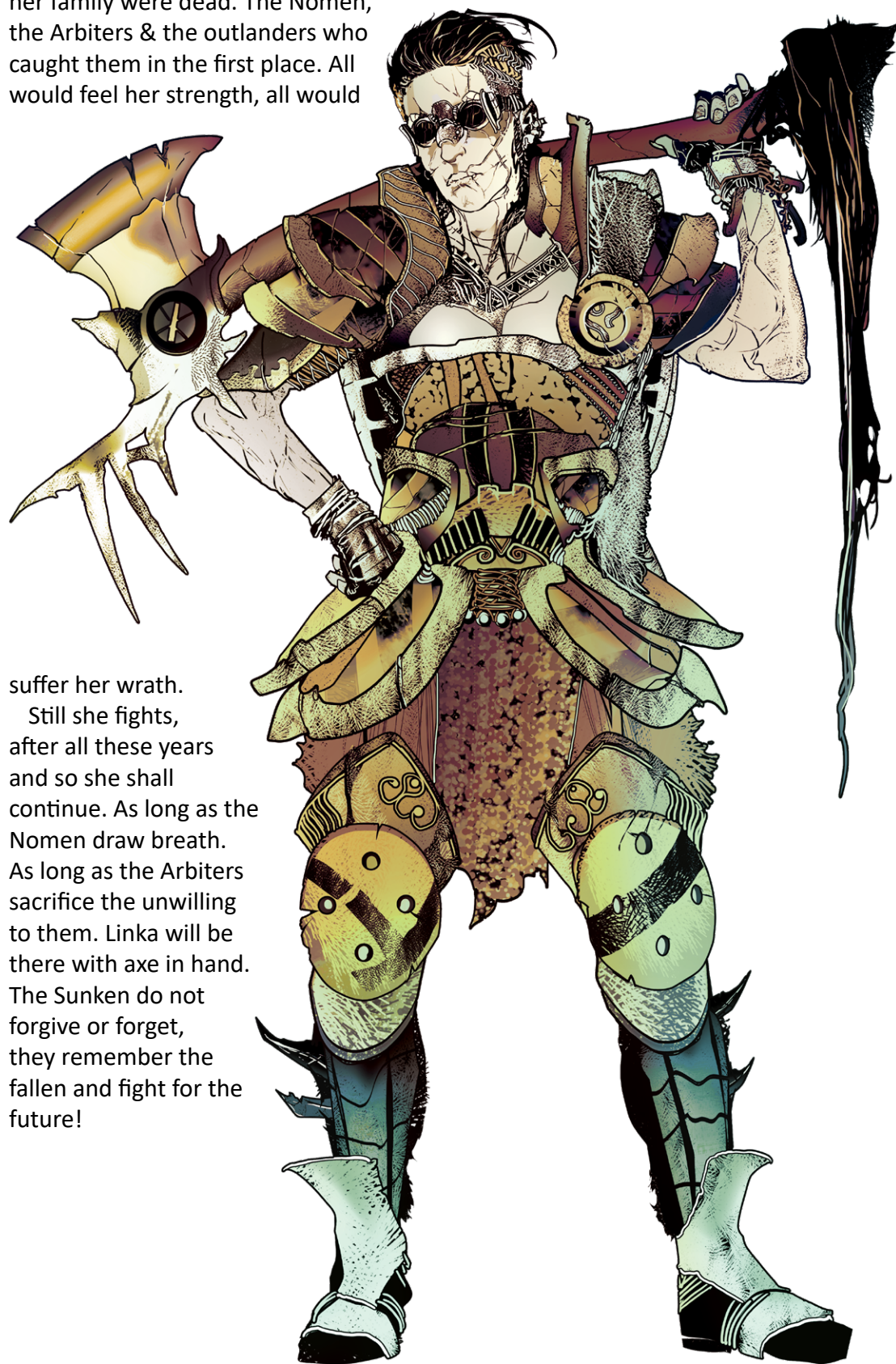
left alone to await their fate. As the sun started to set fear began to take hold of the family. They would not allow themselves to be taken by the Nomen, they would fight here tooth and nail. Linka knew they couldn't win and that she would only hold them back again. It was this that made up her mind. Grabbing a nearby brick she broke her wrist and ankle freeing herself from the chains. Clenching her teeth in pain the young girl limped from the pole heading straight into Noman's Land yelling for them to come for her. She had planned to lead the Nomen to her away from her family but the pain overtook her mind as her ankle rolled out from under her. She collapsed into the crumbled remains of an old building slamming her head on something hard. Her body disappeared into the green vines that crawled across the rubble and then darkness came.

Linka awoke with dried blood on her face and the sun in her eyes. Her wrist and ankle now heavily swollen she fought back towards the pole. Blood was all that greeted her. The pole and the surrounding ground was thick with it. Her family were gone but they had clearly fought well, parts of the pale flesh of Nomen sizzled in the sunlight. It was this day that Linka made her vow, a vow

that many Sunken take. That she would not rest till the creatures that did this to her family were dead. The Nomen, the Arbiters & the outlanders who caught them in the first place. All would feel her strength, all would

suffer her wrath.

Still she fights, after all these years and so she shall continue. As long as the Nomen draw breath. As long as the Arbiters sacrifice the unwilling to them. Linka will be there with axe in hand. The Sunken do not forgive or forget, they remember the fallen and fight for the future!



# FORD

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	46	Intuition	36
Broad-Craft	31	Investigate	30
Burglary	32	Logic	61
Constitution	35	Luck	40
Deceive	32	Might	32
Diplomacy	35	Perception	42
Drive	37	Shoot	43
Fight	30	Stealth	35
Fine-Craft	34	Wealth	30
Intimidate	40	Will	31

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	17
Skin Colour	Fair
Hair Colour	Blonde
Eye Colour	Blue
Handedness	Right handed
Build	Slim

Ford is of the forest like all his brothers and sisters. He is a Keeper, a protector of knowledge. Upon turning fourteen he undertook the rite known as the proving. A task that all Keepers must perform if they are to remain in their society. Ford succeeded choosing to study The Fundamentals of Combustion making him an oddity among his peers. He didn't want to just keep this knowledge however, he wanted to practice it. The Wardens of the Keepers roam the woods to protect their treetop homes. Ford became one of these Warden so that he might roam further from home. He would leave the forest during the day to work and return back at night, always covering his trail so that another might not follow him.

He had recovered and began working on an ancient motorcycle hoping to return the old thing to life. It took years of scavenging and collecting, taking what parts he could from the Keepers collection to bring the bike back to working order. So proud of his accomplishment he finally decided to share the machine with his peers. Only bringing four of his most trusted friends

at first to see the motorcycle in action. They cleared a section of road and Ford let thing fly. It didn't run clean but with black smoke pouring out the rear and engine screaming loudly it tore up and down the road.

To Ford the machine seemed to have a mind of its own, just as alive as the horses they rode. The friends swore to keep the bike secret and Ford promised them a turn when next they came. He fell asleep that night with a sense of pride, he had done what no other could. His dreams of black smoke and open roads slipped away as horns blew sounding an alarm. The treetops were alive with action, the dead were here.

The sounds of his machine the day before must have drawn the crowd and in their haste Ford and his friends failed to cover their trail. He slid down the trunk keeping his abode aloft and ran as fast as his legs would take him. His destination was the bike, if it had drawn them here perhaps it could lead them away. The journey didn't take long and with the moans growing ever louder Ford sparked two wires together and kicked the machine into life. It roared into the night as he pulled back on the throttle. Black smoke poured out the back as the rusted thing sped along the

# NEW GENESIS

## PRE-MADE CHARACTERS

moonlit road.

The growing horde span to follow the screaming beast as Ford sped away. The bike struggled on the poor excuse for a road but the plan worked. The dead followed and Ford rode till the morning sun crept above the forested hills. He was far from home, further than he'd ever been, at his back thousands of

hungering mouths gnashed their jagged teeth and before him lay the unknown. The open road he had dreamed of. But now that he had, it all that he could think of was home.



# THE WANDERER

SKILL	LEVEL	SKILL	LEVEL
Athletics	40	Intuition	33
Broad-Craft	30	Investigate	32
Burglary	30	Logic	35
Constitution	33	Luck	32
Deceive	50	Might	35
Diplomacy	58	Perception	50
Drive	32	Shoot	34
Fight	48	Stealth	31
Fine-Craft	31	Wealth	30
Intimidate	30	Will	36

ATTRIBUTES	
Sex	Male
Age	30
Skin Colour	Fair
Hair Colour	Brown
Eye Colour	Green/Blue
Handedness	Right Handed
Build	Athletic

*Not all who walk the wastes belong to the four civilizations.*

There are many people across this new world that hold no allegiance. Wanderers that were born outside of the Arbiters dominion, the forests of the Keepers, the halls of the Sunken or even the Isles of the Grey. They are foreign to the people of this new world but they are survivors nonetheless. This Wanderer in particular has no name for he was never given one. He wears symbols of the old world, perhaps to preserve them or maybe to form a sense of identity.

These “free agents” are a valuable commodity in the living land. Wanderers have been known to overthrow tyrants or in some cases... become them. It is their unpredictability that makes them both an asset and threat. This is why many are shown the cold shoulder, forced to sleep outside the secure walls of a town.

Life as a Wanderer isn’t easy but it also has its freedom. The quarrels of the mighty mean little to them and the traditions that bind others to duty are a strange notion. Survival is the core of this Wanderer. No matter the cost or consequence, he will stay breathing ready to greet another day in the dying

world. The look in this one's eyes might tell of some great tragedy or perhaps that’s just what he wants you to believe. Deceit is one of their many tools of the trade, he will tell you exactly what you want to hear and most will believe it. Ink cannot lie however and the markings on this ones arm are not unique to him alone. The others that walk the same path carry the same marks leading many to believe that these Wanderers might not be so independent as once thought.

Conspiracies of cults and clans surround these Wanderers and while untrustworthy their capability is undeniable. Their will to survive has both saved and cost lives in the past, which of those awaits this Wanderer remains to be seen...

# NEW GENESIS

PRE-MADE CHARACTERS



# STARTING SCENARIOS

Our world is gone and it is never coming back. The world as we know it is dead and so is anyone who could have remembered it. There isn't even anyone alive who remembers someone being alive during the Longest Night and the events of **THE FALL**. We have passed out of living memory and what has replaced us is a new type of world, a fantastical place where the history and myth blend together to form a new type of legend.

Below you will find ten different scenarios for how you can begin a game in the post-post-apocalyptic Earth more than a century and a half in the future and, while they are broad in scope, they are by no means an exhaustive list. Z-LAND during **NEW GENESIS** is the one time-frame where you can't play as yourself. You will be long dead by the time **NEW GENESIS** comes around. This makes starting a game easier as you can tailor your characters to the scenario or vice versa.

The ten starting scenarios are simply jumping off points. Use them, abuse them, modify them how you wish so that they make sense in the context of your party, your history and location and all the other factors that will make your game truly unique.

## NOMAN'S LAND

Your eyes flutter open to the dying sun, but the world doesn't look quite right. The ground and sky have flipped and your head pounds like a beating drum. As you slowly come to awareness you see others. They hang upside down from rusting street lamps long since dimmed. It's now that you realise where you

are. The towering concrete structures that surround you cement it. You are in Noman's Land. Captured by the Nomen, you and the other poor souls will face a slow and painful death once the last of the light slips below the horizon. Time is of the essence and escape is imperative. You must find a way to slip your bonds and free the others before the Nomen awake from their slumber. That is but the first task, you are far from the line that marks the Living Land. The hunt will begin soon. Fight or flight. A choice must be made...

## ENTER THE ARENA

The cheers snap you to awareness as you sit waiting awaiting your death. Around you perch others doomed to the same fate. Brought here under different circumstance but all with the same sentence... death in the arena. The small room under the Arbiters stage reeks of death as blood and viscera falls from above. Soon you and the others will be forced to fight for your lives against gladiators of the Arbiters. Forced to prove your will to survive, that you can persevere and overcome the obstacles they throw before you. To display the might of the human spirit, at least that's what they told you. Should you survive, your crimes will be forgiven but to lose well... it shall be your blood flowing down to strike fear into the next group of prisoners...

## THE PROVING

Perhaps the most important moment in a young Seekers life is the proving: the task they must perform before

*The deadly environments in which these journeys begin can be found on 191.*

elevating to the position of Keeper in their community. But a Seeker never walks alone. They are accompanied by Wardens to protect them from the dangers of the world. This is your task and one not to be taken lightly as the youngling you protect is the child of your leader. Together you will journey from your forest home to the dark crumbling ruin that is Noman's Land. It is there that the Seeker must choose the knowledge that they shall keep. But walk with light feet as the shadows are alive and ready to grasp at any who would come too close. Take all the provisions you can as the Living Land will be far behind you before your journeys complete. And so you strap down your pack and wrap your cloak tight for the winds carry with them ill tidings...

### UNKNOWN DEPTHS

As the blast from the dynamite subsides and the dust settles, a great opening appears before you. Deep under the earth in the halls of the Sunken you blast rock away, creating space for the ever growing population. A routine task and not one without danger, but what stands before you reeks of a different kind. Your head lamp pierces through the dust to reveal a grand rotunda, not one built by the Sunken but those who came before. Hallways and passages stretch from the great room leading further into the giant structure. Your mind swarms with the mystery of the place as you step further into the round room. It's then you feel the stonework beneath you slipping away. You tumble and fall into the darkness injuring one of your limbs in the process. The lamp on top your head flickers then dies altogether as the dark takes over. As the gravity of situation begins to sink in the sound of

shuffling feet echoes from the dark...

### HERETICAL HUNT

As an Inquisitor of The Supreme Justice you are at the core of the Arbiters' hierarchy. It is you the people fear knocking on their door. A punisher, torturer, executioner, your job is to seek rebellion and stamp it out. You are the one making examples of any you find guilty, a task that you have followed to the letter with gruesome efficiency. This path has lead you to a small village in which whispers of rebellion have begun. It is your duty to root out this rebellion and cut it from the body of the Domain. Strength and power will prevail but do you have the stomach to put your home village to the torch? This is the choice that must be made...

### SHADES OF GREY

Out there beyond the swell, beyond the great waves that crash upon your shore is a tale of people who once mastered the seas. Men and women dressed in grey uniforms, holding the weapons of the old world, the Greywatch as they are now known. You've heard of their heroic deeds, the stories of their great ship that could cast a shadow over the arenas of the Arbiters. For a long time you have sought these illusive folk and now finally have their bearing. With your small crew you set sights on the horizon as you set sail across the endless ocean in search of the Isle of Grey, the home of the legendary Watch. Perhaps you seek to join their ranks or find answers to long held questions. Either way you choose to make the perilous voyage from which you may never return...

# NEW GENESIS

## STARTING SCENARIOS

### UP IN FLAMES

Your home for all your life so far burns bright in the night. The slave army of the Arbiters are torching building after building, and rounding townsfolk up in the square. You hide in what little shadows you can find with other survivors, afraid and unsure. The soldiers will take all left alive back to the arenas, to fight or die. A life that can be avoided if only you stay hidden but that choice is left in your hands. Stay hidden and remain free, or fight to save those you have known all your days. Whatever the decision, it must be made with haste as outside the flaming town the horns of the Unborn can be heard. Both Arbiter and Nomen descend upon your flaming home this eve...

### THE FROZEN TRAIL

Those who live on the frozen frontier live a hard life, but they live one of freedom. A freedom desired by many, out on the edge of the Arbiters Domain these hardy people seldom feel their influence. However the journey is not without its perils. Little food and a frozen climate mean that many travellers who seek the frontier end up dead along its trails, but you and your caravan pray for a different outcome. You travel to the frontier to find adventure and life away from the conflicts of the Domain. You dream of a cabin, warmed by the heat of a fireplace as your caravan rocks back and forth on the unsteady road, but your dream is interrupted by the roar of some great creature. The scream of horses is followed by the caravan careening off the road, tumbling over and over. It settles and you hear the roar again, closer now as you attempt to stand, it is coming...

*The effects of the cold will be felt along The Frozen Trail, learn about them on Page 96.*

### DANCE OF DEATH

The great ballroom of the Supreme Justice echoes with voices of the high-born, the important aristocrats and lawmakers of the Arbiters. They drink wine and dance as the music of an orchestra begins to fill the hall. They spin from one to another keeping masks affixed to their faces, jovial and buoyant. But you are not here for celebrations, you are here to deal death. Judicator Arian is your mark and her death must come before the night is through. You know of her not but have a job to carry out. She will be wearing a metal mask painted blood red. If you should fail the consequence will be dire. Tonight it is your life, or hers...

### NUCLEAR SOLUTION

You were told the story of Cortés and the nuclear fleet as a child and the story never really left you. It was always there in the back of your mind, the great full stop to any argument, any dispute. The bomb could end it. The conflict between the living and the dead had evolved as the century drew on and humanity found itself on the back-foot, with the Nomen pushing them further away. But the nuclear fleet could change that, it could turn the cities of the Unborn to ash, it could burn the Nomen from the face of the planet. If only it were true, the stories of your childhood, the stories of Cortés and the fleet. It is said that at the heart of every tall tale is a nugget of truth and you've found that truth in a picture of the founding admiralty. All but one of the faces visible, scratched out with a knife but his name remains: ADM Cortés. If the man existed then perhaps the fleet did too. This is where your journey begins, in the hunt for the nuclear fleet.

# GM SECTION



## GM SECTION

### THE GM'S ROLE

Always remember the cardinal rule of roleplaying games: you are all here to have fun. It is just a game. It is your job as the GM to ensure this happens. If the group is not having fun, then you are all wasting your time. Sometimes it's an uphill battle and sometimes you just have to end the game early or cancel a game altogether, but as any experienced gamer will tell you: no game is better than a bad game.

Don't let this power and responsibility get to your head though; you aren't the king nor tyrant. Think of yourself as a movie, or stage, director. You are there to guide the game and the players so that by the end of the day everyone, including you, walks away feeling like they did in fact just watch a fantastic movie.

Apart from the "fun" aspect and managing your players, it will also be your responsibility to manage the entire world, the adventure and campaign. This at first will sound like a monumental task, but it is at times even easier than just managing one character. All the NPCs you control will only come into the players' lives for a moment, so at the end of the day, all those NPCs' fifteen minutes of fame will add up to one full fledged character.

### KNOW YOURSELF AND YOUR PLAYERS

Sun Tzu, in his Art of War, wrote: "If you know the enemy and know yourself,

you need not fear the result of a hundred battles." Now, you should never see your players as the enemy, but the principle remains. If you know your own capabilities, imagination and limitations, and you know your players' capabilities, imaginations and limitations then you shouldn't worry about how your game will go.

### KNOW YOURSELF

Before you go any further, ask yourself why you want to be the GM for this game. A lot of times the answer will be "because no one else in my group wants to" and that's par of the course. Every GM has been there. But you stepped up to the plate and it is an important question.

However, if your first answer is "because I want to tell a story" then I have some bad news for you: GMing might not be for you. A roleplaying game is a collaborative story telling experience. If you are telling your own story and using your players as props, then it isn't fair to them. A better way to put it would be to have an "idea" for a story, a premise rather than a novel. Let the players and their PCs create the story from the premise you have given them and the obstacles and twists you put in.

Once you've figured out why you want to run a game, then you have to ask what sort of game do you want to run, and what are you good at? We aren't all the best at everything (otherwise the Olympics would really be a boring affair) so you need to think about what you can and can't do. Are you better at describing the detail of a scene? Try a

game of solving a mystery or conspiracy during **THE FALL**. Are you better at acting out different personalities? Try a game of social intrigue and politics in an encampment in **TERRA MORTIS**. Are you better at fast paced, off-the-cuff storytelling? Try an action based, combat heavy game set between the factions of **NEW GENESIS**. Playing to your strengths will result in a better, stronger, more enjoyable game than trying to do something you aren't confident at handling.

## KNOW YOUR PLAYERS

When you have figured out why you are here and what you can do, it's time to talk to your players. The story in large part will be driven by the actions, and reactions, of the players. If they don't pick up on your clues and hints on where to go, the story stalls. If they don't want to chase after the villain, the story stalls. If they want to set up a lemonade stand instead of the undead mystery you had planned, the story *becomes* a stall.

What your players want to play is what you will have to provide them, so the first thing you should do is sit down and have a nice chat about what sort of story and game they want. This can easily be your first session together (sometimes called *Session 0*) as you go through the Character Creation and have a quick go over of the rules. This is even more important if there are new players to the group or the group has not played together before. Before any gameplay happens, find out what they are looking for. Do they want a social/political game, a combat heavy game, a slow paced mystery game or a fast paced, high octane game, or any other sort of game?

Sometimes the players themselves may not know what sort of game they want,

especially if they are new to tabletop RPGs. If they aren't sure, ask them what sort of other media they enjoy: what sort of videogames they like to play, what genre of books they like to read and movies they like to watch. This will give you an idea of what sort of game to prepare for them. This will always involve some form of compromise. The players may not all agree on one type of game, or what the players want may not be what you want. So talk it through and come up with a game that everyone can enjoy.

This does not mean to always stick to exactly what the players want. Perhaps they have not experienced every sort of game and you can pleasantly surprise them. However, if you do go beyond what the players ask for, always have a plan to get back on track should you see the players not taking a liking to what you are offering.

The last thing to remember about players is that each of them requires a unique approach. Even if they all agreed on a type of game to play, there will still be variations in what they like. Some will like interacting with the NPCs, some will like getting down and dirty with combat while others will like hunting for clues. So no matter what sort of game you end up playing, remember to throw each of your players a bone so they feel like they are playing an important role in the story.

## HOUSE RULES

### MORALITY

So now you and your players have discussed everything you want in the game. Now it's time to discuss what you and the group don't want in the game.

**Z-LAND**, much like the real world, isn't always the nicest of places. Just have a look at current world news, read up on those history books, folks; and you'll see humans aren't always kind to one another. And that is all before you even add in all the zombies and other post-apocalyptic nightmares.

Racism, sexism, religious persecution, slavery, corruption, extortion, rampant crime, and of course gratuitous violence can be present in **Z-LAND** to varying degrees and it is best to come to terms with that before any game starts. Any and all of these may be too much for your players to handle. Before starting a game, ask any players if anything should be declared off-limits.

*Remember to be reasonable* about this sort of thing. What is offensive to one person may not be offensive to others. If one player declares something to be off-limits that other players find acceptable, or may even want in **Z-LAND** (after all, who doesn't like a bit of blood and guts on occasion?) then it may be best if that player does not continue with this group. Remember it is about fun; if one person makes it not fun for the rest of the group then the whole experience is ruined. As the GM, you should make decisions like these on a case by case basis; be reasonable, and do so in the best interest of the whole group.

## TABLE RULES

Next on the list are the table rules, known a generation ago as manners and two generations ago as common sense. This is just figuring out when is the best time to order or make food, coasters or no coasters, that sort of thing. Before your first game; sort all of these niggling things out so they don't mar and slow down your games.

Figure out how long to spend before starting the game chatting and hanging out so there aren't constant interruptions every five minutes so that one player can talk about the latest cat video they saw on the internet (*this will surely become a dated reference fairly quickly*). Also figure out how much out-of-character talk there should be at a table or if it should be scheduled and what to do when one player interrupts another.

This may all seem like a lot of rules and regulations for playing a simple game of pretend, but once you figure it all out it becomes those unwritten rules that make life easier. After all, you wouldn't appreciate it if you are watching a movie and someone starts listening to pop music at full blast next to you, or constantly talks and distracts you from the movie. This is much the same thing, when you are playing with **Z-LAND** you are watching that engrossing movie and you want to stay engrossed.

## THE GAME

So you have figured out what sort of game you want to run, you have figured out what sort of game your players want and you've sorted out all the nitty-gritty things playing in a group requires. All that remains now is to prepare that game. Don't worry too much; with **Z-LAND** this won't be a hassle for you.

## PREPARATIONS

Once everything has been discussed and talked over, your biggest role now will be to design the game. Whether you use the **Starting Scenarios** at the end of the section or you want to design your game from scratch, there are a few

aspects which you will need to bear in mind. Whether you are designing a stand alone adventure or a campaign, these aspects will remain largely the same.

## THE WHO:

You have to think about who the PCs will be working for, who they will be working against, and who the third party involved will be.

Will the PCs be working for someone else, even temporarily, or will they be doing their own thing? If they will be working for someone else, you will need to create a reason why this person, group, organisation or entity would employ the PCs. It does not always have to be the most complex and convoluted of reasons, but it needs to be a reason for the PCs to fall back on and to keep them in line. The PCs should know that there is consequences to their actions should they cause trouble for their employer but also know that their employer needs them and will protect them.

The PCs will most often be working for someone else once a community has sprung up again after the apocalypse. This can happen in **TERRA MORTIS** if they PCs feel like team players and wanting to stick together with others, but by **NEW GENESIS** there will be communities aplenty that will be able to provide them with jobs, missions and adventures.

If the PCs are working alone, then there is less for you to worry about. However, they will need to know there is now no man upstairs to protect them should they find themselves hip deep in the proverbial.

Sooner or later the PCs will find themselves alone, doing their own thing for their own reasons. Some times they will choose this way of life, but

other times they won't have a choice.

During **THE FALL**, the PCs will often find themselves alone when the world comes to an end and will have to fend for themselves. This can sometimes mean a whole campaign of the PCs only working for themselves.

Whatever the case may be, the PCs will always be working against someone in some fashion. The opposition does not always have to be a villain but could be just the zombies, ravagers and bandits they face. They will however need to be more than a cardboard cutout. The PCs' employers, or the players if the PCs work alone, will come up with the reasons of why the PCs are working against the opposition, but you will also have to determine how the opposition responds to this.

Lastly, no story is as exciting as when a third party is thrown into the mix to complicate the lives of the PCs. If you do want to use a third party, you will have to spend some time fleshing them out so they become rounded characters rather than one dimensional cartoon villains.

## THE WHAT:

The meat of the game. This is the story as such, the bait, the hook to get the players moving. How much you plan will depend entirely on how much influence the players want in the story. On one side there are groups who want to be in total control of what they do, and the GM then reacts to how they play (also known as the "sandbox" style). On the other hand are players who prefer the "quest" style of gaming: getting a quest/job/mission from an NPC, completing it and then going onto the next one.

Whichever style your group chooses, you will have to at least plan what the world will throw at the characters, what

obstacles the characters will need to overcome. If it is a quest the characters will be doing then you need to plan all the important steps along the way that they may come across. They may not get to all of them, but it is better to be over prepared than under prepared. If it is a more sandbox style of game, you will need to prepare the potentialities. Since it is completely up to the players to decide what they do, you can't prepare everything, so you will need to be flexible and prepare a little bit here and a little bit there. For sandbox style games it is much better to prepare events that you can fit into any scenario than fixed scenes in an adventure. The supplies they can steal do not have to be in the strongest vault of the ravagers' stronghold but could be in any house they find along their travels. The trader they need to meet does not have to be in any specific encampment but could always be in the next community they come across.

Any of the three time-frames can suit either play style:

In **THE FALL**, a questing play style can mean having an NPC along for the apocalypse and guiding the PCs through the worst of it, while a sandbox play style will just leave the players to their own devices while the world crumbles down around them.

In **TERRA MORTIS** and **NEW GENESIS**, any community they come across will have more than enough NPCs with needs and desires to give the PCs more quests than they can handle, while the intrigue and conflict found in any society will give them more than enough plot hooks to sustain a sandbox play style. In both of these time-frames, the spectre of a horde of Lifeless or Unborn will also give impetus to the PCs to actually do something in a sandbox play style.

To help you with getting together the "what" of a specific quest or storyline, you can use the 4-Scene approach.

## THE 4-SCENE STORY:

At the most basic, a RPG storyline comes in four parts, or four scenes if you think of it like a movie. If you are planning a quest, a side-quest or just a random encounter for the players on their adventures, you can easily do so by planning four scenes.

The first scene is the *Briefing Scene*. Here is where the players get the plot-hook, the job, the quest. It can take place in an encampment leader's office with an official stamp or it could be as simple as a bandit bumping into the PC and they see him disappear around a corner. The important role of the Briefing Scene is that the players get an objective, a goal, a mission that they can work towards or against. In many instances, this is the most important scene as this will give the players the motivation for the storyline.

Next up is the *Legwork Scene*. The PCs now know what they have to do, they just need to figure out how to do it. This is where scavenging equipment, scouting and investigating, and looking up their contacts (if any) to find out information happens. Everything that needs doing before they get onto the task at hand is done here. As such, this scene is most often a very informal event (if an "event" at all), there is no one person deciding it is time for legwork, it is something that just happens naturally. Therefore, the Legwork Scene is mostly handled by the players themselves as they decide what they need to do to prepare for the next scene.

When the characters are ready, it's the *Mission Scene*. This is fairly

straightforward: this where the action takes place. The PCs now know what to do, and they have prepared for it, so now they do it. Most of what you have planned will take place here. Whatever the quest or story may be, here is where it will happen. The Mission Scene will be the climax to the storyline. A lot of times, the PCs may do a bit of the mission, do some legwork, do more of the mission, some more legwork, etc., so that the Legwork and Mission Scenes start to blend together.

Lastly, of course, comes the *Debriefing Scene*. Much like the first scene, this doesn't have to be an official declaration that the mission is over. It is just that time when the characters have finished for the day and can catch their breath, have a pint and sleep it off. The important aspect of the Debriefing Scene is that the players know that this storyline or quest is now over. The overall story or campaign (if this storyline was merely one small part) may still be ongoing, but they know this stage is over.

If you want to put in some twists or complications, you can add them into any scene or even create a scene just for them. In most cases, the twist will happen after the climax just when the players start to get comfortable and believe the worst is behind them, so the easiest place to put the twist in is just after the Mission scene.

Following this simple template, you should be able to create almost any story you can think of for your group to enjoy.

## THE WHY:

This is perhaps the most important aspect you will need to plan. There needs to be a motivation for the game, doesn't matter whether it is sandbox or a quest. You will already have created the

motivations for any potential employers and for the opposition, and the players will create their characters' motivations, so this is not what is meant here.

The entire game needs motivation. There needs to be a drive for the players to succeed, a sense of importance. Whether the characters are all great wasteland-lords or the poorest scavengers, the game needs to feel important so that there is all the more reason to succeed and all the more emotion should they fail. It is this drive and motivation which creates the gripping tension we all enjoy from watching and reading thrilling movies and books.

To put it another way: you need to make your players care about the game. If they don't care about the outcome, they get bored, and boredom is the death of fun. Don't just rely on the undead menace to provide this drive. The PCs will always be worried about their own survival, but this is something to move away from, not toward. If you think about the old "carrot and stick" idiom, the undead hordes are the stick that is beating the players, but you also need a carrot that will act as a positive force that the PCs will *want* to move towards.

If you can provide this drive, you will engross your players into the game and they will become so immersed in the story that any small mistake you do make will be overlooked. In short: provide a great motivation and your game will be as safe as houses.

## RUNNING THE GAME

The group has been assembled. The characters have been made. House rules have been sorted out. The game has

been prepared. All that is left to do now is kick back and enjoy the game... if you weren't the GM. While *you* can start relaxing now that the hard work is done, it's not all over yet.

When running the game, your main concern is to make sure it goes smoothly. The better your group plays together, the easier it will go for you. If they enjoy each other's company and work well as a team together with little bickering, half the job has already been done for you. Then you just have to worry about the game and not the players as well.

## CLEAR COMMUNICATION

Like the old expression says: never assume. Unfortunately, no player seems to have ever heard this. It is unfortunately something that can't be helped with a medium such as a tabletop RPG.

Unless you explain everything to the smallest detail, your players' imaginations will fill in the rest. You mention a guard armed with a pistol and baseball bat approaches, but what colour are his shoes? Does he have facial hair? What colour are his eyes? Are his socks matching? All of these things are irrelevant to the scene at hand, but something the players' imagination will fill in. Most of the time, this is a very good thing as it means you don't actually have to take half an hour to describe every NPC your players meet.

Unfortunately, there are some times when this doesn't go according to the plan. You mention that a man with a "gun" approaches the PCs from afar. The group may assume this to be a pistol, but you meant an assault rifle and now a PC is dead because they expected the NPC to have to come much closer before getting off a shot.

Communicating the important details is crucial. What the colour of his underwear is doesn't matter. What he had for breakfast doesn't matter. What can impact the players, especially if it can be bad for them, needs to be clearly communicated. If you are ever unsure about what information to give the players, ask yourself if the PCs could be seriously harmed if you didn't give them this information. This doesn't mean you need to spill all your secrets and twists for the game; just tell them the obvious things that their characters should know in any given situation.

Also, remember that the Perception and Investigation Skills do exist for a reason. If you are unsure how much you should tell the players, let them roll a Perception or Investigation Skill Check and then you can decide how many of the important details they noticed.

## INFORMATION MANAGEMENT

One quick way of losing momentum in a game is forgetting what comes next and having to go through all your notes to try and find that one specific piece of information. While a player only really needs to keep track of one character sheet, a GM needs to keep track of the entire world. While it may be a hassle, knowing where all of your information is will make the game easier for you in the long run. It is for this exact reason that there are Cheat Sheets at the back of this book that contains all the modifier tables so you can easily refer to them, or even print them out to make it even easier.

For all your other notes, it is best to categorise them (and remember what the categories are). For example, all the notes with the NPCs you may be using will be in a pile to your right, all the notes with the events that could happen

in a pile to your left and of course this book kept close at hand in case you need to look up a detail or two. If you are using a laptop or tablet or the like, this is will be even easier for you. You don't have to go overboard and bring a filing cabinet along with you; just be sure to know what is going on with your notes so it doesn't bring the game to a halt.

## COMBAT AND DAMAGE

### NARRATIVE DAMAGE

**Z-LAND** is a lethal system and every NPC the players meet could be quite dangerous. The PCs *will* suffer damage (a lot of it if they are unlucky) and some of them may even die. How that will happen is entirely up to you as the GM.

Damage will fall under two categories: Combat and Non-Combat Damage. Combat Damage is the easiest one to deal with as it will be the dice rolls that do most of the work. Non-Combat damage on the other hand will rest entirely on your shoulders.

### COMBAT DAMAGE

The Wound Severity and Hit Locations tables will, clearly, tell you where on the PCs body they were wounded and how severe the wound is. However, these tables will not tell you what sort of wound it was. Whether it was a scratch or a cut, a bullet wound or a broken rib, the description of any wounds the PCs receive is up to you. Take into account the context that the wound is received in, what the environment is like, what weapons are used, what armour (if any) is worn, and any other factors that could have an impact on the wound.

There are some vague guidelines, such

as daggers cut and clubs bash, but with all the thousands of different weapon types in history and even more in the post-apocalypse, it will be up to you to describe the type of wounds the PCs and NPCs receive.

Always keep in mind the severity of the wound: A Minor Wound is something small and insignificant that will take care of itself within a matter of minutes; a Significant Wound is painful, it is distracting, it is weakening, and it requires medical attention; and a Grievous Wound is something you may never recover from. It is truly something to grieve.

### NON-COMBAT DAMAGE

There are many more ways to get injured and die out of combat than there are in combat, and they aren't normally as quick and clean. Drowning, suffocating, poisoning, burning alive, falling off a building, and of course the Infection. The issue with all of these is that there are no easy Wound Severity and Hit Locations tables to tell you how bad the damage would be and where it will be.

Most of these can be handled through roleplay and your judgement. For example, falling off a ten story building with nothing below but pavement will kill you, no questions asked. So would a block of concrete around your feet and a lake. A lot of Non-Combat wounds will have to be dealt out to NPCs and PCs in a way that best fits the narrative. Use your judgement on this carefully as it may seem to the players to be arbitrary.

If you are ever in doubt about how severe a wound has to be or where it should be located, simply roll on the Wound Severity and Hit Locations tables. You can roll on the Hit Locations table as

if it was a normal d100 roll and then just use the location you rolled, however the Wound Severity is a little more tricky.

In nearly all circumstances there will be a Skill Check associated with whatever danger the PC is in such as it an Athletics Skill Check to run out of a burning building or at the very least a Constitution Skill Check to see what is harder, flesh and bone or gravity and pavement. Allow the player to roll the Skill Check and roll a d100 yourself. Treat this like an Opposed Check and treat the Skill Level you have to beat as Level 100. By however much you win the Opposed Skill Check, that is the severity of the wound inflicted. By doing this, you allow the player to succeed without taking damage (difficult but possible) and you grant some randomness to the result.

Remember also that Non-Combat damage in most cases will involve situations that would realistically affect more than one body part. Falling off a building does not just injure your left arm; it will cost you a lot more than that. Don't be discouraged then from giving wounds to PCs on more than one Hit Location if you feel the narrative demands it. Similarly, certain Non-Combat damage wouldn't feel realistically correct being on certain Hit Locations. Thirst and starvation for instance does not really affect your legs (it does, but through a roundabout way of affecting your stamina and balance and your brains). For cases like this and for things like poison or illness, it is best (generally speaking) to damage the torso or head as any penalties gained from Wounds will then affect any movement the PC makes.

## MENTAL DAMAGE

They say that insanity is much like

gravity, all it requires to tumble down that slippery slope is a little push.

Mental damage and insanity may be the most controversial and complicated aspect of **Z-LAND** that you may have to implement in your games. There are more mental conditions and disorders in the world than you can name in one day and **Z-LAND** compacts all of these into one easy-to-use mechanic to track.

Such is the way of games.

However, just because there is a single mechanic for mental traumas and conditions does not mean that there will only be a single mental condition that your players will suffer from. In fact, because the Mental Wounds are set up like Combat Wounds, there can be thousands of different traumas and disorders that characters can suffer from throughout the course of an adventure or campaign.

And just like with physical Combat Wounds, it comes down to your descriptions and narrative as to what the Mental Wounds will be that the characters suffer from.

As with Physical Wounds, keep in mind the severity of the Wound when describing what it is: A Minor Wound is something small and insignificant that will take care of itself within a matter of minutes; a Significant Wound is painful, it is distracting, it is weakening, and it requires medical (in this case perhaps psychiatric) attention; and a Grievous Wound is something you may never recover from. It is truly something to grieve.

Last but not least is the Location Destroyed Wound. In physical Combat this is fairly straight forward: the limb or body part in question has become permanently non-functional. Perhaps it was obliterated or disintegrated, or maybe all the nerves were simply

damaged beyond repair. Whatever the case may be, the character can no longer use it.

For Mental Damage, Location Destroyed works differently. Here, Location Destroyed means insanity. As with Physical Combat, it is a permanent and horrific scenario but it does not mean loss of function.

At the end of the day a Mental Location Destroyed does, in a philosophical sense, mean quite that: the character's mind has been broken, it has been shattered, it has stared into the abyss and something stared back. They are no longer, and will never again be, the same person they were before.

While it is possible to go from no wounds to Location Destroyed through one unlucky Skill Check (just as in Physical Combat), most often you will be able to clearly show the players how their PCs have gone insane through all the Mental Wounds they have accumulated. This can be a way to show what type of insanity the character eventually suffers from and how it manifests.

This in itself could be a story and the more that you can bring it into a game, the more that characters will grow and realise that their minds are as fragile as their bodies and need to be taken care of. A character with three Mental Grievous Wounds should have as hard a

time as a character with three Physical Grievous Wounds.

Other than the undead menace, the Mental Wounds will come from what traumas we can experience in real life. Seeing someone die, seeing a gruesome murder scene, being tortured or interrogated, living through combat, or the constant mounting stresses of a hard life.

There are some example in this section that you can use, but always remember to tailor the Mental Wounds to the context they are gained in and what prior Mental Wounds the character has.

## THE LONG GAME

So you want to turn your game into a campaign but are worried it may be too much work? Well fret no more! It is actually far easier than you might think.

There are two main ways of running a long consecutive game: a series of standalone adventures or a single long-running campaign. They can overlap quite frequently, but broadly speaking they are separate.

Stand-alone adventures are just that: a series of adventures that have at best a tenuous link to each other, which can be played over as long a time as you want. This will give you and the players the opportunity to test out different styles

MENTAL TRAUMA EXAMPLES				
WOUND SEVERITY	ANXIETY	MOOD	DELUSIONAL	HALLUCINOGENIC
Minor	Scared Sudden Fright	Saddened Feeling blue	Suspicion Stubbornness	Seeing-a-ghost Hearing a dead friend
Signifi- cant	Terrified Panicked	Melancholia Lethargic	Obsession The-Only-Sane-Man	Stranger-following-you Losing time
Grievous	Phobia Chronic Anxiety Addiction	Depression Chronic Stress	Paranoia Saviour complex	Hearing Voices Imaginary friend Split Personality

and genres of games, playing different characters and enjoy different scenery. Adventures can also vary the tone of the game, easily switching between drama, comedy or horror between adventures. With stand-alone adventures, there is no real “long game” you would have to prepare for, just taking each adventure as it comes. The best analogue to a campaign of stand-alone adventures is the police shows on television. While the cast mainly stays the same, the episodes are all one-offs that have a distinct beginning, middle and end that are separate from the rest of the show’s episodes.

A campaign on the other hand is one (usually) long story that may take months if not years (if you are ambitious) to complete. This at first does seem like a huge task to craft such a long story, but it is always better not to craft the whole thing. If you did, you could well find that the actions your players take may invalidate the whole story. You wished them to take the left path to the ruined city, instead they took the right path to the fallout wastelands and kept going on right. What can you do? Two things really: one is to force them back (something called “railroading”) but this might upset them because the choices they make no longer matter. The other: you could re-plan the story.

It’s much better to prevent this sort of thing than try and fix it. Prevention is better than a cure, after all. If you want a campaign, plan only the broadest, most vague story elements: who is the villain, what does he want and how well does he do it? That’s it. Then just plan your gaming sessions as they go. Let the actions of your players dictate how the grand scheme of things unfold. By keeping the details vague, you can use each session to merely nudge the players

in the right direction.

You can always combine the two. For stand-alone adventures you can keep similar themes across each adventure. Perhaps the same employer. Perhaps you can put clues in each adventure to hint at a larger story such as one villain causing all the trouble the PCs have been seeing. Similarly, you could have adventures in a campaign. If you are familiar with video game RPGs, you will know of “side quests”, those adventures the PCs can do that are not connected to the main story line.

Whichever way you choose to do it, if you allow the players’ choices to matter and influence the storyline, both you and the players will walk away happy.

## SCAVENGING

Your players will almost always be either hungry, thirsty, or both. This means that scavenging will become a vital part of gameplay. They will constantly be on the move from place to place, looking for resources... only to consume them and thus starting the cycle over.

The main scavenging rules can be found in the next section of the book, but there are a few more things that you as GM should be aware of.

The first and most important thing is that the scarcity of each consumable resource shown in each section is just a guide and an indication of its relative rarity. Depending on what real world location you are playing in, the scarcities might change dramatically. The same thing will be true depending on what narrative and story you and your group create. If they happen to be at a port next to an estuary or river, then of course water will be abundant in their specific

Port Environment, regardless of what the tables in the Scavenging section say.

Another thing to bear in mind is to increase the rarity of a resource the more the players scavenge for it in one area. If the players settle down in an area and are constantly out scavenging, then they will whittle down the resources in that area. If that happens, just increase the scarcity (from Common to Uncommon to Rare for example) the more they scavenge.

## LUCK AND SCAVENGING

Finding resources is one thing, knowing how much of it is found is another. This is where the Luck Skill comes in.

If the players passed their Investigation Skill Check, it means they found the resource they were looking for. Now they need to do a Luck Skill Check to see how much they found. Because they have already found the resource, a failed Luck Skill Check will give them at least something, not much but something.

The result of the Luck Skill Check will be different if the player in question is scavenging only for themselves (or just the immediate party) or if they have been sent out to scavenge for a much larger group or faction.

If they are scavenging only for themselves or the party then a failed Luck Skill Check means they haven't found enough of the resource to last one person even a day. This means only 1 or 2 Food or Water units, only a handful of ammo and maybe a litre or two of fuel.

A successful Luck Skill Check means that they have enough of the resource to last one person one day. Then for every 10 points they rolled, they found enough resources to last one person an extra day. So if they rolled a 32 then they found enough resources for one person

for four days (or four people for one day).

If they are the designated scavenger for a much larger group or faction of people then a failed Luck Skill Check means they only found enough resources to last themselves (i.e.: the player) a day.

If they only barely succeeded on their Luck Skill Check then they have found enough resources to last half of the people in the group or faction a day. Then for every 10 points they rolled, they found enough resources to last an additional half of the group or faction's population a day. In effect, this means that for every 20 points they roll, they have found enough resources to last their entire group or faction a whole day.

## INTRODUCING THE INFECTED

The Infection is the deadliest thing the PCs will face. Not the Plagued, or Lifeless or even the Unborn, but the Infection itself. That unholy plague that destroyed the world will eventually find the players and (if they aren't prepared) destroy them as well.

This is because there is no cure for the Infection. That bears repeating: there is literally no cure for the Infection. If a PC becomes Infected and the Infected limb can't be removed quickly enough then that PC will die and will come back as one of the Plague or the Lifeless.

Once the Infection has spread to the Torso, that's it. End of story. Do not pass GO, do not collect \$200. You die.

Because it's so dangerous, you as the GM needs to introduce the Infection and the Infected in a way so that the PCs and their players are aware of what is coming.

The best way to do this is to sacrifice some NPCs so that the players can see

the effects of the Infection. Before the PCs meet a new type of Infected (such as the Plagued), you can have them meet an NPC who has already seen what the Infected can do and then tell the PCs. Another way to handle it is to have the PCs see the Infected attack or kill an NPC to show how powerful the Infected can be.

When it comes to the spread of the Infection in the body, the fever and then the "turn" while asleep, you can have the PCs meet an NPC that's already Infected. The players will then go through the process of the Infection with the NPC and they will see and understand the gravity of the situation.

In the later stages of **THE FALL** and in other time-frames, the spores created by the Scourged and the Vents will be the most dangerous to unsuspecting players. Having signs posted by NPCs warning of spores or meeting NPCs who can tell them of it will give the players that forewarning of the danger they are facing.

With all of this said it doesn't mean you should go easy on the players. Once they have been given a warning by an NPC or seen what the Infection and Infected can do, they are on their own. The choices they make from that point will come with consequences. If they don't listen and then try to melee attack a Scourged, they should get what they deserve.

The post-apocalypse is an unforgiving place, and the sooner the players and their PCs learn that, the better.

# FACTION CREATION

During your games, your players will meet a variety of people and an assortment of different groups. This section will provide you with tables you can use to quickly generate those groups. So just roll a d100 on the tables below and find out how many people in the group, their motivations, attitudes, quirks and more.

## THE FALL

AMOUNT OF PEOPLE	
01-35	<10
56-60	11-25
61-75	25-50
76-85	51-75
86-90	76-100
91-94	101-150
95-97	151-200
98-99	201-250
100	>250

TYPE OF PEOPLE	
01-33	Dwellers
34-67	Nomads
68-100	Ravagers

MOTIVATION			
	DWELLERS	NOMADS	RAVAGERS
01-25	To rebuild civilisation.	Move to the "promised land".	Pointless destruction and nihilism.
26-50	Finding a cure for the zombie plague.	Running away from current threat.	Pirating, Raiding, Reaving.
51-75	Isolation from humans and zombies.	Increasing their population.	Expanding their territory.
76-100	On a mission from god.	Securing all resources.	Slavery.

ATTITUDE			
	DWELLERS	NOMADS	RAVAGERS
01-25	Afraid	Jealous	Violent
26-50	Suspicious	Hopeful	Despair
51-75	Friendly	Curious	Prideful
76-100	Pragmatic	Judgemental	Denial

# GM SECTION

## FACTION CREATION

RULERSHIP			
	DWELLERS	NOMADS	RAVAGERS
01-25	Elected Leader	Direct Democracy	Rule by the strong.
26-50	Elected council	Meritocracy	Dictatorship
51-75	Rule by Seniority	Oligarchy	Anarchy
76-100	Theocracy	Tribal	Democracy

QUIRK			
	DWELLERS	NOMADS	RAVAGERS
01-25	Cult; created new religion.	Majority children. e.g. school trip, crèche.	Former criminal gang.
26-50	All resources came from stockpile. Haven't ventured out.	Single gender community.	Zombie handlers.
51-75	Defenceless.	Luddite Society.	Putting on a False Front.
76-100	Single theme aesthetic. E.g.: medieval, retro.	Good Samaritans.	Military Holdouts.

## TERRA MORTIS

AMOUNT OF PEOPLE	
01-35	<10
56-60	11-25
61-75	25-50
76-85	51-75
86-90	76-100
91-94	101-150
95-97	151-200
98-99	201-250
100	>250

TYPE OF PEOPLE	
01-33	Dwellers
34-67	Nomads
68-100	Ravagers

# GM SECTION

## FACTION CREATION

MOTIVATION			
	DWELLERS	NOMADS	RAVAGERS
01-25	Isolation from the world above.	Leave the land behind for the sea.	Unite all tribes under one rule.
26-50	Revenge.	Control of the trade.	Owning the roads.
51-75	Farming for the new world.	Serving the Ravagers.	Holding the city towers.
76-100	A final death for all the living dead.	Neutrality and Peace.	Forming a new rule of law.

ATTITUDE			
	DWELLERS	NOMADS	RAVAGERS
01-25	Optimistic	Bliss	Confident
26-50	Sheltered	Depressed	Unpredictable
51-75	Spiteful	Skittish	Savage
76-100	Fearful	Rebellious	Malicious

RULERSHIP			
	DWELLERS	NOMADS	RAVAGERS
01-25	Monarchy	Democracy	Autocracy
26-50	Theocracy	Monarchy	Might makes right
51-75	Elected Council	Tribal	Monarchy
76-100	Theo-oligarchy	Oligarchy	Anarchy

QUIRK			
	DWELLERS	NOMADS	RAVAGERS
01-25	Miners digging deep into the earth.	Unwilling Slavers.	Cannibals.
26-50	Camouflaged into the environment.	Sympathisers of the Lifeless.	An eye for an eye.
51-75	Housing a former member of government.	Exiles.	In search of the cure.
76-100	Cataloguers of knowledge.	Foreigners unable to communicate.	All tongues removed.

# NEW GENESIS

### AMOUNT OF PEOPLE

01-35	<10
56-60	11-25
61-75	25-50
76-85	51-75
86-90	76-100
91-94	101-150
95-97	151-200
98-99	201-250
100	>250

### TYPE OF PEOPLE

01-25	Keepers
26-50	Sunken
51-75	Greywatch
75-100	Arbiters

### MOTIVATION

	KEEPERS	SUNKEN	GREYWATCH	ARBITERS
01-25	Teach the knowledge of old.	Reconnect with the surface world.	Dominate the worlds oceans.	All will bow to the Supreme Justice.
26-50	Leave the forests to retake the cities.	Kill the Nomen tribe that killed their king.	Colonization of distant islands.	The enslavement of the Nomen.
51-75	Assassinate the Supreme Justice.	Dig deeper into the earth for its riches.	Find the nuclear launch codes.	Burn the forests of the Keepers.
76-100	Access and restore the cloud.	Steal the knowledge of the Keepers.	Return the Harmony to the sea.	Find the ultimate fighter.

### ATTITUDE

	KEEPERS	SUNKEN	GREYWATCH	ARBITERS
01-25	Enlightened	Spiteful	Anticipating	Imperious
26-50	Sceptical	Welcoming	Steady	Entitled
51-75	Composed	Haughty	Calm	Vain
76-100	Sympathetic	Weary	Unpredictable	Malicious

RULERSHIP				
	KEEPERS	SUNKEN	GREYWATCH	ARBITERS
01-25	Elder Council	Oligarchy	British Military Rule	Rule of the Strong
26-50	Ever changing	Monarchy	American Military Rule	Imperialism
51-75	Democracy	Theocracy	Japanese Military Rule	Dictatorship
76-100	Theocracy	Communism	Australian Military Rule	Meritocracy

QUIRK				
	KEEPERS	SUNKEN	GREYWATCH	ARBITERS
01-25	Will destroy advanced technology.	Full body burns from chemical spill.	Vessels destroyed in storm.	Secret cannibals.
26-50	Secret servants of the Arbiters.	Never seen the surface before.	Ongoing civil-war.	Worshippers of the Dead.
51-75	Exotic animal breeders.	Belief in magic.	Exiles from the Grey.	Hunting for Relics of the Old World.
76-100	Out to eliminate human life.	Carrying rare infectious disease.	Guns with empty magazines.	Drug addicts.

# SCAVENGING

The PCs will be hungry, thirsty and most likely tired as well. They can fall asleep wherever they are (if they are brave enough) but food and water aren't that easy to find. To fill their bellies and stay alive, they will have to go out into the wider world to scavenge for what precious few supplies are left.

The Scavenging mechanic deals with finding the five most important and common consumable resources in Z-Land:

- Non-Perishable Food
- Perishable Food
- Drinkable water
- Petroleum fuel
- Firearms ammunition

These are all vital resources that the PCs will burn through (literally in some cases) rapidly in order to survive, so they will always need to be on the lookout for these.

## FINDING WHAT YOU NEED

Scavenging is quite simple. Whenever the PCs are out looking for one of these five critical resources, you can check the tables in this section to see how common or rare that resource is. You can then check the rarity against the scarcity table to see what the modifier will be for the PCs' Investigation Skill Check. The tables are all categorised by what type of area the PCs might be scavenging in, and in which of the three time-frames you're playing in.

If the PCs aren't in a specific location (such as a specific house, boat, etc) and they just want to scavenge what they can from their surroundings, then one

SCARCITY	MOD.
Abundant	+45
Plentiful	+30
Common	+15
<b>Uncommon</b>	<b>+0</b>
Rare	-15
Scant	-30
Scarce	-45

Investigation Skill Check can cover a lot of ground. A whole apartment building, a block of suburban homes, a row of warehouses, or even all the buildings on a farm.

If the PCs are successful in their Investigation Skill Check, then they have found what they are looking for. The only question now is how much they found. For that they roll a Luck Skill. The better they roll, the more they get.

## ENVIRONMENTS

Below you will find the scarcity of each resource in each environment in each time-frame. Remember, however, that these are just indications of scarcity and the real rarity of resources will depend as much upon the context of the situation and the area, and the narrative you are crafting for the players. For example: if the PCs continuously scavenge in one area, the resources will become depleted even if there is nothing to bring in more resources.

Also remember that you can use real world knowledge to affect the scarcity of each resource in an area. If you know what the resources should be for a given area, you can simply use the

Scarcity table to determine the rarity for whatever the PCs might be looking for.

On the tables below, T.F. stands for **THE FALL**, T.M. for **TERRA MORTIS**, and N.G. for **NEW GENESIS**.

### URBAN

	T.F.	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Common	Rare	Scant
P. Food	Rare	Scant	Scarce
Water	Plentiful	Common	Scant
Fuel	Common	Scant	Scarce
Ammo	Abundant	Scant	Scarce

### SUBURBAN

	T.F.	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Plentiful	Scant	Scarce
P. Food	Abundant	Scant	Scarce
Water	Abundant	Plentiful	Common
Fuel	Common	Rare	Scarce
Ammo	Plentiful	Scant	Scarce

### INDUSTRIAL

	T.F.	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Rare	Scant	Scarce
P. Food	Rare	Scant	Scarce
Water	Abundant	Plentiful	Common
Fuel	Abundant	Common	Scant
Ammo	Scant	Scarce	Scarce

### PORTS

	T.F.	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Common	Scant	Scarce
P. Food	Common	Scant	Scarce
Water	Rare	Scant	Scarce
Fuel	Abundant	Common	Scant
Ammo	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce

### RURAL

	T.F.	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Common	Scant	Scarce
P. Food	Plentiful	Plentiful	Abundant
Water	Abundant	Plentiful	Common
Fuel	Common	Rare	Scarce
Ammo	Plentiful	Common	Rare

### FORESTS/WOODLANDS

	T.F.	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Scant	Scarce	Scarce
P. Food	Plentiful	Common	Plentiful
Water	Abundant	Abundant	Abundant
Fuel	Scant	Scarce	Scarce
Ammo	Rare	Scant	Scarce

### MOUNTAINS

	T.F.	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
P. Food	Rare	Common	Common
Water	Rare	Rare	Rare
Fuel	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
Ammo	Scant	Scarce	Scarce

### PLAINS

	T.F.	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
P. Food	Common	Plentiful	Abundant
Water	Common	Common	Common
Fuel	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
Ammo	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce

# GM SECTION

## SCAVENGING

### DESERTS

	T.F	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
P. Food	Scant	Scant	Scant
Water	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
Fuel	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
Ammo	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce

Instead, just use the Scarcity Table at the beginning of this section, and some common sense, to decide what the appropriate modifier should be to the PC's Investigation Skill Check. Everything that can be looked for and found has a scarcity, so the Scarcity Table should become your best friend once the PC's get settled and start looking for loot.

### TUNDRA

	T.F	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Scant	Scarce	Scarce
P. Food	Rare	Common	Common
Water	Plentiful	Plentiful	Plentiful
Fuel	Scant	Scarce	Scarce
Ammo	Scant	Scarce	Scarce

### OPEN SEAS

	T.F	T.M.	N.G.
N.P. Food	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
P. Food	Rare	Common	Abundant
Water	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
Fuel	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce
Ammo	Scarce	Scarce	Scarce

## FOR EVERYTHING ELSE

The five resources above get their own special mechanic and scavenging tables because they are so important. Everyone in the apocalypse will be looking for these.

That doesn't mean that these five are the only resources that matter. Your PCs will be looking for everything under the sun that could help them to survive, and that could give them the edge over their opposition. There's a million and one things they could be looking for, and not enough space in a library to write up all the scavenging tables they will need.

# THREAT

Every action has an equal and opposite reaction. The same is true of the PCs. Every moment they go about their apocalyptic life they are leaving breadcrumbs, a footprint if you will. That footprint will grow larger the longer they are in one area. What's creating that footprint? Everything single action the PCs take.

Sound and visibility are their enemies, ringing the dinner bell to the throngs of undead and sometimes the living. Every fire they light, every sound they make increases their threat, and it's threat that makes staying in one area for too long dangerous. The environment they are in plays a big factor into how far sound will travel and how many ears and eyes are observing. Firing a gun downtown as opposed to in the countryside will have drastic differences. In the urban environment the sound of a gunshot will not travel as far as in the countryside but the severity of that sound will be amplified. This is because the urban areas of our world are walking graveyards and had a population far higher than rural areas of the country.

## GENERATING THREAT

Each environment in **Z-LAND** have both Distance and Severity modifiers attached to them and it is your job as GM to use these modifiers and the table below to determine the reaction the world has to the PCs' actions.

Whenever you decide that the noise the PCs are making will attract people (living and dead), have a look at the Noise Table and see what Degree of

noise they are making and over what Range this can be heard. Multiply the Degree by the Severity of the environment the PCs are in (on the Environment Table). The result you get is the amount of people within the range on the Noise table of the PCs that have been stirred by that noise and will be heading towards the PCs.

Things, however, do not happen within a vacuum. As the PCs alert other living and undead to their whereabouts, these intruders themselves will create noise and attention as they move towards the PCs, creating a knock-on affect where they will alert other individuals further out to what goes on near the PCs.

To represent this, multiply both the Severity result and the Range on the Noise Table by the Distance number of the environment the PCs are in. This will give you the furthest distance that the noise have travelled and the amount of people within that long range that have heard it.

Each scenario that the PCs will find themselves in will differ, so you won't need to break out the calculator and consult the Noise table each time. However, the Threat mechanic allows you to seed the world with threats both living and dead to interact with the player that they themselves have created, sometimes unwittingly. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction and in **Z-LAND** that reaction can be deadly.

Finally, remember that the narrative always takes priority. If the PCs have set up camp (perhaps unknowingly) next to a horde of Lifeless, should they ever fire off a firearm then the entire horde

will know where they are. You won't need to consult the tables for that one. Conversely, if the PCs have made 100% sure there is nothing and no one around them, then they (and you) can rest assured that whatever noise they make won't draw in any enemies... at least for the present time.

### AN EXAMPLE

Christopher gets angry with Elliot for locking them out of their home and they start shouting at each other. So we check the Noise Table to find that Shouting has a Degree of 0.5 and a Range of 500m.

This argument is happening downtown and so we use the Urban environment's Severity of 10 and Distance of 2. We multiple the Degree by the Severity ( $0.5 \times 10$ ) to find that 5 people within 500m have heard Elliot and Christopher shouting and could be heading their way.

Those five potentially undead aren't the only ones who heard though, so we multiple the Urban environment's Distance of 2 with the previous result and with the Noise Table's range. We get 10 people and 1000m.

So from all of this we know that 5 people within 500m have heard the shouting match, and a further 10 people within 1000m of Elliot and Christopher now knows something is afoot and may come to investigate.

One little shouting match have meant that Elliot and Christopher may now have to deal with 15 individuals, who may be uninfected, Plagued, Lifeless or all of the above. At least they can be lucky that they didn't set off a firearms or they would be looking at 50 people within 5km coming for them and 100 people within 10km knowing something is wrong.

## NOISE TABLE

SOUND	DEGREE	RANGE
Quiet Conversation	0.1	100m
Average Conversation	0.2	200m
Light Work	0.3	300m
Shouting	0.5	500m
Heavy Work/Construction	0.7	700m
Cars Driving	0.8	800m
Screaming	1	1km
Motorcycles Driving	2	2km
Helicopters Flying	3	3km
Firearms Being Fired	5	5km
Grenades Exploding	8	8km
Large Explosions	10	10km

## ENVIRONMENTS

ENVIRONMENT	DIST.	SEV.
Urban	2	10
Suburban	3	7
Industrial	3	5
Ports	4	5
Rural	7	4
Forests/Woodlands	5	3
Mountains	8	1
Plains	10	2
Deserts	10	1
Tundra	7	2
Open Seas	10	1

# APOCALYPSE TIMELINE

The world of **Z-LAND** is not static; it is ever-changing and constantly evolving. In the book there are three set time periods that you can start off your post-apocalyptic games, but you aren't beholden to them. You can start off a game of **Z-LAND** at any time after the world has ended. This is why the Apocalypse Timeline is here, to help you understand what has happened at any given time so that you can jump to any point and create a brand new adventure and campaign wherever you want.

There are eight timelines provided here, covering everything from what happens to food and animals, to infrastructure and environment. Take it all in and find out what happens to humanity after the Longest Night.

## FOOD

TIME	PREDICTION
1 day	Supermarket shelves empty rapidly as the population begins to panic-buy, raid stores and stockpile food and drink
2 days	Farm animals in enclosed paddocks and buildings become targets for the Infected. Many are slaughtered, but more still become Infected themselves.
3 days	The majority of food now remains in warehouses after the initial rush.
4 days	With only a supply of 3-4 days, even with normal consumption rates, supermarkets are emptied. Large and small they all rely on a constant supply.
1 week	The remains of fresh food are being devoured mercilessly by rats and insects.
10 days	Most fresh food on supermarket chilled shelves and inside home refrigerators has rotted or been consumed by pests.
2 weeks	Starving wild and feral animals begin to make their way to the smell of rotting food in kitchens formerly occupied by humans.
1 month	Non-perishable foods become valuable commodities, as those who stockpiled early and survived begin to reap the rewards.
2 months	Surviving starving, domesticated farm animals will have broken out of their enclosures. They begin breeding with their wild and feral cousins creating leaner, more aggressive species of stock animals.
3 months	In grocery stores, all non-perishable foods have either rotted away or been eaten. Vermin still inside the buildings have taken to eating up the dry goods.
6 months	With the changing of the seasons those facing winter will do so with dwindling resources.
1 year	Crops dependant on rotation fail and fall prey to rot and pests.
2 years	Pests that evolved to live off of human produce now go extinct. Wild plants and grasses have overrun the crops that once supported humanity.
25 years	Twinkies are still edible.
40 years	The underground dwellers find success farming various species of mushrooms.

# GM SECTION

## APOCALYPSE TIMELINE

TIME	PREDICTION
50 years	Most semblances of a prepared meal have long disappeared, but some foods are still edible. Freeze-dried goods could remain edible for 50 to 100 years; canned food could remain edible for hundreds of years if the cans are not compromised by moisture and humidity, while fruitcake could last for over 130 years. Making them the cornerstone of many communities.
75 years	With most mammalian species having gone extinct, and the rise of the Unborn animals, fish and birds remain the last hunted type of animal.
100 years	Small scale agriculture starts again with the Arbiters employing indebted servants to manage their fields.
4000 years	Honey preserved in sealed containers still remains edible and will be mankind's last surviving foodstuff.

## POWER

TIME	PREDICTION
1 day	Most fossil fuel power stations will shut down, causing cascading blackouts worldwide once they run out of fuel.
2 days	Without steady power consumption, most nuclear power plants will shut down and enter an automatic safe mode to avert a possible meltdown.
3 days	Emergency generators have run dry crippling hospitals, news & radio stations.
4 days	Without human intervention, natural gas lines lose pressure, isolating homes to only what remains in their local distribution line.
1 week	Small islands of power may remain with workers' intervention.
10 days	Spent nuclear fuel for nuclear power plants is generally stored in pools in on-site facilities. Without people to ensure that this water remains cool, the heat of the fuel rods boils it away and the fuel rods catch fire. The resulting nuclear disasters spread fallout over large areas. Most living things within the affected zones die.
2 weeks	Pilot lights burn through the remaining natural gas in local neighborhood distribution lines.
1 month	Hydroelectricity power plants start shutting down.
2 months	The sight of the planet at night is now one of darkness.
1 year	Without maintenance wind turbines are destroyed by high winds when their emergency brakes fail.
3 years	The last watch battery on earth finally runs out of power.
10 years	Without maintenance, inverters for solar panels degrade and fail.
25 years	Except for human intervention, there is no more usable electricity in the world.
50 years	Under the Earth the hum of machinery can be heard once again as the Sunken revive long dead technology.
100 years	To a child born of this century the very idea of electricity is akin to magic.
175 years	The last few, crumbling, powered sea-vessels in the world belong to the Greywatch.

### ANIMALS

TIME	PREDICTION
1 day	The plague is just as effective on mammals as humans, and the outbreak spreads to house pets.
2 days	Animals in enclosed paddocks and buildings become targets for the Infected. Many are slaughtered, but more still become Infected themselves.
3 days	Infected animals (especially rodents) spread the plague even further to humans not reached by Infected individuals.
4 days	Uninfected invasive pest species begin to spread as no humans are around to cull them.
1 week	Domesticated animals that could have escaped from their owners' homes have started to become feral and began scavenging for food. Some zoo animals have escaped from their cages and moved into the cities.
10 days	Pets still trapped inside houses can drink water leaking from thawed freezers and fridges and from taps, but a mass die-off of trapped domestic animals begins. Urban pests like rodents and insects thrive on the remaining food supplies. Nuclear disasters spread fallout over large areas, and most uninfected living things inside these affected areas die. Only the infected are now found here.
2 weeks	In zoos, the remaining animals starve to death. Starving wild and feral animals begin to make their way to the smell of rotting food in kitchens formerly occupied by humans.
1 month	The predators that escaped from zoos roam the streets looking for uninfected prey. Many domestic dog and cat breeds, especially small dogs and those bred for special qualities like stubby legs and short muzzles, are unable to survive long in the wild.
2 months	Surviving starving, domesticated farm animals will have broken out of their enclosures. They begin breeding with their wild and feral cousins creating leaner, more aggressive species of stock animals.
3 months	In grocery stores, all fresh produce has either rotted away or been eaten. Vermin still inside the buildings have taken to eating up the dry goods. As food runs out in supermarkets and warehouses, they return back to the wild where they become food for predators and their numbers quickly diminish.
6 months	Without people to suppress them, wild animals will return to the urban landscape. Small predators such as coyotes and wild cats, which had already existed on the outskirts of civilisation, will be first, followed by larger predators such as wolves and bears. With the help of abandoned swimming pools, mosquitoes and their diseases thrive and spread.
1 year	Wild animals, prey and predator alike, have found shelter in the abandoned cities. Carpenter ants and termites colonize and weaken wooden structures.
2 years	All food (perishable or not) on supermarket shelves have by now either been taken, eaten or decomposed. Pests that evolved to live off of human produce now go extinct.
3 years	Skyscrapers become giant aviaries and nests to all types of birds.

# GM SECTION

## APOCALYPSE TIMELINE

TIME	PREDICTION
5 years	Escaped and uninfected zoo animals that have survived and found their niche begin to spread and change the ecological landscape around them.
10 years	Without road traffic, most wildlife migration routes are restored through previously populated areas and predators such as bears expand their feeding grounds.
25 years	Populations of both prey and predator species that have exploded without human intervention are brought back down to balance through the efforts of Infected humans and animals. In many cities, skyscrapers have become high-rise ecosystems, with Unborn cats as the apex predators if not for the Unborn humans.
40 years	Birds that have been taught human speech still retain this ability. A large die-off begins of birds once dependent on human refuse, such as pigeons and seagulls.
50 years	Underground gas tanks across the world fail and buckle due to 50 years of no maintenance, releasing toxic gas across the landscapes. Many animals die of suffocation.
75 years	Former domesticated dogs, now feral and Unborn, have intermingled their breeds so much so that they are now simply a single, wild mongrel breed.
100 years	Most mammal species have been rendered extinct by their Unborn counterparts
110 years	Unborn elephant herds roam free, filling the ecological niches that mammoths and mastodons left vacant at the end of the last ice age.
150 years	After generations of breeding with wolves, Unborn domestic dogs have returned to their pack hunting nature. Without man's pollution, the oceans recover and populations of sea life explode.
175 years	Birds and reptiles have now completely returned to the former dead zones around the collapsed and ruined nuclear power plants.

## TRANSPORTATION

TIME	PREDICTION
1 day	Petrol stations are mobbed by fleeing people, some are raided and others destroyed. Planes fall from the sky as sleeping passengers become Infected and kill crew members.
2 days	Panicked motorists flee their gridlocks vehicles, clogging most major arterial routes. Those cars left on run dry by the following morning.
3 days	With no more than two days worth of fuel stored, most surviving petrol stations are left dry.
4 days	With no more planes in the sky to create condensation with their contrails, it is now warmer in the day and cooler at night.
1 week	Subways and electric trams fall silent without electricity.
10 days	Boats and ships crewed by the dead and Infected begin running ashore.
2 weeks	Most high end cars' batteries have lost their charge due to inaction.
1 month	Most cars in very cold or very hot conditions' batteries have lost their charge due to inaction.

TIME	PREDICTION
3 months	Almost all cars' batteries, regardless of type, have lost their charge due to inaction.
6 months	Most fuel sitting in vehicles begin to degrade beyond use.
1 year	Without maintenance, roads begin to suffer from weather and the environment. Diesel begin to perish in the tanks of vehicles. All but the best stored petrol has completely degraded.
2 years	Railways begin to flex and distort, buckling in fluctuating temperatures.
3 years	Most car tires have completely deflated.
5 years	Roadways begin to disappear under a carpet of grass.
10 years	Cars in coastal areas begin to rust through.
25 years	Horse and cart return to become the transportation of choice, replacing the few unreliable combustion vehicles that remain.
40 years	The era of the road-warrior comes to a close as the vehicles of the Arbiters roll to a stop.
50 years	As uninfected mammal numbers dwindle, a horse becomes the utmost of status symbols among the Keepers.
75 years	By now, almost all of the cars in the world, even in the most forgiving of environments, will have rusted away to barely recognizable skeletal heaps.
100 years	To those alive in this time the flying machines of old are nothing more than myth and legend.
110 years	Bridges begin to collapse when their protective paint flakes off and are no longer protected from moisture and corrosion.
175 years	The last few, crumbling, powered sea-vessels in the world belong to the Greywatch.

## COMMUNICATION

TIME	PREDICTION
1 day	Emergency Broadcasts begin. Differing from nation to nation but all with one common element. The Outbreak. Cellphone networks are flooded with call traffic
2 days	With the power grid down, cellphone towers lose power taking the network down with it. Internet & phone lines go dark, global communications begin to fail, while satellite access connection to the Internet and globe remains
3 days	All conventionally powered radio stations have gone dead. Along with Television stations running on emergency generators
4 days	As the Outbreak increases in severity the remnants of national governments change the selective availability on their GPS networks to aid the few remaining ground troops rendering the service useless to the civilian populations.
1 week	Most smartphones' batteries have by now run out of power.
1 month	For the rare few, carrier pigeons remain as one of the last reliable forms of long distance communication.

# GM SECTION

## APOCALYPSE TIMELINE

TIME	PREDICTION
1 year	Without electricity digital media such as CDs and DVDs are now useless.
10 years	Without human intervention most GPS networks have failed.
50 years	On horseback, a message carrier has become the fastest method of communication over long distances.
100 years	Paper and film can last 200 to 300 years within a controlled environment, but will have deteriorated away in half the time once exposed to moisture and unregulated temperatures. Most books will have been eaten away by mold in a humid environment.
50,000 years	A satellite carrying a time capsule finally falls back to Earth, filled with messages from the citizens of a past-Earth to humanity 50,000 years in the future. Will anyone be there to read them?

## INFRASTRUCTURE

TIME	PREDICTION
1 day	Most fossil fuel power stations will shut down, causing cascading blackouts worldwide once they run out of fuel.
2 days	Without steady power consumption, most nuclear power plants will shut down and enter an automatic safe mode to avert a possible meltdown.
3 days	All conventionally powered radio stations have gone dead.
10 days	Spent nuclear fuel for nuclear power plants is generally stored in pools in on-site facilities. Without people to ensure that this water remains cool, the heat of the fuel rods boils it away and the fuel rods catch fire. The resulting nuclear disasters spread fallout over large areas. Most plants and animals within the affected zones die.
1 month	Water management: cities that needed water start to dry up; cities that needed to be dry start to flood. Liquefied natural gas tanks begin to fail, causing many fires and explosions. Hydroelectricity power plants start shutting down.
3 months	With no firefighters to stop them, wildfires run rampant in drier climates, destroying many neighbourhoods and towns.
1 year	Plants have taken over, turning manicured lawns into overgrown fields. Weeds grow in cracks in the roads, eventually forming a layer of nutrient-poor topsoil where clover fields take root. Plants and ivy take root in stone and masonry work, and begin to damage the foundations of buildings. Wild animals will have found shelter in the abandoned cities. Sparked by lightning storms, many wildfires will go unchecked without people to fight them. During the winter, water pipes in houses freeze and burst, this causes extensive damage to the homes in the spring when the ice thaws and melts. Carpenter ants, termites and mold begin to colonize the abandoned houses. Wind turbines are destroyed by high winds when their emergency brakes fail.
3 years	The International Space Station loses altitude and falls to Earth.
5 years	Most roadways begin to disappear under a carpet of grass. Skyscrapers become home to birds of prey.

TIME	PREDICTION
10 years	Forest fires spread out of control burning parts of cities down.
25 years	Concrete structures begin to crack and crumble, pried apart by freeze and thaw cycles, as well as invading vegetation. Without people to maintain levees, low lying cities such as Amsterdam and London will have flooded. As their metal frames corrode from rust, windows crack and fall from buildings, exposing the interiors to the elements. The copper lightning rods on top of skyscrapers will have corroded, and a lightning strike could turn a building into a towering inferno. In cities, gutted buildings provide pigeons a new home.
30 years	The structures of the shops and stores have badly deteriorated over the past 30 years and they begin to collapse.
40 years	Small wood structures, such as houses, crumble away as they are attacked by mold and termite infestations. Although they can stand for years, stone and masonry deteriorates quickly when exposed to salts, such as from bird droppings or exposure to seawater. With no one left to repair them, minor leaks in earthen dams will get worse and eventually cause them to break.
50 years	Uncontrolled artificial satellites begin colliding into each other. Chlorine tanks, weakened from fifty years of corrosion, fail and send their gas into the surrounding environment.
110 years	Bridges begin to collapse when their protective paint flakes off and are no longer protected from moisture and corrosion.
150 years	In major cities, the support columns of flooded subway tunnels fail, causing cave-ins and collapsing sections of the streets above. Vines have climbed up and into the gutted buildings where pools of water collect. Plants have grown throughout the floors, and have formed thriving vertical ecosystems.
175 years	The only new infrastructure being built, are done by the last, scattered remaining human communities.
300 years	Like many of man's greatest structures, London Bridge will have fallen. Once their iron structures succumb to corrosion, a strong wind would be enough to cause these monuments to collapse.
500 years	By now, most reinforced concrete structures will crumble away once the iron rebar supports inside them succumb to moisture and the expansion of rust bursts them apart. Without humans to maintain them, it is believed that long standing ancient structures, like the Sphinx at Giza, will have eroded away within 500 to 1000 years.
1000 years	Almost all traces of the previous human culture are buried beneath vegetation and sand. The Earth itself will have buried all of man's cities. Nature has reestablished itself and nearly all evidence of the past civilization will have vanished. Most pre-fall cities would be collapsed and become barely recognizable husks overgrown by a jungle of trees, waters, flowers and vegetation.
10,000 years	Almost all traces of the previous human civilization have been buried under sand and vegetation. By now, little evidence is left of the mankind before the apocalypse.
50,000,000 years	Some plastic objects still survive; they will be the last objects produced by the previous human civilization that would still be identifiable.

### THE ENVIRONMENT

TIME	PREDICTION
2 days	The oil pumping stations around the world shut down and oil stops moving through the pipelines. Without humans to shut off the flow, the storage tanks continue to feed the oil tankers causing the tanks in the ships to spill over and spill millions of litres of oil into the ocean.
3 days	Tens of thousands of kilometres of undersea pipes clog with undelivered oil. For now, watertight valves keep the oil from leaking into the ocean.
4 days	With no more planes in the sky to create condensation with their contrails, it is now warmer during the day and cooler at night.
1 week	Invasive pest species begin to spread as there no humans around to cull them.
10 days	Spent nuclear fuel for nuclear power plants is generally stored in pools in on-site facilities. Without people to ensure that this water remains cool, the heat of the fuel rods boils it away and the fuel rods catch fire. The resulting nuclear disasters spread fallout over large areas. Most uninfected plants and animals within the affected zones die.
2 weeks	From Japan to California, 3.5 million tons of garbage goes uncollected and storms wash some of it out to sea increasing the Great Pacific Garbage Patch.
3 months	With no firefighters to stop them, wildfires run rampant in drier climates, destroying many built up forests and bushland areas.
6 months	With the help of abandoned swimming pools, mosquitoes thrive and diseases such as malaria spreads.
1 year	Plants have taken over, turning manicured lawns into overgrown fields. Weeds grow in cracks in the roads, eventually forming a layer of nutrient-poor topsoil where clover fields take root. Sparked by lightning storms, many wildfires will go unchecked without people to fight them.
2 years	Plants and wild grasses have overrun the crops that once supported humanity.
3 years	Devastated tropical and subtropical rainforests recover at an incredible rate, deforested areas have been reclaimed by nature.
5 years	Most roadways disappear under a carpet of grass.
10 years	Forest fires spread out of control burning parts of cities down. Massive sand storms run rampant in arid areas.
25 years	Tribes of Unborn humans wrestle control of the worlds skyscrapers, starting the divide that would come to be known as Nomans Land.
50 years	Chlorine tanks, weakened from fifty years of corrosion, fail and send their gas into the surrounding environment. Many animals die of suffocation. Some of the chlorine also seeps into lakes, turning the lakes into deadly acid.
75 years	The urban centres of the world have become choked and clogged with the spores of the Vents and Scourged, fit only to be home to the Unborn.
100 years	Most mammal species have been rendered extinct by their Unborn counterparts.

TIME	PREDICTION
110 years	Ocean waters have transformed sunken oil rigs into brand new underwater ecosystems.
150 years	Without the interference of man, the oceans recover from pollution and populations of sea life will have exploded. Seagulls, once dependent on human refuse for survival, would have a large die off decades ago, but the birds make a comeback once the fish populations return.
175 years	Birds and reptiles have now completely returned to the former dead zones around the collapsed and ruined nuclear power plants.
300 years	Unborn human tribes begin large scale burn-offs of fertile lands to deny them to uninfected humans.
1000 years	Almost all traces of the previous human culture are buried beneath vegetation and sand. The Earth itself will have buried all of man's cities. Nature has reestablished itself and nearly all evidence of the past civilization will have vanished. Most pre-fall cities would be collapsed and become barely recognizable husks overgrown by a jungle of trees, waters, flowers and vegetation.

## THE INFECTION

TIME	PREDICTION
1 day	The Longest Night. 1 in 10 people across the globe 'turn' in their sleep and become the Plagued, killing those closest to them who are mostly unaware of what happens. Nearly a quarter of humanity dies this night.
2 days	The Plagued spread out across city streets searching for prey. The Lifeless start to rise and shamle around, looking for food. Farm animals in enclosed paddocks and buildings become targets for the Infected. Many are slaughtered, but more still become Infected themselves.
3 days	Infected mammals (especially rodents) spread the plague even further to humans not yet reached by Infection.
1 week	There are now more Infected humans (Plagued and Lifeless) than uninfected living humans.
10 days	Small boils and sores start to form on the infected, endangering any that would engage them.
1 month	First Unborn rodents are born.
6 months	Most small mammal species by now have Unborn variants.
9 months	The first Unborn human child is born.
1 year	Less than 1% of the pre-apocalypse human population remains uninfected.
2 years	The Lifeless that perished in the early days start producing spores, transforming into Vents.
10 years	Plagued humans that have managed to survive this long begin their ghoulish transformation into the Scourged.
15 years	Unborn humans begin forming rudimentary tribes.
25 years	As the spore of The Scourged and Vents spread throughout cities the Unborn rise from the underground to claim it as their own.

# GM SECTION

## APOCALYPSE TIMELINE

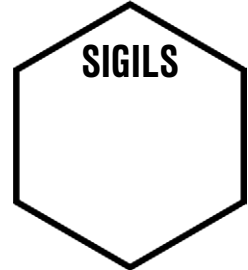
TIME	PREDICTION
50 years	The density of Vents and Scourged in urban areas is such that an uninfected human entering without special equipment would succumb to the plague in a matter of minutes.
75 years	The small Unborn tribes have domesticated their first Unborn animals.
100 years	There is a great shift of power as the outriders of the Unborn, now called the Nomen, hunt the living in the night.
110 years	The Arbiters sacrifice their sick and injured to appease the new threat emerging from the ashes of the old world.
150 years	For now there exists a stalemate between the uninfected in the countryside and the Nomen in their cities.
175 years	The number of Nomen have now outstripped the number of uninfected humans.
300 years	The homes of the Nomen have been reduced to rubble forcing them to fight the living head on, scouring their fields and burning their settlements.
500 years	Undead armies of the Nomen seek out pockets of life across the scorched earth. Now able to walk in the daylight as the sky bleeds red from the fires of war.
1000 years	The last uninfected human settlement struggles to survive in a world of death and the undying.

# Z-LAND

## THE SURVIVAL HORROR RPG



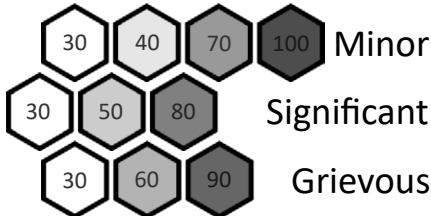
SEX: .....	SKIN COLOUR: .....
AGE: .....	HAIR COLOUR: .....
BUILD: .....	EYE COLOUR: .....
CHARACTER NAME: <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 300px; height: 30px;"></div>	



### HEAD

HIT LOC: 1 - 10

ARMOUR: .....



### TORSO

HIT LOC: 11- 40

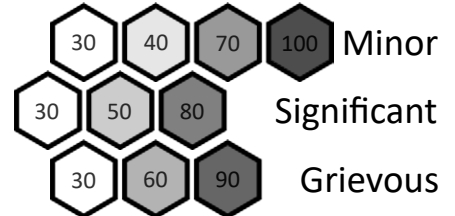
ARMOUR: .....



### LEFT ARM

HIT LOC: 41 - 55

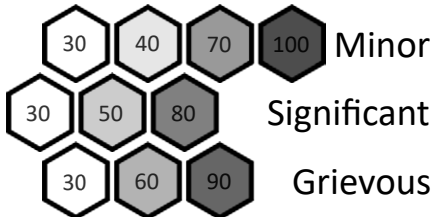
ARMOUR: .....



### RIGHT ARM

HIT LOC: 56 - 70

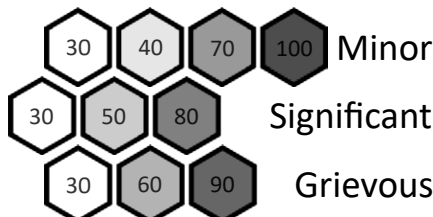
ARMOUR: .....



### LEFT LEG

HIT LOC: 71 - 85

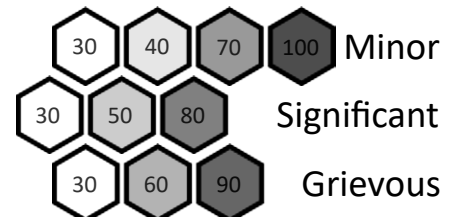
ARMOUR: .....



### RIGHT LEG

HIT LOC: 86 - 100

ARMOUR: .....



## GRIEVOUS WOUNDS

WOUND

LOCATION

HEAL TIME


.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....

## SKILLS

Athletics	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Intuition	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Broad-Craft	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Investigate	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Burglary	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Logic	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Constitution	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Luck	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Deceive	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Might	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Diplomacy	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Perception	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Drive	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Shoot	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Fight	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Stealth	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Fine-Craft	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Wealth	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
Intimidate	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	Will	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>

## SPECIALISATIONS

.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>
.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>	.....	<div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 20px;"></div>



**PHYSICAL (-2)**

.....

**PHYSICAL (-2)**

.....

### ALL SKILLS (-3)

.....

[illegible][illegible]

Minor

Significant

Grievous

## WOUND

## SUCCESSSES

[illegible]

## This image shows a single sheet of white paper with ten evenly spaced horizontal dotted lines, typical of primary school writing paper. The lines are black and extend across the full width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

# CHEAT SHEETS

## TEST DIFFICULTIES

Insignificant	+60
Simplistic	+50
Easy	+40
Routine	+30
<b>STANDARD</b>	<b>+20</b>
Ordinary	+10
Challenging	+0
Difficult	-10
Hard	-20
Very Hard	-30
Severe	-40
Harrowing	-50
Near Impossible	-60

## DEGREES OF SUCCESS

1-10	Scarce
11-20	Mediocre
21-30	Average
31-40	OK
41-50	Good
51-60	Great
61-70	Excellent
71-80	Outstanding
81-90	Unreal
91-100	Superhuman

## DEGREES OF FAILURE

+1-10	Scant
+11-20	Poor
+21-30	Bad
+31-40	Awful
+41-50	Miserable
+51-60	Horrid
+61-70	Terrible
+71-80	Pathetic
+81-90	Catastrophic
+91-100	Subhuman

## MELEE ATTACK MODIFIERS

Charging	+20
In a superior position	+40
Off-Handed weapon	-20
Aimed	-10
Enemy is flanked	+5 for every ally flanking

## MELEE DEFENCE MODIFIERS

Parry	-20
In a superior position	+40
Off-Handed weapon	-20
Dodge	+10
Being flanked	-5 for every enemy flanking

## RANGED ATTACK MODIFIERS

In melee	-40
Moving quickly	-20
Off-Handed weapon	-20
Firing blindly	-40
Aimed	+Shoot Skill/2
Area of Effect Attack	+15

## RANGED DEFENSE MODIFIERS

In melee	-10
Moving quickly	+20
Area of Effect Attack	-15
Dodge	+10
Surprised by Attack	-40
In cover	+20

COMBAT ACTION	SKILL TO USE
Grapple	Might/Fight
Throw (person)	Athletics/Might
Disarm	Athletics/Fight
Choke	Might
Pin	Athletics/Might
Leg Sweep	Fight
Feint	Deceive
Throw (weapon)	Fight/Shoot
Throw (object)	Athletics

WEAPONS	EXAMPLE
Light	Knives
	Daggers
	Batons
	Knuckle-dusters
	Whip
Medium	Swords
	Maces
	Clubs
	Bats
	Hatchets
	Spears
Heavy	Axes
	Sledgehammers
	Pole-weapons
	Greatsword

CLASS	DAMAGE	MOD
Light	10	-5
Medium	20	-10
Heavy	30	-15

SKILLS AFFECTED BY MENTAL WOUNDS
Deceive
Diplomacy
Intimidate
Intuition
Logic
Perception

WEAPONS	RANGE
Pistols	Near
Shotguns	Medium
Cross Bows	Medium
Short Bows	Medium
Submachine	Medium
Long Bows	Far
Rifles	Far
Machine guns	Far

ARMOUR CLASSES	
Soft Armour	-15
Sturdy Armour	-25
Strong Armour	-35

WEAPONS	LIGHT	MEDIUM	HEAVY
Near	.22 pistol	9mm pistol	44 Magnum
Medium	Shortbow	Crossbow	Slug shelled Shotgun
Far	.22 hunting rifle	AK-47	50 caliber rifle

HIT LOCATIONS	
Head	1 - 10
Torso	11 - 40
Left Arm	41 - 55
Right Arm	56 - 70
Left Leg	71 - 85
Right Leg	86 - 100

RESULT	SEVERITY
1 - 20	Minor
21 - 50	Significant
51 - 80	Grievous
>81	Location Destroyed

WOUND TYPE	HEALING TIME
Abrasion	2 - 3 weeks
Bone Fracture	6 - 8 weeks
Burns	4 - 6 weeks
Concussion	1 - 2 weeks
Damaged Nerve	6 - 12 weeks
Hematoma	4 - 6 weeks
Internal Bruising	3 - 12 weeks
Laceration	1 - 2 weeks
Muscle Tears	6 - 12 weeks