

The Nahmurg Wastes

A POST-APOCALYPTIC CAMPAIGN SETTING

for use with *Saga* and other fine roleplaying systems



Written & Published by Rowan Walking Wolf

Second Edition 2010
Published by Rowan WalkingWolf/Yggdrasil Distro

All *Saga* products are available for free on the All-brain:
yggdrasildistro.wordpress.com

Questions, Comments, Contributions:
yggdrasildistro@gmail.com

For those with respect for intellectual property laws: Contents are protected under the Creative Commons Attribution-Non-Commercial-Share-Alike 3.0 United States license. You are free to copy and make derivative works for non-commercial purposes.

For everyone else: This work is Anti-Copyright. Do what you will, provided it's not for profit, and please credit me when using this material.



*This one goes out to all the anarchists in the world
hoping and pushing for civilization to collapse:
until we can live the apocalypse, let's pretend.*

THE NAHMURG WASTES

THEN AND NOW, A LITTLE HISTORY	3
FOLKS IN NAHMURG, PLAYABLE RACES	6
DIALECTS, TONGUES, & LANGUAGES	10
LAND	11
SMALL TOWNS & TRIBAL VILLAGES	13
NUCITEES	16
SIGHTS WORTH SEEIN'	24
JOBS	26
BARTERIN' & COINAGE	27
GOOD OL' TIME RELIGION & THE GODS	28
GROUPE	31
FAMED & FEARED FOLK	38
WEAPONS, ARMOR, & OTHER SUNDRY GOODS	43
UNPLEASANT CREATURES & BEASTS	49
MAPS	61



THEN & NOW, A LITTLE HISTORY

WAY BACK WHEN

Sometime in the year 2095 CE, the tensions across the globe became too much for people- and for the planet itself- to handle. In the western world giant corporations and corporate-governments constantly expanded outward in need of resources, cheap labor, and marketable commodities, bringing with their expansion pollution, corporate globalization, industrialization of very poor nations, poverty, sweatshops, and extreme control over people's lives. Many African countries continued to suffer the calamities caused by the ever-encroaching Western Civilization: the AIDS virus, cultural appropriation and annihilation, disease, malnutrition and starvation, forced schooling, and polluted ground water.

Asia wasn't much better off. The giant corporations of Japan ruled much of the continent, learning from their western competitors to manipulate the media to better control workers and consumers. The majority of nations in Asia struggled on through endless impoverishment.

As corporate-government power continued to expand, the world was plunged into a state of neo-totalitarian control. Everything became a commodity, even the lives of individuals, and companies needed increasing amounts of resources to produce an increasingly large amount of shoddy crap in shiny packages for the public-kept-ignorant to consume. It was this expansion that led to the first conquests in the war that would change the world forever.

Near the year 2100, most of Europe was a coherent political entity. The European Union had, indeed, become unified. On paper countries still retained their autonomy, but in truth, Europe was one financial, political, social being. In the fine tradition of American manifest destiny and competitive jealousy, the good ol' US of A fought hard to stay the wealthiest nation on Earth when the EU was clearly richer.

The American government wanted more land- the invasion of Canada was swift, deadly, and wholly unstoppable.

But the greedy, profiteering warmongers in office didn't stop there. Mexico fell even faster and harder than Canada had. The indigenous peoples were horribly oppressed, in keeping with American custom, especially the *Zapatistas* who had been fighting for their independence and freedom for so long.

Although "Operation Unite for Liberty" (as it was called) horrified the EU and the UN, delegates knew that the US was the most powerful military force on the globe. Besides, they figured, why attack the US in retribution for Canada and Mexico when they're still a trusted trade partner and sloppy spender on imports?

When the US decided to annex Central and South America as its next step in financial expansion, the EU and the powerful countries of the East had had enough. They knew that if the US were allowed to complete its domination of the Americas, it'd only be a matter of time until they came across the pond.

Civilizations have fallen many times. Hell, they always will when they're based on unrenewable resources and constant expansion. But no faltering empire that came before ever pissed off as many people as the American Empire had. And besides, there had never been nukes before. Or viral warfare...

The war that followed was truly the largest use of military force the world endured.

Fighting erupted on every continent; few were safe from the coming chaos. Attack helicopters and fighter jets blackened the sky, bombs constantly reshaped the face of the earth. And not just conventional bombs-big, BIG bombs. On the ground casualties were enormous. Brutality and nationalism ran wild, death was never far away. People banded together and helped each other as best they could, but the fighting was just too much. Plus they'd been kept ignorant for centuries, their ways of life destroyed and then sold to them, and their survival skills and instincts snuffed out. Only the monetary and social elite who could afford the security of underground bunkers and vaults were safe, able to hide in their subterranean lairs until many years after the war's end.

The last shots were fired, the last bombs fell, the oil was finally all gone. With nobody emerging on top, humanity itself the great loser in this final war, the world went quiet for a *long* time.

THE DARKNESS

And so it was that the world was quiet, except for screams and wailing, of course. The incessant shelling all over the world threw so much debris into the atmosphere that clouds were black for many years after the war. Only thin rays of sunlight, as fragile as a sun-bleached finger bone, pierced the clouds. Even with these little beams of hope, the land was utterly destroyed and the only rain was of the acid variety. All taken together these squashed any hope that crops might grow in the post-war years. Besides, most of humanity had been so dependent on factory farms, industrial food, and vegetables in plastic wrap that few people even remembered *how* to plant and grow their own food. And people sure as hell didn't remember how to scavenge and hunt.

Billions died. There simply wasn't enough food to go around, there was no industrial medicine for those sick with industrial diseases, very few people knew herbal medicine any more, radiation poisoning took countless lives, potable water was scarce, and with the most recent fall of "civilization" the world again became an untamed, beautiful, wild place.

But humanity is a resourceful cockroach of a sentient race, and there were survivors. Those who lived through the war met a world devoid of the ease and laziness of post-industrial life. Most spent their time searching for food, hunting and scavenging, tracking down bottled water, and relearning all of the essential skills humanity has worked so hard and long to forget. The world also saw a huge resurgence of cannibalism.

PRESENT DAY

By the best approximations, which aren't too accurate, it's about a hundred years from the time of the Darkness. That's not to suggest it isn't dark anymore, only not every day. The skies do shine again, infrequently, but the light they shed reveals a planet still torn by colossal devastation. For the first time since the Darkness, human communities are beginning to succeed, many by small scale horticulture, many by hunting and gathering, many others by pillaging. The new generations of humans who've lived in bunkers and vaults for a hundred years are just emerging into a strange world, bringing with them small glimpses of the past. Many old technologies have been rediscovered, both industrial and primitive. Old scrap and junk

materials are constantly scavenged by those who want to rebuild the former world. Others thrive in the modern stone age, shunning the technologies of the past as the reason for their present shattered world. And some others incorporate primitive and civilized technologies in their lives.

The world is a bitterly dangerous place, yet hope remains. Landscapes have changed, language has evolved as it always does, radiation has mutated new plants and animals into existence, and people are just starting to interact once more in ways that don't involve bullets and blades. That said, humanity is by no means off the hook, as the post-apocalyptic world is an unforgiving place with old dangers and new threats. And of course, civilization is always threatening to rise again, bringing with it all the horrible things it entails.

The land that used to be called North America, or just America by Americans, is now called Nahmurg. Nahmurg is dotted with specters of ruined American cities and towns, and alive with radiation, rad-evolved beasts, scoundrels and pistoleros, and bustling NuCitees. It's a land of nightmarish suffering and the faintest glimmers of hope, a land of competition and cooperation. Most of all, it's a land full of adventure.



FOLKS IN NAHMURG, PLAYABLE RACES

Nahmurg is speckled with radiation, and radiation tends to cause mutation. As such, there are several distinct races of people, all once human, inhabiting the places players will visit in Nahmurg campaigns. When creating characters, players can choose from any of these races. More information about these various peoples is found in the following pages.

As mentioned in the *Saga* Core Rulebook, when creating a character and choosing race, players are not bound by any stereotypes or suggestions as to the type of character they want to play. Below, it is suggested that vaultees (the humans living in vaults for a century) are less resistant to diseases and poison than their outside relatives, and that they're better educated in terms of old world technology. However, if a player wishes to create a character who is a vaultee but who doesn't fit this mold, that's totally fine, as long as the player explains and roleplays the differences.

For example, maybe one particular character who grew up underground was really combative with other children, only practiced the physical fighting arts, and got thrown out of the vault for these reasons. As such, this character could have admirable endurance, resistance to certain diseases and poisons, and combat skills that other vaultees don't. This character would most likely *not* possess the knowledge of electronics and gadgetry typical to vault dwellers.

Keep these ideas in mind when creating a character and choosing a race. None of the suggestions below are binding, but they do represent the standard by which each race is measured. If you want to play an average vaultee or wastelander, please do, but if you want to play an oddball vaultee or wastelander, the game is every bit as enjoyable.

VAULTEES, OR VAULT DWELLERS

These are the descendants of the pre-war elite who could afford or influence their way into one of the few safehavens across North America. Biologically, vault and bunker dwellers, or vaultees as others call them, and wastelanders are almost identical. However, because of their isolation, vaultees differ from the other races in a few notable ways. They are unmutated by radiation and other toxic particles since they've lived sheltered lives, but they are also much less resistant to poisons and diseases when they leave their homes. They are also usually better educated in pre-war sciences and technologies, like industrial medicine, physics, chemistry, ballistic weaponry, and electronics. Many vaultees call themselves "pure-strain humans" or "pure-bred humans," thinking themselves superior in every way to the "tainted" races of the wastes. This arrogance often extends to others in the form of racism and violence, though not all vaultees share this opinion.



WASTELANDERS & TRIBALS

The tiny number of folks who survived the war scavenged what little shelter and resources they could and struggled to rebuild their lives. Their descendants became the wastelanders and the tribals, the vast majority of Nahmurg's population. Wastelanders live in a variety of social and political communities, some self-sufficient, but most interdependent on one another, and characterized by their use or pursuit of some aspects of pre-war life. Most wastelander communities rely on biodiverse horticulture and the keeping of chickens, goats, and/or dogs for food and fur. These communities also tend to focus heavily on scavenging technology and, to some extent, "rebuilding" what's been destroyed.

Tribals, on the other hand, shun all things from the war era, choosing to live in harmony with the natural world. Tribals are also occasionally addressed as "primitives" and "primees," sometimes pejoratively by strangers and sometimes positively by themselves. Tribals live in small social groups called tribes, and are organized in a number of ways politically. Most tribes are led by one or more elders, who sometimes double as shamans, soothsayers, herbalists, healers, midwives, and wisewomen. The leadership of other tribes is determined by meritocracy- the strongest warrior is the leader. And many tribes make decisions communally, and have no appointed or recognized leaders. All tribes, to some extent, value all the opinions of their adult members.

Regardless of their political structuring, all tribal societies rely exclusively on pre-civilized skills. Some are nomadic hunter-gatherers, fashioning their own self-bows and utilizing all parts of the animals they kill for tools, shelter, and clothing. Other tribal communities live in stationary villages where they harness age-old permaculture techniques to grow most of their food. In many ways, tribal communities are much better off than others in the post-apocalyptic world. Everything they make they make themselves, and they can provide all of their own food.

Genetically, wastelanders and tribals are identical. After all, the tribals all live in the wastelands. The only difference is semantic- a wastelander growing up in a non-tribal community would most likely never call himself a tribal, just as a tribal individual would rarely, if ever, call herself a wastelander.

Due to generations of exposure to radiation, poison, chemical toxins, and harsh weather, wastelanders and tribals are somewhat resistant to radiation and its effects, moderately resistant to disease and poison, and are usually very hardy in inclement weather. Wastelanders and tribals are sometimes distrustful of outsiders and members of other races, but typically they are tolerant and even welcoming. There is sometimes animosity between tribal and non-tribal wasteland communities, but for the most part, they interact, intermarry, and trade.

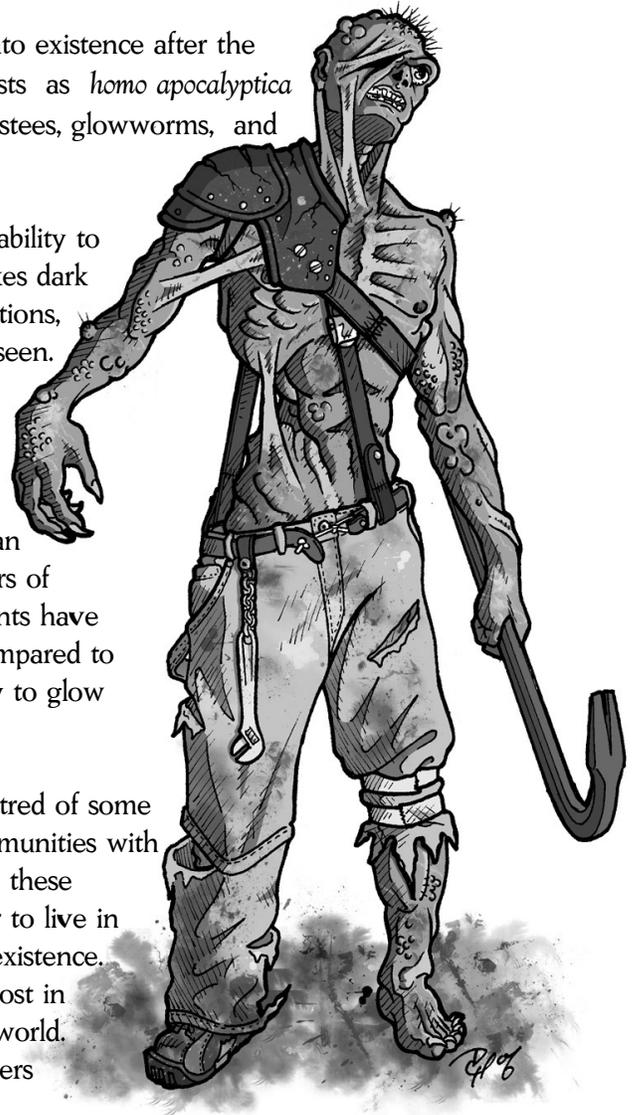


HAINTS, GHOULS

Haints are one of two new humanoid species to mutate into existence after the war. Haints have been categorized by vaultee scientists as *homo apocalyptica radiens*. They are also known as haunts, ghouls, ghostees, glowworms, and zombees, although they're none of these things.

Haints have pale bluish-white skin, no hair, and have the ability to emit an eerie luminescence. Using their luminescence makes dark areas visible and negates low-light/no-light penalties to actions, but it is impossible for haints using luminescence to go unseen. If a haint attempts to intimidate a non-haint humanoid with a bias against or fear of haints, he gets an appropriate Storyteller-defined bonus. Haints are much more resistant to radiation poisoning than vaultees, and are slightly more resistant to radiation and other toxins than non-haint wastelanders. However, due to hundreds of years of exposure to high levels of radiation, many (but not all) haints have slightly impaired perception and physical abilities when compared to wastelander humans. Some have surmised that their ability to glow evolved to compensate for poor night vision.

Because of their appearance, and the expected bias and hatred of some wastelanders and most vaultees, haints usually live in communities with other haints and mutees. In terms of politics and economy, these settlements are as diverse as any other. Some haints prefer to live in tribes, reacquiring all the primitive skills crucial to human existence. Some other prefer to try and rebuild the society that was lost in the final war. Others are just trying to make it in a harsh world. For more information on haint communities, see the chapters on Small Towns and Villages below.



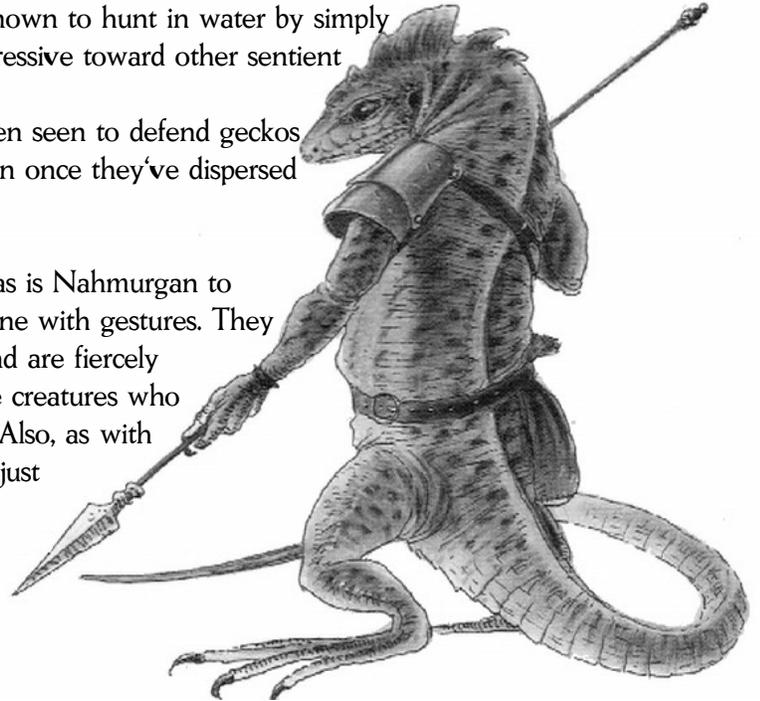
TROGLODYTES

These humanoids are amphibian Neanderthals. They are evolved from some species of salamander, most likely the marbled salamander. For that reason, vaultee scientists have classified them *homo ambystoma*. They live underground in damp, dark caves, and have very poor eyesight in daylight. Troglodytes have many patterns, though the two most common are black with white or silver spots (like the marbled salamander) and black with orange stripes and spots (like tiger salamanders). Troglodytes stand upright, and have bodies similar to humans except that they have tails. They always live near water, and some have active gills. They all use primitive tools, like stone axes, spears, bows, friction fire sets, woven baskets, and so on. Since troglodytes have internal sex organs and no visible differences on the outside, humans can't distinguish troglodyte sex or gender. It's unknown whether troggies even have a concept of gender.

They emerge from their underground layers only at night, and hunt prey and scavenge what natural food there is to be had. They're also known to hunt in water by simply swimming after and catching fish. They are not aggressive toward other sentient

creatures, but will fight if provoked. They've also been seen to defend geckos when those lizards are being attacked, and more than once they've dispersed hunting parties after witnessing gecko attacks.

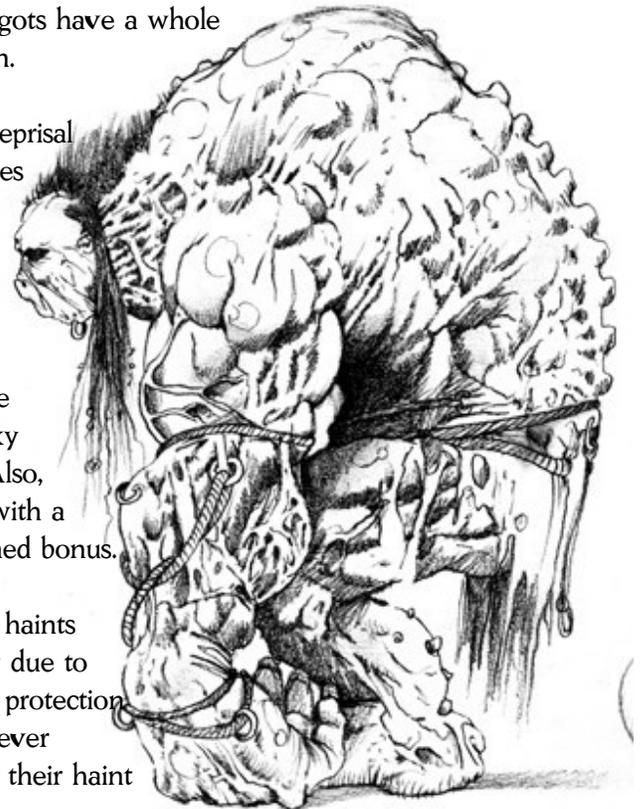
Their language is incomprehensible to human ears, as is Nahmurgan to theirs, so any communication with them must be done with gestures. They rarely befriend anyone outside their communities, and are fiercely protective of their young. Overall, they are reclusive creatures who have little interest in the affairs of the world above. Also, as with all humanoid, no two individual troglodytes will be just alike. They all have a variety of different traits and abilities.



MUTEES, MUTANTS

Another species born of the apocalypse are the mutants, classified by vaultee scientists as *homo apocalyptica superior*. Many assume that mutants and haints are the same species, some can't even see differences between them because they're blinded by bigotry. These bigots have a whole arsenal of names to call mutees: freaks, devil-kin, and so on.

In truth, haints and mutees often live together for fear of reprisal by humans, but they're very different physiologically. Mutees have light to dark gray-green skin, and sparse body and head hair in a variety of colors. They're covered in boils and bumps, and they are all larger than humans. In terms of gameplay, mutees are all size 2. Although they are physically larger than size 1 humanoids, mutees are not necessarily stronger or slower than wastelander and vaultee humans. Some mutees are massive bruisers, others are lanky runners; they just happen to be really tall and big-boned. Also, if a muttee attempts to intimidate a non-muttee humanoid with a bias/fear of mutees, he gets an appropriate Storyteller-defined bonus.



As mentioned in the section on Haints above, mutees and haints often live together in shared communities. This is primarily due to the hatred and racism they both encounter, and for shared protection against wastelander and especially vaultee attack. For whatever reason, many mutees are afraid of the dark, and appreciate their haint companions for their glowing nature.

DIALECTS, TONGUES, & LANGUAGES

As the world has changed and evolved, so too has language. American English was the most common language spoken in North America before the war, and the most common language in Nahmurg is a modern derivation of English, called Nahmurgan by the wastelanders. It is characterized by heavy slang, informality, directness, and it lacks any rigid spelling and grammar rules. The words used reflect the bitter atmosphere and demanding climate of the wasteland.

Some examples: “Lissen, wurmer, I got no time fer yer crappage. Saddle up, quitchyer whinin’, and steady ‘at blade, lest yer looking fer pa deth, ya’hear?.” “An’ yea, praise to our savyer the loerd Jesus Christ of th’pocalypse, for he done gived us strength ’nuff to smite our damnéd enemees. Thanks and faith t’him whose blesséd hand shewn down thru th’clouds and sped our shots to th’hearts of them the harble mutees.”

Among vaultees, language much more closely resembles the standard American English of the pre-war period. Many vaultees use their language and grammar as yet another basis for their hatred of wastelanders, tribals, mutees, and haints. These vault dwellers view their tongue as the proper one, seeing all the languages of the wastes as degenerate and hideous. Despite their feelings toward Nahmurgan, all vaultees understand it and can interact with those who speak it.

Beyond Nahmurgan and the pre-war tongue of the vaultees, there are a few small pockets where other derivative languages are spoken. In Na’leens (old New Orleans), Francez, a newer version of French, is spoken at large. Given the universality of Mexican Spanish in pre-war North America, Hispañale is spoken in many parts of Nahmurg. Several derivatives of Asian languages, namely Nihun (Japanese) and Mindar (Mandarin), are spoken in and around San Fran.

Many smaller, regional languages exist as well. As the American empire crumbled, the few communities of North American natives still living experienced a massive resurgence of their own culture and language. In many parts of Nahmurg, player-characters will encounter small indigenous communities speaking many different native languages: *tsa-la-gi* (Cherokee) in the southeast and parts of the Midwest, several Eskaluetian dialects in the cold reaches of what was Canada and Alaska, and a few of the remaining Coast Salish tongues in the Pacific Northwest.

In terms of creating new words and altering existing ones, players and storytellers should use this Campaign Setting book and all subsequent adventures set in Nahmurg as templates. Use of altered apocalyptic language is one of the most defining features of this genre, so players and storytellers are encouraged to master their character’s accent and inflection for a stronger gaming experience.

LAND

Nahmurg encapsulates all of the land that once was the USA and Canada. The southern, central, and western parts of Nahmurg have large reaches of wasteland, while in the north, woodlands are taking hold again. In the west the Rockies and in the southeast the Ap'laajin mountains and surrounding wilderness remain virtually untouched. Many great rivers still flow through Nahmurg, more powerfully than in pre-war times because the vicious dams holding them back have long since eroded. The largest physical difference of Nahmurg is the great Sanges Eylund to the west. This island was born when the annihilation of Los Angeles by bombing caused great tremors that triggered an earthquake- half of California separated from the mainland and the channel it left quickly filled with water. The biggest visible change to the whole globe is that, due to the years of sunlessness and acid rain, much of the planet's surface is now arid, rocky or sandy, barren wasteland.

The wasteland is the defining characteristic of much of Nahmurg, and will feature largely into all campaigns taking place there. Where once there were forests, there is now only scrub; where there were plains, there is desert; where there was desert before, there is now hell. The wasteland is dynamic, depending on where characters enter into it, as it stretches far and wide.

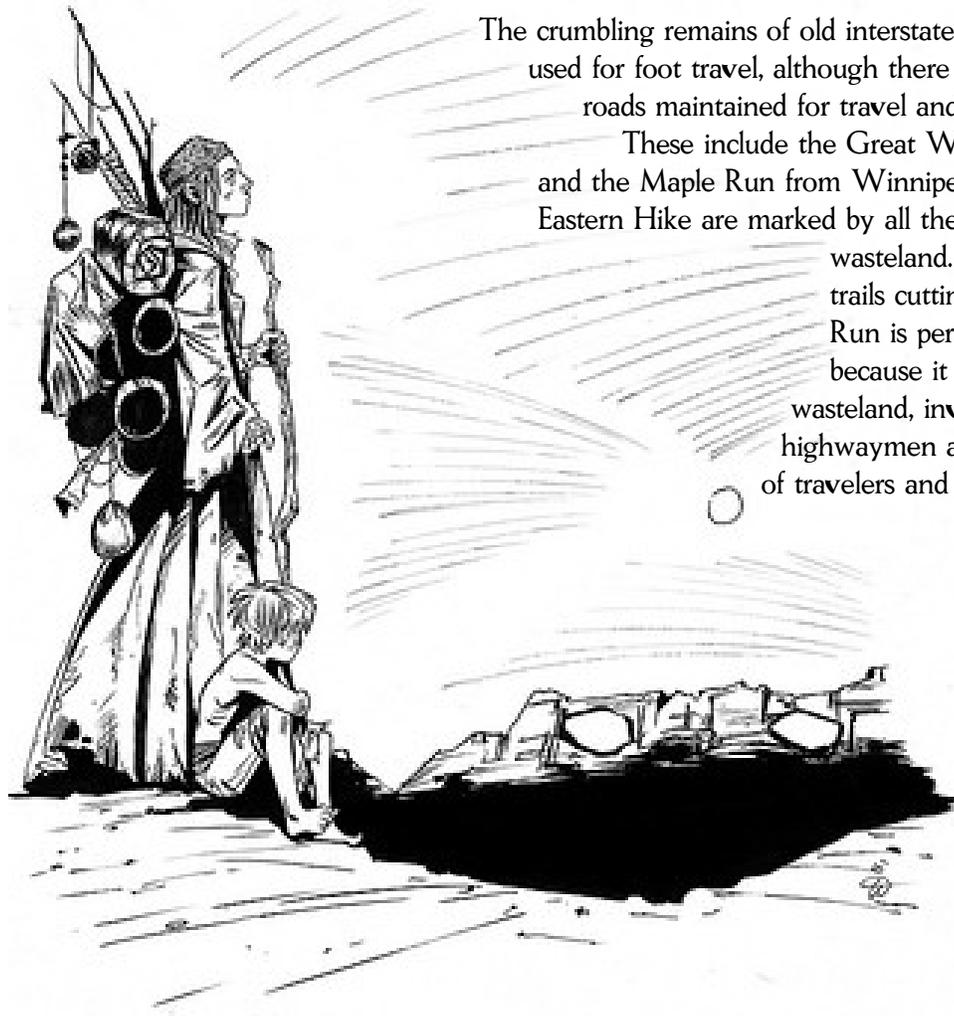
Most of the wasteland is dusty, sandy nothingness, populated only by spotty vegetation and small insects and birds. Cacti are a common, welcome companion for travelers, as they provide water, food, and some cases, drugs. Besides cacti, sagebrush, naturalized rosemary, palms, yucca, palmettos, mesquite, Joshua tree, tumbleweed, ponderosa pine, and creosote bush can be found easily enough. Slightly rarer but still present in the wastes are ghost flower, spanish needles, desert marigolds and lilies, desert sunflowers, desert dandelions, desert chicory, several mallows, desert lupine, and arizona poppies. Many of the plants listed above have experienced gigantism caused by radiation exposure, along with slight changes in coloration, habitat, shape, and so on.

The animals of the waste can be found wherever there is plant life or water. Because of the omni-present radiation, many once docile, harmless creatures have become terrible threats to the life of wastelanders. The wastes are home to giant ants, giant scorpions, giant rats, giant spiders, giant Texas horned-lizards aka deathclaws or armorbacks, dire wolves and dire coyotes, and vultures. The areas of Nahmurg that weren't annihilated into wasteland host giant rats, giant spiders, dire wolves and coyotes, giant alligator snapping turtles, mutant slime molds, and the dreaded wendigo. For more on plant and animal life in Nahmurg, see the chapter on Unpleasant Creatures and Beasts.

Although most of Nahmurg is covered by the wasteland, there are still a number of different land forms and formations within the waste, in addition to the regions of Nahmurg that aren't wasteland. The miles of wasteland covering what used to be the Midwest tend to be rolling and rather plain. The southwest, by contrast, is dotted by arroyos, plateaus, washes, caves, canyons, and the like. Elsewhere, specifically in the northwest and southeast and parts of the northeast, Nahmurg retains some forests and swamplands. These pockets contain all the features one expects to find in woodlands and swamps, plus a few terrifying mutant creatures and plants.

Within and without the wastes, there are many distinct centers of humanoid life. There are two distinct types of community. The first and least common are the NuCitees, which are, just as the name implies, new cities. Their politics, structure, beliefs, culture, laws, and customs vary tremendously, but the NuCitees have a few things in common. They are all large, at least large in the post-apocalyptic world, and usually contain somewhere between 10,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. Many NuCitees are formed on and around the land where vaults and bunkers survived the war. Each NuCitee is basically like a city-state, often governing (or at least protecting) much of the land surrounding it. They are also great centers of exchange. Most have thriving criminal elements too.

The second type of community, far and away the most common, are the small towns and villages scattered across Nahmurg. They never have more than 10,000 inhabitants, usually fewer. As with NuCitees, towns and villages each have their own unique politics, culture, and so on, though they are mostly agricultural communities with small rediscovery and salvaging of old technology. There are also many tribal villages and entire villages of mutants. Villages and small towns usually don't have much trade to offer, and also have little variety, being commonly based on one form of survival. Some are dedicated miners who trade with others for food, others are farming towns, others still are camps of warriors who pillage the supplies they need.



The crumbling remains of old interstates and local highways are still used for foot travel, although there are a few newer, unpaved roads maintained for travel and trade between NuCitees.

These include the Great Western Trail, the Eastern Hike, and the Maple Run from Winnipeg to Toronto. The GWT and Eastern Hike are marked by all the dangers present in the wasteland. However, of the three large trails cutting across Nahmurg, the Maple Run is perhaps the most dangerous because it doesn't run through any wasteland, inviting all manner of would-be highwaymen and brigands to a smorgasbord of travelers and their gear.

SMALL TOWNS & TRIBAL VILLAGES

It would take hundreds of pages to list all of the small towns and villages in Nahmurg. For that reason, this chapter is divided into two sections. The first details how to generate random small towns and villages when campaigning, and the second lists some of the more notable small towns and villages PCs are likely to visit.

GENERATING RANDOM SMALL TOWNS & VILLAGES

Below you will see several different charts, labeled #1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. When creating a small town or village, the storyteller rolls a d20 for each chart, 1-5, in that order. #1 is the population roll, which is pretty self-explanatory. #2 is the roll to determine the politics of the town. #3 is the roll to determine the industry, commerce, or skills of the community. #4 is the roll to determine the community's values. #5 represents problems that might interest the PCs in the town. When creating a small town or village, the storyteller rolls #s 1 and 2 only once, but can roll for #s 3 and 4 twice or several times. Also, the storyteller can simply use these charts and pick the characteristics she wants her fictional village to embody instead of rolling. It's fine to omit dice.

Following immediately below is a list of just over two-hundred names that can be used for making and customizing small towns and villages. These don't have to be used for anything special, they can simply be used once as a tiny locale where characters spend a night resting. As always, feel free to make up your own names too.

SAMPLE NAMES FOR SMALL TOWNS & VILLAGES

Aaron's Crossin', A'awe-tunee, Abe's Woods, Adyoola, Afurten, Albemarle, Applemans, Ardym, Athabasca, Athens, Baaf, Barqlee, Barricks, Bazaar, Beltaur, Bildur's Wake, Bliss-it-aint, Bordertun, Briar, Buell's Pond, Ca'aoree, Cackling Gecko, Calamity, Caverns-deep, Chimnee Stone, Chisel, Christina, Closegap, Curses Spat, Damned-th'-graund, Dan's Hovel, Derq Wuds, Demoltres, Devil's Bend, Dideepawnuq, Diddle, Down-by-the-waste, Dusty, Dwarfit, Ebadiah's Glove, Ebenezer, Eddyville, Edmonton, Eggers' Lake, Ej-uh-th-werlt, Elton Hamr, Ewannagasi, Ezekiel, Ezzly, Factor, Fallen Rock, Far-from-th'trail, Fear Nawd, Feebletaun, Flint, Flush Hills, Fort Cameron, Freshly, Fuhrmag, Gang-o-three, Ga'pau'nui, Gash Up High, 'Gater Basin, Gawn Over, Ghost City, Glasston, Gray Skies, Greenwater, Gulch, Ha'ge'ewani Ka, Haint Gorge, Hannistun, Hart's Leap, Hastings, Hey Y'all, Hickson, Hoa'ka'kelana'a, Hunnersbill, Hybrid Crossen, I-aint-him, Iala'i'utu, Ice Peak, Ichee Critter, I'ipa'tawnee, Illsen, Irritatin' Sands, Isaiah, 'Iston, Ixxen, Jackrabbit Jump, Jackson's Grave, Jah Be Waachun, Jeremiah Step, Jest Enuuff, Ji'u'owahe, Jumbletaun, Jump-n-git, Junkers, Juttin' Mounten, Ka'eo'maneg, Ka'ipe'i, Kathrin's Toes, Kent, Kerry's Park, Kin 'Ere, Klamur, Kurt's Field, Kust Din, Kog, Lack Mutch, Laffin Dog, Lark's Landage, Last Chance, Lazarus Risin', Learnt-ya-gud, Lili'ia'ta'pawom, Lion A'waitin', Lovers' Vallee, Lower Skej, Maapulfork, Magnolya, Massawacut, Menassaw, Mayville, Mesa Grande, Moss Bridge, Mount Tyball, Muerte Calliente, Muster, Naa'yonu'hateg, Nashbil, Nastee Wuter, Nez'rath Neverback, Niskayuna, Nogales, Norf Dryv, Normal, Nupart, Oa'pi'i'take, Oakton, Obadiah Downs, Oil Town, Ol' Lundun, Ol' Shaft, On-th'-river, Ora's Knife, Orchert-in-tha-woods, Oshun Town, Paladin, Pike's Lake, Pinesville, Pistola, Pitts' Expanse, Plateau, Pleasant Harbor, Port Elliot, Powskatawnee, Preston, Qa'ra'tanasi, Qe'oapu, Qip, Quarrel, Quartz Cliff, Quiet Bay, Quincy, Quinnisec, Quittens, Qwennehog, Rad-dump, Ram's Horn, Red Dunes, Redding, Redee, Riflesburg, Rubblevill, Ruffn'it'out, Rushton, Ryders' Bluff, Sable, Sagpitawnee, Satan's Nee, Sawtooth, Scampr, Scoutsville, Srcubland, Stab-atychya, Sucre ý Fuego, S'warm, Ta'anka'api'i, Table Butte, Tech-taun, Thomas's Mess, Tite Squeeze, Tortuga, Trashburg, TuBank, Twoston, Ulysses, Uriaah, Utopia, Verdantia, Vidalia, Vortex, West Spearhed, Wetvill, Wort, Xenia, Xygonopolis, Yardlong Bog, Yella Sgink,, Zebulon, Zeliropole, Zenith.

#1 POPULATION	
<i>d20 roll</i>	<i>Population</i>
1-2	up to 100
3-4	up to 200
5-6	up to 300
7-8	up to 400
9-10	up to 500
11-12	up to 600
13-14	up to 700
15-16	up to 800
17-18	up to 900
19-20	up to 1000

#5 LOCAL EVENTS	
<i>d20 roll</i>	<i>Event</i>
1-2	Kidnapping, missing person, missing pet or livestock
3-4	Local “monster” or beast terrorizing townsfolk
5-6	Raiders or warlord terrorizing town
7-8	Town desperately needs some resource or thing
9-10	Unsolved murder, or someone wants someone else killed
11-12	Someone owes someone else money or resources, unpaid debt
13-14	Something needs to be fixed or built
15-16	Poaching of crops or animals, threat to crops or animals
17-18	Dispute with neighboring village, town, or NuCitee
19-20	Unsolved theft, or someone wants something stolen

#2 POLITICS	
<i>d20 roll</i>	<i>Politics</i>
1-2	Republic: officials are elected to make decisions for people (mayor, sheriff, council, etc.)
3-4	Collectivism: decisions made collectively, work and resources shared
5-6	Meritocracy: led by the strongest, fastest, smartest, etc., weak are shunned
7-8	Feudal system/serfdom- “nobility” (prince, baron, king, etc.) owns land that serfs/slaves work, thugs employed by noble keep serfs in order
9-10	Eldership: respected elders make decisions for the whole community
11-12	Theocracy: religion governs all aspects of life, town ruled by priests, pastors, bishops, etc.
13-14	Caste system: people are assigned a class or caste for life, and “superior” castes rule lessers
15-16	Guild system: workers and skilled tradespeople make decisions
17-18	Dictatorship: one supreme leader governs behavior, media, work, etc.
19-20	Police state: armed ruffians keep everyone in line according to law and custom

#3 INDUSTRY, COMMERCE, SKILLS	
<i>d20 roll</i>	<i>Industry, commerce, skills</i>
1-2	Hunting and gathering, pelts, bone tools
3-4	Mining (stone, metals, or gems)
5-6	Horticulture, food crops, plant medicine
7-8	Ol’ Werlt technologies
9-10	Hunting and gathering, pelts, bone tools
11-12	Raiding, pillaging
13-14	Pastoralism, keeping livestock, animal products
15-16	Textiles
17-18	Slavery, slave trading
19-20	Pastoralism, keeping livestock, animal products

#4 VALUES, IDEALS	
<i>d20 roll</i>	<i>Values, Ideals</i>
1-2	Art
3-4	Nature
5-6	Information
7-8	Resources
9-10	Exploration
11-12	Power
13-14	Technology
15-16	Isolation
17-18	Security
19-20	Religion

NOTABLE SMALL TOWNS & VILLAGES

Toronto

Population 725, ruled by a mayor and city council

Once a thriving metropolis, this town does not enjoy NuCitee status in the post-apocalyptic world. It could easily be a NuCitee, but most people are deterred by the fact that the city is mainly inhabited by mutants and ghouls. These mutants and haints aren't averse to humans living in their town, but most humans are too terrified to live among them. The peaceful people of Winnipeg see the mutants/haints as new creatures of the Urth, and trade and interact openly with them. Winnipeg often sends emissaries to live in Toronto, and mutants and haints travel to and live in Winnipeg in exchange. Toronto also trades and interacts with Makatawnee.

Jon's Fall

Population 250, democratic decision making

North of Vault 9, this is a prosperous trapper-town, thriving on trading giant rat pelts.

Hilltaun

Population 198, ruled by a council

This busy gold mining town is found south of Vault 9.

Watersmeet

Population 630, democratic decision making w/ mayor as head

This fishing and farming community is in the Ol' Great Lakes region. Watersmeet operates raft and canoe transport between all the small towns and villages in the region.

One-knife-two-foe

Population 67, democratic decision making

This is a small community of wasteland scouts and trekkers. It was founded when a waste-sent'nul happened upon a family of 'steaders being gnawed at by two giant rats. She killed the enormous vermin using only a small combat knife, saving the family from a painful death. The sent'nul lived with the family and taught them wasteland survival skills, and, eventually, others came to learn from her. One-knife-two-foe was founded on the homestead, and to this day offers the finest scouts to all points in the wastes, and maintains a school for learning scouting, combat, and survival.

Oresville

Population 319, democratic decision making

This town mines gold and iron ore to be used in making weapons.

Arroyo

Population 114, tribe ruled by an elder and shaman

This is a tribal village in the southwestern wastes. It is a highly spiritual place, worshiping the wasteland, ancestors, and coyotes, among other things. Its guides show the way to seekers of Sanges Eylund and the Ruins of La.

Hallapoosa

Population 524, republic of elected officials

This town is found between Na'leens and the Ruins at Lanna. Hallapoosa offers scouts and guides for all the southern wastes and through the Ruins at Lanna. Said to be very hospitable to travelers.

San Fran

Population 847, government varies by neighborhood

All of the former Bay Area is host to another big community of mutants out on Sanges Eyelund, though there are many humans in the Citee. China Town remains populated, tribals and waster-punks inhabiting the city with the mutants and haints. Frequent raids are made from San Fran on the Ruins of La for goods and tech. Otherwise, the people of San Fran stay alive by agriculture and hunting rad-beasts.

NUCITEES

The following is a list of many of the major NuCitees in Nahmurg. The descriptions are by no means complete; NuCitees are the hubs of commerce and power in the post-apocalyptic world, and have all the variety, vanity, and violence of the cities of the pre-war world. Players and storytellers are encouraged to create their own NuCitees and to alter or add to the preexisting ones listed below.

One thing to keep in mind when visiting NuCitees in game is that every race of people- vaultees, wastelanders and tribals, mutees, and haints- will be found in the larger Citees. Even in Citees where they are totally despised, haints and mutees would conceivably congregate to the collection of resources and trade. This wouldn't be true in places that are openly hostile and violent toward haints and mutees, and even toward wastelanders. Some Citees are isolationist and xenophobic to the extreme. But for the most part, players should expect to encounter and interact with all types of people in all the NuCitees of Nahmurg.

SQUATTERSVILLE

Population 2,115, democratic decision making by neighborhoods

Squattersville began as a village of sun-worshipping tribals. One year, several families of goatherds, displaced from their lands by raiders, stumbled upon the village, befriended the natives, and began squatting the land. In exchange for a place to live, the herders introduced pastoralism to the tribals, while they, in turn, taught the farmers how to hunt and scavenge, and taught them spirituality.

What began as a small community eventually grew into a prosperous town, and, later, a NuCitee. The lands outlying the Citee are mostly pasture carved from the wastes, and the dominant religion in the Citee and surrounding areas is an earth cult of tribal origin. The Citee hosts many festivals praying for and celebrating fertility, animal kinship, bountiful hunts, and the change of seasons. "Ma Sun" is an important figure of worship here.

The Citee is run in true democratic fashion- "burros" (neighborhoods) gather and vote on important issues for the upcoming year, then, when decision is reached, they send a delegate to share those votes in a "graat gav'rin" in which decisions are made based on the votes of all the communities in Squattersville.

This NuCitee is very tightly knit, its citizens respect and help each other, and they are generous to strangers most of the time. In addition to goatherding, the Citee has discovered tailoring again, and makes and repairs clothes for profit. There are no police, as conflicts are mediated communally, and the Citee is only moderately defended by citizens brigades. The people value freedom, understanding and patience, community, hard work, and individual expression and choice. They are wary of Vault 9, and similar places who rule by racism and oppression.

OUTPOST 23

Population 3,144, meritocracy ruled by five “Paragons”

O-23 was a US government research station and small arms depot before the war. For some unknown reason, when the war came, the outpost was deserted still fully stocked. A group of refugees from the big cities of the Ol' Werlt sought shelter in Outpost 23, and in time they found the arms caches and research equipment in the lower levels of the compound. None of the people present were scientists, though many of them knew the ins and outs of firearms. Thus, a fortress was established at Outpost 23 that was easily defended and held until the Darkness came.

Decades and generations passed. Supply stores ran dry, and the occupants of O-23, knew that they had to make contact with others if they hoped to survive. Scouts were deployed. Squattersville was found, still in its early days. In exchange for weapons and supplies, the folks of Squattersville traded goat milk, rat meat, and cheese- a valuable commodity in a world with little fertile soil. A lucrative and mutually beneficial trading agreement was forged, and in a few years O-23 had grown as much as Squattersville.

Realizing they had no skills to produce their own food, the leaders of O-23 opened its surrounding land to settlers in hopes that they would bring skills and trade with them. And they did just that. After years of isolation in a compound full of equipment, it was only a matter of time until the inhabitants learned how to use the machines at O-23. Now, years later, O-23 is an important center of pre-war tech study and reclamation. Many machines at O-23 remain a mystery, but they are constantly being studied.

Decisions and laws are made by a council of 5 “Paragons” (men or women) who are elected based on their excellence in one of five areas: science, combat and defense, diplomacy and leadership, resource management, and geography. This Citee values information, technology, trade, excellence in skill, and security. The majority at O-23 worship a god of building and technology called “Kreftaar-him.” O-23 is also home to a temple or shrine for almost every cult and religion. The people of O-23 highly value artistic merit of all types, especially building and sculpture.

Although the atmosphere of O-23 is accepting and tolerant, the general mindset toward tribals is that they're backward and misguided. The leadership of O-23 seeks to rebuild the giant megalopolises of the past, with the belief that industrial technology can solve the problems of the apocalyptic world.

VAULT 9

Population 3,659 (400 citizens), ruled by a “Director, First Citizen” and a senate

East of Squattersville and Outpost 23 is Vault 9, one of the few underground lairs to prosper after the war. The vaults were self-sustaining, enormous, heavily defended, well hidden, insuperable towns built underground and sometimes into the sides of mountains. For a hundred years the vault-dwellers relied on air intakes and purifiers, water collectors and sanitizers, and rehydrated complete protein and carbohydrate energy food. Their computers and other machines stayed functional with the help of wind-trap generators and solar panels above linked to the generator below. When the time came to open the vault, dwellers were terrified. They hadn't had contact with anyone outside for a hundred years, and they truly had no idea what to expect. The massive changes to the world outside and to humanity itself were too overwhelming for the dwellers of Vault 9, and upon emerging, they developed a caustic sense of superiority.

Observing the physical changes in the humans who survived outside vaults, and hearing the “degradation” of language, they began calling themselves “pure-strain” humans. They called everyone who wasn't a vault dweller “de-gens” or, in extremes, “primates”. Because they had databases and books full of knowledge, the dwellers of Vault 9 retained much of their pre-war learning through the hundred years of solitude. Their language also remains almost unchanged. They emerged from the vaults with a large supply of weapons, armor, and other equipment that prepared them for the world after the war. Instead of using this gear for simple survival, they instead launched swift campaigns against the “de-gen” towns and “savage” tribal villages surrounding their land. These defeated people were usually captured and forced into slavery, what the dwellers of 9 call “serving your superiors.” Thus Vault 9 became a NuCitee (they don't use this word), profiting and living wealthily off the labor of “de-gen” slaves.

Vault 9 is one of only a few cities to be fully powered. Since they retained all their tech-knowledge, and had many useful machines for rebuilding after the devastation, dwellers of 9 were able to collect enough resources to fuel a small power plant. It is still operational today, kept running by the grueling, thankless labor of de-gen non-citizens.

Vault 9's laws and procedures are made by a “Director, First Citizen,” who is chosen for the lifelong position based on a difficult test of intelligence, problem solving, communication and interaction, strategy, management and leadership, technical skills and mathematics, and physical health and life expectancy. Under the DFC sits a senate who is elected by other citizens. De-gens and other non-citizens have no say in politics and social development at Vault 9.

The city values “racial superiority” (“pure-strain” vs. “de-gen”), intellect, preserving and hoarding knowledge and technology, efficiency, and austerity. They pay little attention to the arts, and anything colorful or poetic. Most dwellers of 9 are non-religious. The masses of indentured de-gens follow a number of gods, cults, and pantheons, some of which describe the vault as hell and its inhabitants as the devil's minions.

VAULT 13

Population 2,167, governed by the House of Dwellers and the House of Commons

Vault 13 is a bit south of the last three NuCitees listed. When it was sealed, no one inside would have guessed that a hundred years later their home would be smack in the middle of a parched wasteland. Vault 13 was built to standard, just like its sister Vault 9. So, similarly, the dwellers of 13 reacted much the same way to isolation: their language changed little, they stayed educated on pre-war tech, western science, mathematics, and they were well supplied for the Darkness and their emergence into the world years later.

Though they had experienced the same life as the dwellers of 9, their reaction to the outside world could not have been more opposite. During their long hibernation underground, the dwellers of 13 spent a great deal of time contemplating why exactly they were stuck living underground. They had plenty of time to think, too, and to philosophize together about the condition of war-era humanity. As a society, they concluded that the conflict that drove them underground was caused and perpetuated by greed, big-business, hatred, racism, and bureaucratic injustice. They searched for a better way of living, a better way of governing than those who came before them. And when they emerged from seclusion, they got their chance.

Being slapped into the wasteland from a world of structure and abundance, the dwellers of 13 were dismayed. They knew they would die if they didn't find and work with others. Many of the villages and small towns outlying Vault 13 were engaged in a deadly war with barbaric waste-hunters. The dwellers of 13 stepped in, provided aid, supplies, tactics to the towners and tribals. The war was quickly ended, and many of the towns and tribes pledged their loyalty to the dwellers of 13 as thanks for the help. The aggregation of these towns and tribes, added to the Vault itself, made the NuCitee today called Vault 13. The dwellers of 13 don't see themselves as superior to the outworlders, but they do recognize a difference between themselves. They call themselves homo sapiens prebellum, or "pre-war humans," and they call the outworlders homo sapiens secundus, or "second-wavers."

There are two political houses in Vault 13, the House of Dwellers and the House of Commons. Each is made up of delegates elected in different districts of the Citee. They come together several times a year and deliberate on issues until decision is reached. Because of the arid, dusty climate, crops are mainly grown in hydroponics bays and greenhouses, but the food grown is strictly for use by citizens; none is traded. Commerce is important to Vault 13, and it is a bustling center of trade, being the last Citee in the Westerly Wastes. Vault 13 values cooperation, technology, information sharing and equal learning, equality, understanding, mutual decision making, unity, exploration, salvaging, and spirituality. The dominant religion in Vault 13 is a the cult-of-two-gods which teaches tolerance, faith in each others and the world, and forgiveness. Theater is big in Vault 13.

FORT BEVERLY

Population 4,097, ruled by a triumvirate of warriors

This fort was a secret US Army base under direction of the CIA. Its primary function was to create a line of genetically-enhanced, completely obedient, fearless super-soldiers for use in the war. The program went horribly awry, resulting in the deaths of every employee of the facility. Costing the US government billions of dollars in damages and in cover-up media, the government had to send in an elite team of sharpshooters and demolitions experts to destroy the super-soldiers. When the mission was accomplished, the doors were welded shut, the windows barred, and a 10 mile perimeter set up on all sides to prevent anyone from finding the place. However, when the war began, all of the military resources of the US were needed on the fronts, so Fort Beverly was quickly neglected.

In the years following the war, a band of highwaymen took shelter in the compound after unhinging the giant doors with a load of C4. Finding, to their delight, an enormous store of weapons and armor, the bandits took up residence in the place and started raiding neighboring towns. What resulted was an even bigger store of ammo, armor, gear, and tech. The more supplies they gathered, the more room the bandits needed to store things, and so they delved deeper and deeper into Fort Beverly. One dry evening they came upon a test chamber, and, to their utter horror, discovered that one of the super-soldiers still lived. He, of course, killed the 27 bandits mercilessly. But it wasn't long till the people whose villages had been ransacked came hunting the bandits, only to find them massacred by a skillful warrior calling himself "#64-B of the Knights of Beverly."

This "knight," the super-soldier, forced these people into servitude, and, with them, conquered the surrounding lands, thus forming the NuCitee Fort Beverly. For many years, #64-B ruled Fort Beverly as a powerful militaristic autocrat. The Citee and lands around fell into military dictatorship, and focused all their efforts on military power. In the course of his long life, the super-soldier crafted a deadly society of warriors that ravaged lands near and far. But not even government engineered super-soldiers live forever. When he died, Fort Beverly gradually began to take the shape it bears today. It is still heavily armed and defended, and always ready to take conflict to its enemies, and it still calls its warriors "knights". Its many conquests have made it a wealthy NuCitee, and at the heart of the wastes it is an important center of trade and resupply.

It is ruled by a triumvirate of the three most powerful warriors (men or women), as determined by a yearly contest in the gladiatorial arena, affectionately called "Ruby of tha Wastes." Fort Beverly also hosts monthly exhibitions in the arena, as well as deathmatches twice a year. All events at the Ruby draw huge crowds and participants alike.

Fort Beverly mines and trades metal, and is Nahmurg's finest manufacturer of melee weapons and wasteland armor. The main religion in the Fort Beverly region is the cult of the war-god. Citizens of Fort Beverly value power, survival of the fittest, physical prowess, and combat.

AWESTONE

Population 5,010, governed by a mayor and mayoral cabinet

Southeast of Fort Bev. is Awestone, which used to be Austin, TX. Awestone is the largest NuCitee in the Nahmurg wastes, and one of the largest on tattered Urth. Awestone is a vital trading center. Its proximity to Na'leens makes trade between the two inevitable. Awestone has proclaimed itself capital of the NuTexan Empire, although no one really cares, because countries and boundaries don't matter so much any more. Part of the 'empire' crosses into Fort Beverly territory, and there are constant border disputes between the two. There is no formal war between them, but it's understood that warriors loyal to either side will fight and kill the other. This is a dangerous conflict, as the two NuCitees are huge powers, and a full-blown war in the wastes would end a lot of the few lives remaining in Nahmurg.

The atmosphere of Awestone is very much that of the Wild West, six-gun toting rangers and quick-to-anger pistoleros. Awestone is famed for its saloons and liquors, and its highfalutin sharpshooters. Even in the post-apocalypse, Awestone has a thriving music scene. Politically, Awestone is run by a mayor and his/her cabinet, elected every three years. The most prominent religion in Awestone is the Rainin' Fire Church of Christ Redeemer. Awestoneans value music, firearms, booze, exploration, religion, and humor. They typically loathe mutees and haints, and attack them on sight.

WINNIPEG

Population over 1,476, governed by democratic committees

Far north of Awestone and east of Vault 9 is Winnipeg, in former Canada. Winnipeg luckily escaped much of the final war's devastation. It is the last NuCitee in Nahmurg for trekkers headed to the wild, mutated woodlands of the north. Winnipeg is rich in resources, and trades regularly with Toronto via the Maple Run. The people of Winnipeg are mostly a peaceful sort, and they coexist peacefully with the tribes of natives and tribals in the surrounding lands. Winnipeg produces most of its own food, clothes, and has an adequate armament. No one religion is dominant in Winnipeg, though polytheism and animism are popular. Winnipeg values quiet existence, peace, coexistence, self-sufficiency, and conversation.

NA'LEENS

Population over 2,006, ruled by three warring houses

East of Awestone is Na'leens, the specter of a NuCitee that once was New Orleans. If New Orleans was a wild place in the pre-war days, then Na'leens is chaos and nightmare. The NuCitee is haunted by sacrificial voodoo rites, corpse-worshipping cults of the dead, apocalyptic preachers of doomsday salvation; every day is Mardi Gras in Na'leens. Na'leens is also a hotspot for music, dance, theater, and violence in the post-apocalypse. Drugs and intoxicants flow freely, inside the Citee and as exports to other NuCitees.

Politically, Na'leens is split into three major factions that claim governance: the Krew de Gonzo in the Ol' French Quarta, Madame la Soleil-Leavant and the Midnite Sons downtown, and the Mi'ssippi Society du Liberte in Bywarter. The Krew is basically a collaborative effort of insanity, seeking no government, no collective work by the people, no democratic anarchy, just chaos. They're discordians at their core, and they want Na'leens to be a giant raving party at all times. Madame la Soleil-Leavant and her Sons are a religious autocracy with a lot of muscle. They want to impose restrictions on the beliefs and actions of people in

Na'leens, making Soleil-Leavant's ritual voodoo the only legal religion in the NuCitee. The MSL down in Bywarter seeks to do away with both the other factions, claiming Na'leens in the name of the people. They don't want any institutional government, necessarily, but they do want to organize the people of Na'leens and distribute resources and work equally to make the Citee a safer place less interested in revelry and more in "progress."

The main export of Na'leens is drugs and intoxicants, while it imports food, weapons and armor, and clothes. The people of Na'leens like drugs, revelry, death imagery, chaos, and horror stories.

JUNK CITEE

Population 1,200, ruled by warring technocratic houses

Far northeast of Na'leens is Junk Citee. Junk Citee began as a small colony of scavengers in middle former-New-Jersey. The scavengers provided for themselves and their families by making runs to the Ruins of Nu'yorg, gathering supplies and pre-war tech, and trading with other communities. Today, many Junk Citee residents make their livings doing the exact same thing- New York was a large place, and its ruins hide many strange and valuable pieces of pre-war tech. Junk Citee itself is a massive junkyard of tech, trash, tenements and squats, commons, and marketplaces. Trade is big in this NuCitee, and so is violence.

As far as NuCitees go, Junk Citee is pretty standard- it's big, it's grungy, there's a lot to see and do, and there's plenty to be bought and sold. There are also many cults, religions, crafters' guilds, merchant associations, caravans, and tech-heads. Politically, Junk Citee is really an amalgamation of different fiefs controlled by powerful technocrat warlords. These are House Vexis in the north, who seeks despotic rule and strict laws limiting the actions and freedom of Junk Citee residents; House Magnusen in the northeast, who wants a rigid caste system of "tech-knowed" (educated) rulers with the "know-nothin'" masses to serve them; the Khans in the heart of the Citee, who're a violent gang of warriors and spies who want political power for power's sake; House Nazir in the south, who wants to conquer the other factions and surrounding lands to unite them into an extremely powerful NuCitee-State spanning much of ol' Jersey; and the Dock'r Yoonyun, a collective of lightly armed squatters, punks, and wasteland trekkers who want to abolish all the other factions because they don't want to be ruled by anyone but themselves.

The factions are constantly feuding with each other, forming alliances and promises, and breaking them when it's advantageous. Each faction claims about a fifth of the Citee, and travelers in each domain will be subject to different rules and tariffs. This NuCitee hosts many different religions, and values technology, scavenging, recycling old scrap, trade, and architecture.

MAKATAWNEE

Population 1,792, governed by councils

Northwest of Junk Citee and the Ruins of Nu'yorg is a NuCitee called Makatawnee. This Citee is almost completely populated by tribals and descendants of ancient Native Americans. Many different tribes came together in the name of unity, security, and brotherhood to form this NuCitee, and their skills in horticulture, hunting, gathering, fishing, and the manufacturing clothes and dwellings made this Citee grow quickly. This Citee has little interest in trade, except for fresh supplies of ammunition and metals, flint, and obsidian for weapon making.

Though many inhabitants do blame white Westerners for the current state of the world, theirs is not a racist attitude. The tribes of Makatawnee are forgiving, caring people, who love the earth, moon, sun, and sky, and even the wastes, and they view all men and women as siblings. The Citee is well defended, and a little distrustful of strangers, especially rough wastelanders, but the Citee is an important center for the exchange of ideas and spirituality. It's most popular religions are variations of Native American religious thought.

It is run by a council that includes elders, spiritual shamans, and people of special talent or recognition. The council's decisions can be overturned by citizen committees and it's members can easily be replaced if the people so choose. The councils almost always base their choices on the will and happiness of the people they serve, unlike so many politicians, so there isn't much political conflict in Makatawnee. Art in this NuCitee is largely natural art- sculpting, hide painting, jewelry making, etc. The Makatawnee value nature, natural living, the earth, community, unity, and optimism.

THE HUB

Population 4,238, governed by President Harold Peters and a senate

The Hub is comparable in size to Awestone, and is found far north around the ruins of some ol' Midwestern city. The Hub is a bustling center of trade, as it sees much travel from east to west and vice versa. Being in the center of Nahmurg (thus the name), The Hub has a little something for everyone, especially gunslingers and blades. The Hub frequently has caravans coming and leaving at the heart of the Citee, both cattle drives and the Smokin' Caravans. The Hub is also a large center for the arts in the post-apocalyptic world, music included.

In the political realm The Hub is ruled by a corrupt senate and president of the Citee. During the war that brought down the American empire, the president, his cabinet, and congress were all relocated to the Midwestern city St. Louis to make it more difficult for enemy forces to reach them. The current president of The Hub, Harold Peters, claims that The Hub was St. Louis, and that it is therefore the capital of Nahmurg. As he was voted mayor of the Citee, he asserts he is president of Nahmurg. Most ignore this claim, but The Hub is a powerful wasteland entity, and continues to increase its power at all times. They may some day begin to branch outward in hopes of conquering the Nahmurgan NuCitees.

Culturally, people of The Hub value trade and growth, outward expansion, political superiority, exchange of ideas, and expression.

SIGHTS WORTH SEEIN'

In their travels through Nahmurg, characters will encounter all manner of interesting people, creatures, plants, and places. Among these places, a few stick out as truly noteworthy. A selection of these places is listed below.

RUINS OF OL' CITIES

Perhaps the most obvious and the easiest sights to find are the ruins of America's huge cities. Because the war was so tremendously destructive and global in scale, almost all the big cities of north America were totaled, and most of its population in these cities was killed. The war was drawn out, costing too many resources from all parties involved to give adequate funding for big cities to rebuild. Many of them were abandoned, leaving technology, materials, and territory behind. Thus, one of the most adventurous professions in Nahmurg is the ruin runner, who makes a living by exploring the ruins, digging up lost tech and weapons and armor, and either selling them or using them for future adventures. This profit comes at a price, though, because the Ol' Werlt ruins have more than their share of beasters and nastees amidst the rubble and fractured husks of buildings. Bandits also take up residence in the ruins, preying on hopeful ruin runners and caravans who must travel through them. Ruins also house families descended from the millions of displaced homeless during the war years. These folks most often live in abandoned buildings, on non-operational traincars, or in shacks and shanties they've built in old parks. In the Ruins of Nu'Yorg, many things are said to live in the vast subterranean expanses, humans and beasts alike.

The **Ruins of La** (Los Angeles), the **Ruins of Nu'yorg** (N.Y.C.), the **Ruins of Shykago** (Chicago), the **Ruins at Lanna** (Atlanta), and the **Ruin of Seatac** (Seattle) are all popular choices for scavenging journeys. The **Ruins of Dallas** are the secret headquarters for the Order of the Wrench, which keeps scavengers and adventurers out. The **Ruins of DeeCee** (Washington, D.C.) are much smaller than the Ruins of cities like New York and Atlanta, and, with the abundant wilderness outside the Ruins, rad-beasters find their way to the Ruins all the time. The Ruins of DeeCee are home to the Keepers of LiCon and a small outpost of the Order of the Wrench that protects the Keepers and the LiCon project.

THE LICON

LiCon, the rebuilt old Library of Congress, shelters so much accumulated knowledge, and can be found in the Ruins of DeeCee. Its architecture uses a lot of remnants of Washington's neo-classical design: ancient gods and goddesses, cherubs, and Corinthian columns. It houses the LiCon projects and its Keepers, who are discussed in the chapter on Groupage.

RAININ' FIRE CHURCH OF CHRIST REDEEMER, MAIN CHAPEL

Using the finest recovered materials, the artisans of this house of worship have built a truly spectacular monument to their hateful god. There are many mosaics and a few stained-glass windows picturing the apocalyptic war, Christ rising on a mushroom cloud to heaven, the mutant armies of Lucifer marching across America, and fire raining from the skies. The Church is a beauty, and its nightmarish splendor invites all folks passing through Awestone to have a gander.

FEELDGYDE TO THE NAHMURGAN WASTELAND

The talented scouts of One-knife-two-foe in the western wastes and the ruin runners of Hallapoosa in the southeast have collaborated together to create a field guide of all the mutated plants and rad-beasters of the Nahmurg wasteland. Though this is not exactly a sight to see, this book is an invaluable resource for greenthumbs and elite trekkers alike. This field guide can be found in any NuCitee and in One-knife-two-foe and Hallapoosa.

ORDER OF THE WRENCH HQ

This bastion of ol' werlt technology and science can be found in the Ruins of Dallas. Anyone lucky or dedicated enough to gain entrance to this well-guarded facility can most definitely consider it a sight to behold. It is the largest collection of pre-war, industrial technology anywhere in North America, and it is guarded with fatal force.

OILTAUN

This small community is found in extreme northwest former Alaska. Most people don't know this place exists, save the Caravaners and Sultans, so characters will be hard-pressed to discover its existence without, say, stumbling upon it by sheer luck. Since almost no one in Nahmurg even knows what oil is or how it is used, characters who do find Oiltaun will be astonished at its mining machines and refinery, and will doubtless have many unanswered questions about the place. On the other hand, characters who come from nature loving communities may be appalled by Oiltaun's destructive exploitation of the natural environment. Oiltauners themselves guard the secret of their existence to the death, so if characters even hint at revealing its existence, they can expect trouble.

NAHMURG SAGA

In the heart of Junk Citee, the NuCitee's finest techno-crafters have used tons of scrap metal, wires, cables, junk tech, wood, and a plethora of found objects to create a series of colossal junk-sculptures depicting the final war, the fallout and chaos afterward, and the birth of the mutees and haints. The Nahmurg Saga is a cherished piece of post-ap art, and most mutants and haints appreciate it for depicting them as the children of a new world rather than beasts and monsters.

RUBY OF THE WASTE

The Ruby is a gladiatorial arena in Fort Beverly. It is spiked, domed, steel-plated, dark, foreboding. Its name comes from the blood-stained sand covering its floor. The place is intimidating and ominous, even for hardened warriors. It hosts monthly events, which excite crowds and participants in unquenchable bloodlust. Whether a fan or a critic of bloodsports, there's no doubt the Ruby is one of the foremost sights of the wasteland.

JOBS

In the great struggle for survival, folks of Nahmurg take a number of different jobs to earn or take their keep, as the case may be. With the steadily evolving language of the former Americas, the words for different jobs have changed over the years. The job titles given are in standard English followed by some suggested Nahmurgin equivalents/alternatives in italics and parentheses. If you feel inclined to use a title not listed below, please do- with the enormous variety in local dialects and the constant evolution language goes through when it isn't standardized, Nahmurg would have dozens of creative tags for each job and skill people practice. Also feel free to use the standard English job titles, especially when playing Vaultees, whose language hasn't changed much.

Most people in Nahmurg fall into a number of the jobs listed below. For example, most trappers are also tanners or hunters; most warriors also practice many crafting skills. When creating a character for a Nahmurg campaign, please don't limit yourself to just one job. Even a character with only a handful of developed skills probably still fits into several job categories. For more information on jobs and how they function, see the *Saga Core Rulebook*.

COMMON JOBS

Animal Handler or Rancher or Wrangler (*Ratmaster, Horse Rancher, etc.*), Archer (*Stringshot, Bowman*), Beggar or Panhandler, Blacksmith or Smith (*Hammer, Forger, Smith*), Bladesmith (*Blademaker, Edjsmith*), Bodyguard (*Bawdyguard, Keepsafe*), Bounty Hunter (*Headchaser, Bownee Chaser*), Bowyer or Bow-maker (*Bowsmith*), Brawler or Fistfighter (*Fist, Scrapper*), Burglar (*Robber, Hauscrasher, Burg'ler*), Carpenter or Woodworker (*Carpenter, Woodsmith*), Farmer (*Cropper, 'Steader, Cropsmith*), Fisher or Fisherman/woman (*Fishur, Fishmonger*), Fletcher or Arrow-maker (*Arrowsmith*) Guard (*Sent'nul, Sentry, Keepsafe, Watcher*), Healer (*Medic, Herbsmith, Doc, Wisewoman, etc.*) Highwayman (*Bandito, Hijacker*), Hunter (*Stalker, Hunner*), Knife Fighter or Blade Fighter (*Blade, Cutter, Shank*), Miner (*Digger, Sapper, Miner*), Pickpocker (*Snatcher, Hand, Fivefinger*), Ranger or Bushranger (*Longstrider, Walker, Trekker, Bushmaster*), Scavenger (*Ruin Runner, Scavver, Trashmaster, etc.*), Scout (*Featherfoot, Weasel, Scout, Lookfar*), Smith or Blacksmith (*Hammer, Forger, Smith*), Spearfighter or Lancer (*Laincer, Polefighter, Spear*), Stonemason (*Rocksmith*), Storyteller or Teller (*Yarn-spinner, Teller, Rememberer*), Tailor (*Mender, Clothsmith*), Tanner (*Leathersmith, Skinsmith, Tanner*), Tattooist (*Skinpoke, Tatsmith, Skinsmith*), Trader or Merchant or Caravaner or Peddler, Trapper (*Snaresmith, Catchleg, Trapper*), Warrior or Fighter, Weaponsmith, Woodworker or Carpenter (*Woodsmith, Carpenter*).

UNCOMMON & RARE JOBS

Doctor or Master Healer (*Midwife, Doc, Wiseman, Wisewoman, etc.*), Elder or Political Leader, Electrician or Electronics Expert (*'Lectrician, Wiresmith*), Gladiator, Gunfighter (*Pistolero, Sidearm, Rifler, Longarm, Gunner, etc.*), Mechanic or Machinist (*Gadgetsmitth, Fixer, Mechanic*), Musician (*String, Songsmith, Singer, etc.*), Priest (*Priest, Pastor, Rev'rend, Deacon, Brother, etc.*), Shaman or Holy Person or Soothsayer (*Wise Man/Woman, Shaman, Bonesmith, Spirit-Talker, etc.*), Sharpshooter or Sniper (*Deadeye, Sharpshooter, Hotshot*), Spy (*Spook, Sneak, G-Man*)

BARTERIN' & COINAGE

It seems obvious that trade would be necessary in the wasteland for simple survival. Bartering is the most common form of exchange in the post-apocalyptic world: I'll give ya one uh these fer two uh those, etc. The most commonly traded goods are food, water, animals, slaves, raw minerals, oil (unknown to the public at large, traded between Oiltaun and the Smokin' Caravans), weapons, armor, clothes, and building materials. Pre-war tech is a high commodity, valued over all other goods except perhaps new tech developed by the Order of the Wrench. This tech is almost never available to the public, and only enters the stream of commerce if pried from the dead body of a hammer, spade, book, or wheel of the Order.

There is no standard currency in Nahmurg. Small gold nuggets are usually accepted, as are other precious metals and stones. Old American and Canadian change is accepted as currency, but only for the metal value it possesses, not its denomination. Far more often, people just barter goods for goods. Different goods bring different trade according to the demand in each NuCitee and town. Relative values are left to the discretion of the storyteller.

In Na'leens, drugs and intoxicants are heavily exported to other NuCitees. Vault 9 and Awestone are the only NuCitees where intoxicants are strictly illegal (except alcohol in Awestone), but many NuCitees, like Makatawnee and Toronto and Squattersville, have very low drug use without illegalizing substances on the books. Junk Citee and San Fran have large numbers of users of all sorts of chemicals, and pockets of junkies can be found in every other NuCitee. Awestone has a thriving underground devoted to selling and consuming all sorts of drugs. Drugs, including alcohol/tobacco, are a vital commodity, and carry very little taboo in the post-apocalyptic world.

Throughout the wasteland trade in human flesh is quite common. It is shunned by most wastelanders and tribals, but the power of the various Slavers' Guilds is mighty. The racist NuCitees depend on slave labor, working their slaves to death, and need a continual supply of human beings to fuel their projects. The people most likely to become slaves are mutants, haints, tribals, and wastelanders, in that order. The threat of being taken into slavery is an omnipresent concern for many in Nahmurg.

Quite often, for people who have no skills or gear to trade, sex is also a commodity. Its value relative to skills and gear depends on the region and the desired skill or object, and is left to the Storyteller's discretion.

GOOD OL' TIME RELIGION & THE GODS

With the fall of American civilization, and the subsequent hundred years of death, radiation poisoning, chaos, hunger, and darkness, the Christian denominations that preach the “end times” enjoyed an influx of converts. After it became pretty clear that this wasn't the Biblical rapture, and that the earth was just a crappier place but not a dead one, religion began to radically expand and mutate along with everything else. At present, there are thousands of religions, local, regional, and far reaching. As a general trend, people in the NuCitees tend to worship individual gods, like the tech-god or the war-god, while tribals and wastelanders tend to worship entire pantheons of deities, mostly nature-based. This is just a generalization, and isn't true in all cases.

Many of the Ol' Werlt religions are still around, some unchanged, some expanded or revised. Of the Ol' Werlt religions, Christianity has the largest following. Animism- the belief that all things living and inanimate have souls- is also popular. The following sects are the most powerful and influential in their area.

RAININ' FIRE CHURCH OF CHRIST REDEEMER

In Awestone and surrounding areas, this church has a huge following. It teaches that the war was not “rapture,” but instead was a crucible for humanity from the devil. Those who were killed in the war and those who died in the years following were all claimed by the devil, while the strong who survived were God's chosen. Those alive after the war, the “after-flock,” are God's messengers sent forth to spread the good word. The post-apocalyptic world is their test, and those who live according to the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of the Flames will be admitted to the 'ternal kingdom when they die.

The principles of this “gospel” are pretty similar to traditional, Ol' Werlt Christianity, with the questionable addition that “ya'll may slay the muttee and the haint, for such are the spawn of the fires of hell and, thus, of Sayten hisself.” This basically suggests that since mutants and haints were created by the radiation from the final war, and the final war was the work of the devil, then mutants and haints are the devil's children, and it's permissible to kill them. This gospel also teaches the racial superiority of humanity over all mutants, haints, and animals, suggesting that the world belongs to humans, and any creature who interferes with human affairs can be dealt with lethally. The Rainin' Fire Church of Christ Redeemer has missions in Na'leens and Fort Beverly, with its main church in Awestone. It is heavily armed and wealthy, with many followers.

CULT OF THE WAR GOD ATILA

In and around Fort Beverly, the most popular religion is a cult to Attila the war-god. The religion surrounding this god is pretty simple, lacking complex rituals. Prayers are given to Attila before and after training, battle, and arena combat. During childbirth prayers are also said begging the god Attila for a strong, skilled child and for strength in labor. Sacrifice is made to the god to satisfy his “disappointment” or “anger” if a battle is fought and lost. The religion of Attila teaches that killing one's enemies is a virtue, and grants you Attila's love and protection as thanks for sending him warriors' souls. Fort Beverly is dedicated to Attila, and a 20ft statue of the god of war stands dark and ominous in the Citee square. It is thought to be a greater virtue in the cult of Attila to kill an enemy with a melee weapon or, better, with one's bare hands, and spilling the enemy's blood on yourself while in battle is thought a sacrament. Many bands of tribals, raiders, and wastewarlords also worship the god of war, though not necessarily exclusively and under many different names.

NATURE WORSHIP & FERTILITY CULTS

The biggest group of religions/cults by far is the nature-based religions. They vary in specifics, but most people who are religious fall into one of these faiths. Nature cults worship the moon, the sun, the sky, Urth itself, different plants and animals, harvests, crops, the seasons, and so on. Ma' Sun, Pa' Moon, and Urth are the two most commonly worshiped natural deities in these kind of religions, and the rituals dedicated to them are myriad. Fertility cults are also part of this category. Almost all tribals and ancient natives fall into this category, as do most small townfolk and country dwellers. Some NuCitees, like Winnipeg and Makatawnee, claim natural religion as the majority as well. In contrast with the residual civilized religions and the war god cult, followers of the nature religions rarely if ever seek to convert others or convince others of the superiority of their religion. If Storytellers and Players wish, the shamans and other diviners of the natural religions can actually possess magical skill and spell casting power. This is not recommended, but it can add another fun element to the game.

CULT OF THE ATOM BOMB

Among the mutees and haints, there is a trend in religion to worship the final war as their birth cycle, and the bomb itself as god, reasoning that it is their creator-spirit. Some mutants and haints put racial superiority in their religion, relegating humanity to an inferior position, but many do not. Besides mutees and haints, some wastelanders and tribals and a very few vaultees worship the a-bomb as the creator of their world, viewing it as a sort of god. Many who follow this religion see the creators of the atom bomb as a sort of pantheon of evil titans.

DEATH CULTS

In little packets sprinkled across the wastelands, and in the wilds of the north, death cults enjoy a moderate following. Nowhere are these cults more followed and adored than in Na'leens, where many adherents to "da'gray man" or "pa deth" tattoo themselves from head to toe with black and white inks, appearing at all times like walking skeletons. Others with more resources use red inks and tattoo musculature on their skin, looking as if they've been turned inside out. Many followers of the death cults in Na'leens also follow one or more of the voodoo sects, which are also popular. Some death cultists are stricken with a feverish bloodlust, killing as often as they can get away with it, and reveling in the death. In some communities, the cult of Attila has mingled with the Na'leens death cults and has become a sort of berserker's faith.

VOODOO

Voodoo is extremely popular in Na'leens, and outlying swamps. Though it is not as widespread as the other religions of Nahmurg, its believers are quite zealous, taking part in animal sacrifice, offering human blood and hair to the gods, drinking blood, and entering into deep, mumbling trances in which they claim to divine from the spirits. Voodoo followers in Na'leens worship mutants and haints, claiming that they are powerful death-spirits sent to punish humanity for its foolishness in the final war. Though it is not recommended, if Storytellers and Players wish, these followers of Voodoo can actually possess magical skills and spells as outlined in the *Saga Core Rulebook*.

GLOWING PATH OF THE LOTUS CLOUD

One small religion that has gained particular notoriety are the followers of the Glowing Path of the Lotus Cloud. This cult is basically a modernized version of Buddhism that teaches self-discipline, patience, plainness, compassion and caring for others, non-violence, and the “path to rising consciousness.” The “Lotus Eaters,” as they call themselves, view the difficulties of post-apocalyptic life as a perfect catalyst for cultivating patience, understanding, and perseverance, and for making their minds and bodies stronger. They aren’t really a religion, because they don’t worship anything and they don’t have a philosophy on the afterlife, but they are extremely spiritual, which turns some people off. The GPLC has gained a little fame in more than one NuCitee and numerous small towns by mediating conflicts peacefully and initiating negotiation between opposing forces. The Lotus Eaters view humanity as an inherently good creature who just needs a little prodding in the right direction to achieve its potential. The main temple of the Lotus Eaters is in Winnipeg, though they have smaller temples in every big NuCitee, and several in larger small towns.

Lotus Eaters are not dogmatic and violent toward members of other belief systems. In many places, folks follow the GPLC and other faiths, specifically nature religions and fertility cults.

ATHEISM

For almost half the people in Nahmurg, the final war and the following chaos and death was conclusive prove that there could be no god. Thus, at present, half the people of either adamantly believing there is no god/s, or simply being too occupied with life and survival to give a damn about religion. Most atheists in Nahmurg don’t push their lack of faith on others, but there are atheists who seek to eradicate organized religion as one of the reasons the world is the way it is.

Nahmurg, the final war and the following chaos and death could be no god. Thus, at present, half the people of either adamantly believing there is no god/s, or simply life and survival to give a damn about religion. Most don’t push their lack of faith on others, but there are eradicate organized religion as one of the reasons



GROUPAGE

There are a variety of organizations and groups in Nahmurg with a variety of goals and intentions. Some of these groups are hostile, other peaceful, some seek knowledge, some lust after power. Some are quite mysterious to the general public. Below is a list of many major organizations and groups in Nahmurg. Feel free to add your own, or change these to better suit your campaign.

NUTEXAN IMPERIAL RANGERS

These rough riders are a paramilitary police force patrolling much of the wastes in and around Awestone. They are moderately armed, well-supplied for and funded by the Awestone government, and skilled in the ways of combat, negotiations, intimidation, guerrilla tactics, hand to hand fighting, and peace keeping (though peace *making* is more accurate).

Their headquarters is in Awestone, as well as their barracks, and characters wishing to join the organization should visit one of the two. Those wishing to join this group must first become citizens of Awestone, then pledge their loyalty to the NuTexan empire in front of the whole body of rangers to become a member. The organization gives all its members the same rights and treatment, though it does have a head- the Wastemaster General- who is chosen to serve for life when the last WG passes away, steps down, or is killed in action. The Wastemaster General is chosen from the pool of rangers based on experience in the field, leadership qualities, and combat expertise. In terms of combat, rangers value marksmanship with ranged weapons (usually guns) and melee weapon combat above all others, though they also have a training hall and sparring room for practice of brawling and wrestling.

The Rangers basically have full jurisdiction in all the lands around Awestone and the NuCitee itself. They are free to interpret the law as they see fit, and can turn anyone away from Awestone and off of NuTexan land if they want. Most often they spend their time defending the northwestern portion of the NuTexan Empire in border skirmishes with warriors from Fort Beverly. The two NuCitees aren't at war formally, but battle and killing between the two are frequent. Also, since the people of Awestone are afraid of mutants and haints, the Rangers keep these rad-races out of the NuCitee. A mutant or haint would almost never be able to enter the city legally, let alone join the Rangers.

SECRET SERVICE OF NAHMURG

This organization is based in The Hub. The president who runs the NuCitee, Harold Peters, also claims he's president of Nahmurg, and that The Hub is its capital. Such claims are hotly disputed by every other Nahmurgan NuCitee, but the issue hasn't brought any actual conflict with it, yet. The Secret Service has two roles: 1. they exist to protect president Peters from threats and attempts on his life, and 2. Peters uses them as a force for spying on the internal affairs and social strife in other NuCitees. Peters hopes one day to have enough agents deployed to the other major NuCitees that he can encourage rebellion among the people, and, subsequently, send in troops, crush the uproars, and conquer Nahmurg. None of the other NuCitees are aware of his plans, and almost no one is aware that the Secret Service exists.

Characters may come in contact with the Secret Service, or they may work in the government of The Hub in whatever position until they discover its existence or until they are recruited. Cadets in the Secret Service learn stealth skills, interrogation, all kinds of communication and disguise skills, basic firearms handling, melee

combat, perception (detect) and concentration, basic outdoor survival, and basic healing techniques. Active members in the field are expected to have at least minimal understanding of all these skills, and they must have intimate knowledge of the NuCitee they're stationed in and its politics. Secret Service members who guard the president aren't expected to be as knowledgeable, but they're always better in combat.

ORDER OF THE WRENCH

The Order of the Wrench is a quasi-militaristic, hierarchical organization devoted to the preservation, understanding, and hoarding of pre-war tech and the research and development of new technology. They have bases in every large NuCitee except Na'leens, with their largest base at Junk Citee. Their headquarters, while unknown to everyone except members and a select few trusted allies, is in the Ruins of Dallas. They've erected enough barricades, barbed-wire fences, heavily armed outposts, fortified ditches, and traps, and posted enough guards and warning notices to keep would be intruders out.



The NuCitees around the ol' Dallas area, especially Awestone, have a lot of interest in this perimeter around ol' Dallas, but they have other, more pressing problems, and the guards and defenses are enough to convince their scouts that whoever controls the Ruins of Dallas is powerful enough to keep an entire NuCitee at bay. And the Order of the Wrench is, indeed, powerful. They've hoarded a *huge* amount of ol' werlt technology and a massive cache of arms, crucial to their survival in Nahmurg. They've also collected enough data and books to retain knowledge about the pre-war world. Unknown to any of the other NuCitees, or anyone else for that matter, the Order of the Wrench is more powerful and better equipped than any one of them.

Initiates in the Order are called "bolts." After graduating in the Order, bolts move into one of three branches: warriors, field scavengers, and researchers, called hammers, spades, and books, respectively. The Board of Wheels is a group of 15 men and women, 5 from each field of the Order, who have achieved merit in their work. In the course of working for the Order, a hammer, spade, or book may be nominated for the Board of Wheels by board members, and, when a vacancy becomes available, the nominee is again interviewed and allowed or denied a chair.

The Order of the Wrench does recruit new members in the NuCitees, but only the elite and truly dedicated are permitted inside the headquarters in the ruins of Dallas, where new, potent tech is being developed. The Order is not an inherently aggressive organization, and its members won't attack others unless first provoked. However, some people fear or even hate the Order for hoarding technology, and some hate the Order because they hate advanced technology. The Order does, when it sees fit, reintroduce certain tech back into mainstream culture, but only if it feels people have mentally advanced enough to handle more gadgetry.

The Order is indifferent to mutants, haints, and the religious beliefs of its followers. It does, however, keep a close eye on the military movements and skirmishes of others. The Order is involved in many affairs. Suggestions for the new technology the Order has found and developed are listed in the Gear section below.

SMOKIN' CARAVANS

The Smokin' Caravans are a tightly knit collective of merchants who have retained knowledge of automobiles and large trucks, who now travel the wastes of Nahmurg picking up and selling supplies wherever they go. The leaders of individual caravans call themselves Sultans, and each Sultan rules over the direction, sales, purchases, and population changes in his or her caravan. Most sultans are men, though a few women lead caravans too. Unlike other Nahmurgans, the Sultans and their caravans don't have any permanent ground residence. Rather, their vehicles are their homes. Those who drive colossal eighteen-wheelers are the wealthiest merchants, and they live in the comfort of sleeper cabs. Less successful or beginning merchants drive cars and smaller trucks, sometimes camping in their vehicles, sometimes sleeping outside in tents or teepees.

All of the vehicles in every caravan have been altered to carry at least one sent'nul, often armed with bows and crossbows, or guns in the case of wealthy merchants. Many of the richer merchants and all of the Sultans have armor-plated, heavily fortified big rigs. Most caravans also ride with several advance scouts/guards who drive motorcycles for high maneuverability- sometimes outsiders are hired for this position, due to the high risk, but often these are members of the community.

Caravans and Sultans guard their information even more carefully than their hauls, because, they figure, as long as they monopolize knowledge of how to operate autos, they have no competitors in commerce. And so far, they're right. Nahmurg sees many caravans travel by foot and by pack animal, but even the wealthiest of these land-based traders doesn't compare to the poorest Sultan. Caravans are *extremely* exclusive about taking in new members, and, due to their enormous wealth, they're used to getting the finest the shattered world has to offer. So, when recruiting new members for their communities, or when seeking to employ outsiders for certain tasks, they will only accept the best.

There is some speculation as to where the Caravans get their fuel- some say there's gotta be a refinery somewhere, while others think that the Caravans have a trade arrangement with some prominent NuCitee or group in the wastes. People do often see the Caravans headed toward the Ruins of Dallas, and are allowed entry to the perimeter defenses. In truth, the Caravans do have an agreement with the Order of the Wrench. The Order trades them refined petrol and diesel from their stores in exchange for tools, raw materials, automotive knowledge, and, most vital, mutual secrecy and silence about the arrangement. In addition to this trade, there is operational oil mining and refining at a small outpost in former Alaska, now known as the North Whytes. The small town is called Oiltaun. The northern weather and amount of land between the NuCitees and former Alaska makes Oiltown completely unknown. Unknown except to the Caravans who bring food, machinery from the Order, weapons, and other supplies to trade for precious juice.

The atmosphere of each Caravan varies vastly. Some are stern, somber; some are joyous, convivial folks. Some happily trade with mutees and haints, others hate them. Some caravan members are religious, but most see the only virtue as logistics and the highest pursuit as abundance and wealth. There are about a dozen different Caravans, and, thus, about a dozen Sultans. Most caravans will pick up hitchhikers and travelers for the right price, but there are only a dozen of them, so they won't be too easily found in a place as big as Nahmurg. Finally, most rural folks have forgotten the roar and clamor of pre-war life, so they're terrified to see such huge creatures barreling down the rocky skeletons of old highways and roads. Folks in the NuCitees see and trade with the Caravans often.

KEEPERS OF LICON

The Keepers of LiCon are an order devoted to maintaining knowledge. They live in the ol' werlt Library of Congress, the Holy LiCon. The brothers and sisters of this order have recovered and restored hordes of documents and books from the ol' werlt, and have rebuilt the LiCon to house them. Their language is mostly unchanged, and they are, by far, the most learned order in Nahmurg.

Despite their knowledge of the ol' werlt, they lack many things. They have small numbers in their order, most cannot fight and defend their territory, and, as most people can't read at present, there's little demand for what they do. The Keepers think the final war was caused by a lack of information and an absence of ethical thought, and they think it's vital to the world's survival that all people, not just the wealthy and privileged, are able to learn. The Keepers themselves have little ability to defend themselves and their precious LiCon. However, they have been in touch with the Order of the Wrench, each admiring the work of the other. The Order, being a more militarily capable group, operates a small outpost in the Ruins of DeeCee to protect the Keepers from outlying raiders and marauding deth-cults. The Keepers, in turn, allow the Order full access to all their knowledge databases and books. The Keepers also trade with the Caravans, giving them info on machine maintenance and helping them identify items the Caravans are unsure of, and the Keepers receive rare manuals and materials in exchange.

The Keepers are always happy to take another into their order who is passionate about knowledge and learning, and those who can read and write already are especially welcome. For adequate trade in food or valuable information or books the Keepers can and will teach others to read and write, and those who join the Keepers of LiCon who aren't literate are taught as part of the order's initiation. The Keepers have no hatred for mutants or haints, and their home, the LiCon itself, often acts as safe-haven for those in peril. The Keepers have pieced together a very rough, generalized map of Nahmurg available to all travelers in DeeCee who have materials for transcribing.

The keepers are aware of the existence of the Order of St. Leibowitz and its abbey. They sometimes trade knowledge with and send emissaries to the Order. However, even though the Keepers remain on good terms with the brothers, they secretly despise their religious sentiments, and ultimately seek their downfall and ruin, hoping to take the treasury of books for themselves.

ALBERTIAN ORDER OF ST. LEIBOWITZ

The brotherhood of St. Leibowitz is a Catholic monastery in the wastelands of the southwest. Their mission is to preserve all of humanity's knowledge, called the Memorabilia, by memorizing, transcribing, and caring for books, until such a time they feel human kind is again ready for such knowledge. They follow the strict ascetic life of catholic monks, and report to New Rome, a smaller NuCitee northeast of Junk Citee.

The order views mutees and haints as abominations, and refuses to communicate with them. They support any organization that seeks their destruction, except the Rainin' Fire Church of Christ Redeemer, with whom they have a long standing religious rivalry. They also do not allow women into their order, as traditional Catholic custom holds.

The Order was founded in the pre-war era by a Jewish electrical engineer named Isaac Edward Leibowitz. He converted to Catholicism and founded the Order to help shelter as many books as possible from the

rampaging mobs of “Simpletons” in his time who sought to eradicate knowledge. The Order continues its mission at present, sometimes collaborating with the secular Keepers of LiCon.

The monks typically don't talk to outsiders, and many of them have taken vows of silence, choosing not to talk at all. Novices take vigils in the desert wastes for contemplation and meditation. It is here characters can usually find Brothers of the order and attempt to interact with them, although usually to no avail.

BUSH: BROTHERHOOD for the UNITY and SUPERIORITY of HUMANITY

BUSH is a racist organization that is wholly intolerant of mutees and haints, as well as those who collaborate with mutees and haints. They also hate tribals and wastelanders, but will communicate and interact with them if it furthers the goals of the group. BUSH is based out of Vault 9, and they have outposts in Awestone and Fort Beverly.

BUSH is intent on “cleansing” Nahmurg of all “de-gens,” killing anyone who doesn't fit their genetic model to assert the superiority of humanity. They view all wastelanders and people who survived the war outside a vault or bunker as degenerates. These “de-gens” deserve to live because their ancestors were human, but they should be forced into servitude to their genetic masters, says BUSH. Of course, not everyone in the NuCitees where BUSH has bases agrees with this worldview, especially mutants and haints across Nahmurg. There is often armed resistance to BUSH, but since the organization is made of and mostly funded by the dwellers of 9, they are well-armed, intelligent (in I.Q. at least), and they have abundant resources at Vault 9.

The outposts they hold at Fort Bev and Awestone are for observation and spying. The Fort Bev outpost monitors the dwellers of 13 and their egalitarian NuCitee, and the Awestone outpost keeps an eye on the traffic between Awestone and Na'leens and also sends spies to Na'leens to monitor haint and mutee activity there. They occasionally recruit other members by keeping a close watch on anti-muttee and anti-haint activity.

When they recruit other members, almost 100% of the time they're outsiders who were born in the wastes or in a NuCitee, whose genetics, according to BUSH, are impure. These small-minded folks are the fodder and disposable lives for BUSH, and are never allowed to rise above a certain rank in the group.

This organization is extremely isolationist, racist, and violent, though theirs is a more calculated, sterile form of violence than the raw, impassioned killing of, say, the cults to the god of war. BUSH's primary goal at present is amassing enough disposable de-gen troops to mount a full invasion of San Fran, where they hope to eradicate the entire muttee and haint population. With a successful invasion of San Fran, they would force the inhabitants of China Town to rebuild the town to their liking.

CATCH: CRIMINAL and TERRORIST COLLECTION HEADQUARTERS

(Criminal and Terrorist Collection Headquarters)

CATCH is a network for bounty hunters and vigilantes, based in every NuCitee except Vault 9. CATCH has frequent postings, dispatches, and communiques about small time local criminals, locals with big operations or big bounties, and outlaws wanted all across Nahmurg. The motivations of the bounty hunters who work for CATCH are many- some hunters truly believe in the law, pursuing and capturing outlaws because they think it's best for society, some hunters are outlaws themselves who're just making a living and givin' not a damn for the law. Some individuals have their own goals, and they work for CATCH to make friends and connections in other NuCitees and to be able to travel with a little security assured. Whatever their motivations, there are many hunters who use CATCH for information.

The organization isn't really an employer, it's a non-profit funded by NuCitee governments and smaller communities, so it doesn't pay its members anything. Actually, in order to use CATCH's databases and dispatches, hunters must pay a yearly or biannual fee and register their name and address, if any, with CATCH. The fee is usually around 500 coins (or 250 every six months), but the bounties that NuCitees pay for most criminals is at least half of that, so capturing only two or three criminals every year more than pays for the fee.

CATCH also maintains a "Braggert's Board," which lists all the names of hunters and their captures, the time from start to finish it took them to track down the target, the estimated difficulty of the chase, and the value of the bounty, taking all of these things together to rank bounty hunters in order of their rating, or "Braggin' Rites." CATCH rewards the top 5 hunters at the end of each year by waiving their registration fee for the following year.

Any time a CATCH hunter makes a capture, she must log the capture with CATCH at one of their offices where the outlaw will then be held until NuCitee or town officials come and pick up the criminal and reward the hunter. If a CATCH hunter makes a capture and takes the criminal directly to government officials, the hunter is still rewarded- the government doesn't care about CATCH procedures- but CATCH will expel the hunter as "gone solo." There are many solo hunters, though, and a few smaller collectives of hunters who share info and trade tips.

TRADE YOONYINS

All across Nahmurg there are trade unions for farmers, miners, sharecroppers, metalworkers, slavers, warriors, mercenaries, merchants, and every other trade. The trade unions are a little different than those of the pre-war world, as these unions are armed, and can enforce fair trade if their members are being exploited or cheated. None of these groups is huge, but they hold local power in many small towns. They typically operate in a bureaucratic manner, just as the unions of old, and most often demand (and enforce) the payment of dues by their constituents. Most of these unions are headed by quasi-powerful union bosses, but some of them organize themselves horizontally and retain the tradition of anarchism and communism common to the trade unions of the past.

CRIMINAL ORGANIZATIONS, OUTLAW GROUPS, FOLK HEROES

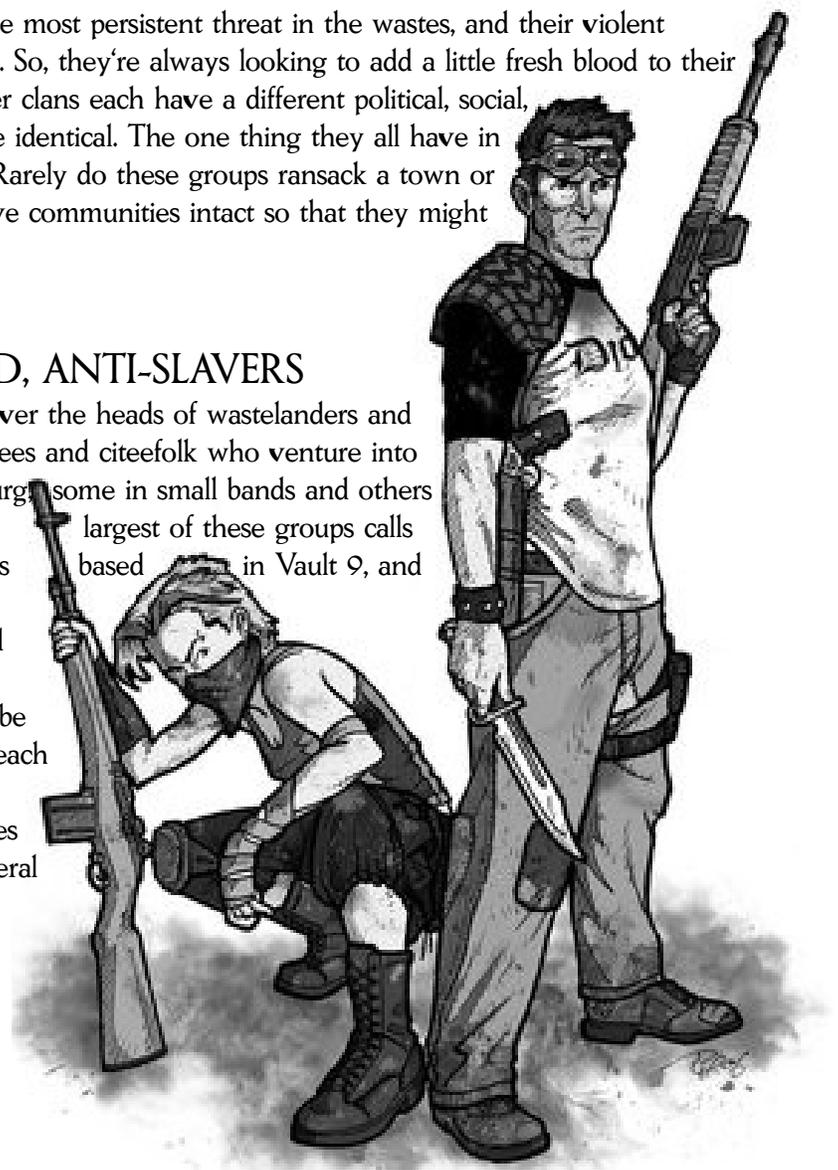
There are myriad criminal cartels and families in many places, especially Awestone, where drugs other than alcohol and tobacco are illegal. The Hub also has a high crime rate, as does Junk Citee. Much of Sanges Eyland in the west is ruled by clans of *yakuza*. Although groups such as these are looked down upon by the majority of Nahmurgans, they are not necessarily bad or evil people. Where there are laws, there are outlaws, and the ethics and ethical righteousness of these people depends on the ethical goodness of the law (which is most often oppressive and wrong). Among the outlaws in many places, folk heroes have sprung up. These men and women and others have no regard for the rule of law, but their illegal activities are usually aimed at helping the poor and needy, defeating the gross and unjust, and doing so regardless of the legal ramifications.

WARLORDS, RAIDERS, SAND PIRATES

Besides slavers, raiders and war bands are the most persistent threat in the wastes, and their violent lifestyle assures many among their ranks die. So, they're always looking to add a little fresh blood to their bands. The hundreds of war bands and raider clans each have a different political, social, economic, or ethical stance; no two clans are identical. The one thing they all have in common is the love of battle and pillaging. Rarely do these groups ransack a town or village and level it entirely, preferring to leave communities intact so that they might be raided again in the future.

SLAVERS, THE SLAVERS' GUILD, ANTI-SLAVERS

Slavery is a persistent black cloud looming over the heads of wastelanders and tribals, mutees and haints, and the few vaultees and citeefolk who venture into the wilds. Slavers are everywhere in Nahmurgan, some in small bands and others in well-organized, hierarchical groups. The largest of these groups calls itself simply The Slavers' Guild. This group is based in Vault 9, and maintains chapters in many of the towns of shattered North America. The Slavers' Guild makes bank providing "servants" to the privileged prigs of Vault 9. Its members can be recognized by the ominous "S" branded on each of their foreheads upon entry into the guild. As the popularity of slavery grows, so to does the resistance to those who take slaves. Several anti-slavery groups exist, not only to defend communities and individuals against this horrendous practice, but also to attack and destroy slaver cells, and to liberate those already forced into slavery.



FAMED & FEARED FOLK

Among the diligent folks of Nahmurg, there are legends and myths about heroes and villains roaming the wastes. If characters are lucky enough to find these legends, if they actually exist, they can help or hinder the characters depending on the goals and motivations of each party. Their inclusion in a campaign is totally up to you. This listing is also incomplete. Look for individual *Saga* Scenarios compatible with the Nahmurg Wastes Campaign Setting for other famous and infamous personae.

ANNIE

Annie is one of the greatest heroines of the wastes. Apparently, the name refers to an Ol' Werlt personality, but nobody knows who or why. Annie spends her time wandering the wastes, hunting deadly rad-beasts, skinning them and selling their hides, and showing off her spectacular shooting skills in exhibitions and the occasional gun fight. She only visits NuCitees in the waste. She's a champion of the people, and is known across Nahmurg for her willingness to help those in need. She likes to name her weapons, and she wears an Ol' Werlt police vest scavenged from a dead foe.

Annie, Female wastelander-human, Age 27, Sz 1, 5'5", 122 lbs, deadeye, trekker

Endurance: 5, Intelligence: 3, Speed: 5, Strength: 3

Acrobatics: 3, Animals: 4, Bushcraft: Legendary! (6), Combat, Melee: 3, Combat, Ranged: 4

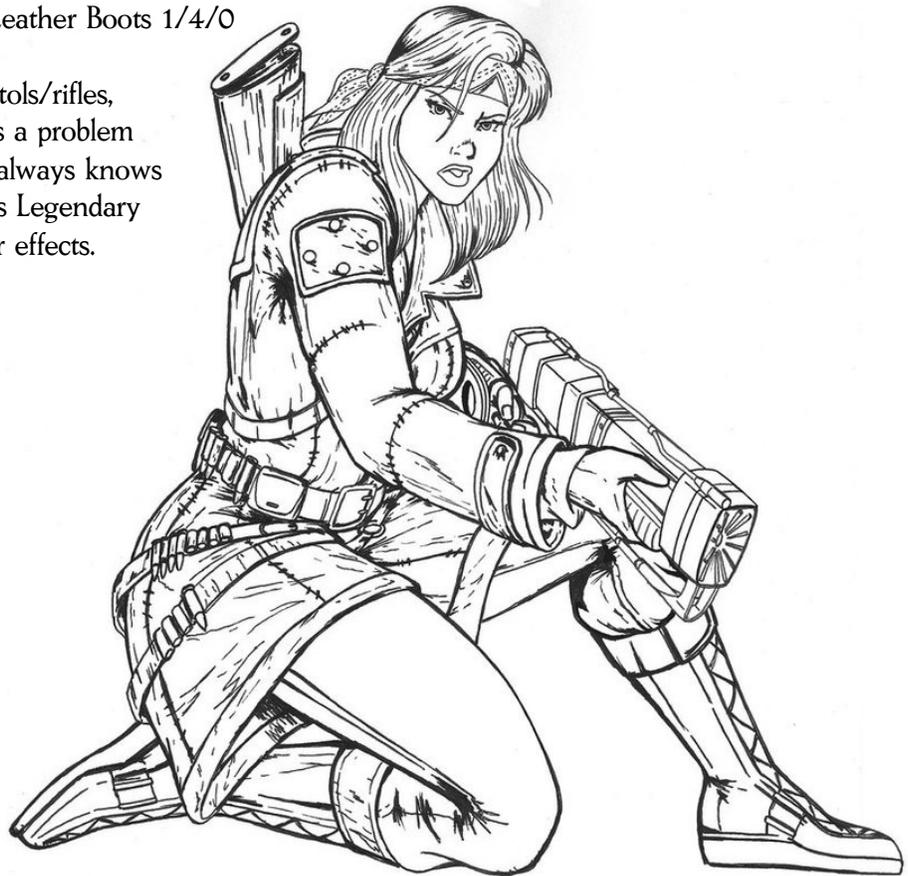
Combat, Unarmed: 2, Courage: Fearless! (6), Detect: 4, Medicine: 3, Stealth: 4

Weapons: "Dixie" Winchester .223 rifle 3/4, "Jolene" Bowie Knife 3/2

Armor: Light Tactical Vest 3/3/0, Leather Boots 1/4/0

Equipment, Other Information:

Legendary! 6 sharpshooter with pistols/rifles, Leatherworking 5, Annie never has a problem finding food, water, or shelter, and always knows which direction is which. Annie has Legendary Endurance vs. diseases and weather effects.





PA DETH

Most people who see Pa Deth don't see him for too long, but there are a few folks who claim to've witnessed him and lived to tell the tale. Nobody knows for sure what or who Pa Deth is, they don't even rightly know his name. They just call him Pa Deth 'cause that's what he brings wherever he goes. He's often found in the southwestern wastes, in the NuTexan Empire outside Awestone. He kills scores of NuTexan Imperial Rangers, and as such, Awestone has a \$1,000,000 bounty on his head. Anyone who kills Pa Deth and returns the body for the bounty automatically gets a huge boost to fame and reputation, and the mayor of Awestone gives that character the key to the Citee and other honors. Pa Deth has badly burned skin, a horrific face, long skeletal fingers, and he wears a black leather duster, pants and boots, black cowboy hat, and a blood red bandanna around his hideous face. He takes lives whenever somebody crosses his path, but takes little else in terms of loot. He is a fearsome character not to be trifled with by novices.

Pa Deth, Male Haint, Age unknown, Sz 1, 6'2, 150 lbs., slinger

Endurance: 5, Intelligence: 3, *Speed: 5, Strength: 5

Acrobatics: 4, Animals: 4, Bushcraft: 4, Combat, Melee: 4, Combat, Ranged: 5, Combat, Unarmed: 3

Courage: Fearless! (6), Detect: 3, Intimidate: 5, Stealth: 0

Weapons: x2 Colt .45 Revolvers 3/3. Franchi SPAS-12 Shotgun 4/4 (12ga. shells), x5 grenades 4/exp.,

Chipped Machete 3/1

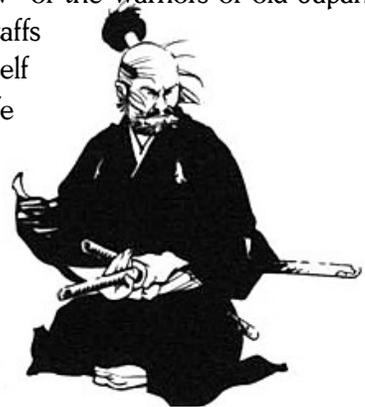
Armor: Leather Duster, Chaps, Cowboy Hat 1/5/0 (extra fire-retardant)

Equipment, Other Information:

Pa Deth is terrified of fire and will flee from it. *Pa Deth is too fast to be the target of a headshot.

MURAKAMI KENSHI

Descended from Japanese-Americans, Kenshi grew up on Sanges Eylund where his family struggled to survive with their small farm. From a young age Kenshi was a talented warrior, and had to continually hone his skills helping his mother and father keep the farm free of rad-beasts, and, worse, raiders and *yakuza* gangs from the south. His parents would regale him with stories- ancient myths now- of the warriors of old Japan, and the battles and exploits they took part in. Using farm tools and wooden staffs and spears, Kenshi learned the ancient ways of the warrior, even crafting himself a *yumi* bow and teaching himself, slowly, the art of archery. Bored with farm life and desiring to test and better his skills, Kenshi went on his first adventure at age 19. He found a raider camp, slew them all, and scavenged much of their gear- but at a price. He was severely wounded in his attempt, and, after dragging himself home, he passed out and remained unconscious and bedridden for many weeks. His training suffered. After recovering fully, he set off once more, determined to become the finest warrior in all Nahmurg. He left his parents with the arsenal he took from the raiders, and set off for the mainland.



Kenshi is now 24, and has won many duels against other warriors, some to the death. He is an excellent swordsman, he's proficient with polearms, and he's also a talented archer. The armor he wears is made of scavenged metal plates and chains, with sports pads underneath. He can be found in any part of Nahmurg, or in any NuCitee. His main motivation in life is being the best warrior in the post-apocalyptic world, but he does have a sense of ethics and honor- he won't fight for any cause that is obviously unethical or "evil". He is happy to help fight against these things, especially if he thinks he'll better his skills in doing so. He is known to teach melee combat and archery to farmers and peasants in exchange for food and lodging.

Murakami Kenshi, Male wastelander, Age 24, Sz 1, 5'7, 168 lbs., *ronin* and archer

Endurance: 5, Intelligence: 3, Speed: 5, Strength: 4

Acrobatics: 5, Animals: 3, Bushcraft: 3, Combat, Melee: 5, Combat, Ranged: 4, Combat, Unarmed: 3

Courage: 5, Detect: 4, Intimidate: 3, Medicine: 5, Stealth: 2, Vehicles: 1

Weapons: Katana 4/3, Bamboo longbow */3, x15 Large broadhead arrows (*5)

Armor: Piecemeal metal armor 3/4/0 N/V, I (*kabuto* with crest, breastplate, arm/leg guards)

Equipment, Other Information:

Tattooing 5, bowyerling and fletching 5, tattoo equipment (needles and ink)

Kenshi only wears his armor in large battles or in conflicts facing many enemies

OL' BILL SAMSON

Ol' Bill is the current Wastemaster General of the NuTexan Imperial Rangers. He's an unparalleled gunfighter, a fierce warrior, a trusted friend, and a courageous leader. He has led numerous campaigns for the NuTexan Empire, gaining the respect and admiration of the city Awestone and surrounding lands. The Rainin' Fire Church of Christ Redeemer has even named him an Apostle of their religion, and Ol' Bill's alright with this because he's a devoted follower of the Church. As such, Ol' Bill has a scathing hatred for and racial bias against haints and mutees, and kills them on sight while wandering the wastes. This hate doesn't ring true for all citizens of Awestone, but Ol' Bill's done so much to help the NuCitee that those who sympathize with mutees and haints overlook Ol' Bill's attitude. Ol' Bill has an ongoing feud with all three leaders of Fort Beverly, and has done battle with them on more than one occasion. He can be found at Ranger Headquarters in Awestone most times, but only gives audience to other rangers and people with pressing business or urgent news.

Ol' Bill Samson, Male wastelander, Age 53, Sz 1, 6', 195 lbs, NuTexan Imperial Ranger

Endurance: 5, Intelligence: 3, Speed: 2, Strength: 5

Acrobatics: 2, Animals: 3, Bushcraft: 4, Combat, Melee: 4, Combat, Ranged: 5, Combat, Unarmed: 4

Courage: Fearless! (6), Detect: 4, Intimidate: 3, Medicine: 3, Science & Gadgets: 4, Stealth: 2, Vehicles: 4

Weapons: "Black Betty" BAR machine gun 5/4, "Susie" Colt 1911 pistol 3/3, Ancient Logger's Axe 4/3,
x5 Grenades 4/exp.

Armor: Heavy Tactical Armor 4/4/0 (full suit)

Equipment, Other Information:

Explosives/Electronics: 5; Ol' Bill can have any number of NuTexan Rangers with him out in the field, and he has unlimited funding from Awestone; he hates and will kill mutees and haints on sight.

SLAYER VAL, WARREN the UNDYING, & SPIDER-HAND ROBERTS

These three make up the current triumvirate ruling Fort Beverly. Each in their own time, Slayer Val and Warren the Undying entered the arena to prove their willingness to kill and to die for the future of Fort Beverly and its bellicose masses. Slayer Val fought through many rounds, reaching the finals, disemboweling her 220 lb, male opponent and quickly decapitating him with an old bush axe. She threw his head to the judges and claimed her place as a leader of Fort Bev.

10 years prior to her victory, a young man called Warren stepped into the arena when a vacancy in Fort Bev's leadership needed to be filled. He took a severe beating in the first fight, but never stopped struggling. With one eye fully swollen shut, he waited for a perfect opportunity and impaled his adversary with a swift thrust of his pike. In all of the following fights on his way to the top, Warren suffered immensely- he had several broken ribs, a broken arm, and he was weak from loss of blood. In the last fight, with a display of honor and commiseration rare in Fort Bev, Warren's opponent threw down his weapons, and addressed the crowd and Warren, explaining that he could easily kill Warren in his battered state and assume leadership, but that it would hurt Fort Bev to do so, because Warren had an undying spirit and ferocity in battle. The man, Stratus, proclaimed his enemy Warren the Undying, the spectacle ended, and Warren spent a month in the hospital recovering from injuries until he actually started ruling. To this day, Warren keeps Stratus as a close friend, ally, and adviser for his wisdom and strength; the two often spar and go adventuring together.

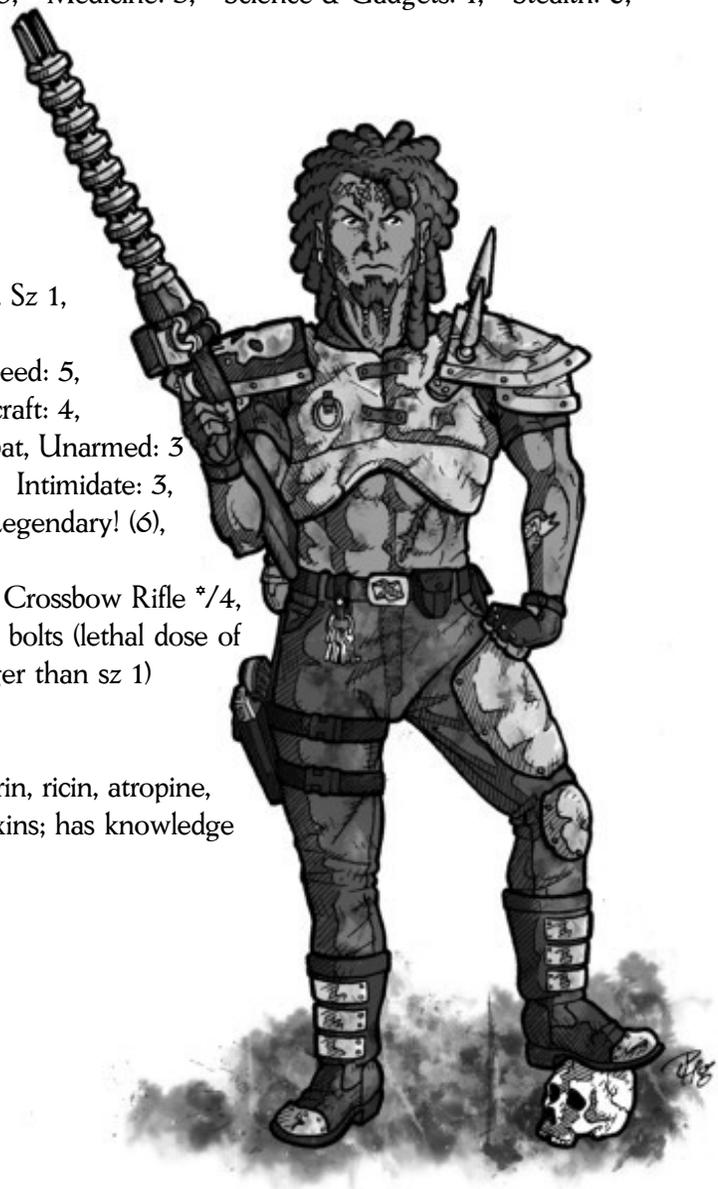
A few years after Val became a leader, and many years after Warren's climb to the top, the third member of the ruling body was killed in the field. Val and Warren, serving together for a few years now, mourned his loss and knew they would have to soon hold an arena competition to determine their next cohort. A cunning man named Roberts aspired to sit as a leader of Fort Bev, but lacked size, muscle, and mastery of big weapons. People expected this to be a major "election year" so to speak, but they were sorely disappointed to see only three competitors show up to the arena. Roberts was among them, and everyone discounted him, seeing nothing but a small-framed fool who was going to die painfully. They were astonished to see him emerge untouched from the 3-man melee. When Val and Warren shouted down from their seats high above and asked how he'd done it, he explained: for weeks he had cataloged who was going to fight, where they lived and spent time, and when they were usually alone. He then extracted large amounts of deadly alkaloid poison from potato sprouts and poisoned almost all of them. The two he hadn't poisoned came to the arena, and he helped them kill each other, both thinking that Roberts was a weak fool who wouldn't pose much threat. Val and Warren were surprised by his covert methods, and impressed by his extensive knowledge of poisons, spying and scouting, and his deadly cunning, and welcomed him into their ranks as a leader of Fort Beverly. They gave him the name Spider-hand, for his fearsome use of poison.

All three have an ongoing feud with Awestone and its NuTexan Imperial Rangers. The leaders of Fort Bev offer 500 coins for a Ranger's head, and anyone who could kill and recover the body/head of Ol' Bill Samson would instantly become a citizen of Fort Bev, would be offered a seat on the leadership's advisory council, would gain full access to the Fort Bev armory, and would receive 5,000 coins. Other acts against Awestone gain a character better standing in Fort Bev, and the leadership of Fort Bev often has missions involving infiltrating, scouting out, or otherwise attacking Awestone.

Slayer Val, Female wastelander, Age 31, Sz 1, 5'5", 137 lbs, Master warrior and leader
 Endurance: 5, Intelligence: 3, Speed: 5, Strength: 5
 Acrobatics: 5, Animals: 2, Bushcraft: 3, Combat, Melee: Legendary! (6), Combat, Ranged: 4
 Combat, Unarmed: 4, Courage: Fearless! (6), Detect: 4, Intimidate: 4, Medicine: 3, Science &
 Gadgets: 2, Stealth: 1, Vehicles & Machines: 0
 Weapons: Machete 3/2, Long Spear 3/4, Old AR-15 Assault Rifle 4/4
 Armor: Heavy Tactical Armor 4/4/0 (full suit)
 Equipment, Other Information:

Warren the Undying, Male wastelander, Age 44, Sz 1, 6'3", 190 lbs, Master warrior and leader
 Endurance: 5, Intelligence: 3, Speed: 5, Strength: 5
 Acrobatics: 4, Animals: 3, Bushcraft: 4, Combat, Melee: 5, Combat, Ranged: 4, Combat, Unarmed: 5
 Courage: Fearless! (6), Detect: 3, Intimidate: 5, Medicine: 3, Science & Gadgets: 1, Stealth: 0,
 Vehicles & Machines: 0
 Weapons: Makeshift Flail 4/4, Tec-9
 Machine Pistol 3/3
 Armor: Heavy Tactical Armor 4/4/0 (full suit),
 Riot Shield

Spider-hand Roberts, Male wastelander, Age 29, Sz 1,
 5'7", 161 lbs, Assassin, sneak, and leader
 Endurance: 3, Intelligence: Legendary! (6), Speed: 5,
 Strength: 3, Acrobatics: 5, Animals: 2, Bushcraft: 4,
 Combat, Melee: 3, Combat, Ranged: 5, Combat, Unarmed: 3
 Courage: Fearless! (6), Detect: Legendary! (6), Intimidate: 3,
 Medicine: 5, Science & Gadgets: 5, Stealth: Legendary! (6),
 Vehicles & Machines: 0
 Weapons: x2 Big Survival Knives 3/2, Modern Crossbow Rifle */4,
 x10 Broadhead Bolts *4, x5 Poisoned bolts (lethal dose of
 atropine, Potency 5 for creatures larger than sz 1)
 Armor: Heavy Tactical Vest 4/4/0
 Equipment, Other Information:
 Short Blades: 5; Roberts keeps many vials of abrin, ricin, atropine,
 coniine, botulism, arsenic, cyanide, and other toxins; has knowledge
 and equipment for extracting poisons



WEAPONS, ARMOR, & OTHER SUNDRY GOODS

The weapons, armor, and items characters will encounter in post-apocalyptic Nahmurg fall into one of two categories: either they're scavenged from the Ol' Werlt, or they're newly made in the modern primitive era. Among tribal communities and in many wastelander towns, most of the items characters will encounter will fall into the second category. In most wastelander towns and all NuCitees, the items characters come across will mostly be scavenged from the pre-war era.

The items being made anew in the wasteland are almost always of natural materials, like wood, bone, sinew, plant fibers, obsidian, flint, chert, basalt, rawhide, leather, bark, and so on. Among the items made, spears, small knives, armor, bows, baskets, basket backpacks, bedrolls, sleeping bags, leather packs, cordage and rope, spindle and hearthboards for starting friction fires, clothes, and shelters are nearly universal. Characters are likely to encounter and use such items regularly.

In terms of junk scavenged from the Ol' Werlt, there's far too much to list. Metal and plastic are the most sought after materials, for their durability and variety of use. Usually, things made from these materials are turned into weapons, armor, and shelter, the three most desired commodities in Nahmurg.

Nahmurgans are innovated, adaptable people, and they turn many seemingly innocuous pre-war objects into useful tools with little effort. Since gas and diesel aren't readily available any more, cars get dismantled often, their scrap iron and steel turned into shields and plating for armor, their leaf springs hammered into blades. Chair legs and wooden baseball bats are used as cudgels, sometimes spiked with old rusty nails for added lethality. Old lawnmower blades are shortswords, while rebar is sharpened into stiff spears. Old road signs and trashcan lids are used as shields, sometimes stacked and welded together if the tech is at hand. Football, soccer, and hockey gear is common armor, along with welding masks and colanders as helmets. Characters will mostly be surrounded this kind of gear, which reflects the brutal, post-civilized nature of Nahmurg.

Occasionally, scavengers come across rarer, more valuable finds from the old world. Firearms and ammunition are highly valued, not only because they're deadly and ranged, but because nobody's making more. The body armors of the pre-war military and police brutes also brings a pretty penny.

In the list of items below, weapons, armor, and gear are separated into three categories: common, uncommon, and rare. Common refers to the multitude of scavenged weapons, piecemeal armors, homemade shields, and newly constructed modern-primitive tools found everywhere. Most common items aren't spectacular, but they get the job done. Uncommon items are things like firearms, big machine guns, and effective armor. The Rare category doesn't pop up that often, and mostly covers new tech and powerful items created by the Order of the Wrench. Finally, keep in mind that just because a piece of armor is uncommon or even rare, that doesn't mean the characters in your campaign won't ever find it. What it does mean is that, if they do find it, there better be a good explanation in the storyline. You probably wouldn't find an Order of the Wrench suit of ADP combat armor just lying out in the desert wastes somewhere. You might, however, find a suit of ADP combat armor lying in the desert wastes as a trap for suckers...

As in the weapons section of the Core Rulebook, in the list below, weapons are listed under broad categories. In each weapon profile, beneath the category name is a list of all the weapons included in that category and

thus having the same stats. For example, modern cutting knives is a category, and daggers, kitchen knives, tantos, combat knives, survival knives, and meat cleavers are included as part of this category. That means characters in a Nahmurg campaign will encounter all of these weapons in various places and they will all have similar stats.

One final thing to consider when coming across weapons, armor, and items in the post-apocalypse is that most things, especially common items, are going to be in a state of shabby disrepair. The profiles for items below are the default statistics and assume that the item in question is in decent condition. So, when encountering items that *aren't* in great shape, Storytellers should lower the stats until these items can be repaired. For example, players might find a rusty dagger- D: poor 3-4, P: horrible 1-2. A rusty dagger clearly penetrates less than a sharpened one, so its stats are slightly lowered to reflect this. Weapon and armor condition is covered in detail in the Core Rulebook in the weapons and armor chapter. See that chapter for more information.

COMMON WEAPONS

Primitive knives: sz 1, 2/1

Includes: flint, chert, obsidian, and bone knives

Modern cutting knives: sz 1, 2/1

Includes: dagger, kitchen knife, combat knife, tanto, survival knife, meat cleaver

Modern stabbing knives: sz 1, 2/3

Includes: stiletto, shiv, ice pick, letter opener, bayonet, sharpened screwdriver

Modern short swords: sz 1, 3/2

Includes: lawnmower blade, machete, big combat knife, bowie knife

Primitive hand-axes: sz 1, 3/3

Includes: tomahawk, obsidian hatchet, flint hatchet, basalt axe

Modern hand-axes: sz 1, 3/3

Includes: modern hatchet, modern throwing axe

Modern 2-handed axes: sz 1, 4/4

Includes: pickaxe, maddox, fireman's axe, logger's axe

Small bludgeons: sz 1, usually NL, 3/1

Includes: club, cane, branch, heavy stick

Scrap bludgeons: sz 1, 4/4

Includes: scrape mace, scrap flail

Modern bludgeons: sz 1, 3/3

Includes: baseball bat, spiked baseball bat, metal pipe, monkey wrench

Modern 2-handed bludgeons: sz 1, 4/4

Includes: sledgehammer, maul

Primitive stabbing polearms: sz 1, 3/4

Includes: obsidian spears, flint spears, chert spears, bone spears, sharpened stick

Modern stabbing polearms: sz 1, 3/4

Includes: pitchfork, sharpened rebar, spear

Modern cutting polearms: sz 1, 5/4

Includes: scythe, bushaxe

Short self bow: sz 1, depends on arrows/2

Long self bow: sz 1, depends on arrows/3

Short composite bow: sz 1, depends on arrows/3

Long composite bow: sz 1, depends on arrows/4

Modern bows: sz 1, depends on arrows/2-4

Includes: modern recurve bow, compound bow

Arrows, Straight-headed: 3

Arrows, Small Broadhead: 4

Arrows, Large Broadhead: 5

Modern crossbow pistol: sz 1, depends on bolts/3

Modern crossbow rifle: sz 1, depends on bolts/4

Bolts, Straight-headed: 3

Bolts, Broadhead: 4

UNCOMMON WEAPONS

Modern revolvers: sz 1, 3/3

Ammo: .32, .357, .38, .40, .44, .45, others; 5 or 6 shots before reloading

Includes: S&W Mo. 29-5, S&W Mo. 19-4, Taurus Mo. 689 .357, Enfield No. 2, etc.

Semi-automatic pistols: sz 1, 3/3

Ammo: 9mm/.380, 10mm, .40, .44, .45, .50; holds between 8-15 in the clip

Includes: Lugers, Colts, Mausers, Sigs, Walthers, Glocks, etc.

Machine pistols: sz 1, 3/3

Ammo: 7.62mm, 9mm, 10mm, others; clips hold 20 rounds or so

Includes: Tec-9, Mini-uzi, Skorpion, etc.

Double barrel 12 ga. Shotgun: sz 1, 4/4

Ammo: 12 ga. shells

Modern pump-action shotguns: sz 1, */4

Ammo: 10ga, 12ga, 20ga, sabot, flechette, others; guns hold up to 8 shells

Includes: Benelli M2/M3, Franchi SPAS 12, etc.

Shotgun shells, Shot: 4

Shotgun shells, Sabot and Flechette: 5

Semi-automatic Rifles: sz 1, 3/4

Ammo: .223, 30/06, .308, 5.54mm, 7.62mm, others; holds 4-10 in the clip

Includes: Winchester, Remington, M-1 Garand, etc., too many to list

Can be fitted with a scope to make a sniper rifle

Sniper Rifles: sz 1, 4/4

Ammo: 5.54mm, 7.62mm, .223, .308, .50, others; clips hold up 4-10

Includes: Barrett .50, H&K PSG-1, Dragunov SVD, M39, Savage 10FP, SR-25, etc.

Submachine Guns: sz 1, 4/3

Ammo: 9mm, 10mm, .40, .45, others; clips hold 20-30

Includes: H&K MP-5, UMP-40, UMP-45, Uzi, FN-P90, SITES SPECTRE M4, etc.

Assault Rifles: sz 1, 4/4

Ammo: 5.54mm, 7.62mm, others; clips hold 30 on average

Includes: AK-47/74, AR-15, M-16, Steyr AUG, FN-FAL/CAL, FAMAS, etc.

RARE WEAPONS

Machine guns: sz 1, 5/4

Ammo: .50, 12.7mm, 14.5mm, etc; boxes hold 50-200 rounds

Includes: M249 SAW, M60, Browning M2, etc.

Automatic shotguns: sz 1, depends on shell/4

Ammo: 10ga, 12ga, 20ga, sabot, or flechette shells ; ammo drums hold 10-30 shells

Includes: Pancor Jackhammer, H&K CAWS, Daewoo USAS-12, AA-12

Shotgun shells, Shot: 4

Shotgun shells, Sabot and Flechette: 5

RPG/Missile launchers: sz 2, 5 explosive

Ammo: Rocket-propelled grenades or missiles

Includes: M72 LAW, RPG 7, SMAW, IMI Shipon, etc.

Grenades: sz 1, 4 explosive

Flamethrower: sz 1, 5 flame

Ammo: Gasoline or petrol napalm tank; 10-30 shots per tank

ORDER OF THE WRENCH RARE WEAPONS

Ripper knife: sz 1, 5/3

Ripper sword: sz 1, 5/4

Gauss pistol: sz 1, 3/4

Ammo: Electricity and Gauss projectile rounds; clips hold up to 12

No muzzle flash or sound when firing this weapon.

Gauss rifle: sz 1, 4/5

Ammo: Electricity, Gauss projectile rounds; clip holds up to 20

No muzzle flash or sound when firing this weapon.

COMMON ARMOR & SHIELDS

Animal armor plates: see the *Unpleasant Creatures and Beasts Chapter* for info of armor made from animal armor plating

Sports and martial arts pads: 2/1/0

Includes: hockey gear, football pads, martial arts pads, football helmet, hockey mask, etc.

Leather: 1/4/0

Includes: light leather jacket, gloves, pants, boots, cap

Studded Leather: 2/4/0

Includes: spiked light leather jacket, gloves, pants, boots, cap

Motorcycle leathers: 2/4/0

Includes: heavy leather jacket, gloves, pants, boots, motorcycle helmet

Brigandine: 3/3/0

Includes: Canvas or leather jacket with metal plating sewn inside

Chainmail: 3/0/0, N/V

Includes: chainmail shirt, pants, and cowl, usually made of scavenged key rings and washers

Chainmail with padding,: 3/2/0, N/V

Includes: padded chainmail shirt, pants, and cowl, usually made of found key rings/washers

Scrap metal armor: 3/4/0, N/V, I

Includes: scrap metal breastplate, arm guards, leg guards, boots, welding mask or colander helmet

Shields: Hubcap, trashcan lid, barrel lid, grill top, car door, street sign, scrap sheet metal, wood

UNCOMMON ARMOR & SHIELDS

Featherfoot skins: 1/4/0, Camouflaged

Includes: camouflaged leather jacket, gloves, pants, boots, cap.

Bushranger skins: 2/4/0, Camouflaged

Includes: camouflaged spiked leather jacket, gloves, pants, boots, cap

Brigandine + Chainmail Shirt: 4/3/0, N/V, I

Reinforced scrap metal armor: 4/4/0, N/V, I

Waryer skins: any armor made Hardcore (described in *Saga Core Rules*) is called Waryer Skins

Sent'nul skins: any armor made Emboldening (described in *Saga Core Rules*) is called Sent'nul Skins

RARE ARMOR & SHIELDS

Fireproof Suit: 0/5/0

Can be worn under clothes and other armor.

Light Tactical Armor: 3/3/0

Includes: helmet, vest, arm guards, leg guards, boots

Heavy Tactical Armor: 4/4/0

Includes: helmet, vest, arm guards, leg guards, boots

Combat Armor: 5/4/0

Includes: helmet, vest, arm guards, leg guards, boots

Shields: Riot shield

COMMON GEAR

Tents, sleeping bags, cloth and leather sacks, hammocks, irradiated food and water, farming tools, mining tools, junk, scrap metal, cordage and rope, booze, brewing equipment, drugs, candles, torches, fishing poles and plant fiber fishing line, plant fiber fishing nets, construction tools/nails, waterskins, tailoring tools, tattooing supplies, tattoo and writing ink, vellum paper, animal hides, leather, feathers, stone and bone tools, obsidian and flint, primitive fire starting tools (spindles and hearthboards), seeds, livestock, pack animals, baskets, basket backpacks, leather backpacks, glass jars, glass containers, canteens, plastic bottles, plastic bags, plastic crap, scrap metal, medicinal herbs, radscorpion antidote, giant spider antidote, scavenged clothing, new animal hide clothes, cast iron and steel pots and pans, dice, bowls, smoking pipes, flutes, ocarinas, musical bows, harmonicas, drums, hand carts, wagons, canoes, kayaks, paddleboats, rafts, sailboats, sailing ships

UNCOMMON GEAR

Spyglasses, telescopes, monoculars, binoculars, playing cards, books, bicycles, 5.54mm rounds, 7.62 rounds, 9mm rounds

RARE GEAR

Lockpicks, electronic lockpicks, night- and heat-vision goggles, SCUBA gear, explosives, old world paper, gasmasks, HazMat suits, radiation-free water, radiation-free food, old world medicine, gas-powered vehicles, working computers, working radios, 10mm rounds, .223 rounds, .308 rounds, .32 rounds, .38 rounds, .40 rounds, .45 rounds, .50 rounds, 30/06 rounds, 10ga. shells, 12ga. shells, 20ga. shells, sabot shells, flechette shells, flamethrower fuel, small energy cells, rocket-propelled grenades, batteries, flashlights, lanterns, lantern fuel, gasoline/petrol, European and Asian ammunition



UNPLEASANT CREATURES & BEASTS

CREATURE PROFILES, SAMPLE CREATURES, & CREATURE DESCRIPTORS

The expanses of wasteland and the few woodlands and swamps left in Nahmurg are abundant with all manner of horrible rad-mutated creatures looking for a quick (or agonizingly slow, torturous) meal. Many insects, reptiles, and mammals long considered vermin have experienced radiation-induced gigantism, and their shared adaptability and ability to survive have allowed them to prosper.

In their travels through Nahmurg, PCs are sure to encounter not only these terrific beasts, but also innumerable human (and human-ish) foes who bring doom and misery. Combat in the post-apocalypse is fierce, fast, and unavoidable. There are a few points Storytellers should be aware of when reading the profiles below and incorporating these creatures into a campaign.

First, the profiles are generic and open to a huge amount of variety. Just as no two humans are identical, no two mutants are the same, no two radroaches are exactly alike, and no two geckos are indistinguishable. The creatures listed below do share similar physical features, like all rad scorpions have similar carapace armor and pincer attacks. But as far as attributes are concerned, some rad scorpions will be fast, slender, and nimble, other will be massive, strong, and slow, and the most frightening will be strong, fast, nimble, and massive. The same is true for skills: some rad scorpions will be excellent brawlers, others will be cowardly and feeble. The variety in attributes and skills applies to every creature listed below, from human enemies to troglodytes.

For this reason, the profiles below are much different than the monster and enemy profiles found in other RPGs. Since there is no level system in *Saga*, and since this game is about realism and storytelling rather than structured hierarchies and number counting, there's no way to have a template of attributes and skills for each creature. Instead, the most basic description of habitat, behaviors, potential gear, and simple physical traits is given. The assigning of values and descriptions to creatures PCs encounter is the duty of the storyteller, and should be done in a way that corresponds with the skills and abilities of PCs. Individual Scenarios set in the Nahmurg Wastes will contain detailed information about creatures that apply to those adventures.

To give Storytellers a point of reference, a small sample of individuals is listed with each creature profile. Please understand, this is not even remotely comprehensive- there are *hundreds* of different kinds of each creature. Again: the sample individual creatures below are *only a sample!* More individual creature profiles can be found in specific *Saga* Scenarios that take place in the Nahmurg Wastes and in other Campaign Settings. Please do not limit yourselves to the creatures listed here. If you want a mediocre, scrappy rad roach that isn't listed below, please create and use it. If you want to modify one of the sample creatures below to make it stronger or weaker to better suit your PCs, please do.

One final thing to take notice of is the way individual creatures are described. For example, among the profile for Giant Rats is an individual described as Skittish Giant Rat. This sample rat's stats reflect its descriptor, and vice versa. In this way, when Storytellers are creating individual creatures or groups of individual creatures for use in a campaign, they should give accurate descriptors to the creature not only for realism's sake, but also to provide a short simple way to give PCs information if they examine said creatures in game. And please don't limit yourselves to the adjectives we've used in the sample profiles below. If you

want a Charismatic Well-built Haint for PCs to encounter, awesome. Or how about a Crippled Rad Ant? Or Skillful Enraged Troglodyte? Or Lithe Stealthy Gecko, Intelligent Scrawny Mutee, Immature Puny Wendigo, or Dumb Fast Wastelander? The possibilities are nearly endless, and the more effort you devote to creating diverse enemies for PCs to battle, the more rewarding your campaign will be.

ANIMALS

Sz 0-2

Even with the devastation brought on by the final war, life endures in Nahmurg. Many animals have survived the chaos mostly unchanged by the ravages of time. In Nahmurg, all manner of snakes and lizards, frogs and toads and alligators, spiders and scorpions, small rodents, rabbits and hares, opossums, raccoons, wolves and coyotes and foxes, hundreds of varieties of birds, and thousands upon thousands of insects, especially roaches, are all common sights. Bears and predatory cats (bobcats, lynx) are common in the few undamaged woodlands. Not all animals have remained unchanged, though, as radiation has caused some of them mutate. See the chapter on Animals in the Core Rulebook for more information on how non-combative animals play into campaigns. For information on rad-mutated animals, see each of the profiles for giant creatures below.

CARNIVOROUS PLANT, PLANTS OF DARKSOUL

With the increase in humongous predatory animals, plants also affected by radiation rapidly evolved to better defend themselves. The most common aggressive plants are called the “plants of darksoul” by the more superstitious wastelanders, and the name has stuck and entered into common usage.

These plants are stationary, so they don't present too much of a threat to travelers. However, those who venture too near a plant of darksoul plant without knowing it often fall prey to the large, narrow spikes these plants can spit. The plants are aware of prey within 10 feet on all sides due to a nervous system of tendrils that extend outward from the plant in and on the ground. Once an animal is killed at a distance, these tendrils ever so slowly pull the victim in to be devoured and digested. Most plants have between 2-5 spikes which grow back after a few days. For each individual plant, the bite attack and spike spit have the same values for deadliness and piercing. These plants also survive on insects and small mammals who venture close enough to eat.

The spikes they spit can be utilized as daggers, and the roots of these plants are edible and delicious. They also excrete a gooey sap in their “mouths” to help capture insects and to help digest prey. This sap tastes of honey, is edible for humanoids, and helps process radiation and other toxins out of the body. Flame attacks get a +2 bonus in rolls to wound these plants. Darksoul plants are stationary, but they still have a speed value for use in dodging. Since they have no limbs or external weapons, these plants can only attempt to dodge, they cannot block.

Weapon, Bite: sz 1, 1-2/1-3

Weapon, Spike Spit: sz 1, 1-2/1-3, Range: about 10 feet; if characters use spike as a dagger, it has Deadliness and Penetration equal to the plant that spits it

Sample #1: Deadly Dark soul Plant

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 0/4, Strength: 5, Combat, Unarmed/Ranged: 4
Detect: auto detects any movement within 10 feet
Bite: 2/3 Spike Spit: 2/3, ammo 4
Immune to intimidation and fear, cannot be tamed.

Sample #2: Withered Old Dark soul Plant

Size 1, Endurance: 1, Speed: 0/1, Strength: 1, Combat, Unarmed/Ranged: 2
Detect: auto detects any movement within 10 feet
Bite: 1/2 Spike Spit: 2/1, ammo 2
Immune to intimidation and fear, cannot be tamed.

GIANT ALLIGATOR SNAPPING TURTLE

These terrors populated the swamps that survive outside of Na'leens, the sparse forests still found in Nahmurg, and the wetlands that used to be called the Great Lakes. They have enormous jaws and can bite through all but the strongest armor. They also sport dense shells that deflect blows from attackers. These creatures tend to move slowly on land and quickly in water, but mutation has allowed many faster individuals to evolve and thrive on land.

The meat from these turtles is apparently delicious and is a highly valued good in many post-apocalyptic communities. The indigenous tribes living around the Great Lakes call these amphibians *asgina-saligugi*, from borrowed Cherokee words meaning "devil turtle". These hulking tanks have become an important part of the cultures in this region, where they're hunted not only for their flesh but also for their shells and bones which make a variety of tools. PCs can harvest the carapace of the giant alligator snapping turtle and fashion it into torso armor or a shield with very little effort. Such armor has the same protection and fire resist as the carapace of the original bearer.

Weapon, Bite: sz 1, 2-4/1-2

Armor, Shell: sz 1, 1-3, protection value defends from physical attacks and fire/explosive attacks

Sample #1: Mammoth Combative Giant Turtle

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 1, Strength: 5, Combat, Unarmed: 4
Detect: 1, Intimidate: 4, Courage: 4, Stealth: 1, Independence: 5
Bite: 4/1 Shell: 3

Sample #2: Wimpy Aware Giant Turtle

Size 1, Endurance: 1, Speed: 3, Strength: 2, Combat, Unarmed: 3
Detect: 4, Intimidate: 1, Courage: 1, Stealth: 4, Independence: 2
Bite: 3/1 Shell: 2

Sample #3: Speedy Mediocre Giant Turtle

Size 1, Endurance: 3, Speed: 5, Strength: 2, Combat, Unarmed: 3
Detect: 4, Intimidate: 3, Courage: 3, Stealth: 2, Independence: 4
Bite: 3/2 Shell: 2

GIANT ANT

Imagine a colony of crunchy little bugs the size of a large dog. Now imagine how big their pincers are. These are the giant ants of the Nahmurg wastes: huge, hive-minded monsters who feast on corpses, and those soon to become corpses. They create vast subterranean tunnels large enough for humanoids to crawl through.

Unlike the other giant creatures of the wastes, ants don't offer any meat and few usable body parts. They are, however, hunted in hopes of killing them all. They pose a very real threat to wasteland wanderers and communities, and eradicating giant anthills and their underground networks is top priority in some places. Giant ants tend to attack in groups of five or more, and rarely stray far from their hives. The soldier ants are much stronger than drones, though the drones are perfectly capable of killing an adult human. Their hive mind allows giant ants to be immune to fear and intimidation, and prevents them from being tamed. Once killed, the chitinous plating of giant ants can be sewn onto clothes as armor with protection equal to that of the ant. These plates break easily and must be replaced often.

Weapon, Pincers: sz 1, 2-4/1-3

Armor, Chitinous Plates: sz 1, 1-3, protection value counts for physical attacks and fire/explosive attacks

Sample #1: Mediocre Worker Giant Ant

Size 1, Endurance: 3, Speed: 3, Strength: 3, Combat, Unarmed: 2

Detect: 2, Intimidate: 1, Stealth: 2

Pincers: 2/1 Chitinous Plates: 2

Immune to intimidation and fear, and cannot be tamed.

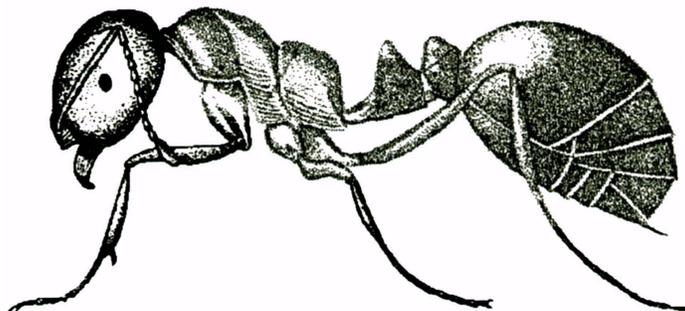
Sample #2: Ferocious Soldier Giant Ant

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 3, Strength: 3, Combat, Unarmed: 4

Detect: 3, Intimidate: 3, Stealth: 1

Pincers: 4/3 Chitinous Plates: 2

Immune to intimidation and fear, and cannot be tamed.



GIANT RAT

These beautiful mammals have been considered pests as long as there have been cities and stores of grain and other foods. Now that they can snip a leg off with a flippant bite, they're practically despised. Giant rats are the most hunted creature in the wasteland, both because they're the most abundant, and because their pelts are soft, durable, and large. When tanned with the fur on, giant rat pelts are used for clothes, bags, sacks, backpacks, sleeping bags and blankets, rugs, and many other applications. With the fur taken off, their skins are used to make drum heads, rawhide cordage, bowstrings, vellum paper, and so forth. Their bones are used to make a variety of tools and jewelry, and their meat is considered fine eating.

Because they are so heavily hunted and due to their genetic disposition toward cowardice, many giant rats tend to be coy and flighty. Most are swift of foot and can conceal themselves well in darkness and in scrubby wilderness. However, others are strong and bellicose, happy to fight to defend their nests and their weaker cousins. A few have been observed to be keen and cunning hunters, stalking their own prey through thickets and brambles. Because they scavenge much of their diet, giant rats often carry diseases and large doses of radiation.

Weapon, Bite: 1-3/2-4

Sample #1: Skittish Giant Rat

Size 1, Endurance: 3, Speed: 4, Strength: 2, Combat, Unarmed: 1,
Detect: 4, Intimidate: 1, Courage: 1, Stealth: 3, Independence: 4
Bite: 2/3

Sample #2: Ghastly Strong Sharp-toothed Giant Rat

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 2, Strength: 5, Combat, Unarmed: 3,
Detect: 2, Intimidate: 4, Courage: 3, Stealth: 1, Independence: 3
Bite: 3/4

Sample #3: Rabid Weak Giant Rat

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 3, Strength: 2,
Combat, Unarmed: 2, Detect: 1, Intimidate: 3,
Stealth: 1, Independence: 5
Bite: 2/3

Carries and can transmit rabies.
Immune to intimidation and fear.



GIANT SCORPION, "RADSCORPION"



These abominations are one of the more frightening features of the desertified wastes. As if their hulking pincers weren't enough, their tail stinger injects a deadly poison that's taken the life of many a traveler. Their armor plating also makes it difficult to hurt the beasts, leaving many warriors running for their lives. Luckily, radscorpions aren't usually outwardly aggressive- they defend their nests and scavenge food, but they don't usually seek out and attack people.

On the other hand, people quite often seek out and attack giant scorpions. They're considered evil devils or demons in the mythology of many wasteland villages, and some communities give great prestige to warriors kill a radscorpion and return with a trophy. Their flesh is inedible, but their armor plates can be removed and attached to clothes

for improvised armor. This improvised armor has the same protection value as the individual scorpion., although, like ant armor, these plates break easily and must be replaced often. If a radscorpion latches onto a character with its pincers and is holding that character (as with grappling), it gets a Narrator-defined bonus to hit with its stinger.

Weapon, Stinger: poison lethal within 5 minutes/2-4

Weapon, Pincers: 2-4/1-3

Armor, Chitinous Plates: 1-3, protection counts for physical attacks and fire/explosive attacks

Sample #1: Weak Radscorpion

Size 1, Endurance: 2, Speed: 3, Strength: 2, Combat, Unarmed: 1,

Detect: 2, Intimidate: 2, Stealth: 1

Pincers: 2/2 Stinger: poison/2

Chitinous Plates: 1

Immune to intimidation and fear, and cannot be tamed.

Sample #1: Feisty Hideous Radscorpion

Size 1, Endurance: 3, Speed: 4, Strength: 3, Combat, Unarmed: 4,

Detect: 1, Intimidate: 4, Stealth: 2

Pincers: 3/3 Stinger: poison/2

Chitinous plates: 3

Immune to intimidation and fear, and cannot be tamed.

GIANT TARANTULA

Due to their immense range before the war, tarantulas survive quite well in the post-apocalypse. Most of the giant tarantulas of Nahmurg live in the desert wastelands, but several have also been seen in forested areas. Like their tiny precursors, giant tarantulas don't have venom that really affects humans. Rather, they rely on the sword-like fangs dangling from their many-eyed faces to off their prey. Most giant tarantulas are also silent and swift, ambushing their victims out of nowhere.

Tarantulas have no usable body parts, so they are only hunted when they settle too near to settlements or tribes. Like radscorpions, killing giant tarantulas confers great renown on warriors in some wasteland cultures. Conflict with giant tarantulas most often happens when people wander into their nests unaware of the danger present, but tarantulas do sometimes seek out human prey. Tarantula fangs can be used as short bladed weapons if removed from the insect.

Weapon, Fangs: 2-4/1-2

Sample #1: Sneaky Fast Tarantula

Size 1, Endurance: 2, Speed: 4, Strength: 3, Combat, Unarmed: 4,
Detect: 3, Intimidate: 2, Stealth: 5
Fangs: 2/2
Immune to intimidation and fear, and cannot be tamed.

Sample #2: Wounded Young Tarantula

Size 1, Endurance: 1, Speed: 5, Strength: 2, Combat, Unarmed: 2,
Detect: 4, Intimidate: 1, Stealth: 2
Fangs: 2/1
Immune to intimidation and fear, and cannot be tamed.

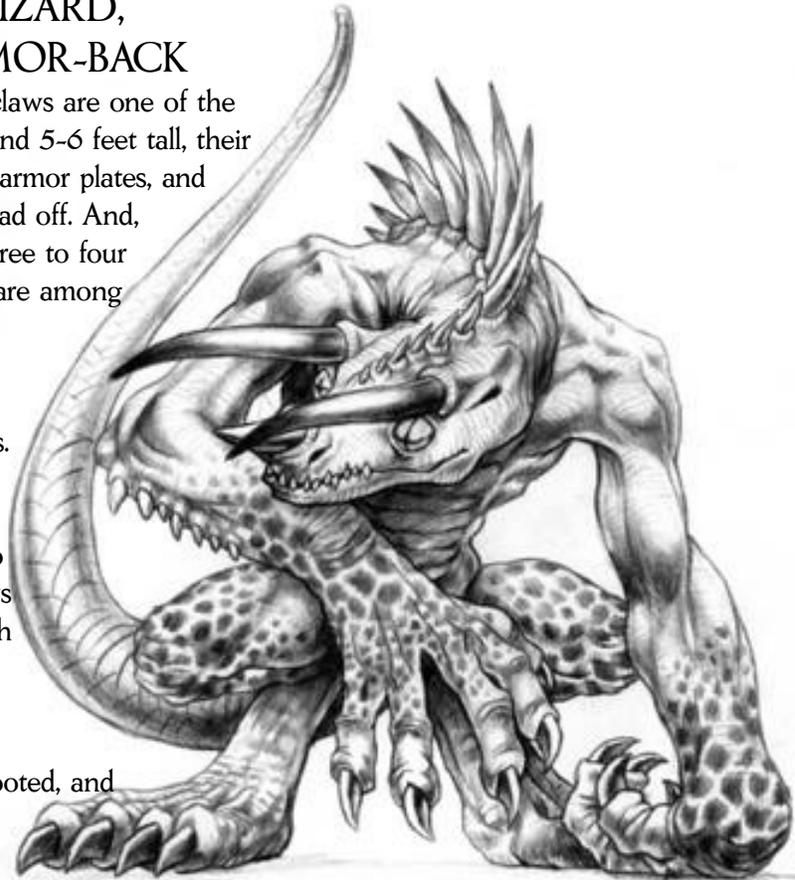


GIANT TEXAS HORNED LIZARD, AKA DEATHCLAW or ARMOR-BACK

Yet another rad-evolved reptile, Deathclaws are one of the terrors of the wastes. These goliaths stand 5-6 feet tall, their bodies are completely covered in bony armor plates, and their clawed hands can easily take a head off. And, what's worse, they travel in packs of three to four adults to hunt the wasteland. Humans are among their favorite foods.

Killing a deathclaw brings the highest honors in many wasteland communities. Deathclaw skins properly tanned are a pricey commodity, as is their meat. Many hardened wasteland trekkers also harvest the bony plates from deathclaws and fashion them into armor, along with their spiky protrusions and claws which are used to make armor frightening.

Most deathclaws are aggressive, fleet footed, and strong, and love a good row. They can frequently be seen wrestling one another for practice. Fortunately for travelers of the wastes, deathclaws are cold blooded, and are inactive when it's cold or dark. Since the sun doesn't shine much, this makes travel near deathclaw nests a bit safer.



Weapon, Claws: 2-4/1-3

Weapon, Bite: 2-4/1-2

Weapon, Tail Whip: 2-3/1-3

Armor, Spiked Bony Hide: 1-4/1-4

Sample #1: Horrific Muscular Deathclaw

Size 1, Endurance: 3, Speed: 3, Strength: 5, Combat, Unarmed: 5

Detect: 3, Intimidate: 5, Courage: 4, Stealth: 1, Independence: 5

Claws: 4/3 Bite: 3/2 Tail Whip: 3/3

Spiked Bony Hide: 4/1

Sample #2: Fast Baby Deathclaw

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 4, Strength: 2, Combat, Unarmed: 1

Detect: 3, Intimidate: 1, Courage: 2, Stealth: 2, Independence: 2

Claws: 3/3 Bite: 2/2 Tail Whip: 2/1

Spiked Bony Hide: 2/1

GIANT GECKO

This broad category includes a number of native and non-native geckos made huge by the distorting powers of radiation. Banded geckos, tokay geckos, Indo-pacific geckos, Florida reef geckos, tropical house geckos, and yellowhead geckos are among the species made gigantic. Because of their cold-blooded and docile nature, these various huge geckos are hunted by many tribes of wastelanders for their colorful, durable skin. Banded geckos, called “golden geckos”, are particularly popular for their flamboyant skins. Gecko meat is also a well-loved good, essential to the existence of many communities. Their bones are utilized for tools, instruments, and jewelry.

Geckos don't really have any natural defensive mechanisms besides biting and lashing out with their tails, and their bites aren't really worth mentioning. For the most part, giant geckos are finicky, easily spooked creatures, and they hate combat. Due to their passiveness, geckos do not try to intimidate their predators, but rely instead on running away and hiding.

Weapon, Bite: 1-2/1

Weapon, Tail Whip: 1-3/1-2

Sample #1: Mediocre Gecko

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 4, Strength: 3,
Combat, Unarmed: 1, Detect: 4, Courage: 1,
Stealth: 3, Independence: 4
Bite: 1/1 Tail Whip: 2/1

Sample #2: Combative Gecko

Size 1, Endurance: 2, Speed: 3, Strength: 4, Combat, Unarmed: 4,
Detect: 3, Courage: 4, Stealth: 3, Independence: 5
Bite: 2/1 Tail Whip: 3/2



GIANT COCKROACH, RADROACH

Little can be said about these insects. They're usually fast, they hiss, they manage to skitter about even though they're roughly dog-sized, and most people think they're gross. Apparently, roasted radroach is delicious, and the abundance of these bugs makes them easy game. The only defense they offer is in the form of biting, and their mandibles are too small to offer any real threat. Most radroaches will flee from fights, even if their nests are being attacked. They are unusually frightened by just about everything, except smaller creatures and plants they prey on. Radroaches are too easily spooked to try to intimidate others, although some are sufficiently grossed out by radroaches to suffer penalties similar to intimidation. Because of their hive mindset, radroaches cannot be tamed.

Weapon, Mandible: 1-2/1

Armor, Carapace: 1, counts for physical attacks and fire/explosive attacks

Sample #1: Bulky Perceptive Radroach

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 3, Strength: 4, Combat, Unarmed: 2,
Detect: 5, Courage: 2, Stealth: 4
Bite: 1/1 Carapace: 1

Sample #2: Warrior Radroach

Size 1, Endurance: 5, Speed: 2, Strength: 4, Combat, Unarmed: 4,
Detect: 1, Courage: 4, Stealth: 2
Bite: 2/1 Carapace: 2

Sample #3: Fleet Radroach

Size 1, Endurance: 2, Speed: 5, Strength: 2, Brawling: 1,
Detect: 4, Courage: 1, Stealth: 5
Bite: 1/1 Carapace: 1

HUMANS, HAINTS, & MUTEES

This includes all the wastelanders, tribals, haints, and mutees characters might encounter in their travels. It also includes the people belonging to various organizations that PCs are sure to interact with, like CATCH bounty hunters, Knights of Fort Beverly, the Keepers of LiCon, Nahmurg Secret Service, One-knife-two-foe bushrangers, members of the Order of the Wrench, dwellers of 9 and 13, and so on. Detailed information about the various factions, places, and people of Nahmurg have already been discussed.

As with all humanoid characters, attribute and skill values/descriptors will vary from individual to individual, even between characters who have had the same training or characters who belong to the same organization. There is no racial template for the types of NPCs player characters will meet. The variety of humanoid NPCs that can be used in the game is too great to list many of them here. If the samples are inadequate, look to specific *Saga* scenarios set in the Nahmurg Wastes for more detailed NPC information. For greater detail about NPCs and how they function in the game, see the *Saga* Core Rulebook.

Sample #1: Skilled Tribal Archer

Male tribal haint, Age 23, Sz 1, 6'1", 178 lbs, Archer and bowyer
Endurance: 5, Intelligence: 4, Speed: 4, Strength: 5, Leadership: 3
Acrobatics: 3, Animals: 4, Combat, melee: 2, Combat, ranged: 5, Combat, Unarmed: 3, Courage: 3,
Intimidation: 1, Detect: 4, Outdoors: 5, Science/medicine: 1/3, Stealth: 4, Vehicles: 0
Obsidian knife, long self bow, studded heavy leather jerkin, heavy leather pants, x10 primitive arrows, fire starting kit, primitive tool kit, 100 coins

Sample #2: Sketchy Nahmurg Secret Service Trainee

Female wastelander, Age 30, Sz 1, 5'7", 145 lbs, Agent, Spy, and Gunman
Endurance: 3, Intelligence: 5, Speed: 4, Strength: 3, Leadership: 4
Acrobatics: 3, Animals: 2, Combat, melee: 3, Combat, ranged: 4, Courage: 4,
Intimidation: 3, Detect: 2, Outdoors: 2, Science/medicine: 3/2, Stealth: 3, Vehicles: 2
10mm pistol with laser pointer, combat knife, light tactical vest, boots, flashlight with batteries, 200 coins

STRIDER, WENDIGO

Besides deathclaws, striders are probably the most fearsome rad-mutated beast. Researchers and vault scientists speculate that the wendigo- as natives call it- evolved from the lynx of the old world. It does bear a striking resemblance to the lynx, although striders have long, muscular forearms and they run on their knuckles like gorillas. Most striders are exceedingly fast, strong like Olympians, they can leap great distances, they stalk their prey in silence and shadow, and their acrobatic skills are unmatched. Striders usually hunt in packs of two or three. They are incredibly defensive of their young, and will fight with unnatural determination to protect them.

Strider pelts are one of the most valuable items in Nahmurg, because acquiring one is damn near impossible. Their meat is also said to be a delicacy by those privileged or powerful enough to have eaten it. Most striders live in wooded areas, although there are more than a few who live in caves in the desert wastes. Striders range from size 1 to size 2, the larger ones posing a terrific threat to PCs and NPCs alike.

There is a persistent myth among wastelanders that wendigo are spirits of vengeance, personifications of the natural world born to destroy those who destroy the biosphere. Many wastelanders believe that wendigo will not harm, and will in fact sometimes aid, individuals and communities who live in harmony with their landbases. Others argue that wendigo are former human beings who corrupted their souls by cannibalizing other humans, thus turning into vile, putrid monsters. Besides these ideas, other theories abound. The truth and/or falsehood of these myths, and how this impacts gameplay, are left to the Narrator.

Weapon, Claws: Sz 1-2, 2-4/2-3

Weapon, Bite: Sz 1-2, 2-4/2-3

Sample #1: Colossal Silent Strider

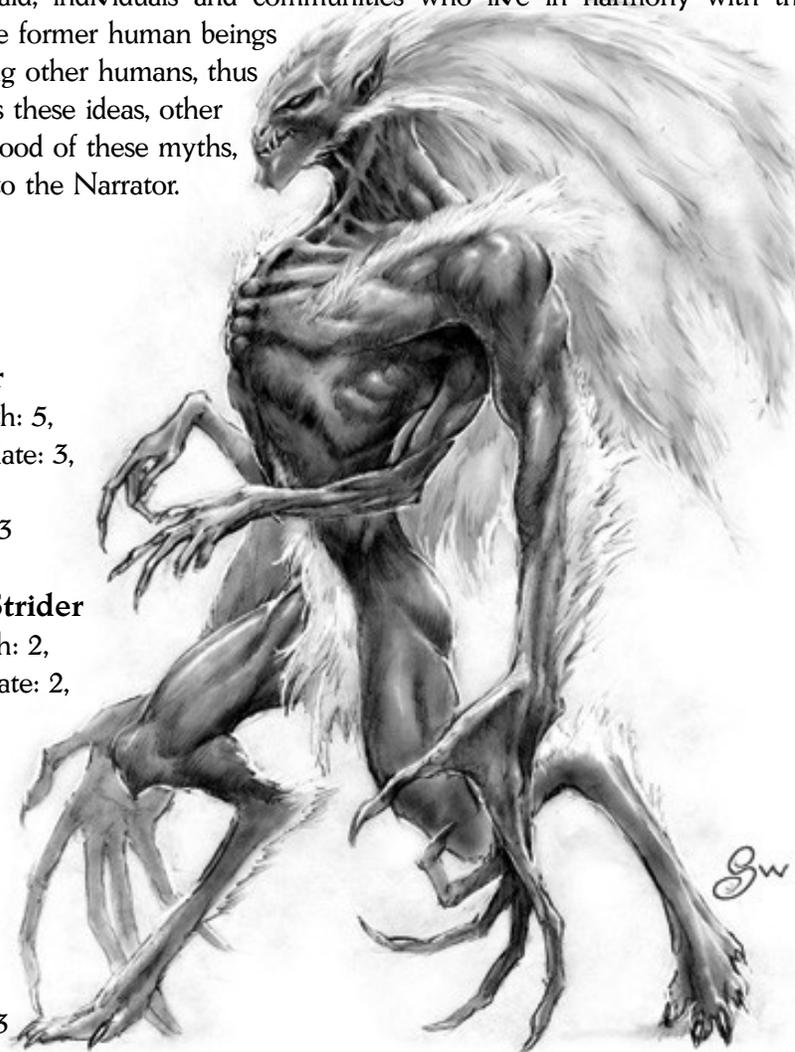
Size 2, Endurance: 4, Speed: 4, Strength: 5,
Combat, Unarmed: 4, Detect: 4, Intimidate: 3,
Courage: 4, Stealth: 5, Independence: 4
Claws: Size 2, D: 4/2 Bite: Size 2, 4/3

Sample #2: Inexperienced Small Strider

Size 1, Endurance: 2, Speed: 3, Strength: 2,
Combat, Unarmed: 1, Detect: 2, Intimidate: 2,
Courage: 3, Stealth: 1, Independence: 1
Claws: Size 1, 2/2 Bite: Size 1, 3/2

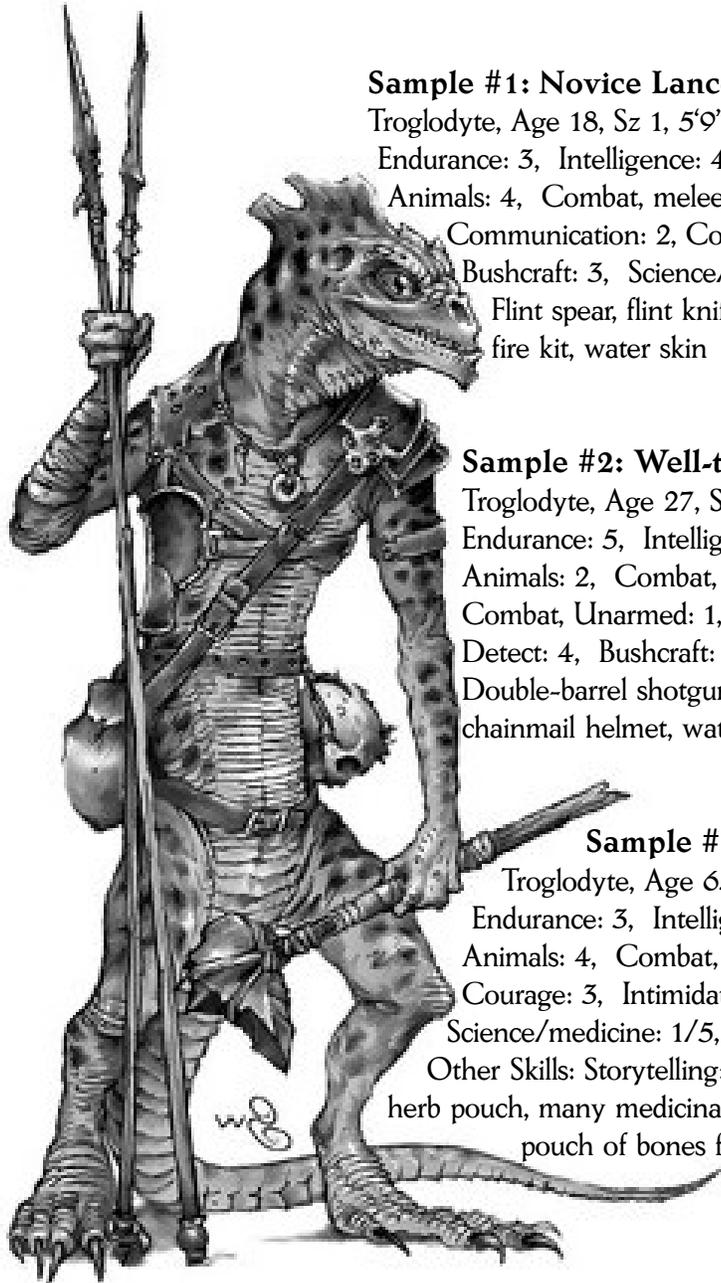
Sample #3: Noisy Berserk Strider

Size 1, Endurance: 4, Speed: 3,
Strength: 5, Combat, Unarmed: 5,
Detect: 1, Intimidate: 4, Courage: 5,
Stealth: 1, Independence: 5
Claws: Size 1, D: 4/3 Bite: Size 1, 4/3



TOGLODYTE, "TROGGIES"

These amphibians are described in detail in the *Folks in Nahmurg* chapter. They are a playable race, but can also be encountered as enemies. Due to their nature, most troglodytes PCs encounter will be semi-nomadic hunter-gatherers, equipped with paleolithic tools and technologies, and disinterested in communication with those not of their race. There will certainly be exceptions to this, wandering adventurer troglodytes and the few explorers and diplomats who belong to this race. Most often, the contact that troggies have with others is trade and mutual aid between their communities and the tribes of primitive humans scattered about the wastes. Shared lifeways and technologies give troglodytes a somewhat sunnier disposition toward tribal humans, but even then they are reclusive and scant.



Sample #1: Novice Lancer Troglodyte

Troglodyte, Age 18, Sz 1, 5'9", 185 lbs, Lancer

Endurance: 3, Intelligence: 4, Speed: 3, Strength: 4, Acrobatics: 2,
Animals: 4, Combat, melee: 3, Combat, ranged: 2, Combat, Unarmed: 2
Communication: 2, Courage: 5, Intimidation: 1, Detect: 5,
Bushcraft: 3, Science/medicine: 1/2, Stealth: 3, Vehicles: 0
Flint spear, flint knife, loincloth, leather sandals, leather cap, friction
fire kit, water skin

Sample #2: Well-traveled Marksman Troglodyte

Troglodyte, Age 27, Sz 1, 6'2", 200 lbs, Marksman and Healer

Endurance: 5, Intelligence: 3, Speed: 4, Strength: 3, Acrobatics: 3,
Animals: 2, Combat, melee: 3, Combat, ranged: 5,
Combat, Unarmed: 1, Communication: 2, Courage: 4, Intimidation: 2,
Detect: 4, Bushcraft: 3, Science/medicine: 2/2, Stealth: 3, Vehicles: 0
Double-barrel shotgun, x15 shells, chert knife, studded leather jacket,
chainmail helmet, water skin

Sample #3: Troglodyte Elder

Troglodyte, Age 63, Sz 1, 5'6", 139 lbs., shaman, teller, healer

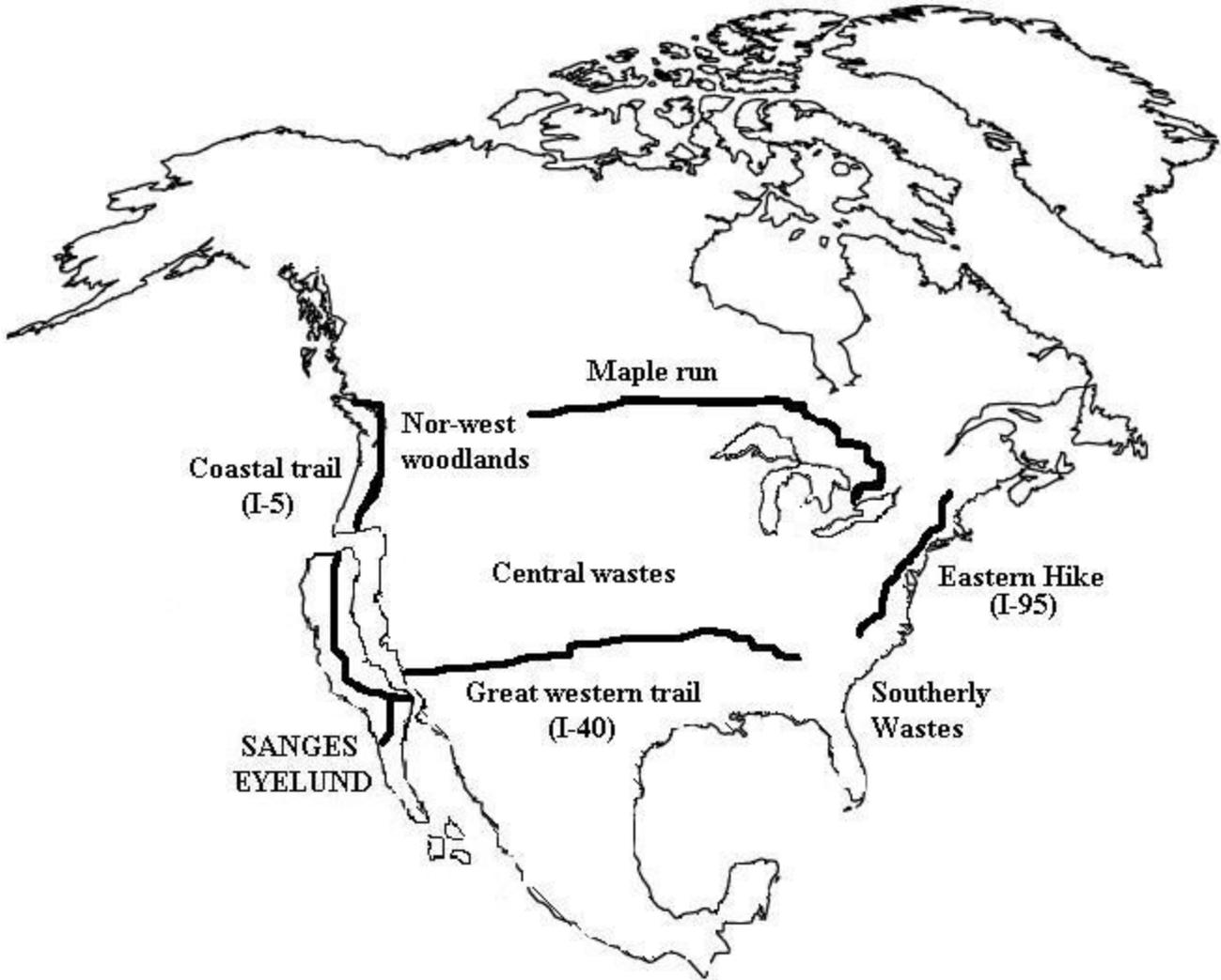
Endurance: 3, Intelligence: 4, Speed: 1, Strength: 3, Acrobatics: 1,
Animals: 4, Combat, Melee/Ranged/Unarmed: 1, Communication: 4,
Courage: 3, Intimidate: 1, Detect: 3, Bushcraft: 2,
Science/medicine: 1/5, Stealth: 2, Vehicles: 0
Other Skills: Storytelling: 5, Leadership: 5, Tattooing: 4, Carving: 5;
herb pouch, many medicinal herbs, tattoo kit, walking stick, carving knife,
pouch of bones for divination, lorebook and writing supplies,
water skin, leather cloak

MAPS

NUCITEES, SMALL TOWNS, & TRIBAL VILLAGES IN NAHMURG



REGIONAL GEOGRAPHY & TRAILS IN NAHMURG





The Nahmurg Wastes

A POST-APOCALYPTIC CAMPAIGN SETTING

Inside This Campaign Setting Supplement You Will Find:

- A fully detailed Post-Apocalyptic North America, heavily influenced by the *Fallout* CRPG series, *Mad Max*, the comic *Wasteland*, and the novel *A Canticle for Leibowitz*
- Profiles for the playable humanoid races of Nahmurg: Vault Dwellers/Vaultees, Wastelanders and Tribals, Haints/Ghouls, Mutees/Mutants, & Troglodytes
- Information on the language, culture, religion, economics, ethics, jobs, and activities of the people of Nahmurg
- The geography, small towns, villages, and NuCitees of Nahmurg
- Unique sights and NPCs in Nahmurg
- Information on groups, guilds, and organizations in Nahmurg
- Weapons, armor, and gear in the post-apocalypse
- Details on the plant and animal life of the wasteland
- Maps of the Nahmurgan continent

Rowan WalkingWolf/Yggdrasil Distro, CC 2010