

# NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire saw a lot of destruction in the war. Most of the cities of the state were blasted by nukes and desperate refugees from southern states destroyed anything that survived. The increased snowfalls drove most people out of the mountains and down into the southern lowlands or along the bordering rivers, where they either settled down or were driven further south by the locals. Over time, the situation stabilized as people settled down into isolated areas and began concentrating more on eating than fighting. Today, there are about 10,000 people in the state, mostly in small settlements along the Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers and the coast.

## 1) NUCLEAR TARGETS

Concord, SS-17

Manchester, SS-18M1

Portsmouth, SS-17

Pease AFB, SS-17

Discretionary nuclear targets:

Nashua, SS-19

Seabrook Nuclear Reactor, Portsmouth, SS-N-8

## 2) MORROW PROJECT ASSETS

**RECON TEAM NH-R-1:** 6 men with V150 w/ 20mm and a Fusion motorcycle. Buried 14 miles south east of Franklin. Team still sleeping.

**RECON TEAM NH-R-2:** composition and location unknown.

**RECON TEAM NH-R-3:** 6 men with Hummer w/ Mk19 AGL and FAV with MAG. Buried 15 miles due west of Durham. Team still sleeping.

**SCIENCE TEAM NH-1:** 14 men with 1 BV-206 w/ M2HB, a 5 ton Truck with a civilian M.A.S.H. unit and towed water purification trailer. Team is buried near East Merrimack in the former Passaconaway Country Club (now all farm land). Team still sleeping.

## 3) THE STATE AT LARGE

**The ruins of Manchester:** The 25 megaton nuke was the death of the city. Being a ground burst, it caused massive localized damaged but not as widespread if it had been an airburst. Nevertheless, only mutants and cockroaches live in the ruins now.

**Moore Reservoir:** This area is the territory of the "Habs", the descendants of a group of Canadians from across the border who moved south in search of better lands and warmer winters. After the war, a group of French Canadian Riflemen grouped together south of Montreal. They survived by raiding other surviving communities in Quebec and across the border into America, helped by their organization and military weapons. As the weather got increasingly cold and hazardous, they began migrating south along the rivers. Eventually, the Habs finally made it to the Moore Reservoir, a large lake held back by the Moore Hydroelectric Dam on the upper Connecticut River. This Dam has survived the test of time and has allowed the reservoir to maintain a stock of fish. The fields along the southern shore have been cleared and planted and the Habs have done quite well. They have sent expeditions into the ruins of Montpelier and Manchester, and even down the river into [Massachusetts](#) to search for goods and equipment. Much of what they cannot use locally, they repair and trade for something they can use. Retaining some of their past military heritage, the Habs are still quite aggressive and love to fight when ever they get a chance to. Bandits are almost welcome in the area as it gives them a chance to flex their muscles. The Habs have also become expert weaponsmiths and are able to repair or rebuild any weapon they get their hands on. They also have set up a ammunition manufacturing

facility and will gladly trade goods for ammo.

**The Seabrook nuke:** 150 years ago, the Soviet SS-N-8 SLBM aimed at the nuclear reactor here malfunctioned and did not detonate. Instead it landed along the Hampton State Beach virtually intact. It was lost for well over a century, but was rediscovered some 24 years ago by a fishing boat looking for a place to ride out a storm. On low tide days the battered rusting warhead is still visible buried in the sand. The locals avoid it like the plague, although lately they are beginning to realize that it might be a goldmine if they can salvage it. They have made a roundabout offer to both an Icelander trading mission and a Carolina Confederacy merchant vessel. Both sides doubt such a weapon really exists, but both would be willing to pay greatly for it. The Icelanders would most probably destroy it, but the CCs would love to have it for a deterrence against the KFS.

**Cleg'en Nohr're:** In the last days before the War, a large group of the SCA "Society for Creative Anachronisms" and an annual meeting for the Free Companions set up a faire in northern [New York](#), about thirty miles west of Plattsburgh. Both groups traveled with their immediate families, so the sheer volume of people was rather impressive for a simple outing. Assembled in the wide valley were various masters of forgotten trades. Coopers, bowyers, fletchers, arms men, black smiths, weapon smiths, armories (dozens of forges were set up seemingly overnight), heralds, pie men, limners, and rogues were all about. Criers and stooges abounded.

All of these folks felt that they were born in the wrong century, and they often went on weekend (sometimes longer) sabbaticals as a group of likeminded folks, to find themselves and live a simpler, less technocratic life style. They often made their own clothing (initially, the armor and weapons were just for fun), food, wine, beer (lots of beer), and generally cavorted around in a happy stupor, while regaling the visiting locals with creative and amusing tales of yore. The core of them was quite serious about these crafts; they were far more than just mere "hobbies" to these people. They dressed in traditional Scottish garb and took the life style very seriously, they even went so far as to speak a Scots Gaelic-derived dialect unique to them alone. In the early years after Armageddon, the skills of these hardcore re-enactors would be the primary reason behind the settlement becoming the success it is today

The evening of the War awoke the company of pretenders when the sky split open with fire as Plattsburgh disappeared in a column of fire. Within two days, the area was inundated with survivors from east and south and chaos reigned. The "Rennies" collectively decided (after an intense debate) to move east, as west, north and south was death and chaos. They slowly traveled east for three days until arriving in the area of Errol, New Hampshire. Errol was abandoned almost immediately after the bombs started to fall. Initially, the "Clan" (as they were first known), were well-healed with modern firepower, but within 30 years, wood and steel were the norm.

Today, their territory is the area around and between Mount Kelsey, Black Mountain and Cambridge Black Mountain. They have re-named this area "Cleg'en Nohr're" (Warrior men of the North) and they are not only living, but thriving. The founding settlement was around 350, but in the last 130 years, they have blossomed to well over a thousand. They speak a mix of Scots Gaelic/English/ Icelandic that they created of themselves. The Icelanders from the Atlantic coast have met them, occasionally trade with them and respect their borders. They keep to themselves, but will trade with their neighbors on assigned days at assigned locations. Anyone entering their land without permission is asked (surprisingly politely) to leave. Those that refuse, die by dead of night. They also have a pathological hatred of speakers of French. Anyone speaking this forbidden tongue will have it cut from their mouths and nailed to a tree. Canadian French are killed outright, and they have proved a valuable buffer between the more radical French-speaking groups to the north and the rest of New England.

They are armed with battle axes, claymores, bastard swords, long swords, knives, long bows and a ferocity not seen outside the Krell territories. Some call them berserkers, as they never surrender and fight to the death. They move as ghosts, disappearing and reappearing as they will. They are quite human, just natural wilderness survivalists. They rarely use any pre-war conveniences, save for microscopes, micrometers (for steel thickness) and binoculars. The warriors wear kilts, leggings, thigh boots, sashes, furs and wool scarves. They use horses for supplies, scouting and farming, but battle is carried out on foot. They make excellent quality steel weapons, not *Masamune* quality, but not far removed, either. They herd and raise sheep, goats and several large herds of dairy cows in the highlands of the former New Hampshire, as well as raise wheat, flax, and potatoes. They make bread, milk, cheese, beer, mead, haggis, soap and other simple items of the highest quality. They also make limited runs of a potato vodka that could power a Formula

One car. They are generally Tech Level E, but their medical knowledge is Tech B, for reasons unknown, save their VAST knowledge of Herbology.

People who have contributed to this entry:

John Raner

Chris Van Deelen

Karl Zohler