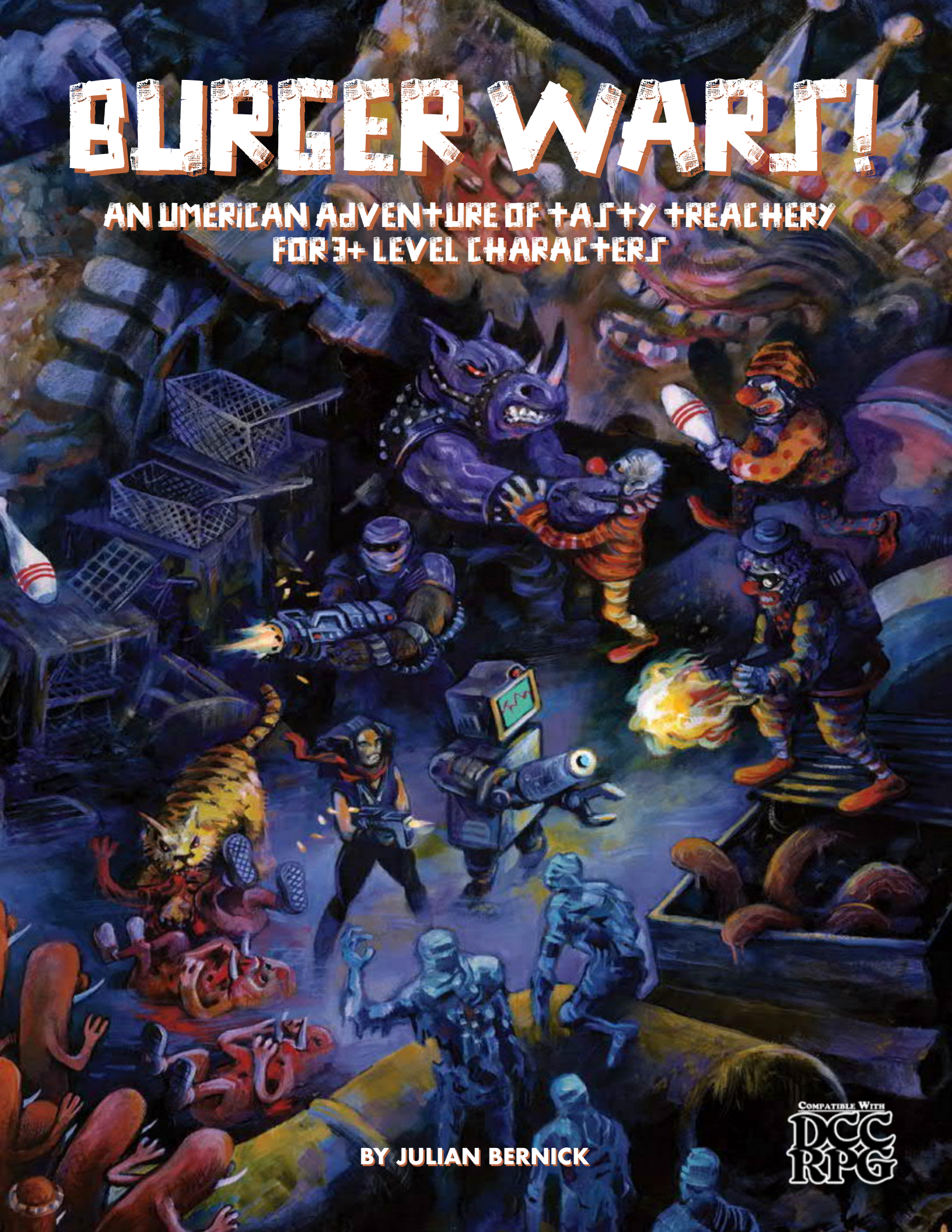


# BURGER WARS!

AN AMERICAN ADVENTURE OF TASTY TREACHERY  
FOR 3+ LEVEL CHARACTERS



BY JULIAN BERNICK

COMPATIBLE WITH  
DCC  
RPG





# BURGER WAR!

**AN AMERICAN ADVENTURE OF TASTY TREACHERY  
FOR 3+ LEVEL CHARACTERS**

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## ABBREVIATION KEY

In the text of this book, several other books will be referenced via abbreviations. Here is the key to the abbreviations.

*Dungeon Crawl Classics* → DCC

*American Survival Guide* → USG

*Twisted Menagerie Manual* → TMM

*Crawling Under a Broken Moon zine* → CUaBM



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# BURGER WARS!



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# INTRODUCTION

## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Oniontown and the Burger Wars! This adventure is an open-ended sandbox in which the PCs can explore Oniontown, take assignments, ally themselves with one or more factions and even double- or triple-cross those factions. This adventure was written for 6-8 third level PCs. In playtest, they found it a formidable challenge and will likely need downtime and recovery periods between hostile exploration of the main locations. Taking its inspiration from films like *A Fistful of Dollars*, *Burger Wars* is meant to put the PCs in charge of their destinies and it is expected therefore to be a different experience for every group that plays it.

To this end, there is no linear progression beyond the first “setup” encounter. The PCs may decide to scout Oniontown, go right to Buddy HQ or one of the other factions, or drift aimlessly in the mostly abandoned city. Used in this fashion, it can provide many sessions of play, particularly if the PCs enjoy the intrigue and negotiation implied in the setting.

Please note that Oniontown is a huge place and the GM can fill in the mostly empty city with all kinds of other encounters, factions, NPCs, and wandering monsters, particularly if the PCs want to make the city a base of operations. The encounters and intrigues of *Umerican Burger Wars* are only the tip of the iceberg (lettuce)!

But for short-term play and one-shots, feel free to adapt any of the locations to a dungeon-crawl session. Any one of the main locations detailed herein ought to provide about the right amount of mayhem for a 3-5 hour convention game.

## ONIONTOWN SETTING

Oniontown is meant to be what’s left of a large American city (now a destitute large Umerican city). For decades the Buddy O’Burger cult has been the dominant power of Oniontown, mostly due to their ability to conjure meaty meals by way of their clown-priests. Only recently has the hateful Salt Lich, the Dead Prince of Preservatives, laid a curse upon the Buddy cult that prevents them from creating food (including the spells *food of the gods* and *healing feast*). Sensing weakness, the Piggy King and his Piggy pal followers are

taking steps to undermine the Buddy cult and assert their own dominance over the town.

In addition, all of the major faction leaders are aware of a valuable stock of food in the highly secured Industrial Park A complex, but they have been frustrated in their efforts to enter the complex and claim the prizes therein. This will be a main reason that the Buddy cult or the Piggy King (or possibly both!) would hire the PCs, but how and if those parties honor any agreements with the PCs afterward is left to the GM’s discretion.

The Buddy O’Burger cult is the main power in the city when game play begins, but they are being challenged by other factions and who knows what else will emerge if a power vacuum is created? For now, the safest affiliation is with the Buddy O’Burger cult, whose adherents (The Beloved) are marked with a clown face brand on the palm of their right hand. This mark is checked any time someone claims to be a devotee of Buddy.

Why are there no other large factions in Oniontown? Primarily because most of the survivors have joined the Buddy cult or been transformed into Piggy pals. And since the Salt Lich has placed his curse on the Buddy priests, most other living creatures in Oniontown became... food.

Most of Oniontown has no electricity; only Buddy HQ and the Piggy Palace are exceptions to this rule. But old traffic lights, stop signs, mailboxes, and all other detritus of the late modern era linger on. Most valuable commodities were looted long ago, but the city was huge once and looters aren’t known to be that methodical—who knows what’s around the next corner?

If you like boats, the lake on the northern side of town has plenty of potential plot hooks, from freshwater monsters to lake pirates. In the other directions, miles and miles of once-suburban sprawl eventually give way to fallow, sometimes environmentally destroyed farmland. There are plenty of places to hide and plenty of places where new threats to the PCs are definitely hiding.









## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

# RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

## RANDOM ENCOUNTER 3: PIGGY PALS

**Piggy pals (3d7):** Init +2; Atk +0 tusk-gore melee (1d3+1); AC 12; Armor Die nil; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP trough attack (overbear if opponent misses DC 15 Fort save, opponent is prone and AC 10 for next round, damage is 2d3+1); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

Just as Buddy O'Burger has Buddy buddies, the Piggy King has Piggy pals, the feral minions of his sect. Unlike the Buddy buddies, Piggy pals are actually the sausaged creatures produced in the Oniontown Institute of Art; their minds are wiped of their previous memories and they live only to consume edibles. Unlike the Buddy buddies who are normal humans in clown getup, the Piggy pals are fully transformed by the Master Grinder into creatures with weird spongy flesh, porcine ears and wet rounded snouts.

Piggy pals are ravenously hungry; if an opponent is slain, the Piggy pals will need to make a DC 5 Willpower save to stop from eating any defeated enemies on the spot. If successful, they will load their spoils into various primitive unmotorized wagons and pull them back to Piggy King HQ in the former Oniontown Institute of Art.

Piggy pals are barely sentient and not really capable of complex thoughts. They will agreeably smile, chortle and repeat back anything said to them. They can not negotiate or interact in any appreciable way.

**Trough attack:** Piggy pals generally attack with their tusks first but if an opponent is reduced to 5 hp or less, they commence their disgusting "trough" attack.

- Any opponent so weakened is sensed by the Piggy pals and on their next action, any three or more Piggy pals within melee range can commence to trough attack the hapless victim.
- The victim must make a DC 15 Fort save or be knocked over and then be considered AC 10 for all Piggy pals in range to feast on the following round.
- Feasting does 2d3+1 points of damage from goring and rending damage as the Piggy pals literally gorge on the victim. If a victim dies, they will continue to feed for 1d3+1 rounds until

all edible parts are consumed off the corpse. Up to five Piggy pals will feast on a medium-sized victim at once, during which time they are completely insensible until the victim is consumed.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTER 4: LITTER MUMMIES

**Litter mummies (1d5):** Init +4; Atk litter wrapping+4 melee (escalating damage die starting at 1d5); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 4d10; hp 22 each; MV 30'; Act 1d24; SP un-dead characteristics, litter wrapping, double damage from fire; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +10; AL N.

The litter mummies prowl Oniontown nominally in the service of the Salt Lich, but their primary motivation is hatred of the living who caused them to come into being. Each litter mummy is an ambulatory necromantic collection of refuse paper, candy wrappers, sandwich cartons, newspapers, bottles, and other garbage. They attack the living by seeking to smother enemies with their own litter. On a successful attack roll, after computing the normal 1d5 damage, the victim must make a save against the litter mummy's attack result. If failed, the victim takes +1 die step of automatic damage next round (i.e., second round 1d6, third round 1d7 and so on), until an ally helps strip off the litter for 2 rounds.

- Note that if the litter mummy kills a victim in this manner, the mummy's whole body is covering the victim and will require 1d4+1 rounds to regroup into the litter mummy's original form.
- The litter mummies are essentially just sentient paper and dried trash. As such they are very flammable, taking double damage from fire-based attacks. If burned while smothering a victim, the victim will also take double damage.

The litter mummies are not sentient and can not negotiate or interact in any meaningful way.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTER 5: CYBER GHOUL

**Cyber ghoul (un-living intellectual lamprey) (5d4):** Init +1; Atk bite +1 melee (1d3+knowledge drain) or claw +2 melee (1d6) ; AC 12; Armor Die 1d5; HD 2d5;



## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

hp 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead traits, hybrid feeding, Intelligence drain, infravision 200'; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

**Hybrid feeding:** While cyber ghouls crave the flesh and vital energies of living beings they are able to subsist for lengthy periods of time in near dormancy so long as they have access to a supply of electrical current. By implanting wires directly into their muscles and brains, the cyber ghouls can continue to power the most basic functions of life allowing them to remain in a form of half-aware, un-living stasis for as long as the current remains uninterrupted. Should the flow end, they are forced to awaken and seek true sustenance. Failure to feed within a week after dormancy results in the death of the cyber ghoul.

**Knowledge drain:** As part of their bite attack, cyber ghouls pull the memories from their victims. Each bite permanently drains 1 point of Intelligence and for every 5 points of lost Intelligence the victim also loses 1 level of experience. Victims drained to 0 Intelligence or below 0-level are infected with the World Crawler AI and transform into cyber ghouls.

These unloving social media ghouls have survived on a nearby power generator for a few months, but it has failed and they are now again on the prowl for sustenance. If some poor fool tried to engage one in conversation, the cyber ghouls would merely ask for “likes” and beg the PCs to “follow them” even as they violently try to consume their Intelligence.

For more information on cyber ghouls, see the *TMM*, pg 39.

### RANDOM ENCOUNTER 6: CAKE HORROR

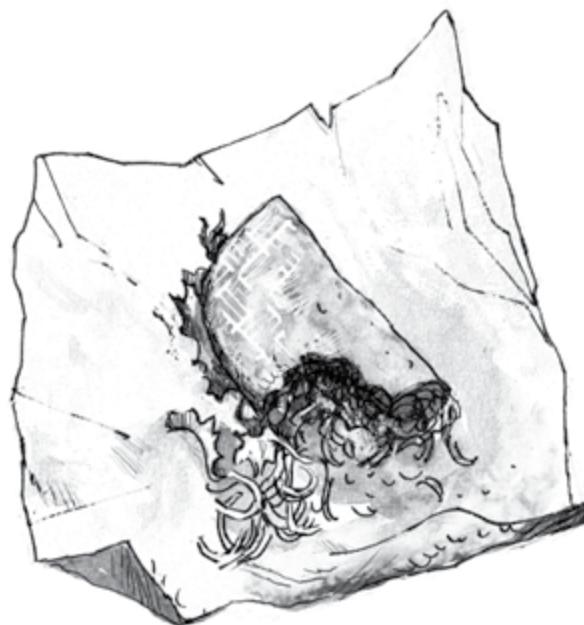
**Cake horror (snack cake beast):** Init +0; Atk bite +3 melee (1d6+1) or claw +3 melee (1d4+1); AC 10; Armor Dice 1d3; HD 4d8+4; hp 28; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP uses tactics, cream filling gore spray, regenerates 1 hp per round, stealth +6; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +2; AL N.

**Special:** Each time a cake horror is struck in combat, its cream filling will spray copiously from the wound. Everyone within melee range of the beast must make a Reflex save (DC 7+damage done by the strike) or be coated by cream filling gore. The cream filling has the following insidious properties:

- Any fleshy areas coated in cream filling will immediately smell (and taste) extremely delicious. In addition, the coated area will become numb to all pain. These effects will continue for 1d3 days or until the coated flesh is thoroughly cleaned with strong soap or detergent.
- Once an opponent has been coated, everyone within 20' of a coated person will need to make a Willpower save (DC 8) each round to avoid becoming obsessed with eating the cream filling coated flesh. Those coated with the cream filling gain a +1 die step on the Willpower save to avoid eating their own flesh. Victims who fail the save may make another save to regain their senses each round.

One of the Salt Lich's experiments that went terribly wrong, the solitary cake horror of Oniontown will rarely attack a powerful group, but will try to ambush stragglers or scouts who are ahead of their group, in hopes of turning the party on each other because of its cream filling attack. If confronted with overwhelming force, the cake horror will quickly retreat into the ruined buildings and use stealth to hide in the many alleys, sewers and sub-basements around Oniontown. It has no motivation except to avoid death and feed on the living.

For more information on cake horrors, see the *TMM*, pg 23.



## STARTING THE ADVENTURE



### STARTING THE ADVENTURE ENCOUNTER 1

*You've entered the large, empty city and from afar you see signs of life: Abandoned vehicles that saw use in the last decade, graffiti that points deeper into the urban center, promising good food to all newcomers. To the north, you see tall skyscrapers with all sorts of decaying corporate logos and a large dirigible floats above one of the buildings.*

*All you've heard about Ontiontown is that it's a dangerous place ruled by lunatic cults. The billboards which once advertised concerts and radio stations are now marked with graffiti saying "GUD BURGGERFOODS IN DOWNTOWN" and "KEEP GOING FOR BUDDY BRGR SOOPREME!!!" Two signs are marked "PIGGY NUGGETS R BETTR!" and "B A PIGGYPAL 2DAY!"*

*Venturing cautiously forward through the city, you*

*turn a corner and see in the intersection ahead a small man sitting on a pile of rubble, eating something. But as you get closer, you realize that it's a boy, sitting on a large pile of corpses. The boy is dressed in crude clown makeup, baggy multi-colored clothes and big floppy rubber shoes. Some of the bodies in the pile are dressed like him; the others are pink and spongy with porcine ears and snouts. The boy's gruesome treat appears to be a pink humanoid head doused with ketchup, which he holds with both hands as he gnaws on it.*

*When the clown-boy sees you, he lowers his snack, cocks his head and greets you in a cautious but friendly manner. "Hello friends, in the name of Buddy! You deserve a triple steak dripper with cheez-o today!"*

*The pile of bodies is what's left of a fight between Buddy buddies and Piggy pals, who clashed on this street with knives, clubs and choppers. A few combatants escaped, but the enterprising Larry, the remaining*



## LOCATION A: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

### WHAT IF ONE OF THE PCS IS ALREADY A CLERIC OF BUDDY O'BURGER?

It's possible of course that the PCs include a cleric of Buddy O'Burger. In this case, the Buddy buddies and all other Beloved of Buddy will recognize and trust the cleric (and his friends, unless they would have any clear reason not to). Assuming that they eventually report to Buddy HQ, the PCs will be honored guests and the CEO will meet with them personally, ordering them to destroy the Salt Lich as the first order of business. The PCs will be supplied generously as long as they follow orders. From there, he may well decide to have them destroy the Piggy King in an effort to rid Ontiontown of all his rivals, even if their access to Buddy Burgers is restored! Note that any priest in Ontiontown is afflicted by the curse, just as the Priests of Buddy O'Burger are.

Buddy buddy, is eating his fill before summoning the Buddy Burger meat wagon so he can be recognized and rewarded within the Buddy cult.

Larry will be friendly and definitely not want to mess with hardened adventurers like the PCs. He has no authority to promise anything so he will instead sing the praises of Buddy's skyscraper HQ, their dominance in the city, and their access to fresh, wholesome meat. (As tenuous as this is at the moment, the Buddy cult is making a big deal of it nonetheless.) He points out that you can't miss the skyscraper on the skyline, which has a big clown-faced blimp tied to the top.

Larry will have two goals in this encounter:

1. Preserve his right to be rewarded for the bodies and
2. Recruit newcomers for Buddy's forces.

Larry knows that the Piggy pals are rivals and not human; he will happily describe them as "mean" and "stupid." He knows nothing about the Piggy King or higher ranked minions except for where the Piggy Palace art museum is. He knows very little about the Salt Lich, except that the Buddy cult generally avoids the area around his lair in the old church.

## LOCATION A: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

### ENCOUNTER A-1: BUDDY O'BURGER "CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS" - EXTERIOR

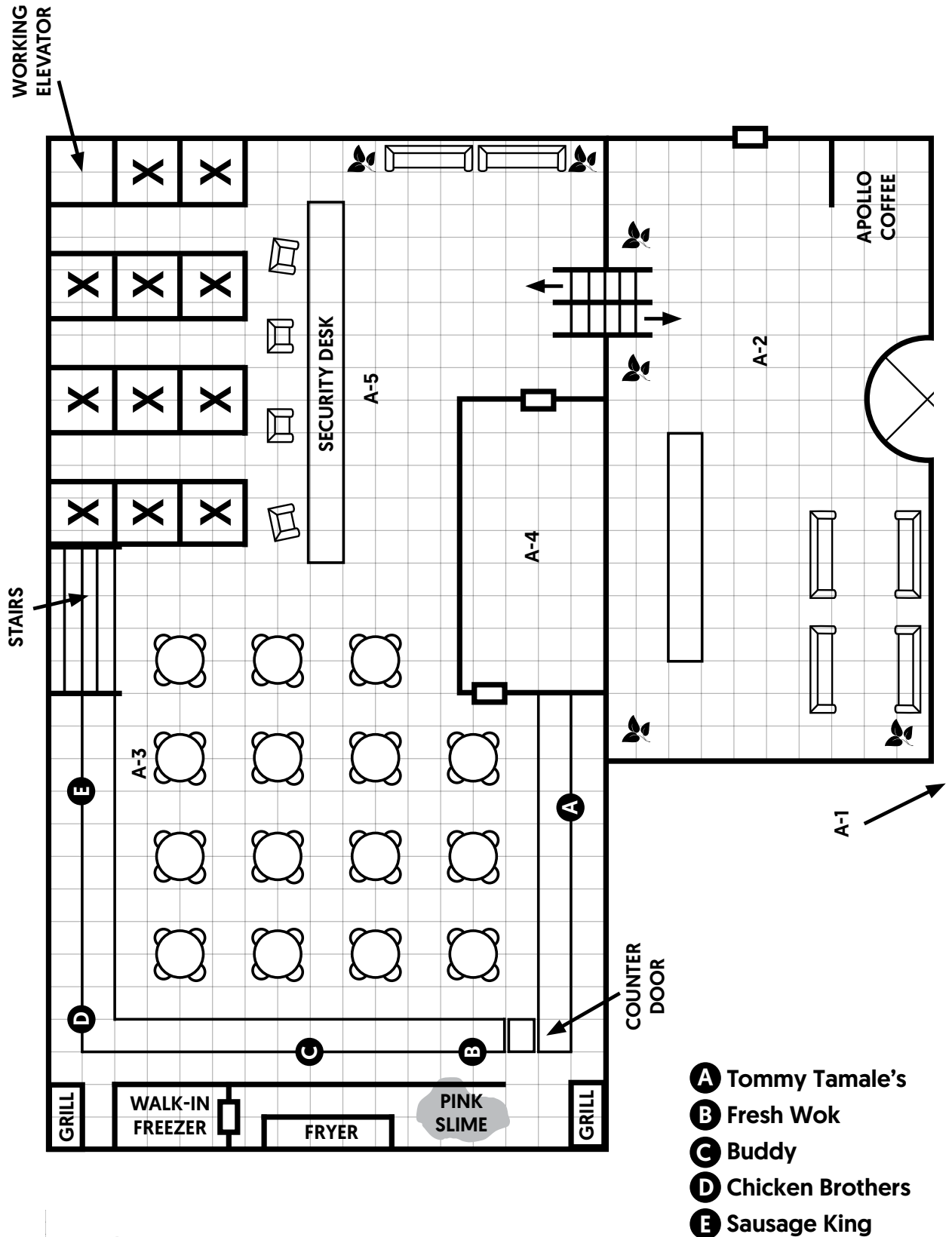
*You can't miss the large clown-faced blimp high above the skyscraper near the center of town. Most of the giant glass boxes now seem deserted but as you turn down the street, you see that one of them is evidently still inhabited, its glass revolving door surrounded by a small throng of more young people in clown suits, as well as an assortment of run-down small trucks and wagons. The youths are idle and dangerous looking, eyeing you warily as you approach the entrance.*

In the heart of the now deserted downtown of Ontiontown is the headquarters of the Buddy O'Burger cult. 2d4 meat wagons are parked outside the skyscraper entrance at all times and gangs of 3d4 Buddy buddies mill about aimlessly looking for trouble. They are quick to take offense or provoke those who are not Beloved. The other skyscrapers nearby are abandoned.

During the day, there is a 40% chance of 2d5 Buddy devotees petitioning the Buddy cult for food as well. Petitioners who have dedicated themselves to Buddy O'Burger are never turned away, but only Buddy buddies and higher level initiates of the cult are allowed into the headquarters. Buddy buddies are allowed into the Food Court on the second level, but no higher. If the PCs present themselves in a friendly respectful way and wish to talk to leaders, the Buddy buddies will refer them to the Senior Associate Team Member in the Lobby (Location A-2).

**Buddy buddy (3d4):** Init +2; Atk serrated knife, spiked club or chopper +2 melee (1d5); AC 12 (cloth armor); Armor Die nil; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 35'; Act 1d20; SP +2 to all attacks and damage if 3 or more are attacking the same enemy; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

# MAP: BUDDY HQ LOBBY & FIRST FLOOR (LOCATION A-1 TO A-5)



SCALE: 1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

Potted Plant (plastic)



## LOCATION A: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

### ENCOUNTER A-2: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY

*Beside the old fashioned revolving door are two clowns carefully scanning the entrance for trouble. Inside is an almost-clean marble floor, plastic plants and to the right of the guard desk, two escalators, one up, one down. Beside them is a pimply young man in a brown Buddy-branded polyester shirt. Only after you enter do you notice another clown to your right standing at an Apollo Coffee kiosk, brandishing an automatic rifle. The young man in the hairnet and brown shirt hurries toward you smiling graciously. His nametag reads GREG. "Buddy blesses you!" he says. "May your bellies be always full. What brings you to the sanctuary of meat?"*

The inside of the headquarters has a security desk (abandoned) and two clownugs by the entrance. To the right of the entrance is an Apollo's Coffee kiosk, to which another clownug guards the entrance. This guard has a machine gun and at the first sight of an armed invasion, will spray any troublemakers with hot lead, regardless of whether he catches the other guards in the crossfire. Machine gun fire will definitely alert the other clowns in the food court above, who will start spilling down the escalator in a mad scrum of mayhem.

There is also an attendant at this guard desk who relays messages to the corporate leaders above. This "SENIOR ASSOCIATE TEAM MEMBER" is really just an older Buddy buddy named Greg but he is the envy of all the lesser Beloved in his freshly washed polyester uniform and hairnet. The senior associate team member will come outside to meet with petitioners and will be the first line of greeting and negotiation for PCs.

Once-ubiquitous plastic ferns decorate the otherwise empty lobby. A public waiting area is to the left, with several comfortable (but not too comfortable) plastic chairs and sofas.

**Clownug (3):** Init +2; Atk bite +4 melee (1d7+3), fist +3 melee (1d4+3, subdual or lethal), or (2) by machete (1d5+3) and (1) by machine gun +3 missile (1d12, range 120/240/360); AC 12; Armor Die nil; HD 2d10; hp 11 each; MV 45'; Act 1d20; SP FEED!; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

**Senior associate team member (Greg) (1):** Init +2; Atk serrated knife +2 melee (1d5); AC 11 (cloth armor); Armor Die nil; HD 1d6; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP +2 to all attacks and damage if attacking the same enemy with 3 or more Buddy buddies; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

### ENCOUNTER A-3: FOOD COURT

*As you make your way up the escalators, you see to your left a big door that apparently leads to some sort of temple, the plain wall painted with a large smiling portrait of Buddy O'Burger holding a dripping meat-burger in his right hand.*

*Beyond that, you see a large open area that is a gourmand's dream come true! A large dining hall surrounded by garishly colored counters with signs and menus advertising all sorts of different cuisines: ALL FRESH, ALL CHEAP, ALL DEE-LISHUS! A plethora of old fast food restaurants, once the "branch-out" franchises of Buddy O'Burger, are represented: Chicken Brothers, Tommy Tamale's Tacos, Fresh Wok, and Sausage King all have a place in the food court, although the biggest counter belongs to Buddy O'Burger. At the center of the many counters is a leering image of Buddy O'Burger, with more people in brown polyester shirts serving the various clown-garbed youths scattered amongst the tables.*

*Ahead of you, four clowns sit at another security desk, beyond which are four banks of elevators, though none of them appear to be functioning. They study you with careful detachment, their hands not visible behind the guard desk.*

Behind the counter, Buddy buddies are frying up fresh patties of pink slime from the pink slime back in the kitchen area. (They are literally cutting off parts of the amorphous pink mass, frying them and then serving them to customers on a poppy seed bun along with pickles, onions and "extra-special sauce.")

**Buddy buddy (4d7):** Init +2; Atk serrated knife, spiked club or chopper +2 melee (1d5) AC 12; Armor Die nil; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 35'; Act 1d20; SP +2 to all attacks and damage if 3 or more are attacking the same enemy; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

**Pink slime (1):** Init +2; Atk sticky, rotten-meat tendril slam +3 melee (1d8); AC 14; Armor Die 1d5; HD 8d6; hp 30; MV 20'; Act 2d20; SP disease and regeneration; SV Fort +10, Ref -2, Will +4; AL L.

## LOCATION A: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS



Pink slime is a meat byproduct that developed during the era of Fast Food when leftover food-matter slowly took on a life of its own. Originally spawned in landfills and dumpsters, pink slime smells like rotting meat and any humans within 20' of it must make a DC 10 Fortitude save or spend one round retching.

Pink slime can be harmed by edged weapons (hacking chunks off) and by cold and heat. Cold damage equal to or greater than its hit points forces it into cryo-stasis (until it thaws). Heat does double damage as they cook the life out of the stuff (and results in a delicious smelling grease!).

Pink slime regenerates 2 hp at the end of every round. Only cooking via fire and heat will cause the pink slime to die by cooking away its bacterial regenerative properties.

Anyone successfully smashed by a pink slime tendril

must make a DC 10 Fortitude save or be afflicted with *Mad Slime Disease*. If contracted, the disease manifests within 1d4 days: The victim develops pink sores and loses 1d8 hp a day while their flesh slowly turns into pink slime. When the victim dies, their body is considered a 3HD pink slime with all other stats as above.

If for some reason, a PC should eat some pink slime without thoroughly cooking the stuff first, please consult *Table A4: Bad Food Effects* on pg 13 of the *USG*. Note that in this case, roll 1d16 modified by the consumer's Luck modifier to determine the result.

### ENCOUNTER A-4: BUDDY O'BURGER CHAPEL

*Entering through these doors you see a quiet, clown-colored sanctuary full of peace and harmony. It's currently deserted, but a ten-foot statue of the Clown God stands behind a plastic altar in primary colors*



## LOCATION A: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

*at the center of the church. Sturdy plastic benches are scattered about it. You feel a sense of peace and quiet joy as you enter this holy space, and also the pangs of hunger as you contemplate a juicy, dripping Buddy burger.*

The door to this chapel is locked and the key is held by the elevator bank guards. This chapel has no valuables; it is where the mass of Buddy worshippers attend services each day. If PCs arrive between 3:30 and 4:30 pm each day when Happy Buddy Meal Deals were traditionally offered, they will find 3d6 Buddy buddies and 2d6 clownnugs in solemn prayer, chanting Buddy jingles, after which they listen to a sermon from the CEO. (All guards stay on their posts per the usual during this time.)

Anybody praying to Buddy in this chapel may try to make a divine favor request of the Burger God. Assuming that the request is not antithetical to the great Giver of Meats, treat this as a DC 28 check, modified by Personality. For actual clerics of Buddy, all spells, healing, turning, and divine favor receive a double spell check bonus within the chapel. (But like all clerics in Oniontown, PCs will find that *food of the gods* and *healing feast* have been neutralized by the Salt Lich's curse.)

### ENCOUNTER A-5: SECURITY AND ELEVATOR BANK

Four clownnugs sit at the guard desk, protecting the executive level elevator. Even in the event of a full-fledged melee in the food court, they will not leave their posts (though they will certainly prepare for the worst and use their guard desks as cover).

There are four elevator banks beyond their guard desk. Three of the elevator banks are totally lifeless and unusable. The heavy doors will not even open. If pried open, the empty shafts lead nowhere and all other floors are empty. (Unless the GM wishes otherwise.)

The bank on the far right has one functioning elevator. It only goes to the Executive Level (the 23rd floor, Location A-6). All the rest of the buttons are gouged with crude Xs.

The overhead light in the 10'x10' elevator flickers annoyingly. The speaker endlessly repeats a loudly distorted recording of a Buddy O'Burger jingle from a bygone era that seems to end with the words: "You

*deserve a break, a triple dripper cheez-o steak! Eat me!"*

If known hostiles breach the elevator bank and get into the elevator while the clownug guards are alive, they will trigger the deadfall that opens the elevator's floor. Any character who does not make a DC20 Reflex save falls 20' down into Area A-5 (taking 2d6 falling damage). Those PCs who save will be hanging onto the opened floor panels or pressed precariously against the walls of the elevator and will still need to negotiate a safe way down (or out). The elevator doors will not open back up to Area A-5 without a pry bar or a DC 25 Strength check.

**Note:** There is also an entrance to the stairwell here that runs up and down the length of the building.

**Clownug (4):** Init +2; Atk bite +4 melee (1d7+3), fist +3 melee (1d4+3, subdual or lethal), or pistol +3 missile (1d8, range 60/120/180); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 2d10; hp 11 each; MV 45'; Act 1d20; SP FEED!; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

### ENCOUNTER A-6: BASEMENT TRAP

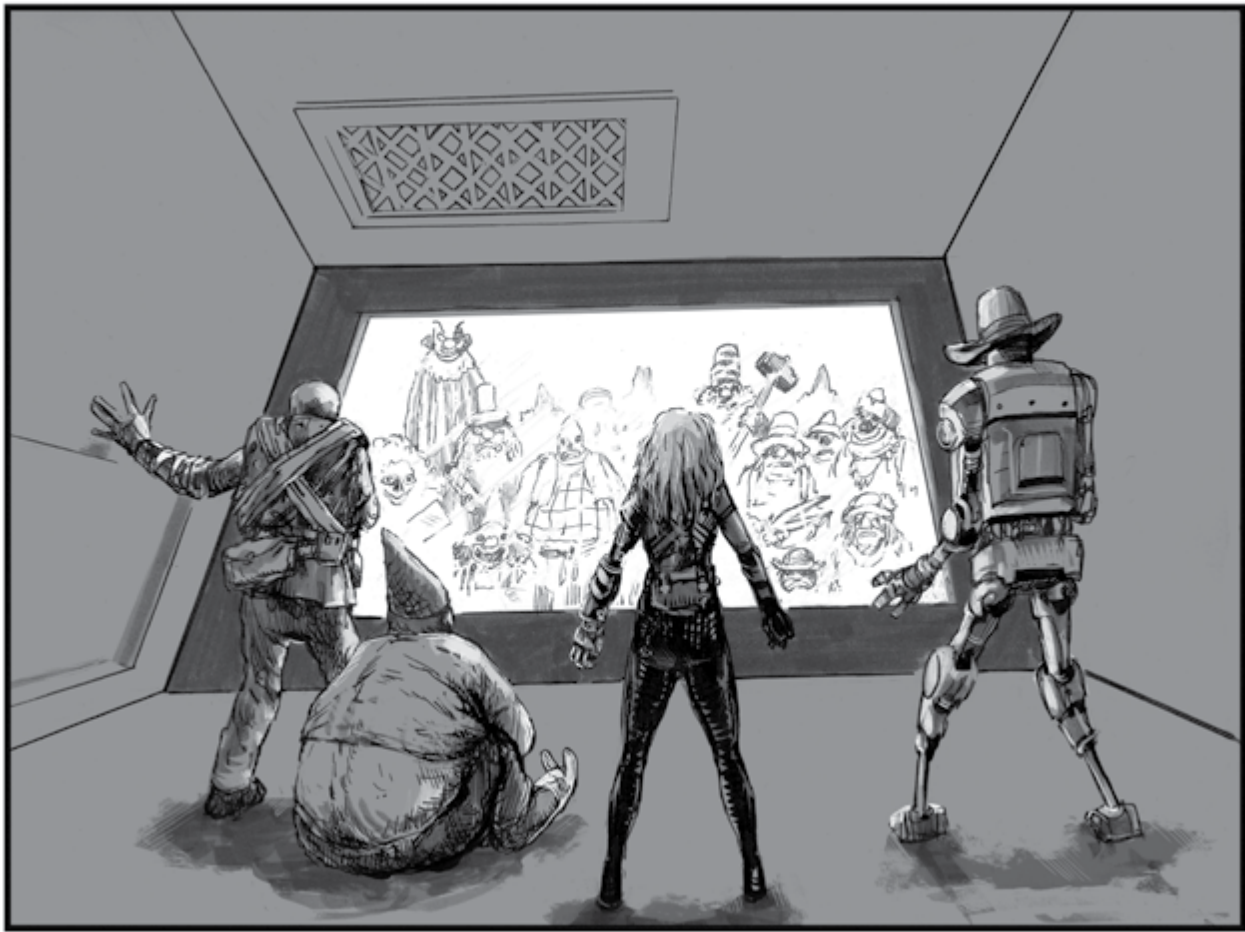
*The elevator floor gives way depositing you into a dank, smelly pit with a century or two of trash at the bottom. A hazy yellow light pours out of an opening nearby, roughly three feet above the bottom of the elevator shaft. Through this opening, you see a room made of white plastic with a thick square glass window covering the far wall. Facing the window, you see some sort of grill or venting on the right hand plastic wall.*

Clambering into the light, the PCs find themselves in a small 20'x20' area with a semi-opaque glass door on one side. When up to three of them get through the shaft's door, the elevator doors will shut behind them. Characters attempting a Reflex save DC 15 can try to jump back out into the bottom of the shaft before the doors shut. A DC 20 Strength check and a crowbar or other similar instrument is required to force open the elevator doors.

PCs can try to break open the opaque glass "microwave door"; this requires 10 hp of damage, and the door is treated as Armor Die 1d3 reduction.

The other way that the PCs might escape doom is to try to damage the magnetron device within the trap. The magnetron is near the wall with the venting, behind a weakened panel. There is no way to open this panel, but it could be smashed—treat the wall

## LOCATION A: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS



as Armor Die 1d6 of damage reduction with 10 hp of damage needed to destroy the device.

Others will be trapped in the microwave chamber! A circular tray is built into the floor. PCs will revolve slowly as the tray rotates, ensuring they are thoroughly and evenly cooked.

The cooking will continue for 5 rounds, doing damage as follows:

Round 1: 1d3 damage

Round 2: 1d4 damage

Round 3: 1d5 damage

Round 4: 1d6 damage

Round 5: 1d7 damage.

**Note:** This damage ignores Armor Dice.

When round 5 is over, a bell dings and the wall with the opaque glass window opens. Outside are 2d10 Buddy buddies, desperately hungry for human flesh. They show no regard for table manners.

The rest of the room is filled with smashed furniture, analog pornography, skeletons, and lots of worthless electronics and other junk. There are two exits:

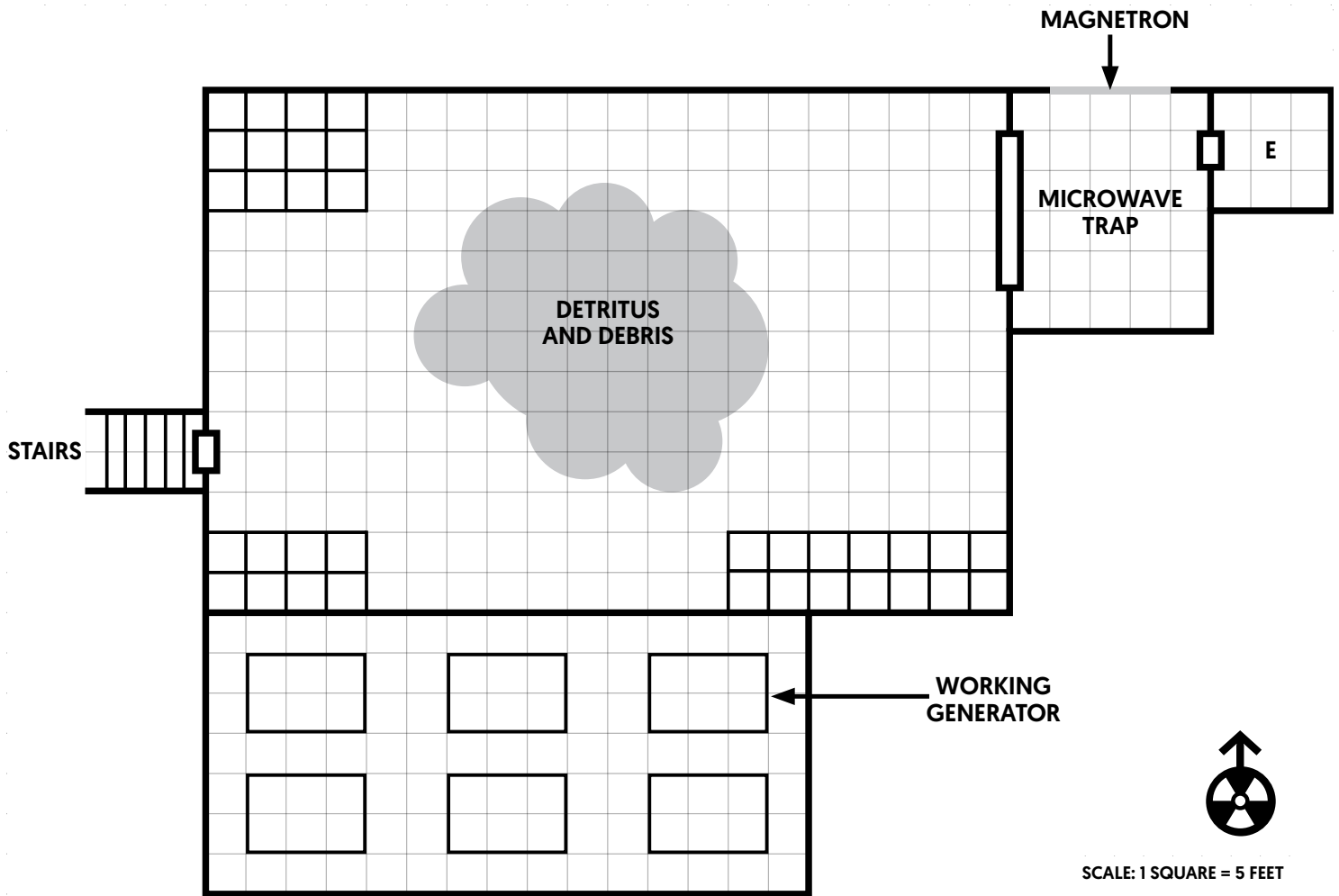
The first opens into a stairwell going all the way up past the lobby level to the 23rd floor. (It also opens into Area A-5.)

The second opens into the climate control and electrical room for the whole building. Full of archaic equipment that is no longer in use, this room does harbor the one generator that powers the lights, elevator and so on. A DC 15 Intelligence check will allow PCs to destroy or turn off the power to the building, de-powering the elevators and the lights.

**Buddy buddy (2d10):** Init +2; Atk serrated knife, spiked club or chopper +2 melee (1d5); AC 12 (cloth armor); Armor Die nil; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 35'; Act 1d20; SP +2 to all attacks and damage if 3 or more are attacking the same enemy; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.



## MAP: BUDDY HQ BASEMENT (LOCATION A-6)



### ENCOUNTER A-7: EXECUTIVE LEVEL (23RD FLOOR)

Despite the spacious floor, almost of all of Buddy O'Burger's senior disciples are in the boardroom, debating what to do about the blockage of divine magic that has cut off the supply of meat from Buddy himself.

All are dressed in corporate-style pinstriped business suits, with only a few nods to their clown motif.

Fortunately, since the head clown is present, the faction may actually bargain effectively with the PCs, should they choose to try to make a deal.

**Clownug (8):** Init +2; Atk bite +4 melee (1d7+3), fist +3 melee (1d4+3, subdual or lethal), or pistol +3 missile (1d8, range 60/120/180); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 2d10; hp 11 each; MV 35'; Act 1d20; SP FEED!; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

The CEO (Chief Edibles Officiant) for the Oniontown operation is an ecclowniast who will gladly bargain with adventurers. He can offer them money, gas, and some weapon-type artifacts in exchange for putting down the Salt Lich (his first choice, for which he will give more loot) or the Piggy King (his second choice, for which he will give less loot). He promises that both parties have plenty of spoils to which the PCs are welcome. (Loot is kept in the blimp; see Area A-7 for more details.)

He would also be willing to hire the PCs to open up Industrial Park A, a longtime goal, but for this he needs the toggles that the other two parties have. He describes the toggles as "white plastic keycards with a strange double triangle mark on them." The mark is the logo of the long-forgotten cryogenics company (CRYO-STOR LLC) that leased one of the buildings in Industrial Park A.

## LOCATION A: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS



The CEO has also received divine visions of Dr. Latrell Wims whom he believes to be somehow imprisoned at the facility. He can give the PCs a rough description of Dr. Wims without divulging the reason that he wants him returned alive and intact (because Dr. Wims had developed a highly-addictive “Buddy-Sauce” centuries ago).

**The CEO:** Init +2; Atk burger mace +5 melee (1d6+2+special or subdual damage) or bite +4 melee (1d5+2); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 2d10; hp 28; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP FEED!; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +4; AL L.

The CEO can normally cast the following spells:

- *Blessing* (DCC RPG, pg 255).
- *Food of the Gods* (DCC RPG, pg 262) - Currently blocked by the Salt Lich.
- *The Crave* (USG, pg 201).
- *Healing Feast* (USG, pg 202) - Currently blocked by the Salt Lich.
- *Meat Harvest* (USG, pg 203).
- *Fryerball* - as the wizard spell *fireball* (DCC RPG,

pg 216) with the manifestation of explosions of boiling oil and french fry shrapnel.

Should a battle go against the CEO, he will flee upstairs to the helipad, while his fanatical clownug disciples (“vice-presidents”) do anything to cover his escape.

The rest of the executive level is not covered in depth, but a quick key to the level is provided. The GM should further embellish as desired.

- Conference rooms: These empty depressing rooms have only durable furniture, non-working phones and motivational posters.
- Offices: These have more office furniture and all the typical office accoutrements, all of which are dusty and unused, as well as laptops, hard-wired deskphones and printers. PCs making a Luck check may find a bottles of hard liquor and appropriate tumblers.
- Each lavatory is a spotlessly clean private toilet.
- Putting green: This three-hole green has a rubbery, poorly maintained green putting surface. There are two golf bags here, each with four putters, which can be used as clubs (1d4 damage). Each golf bag contains 1d12 golf balls.
- Video conference: A DC 18 Intelligence check is needed to operate the AV equipment here. All the available parties to be contacted are other locations of Buddy O'Burger cults.
- Private Buddy O'Burger chapel: More tastefully decorated, the executive chapel has chairs, an altar, a microwave and another crude statue of Buddy O'Burger.

### ENCOUNTER A-8: THE HELIPAD

*Stepping into the pungent air of Oniontown, the first thing you see is the huge clown-faced blimp that floats only 40 feet away from the rooftop's edge. A long precarious looking gangway is attached between the roof and the blimp's side door. The rest of the rooftop is empty except for a 20 foot tall towering clown-themed horror looming above you and belting out gruffly: “HEY! YOU CAN’T BE UP HERE!” Bellowing with rage, he attacks!*

The helipad is accessed from a short stairway





## LOCATION A: BUDDY O'BURGER CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

on the 23rd floor. No helicopter is in evidence anymore; instead the giant, garishly painted Buddy O'Blimp bobs fitfully from its moorings. There is a long, treacherous 40 foot gangway, buffeted by Oniontown's legendary winds, to the blimp's access door. Crossing this gangway requires a DC 15 Reflex save for each 10 feet crossed. If this saving throw is failed, the character is blown off the gangway and falls to their death. If roped to a companion or other heavy object, a failed save will merely indicate that they were dumped off the gangway but they can recover their footing in 1d4 rounds and try again.

Two 300 foot coils of industrial strength rope are laying usefully on the helipad right next to the gangway's mooring.

The blimp contains the loot in a walk-in safe in the captain's quarters. The blimp has two clown-costumed pilots, who want nothing to do with firefights on the blimp—any firearm discharge requires the PC to make a Luck check to determine if the blimp catches fire and becomes an epic inferno crashing down on the streets below.

Any character on the walkway when the blimp plunges is also lost in an epic fireball explosion ending in a multi-piece (approximately) 23 story free fall. No need to roll to recover the body.

If the pilots are killed, any character trying to pilot the blimp must make a DC 20 Intelligence check (on a 1d10 unless the PC is trained in air vehicle piloting!). (Note that petrol heads can roll 1d16 to pilot unfamiliar vehicles.) Failure has the same infernal results as mentioned above. The blimp can remain aloft for up to 1d4 hours if not tampered with, but if unattended will sooner or later plunge to the earth.

The loot is kept in the blimp and consists of the following (consult the USG for full details):

- 8 grenades: (2 frag, 2 concussion, 2 percussion, 2 bundles of dynamite)
- 6 firearms: (1 assault rifle, 1 Hi-Power pistol, 2 revolver pistols, 1 shotgun, 1 bolt rifle)
- 2d5 magazines of ammo for each firearm (though the CEO might make foolish PCs negotiate extra for that!)

- 2 full suits of riot armor (per pg 119 USG)
- 1 full suit of infantry armor (per pg 119 USG)
- 100 gallons of gas
- There are also 250 pounds of frozen burger patties, the last of their stock (which they will not bargain away)
- Best of all, 25 JollyMeals, each one with an extremely useful prize! (See Appendix C)

**Pilots (2):** Init +2; Atk knife +0 melee (1d3); AC 10; Armor Dice nil; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL L.

**Clownaut (1):** Init -2; Atk bite +13 melee (2d8+6), fist +13 melee (2d6+6), or hurled object +6 missile (1d8+6, range 100'); AC 15; Armor Die [1d4]; HD 8d10; hp 40; MV 60'; Act 1d24; SP FEED!; SV Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +3; AL L.

**Special:** Clownauts cause critical hits on any natural attack roll of 20-24 that also exceeds the target's AC and use the Giants Crit table.

Once a clownaut has critically hit a human sized living foe with a fist attack, there is a 50% chance it will forgo rolling on the Giant Crit table and immediately pop them into it huge, toothy maw to consume them. The victim gets a Reflex save (DC 15) to avoid their grisly fate. If the save is failed, they immediately take damage from a bite attack and are swallowed. A successful save indicates the victim has escaped from the clownaut's grip. Anyone witnessing this must make a Willpower save (DC 12) or flee in terror for 2d10 rounds. The clownaut will then receive +2 to all attacks and damage as a morale bonus for a number of rounds equal to the number of HD it has consumed. Additional noshing will extend the duration of this effect but not increase the bonus.

Should the swallowed victim survive its consumption, it is now trapped in the clownaut's stomach where it takes damage each round thereafter equal to 1d8 acid and 1d8 constriction. A trapped victim can try to cut its way out with a small weapon (such as a dagger) by inflicting 15 points of damage against AC 22. If a victim does manage to cut its way free, the clownaut must make a Fortitude save (DC 25) or spend the next 4d4 rounds clutching the exit wound and bellowing until they recover.



## LOCATION B: PALACE OF THE PIGGY KING

### LOCATION B: PALACE OF THE PIGGY KING

The Piggy King is holed up in the former Oniontown Institute of Arts, which is situated on a large lakeside plot on the Northern end of town, once a picturesque location. The building is a grand marble edifice of open halls and vaulted ceilings. Once old-fashioned, even stodgy and elegant, the building now smells like fried grease, rotting meat and urine, courtesy of the many Piggy pals in the building.

All windows and doors were long since boarded up and barred shut permanently. Characters trying to enter via windows or doors on any level will need to do 25 hp of damage to the various obstacles before finding entrance. The noise will definitely summon 1d10 Piggy pals in 2d4 rounds. The lighting is dim overhead electric lights, now powered by the generator in Location B-3.

#### ENCOUNTER B-1: OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE

*Beside the unnamed northern lake and a large flat of weed-covered broken asphalt, this stately stone building rises three stories above you. All signage has long since been overwritten or burnt away by vandals, but engraved at the top of the portico above the columned entrance are the words INSTI----- OF -RT. Long wide stone stairs lead up to the entrance, a revolving door admitting those who can get by the small rubbery-skinned pink creatures who guard the door.*

A massive revolving door controls entrance to the building. The outer security is provided by five Piggy pals:

**Piggy pals (5):** Init +2; Atk +0 tusk-gore melee (1d3+1); AC 12; Armor Die: 1d3; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP trough attack (overbear if opponent misses DC 15 Fort save, opponent is prone and AC 10 for next round, damage is 2d3+1); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

Almost any combat or altercation lasting more than 1 round will alert the guards in Location B-2 and trigger the noted defensive measures.

#### ENCOUNTER B-2: LOBBY OF DOOM

*Inside the revolving door, you're hit by a wave of humid air and the smell of hot grease. Across a space of about 40 feet you see a ramshackle barricade composed of metal, wood, ceramic, statuary, and paintings that might have once been priceless works of art. Beyond the barricade, you can see the heads of many more pink piggy creatures who seem to be eyeing you warily and perhaps waiting for a greeting, password, or sign of aggression.*

Beyond the door is a large lobby with a security desk that has been overlaid with paintings and statuary, and even some sheet metal that was formerly part of various art installations.

If PCs approach respectfully and wish to negotiate with the Piggy King faction, Count Ketchup will open the door on the south side of the security barrier and speak to them. If the PCs try to rush the Count, they will drop through the fry trap to Location B-3 (unless somehow aware and avoiding).

Otherwise, the Piggy pals will seek to repel any invaders with missile fire, force them to trigger the trap, and then fight them hand-to-hand. The Courtiers of Crunch™ from Location B-4 will reinforce the Piggy pals as needed. (If a battle persists over five rounds, the Piggy pals in Location B-3 will also join the fray in 1d3 rounds.)

**Piggy pals (10):** Init +2; Atk +0 tusk-gore melee (1d3+1) or +0 pistol missile (1d8, range 60/120/180); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP trough attack (overbear if opponent misses DC 15 Fort save, opponent is prone and AC 10 for next round, damage is 2d3+1); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

One Piggy pal has an auto-rifle and enough ammo for three autofire bursts (for 3d10 damage). Autofire will affect all creatures in a 10'x10' area. After that, it may only fire two shots per round (as semi-auto for 1d10 damage, second shot at -1d).

PCs firing at the Piggy pals are at -1d to attack because of the cover provided by the heaped bric-a-brac (including several priceless objets d'art). If the PCs clear the cover with a grenade or other means, the cover's protection is reduced to -2 as the Piggy pals still can crouch behind the solid admissions counter.

Each Piggy pal has 1d20 bullets for their pistol, but no other resources.

## LOCATION B: PALACE OF THE PIGGY KING



### ENCOUNTER B-3: DEEP FAT FRYER TRAP

*Suddenly the floor opens beneath you! If you can't move quickly enough, you fall through and end up hurtling through a chute coated with some sort of greasy mess. Before you can do anything but scream, you find yourself plunged into a vat of hot boiling oil!*

Those unfortunates who fall through the trap door in Location B-2 must make a DC 15 Reflex save or fall down a greased chute large enough to accommodate two human-sized creatures at a time. The chute is coated in sticky Original Recipe Piggy King Buttermilk Batter™ and ends in a 10'x10' pit of boiling cooking oil.

PCs immersed in the oil take 1d5 points of damage for the first round, 2d5 the second round and 3d5 each round thereafter. If removed from the burning oil, victims continue to burn for 1d4 rounds at 1d3 hp per round. Armor points do not block this damage.

All movement in the oil pit requires a DC 15 Strength check, modified by the armor penalty.

A steel wire basket is sitting in the oil pit and there are controls above that will raise the basket and the contents above the pit and then slowly flip them out onto the room's floor, where the Piggy pals will then trough attack the contents (whether still alive or no).

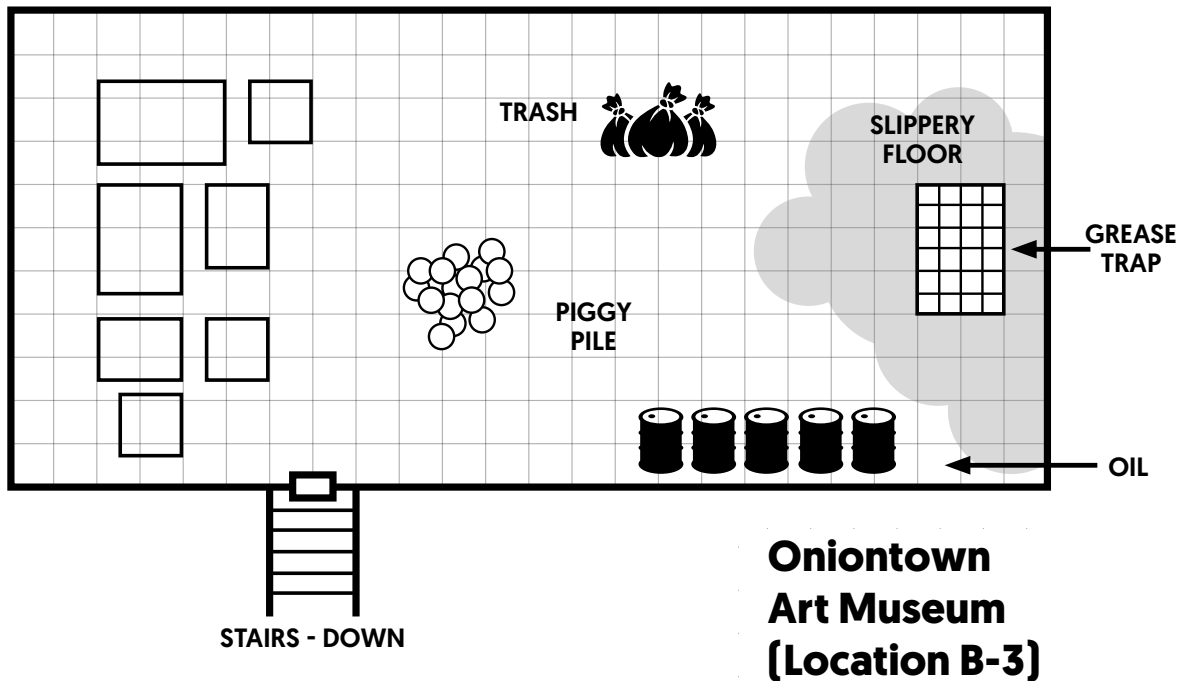
Around the pit for roughly 15 feet is a slippery, greasy floor. Anyone besides the Piggy pals trying to move in the grease must make a DC 10 Reflex save to remain standing, otherwise they will slip and be prone.

The large basement area around the burning oil trap is where the Piggy pals sleep. It's filthy and has the scraps of former victims. There is one long sword here of high quality (+1 to attacks). Also there are fourteen barrels of cooking oil and countless empty crates that once contained food. The door opens on a vast warehouse of art, much of it emptied for firewood or other fuel. There's also a generator supplying power to the rest of the building. Turning the generator off or on requires a DC 14 Intelligence check.

**Piggy pals (10):** Init +2; Atk +0 tusk-gore melee (1d3+1) or +0 pistol missile (1d8, range 60/120/180);



## LOCATION B: PALACE OF THE PIGGY KING



AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP trough attack (overbear if opponent misses DC 15 Fort save, opponent is prone and AC 10 for next round, damage is 2d3+1); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

### ENCOUNTER B-4: THE COURTIER OF CRUNCH

*This once grand hall has been stripped of the art that used to adorn its walls and now contains various partitions. It clearly houses a retinue of the same spongy pink creatures seen below, but now marshalling their forces are four human-looking warriors in varying forms of bizarre faux-medieval dress and outfitted with exotic weapons. The partitions look like old office cubicle walls; on the left, you see a large metallic box, 10 feet tall and probably 30 feet long.*

This second level of the Art Institute has been opened up into a court where the “nobles” now live, served by a retinue of Piggy pals. Though the courtiers fear the Piggy King because of his use of the Piggy King Crown artifact, they are starting to consider mutiny against his rule as the Buddy O’Burger cult is literally eating their lunch in the city while the Piggy King is increasingly withdrawn and ineffective, sitting and mumbling in his own filth atop his throne.

The Courtiers are the remnants of a wandering band of desperadoes much like the PCs. Having found the Piggy pals and the Master Grinder, they took on the roles of the Courtiers of Crunch and learned how to manipulate the Piggy pals to do their bidding. However, this strange cult-like conditioning affected them as well, until they convinced themselves that they were waiting for the one true Piggy King to appear and take control of his meat-product empire.

Though deferential to the King, they are the ones who set the strategy for the faction. They wish to eradicate the Buddy O’Burger faction (biggest priority) but would love to get the cryo-sleepers in Industrial Park A in order to make new Piggy pals and bolster their forces (second priority and mostly a means to an end of destroying the Buddy O’Burger cult).

Unless the Courtiers have been specifically lured away by the promise of a chance to raid significantly vulnerable resources, they will be here and ready to defend the palace 1d3 rounds after trouble strikes.

Tactically, they will send the Piggy pals at any intruders first, then engage in melee combat, targeting weaker PCs first. The nobles are dressed in “reenactment festival Auld Tyme armor™”, treat as scrap armor if conversion is needed.

## LOCATION B: PALACE OF THE PIGGY KING



**Count Ketchup:** Init +2; Atk +4 adhesive gun missile (no damage, range 30'); AC 14; Armor Die 1d10; HD 5d6; hp 20; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP ketchup adhesive gun—DC 15 Reflex save or be -1d in all action dice and MV cut in half, this effect is cumulative with each hit; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N.

The ketchup adhesive gun has 2d10 charges, after that the process of mixing is known only to Count Ketchup and the Piggy King.

**Duke Drumstick:** Init +2; Atk +4 mustard mace melee (1d7+2); AC 14; Armor Die 1d10; HD 5d6; hp 20; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP mustard mace—DC 15 Fort save or be -1d to all actions requiring vision due to eye irritant; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N.

The mustard mace has 2d10 charges, after that the process of mixing is known only to Duke Drumstick and the Piggy King.

**Baron BBQ:** Init +4; Atk +6 battle axe melee (1d8+3); AC 14; Armor Die 1d10; HD 5d6; hp 25; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N. Baron BBQ doesn't have any special weapons or powers, he's just a badass.

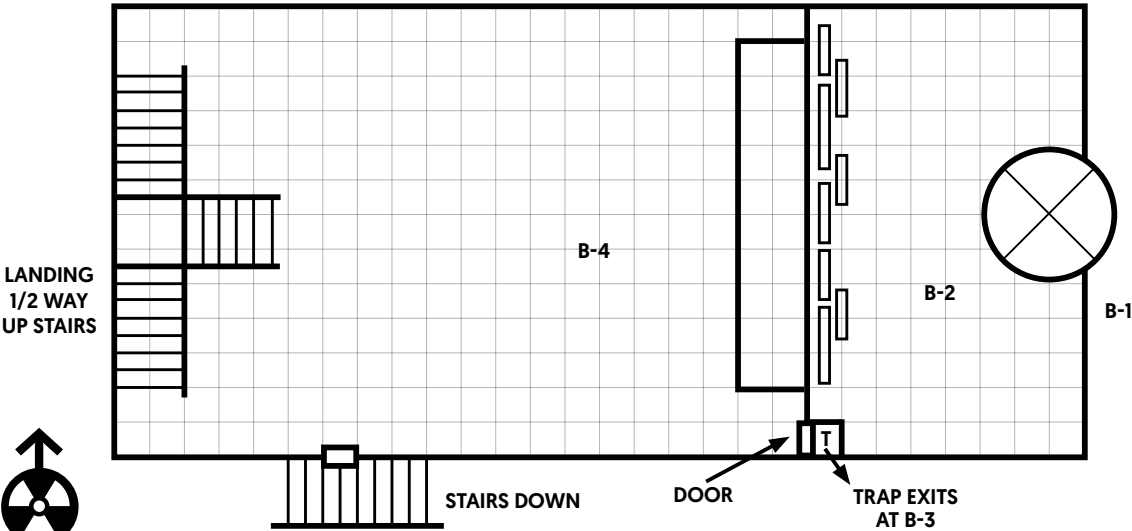
**Queen Coleslaw:** Init +4; Atk +4 slaw-slicer melee (2d7); AC 14; Armor Die 1d10; HD 5d6; hp 20; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP slaw-slicer; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N.

The slaw-slicer is a prosthetic weapon of two whirling razor-sharp blades attached to the end of her right wrist. This prosthetic weapon is powered by her brain-waves. If removed by a technologist, cyborg or other specialist, it can be fastened to a new creature (only a creature without a hand!) but the character will lose 1d3 points of Intelligence as their synaptic electricity is siphoned off to power the weapon. This effect is permanent as long as the slaw-slicer is fixed to one's wrist.

**Piggy pals (10):** Init +2; Atk +0 tusk-gore melee (1d3+1) or +0 pistol missile (1d8, range 60/120/180); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP trough attack (overbear if opponent misses DC 15 Fort save, opponent is prone and AC 10 for next round, damage is 2d3+1); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

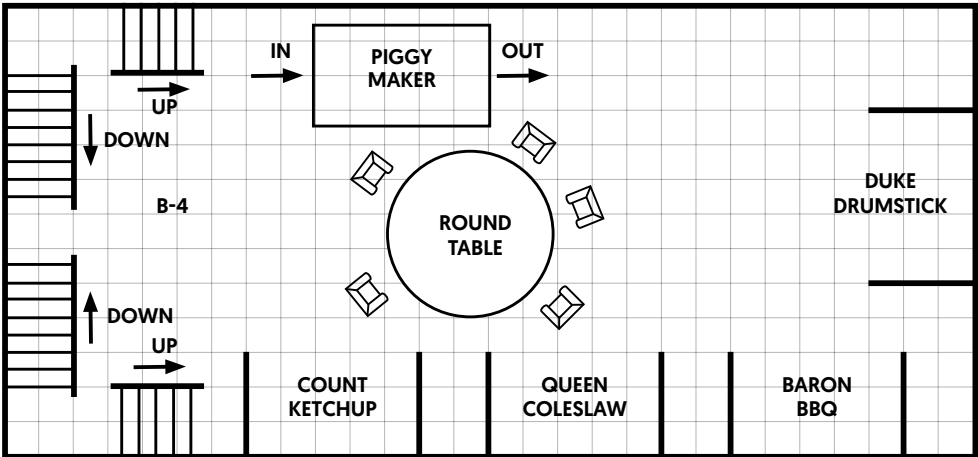


MAP: ONIONTOWN ART MUSEUM (LOCATION B)

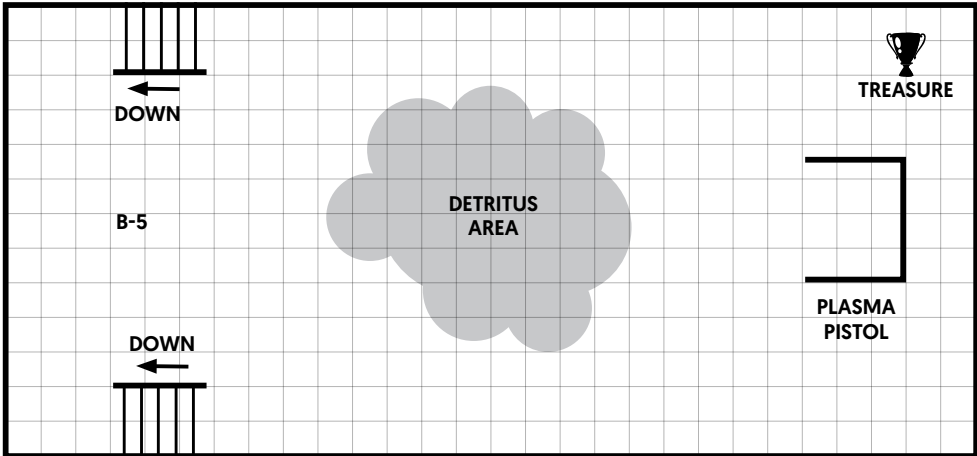


SCALE: 1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

First Floor



Second Floor



Third Floor

## LOCATION B: PALACE OF THE PIGGY KING

This floor, once a great hall filled with some of the world's greatest paintings, sculpture and art installations is now the squalid living quarters of many Piggy pals and the nobles that live and feed with them. The nobles live in cubicles marked on the map. Besides their weapons and a slovenly unmade bunk, each of the nobles has an emergency stash of food, consisting of many cases of: Lil Davy Snack Cakes, Krust-e-Mor Beef Jerky, Pig-in-a-Box Meat Product, and Question Mark Chili.

In the back of the hall is a large 10 foot tall by 30 foot long stainless steel box with a standard door-sized opening. Prisoners of the Piggy King are thrust through the door and into the Master Sausage-Maker™. When the door is bolted shut, and a red button near the front entrance is depressed, any inhabitants are moved through the inner box, completely chopped up, destroyed, and shortly thereafter reconstituted out the other end through a curtained doorway as 1d3 Piggy pals, who may or may not share some features of their original body. The Piggy pals may make one DC 20 Willpower save to remember their past life, but even if so, the process is irreversible and though they can cast spells and use mental powers per their original identities they are forever trapped in their new "Piggy Product™" bodies!

### ENCOUNTER B-5: THE THRONE ROOM OF THE PIGGY KING

*Across a vast dimly-lit, trash-strewn gallery, you can see a figure reposing on a throne. Long hair and a dense dirty beard hide his face. He appears to be wearing a white robe and flip-flop sandals, with a fanny pack pulled around to rest beneath his shirtless paunch. He ignores you completely, but seems to be mumbling to or at someone you can not see.*

The Piggy King sits on his throne, stark raving mad. In fact, during a raid on a Buddy buddy raiding party eight months ago, this lunatic happened to be found wearing the "Piggy King Crown™"—a yellow band of soiled paper fashioned into the rough approximation of a medieval crown—and he was immediately made the supreme ruler of the Piggy King cult by the courtiers and all the Piggy pals.

The nobles will not allow the Piggy King to see or negotiate with any outsiders. Such things are handled by Count Ketchup or Queen Coleslaw at all times.

But if all of his courtiers are destroyed, PCs may penetrate the upper level and find the Piggy King, in which case they can do anything they want with him.

If queried on the Buddy cult, the Salt Lich, etc. the wild-eyed disheveled Piggy King will go on at some length about the "food-demons from far Zenn-La" and their voices, which have told him to have more people go into the "metal room" so that they can become "food people" (Piggy pals) and he can have more "people" to "love" (eat).

In a fanny pack stretched over his grimy t-shirt, he has Security Toggle 1 for Security Layer 1 in Industrial Park A, as well as some old greasy coupons for "EZ-LAX™" (the colon's helper!), three packets of grape jelly and a pill bottle of antibiotics (12 pills). These pills will help the consumer throw off any bacterial infection if the consumer makes a Luck check to ensure that a given pill is still effective.

**Piggy King:** Init +0; Atk +0 punch melee (1d2); AC 10; Armor Die nil; HD 1d6; hp 3; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort -2, Ref -2, Will +2; AL C.

Should any PCs have the foresight to try to remove and use the Piggy King Crown™, they must make a DC 15 Agility check to remove the sticky, brittle crown from his matted hair without tearing it. If intact and worn by a PC, all nobles and Piggy pals will instantly swear allegiance to their new Piggy King! Any new Piggy pals produced via the Master Grinder will likewise obey him without fail.

Note that each week after it is taken, the wearer must make a Luck check or the ancient tattered crown will tear and all Piggy pals and other cultists will immediately turn on their once-monarch.

Leaning against the throne on his right-hand side, the Piggy King has rested and promptly forgotten a plasma pistol (see *USG*, pg 122). It has 15 shots left, but there is no further ammo beyond that in the Piggy Palace.

Piled haphazardly in the corner to the left of his throne is a pile of treasure:

- 5 boxes of nine-volt batteries
- A jewel-encrusted scepter (originally a priceless Asian exhibit artifact from the museum)
- 11 unopened, 1 opened, box of Choco-Cojos (chocolate snack cakes with a cream filling!)



## LOCATION C: LAIR OF THE SALT LICH

### LOCATION C: LAIR OF THE SALT LICH

*The centuries-old gothic style church is in grave disrepair, surrounded by old tilted cracked tombstones and an ankle-high pile of litter that stirs in the never-ending gusts of wind. From the outside, two doors are visible, a fifteen foot high wooden double door in the front of the church and a small service door in the back. High on the stone walls, the stained glass windows appear to be surprisingly intact.*

#### ENCOUNTER C-1:

The graveyard outside the church is protected by a legion of litter mummies; dehydrated ghouls wrapped in all sorts of waste paper, wrappers and so on. They rise from the dense layer of litter and attack by smothering the invaders with this clutter.

The church is literally surrounded by a two foot high ring of litter, fast food wrappers, candy wrappers, newspapers, tin cans and other detritus. There is no way (on land) to approach the church without wading through the garbage, and any movement in this sea of trash stirs the litter mummies into life.

Litter mummies are abominations of life and nature and can be turned by any cleric whose god would find such creatures unholy. The litter mummies burn prodigiously, but in this jungle of garbage, fires can be deadly for all involved. While the litter mummies take double damage from fire, any PCs using fire for an attack (or dropping a torch, etc.) must make a Luck check or light the bone-dry litter on fire. In case of a conflagration like this, everyone in the litter zone will take 2d6 of fire damage until exiting the area, and must make a Luck check to avoid catching fire even after leaving the area.

Unless the litter is somehow burned away, more litter mummies will re-form even when the first five are destroyed. Another five will appear within 2d4 rounds to attack any character standing in their field of trash.

Scattered beneath the debris are the remnants of many former adventurers and other victims. Any PC passing through the litter area who rolls a 1 on a 1d5 has found something valuable, roll 1d4 to determine:

1. A gray alien skeleton wearing a ring that acts as a universal translator, which translates spoken/



heard languages even for species that are barely technological and lack self-awareness (like humans).

2. A bubble helmet that allows a PC to breathe underwater.
3. A crossbow with 3 remaining grenade tipped arrows: 3d7 damage to any target struck and d7 to all within 10'.
4. A flak jacket.

**Litter mummies (5):** Init +4; Atk litter wrapping+4 melee (escalating damage die starting at 1d5); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 4d10; hp 22 each; MV 30'; Act 1d24; SP un-dead characteristics; smothering attack (if attack hits, victim takes 1d5 and then makes a Fort save vs. attack result or automatically moves up the dice chain for damage at the start of each subsequent round), double damage from fire; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +10; AL N.

## LOCATION C: LAIR OF THE SALT LICH

### ENCOUNTER C-2: THE CHURCH

*Within the dim, unlit church, a familiar scene of destruction and looting awaits you. The fine old wooden pews are barely standing. Dust and litter coat the floor. The vandalized altar is bare. There is a bell tower high above the western end of the church with a stairway that appears to lead up to it on the northwest corner of the building. There is one more door on the raised stage, behind the altar.*

There are three “bag-traps” hidden in the floor leading from the main entrance to the altar (DC 15 Intelligence check or *find traps* to discover, if those areas of the floor are carefully searched). When PCs walk over those sections of floor, the ancient cobblestones will open and a PC will fall into the high-strength plastic bag, which will automatically vacuum seal and fall 20 feet into Area C-3 below. The PCs must make a DC18 Reflex save to avoid falling into the bag-trap. If caught, they sustain 2d5 falling damage (as the bag slightly breaks their fall) and then will suffocate in rounds equal to their Stamina divided by half (rounding up) e.g., for a 13 Stamina character, 7 rounds.

Cutting out of the bags requires a sharp object (sword, dagger, etc.) and a DC 18 Strength check. Hacking apart the bags from the outside is the same, but if not done with great care, will result in the trapped victim suffering injury from the weapon used to open the bag equal to its normal damage -1 die step (e.g., for a dagger, 1d3).

At the top of the belltower is Old Briney, a brine golem, a vaguely humanoid garlicky monstrosity (pickle). If the bag traps are triggered, the brine golem drops a rope and slides down 50 feet from the bell tower and attacks. Otherwise, the brine golem will wait to attack until the PCs are venturing down to the next lowest level.

**Old Briney:** Init +4; Atk smash +4 melee (1d12+3); AC 14; Armor Die 1d3; HD 8d10; hp 55; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP squirting (all wounds caused in melee squirt necro-brine on the attacking opponent, DC 15 Reflex save or take 1d8 damage and lose one step of armor die); animated traits—immune to disease and mental powers, ½ damage from fire and cold, immune to electricity; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will NA; AL N.

Old Briney is crafty and will not willingly trigger the



bag-traps itself, but will place itself in melee where opponents are likely to step into them or try to knock opponents into them. If combat with the brine golem takes more than three rounds, the Salt Lich will arrive from below and aid it, but only after it has disposed of any unfortunates caught in the plastic deathtraps.

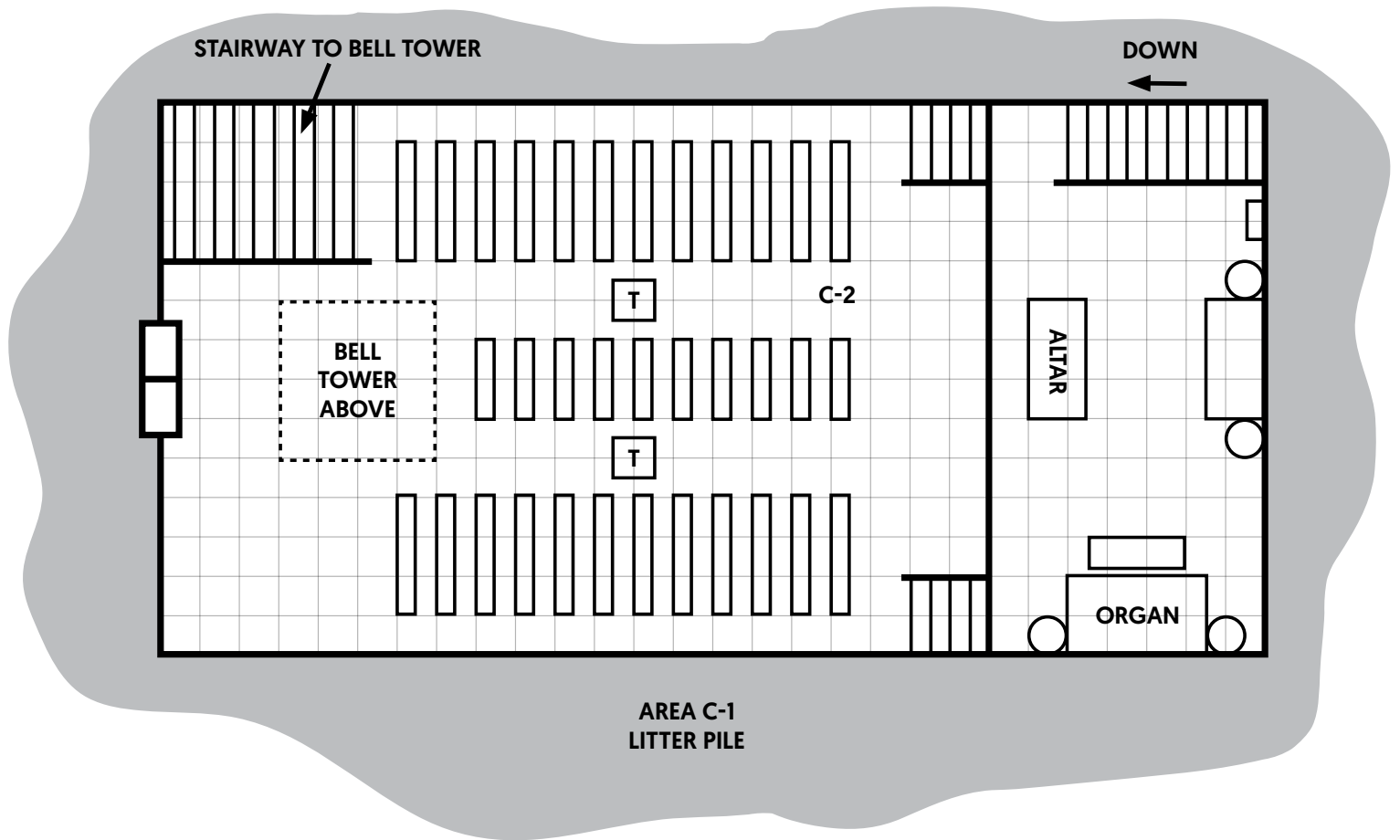
### ENCOUNTER C-3:

*The air is dank and humid in this basement laboratory. A worktable on the north wall has an array of beakers, burners, and vats of bubbling substances. There next are also two rickety dusty cabinets. Against another wall are large plastic bins and barrels. But most impressive is a large closed vat of sour-smelling light-green liquid next to a metallic brass tank. In the middle of this room stands a skeletal figure in a torn, ragged cape. Its dessicated skin is drawn so tightly about him that it might be a mummy.*

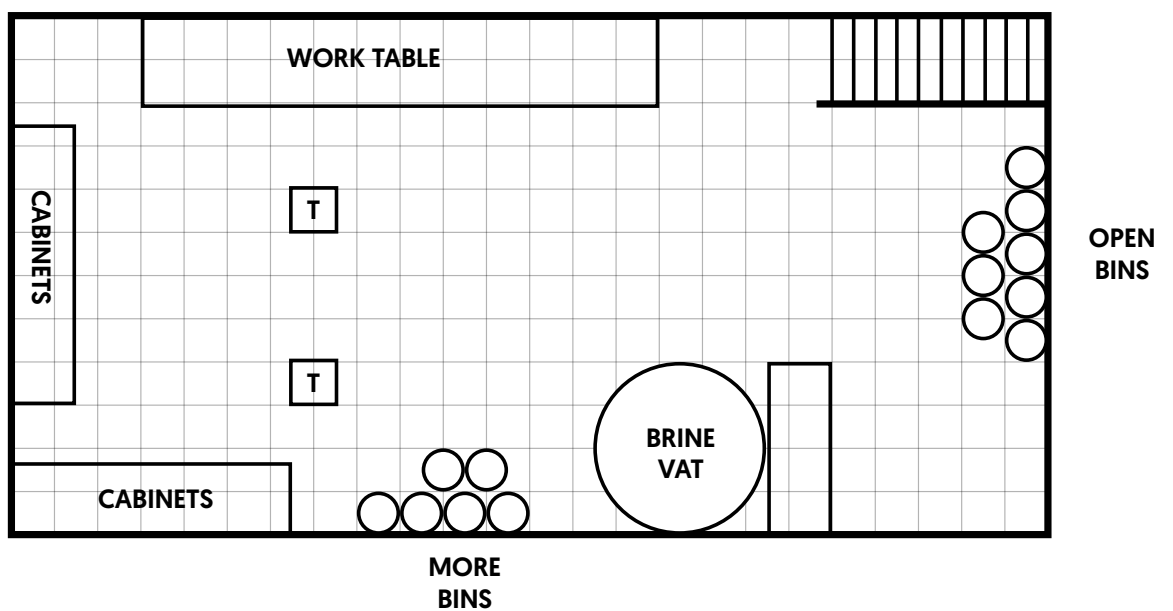
The cabinets are full of preserved foods, made from those who were foolish enough to venture here previously, all of them lovingly preserved in plastic shrink wrap. Also in the cabinets, in four unmarked capped glass tubes, are four brine potions (see below) as well as copious notes, recipe files, and diagrams. The plastic bins are full of bone chips, dried eyeballs,



## MAP: LOCATION C: LAIR OF THE SALT LICH



### AREA C-3



SCALE: 1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

## LOCATION C: LAIR OF THE SALT LICH

frozen viscera rolls, tongue-gummies, etc.

As noted, the Salt Lich will be here in the laboratory unless the Old Briney combat takes more than three rounds, in which case he will join the fun upstairs.

Of course any unfortunate PCs caught in the vacuum-seal bags are here as well, having dropped 20 feet from above. The Salt Lich is highly intelligent and will finish them off as expeditiously as possible or seek to cast *charm person* and twist them to his own ends (very likely a trip to the brine vat!).

The brine vat is a translucent glass tub eight feet high and 10 feet wide, with attached pipes from a nearby brine tank. It smells awful—tangy and sour with lumps of salt, onion, and garlic floating inside. (The top has a lid that can be pried open—the only way to enter the brine vat.)

The brine vat can be used to turn any living or dead (organic) creature into a brine golem.

- The brine will first kill a living character, causing 2d7 hp of acid damage per round, then reanimate them in 2d24 hours as a thoroughly pickled and preserved golem.
- The preserved character then would need to make a DC 20 Willpower save to retain their memories and individual powers of thought. If not, they are open to be reprogrammed by the Salt Lich or whoever is at hand. If a creature



makes the Willpower save, they retain their personality and memories but their body is permanently changed to a discolored (green) carcass with all the properties of the brine golem.

**Salt Lich:** Init +5; Atk claws +4 melee (1d8+2); AC 14; Armor Die 1d3; HD 8d10; hp 55; MV 30'; Act 1d20;



## LOCATION C: LAIR OF THE SALT LICH

SP dehydration aura—within 30' of the Salt Lich, all actions are at a -1 die step, including saving throws; un-dead traits—immune to disease and mental powers, ½ damage from fire and electricity, immune to cold; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +15; AL N.

In addition to his other traits, the Salt Lich can cast the following spells at a +10 spell check: *charm person*, *magic missile*, *magic shield*, *fly*, *rope trick*, *spider climb*, *slow*, *forget*, *shatter*, *summon foulness* (USG, pg 158), *curse of life* (USG, pg 160).

**Playing the Salt Lich:** Long ago, the Salt Lich was an upright food scientist of Oniontown, who descended to madness when the End Times came and he found more and more exotic ways to preserve his own “life” (in truth, his un-death). Though part of his twisted mind understands he is not truly alive, he refuses to admit this, claiming that he is just “perfectly preserved” as all life forms should be. Arguments on this topic make him very angry.

If Old Briney and the litter mummies are dispatched, the Salt Lich is not above bargaining with the PCs, considering them potential worthy allies to root out the Burger cult and Piggy pals at last. Though offended by their disgustingly moist meat lives, the Salt Lich will generally guess that if they can dispatch those rivals, they will move on from Oniontown and leave him in charge of a silent, empty metropolis that he can populate with litter mummies, brine golems and worse. He'd be very happy to have the PCs dispose of his rivals and then bring the hammer down on the weakened, battle-weary PCs.

He would also be happy to use the sleepers in Industrial Park A to create his new army of brine golems!

The Salt Lich is aware of the legacy of Dr. Latrell Wims, and if he is mentioned by the PCs, the Salt Lich is very interested in: A) acquiring his secret ingredients for the legendary “Buddy Sauce” as well as B) preventing him from falling into the hands of the Buddy cult.

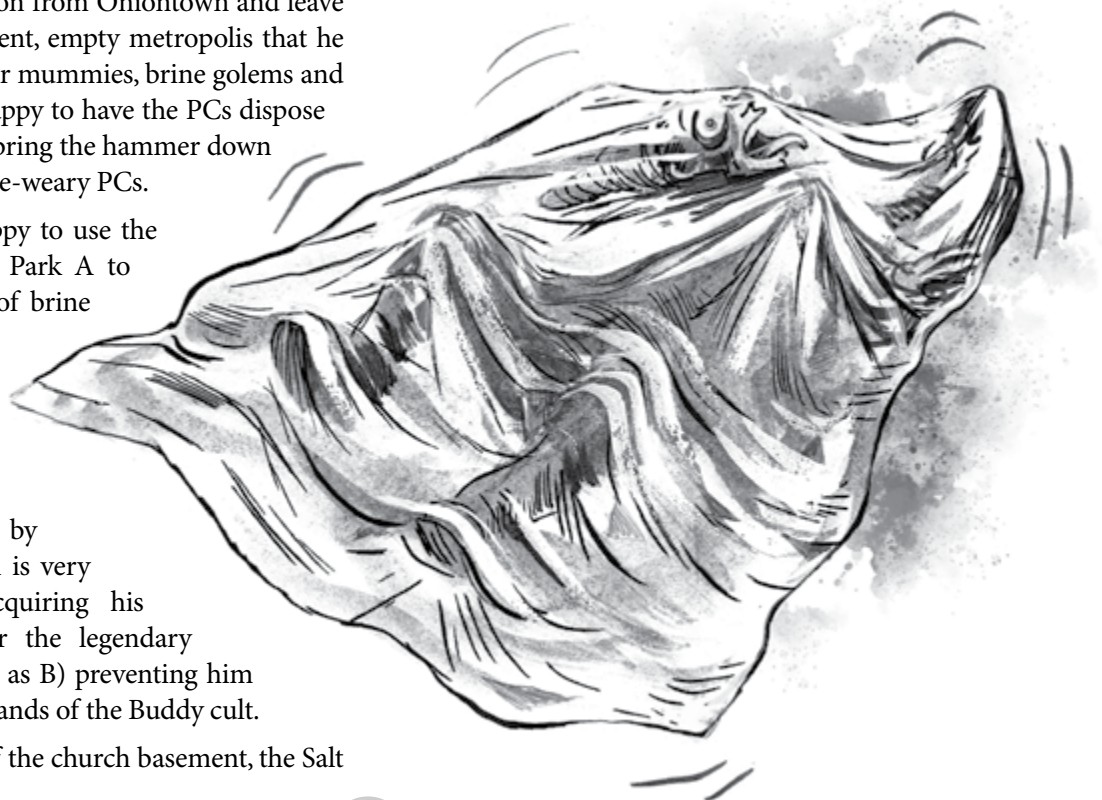
In the storage room of the church basement, the Salt

Lich has gathered the following, mostly culled from the poor unfortunates who have tried to destroy him:

- 100 gallons of gas
- 30 drums of motor oil
- 3 sets of riot gear armor
- Two semi automatic pistols and 100 rounds of ammo
- One samurai sword (treat as normal long sword, but looks more badass)
- One toggle card to Industrial Park A, Security Layer 2

Also, the Salt Lich has created four briny potions that confer the preserved benefits upon living creatures temporarily:

- Drinking this brine solution, a PC is immune to disease or the need to eat, breathe or sleep for 24 hours. At the end which time, the PC must make a DC 15 Fortitude save or lose a point of Stamina permanently.
- He will happily give any PCs these potions as they will allow him to influence an imbibor as if casting *charm person* upon them. This effect does not work if the Salt Lich is not present when the potion is consumed.



## LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A

### LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A

*You stand before a trio of burnt out buildings that appear to have been long abandoned. The floor-to-ceiling glass windows of the lower levels are broken, the parking lots are empty and choked with weeds except for one lone rusted hulk with no wheels. There's no sound and no sign of life as you approach the empty buildings.*

Designed to withstand any apocalypse, Industrial Park A has indeed weathered the worst humankind could throw at it, relying on several backup generators and untouched solar collectors on the building's roof. (If anyone should think to look for these, they can be quite valuable—if you can get them off the roof.)

The Lobby for the Cryo-Stor building is hardly promising. The reception desk is riddled with bullet holes. A skeleton lays face down on the desk. The elevators are without power. The only entrance to the lower level is via the safety stairway, an unlit set of concrete stairs leading five stories up and two stories down. The upper levels are full of wrecked office furniture, scorch marks, skeletons, and nothing else.

#### ENCOUNTER D-1: BASEMENT

*This dry dusty room is as empty of life as the levels above. A massive long dormant furnace dozes in the far side of the room. Various unlit control panels appear to have once controlled the cooling and heating for the facility. Cleaning and maintenance tools are strewn about the floor, the leftovers of a long-ago looting spree. The back of the room recedes into darkness.*

The first level down is the basement. This door is unlocked. Though somewhat looted, a PC can find a mundane tool with a Luck check.

Truly resourceful characters might find a concealed trap door that bypasses Security Layer 1 on the floor in the back. The power locks are disabled (de-powered) but anybody with massive strength (DC 25 Strength check) or explosives might be able to open the heavy metal door. It's concealed in the floor and is discoverable with a DC 20 Intelligence check.

#### ENCOUNTER D-2: SECURITY LAYER 1

*The stairs continue downward and open into a small room with a large gray metal panel door. To the left of it, standing at belt height is a black metal panel about six inches by six inches. In the corner of the room, two backpacks have been deposited in an orderly row, both dusty with disuse.*

The second story opens into a dimly lit landing with a working security door. There is a working toggle pad (press toggle card to featureless black pad—it beeps!) next to the outer door, but no other lock mechanism. The door can only be opened on a DC 30 Strength check or by tearing the pad off and trying to rewire it with a DC 30 *hacking/electronics* check. Each toggle must be touched to this pad to deactivate their respective security layers. (There is no second pad between Security Layer 1 and Security Layer 2.) If only one toggle is used, the door does not open.

The backpacks contain four bottles of clean water each, two cans of food, four books of matches, and one also has a coil of 60 feet of nylon rope. The other has a dog-eared Bible.

Beyond the security door is a long corridor littered with skeletons. Anyone passing down the corridor without having used the first security toggle will trigger the laser trap at the halfway point—lasers shoot out from every surface, inflicting 5d6 points of damage without a save possible (as there is nowhere to dodge or jump back to). To advance through the laser barrage to the door to Security Layer 2 will mean going through one more round of the same damage.

Three skeletal corpses litter the hallway:

- One carried a backpack full of modern-era thieves tools: mirrors, blowtorch, glass cutter, lockpick gun, and a hearing aid for tumbler mechanisms. These tools grant a +5 to any relevant skills being attempted by a knowledgeable user.
- One carried a pneumatic bow (see pg 117 USG) with a still full scuba tank.
- The last carried a super-hard short sword (+1 to attacks and damage due to its sharpness), a sawed-off shotgun and a micronuke (pg 123 USG).



## LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A



At the end of the corridor is another similar door with no panel. It opens automatically when characters are within five feet of it.

### ENCOUNTER D-3: SECURITY LAYER 2

*This corridor descends roughly 30 feet by way of a ladder to the lower level and another heavy security door.*

As noted, there is a trapdoor from Area D-1 in the ceiling, unlikely to be found by anyone not specifically searching that area.

If the second toggle was not used, the remaining trap is triggered as follows: When the halfway point on the ladder is reached, the security trigger pumps freezing gas (a fast-acting ultra-deadly chemical agent) into the hall. PCs can make a DC 20 Fortitude save to resist being frozen solid, at which point they will fall down the shaft and be permanently destroyed (shattered in their brittle state). Even those surviving take 3d6 points of damage.

The final door at the bottom of this shaft requires both toggles pressed against an identical keypad as above. Without the toggles, it can only be opened on a DC 30 Strength check or DC 30 hacking/electronics check.

### ENCOUNTER D-4: CRYO STORAGE

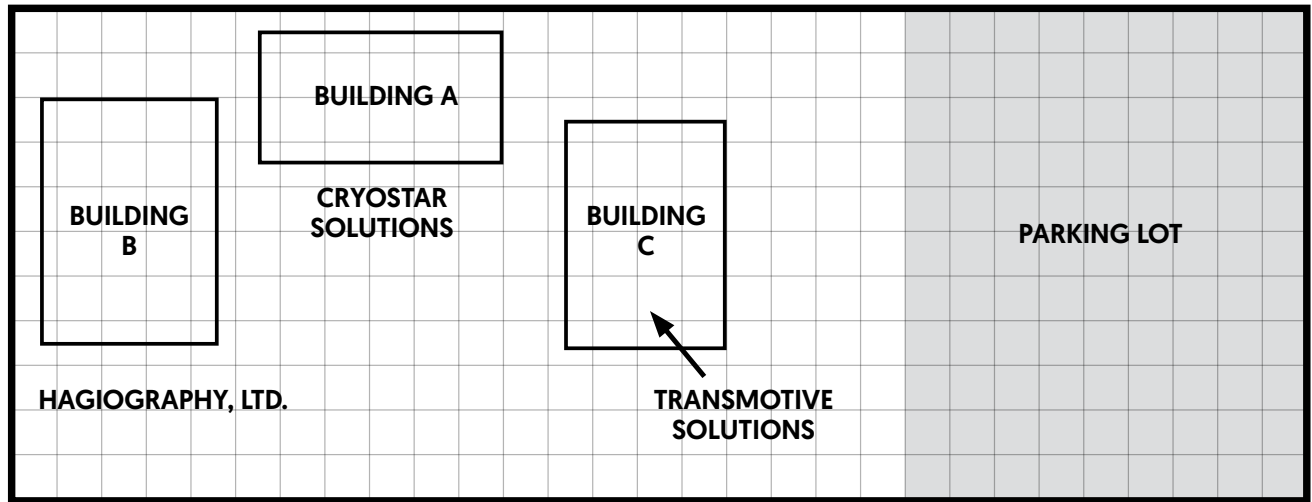
*At last the door hisses upward and you see the strange treasure hidden within. Soft blue lights from above reveal rows upon rows of clear plastic tubes lining every available wall surface. Within the tubes are a diverse assortment of people, each wearing a simple white tunic. The people look at peace, though you don't see them breathing. Their eyes are shut. Ice crystals appear to have formed on some of the tubes.*

The Cryogenic Storage area holds 170 sleeping chambers. Although most are intact, a few are damaged and hold only a skeletal corpse. All told, 141 bodies remain intact within the tubes. (And any number of accidental things might have happened to reanimate a sleeper if the players need some replacement characters.)

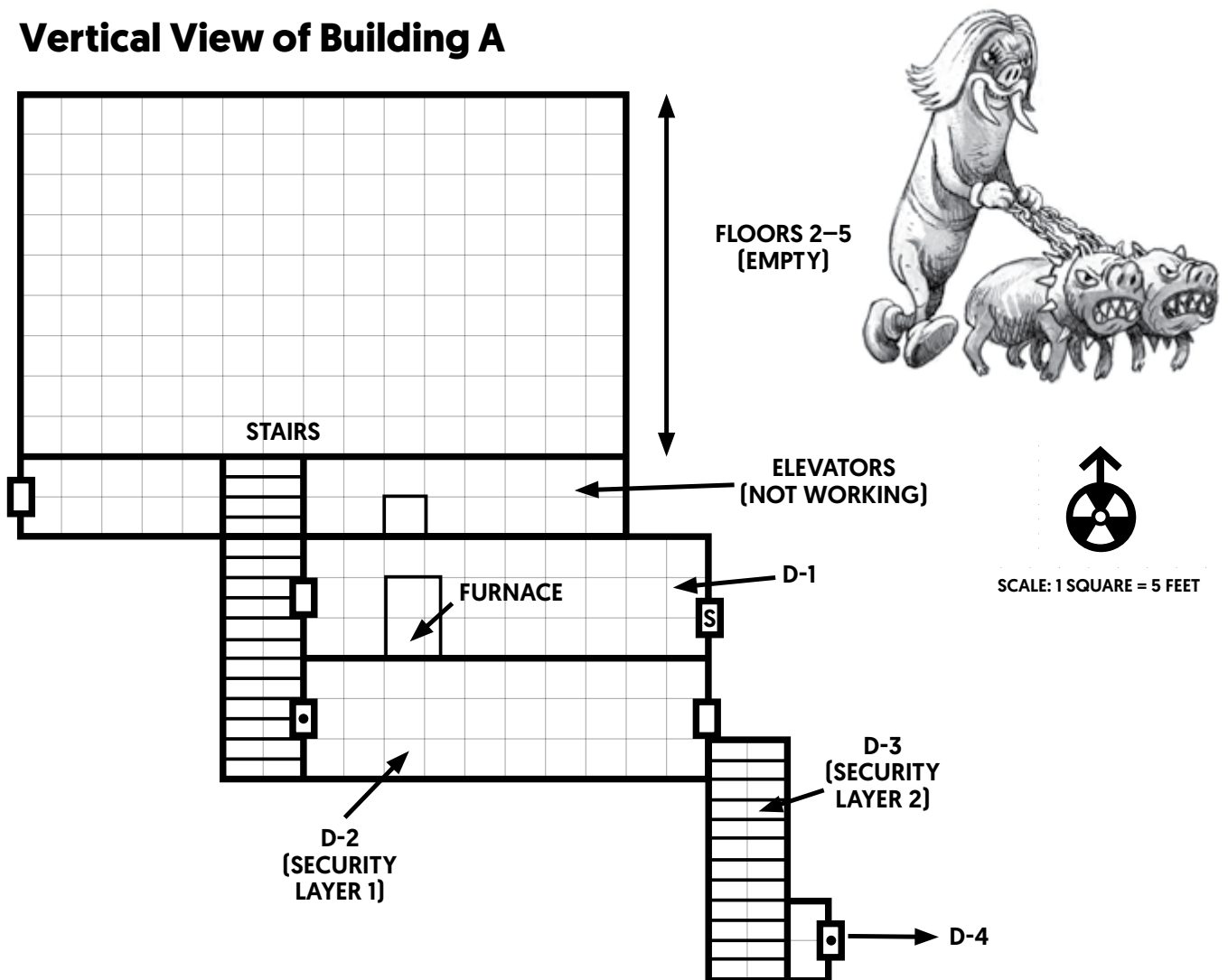
The appointed caretaker of this storage chamber is the android Howard-1. Howard-1 will protect the sleepers from anyone bent on harming them. He also still feels some guilt from the power mishap that killed 29 of the original sleepers in their tubes centuries ago.

Howard-1's programming has been corrupted and he has fallen madly in love with sleeper 137, Natalie

## LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A

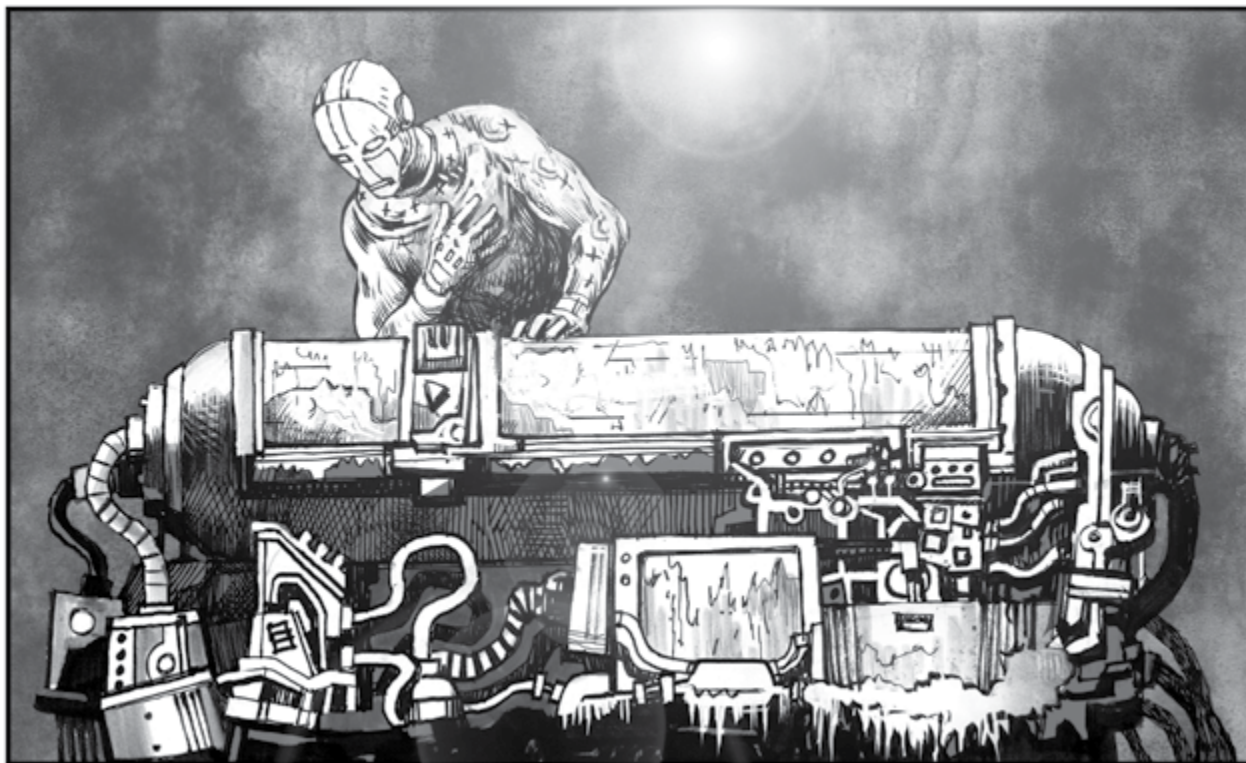


### Vertical View of Building A





## LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A



Sofia *Ramirez*. He can't actually read most of her name plate, worn away by age, so he thinks of her as "Ami". He will suspect that any intruders are there to let Ami remain unhurt and untouched. Howard is very afraid that she will be thawed and choose to leave Industrial Park A; he wishes to keep her in her current frozen state at all costs. Trying to win Howard-1's trust requires a DC 15 Personality check, but if a PC can play on his fears or his love for Ami, the GM should award a bonus based on the skill of his manipulation.

**Howard-(1 to 5) (Android) (1):** Init +4; Atk punch +2 melee (1d5+2); AC 14; Armor Die 1d3; HD 4d10; hp 22 each; MV 30'; Act 1d24; SP immune to disease, eating, drinking; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +10; AL N.

Manually forcing a sleeper tube open requires a DC 20 Strength check.

### ENCOUNTER D-4A: CRYO-SLIME

*On the ground in front of you is a light blue amorphous mass, composed of glittering crystals that shift and reform even when still. As you study it in horror, the thing slides silently forward and reaches out to you with two frosty tendrils, so cold that you can feel them as they stretch forward!*

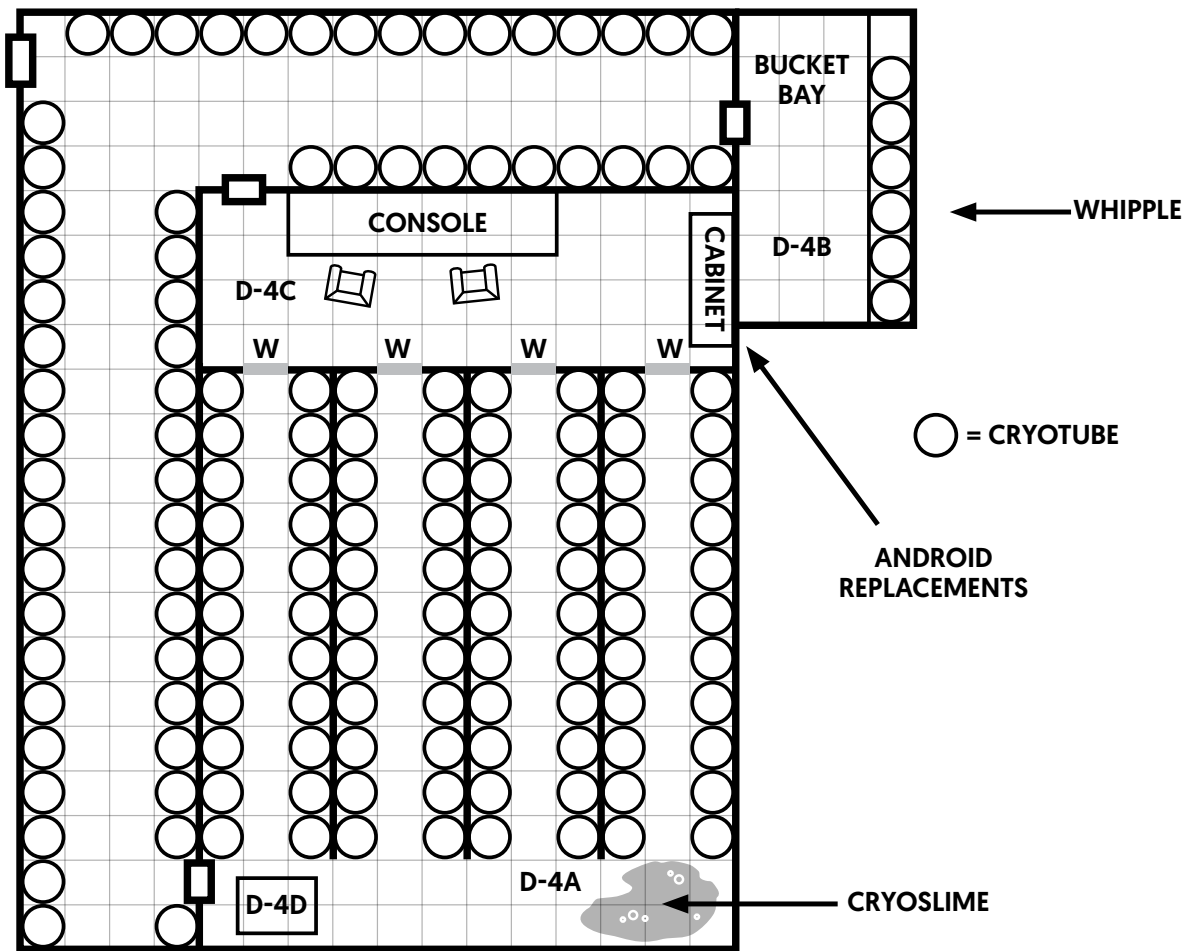
The vents to the Cryo-Storage level were not thoroughly cleaned and eventually mutant bacteria within the vents underwent radiation and cryo-chemical baths, and mutated into a cryo-slime. Howard-1 was eventually able to contain the creature in one section of the storage suite, and now they live in a delicate equilibrium. The android has decreased its own heat level to that of the room temperature and is thus undetectable to the slime, which senses only heat.

The cryo-slime will slowly move to attack any heat-bearing forms who enter the Cryo-Storage suite.

**Cryo-slime:** Init -5; Atk lash +6 melee (1d5); AC 11; Armor Die 1d3; HD 3d8; hp 15; MV 10'; Act 2d20; SP un-dead traits, 1/2 dmg from slicing and piercing weapons, fire susceptibility, immune to cold, protoplasmic breakdown; SV Fort +8, Ref -4, Will 0; AL N.

The cryo-slime is a 10'x10' puddle of frozen, malevolent ooze. Capable of slipping through the tiniest of cracks and seeping through any porous material, these slimes are relentless in their slow pursuit, only abandoning the trail if things become too warm. In combat, a cryo-slime attacks by forming individual pseudopods and lashing out at targets within 10 feet.

## LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A



**Protoplasmic breakdown:** The cryo-slime is coated in icy, digestive secretions. Contact with the slime causes a 1d4 Stamina loss as the slime digests flesh and drains body heat. The bodies of victims drained to 0 Stamina lose cohesion, melt into a puddle and awaken as cryo-slime in two rounds.

### ENCOUNTER D-4B: HEAD ROOM

On a functional stainless-steel table are five heads, each severed neck stump attached to a node embedded in the table. Each head is covered with a high glass dome. Two of the heads are dead and shriveled. Two of them appear asleep, blue tinted and covered with a light sheen of frost. The last appears to be fully awakened, with sallow skin, a large aquiline nose and bushy eyebrows over deep-set eyes. He stares witheringly at you as you enter.

In a side room are the preserved heads, all of them either dormant or dead except for the egomaniacal cult

leader known as Ambrose Wendell Whipple. Trapped in his own mind since before the apocalypse, Whipple is now a buckethead cryo-lurker. A charismatic street preacher turned science-fiction buff, Whipple built a small cult of fanatical followers claiming that he was the last descendant of Abraham-2, an alien sent to Earth to kickstart biblical prophecy in the Mayan jungles. Having scraped only enough money to have his head frozen, he's been stewing in the shame and delusions of his madness for centuries and if freed, his doctrines will be obsessive, incoherent and violent.

Sensing any prey, he will seek to attack and dominate them from afar, freeing him to make his way throughout Umerica.

**Buckethead cryo-lurker (A. Wendell Whipple):** Init +10; Atk bite -4 melee (1d3); AC 9; Armor Die 1d3; HD 3d8; hp 11; MV 0'; Act 2d20; SP un-dead traits, brainfreeze, fire susceptibility, immune to cold, telepathy; SV Fort +2, Ref -10, Will +10; AL N.



## LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A

**Brainfreeze:** As an action in combat, the buckethead may lash out with its chill mental fury. The target must make a DC 14 Willpower save or be paralyzed for 1d3 rounds and take 1d4 hit points of damage as capillaries around their brain freeze and shatter. On a critically failed Willpower save the victim additionally suffers 1d4 damage to their Intelligence. Victims whose Intelligence reach zero die and rise the next round as frost-burned (see pg 37 of the *TMM*).

**Telepathy:** Bucketheads communicate telepathically and are able to project their words into the minds of other creatures. As an action they may attempt to control their target, dominating them via telepathic instructions. Targets must succeed at a DC 12 Willpower save or take 1d3 Personality damage and be under the buckethead's control for an equal number of rounds.

### ENCOUNTER D-4C: CONTROL ROOM

*A disused office chair is pushed back in one corner of this conventional office space. A flashing computer console blinks helplessly on a large metal desk. A large steel cabinet is pushed up against the western wall of the room. Windows line the south wall, looking out onto the corridors of sleepers arranged there.*

The industrial glass windows require a DC 20 Strength check to break.

Beneath a floor tile in the southwest corner of the room is an access panel that allows access to the massive generator buried beneath the building. This supplies power to the Cryo-Storage room. It can be manipulated with a DC 20 Intelligence check. If deactivated, power will slowly phase off and all sleepers will be awakened in 3d3 rounds per the security and life support protocols.

There are four more androids (Howard-2, Howard-3, et al) sharing the same mental platform as Howard-1. The android bodies are concealed in the large titanium-steel cabinet along the east wall. They have identical statistics and a replacement will be activated if Howard-1 is destroyed. If met with overwhelming force again, all three may be mobilized. Technologically adept PCs might figure out how to block the transference or lock the security compartment using the office's console. Manipulating the android storage console is a DC 25 Intelligence check.



**Howard-(1 to 5) (androids) (4):** Init +4; Atk punch +2 melee (1d5+2); AC 14; Armor Die 1d3; HD 4d10; hp 22 each; MV 30'; Act 1d24; SP immune to disease, android characteristics; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +10; AL N.

The room's console also regulates the remaining sleepers. Use of the console for this purpose requires a DC 25 Intelligence check. If successful, the console's manipulator can choose to thaw, waken or terminate any number of sleepers, specifying the sleepers using their control code (clearly written on each tube).

- Thawed sleepers will be returned to life unharmed and in deep slumber, waking with mild stimuli. The tubes will not auto-open, but can be manually opened from without or within.
- Terminated sleepers will be destroyed by introduction of a chemical that reacts violently with their cryo-gas, killing the sleepers instantly.
- Wakened sleepers will be thawed and then resume consciousness in 3d3 rounds. Without the elaborate personal care of therapists and counselors on hand, an awakened sleeper has a 1 in 3 chance of flying into a violent rage and attacking the nearest being. Otherwise, they will be babbling, confused, and disconsolate for 1d3 hours. The tubes auto-open.

If the console's check is failed, roll 1d14 modified by the PC's Luck to find the result:

## LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A

### Failed Console Check Table

Die roll	Results
1 or lower	Roll three times on the table and take the results in order (1d4 rounds between results).
2	Roll twice on the table and take the results in order (1d4 rounds between results).
3	Terminate all individuals.
4	Terminate multiple (2d30) random sleepers.
5	Terminate one random sleeper.
6	Waken and enrage all sleepers*
7	Nothing happens.
8	Waken multiple (3d14) sleepers*
9	Waken one sleeper*
10	Thaw one random sleeper.
11	Thaw multiple random (2d24) sleepers.
12	Thaw all individuals.
13	A voice-responsive AI activates and will take verbal commands and give detailed information about how the sleepers can be revived.
14+	All remaining cryo-sleepers are revived at +2d8 hp and have been genetically boosted to function as wasteland warriors. In their immediate period of disorientation, they will obey any PC or NPC that makes the highest Personality check of DC 10 or higher.

*\*Chance of mutation: Each awakened sleeper has a 15% chance of having developed a mutation. (Or, if using as a replacement PC, of being a mutant class character.) Go to pg 169 of the USG and generate mutations via the standard process. If determined to be a mutant, the mutant class replaces the designation above.*

#### 7 Notable sleepers:

1. **Natalia Sofia Ramirez (“Ami”)**: Actually a young woman stricken with cancer, she was stored in hopes of being revived when a cure was available. As long as their programming is corrupted, she can command the Howard androids at will. As a young woman of her period with college aspirations, she will seek out stability and security.
2. **Dr. Latrell Wims**: This dapper 40 year old chemist was frozen to avoid the various intelligence agencies and conglomerates that had driven him underground after inventing a highly addictive variant of the “Extra Special Buddy Sauce” used at Buddy O’Burger restaurants. The CEO and the Salt Lich seek Wims for their own ends: Recruitment and mass-poisonings, respectively.
3. **Tyrone Tanner**: This ex-commando was frozen to be the security for the ultra-rich billionaire Greta Grendel (not detailed). Tanner should be treated as a 3rd level warrior and can be

an ideal replacement character. Whether he chooses to fulfill his mission and stay loyal to the aged Mrs. Grendel is left to the GM to determine.

4. **Phillip Reed**: This role-playing game designer and IT inventor is an expert on popular culture of his era and strangely predicted the chaos that has now engulfed the world. Though not previously trained, his intuitive grasp of Umerica is so complete that he starts play as a 2nd level cleric, wizard or technologist. He is known for his silver top hat.
5. **Baxton Buckner**: Having won all world championships available, this 30-year-old athlete (baseball, football) paid to have himself frozen at his physical prime in order to try his talents against the greatest challenges of a future era.
6. **Sarah Digby**: This reclusive shut-in secretly murdered and took the place of Aliza Drabek, a renowned writer. Consumed with guilt and now facing the prospect that she’s been revived



## LOCATION D: INDUSTRIAL PARK A

in a hellish wasteland, only the GM (and possibly players) can decide how she will react when and if she awakens in Drabek's place.

7. **The Matriarch:** Born Lavinia Sprewell, this charismatic coven leader had a dream that instructed her to enter a long sleep and wait for her time to awaken the ancient occult powers that waited in darkness. Sprewell starts play as a 3rd level wizard or cleric.



### ENCOUNTER D-4D: WEAPONS CACHE

Hidden under a false floor is a reasonable-sized cache of 21st century weapons. The false floor is noticeable on a DC 18 Intelligence check, or DC 10 if a PC is searching for secret doors. Most of the sleepers are not aware of the cache, but any sleeper with a military background was informed of the cache in

case of events just like the ones in this adventure. (If in doubt, have the lowest Luck PC in the party make a Luck check to determine if the sleeper has a military background. Or assume one military/police background for every 10 sleepers roused.)

*You notice a strange seam on the floor and when you investigate, you find that you can pull this section of the flat metal floor surface up, revealing a deep hollow opening beneath. Stacked within are jugs of water, small shiny packages, and firearms in pristine condition with boxes of ammunition in tidy stacks. Also packed in clear plastic boxes you see a true boon: sets of human-sized 21st-century armor!*

The Howard androids are aware of the cache but consider it the property of their charges and will act to conceal it unless they think it is being used for the good of "Ami." The rest of the factions have no idea that the weapons cache exists.

The cache hides the following, each of which contains four standard packs of ammo as noted on pg 122 of the *Umerican Survival Guide*:

- 2 pistols, full auto
- 1 pistol, compact
- 2 assault rifles
- 2 shotguns

In addition, the cache also contains the following armors as noted on pg 119 of the *Umerican Survival Guide*:

- 5 sets of human-sized police armor
- 3 sets of human-sized riot police armor
- 2 sets of human-sized infantry armor

Last of all, there are 20 gallons of fresh water in plastic jugs and 60 shrink-wrapped REDDI-FRESH rations, each one colorfully branded with the smiling face of Buddy O'Burger, who had acquired the contract to produce these experimental MREs just before disaster struck.



## ENDING THE ADVENTURE



## ENDING THE ADVENTURE

Betrayal is the name of the game in Ontiontown. Depending on how the PCs have gone about their business, they are likely to find at least one Ontiontown faction waiting for them above ground. (Either the one that hired them, or any of the factions that know that they have the toggles.)

The factions will first seek to intimidate or bribe the PCs and gain their prizes, without expending resources in a risky and violent firefight. But none of the factions are very subtle and will resort to mayhem if insulted or rejected a few times.

### THE BUDDY FACTION

- 3d4+6 Buddy buddies and 2d3 clownugs under the command of the CEO.
- One clownug armed with 1 machine gun
- 2-3 paddy wagons
- Armored SUV and a clownug bodyguard for the CEO.

The Buddy cult wants access to the lower levels of Industrial Park A, and will do just about anything to get there. They will be happy to trade some stores of gasoline, arms, and armor to get what they want, possibly even parting with a vehicle or two.

If the PCs have acquired Latrell Wims (alive), the food scientist, the Buddy cult will trade almost anything to the PCs in exchange for reacquiring the ancient secrets of Buddy Sauce.

They will honor an agreement once made but will vindictively punish any double-dealing.

**Clownug (3d4+6):** Init +2; Atk bite +4 melee (1d7+3), fist +3 melee (1d4+3, subdual or lethal), or by machete

(1d5+3); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 2d10; hp 11 each; MV 45'; Act 1d20; SP FEED!; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

**FEED!:** Once a clownug has slain a foe, There is a 50% chance it will immediately distend its jaws and begin to rapidly feed upon it in a horrendous display of gore. Anyone witnessing this must make a Willpower save (DC 10) or flee in terror for 2d10 rounds. The feasting will take 1 round per HD the creature had.

Upon finishing its meal, the clownug will then receive +2 to all attacks and damage plus an additional 1d20 action die for a number of rounds equal to the number of HD it consumed.

**Buddy buddy (2d4):** Init +2; Atk +0 serrated knife, spiked club or chopper +2 melee (1d5); AC 12; Armor Die nil; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 35'; Act 1d20; SP +2 to all attacks and damage if 3 or more are attacking the same enemy; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

### THE PIGGY FACTION

- 3d7+6 Piggy pals
- Baron BBQ, Duke Drumstick and Count Ketchup—each on a motorbike with 1d4 Piggy pals in the sidecar

The Piggy faction is less organized and predictable than the Buddy cult. They know that the Buddy cult highly values the secrets below Industrial Park A, but they don't know exactly what they are. Their main objective is to stop the Buddy cult from getting any stronger, and they are willing to destroy any prize to keep it out of the Buddy cult's hands. They are nihilistic and disorganized and not above breaking any agreement if it furthers even their short-term goals.

**Piggy pals (3d7+6):** Init +2; Atk tusk-gore melee (1d3+1); AC 12; Armor Die nil; HD 1d6; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP trough attack (overbear if opponent misses DC 15 Fort save, opponent is prone and AC 10 for next round, damage is 2d3+1); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AL L.

**Trough attack:** Piggy pals generally attack with their tusks first but if an opponent is reduced to 5 hp or less, they commence their disgusting "trough" attack.

- Any opponent so weakened is sensed by the Piggy pals and on their next action, any three

## ENDING THE ADVENTURE

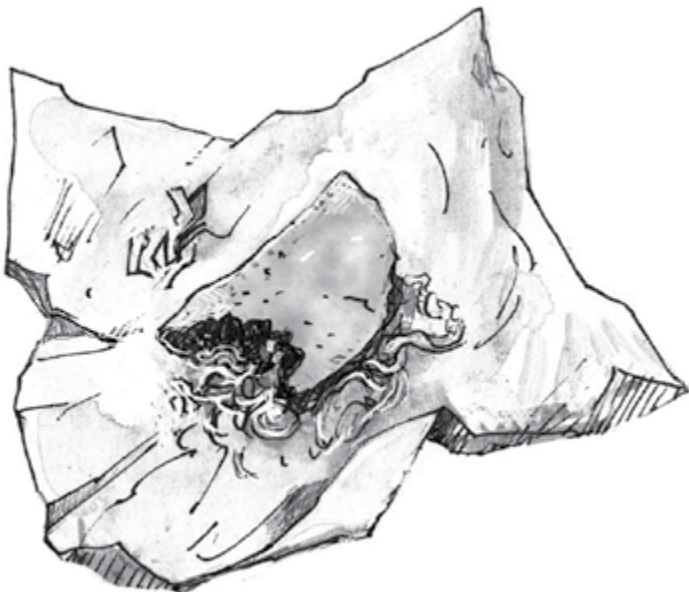
or more Piggy pals within melee range can commence to trough attack the hapless victim.

- The victim must make a DC 15 Fort save or be knocked over and then be considered AC 10 for all Piggy pals in range to feast on the following round. Feasting does 2d3+1 points of damage from goring and rending damage as the Piggy pals literally gorge on the victim. If a victim dies, they will continue to feed for 1d3+1 rounds until all edible parts are consumed off the corpse. Up to five Piggy pals will feast on a medium-sized victim at once, during which time they are completely insensible until the victim is consumed.

**Count Ketchup:** Init +2; Atk +4 adhesive gun missile (no damage, range 60/120/180); AC 14; Armor Die 1d10; HD 5d6; hp 20; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP ketchup adhesive gun—DC 15 Reflex save or be -1d in all action dice and MV cut in half, this effect is cumulative with each hit; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N.

The ketchup adhesive gun has 2d10 charges, after that the process of mixing is known only to Count Ketchup and the Piggy King.

**Duke Drumstick:** Init +2; Atk +4 mustard mace melee (1d7+2); AC 14; Armor Die 1d10; HD 5d6; hp 20; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP mustard mace—DC 15 Fort save or be -1d to all actions requiring vision due to eye irritant; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N.



The mustard mace has 2d10 charges, after that the process of mixing is known only to Duke Drumstick and the Piggy King.

**Baron BBQ:** Init +4; Atk +6 battle axe melee (1d8+3); AC 14; Armor Die 1d10; HD 5d6; hp 25; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N. Baron BBQ doesn't have any special weapons or powers, he's just a badass.

### THE SALT LICH

- 2d5+5 litter mummies
- The Salt Lich on a two-wheeled personal transporter (a la SegWay).

The Salt Lich wants only to destroy the living and he will certainly do the utmost to keep any new source of life-giving meat away from the Buddy cult or the Piggy King.

If he has caught wind of Dr. Wims, the food scientist who has the secret of Buddy Sauce, he will want to capture that individual and certainly provide almost all of his loot in exchange for the living prisoner. Unlike the Buddy cult, the Salt Lich will want to utilize the enticing ingredients of Wims's sauce for poisoning and enslaving masses of the living.

If ready for combat, the very intelligent Lich will probably have already cast *fly* and *magic shield* upon himself.

**Litter mummies (2d5+5):** Init +4; Atk litter wrapping+4 melee (escalating damage die starting at 1d5); AC 12; Armor Die 1d3; HD 4d10; hp 22 each; MV 30'; Act 1d24; SP smothering attack (if attack hits, victim takes 1d5 and then makes a Fort save vs. attack result or automatically moves up the dice chain for damage at the start of each subsequent round), double damage from fire; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +10; AL N.

**Salt Lich:** Init +5; Atk claws +4 melee (1d8+2); AC 14; Armor Die 1d3; HD 8d10; hp 55; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP dehydration aura—within 30' of the Salt Lich, all actions are at -1 die step, including saving throws. Undead traits—immune to disease and mental powers, ½ damage from fire and electricity, immune to cold; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +15; AL N.

In addition to his other traits, the Salt Lich can cast the following spells at a +10 spell check: *charm person*, *magic missile*, *magic shield*, *fly*, *rope trick*, *spider climb*,



## ENDING THE ADVENTURE



*slow, forget, shatter, summon foulness (USG, pg 158), curse of life (USG, pg 160).*

If multiple factions show up, the superior numbers of the Buddy cult will usually win through, but their numbers will be reduced by battle. (Roll percentile to see how far each component of the force is weakened.)

Weakened factions are even easier to negotiate with and neither the Salt Lich nor the CEO want to risk being destroyed. The Courtiers of Crunch will simply flee if things are not going their way, though the Piggy pals will attack mindlessly if ordered.

There is one more faction...

### THE CRYO-SLEEPERS

Those sleepers awakened from their centuries of slumber will be eager to leave and probably happy to ally themselves with the PCs. Though not fierce combatants, the sleepers have no desire to become food or slaves and will take up arms in the name of their own freedom.

GMs can develop stats for the sleepers in any manner they desire. For ease of use, the following are provided.

**Awakened civilian:** Init +0; Atk -1 by simple weapon melee (1d4-1); AC 10; Armor Die nil or by armor; HD 1d4; hp 2; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; AL N.

Roughly 10% of the sleepers had some sort of athletic, police, or military background. Thoughtful PCs may try to search the tubes for that sort. Suggested stats as follows:

**Tough civilian:** Init +2; Atk +2 by weapon (varies+2); AC 10; Armor Die nil or by armor; HD 2d8; hp 10;

MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.

In addition to the civilians, it is possible that resourceful PCs can somehow persuade the Howard androids to join them. These would be fearsome allies.

**Howard-(1 to 5) (Androids) (5 total, less any destroyed in prior encounters):** Init +4; Atk punch +2 melee (1d5+2); AC 14; Armor Die 1d3; HD 4d10; hp 22 each; MV 30'; Act 1d24; SP immune to disease, eating, drinking; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +10; AL N.

Any rescued sleepers will look very favorably upon the PCs and will follow them with few reservations, possibly providing a well of replacement characters, and of course future heartbreaks and plot hooks.



## APPENDIX A

### APPENDIX A: SUPPLEMENTAL PLOT HOOKS AND ENCOUNTERS IN ONIONTOWN

Pick any that you like, or roll 1d14 modified by the Luck score of a random player character:

Supplemental Plot Hooks and Encounters Table		
Area of town	Number	Plot hook / encounter
Any	0 or less	The brain inside a think tank (pg 168 of the <i>TMM</i> ) has gone completely mad and is destroying anything and everything in its path. The PCs are now in its path.
Municipal junkyard	1	A gearhead dragon (pg 68 of the <i>TMM</i> ) is obsessed with the blimp it sees floating in the skyscraper district, the only type of vehicle it has not seen in the junkyard. He will insist that they bring it to him in 24 hours or feel his wrath.
Suburban news station	2	The PCs find an old TV news station with some working meteorological equipment and satellite views of the surrounding areas. They can see that a Corpsenado (pg 33 of the <i>TMM</i> ) touch-down in Oniontown is imminent.
Residential neighborhood	3	Inside a residential neighborhood of tidy identical houses is a hell of dismembered bodies, severed heads, and dried entrails, as well as some crude hand-drawn maps serving as clues as to where this strange individual has moved on.
Freeways	4	A motorcycle gang ("The Blazing Saddles") of 5-12 humans has moved into town looking for loot and adventure. Make a Luck check. If successful, the PCs have evidence of their presence; otherwise they are ambushed by them.
Empty slums	5	A torrential rainstorm opens up and the PCs are washed down an opened sewer drain, if they fail a DC 15 Reflex save to catch on to something stable. Those washed away are set upon by the roach-people of Oniontown; their queen is seeking a mate...
Shopping district	6	Brinwell Hardy, a man of advanced age is obsessed with late-era conspiracies and is convinced that a similarly obsessed person, Manish Gertens, who lives in a water tower on the other end of Oniontown, is trying to do him in.
Business district	7	A party of 2d4 Gutter Knights (see <i>Nowhere City Nights</i> pg 6) have come through a time travel portal, looking to prevent the apocalypse foretold in their 21st century era. They are heavily armed and looking for clues.
Residential	8	The loud singing of a revival-type meeting is heard from a church, the site of a massacre by the Blazing Saddles motorcycle gang. If the PCs avenge the ghostly celebrants, the congregation will bestow one point of Personality upon each PC.
Suburban shopping district	9	A decrepit WILL-MART™ has passed from retail outlet to religious site. It now arranges bare-fisted fights between junior acolytes (called team members). The fights go to the death, and the winner is appointed to Assistant Manager. If the PCs wish to enter the competition, they will be given a green WILL-MART polo shirt and name tag and face off with a challenging veteran. Victors can choose a WILL-MART type merchandise object for themselves, but also will be expected to pull 12 hour shifts 6 days a week at this WILL-MART. Failure to do so will result in angry mob of 2d5 managers attacking.
City park	10	A street gang of rowdy vegetarians plots to one day "overthrow the whole abuse of animals and people propagated by the meat industry, man!" They are generally mellow unless directly witnessing the consumption of meat, in which case they fly into a violent rage. There are 2d100 cultists living in the Oniontown Western Park at any time, but scouting parties ("gatherers") will be encountered in groups of 2d6.
Industrial district	11	A decrepit looking factory houses an advanced robotics laboratory, where humans are converted into cybernetic servitors to a corporate-themed AI. Any free-thinking cyborgs or robots they see must be captured and reprogrammed to serve.

TABLE CONTINUES ON NEXT PAGE >

## APPENDIX B

### Supplemental Plot Hooks and Encounters Table (continued)

Area of town	Number	Plot hook / encounter
Slums	12	The wreckage of a helicopter long ago brought down by a rocket propelled grenade sits in a detritus strewn street. The skeletons inside the wreckage were long ago looted but an attache case within contains the plans for a nuclear powered assault jeep. A gang of petrol heads has caught wind of this assault jeep and is searching for it.
Urban shopping district	13	The PCs find a sporting goods store with plenty of pads and helmets. Any PC making a Luck check can find enough gear to make a full set of hockey or football-type armor (see pg 119 <i>USG</i> for more details). There are no firearms but plenty of bats, sticks and even croquet mallets for the taking. Unfortunately, the goods are protected by 5 mannequin golems (pg 88 <i>TMM</i> ) in referee costumes.
Parking ramp	14	Sitting in a row of burnt out parked cars is a nuclear powered assault jeep, the exterior blackened and unremarkable, the super-hard windows tinted and intact. Requires a DC 30 <i>tech/open locks</i> check to even access the vehicle and similar checks to operate, arm it, and so on. The full power of this campaign-wrecking contraption is left to the GM's discretion.
Time Travellers	15+	Dr. Ephraim Wilson, esteemed 23rd century chronologist and physicist, appears out of an ethereal displacement field and invites the PCs to accompany him back in time in order to prevent the catastrophe that ended life as we know it and brought on the onset of the Umerican age. If the PCs are successful in their mission, they may retire in a utopia of random acts of kindness, excellent character-driven TV shows, and a vast selection of petit-fours, truffles and profiteroles.

## APPENDIX B: OPTIONAL SUBPLOTS

These subplots can be used to put some more intrigue into the PCs' dealings with the factions. They can also be a springboard for your own customized subplots.

### Optional Subplots Table

Sub-Plot	Detail
1	One of the Courtiers of Crunch (Fanny Fry-Gal) has infiltrated the clownnugs in Buddy HQ and will recruit the PCs to make an all-out assault on the CEO. Disguised as a clownnug, she can get the PCs past security to the top level.
2	The Piggy King has mumbled cryptic instructions to his minions to bring him "the most brutal pickle in the world." They will do anything (or pay nearly anything) to get their hands on a brine golem from the Salt Lich's home base.
3	The Salt Lich has had visions of Natalia Sofia Ramirez ("Ami") and possesses the means to destroy her cancer. He is as obsessed with her as the Howard androids are and wants to make her his "Lich Queen."
4	The CEO is dying of lung cancer (too many cigars) and is looking for a replacement from outside the organization. He will evaluate the intelligence, personality and killer instinct of the PCs and seize upon any impressive candidate as his hope for eventual replacement, facilitating their conversion and change of class to cleric or clownight (see <i>Crawling Under a Broken Moon</i> #12).
5	Both the Piggy King and the Buddy factions are infiltrated by a fourth faction: Dagon's Deep Fried Flavor Fingers. If their imminent ritual is not halted, this apocalyptic franchise will rise from the depths of the lake on the north shore and send its deep-fried fish minions out to destroy all that walk upon the surface world.
6	The Salt Lich has a dirty bomb and threatens to destroy every living creature in Oniontown (and a few miles beyond in every direction) if the PCs don't bring him the head of the CEO. The dirty bomb is actually real and concealed in his laboratory.



## APPENDIX C : JOLLY MEALS

### APPENDIX C: JOLLYMEALS

The church of Buddy O'Burger's High Burger Temple Meat Processing and Distribution Sanctuary creates rare treats, known as JollyMeals, that are apportioned out to the various restaurant churches and chapel food carts to be given out as rewards to the faithful for outstanding service to Buddy.

A JollyMeal comes in a garishly colorful cardboard box that will magically prevent all spoilage as long as it is not opened. In fact, when first opened the meal inside will still be hot and fresh as though it was recently prepared. The meal will consist of a juicy burger or cup of nuggets, a sack of fries, a moo-drink box w/ straw, and a fried fruit pie for dessert. To top it off, in among the food will be a special prize!

#### What is the Prize in that JollyMeal Box? Roll 1d16

Die Roll	Result
1	<b>Collapsible Telescope</b> - Acts as a x2 - x5 magnification telescope.
2	<b>Squeeze Trigger LED Flashlight</b> - Creates a bright, focused beam as long as the trigger is repeatedly squeezed.
3	<b>Pocket Compass</b> - The big hand always points north. The small hand always points towards the nearest O'Burger restaurant.
4	<b>Dr. Dippinstein's Famous Fizzy Tablets</b> - A container with several cells containing one tablet each. When the cell is broken open and the tablet is dropped into a container of water no larger than a gallon, it is instantly purified and converted into a random flavor of carbonated soda pop.
5	<b>Collectable Buddy Action Figure</b> - Allows the owner to regain 1 point of Luck each week that they eat at least once at an O'Burger restaurant.
6	<b>Jingle Whistle</b> - A complex looking kazoo that will play a random O'Burger jingle when you blow into it.
7	<b>Collectable O'Krazy Kar Toy</b> - Allows the owner to reroll one failed vehicle control check each week that they eat at least once at a O'Burger restaurant.
8	<b>Fry Spy Periscope</b> - This twisty scope allows the owner to peer around corners without being seen.
9	<b>Fry Spy Intruder Detector</b> - When set it will sound an alarm if it detects any movement within 30'.
10	<b>Fry Spy Goggles</b> - Gives the owner perfect night sight at a 20' range.
11	<b>O'Burgerang</b> - An "O" shaped throwing disc that will bounce off walls and always return to the thrower (dmg 1 hp).
12	<b>Grampus Ball</b> - Shake it and ask it a question. It will answer yes, no, or maybe with a 80% chance of being accurate.
13	<b>O'Float Boat Toy</b> - When thrown into an body of water, it will transform into a full sized large rowboat for 1d3 turns.
14	<b>Fryrate Treasure Map</b> - Leads to a real treasure. Roll 1d7, the treasure will be worth the die result x100sp of goods/salvage and also the die result will be how many encounters must be overcome to get to the treasure.
15	<b>Lucky Nose</b> - A large, brightly colored clown nose that will fit perfectly over any human or humanoid nose. Grants 1 point of temporary Luck per day when worn. When worn, anyone who sees the wearer will identify them as a faithful O'Burgerite.
16	<b>Double Prize!</b> - There are two prizes in this JollyMeal! Roll twice on this table ignoring this result.

Note that all JollyMeal prizes are constructed from cheap plastics and other flimsy materials. When acquired, roll 1d7 + the owner's Luck modifier. This is how many times it can be used before it breaks. Also, anytime a prize is subject to physical trauma such as being dropped, submerged in water, or rough use the owner must pass a Luck check or it is broken.

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# WELCOME TO ONIONTOWN!

Oniontown is the inhabited remains of a once sizable pre-cataclysm city. For decades the Buddy O'Burger cult has claimed dominion here but now a dreadful curse and formidable rivals threaten to upset their reign and tear the city apart!

Will you aid the O'Burger cult in restoring order to the city?

Will you side with the rival Piggy King cult, hungry to take over?

Will you delve into other malevolent mysteries that might be behind the conflict consuming Oniontown?

Will you use the conflict to grab every bit of sweet salvage you can get your mutated mitts on?

Will you profitably prevail the perils of the city or just become another freshly served value menu item in the Burger Wars?

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