

THE COAST ROAD

This is a companion adventure setting for the Morrow Project rpg. It's an add-on to the *American Outback* module (R-12), detailing the I-80 Coast Road from Oasis, [Nevada](#) to Lake Tahoe, [California](#). It dovetails with the overall purpose of my **Morrow Project Travel Guide**.

The trade center of Oasis received some detail in *American Outback*, but it was at the extreme edge of the area that the players of that module would expect to go. As well, the Coast Road trade route following the old I-80 all the way to San Francisco was mentioned several times. So, I am going to add some details to this area.

This entire work is a VERY loose adaptation of the five *Outrider* novels from the early 1980s, written by Richard Harding (well...probably more like a series of staff writers using the pen name Richard Harding). They are the post-apocalyptic tales of a band of heroes fighting in a world of violence and danger. Very 1980s Reagan-era macho-man gun-freak books, but with some surprisingly interesting bits and pieces. If you are familiar with this obscure book series, you will recognize some of the people and ideas in my work. No copyright infringement is intended, and I believe the books have even lapsed into "public domain" status anyway. With all five books combined, there is like 800 words of stuff I had to sift through to pull out what is below. I changed many of the names, and of course converted it to northern [Nevada](#), but on occasion I just cut and pasted some descriptive sections straight from the books. I did this to save time, and no offense is meant to the fine folks who wrote these books twenty years ago.

Enjoy!

Some additional info on Oasis

As detailed in *American Outback*, Oasis, [Nevada](#) is a thriving and dangerous Trade Town, built out of the rubble of the old pre-war town of Oasis, some 14 miles to the northwest. It's the eastern terminus of the I-80 Coast Road and as such is a Mecca for traders and merchants, and their clients. Home to Traders, Wanderers, Mailmen, Ranchers, Townies, Amerinds, Slavers, and Gypsy Truckers, amongst other classes. Even the Krell have representatives here.

Dorca's Bar: There's a dirty, smoky, sleazy bar in Oasis called Dorca's, run by a bear-sized old former Smuggler by the same name who decided to settled down some time ago. Dorca's is where you go for a drink, a girl, or information. It never closes and it's always just this side of a riot. Dorca spends each night breaking up fights. He has a rule: no gunplay indoors. Dorca makes sure that things never get too much out of hand, but he's tolerant of a lot of things. Dorca is no whoremonger, but he doesn't object to freelancer hookers in his bar as it keeps the men happy. Dorca will take any amount of liquor or food that a Trader can bring in, but more than anything, he wants sugar. Honey, candy, raw cane, it doesn't matter, he's a sugar freak. There isn't anything Dorca doesn't know about the different kinds of candy that existed before the war, he's a confectionery historian. The ancient wrappers are all over the bar, in frames, like works of art. If someone gives him a candy bar, Dorca is his friend for life. This is a good investment, because Dorca knows everything and everyone in Oasis, where they are going, what they are going for, and all the gossip.

The bazaar: A teeming, noisy, cramped shopping center on the south edge of Oasis. You can mingle with Raiders, Smugglers, and Bikers who are all looking for weaponry and trade goods. Gold and silver is worth the most, followed by guns and ammo.

New classes of NPCs for Oasis

For those people living in Oasis, there are any number of ways to earn your next meal. Many of them are above board, but many more require a moral code that is "adaptable to the situation". Below are some additions to the Basic NPC Class list from the rule book.

Smugglers: If you are smart and tough and have strong nerves and don't have too many qualms about taking somebody

else's property, you might make a living as a Smuggler. All you have to do is know where stuff people wanted is, be it locally or deep in the mountains or in the middle of the desert, go get it, and blast your way back to Oasis. If you come back with liquor, guns, ammunition, technology, or, best of all, gasoline, you can sell it in the town and make a fortune. You get your money up front in gold or silver only, but then you have to worry about keeping it long enough to spend it. More than a few Smugglers have faced extreme dangers to bring something back to Oasis, only to be jumped by some 13-year old kid with a Ely pistol outside a bar the next day and loose it all.

Raiders: If you are dumb and like to fight, you could settle for being a Raider. All you have to do is get a bunch of redneck boys together, make sure they have enough ammunition and then wander into out on some compass point and have a look around to see what's worth stealing. While Smugglers know what they are going after and they have a fair idea of where it is, Raiders don't care, they will bring back anything they think might be worth something. Sometimes they bring back women and settle down to make serious money just being a pimp in Oasis.

Gas-Men: This is a subclass of the Gypsy Truckers, not unique to this region, but found all over. If you have a special taste for fuel and fire, you can become a Gas-Man, although there aren't too many men that follow this particular calling. These men work with the single-mindedness of the old prospectors looking for gold, hunting out sources of fuel to run the remaining vehicles of the world. Gas hounds aren't famous for being real stable mentally. There's something about being a Gas-Man that can make you crazy. It's probably because if you are a Gas-Man you most often drive around by yourself with a big tank mounted on the frame of your car, a huge drum that carries maybe 100, perhaps 200 gallons. You are a sitting duck pushing that big rig all over the region. You can be spotted from miles away, you have no speed with all that weight, and everybody wants what you are carrying. They almost always work alone and they trust no one. They are always sure that they are targets, and that's usually true.

Street Thieves: The lowest form of life in Oasis, a Street Thief is a common thug who will try to take you down in the dark streets. They specialize on picking off drunks and whores, and will run from anyone with a gun. The Street Thieves prey on the weak, the dumb, and the new arrivals who haven't yet learned the ropes in wide-open Oasis.

Some Non-Player Characters to meet in Oasis

These people can be met anywhere in Oasis, or even outside of it if desired, and in any combination. Generally, most of these people are dangerous and not to be trusted. There are some exceptions, but they are few. Even the dangerous ones can provide very useful information about Oasis and the Coast Road.

Tanaka: Perhaps Oasis' most infamous citizen, and without a doubt the most dangerous man alive for hundreds of miles. He's a Smuggler on the Coast Road who makes a fortune tracking down high-value and difficult-to-find goods for the wealthy and the desperate. Tanaka's ancestors were tourists from Japan who were caught in Las Vegas when the bombs fell, and he has some extended family in the 93 Territory. He's one of the few men in [Nevada](#) who can speak Japanese, thanks to his father and uncle, though he can't read much of it. He has a girl who stays with him, a young woman who has attached herself to Tanaka like a stray dog to a sympathetic kid. He always carries three throwing knives and a cut-down stockless, Winchester pump shotgun, and has certainly killed a hundred men. Tanaka collects books when he can on his smuggling runs, anything he can get his hands on.

The Outriders: Many years ago, as just a teenager in the slums of Oasis, Tanaka got an old Dodge motor running well enough to venture out into the world. He had traveled, cautiously at first, throughout the West, finding settlements and lots of amazing sights. He eventually gathered a group of men from Oasis who went out with him on his trips, each riding their own machine. This group was called the "Outriders" and they plied the I-80 Coast Road and the highways that led off of it for nearly 15 years. About a decade ago, however, this group fractured. All the members went their separate ways, some died, but most are still roaming the nation today. Tanaka himself went back to Oasis and became a Smuggler. One of his former riding mates named Draken went west and set himself up as a Slave in Lake Tahoe. There's now nothing but hate between the two men, though the underlying reasons are unknown. Draken has a standing reward of ten thousand gold pieces for Tanaka, dead or alive. Many have tried to collect it, but none have succeeded.

Lucky: Tanaka has a personal mechanic named Lucky that helps keep his car running smoothly. Lucky might be the best vehicle mechanic in the region, and certainly can fix anything running the Coast Road today. He has an encyclopedic

knowledge of every wrecked car within 50 miles of Oasis, and this is how he gathers the spare parts needed to keep his select clientele's vehicles running. Lucky is a little man, with light blond hair and pale blue eyes. His left leg had been smashed below the knee long ago and it sticks out askew from his body, giving him an awkward, sideways crabbed gait. He always carries an old Colt Peacemaker pistol.

Tanaka's car: Tanaka still keeps his old vehicle from his Outriding days, using it for infrequent smuggling runs up the Coast Road. Tanaka's car is mostly engine, there's no bodywork to speak of. Between the front axle and the steering wheel is a long, black hunk of metal, a rectangular straight-eight Lycoming marine engine. Lucky had salvaged it from the rotting hulk of a speedboat he found on the shores of the [Inland Sea](#) and had modified it to fit the all-pipe chassis that he had designed and double-welded together himself. The tires are fat old white walls that he had taken off a pimpish-looking Caddy he had found in Elko. Only a whisper of tread remains on them. Light canvas fenders are suspended above each wheel, they don't afford much protection, but they don't add much weight either. Attached to the nose of a car is a heavy theatrical spotlight, which can cut a path in the darkness several hundred yards long. Lucky had bargained the light away from the guy that ran the salvaged tech auctions in Oasis. A single leather seat is placed over the rear axle, positioned perfectly in relation to the steering wheel to comfortably accommodate Tanaka's six-foot plus frame. The wheel is black and large and on its hub is an elaborate filigree design that spells "De Soto". There are no instruments, no dashboard, just the firewall separating the driver from the engine. On the steering column there's a switch for the light and a button that acts as the starter. A roll bar arches over the driver's seat like a halo. Attached to it, running lengthwise are an axe and a shovel. Clipped to the top of the bar, shrouded in canvas, its barrel pointed toward the ground, is an M2HB .50 caliber machinegun. Belts of ammunition are curled around a pair of heavy gauntlets in the well where the passenger seat would have been. Behind the bar is a fifty-gallon fuel tank, and keeping it filled was the hardest task Lucky has to perform. For all his modification, the big Lycoming sucks up fuel like a demon. At the very stern of the car, swept up behind, are two wide-mouthed exhaust pipes. They very nearly deafen the driver when he hits speed, but Tanaka has grown used to the roar over his shoulder and he hardly hears it now.

Comer: A wiry man with lank black hair. Comer is a former farmhand who had made Raider and finally set himself up as a pimp. He's rich because his prices are low and his ladies are easy. Comer is always at Dorca's Bar, and he always has a drink in his hand. He longs to be accepted by the elite, the real men of Oasis, though he never will. Comer carries a huge Super Comanche .44 Magnum and will pull it on anyone who messes with his girls.

Duffy: A grizzled mountain man who has recently wandered into Oasis from the mountains of [Idaho](#). He's just about six foot and thin, and wears an outfit made entirely of the skins of animals he has killed. Around his middle are two thick belts that hold two pre-war handguns that he had found in an old Park Service office. He also has a long-barreled flintlock rifle that he's deadly with. Duffy has traveled long and far, reaching as far east as Mount Rushmore and as far west as San Francisco, and has the late night drinking stories to prove it.

Lawson: A Gypsy Trucker currently under pressure. He and his riding mate had brought in a load of tobacco from down south somewhere and had sold it around town. Soon, people began to get violently ill and blamed it on the bad leaves. Lawson is looking to get out of town fast. He might try and steal a Team's vehicle if he can, as his own truck is near dead.

Beck: A huge granite boulder of a man, standing a good seven-feet tall and 300 pounds heavy, a product of a long line of men, descendants of a football player from UNLV. He has black hair and a long black beard which cascades down off his chin. Apart from his unbelievable strength, Beck's greatest skill is in tracking. He can track anything or anybody, anywhere. Unfortunately, he's a total maniac, smiling constantly as if he's pleased by the neverending fear he inspires in people who meet him. If you give him a weapon there's no telling who he's going to turn it on. He's a friend of Tanaka, but even he can't trust him. Beck is the one person in Oasis who will get in a fist fight with a Project member just because he looked at him the wrong way.

Seth Baldwin: A slim tall black man about 6'2", Baldwin is a former railroad engineer from the 93 Territory, who worked on the Ely to Oasis train for many years before deciding to live in Oasis. He has intimate knowledge of the Ely train and the whole of the 93 Territory, and will tell anyone who asks.

Sister Belle: A strapping six-foot-plus Amazon, a cousin of the Showgirls from the 93 Territory. She's a converted

Mormon, a "Saint", swayed by an encounter with a Saint evangelist team in Ely. Belle is now a deeply religious woman, who is not afraid to club an unbeliever over the head with her bible, literally. She always takes care of her clothes, a peculiar mixture of old jungle fatigues and a jacket looted from the remains of shopping center in far away Boise. She has rings on every finger and knee-high black leather boots that make her look as tough as her reputation as a "bringer of the True word". Carries an Ely rifle, which she's most proficient with.

The Armorer: Oasis' most accomplished armsmith and gun dealer. He has a shop set up well from the Bazaar, as he caters to a more selective crowd. The Armorer will not sell to just anyone. He has to be sure you will take care of his babies and he has to be sure that you know how to use them, appreciate them like a connoisseur. He's an artist, he can do amazing things with tubes of steel, pieces of wood, and tiny wasps packed with gunpowder and lead. His homemade guns are treasures that cost a lifetime of wages. As far as the Armorer is concerned, he never sells you anything. He loans it to you. It's always his, and if you lose it, misuse it, or destroy it, he considers it as serious as if you had hurt one of his children. The Armorer is a tall chunky man with a dense black beard streaked with gray, and he always wears a long, loose robe, looking like an Old Testament prophet. He spends long hours at his anvil, hammer in hand, and he has arms as strong and as hard as tree limbs.

Dara: A young beautiful woman about 25 years old, Dara was once romantically involved with Tanaka. Five years ago, her family was killed by Draken the Slaver from Tahoe. He has vowed revenge on Draken and it's all that she thinks about. Hate drives her, hate sustains her, it's food and drink, air and water, the element she lives in. Tanaka left her because of this unrelenting hate. She now usually just sits in seedy bars, raging about how she's going to get revenge one day.

Harvey: An explosives expert, who has breathed in the fumes of one too many gasoline bombs. Numerous explosive devices gone wrong have robbed him of several fingers, and one hand looks like a flipper, half-blown away. His face is scarred and pitted by black powder that peppered his skin. The line of his jaw is marked with a livid pink burn mark where he had managed to set himself on fire. He wears his hair shoulder-length and he keeps his greasy tresses in some kind of order with an old red bandana. He almost always wears a three-piece suit, shiny with age, but he never wears a shirt under it. Someone had told him that it was the old uniform of the movers and shakers in pre-war times, so he has adopted it. He thinks it gives him class. The picture is completed by a pair of split old wing tip shoes worn without socks. He looks, overall, ridiculous.

The Mean Brother: The Mean Brother is a mutant Grunt, though one of slightly more intelligence than your average Grunt. He's close to eight-feet tall and as broad as a tree trunk. He always wears only shorts and rough leather sandals, the rest of his body is covered with luxuriant reddish brown hair as thick and as matted as fur. Has an incredible tolerance for cold, during [Nevada's](#) chilly winters he rarely puts on any more clothes than normal. No one knows his name, on account he can't speak, but they know he's mean, hence the name. He's "cared for" by Harvey and is very loyal to him. Can kill with his bare hands better than most men can with weapons, but tends to enjoy such tools as axes and shovels in a fight.

Hachett: A mercenary from the Krell Empire in Kansas. He's currently in Oasis spying on the area and looking for anything interesting that his bosses might need to know. Hachett drives a pre-war 1979 Toyota, modified by inelegant but skillful hands, who have stripped away anything that reduces the vehicle's speed. He will be most interested in any Project members that come into town. He's most likely to try and steal MP ID cards, as he has been told to be on the lookout for these.

Syph: A Street Thief, fairly typical of that type in Oasis. They call him Syph, because he's always picking up a dose from the cheapest of the whores who work the streets. When encountered, there's a good chance that he hasn't eaten in a couple of days, and he's down to a single bullet for the crude, homemade zipgun he carries.

Savage: A local Raider chief. He has under his command four other men...Franklin, Scotty, Mickey and Whiskey. When out terrorizing the countryside, this crew lives up to their leader's name. They only go out on raids once a season or so, the rest of the time they are just lounging around Oasis. They can be found in brothels and bars, nursing heavyweight hangovers.

The Coast Road

The east-west ribbon of old Interstate 80 is a still major trade and travel artery, stretching from the shores of the [Inland Sea](#) to San Francisco. Along it can be found all manner of humans and animals, and a wide variety of towns and villages. Danger and death are common, but a careful Trader or Gypsy Trucker can make a good living traveling the Coast Road.

The road is curvy but open, almost completely free of hulks and wrecks for miles and miles. Most of those rusting old cars and trucks have been over time pushed to the side of the road, except the closer you get to Tahoe and around a few larger towns in [Nevada](#). In many places the Coast Road is badly eroded and cracked and sagebrush and some stunted trees have forced themselves up through the cracks in the asphalt. Most of the bridges and overpasses along Interstate 80 have been crushed and pounded by a century of harsh winters and baking suns into an uneven surface of holes and rusty gaps where the old metal supports still show. Great slabs of broken overpass often lay on the roadbeds, completely blocking them off in some cases. Numerous short and long detours exist all along the length of the Coast Road, bypassing the worst of the damage. Across the Humboldt River and smaller streams there are just a few standing bridges. Forging these waterways is easy in the dry summer months, when many of them are little more than muddy trickles, but often impossible during hard melts in the spring.

Some notable locations along the Coast Road

Below are some descriptions of a few towns and ruins along the Coast Road. Some of these are right on the Road, while others are close by. The area around Reno and Tahoe is covered in its own section later. As well, the next section will detail some encounters to be found along the Coast Road. All this is designed to make a Team's travel in this area more interesting. They are listed east to west, from Oasis to Tahoe.

Wells: Looks like a lot of the other abandoned towns across northern [Nevada](#). Acres and acres of blackened ruins, streets filled with rubble and dust, junked cars, old trash and the occasional skeleton from some hapless traveler littering the streets. Being so close to Oasis, all the people have slowly moved there to take advantage of the business and trade. The town now has no permanent residents, but you can find some hunting camps along the more intact streets.

Halleck: A happy little town along the Coast Road, at the intersection of the long dusty ribbon of Highway 229. Home to eighty or ninety people spread across the town and the surrounding fields. Many of these people were relatives of those further southeast in the 93 Territory. This had been farm country once, and it showed in the wreckage left behind. The medians and shoulders of this section of the Coast Road are littered in places with the rusty tattered wrecks of tractors and pickups. Now the farmers do it the old fashioned way, with horse plows and sweat.

Elko: Formerly a large town of 15,000 people, badly burned by fires following a riot in 1990. Over the decades the town has been further damaged by wildfires and general neglect, to the point where little remains of value anymore. The Coast Road runs through the northern reaches of the ruins, but few people bother to stop except to find shelter in storms. The Shoshone Indians use the town as a seasonal camp, though they are often spooked by the ruins at night.

Smithtown: A farming community of Saints from the Deseret Empire to the east in [Utah](#), along the Coast Road at the intersection of Highway 278. This started out as a trading caravan that had to hunker down in the old abandoned town of Carlin in a snowstorm. They liked the area so much, they decided to come back the next summer and settle down. They renamed the ramshackle town of Carlin "Smithtown" after the Prophet John Smith. That was thirteen years ago, and by now the community is strong and healthy. Crops are planted along the Humboldt River banks, providing work and a steady diet for the townspeople. The current leader is Brother Luke, a strong Mormon who has worked hard to keep the community out of trouble. About eight years ago, the community made a pact with the Shoshone Indians to provide some of the special herbs the Saints grow in exchange for food and ammunition. The Saints are known for offering lodging and medicine to injured travelers along the Coast Road, but they tend to evangelize so strongly that many people would rather not stop and accept their help. Smithtown has had a little bit of trouble lately with the violent Breeders called the Syn from down in the central part of the state. A few months ago, a Syn patrol came through the area, stopped to look around and then left. This has worried Brother Luke, who is sure that the Syn will be back soon and with more numbers.

Battle Mountain: There isn't a whole lot of Battle Mountain left but it's in better shape than a lot of other rubbled desert towns along the Road. Over the years, scavengers have taken away much of the town's remaining treasures, and it's unlikely that you will find anything of value in the ruins. There is a small railyard here, with an old water tank with no top that usually fills up with rainwater. This supply of water is visited by those Gypsy Truckers and travelers who know about it.

Valmy: Abandoned for a century or more, this small town has been almost completely taken back by nature. Home to a secret stash of pre-war gasoline, hidden in an underground tank behind a flattened Shell station. The only evidence is a small metal plug about a foot across set into a concrete pad, usually camouflaged with debris. A nearby bucket is lowered to bring up the fuel. Only Tanaka and a few others know of its location, and they guard the secret with their lives.

Golconda: A small settlement along the Coast Road at the intersection of Highway 789. Home to a little band of prosperous survivors, farming the banks of the Humboldt River, raising enough to eat, more than enough, in fact. They sell the surplus along the Coast Road for ammunition and farming implements they can't make themselves. They have neat little houses, each one with a garden, and it's almost a "normal life".

Winnemucca: At the intersection of Highway 95, Winnemucca used to be a small farming town of 6,000 people. The population has fluctuated wildly but the Coast Road has always given it a reason to continue to exist. Today there are about 200 people here, large for this region. For the last ten years or so, it has been led by a man called Carey, the "Prince of Mucca". Carey is sort of an unpleasant guy, tending to be rough on lone travelers along the Road and even hassling larger caravans for tolls. He's debating wiping out the Cannibals down south at Unionville, but most of his men refuse to go anywhere near the place.

Unionville: A small settlement of Cannibals, who recently immigrated down here from eastern Washington state looking for warmer climes. They stopped here at this little old town along Highway 400 about five miles off the Coast Road, and were surprised to find a deep running well. They are about 60 strong, including women and a few children, and are led by a man named Oscar. While they do indeed eat human flesh on occasion, and when they can find it scavenging, they mostly eat normal food like anyone else. Their reputation has kept nearly every Trader and traveler out of the town, fearing for their lives. They actually have little to fear, as the Cannibals only kill and eat people who attack them or try and do them wrong. They are rather sensitive about their reputation, they don't see anything odd in how they live and resent the obvious disgust they inspire in people they considered as crude as themselves. While they have some rusty old firearms, they tend to arm themselves with spears, axes, and swords. Ask anyone along the Coast Road and they will tell you about these people, and shudder when they do.

The Carson Sink: This wide open plain is just as barren and empty as it always has been. This is the point along the Coast Road generally acknowledged to be the beginning of the Slaver's territory. From here west, Slaver patrols grow in both number and frequency.

THE SHOSHONE AMERIND TRIBE

The eastern third of the Coast Road is frequented by members of the Shoshone Amerind tribe. This is a large tribe, having expanded out from the South Fork Indian Reservation following the war. They now occupy Butte Valley and Cherry Creek Range, along with the Huntington Valley and many smaller enclaves scattered around northeastern [Nevada](#).

The Shoshone are insular. Generally speaking, if you meet a Shoshone trader or a foraging party, they will treat you the same way you treat them. They will not be overly friendly to you, but you can win them over if you have goods to trade and are pleasant in your business. They will not usually involve themselves in the affairs of the white man, and don't count on them to help you if you get in a bind.

Huntington Valley: A north-south valley stretching south of Elko, located along the minor trade artery of Highway 228. All the people in the valley are Shoshone Indians, spread out over the last century from the South Fork Reservation to

the south. The valley is home to the Tribal Council, the ruling body of the tribe. This tribe is currently led by a Chief named Berger, a tough but fair man who has worked hard to assure his people's survival. His warparties of Braves are known along the Coast Road as the "Red Devils", for their skin and the color of dyed cloth they favor.

The suit:Nearly 50 years ago, Braves from the valley were scouting along the old track of Highway 278 to the west. They came across a dead body in a ditch alongside the road, near-frozen from the winter cold. The Braves noticed that wolves had tried to tear the man's full-length coverall apart to get at the flesh, but had not been able to, instead settling for eating the head and hands. Intrigued, they removed the gristly remains from the green camouflage outfit and took it back to their Chief. Impressed by the seemingly rock-hard fabric, the Chief wore it around for some time, before giving it to his son, the current Chief Berger. He only wears it a couple times a year, when important visitors come around.

The Tower:On top of Grindstone Mountain west of Elko is a huge microwave transmission tower. Despite being nearly 160 years old, the tower is still intact, and even some of the dishes are still there. There's also a maintenance shack on top of the tower, where the repairmen would stay while working on the dishes. For the last century this has been an observation post of the Shoshone Indians. At anytime there are a few Amerinds on the tower, watching a broad expanse of the Humboldt River valley. From up here they can see the entire ruined town of Elko and a long stretch of the Coast Road, smoke signals are used to warn of approaching storms or wild fires. The tower has also become a place of religious significance for the tribe. Ceremonies are held at summer and winter solstices, with large numbers of Amerinds traveling here at these times.

ENCOUNTERS ALONG THE COAST ROAD

Below are some encounters for Teams traveling in the area. You can roll them up randomly, or stick them in as needed, whatever works for you.

Doobie:A lone Biker on the Coast Road. He rides an old Kawasaki, missing both fenders. The ignition is just a mass of frayed wires that Doobie would touch together to start the thing up, and it's just a few days away from totally breaking down. He always wears a dirty bright orange shirt, which is quite faded by now. His prize possession is a faded Hertz Number One Club road map with the impassible roads and the clean water lakes marked in grimy grease pencil. This map also shows the locations of most of the secret stashes of fuel and alcohol along the Coast Road.

Cooker: The self-proclaimed "Best Gas-Man in all of [Nevada](#)". He's a cranky, ornery man, always in a bad mood. Cooker's tanker truck is about as simple as a vehicle could be. A huge drum, a mean-looking welding job of rough iron plates joined together like a patchwork quilt, sitting squarely on a huge cast-iron chassis. At the fore end is a big old engine looted from some long dead semi, completely exposed. Protruding from beneath the engine is a shaft over which a heavy gear chain is hooked. This runs from the front of the truck to the sprocketed wheel on the rear axle, giving the behemoth a single gear chain drive like a bicycle. The contraption is steered, by brute force, from atop the tank itself. Up there, Cooker has built himself a little perch, like the box on a stagecoach, with the steering wheel flat in front of him attached to the front axle by a long L-shaped steering column. Behind him, incongruously, is a big umbrella, like the one that people used to take to the beach, which he opens when he needs shelter from the rain or shade to fight the hot sun. Cooker is also known for his trademark "thrower", which is a pump sprayer that acts as a crude flamethrower. Cooker claims to have found "the promised land", a vast underground complex stockpiled with pre-war gasoline, so big that it will make him the richest man west of the Mississippi River. He refuses to tell anyone about it, but most people assume he's either lying or the stash is too far away.

Hunters:A group of five Hunters from the Tahoe Slaver enclave, found along the Coast Road. Their leader is Vidor, and his men are Sickert, Dougal, Sonny, and Lennie. Sickert is the second in command and harbors desires to become the leader. He's just waiting for an opportunity to kill Vidor and take over. Vidor, for his part, has plans of his own. He's sick of Draken's demands and is considering just taking off and heading east to greener pastures.

Sallow:A Gypsy Trucker who drives an ancient Peterbilt semi. He has a couple of holes cut in the firewall so the cab can be warmed directly by the engine heat. Sallow used to be a mid-level Slaver from Tahoe, and as such has a lot of invaluable inside information about how things work in Tahoe. He refuses to get closer than 100 miles from Tahoe now, sure that Draken will kill him if he catches him.

Swayne:A more or less normal Wanderer who travels the Coast Road mostly because he has nothing better to do. He drives an old great hulk of a 1978 Buick, with a Cadillac engine wedged under the hood. He can be found most times either asleep drunk in the back seat or in an alley outside some bar. Swayne is actually a very dependable guy and will be up for anything new and different.

Buggy:A Raider on the Coast Road. Buggy has a fine, stripped-down, pre-war Honda Accord coupe. It's his pride and joy. He has cut the roof and the trunk off of it and taken the back seat out, leaving just the driver's seat and the dashboard. Buggy can be found in most seedy taverns and watering holes between Oasis and Tahoe. He wears a brown duster, an old raincoat that reaches to his knees. He has a reputation for being witty, but few can remember any of his jokes. Buggy's insatiable desire for money will make him do pretty much anything for it. Once he traveled all the way to the Monterey peninsula, where he stumbled on a big stash of pre-war coins. He hauled them all the way back to [Nevada](#) where he lost them all in one night playing cards drunk.

Sheila:One of the rare female Bikers to be found on the Coast Road. A slim young girl with a whip-hard body and blond hair who rides a Harley Pan Head that weighs three times what she does. She's good with any kind of weapon, but her favorite form of warfare is close quarters with a length of lead pipe she has picked up somewhere. It always dangles from her belt, ready for action. Sheila likes the boys and will hit on any man who comes near, regardless of looks.

John Hawk: A wandering Trader and a former member of Tanaka's Outriders. He's a tall, wiry man, his face burnt dark brown by the sun, strong as a bull and as fast as a whip, deadly in a fight. Hawk carries a gun, of course, but his preferred weapon is a bow and arrow. He makes his own wooden shafts with tips that pack an ounce or so of gun powder for that extra touch. Over the years, he had traveled with Tanaka as far as New York state, and has knowledge of a lot of groups east of the Mississippi. He rides a homebuilt little brute of a car, with three wheels on a triangular chassis with a gas-powered generator. The generator drives an electric motor from an old elevator, which in turn drives the wheels. Hawk's car needs as much fuel as anything else and is noisy, slow, unreliable, heavy, and hard to drive.

Floyd:A midget Biker, one of the oddest sights on the Coast Road. Floyd rides a chopped-down and souped-up Vespa scooter. He's a grizzled, dirty, wrinkled, mean little man barely four-feet tall with red hair. He carries an over-and-under shotgun that looks like it's about two hundred years old. Many years ago, his grandfather came to Arizona from the Hobbit enclave in central Florida, looking for more little people like him. Floyd's family has been in the southwest since.

Coldchip:The leader of a small band Raiders who ride motorcycles. Coldchip himself rides on a big old motorcycle-sidecar combination. Coldchip has invented a new weapon, which he calls a "plate bomb". It's a simple device, just two metal dishes held together with rope or stiff metal bands. Packed inside, around a gunpowder charge, are nuts and bolts and jagged pieces of metal, which scatter when the powder is detonated. The idea is that the force of the bomb hitting the ground will trip a spring inside which will set the whole thing off. That is the theory, anyway. Sometimes a bump in the road will trigger it and kill the rider and anyone else in the neighborhood. A lot of guys won't travel with men carrying plates.

The Two Amigos:A Gypsy Trucker team which travels the Coast Road. There are two men, Miguel and Daniel, who speak a mixture of Spanish and English, and are fluent in both. They are both heavily bearded and wear ratty-looking suits of fur pieces and deerskin leggings in the winter and go nearly naked in the summer. Daniel is much smaller, with a long drooping mustache. They carry a special weapon in their truck to deal with Raiders and assorted troubles. It's a heavy length of pipe an inch and a half wide, fitted into a crudely carved stock. It's muzzle-loaded and works like a flintlock with a hammer at the breech. It fires homemade explosive charges that can do great damage. The Two Amigos travel in a broken-down old rust bucket of a truck, an ancient mongrel hulk that always seems to be on the verge of complete, irrevocable breakdown.

Lake Tahoe Slaver enclave

On the border of [Nevada](#) and [California](#) is the large lake of Tahoe, nestled in the foothills of the Cascades. This is one of the most beautifully scenic areas in the world and has always been a favored retreat of the rich and famous. With the gambling and hookers just down the way in Carson City and Reno, the wild and woolly wooded mountains all around,

and the placid waters of the lake open for boating, there was always something to do in Tahoe.

Then the war came. Nukes obliterated Carson City and Sacramento, thousands of desperate people descended on the Tahoe area seeking relief and refugee. Arguments turned to fist fights, fist fights to shootings, and shootings to an all-out war between the wealthy and often well-armed locals and the seemingly endless throngs of refugees. In the end, no one won, everyone lost. Tahoe lay burning, its million-dollar cabins and fancy boutiques reduced to embers. Soon that first terrible winter came to the High Desert, bring record snow falls and bitter cold. By the next spring, only a few people stirred in the ruins.

Over the next 140 years or so, the Tahoe area went through a lot of changes. The forest crept back over much of the area, swallowing whole towns under brush and saplings. People came and went, mostly seasonal trappers and hunters. A few settlements clung to the lake's shores, often growing quite large. The travel along the I-80 Coast Road brought in commerce and trade, along with danger and uncertainty.

About ten years ago, a man named Draken, a former Outrider from Oasis far to the east, came to Tahoe. Draken was about the worst human being you could imagine and he had big plans to carve out an empire to serve his own greed and powerlust.

Out of this sprang the Slaver enclave at Tahoe, one of the most feared and reviled communities in this part of the nation. Their economy is based in large part upon the slave trade, though they also do a lot of fairly legitimate business in food and salvage, as well as guns and ammo. Slaves are brought in from all over the West by Tahoe expeditions, and sold off to both locals and to people in other states.

Though generally called "Tahoe" by residents and outsiders alike, the actual center of the Tahoe Slaver enclave is in the pre-war town of Truckee, astride the Coast Road, and the strip of small lakeshore towns on the north edge of Lake Tahoe. This area has been farmed extensively and built up with considerable new construction. Truckee is the main settlement, and the seat of Draken's power. Slave farmers work the fields and river beds, dying where they fall often, to feed the regular citizens and the elite classes.

The Coast Road is still open for travel, though the Slavers watch the traffic carefully and often exact high tolls for passage through their territory. They also tend to confiscate the choicest women from the Traders, many of them ending up in the slave markets. As such, over the last decade, the amount of traffic on the Coast Road has been slowly dwindling as Traders and Gypsy Truckers find wide detours to get across the Cascades to the rich towns of [California](#).

New NPC classes for the Slaver enclave

There are numerous classes of people in Tahoe, ranging from the ubiquitous Farmer and Townie, to the more menacing Slavers and Tax Men. Keep in mind that a large majority of the rank and file residents of the Tahoe area are just simple people trying to survive and prosper. The leadership of Tahoe is what is evil, and the institutions that that evil has spawned. People stay here because they are too scared to get out. They figure that it is safer to put up with the troubles where they are, even if that meant enslavement to thugs like Draken, than to risk crossing the wastelands to get away. Those classes unique to Tahoe are detailed below.

The Hunters: The expeditions that scour the West for slaves are known as Hunters. These are the most dangerous of men, willing to kill anyone to get the slaves they want. The Hunters are a rich bunch, being paid by Draken based on the quantity and quality of the slaves they bring back. Draken pays well. If you want to live a long life in Tahoe you follow one rule to the letter: don't mess with a Hunter. The Tahoe enclave produces homemade automatic 12 gauge shotguns, fed from 10-shot magazines. These weapons are relatively new, being a product of the Tahoe local technology, and most every Hunter has one with him when out working. Draken also sees to it that his elite troops have, along with the best in firearms, the finest in transport. Hunters ride motorcycles exclusively and they aren't the homemade hybrids that are common in the West. These are the real thing, pre-war Harleys, Hondas, BMWs, Kawasakis, Yamahas, Nortons, Moto Guzzis, Suzukis, and more, collected from all over the West. The roaring of a Hunter expedition leaving town is a chilling and exciting sight to see.

Slavers:The foot soldiers of Tahoe, responsible for patrolling the frontiers, internal security and general shake-downs. Generally just called "Slavers". They are usually all dressed alike, with well-made homespun black pants and leather jackets often worn without shirts. Generally, they are not the smartest bunch, but are effective in numbers.

The Torture Squad:The ones who you don't want to see, ever, especially if you have some bit of information that Draken wants that you are not willing to give up. They are specialists in pain, and there is nothing they didn't know about inflicting it until men begged for death. The men wear distinctive, and feared, red shirts with black stripes.

Dog Men:Special dog-handlers who use their bred dogs to hunt escaped slaves. These animals are part mastiff, part pit bull, part wild mongrel. They usually weigh 200 pounds at least and are terribly efficient killers and trackers. The Dog Men tend to keep to themselves, and treat their animals better than humans.

Tax Men:Trusted men who Draken sends to outlying communities to extract payments for "protection". They also oversee the tolls on the Coast Road, often pocketing much of the fares before giving Draken his share. Naturally, the job make these men hard-minded, you can't be soft and be a Tax Man of any importance or wealth. They usually work in pairs, a day man and a night man. Locals are known to kill Tax Men in their sleep, they are not well liked. It is also not uncommon for one Tax Man to kill the other and double his profit. Draken doesn't care who kills who as long as he gets his share of the tax on time. There is no love lost between Tax Men and the Slavers, as the Slavers often take the best bribes out before Traders get to the Tax Men.

Notable Non-Player Characters in Tahoe

These can be found in Tahoe or the surrounding area, rarely anywhere else.

Draken: Draken is the leader of the Tahoe Slaver and a truly nasty violent man. He is a big man with shaggy dirty hair that hangs down to his shoulders. He likes to wear leather shirts and leather pants, made of the softest hides available. A bushy moustache droops on either side of his lips and his blue eyes are wide-set and predatory. He always carries a Ruger Redhawk Double Action revolver and wears a bulletproof vest when venturing out in the field. He just looks evil. Part of this is pure show; he cultivates his mean-looking image, but it is a mistake to assume that underneath that nasty-looking face there is something other than pure meanness. Draken likes being a Slaver. He likes the power, he likes that terrified look in people's eyes when he walks up to them, he likes the fear. Once he was a good man, one of Tanaka's Outriders. One day, ten years ago, he gave it all up to pursue his own greedy dreams. He began building a gang in Oasis, recruiting the bullies and rowdies, the swaggerers and the mean minded. He bribed them with the liquor and gas and food he found and with dreams, telling them that he would make them powerful men if they followed him to Tahoe where he planned on going to become a Slaver king. They would start an empire, with Draken as leader and them as the first citizens. They bought it, a few of them are still alive, but most are dead, sacrificed to Draken's ambition or killed when they challenged his power.

Jojo: Draken's chief counselor and adviser, a fat, dirty little man with a self-important air. Jojo is Draken's right-hand man, and some say Draken's brains. He controls access to Draken in the Big House, if Jojo doesn't want you to see the man, you don't.

Chilly:Draken's personal bodyguard, a ferocious, tenacious fighter, so devoted to him that there is nothing he won't do for his master if Draken asked it. Chilly carries a lot of firearms, but has a soft spot for an old number-one-iron golf club.

Marxie:The Captain of the Hunters, Marxie has been on more successful expeditions than anyone alive. An exploding motorcycle fuel tank last year resulted in his face being hideously scarred. The skin on his face is mottled and blistered, a piece of his cheek is missing and nearly all his hair is gone or just patches. He has not yet gotten used to the looks of revulsion when he passes, and he has grown increasingly sullen and violent.

General Colley:The leader of the Slavers, he rarely leaves the confines of Truckee. He does not have Draken's full confidence, even though he has put down a couple of blazing slave riots and has tamed a couple of Tax-Men who were getting a little big for their britches.

Colonel Drexley: One of the field leaders of the Slavers. Known as a bit of a jerk, but very capable in a fight. He carries an old M-16, a mark of great prestige in the Slaver army. Like most Slavers, he is jealous of the status that the Hunters have, feeling that his men deserve just as much credit for keeping the enclave together and wealthy. He would be open to any thoughts of a coup.

Some notable locations in Truckee

These can be moved around as needed, but are all actual places in Truckee.

The "Big House": Formerly the old 1868 Truckee Hotel, now the personal residence of Draken. The walls, once a bright white, have been tinged a dirty gray and brown, and they are stained everywhere with the red rust of broken plumbing and with the green of vines and moss. The once-elegant gardens that had surrounded it are wild tangles now, although once in a while a pink rose pops up. The entrance to the Big House is guarded by two bodyguards, carrying M-16s with itchy trigger fingers. The closer you get to Draken the more guards you see. Once inside, you will find an assortment of hangers-on, favor-seekers and courtiers, all waiting to see Draken, waiting to see how they could curry favor with him and use it to destroy a rival and advance themselves. In a private wing of the Big House, Draken keeps his women and his slaves, a guard posted every few yards in the long corridor leading to that wing.

Hunter Headquarters: In the old 1880 Eaton House, a fancy big house downtown. Here the Hunters eat and drink, take their women and generally laze around when they aren't out on an expedition.

The Hunter Armory: Located in a recently-built rock and brick bunker behind the Hunter Headquarters. The Hunters keep their weapons separate from the Slavers, as they are of much better quality. These weapons have been gathered on expeditions all across the region. In here are racks of 9mm automatics, Ingrams, Uzis, pistols, shotguns and assault rifles.

The Bazaar and Slave Auction: Held down at the old Loading Dock, the freight warehouses along the old Southern Pacific Railroad. The Bazaar is where you can buy all the spoils of raids, expeditions and Trader taxation. There are rusty firearms, homemade ammunition, canned food from the old world that might be edible (you never know until after you buy it), and odd pieces of bric-a-brac from pre-war times: tattered umbrellas, worn pairs of shoes, old clothes, eyeglasses, a book or two (very hard to sell), all that and more. The Bazaar is always crowded and a good place to get information. The Slave Auctions are held weekly, but only maybe one a month has enough slaves to make it worth the effort to bid. Slave overseers patrol the area on Auction days, with savage-looking whips dangling over their shoulders.

The Slaver Headquarters: In the old 1928 Sierra Tavern building, now the home of the General staff of the Slavers. General Colley is usually found here.

The Slaver Armory: Located in the old 1875 Jail Museum, a stout building of native stone and brick. The main armory for the Slavers, holding guns and ammunition in copious quantity. Pistols, flintlocks, rifles, muskets, shotguns, even air-guns, pre-war and post-war, everything from worn-out old Saturday night specials, to sophisticated, finely made black powder longrifles. There is also a supply of dynamite held here.

The Fuel Dump: The fuel situation in Tahoe is rather bad these days. Draken keeps every drop he can find in a centralized location in Truckee. He gives it out only when needed, mostly to Hunter expeditions and Gypsy Truckers who bring him something "special". The fuel dump is inside the old 1896 Railroad Depot, a sprawling open building. It is crammed with oil drums full of various kinds of fuels, from gasoline to ethanol to kerosene.

The Prison: The main prison house is in an old brick blacksmith shop. Where the Torture Squad does its work, the screams echoing through the old hallways.

The Firestation: Draken has big dreams of traveling the Coast Road at the head of an armored flying column, killing and plundering his way to the Pacific Ocean. He's enthralled by the wealth of the California State Republic and has long hoped to find a way to steal some of it. To that end, he has ordered the most mechanically adept in his group to construct him a fleet of huge armored vehicles to smash through to San Francisco. So far, after two years of working,

they have managed to finish just one. Draken is understandably upset and has shot several mechanics and designers for the delays, which has only delayed things more, of course. The vehicle is being built at the old firestation, the only place still standing with a covered bay large enough.

The Porky: The first of Draken's planned fleet of machines, just finished this month. It has yet to be tested on the road, as the engine has been giving them some fits lately. The vehicle is based on an old Greyhound Sceni-Cruiser bus, with the engine from a Mack truck. The inside will hold close to 80 men. Sheets of metal armor the sides and ends, with gun slits cut out at various points for men within to shoot out of. The entire body has been covered with coil upon coil of razor wire to prevent anyone from trying to jump on. A heavy M2 .50 caliber machine gun is in a square turret fixed to the front roof, with a 180-degree field of fire. Another, lighter M60 machine gun protrudes from the space next to the driver in the cab, firing straight forward. Two T-beam girders have been welded to the front of the machine, making the whole behemoth a formidable battering ram. The main problem is the engine, which is woefully underpowered for the weight it has to pull. Right now it can barely get up to 15 mph, much less on inclines, and oddly enough the gear with the most power is reverse. It also drinks alcohol fuel like a demon, meaning that a convoy of fuel trucks must follow it wherever it goes. It picked up the nickname "Porky" from "porkypine".

Other notable features of the Tahoe area

Outskirts of Reno: The Coast Road between the Carson Sink and the ruins of Reno is in terrible disrepair. Only the most fearless, or desperate, of Traders tries to pick their way through here in any other time than summer. The stretch from Sparks east to about Fernley is especially dangerous, forever clogged with hundreds of wrecked and abandoned vehicles of refugees fleeing Reno and Carson City in 1989. This part of the road is called "Trash Alley", jammed with the rusting hulks of old family sedans, pickups, huge eighteen-wheel tractor trailers, sports cars, station wagons and everything else. All four lanes of the interstate are clogged, all the cars facing in the same direction, east. Decade after decade of travelers and Traders have carved down the center of the center median a narrow path. As it's a tight pass, it's a favorite spot for Slavers on the border to wait for Traders and Gypsy Truckers. Many a vehicle has been stopped in this stretch of road and "taxed".

The ruins of Reno: The twin cities of Reno and Sparks were ravaged by riots and fires in the days following the nuclear strike on Carson City. The population of out-of-state gamblers and hustlers added an extra level of carnage to the situation. Today, Reno isn't any different from any other burned-out city, except the ruins are prettier. The ruins are also home to a large colony of Scraggers, living in warrens under the city. These mutants are known locally as the "Rat People" or "Tunnel Scum", but no matter what the name they are dangerous. There aren't as many as there once were, as Draken has really made a point to kill off any that are seen. Sometimes, the Slavers catch Scraggers and keep them like pets, but they don't live for long in captivity. The Scraggers here are often seen wearing jewelry of a sorts; rats' teeth and rats' jaws and rats' tails, festooning their hair and shoulders. This sort of behavior is rare in mutants and perhaps speaks to a greater level of intelligence in this group.

The Reno Bypass: To avoid the congestion of the ruins of Reno, the Coast Road takes a wide detour. Coming from the east, the route bends southwest off I-80 about three miles before Sparks. The route follows a number of rural county roads until joining up with South McCarran Boulevard just east of the old airport. From there it follows the bend of South McCarran around to Caughlin Parkway, where it winds through the countryside for about two miles before rejoining the Coast Road right before the old [California](#) border. This is still one of the most dangerous sections of the Coast Road, thanks to the mutants and bandits hiding in the ruins. Travel along this bypass at night is not advised.

Steamboat: This small town along Highway 395 between the Reno Bypass and the ruins of Carson City is home to a small Slaver garrison, detailed to watch this dangerous frontier. There are usually 20-25 Slavers here at most times, but never more than two or three men out on patrol at one time. An observation tower has been constructed, housing a lookout and a large kerosene lamp to alert Tahoe in case of trouble. It is widely thought that the garrison is tough and ruthless, but that is more of a rumor than fact. Laziness and lack of action has made them slow and fat in this garrison, and security is surprisingly lax. The Slavers here have an old crank Victrola record player and often play music at nights to ward off the dark.

The ruins of Carson City: Nuked in the war, most of this small city was flattened and burned to cinders. The few

inhabitants squat in the rubble, like animals, living on what they can scavenge from in and amongst the ruins.

The Fallon slave farm: Located near the old town of Fallon at the intersection of Highways 50 and 95. This is a large operation run by the Slavers from Tahoe, a place where many slaves taken from the East are brought to be "sorted" by the overseers. The farm also grows crops, some of the largest crop yields in the region, actually. The whole valley is filled with neatly cultivated fields, stretching from one side of the valley to the other. The waters of the Carson River were detoured in many places, routed into irrigation ditches and ponds to keep the crops healthy in the summer. The slaves tend the orchards and fields, when they are not being sold to Tahoe buyers, who come once a week. The farm is run by a powerful and wealthy man named Farkas.

Farkas: Farkas is an almost mythical figure in these parts. Few people have ever seen him, but everyone has heard of him. They say that he had carved himself a rich little empire right on the eastern edge of Draken's Slaver enclave. He pays some kind of rent to Draken, and in return Draken lets him run the operation the way he wants. Farkas is also said to have his own private army and some people say that it's a measure of his own strength that Draken would rather work with Farkas than to fight him.

Mrs. Farkas: The power behind the man, an evil bitch of a woman who bosses her husband around and sucks him dry. The mystery is why he puts up with it. She's no fool, and would gladly kill her husband if she thought it would be to her advantage.

The compound: Set in the middle of the neatly tended fields is a large cleared patch. An old pre-war southern plantation-style house sits in the middle, the Farkas' palace. Around it are the rows of slave shacks and guard houses, all surrounded by a tall fence topped with barbed wire. Guards and dogs prowl the perimeter constantly, and few have even dared to try an escape.

Loot: Mrs. Farkas is a greedy bitch. She has used her husband's connections to amass a fortune in pilfered jewelry and pre-war art. An entire room in the mansion is filled with gold and silver valuables, looted from cities as far away as Las Vegas.

Naval Air Station Fallon: This large airbase was the pre-war home of a US Navy Aggressor Squadron flying A-4E Skyhawks, but was oddly spared an atomic strike on War Day. The nuclear strike on Carson City 30 miles to the west caused little blast or structural damage, though the fallout blanket reached the edge of the base. Rioting from the town of Fallon and the refugee flood from the cities to the west added to the chaos, compounded by desertion, radiation sickness and injuries from defending the base.

With virtually nothing remaining of the military command structure on the West Coast, and it being impractical to deploy across the ravaged nation to the East Coast, the Base Commander found himself on his own. After holding out for a few years, dwindling food supplies and a near revolt caused him to take drastic steps. In [California](#) at this time, the region around Bakersfield was clearly the most intact, and representatives from the newly formed Republic of [California](#) were in contact with Fallon. The Base Commander ordered his last ten pilots to fly their aircraft to Bakersfield to save them from being lost to the desert and to hopefully arrange transport for the rest of the base's personnel. The Skyhawks arrived safely, but no assistance was forthcoming, as the folks in Bakersfield had problems of their own.

Left alone and without hope, it wasn't more than a few months before the remaining staff at Fallon drifted away and the base became a home for refugees and scorpions. 150 years after the war, the base is half covered by wind-blown sand and nearly every building has collapsed. The slavers in the region stop here occasionally as there is a fresh water spring near the old Flight Operations building, but anything of value has been long ago looted from the base.