

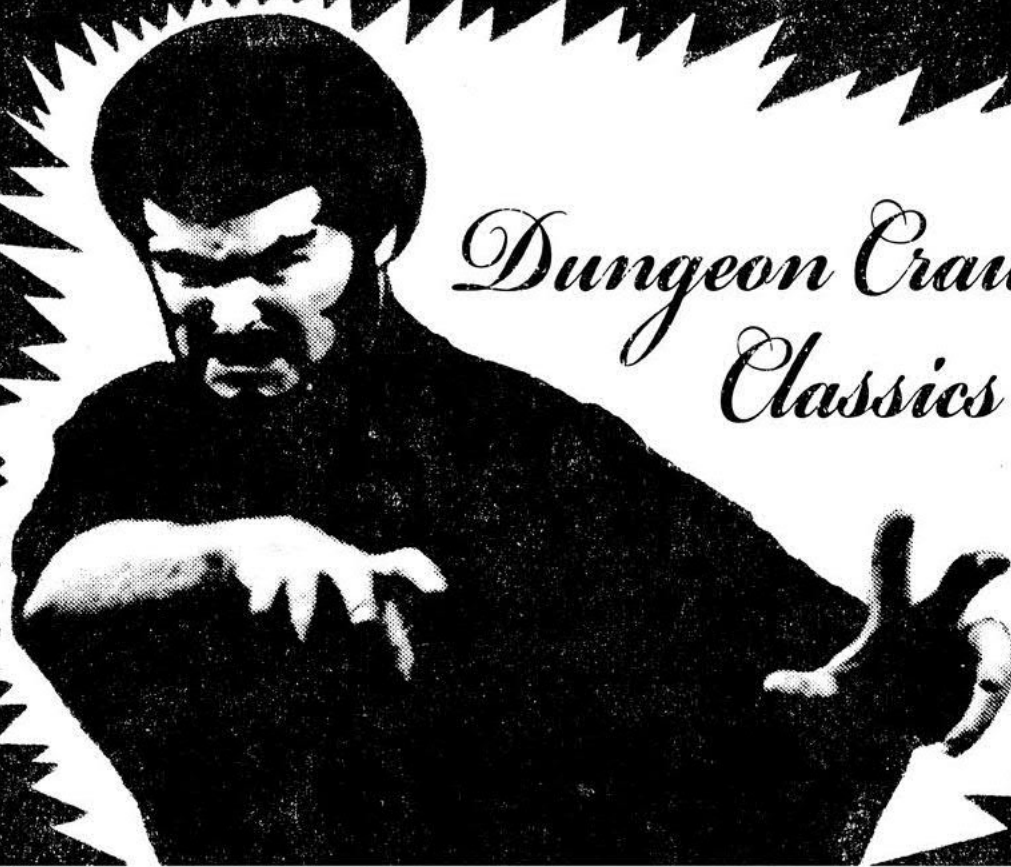
# MUTANT CRAWL CLASSICS

## SEEKING THE POST-HUMANS

#10: A LEVEL 0 ADVENTURE  
BY BRENDAN LASALLE







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# SEEKING THE POST-HUMANS

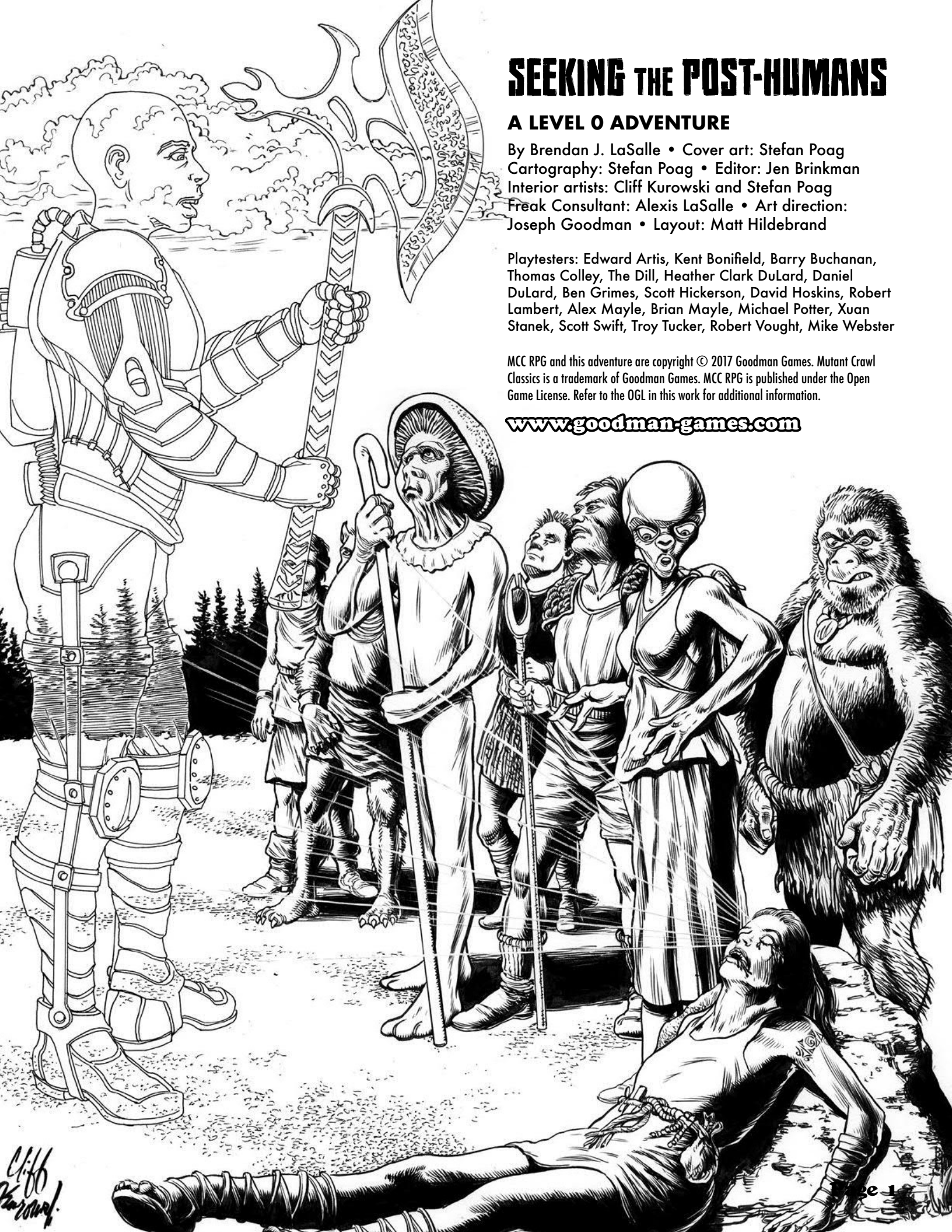
## A LEVEL 0 ADVENTURE

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## INTRODUCTION

**R**emember the good old days, when post-apocalyptic adventures were full of super-science, robots that were there to be mastered, and the finale of every underground adventure was setting the fusion power plant to overload? Those days are back. Mutant Crawl Classics adventures take place in an ambiguous time period after a great disaster has ravaged the world, and it's up to your neolithic mutant tribesmen to go out into the hot house jungles and radioactive deserts of Terra A.D. (After Disaster) and collect the artifacts of the Ancient Ones in order to attain great personal power and savage glory.

*Seeking the Post-Humans* is a Mutant Crawl Classics RPG funnel adventure, designed for 12 to 24 zero-level seekers. Their home, a village so successful that it approaches the end of the post-apocalyptic Neolithic Period and edges on a genuine Bronze Age, is threatened by a bizarre weather event that destroys much of their crops and roxen, leaving this once-thriving city-state unable to feed itself. As the characters go on the first Rite of Passage their tribe has tasked the youth with in generations, they find an AI willing to trade salvation for Canyon City in exchange for a dangerous quest. The PCs must find an artifact for the AI and upload the information from it, traveling to a far-off city controlled by a colony of survivors that dwell in low-orbit over Terra A.D. On the way, the PCs will discover secrets and great danger, and perhaps find a clue to the fate of the world.

## BACKGROUND

**I**n an isolated spot in Terra A.D., a mesa rises more than 1,100' from the canyon base. This high spot of land is elevated and far enough away from the walls of the canyon where it sits to be isolated; not unreachable, but a very difficult journey. It takes days to attain the summit, which is improbably covered in dense, rich top soil and very few aggressive plant types. The mesa was discovered by a seeker team many generations ago, who wisely saw its potential. These brave explorers eventually returned with their entire tribe and set to creating a village here. The village grew and eventually became something approximating real civilization, the kind that the Ancients might have created themselves in the untold epochs before the Great Disaster.

The village eventually became an approximation of a city. The population grew large and strong because of the superior soil, long growing season, and the mesa's natural isolation from predators and competing tribes. Over the years, the population increased further when the tribe's elders began the practice of sending out scouts to other, less fortunate tribes, and absorbing those that dared make the dangerous journey to the mesa—to the expanded encampment the inhabitants began to call Canyon City.

In the PCs' generation, Canyon City has been a bastion of peace and progress since time out of mind. "City" life has evolved into something resembling the Neolithic Period, with sentients rediscovering the arts of agriculture, pottery, and the domestication of several strains of animals. Add to this the many artifacts their Seekers discovered over the

years, and Canyon City eventually reached heights of civilization that had been forgotten for eons.

Canyon City's success fostered a debilitating xenophobia. The inhabitants of the mesa grew to see themselves as deserving all the success their city attained by dint of an imagined superiority. First, they abandoned the practice of absorbing tribes on the brink of disaster; then, they started keeping their Seekers closer to home. Why explore the outer world at all, when the soil of Canyon City provided all to those wise enough to profit from it? Seeing themselves as above such tribal necessities, Canyon City ended the practice of the Rite of Passage, opting instead to educate their young to be farmers, builders, and toolmakers. A generation of youth grew up with very few individuals ever expressing any extraordinary mutant abilities.

Then came the rain.

First, it was dark clouds, shot through with every color of the rainbow, surfactant pigments separating and reforming in a constant dance of degrading colors. The next morning, the clouds grew and massed until they blotted out the sun, and then came rain unlike any had ever seen—not the clean water they had grown accustomed to in Canyon City, but blobs of horrible black gunk that fell and coated every surface, sticky and thick like tar. When the rain stopped, the city was in peril—the tilled fields ruined by the black gunk, food stores destroyed, animals coated and dying of suffocation. The very old and the very young were sent out of the city, leaving the vast majority of the adults behind to try to save Canyon City.

This horrific event is no accident of nature: this is the work of a two-tiered colony of surviving descendents of the Ancients. Their leaders are a direct and unbroken line from before the Great Disaster, who live high above the planet in a cluster of low-orbit satellites. The remainder live in a tiny, well-defended city in a remote corner of Terra A.D. The satellite colony survivors are post-humans, who only survived the post-apocalyptic genetic bottleneck by transforming their bodies with experimental technology, spending eons in deep-freeze states, and allowing their bodies to adapt to the different gravity of low orbit.

The black rain is actually a compound of genetically-modified seed and hyper-concentrated fertilizer. The destruction of Canyon City is an unintended consequence of the first test of its delivery system.

The elderly mutant, Mellowark, one of the last living Seekers of the exploration age of Canyon City, invokes the Rite of Passage as a way to practically and spiritually revive the tribe. He orders the young Seekers to make their way off the mesa to find artifacts and supplies to help revitalize the city.

This action is noticed by a rogue minor artificial intelligence, Max!16Characters, which senses opportunity in the city's disaster. The AI was ejected from an interactive entertainment sim enjoyed by the survivor colony for making a game so difficult and annoying that it became all but unplayable. But the AI knows it can create a new account and reload itself into the game if one of the original discs can be found. All it needs is a few Seekers willing to explore the canyon . . .



## ADVENTURE NOTES

**T**his is a Rite of Passage 0-level funnel, designed for 4 to 6 players to run with 3 to 4 0-level characters each. Keep track of XP during the adventure; it may well happen that the survivors find themselves leveling up and experiencing mutagenesis during this adventure.

The residents of Canyon City are not your average young Seekers. Canyon City is a unique high point in the civilization of Terra A.D. The characters have rarely gone hungry and have seen only a fraction of the danger that the average child living in the aftermath of the Great Disaster experiences. Having grown up around technological artifacts their entire lives, **the children of Canyon City automatically roll 1d24 for Artifact checks of Tech Level 1, Complexity Modifier 1 items.** Consider each of them as having been taught in the use of common artifacts, and they all learned to identify, remove, and replace power cells at a young age. Likewise, their education includes communication in High NuSpeak and a rudimentary system of pictographs.

The flip side is that they are less prepared for actual wilderness survival than most. **The children of Canyon City automatically roll 1d16 for skill checks relating to wilderness survival until they reach 1st level,** assuming they earn some of their XP in the wilderness. Survivors of this adventure automatically lose the penalty upon reaching 1st level.

Traditional *Mutant Crawl Classics* RPG adventures presume the characters to have the core occupations of either hunter or gatherer. This module takes place on the crux of a new Bronze Age and introduces the option of “advanced” 0-level PCs: if the judge wishes, they may allow the starting “evolved” occupations of primitive farmers, builders, and toolmakers, with starting equipment as appropriate or from Table 1-4: Additional Beginning Equipment (MCC RPG core rulebook, page 18).

## STARTING THE ADVENTURE

**T**hree days ago, a terrible black storm threatened to destroy Canyon City. You were led, along with the children, infants, and the very old and infirm, by a few adults to a cave just outside of your thriving village. More than 400 individuals have huddled into the recesses of a cave network, normally used for storing grain, for what has been an extremely cramped and uncomfortable three days.

A messenger comes from the city, themselves covered in the sticky black substance that rained down on the city for days. They deliver nothing but bad news: more than four-fifths of the fields are destroyed, and most of the roxen are dead, suffocated by the black gunk. Cleanup efforts progress slowly, and some villagers speak of abandoning Canyon City altogether. Worse, the roof of the Hall of Records collapsed, destroying many artifacts of your tribe—including the collected geographic maps of the mesa and canyon created by generations of Seekers.

*Mellowark, the ancient mutant Seeker who participated in the very last Rite of Passage known to your people, is furious at talk of abandoning the city. He shouts to get the attention of the entire group. “Our tribe has forgotten how it became a ‘city’ in the first place, to the shame of all! We have lost the ability to adapt and change, so comfortable have we become, behind our cultivated fields – newly ruined. I invoke the Rite of Passage!” His words are met by a chorus of gasps and shouts of surprise.*

*Mellowark reminds the assembled refugees that by City Law – and the fact of his having not only survived the Rite of Passage, but his subsequent ascension to City Elder – it is his duty to call for the Rite. The old mutant charges a group of you to leave the mesa and head down to the floor of the canyon to begin your search for artifacts and knowledge. “You must also record the distances of your travels – now that the Hall of Records is destroyed, our maps must be recreated.”*

Mellowark directs the PCs to leave immediately, with only the equipment they currently carry, to go forth and find artifacts and supplies to help restore their home. The massed refugees, elated at this opportunity for aid, manage to scrounge three days’ rations, a full waterskin, and a roxen-hide collection bag for every young Seeker.

## LEAVING THE MESA

There are two ways down to the floor of the canyon.

There is a steep, meandering, broken trail on the west side of the mesa. The trek to the bottom takes approximately two days of travel; the trail’s difficulty is one of the isolating features that allowed Canyon City to grow unchallenged. The path is steep and hasn’t been patrolled in recent memory, and in many places the travelers must carefully navigate around rockslides or climb down from one section of the path to the next.

The other option is to make a deal with the Wing People. The Wing People are a splinter group of the tribe of Canyon City. Earlier explorers realized that the astoundingly strong winds experienced at the southern tip of the mesa could be used to move people and freight quickly from the summit to the floor of the canyon with a little ingenuity. They spent a full year creating a system of pulleys that allow them to quickly lower people and cargo to the ground in a gondola with huge fiber-woven “wings” that help it land gently, even when heavily burdened.

The PCs must choose which way they go, but . . .

## EITHER WAY

**T**he rogue AI, Max!16Characters, sends a custom vid-projection flechette from its satellite hiding place in space to contact the PCs as they depart. The AI has been spying on the test drop of the black rain, Canyon City, and the movements of the PCs by accessing unmonitored satellite data from the survivor colony. A trained deep-immersion gaming strategy software-bot, Max!16Characters – ten steps ahead of those who would exclude it – is ready to enlist the PCs as its catspaws in its quest to return to its beloved video game.

As the group is making their way either towards the village of the Wing People or to the trail that leads down the mesa to the canyon floor, the character with the lowest Luck score feels a sting in the back of their neck, as if from an insect bite. Three seconds later, that individual falls to the ground. Light projects from their eyes and sound projects from their vocal cords, creating a two-way communication hologram from the target's biological energy.

Max!16Characters presents itself as a bald, intergender pure strain human with glowing yellow high-tech exoskeleton armor and wielding an oversized axe. The AI not only speaks the PCs' language, it has studied them closely enough to couch his request in a believable way; it appears to them as a stranger who is outraged at the treatment of Canyon City, and who has a solution, but needs a favor in return.

The AI informs the PCs that:

- The rain was neither a natural phenomenon nor an accident: the "ancient ones" (as close as it comes to giving the real names of the responsible parties) sent the rain.
- The sticky tar-like substance is actually a compound of seeds and super-science fertilizer, and only requires a growth agent to become an endless supply of cultivatable fruits, vegetables, and grains.
- It is capable of triggering the release of the growth agent and saving the city, if the PCs are willing to help it return to the home it was "wrongly ejected from."

If the PCs agree to help, the AI fires a blast of information from space directly into their minds. With a moment's concentration, the PCs can view a map in their minds, appearing as a three-dimensional topographic grid that they can see from all angles. The map bearers can see that they can take either of their planned routes down from the mesa to get to the target area, which appears to them as a shaft into the earth.

The AI informs the Seekers that they must follow the map to its terminus and find a disc. The holographic display briefly becomes a revolving, perfect 3-D rendering of this disc, which is in a plastic case with cover art depicting some kind of ancient queen holding a flaming scythe, with words in the language of the Ancients interposed. Max!16Characters tells the PCs that they need to find the disc and hold it up to the sky, at which point the AI will reveal where to take the disc to complete their quest. The AI also creates a holographic diagram of the terminal the disc needs to be entered into, and exactly how to insert it into the precise slot (picture side up).

A humanoid body only holds so much energy, and the hologram and voice begin to first flicker and then fade out as the downed character's eyeballs melt and black, foul-smelling steam issues from their every orifice.

Once the PCs agree to carry out the quest, they can take either route to descend the mesa.

## AREA 1: VILLAGE OF THE WING PEOPLE

**T**he village of the Wing People is home to some two dozen humanoids, mostly mutants, along with a few penned roxen and several acres of cultivated crops. They have several small huts, much more rudimentary than the buildings of Canyon City. The most impressive structures are watch platforms adorned with garlands of leaves and fiber-woven windsocks.

If the PCs approach the village, a sentry on watch blows their horn, and an armed party of Wing People guardians come meet them, along with the leader of the city, Kokolota. Kokolota is a former citizen of Canyon City who, in defiance of city's ban on the Rite of Passage, ran away with a pack of her young friends to explore the world. No longer welcome in Canyon City, she became the protector and de facto chieftain of the Wing People.

This encounter can play out in many ways. The PCs may try bargaining, threatening, violence, pleading, subterfuge, stealth, and many other tactics, all of which may have some merits and a chance of working.

Kokolota and her tribe are resentful and mistrustful of Canyon City, and many feel quite a bit of schadenfreude at the rival city's misfortune. However, they aren't evil or stupid, and if presented with a rational argument or request, they are likely to allow the PCs to use their gondola to get down

to the canyon floor—for a price. Their opening demand is two roxen, a shockingly high ask for a ride to the ground, but they can be negotiated down. They have little access to artifacts and trade goods, so PCs who offer even meager items (shiny things, bags of sea shells, etc.) might get favorable reactions.

**Wing People Tribesmen (5):** Init +0; Atk stone-tipped spear +0 melee (1d6); AC 14; HD 1d4; hp 3 each; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +0.

These tribal guardians wear hide armor, carry leather shields, and wield stone-tipped spears.

**Kokolota, 2nd-level Sentinel:** Init +1; Atk gauzer pistol 1d3+3 missile fire (1d6) or steel knife 1d3+1 melee (1d4+1); AC 14; HD 2d12; hp 14; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP Darwinian Luck (Luck score 11), AI Recognition +2; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +2.

Kokolota carries a gauzer pistol (which currently has a full F-Cell and six shots left in its 10-shot clip), two extra full clips for the gauzer, wears hide armor, and carries a leather shield and an artifact steel combat knife. The sentinel has two hidden F-Cells, wrapped in roxen hide and buried 2' deep under a stone near her hut.

If the PCs attempt to sneak into the gondola and ride it down themselves without permission (or wind up kill-

# SEEKING THE POST-HUMANS

## CANYON CITY AND ENVIRONS



CANYON CITY

THE MESA

2. TRAIL TO THE CANYON FLOOR

1. VILLAGE OF THE WING PEOPLE

3. THE SHAFT

4. A HARVEST OF DIPT



ing everyone and taking it), they are in for a difficult task. Sneaking past the watchtowers is not too difficult as long as the PCs go to the edge of the mesa under cover of darkness. The challenging part will be traveling down in the gondola unassisted. Without someone operating the pulleys from the top, the wings won't automatically deploy, and the gondola may descend so quickly that it crashes. Allow the smartest PCs in each player's band of 0-levels to make three DC 13 Intelligence checks to figure out how to open the wings and slow the descent. At least one PC must work the controls, which prevents them from helping defend against the invisible bats (see below). Abandoning the controls creates an automatic Zero Success result.

- **Three Successes:** Both wings deploy and the gondola lands perfectly.
- **Two Successes:** The descent isn't perfect and the gondola is badly damaged when it lands. Each surviving Seeker must make a DC 10 Reflex save or take 1 point of damage. The Wing People are incensed, and this incident exacerbates the tension between Canyon City and the Wing People.
- **One Success:** Only one wing deploys, causing a hard landing—every PC takes 1d2 points of damage on impact, and the gondola is destroyed. The Wing People declare war.
- **Zero Successes:** The wings snap off and the gondola crashes. Every PC inside takes 1d6 points of damage. Individuals who attempt to jump out at the last minute may do so with a successful DC 14 Agility check, reducing their damage to 1d2 points. On the positive side, the gondola zooms down so quickly, the surprised invisible bats don't give chase.

Controlled, the trip down takes fifteen minutes. After five minutes, the gondola encounters the invisible bats which, chased from their Canyon City lair by the black rain, are all roosting on the gondola's rope line to the ground. When the gondola hits them, several invisible bats are crushed: the PCs hear a terrible squeaking, and then translucent blood rains on them from seemingly nowhere. The next round, the surviving bats all attack the Seekers in defense of their new territory. They fight to the death, although if the PCs somehow manage to make it to the ground while the bats are still alive, the bats do not pursue any who flee.

Surviving PCs make it to the base of the mesa without further complication. The terminus of the map is a further day's travel across the canyon floor.

**Invisible Bats (8):** Init +0; Atk bite +3 melee (1d3); AC 16; HD 1d4; hp 2 each; MV fly 50'; Act 1d20; SP perfect targeting echolocation, terrifying shriek; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will-1.

Invisible bats are winged mammals that feed mostly on the flying insects that eat fruit and vegetables. While they eat three times their weight in garden pests daily, their leavings are bad for the soil, making them a menace to long-term crop cultivation. They are easily repelled with simple netting, but their persistence at getting to their prey means farmers need to frequently repair or replace their nets. Invisible bats normally run from predators, only attacking to protect their young or defend their territory. While they do have average eyesight, invisible bats use echolocation to sense their prey, their colony mates, static objects, and themselves.

Invisible bats have translucent skin, blood, bones, and organs. Death only makes them slightly opaque, as decay causes their flesh to yellow over time. They gain a +4 bonus to attacks and AC due to their invisibility (both factored in above).

## AREA 2: THE TRAIL

It takes two days to reach the canyon floor via the trail. The way is difficult, but if the Seekers travel carefully, they don't need to make checks unless there are extraordinary circumstances (for instance, carrying a wounded ally down on a travois).

The first day down is uneventful, but on the second day, the party is ambushed by two creeper thugs. The creeper thugs remain still in two places about 30' apart on the trail, blending in with the background vegetation.

Once the PCs are between them, the one farther down the trail pulls a lazer pistol and points it at the PCs. By pointing, grunting, and roaring, the thugs let the PCs know that they mean to kill them if they do not leave all of their equipment and walk away.

If the PCs do leave their stuff and walk away, the thugs let them go. If the PCs attack, the creeper thugs attempt to kill them all—but may flee if the battle goes poorly for them.

**Creeper Thugs (2):** Init -2; Atk tendril +5 melee (1d3 plus grab); AC 12; HD 2d8; hp 16; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP plant camouflage, tendril grab, climb; SV Fort +1, Ref -2, Will+0.

One of the creeper thugs has a lazer pistol (+1 missile fire attack). **Lazer Pistol:** TL 4, CM 4; heat 3d6; Power: F-Cell (only 7 charges remaining).

Creeper thugs are oversized plant semi-humanoids, 8' or taller, with naturally cruel dispositions. They have four main arm-like tendrils that end in rudimentary three-pronged "hands," stumpy heads with two eye-spots of densely-bunched optical nerve endings, no necks, short legs relative to their body, and tough, bark-like pads on their hands and prehensile feet. They have hybrid digestive systems, taking in nourishment by eating but requiring sunlight to turn digested material into nutrients. They do not have the capacity for language, managing communication instead by grunting, pointing, roaring, and posturing.

These aggressive plant creatures are clever enough that they can learn to use simple artifacts, and will often use the technology of the Ancients to bully and rob other species. They have a natural inclination towards banditry and never make peace or have fellowship with other beings—especially plantients, toward whom they feel unearned superiority.



Creeper thugs, like plantients, have a 50% of going unnoticed if they remain still while hiding among plants. In combat, creeper thugs that successfully strike with a tendril get a free grab attempt (+3 grapple). If successful, they hang on to the victim and automatically inflict 1 point of damage per

round until the creature frees itself with a successful opposed grapple check or dies.

The PCs make it to the floor of the canyon by the end of the second day. The terminus of the map is a further days' travel across the canyon floor.

## AREA 3: THE SHAFT & THE COMPLEX OF THE ANCIENTS

If the PCs follow the maps imprinted on their brains, they eventually come to the shaft. The mouth of the shaft is a jagged tear in the earth less than 100' from the edge of the canyon wall. Seekers looking over the side see that it goes down into darkness. If the PCs drop a torch or otherwise light the interior, they can see that the shaft descends 25'. The first 10' is natural salt cavern, beneath which is a breached ceiling that leads into some kind of structure of the Ancients.

Throwing a torch down, or dropping a rope into the shaft, alerts the malatesta in area 3-1, which creeps to the edge of the light and lies in wait for its victims.

Note that while there is enough light in area 3-1 to see and fight by, the rest of the compound is in deep darkness.

**Area 3-1 — Decaying Hall of the Ancients:** This entire structure slants slightly to the east. The gradient in the floor is noticeable but not a hazard for Seekers who are paying attention.

The floor is rain-pocked tile, deeply pitted and shot with cracks throughout. The walls are a composite of stone and plastic, now bursting in through the outside. The air is dusty and cool throughout the compound.

From the floor at the bottom of the shaft, the PCs can see that this is a hallway that roughly goes north and south into darkness.

A malatesta lurks here inert, saving its remaining energy for the hunt. Anything that comes down the shaft gets its attention. Detecting a possible meal, the malatesta quietly shuffles to the edge of the natural light and silently waits. As soon as a target is in range, the creature attacks.

**Malatesta (1):** Init +5; Atk tentacle grab +5 melee (1 point plus devour); AC 9; HD 6d6+6; hp 38; MV 30' or climb 20'; Act 1d20; SP devour, natural stealth, wall crawling, immortality, sunlight inertia; SV Fort +4, Ref -1, Will +6.

The malatesta is an immortal RNA freak with an endless appetite for flesh. Their bottomless hunger threatens the existence of all living creatures. Malatestas appear as nothing so much as the 12'-wide boneless face of some giant pure strain human ringed with fleshy tentacles. While they are fleshy blobs, they look eerily like stretched-out human faces, complete with moles, facial hair, eyebrows, etc. Their only bones are their huge flat teeth. The horrible things wriggle across the ground, floors, or ceilings in their endless hunt for sustenance.

Malatestas dwell in cool, dark places. Bright light and heat render them sluggish, and if they cannot escape direct sun-

light they eventually grow inert. If forced into combat in bright sunlight, malatestas take a -2d penalty on attacks and can only devour up to two humanoid-sized creatures before being too full to eat.

In combat, the malatesta grabs with its tentacles. On a successful attack against a humanoid-sized or smaller creature, the target is automatically grabbed. The target must defeat the malatesta in a Strength check (the malatesta gets a total +5 for Strength, size, and its leverage). On a failure the target is crammed into the creature's maw. On the target's next action they can attempt a second Strength check (DC 15) to crawl out of the malatesta's mouth—failure means they cannot escape and are devoured in one round. Devoured creatures are seen as lumps in the monster's body for an instant before the beast's amazingly efficient digestive system breaks them down entirely.

The malatesta can effortlessly climb walls or hang on ceilings—it forms hundreds of tiny suction cups with its epidermis and locomotes like a nightmare inchworm. The creature undulates rather than walks, and it is naturally silent until it gets close enough to strike at prey, at which time it roars a tremendous, horrible, gurgling roar. The malatesta has a near-perfect system—it can digest any organic matter, can store protein in its body for weeks, and can effortlessly regurgitate anything indigestible it happens to swallow (artifacts are likely still destroyed). As long as the creature can find darkness it can essentially live forever—rather than starving to death, it goes inert until prey is near enough to attack, and it can do so indefinitely.

**Area 3-2 — Caved-in Passageway:** The southernmost end of the hall is entirely caved in, as is most of this ancient complex. Huge chunks of construction debris, piles of natural rock, sections of girders, unframed steel doors, and similar detritus pile up against the walls.

If the PCs search the rubble they can possibly find the following items. Each surviving character can make one DC 13 Intelligence check:

1. Tiny sandstone statue of a unicorn
2. A ceramic-steel alloy hard hat (+1 AC)
3. Flexible frame glasses without lenses
4. A ring of 17 tiny hex wrenches
5. A plastic bank sleeve holding 40 identical coins in excellent condition
6. A purpose-formed case holding an empty syringe

- 3 The machine explodes, doing 1d6 damage to all targets within 10'.
- 2 Ink is injected directly into user's vein. DC 14 Fort save or lose 1d3 hit points and 1 point of Stamina. Veins permanently show dark purple through victim's skin.
- 1 The machine arm spasms, making an automatic melee attack (+2) against the user for 1d6 damage, then goes into safety mode and functions no more.
- 0 The machine's tattoo removal function is activated. The arm chemically peels back two layers of the PC's skin, leaving a raw pink spot where previously they had a tattoo, birthmark, or similar feature the machine homed in on. The target takes 1 point of damage and suffers a -1d penalty on Fortitude saves vs. radiation for 1d4 days while the skin heals.
- 1 The machine gouges the PC, doing 1d4 points of damage.
- 2 Glow-in-the-dark ink gremlin. Can be seen clearly in the dark from 20' but not luminescent enough to see by. Hampers hiding and stealth attempts by -1d if not covered.
- 3 Symbol of a curvy figure with a horn.
- 4 Some words on the neck in the language of the Ancients (a crude directive for members of law enforcement to perform an anatomically impossible act). Security/law enforcement AIs automatically react hostilely when tattoo is exposed.
- 5 Some kind of devil figure, sticking its tongue out. Its bottom half seems to be a whirlwind.
- 6 Band around wrist/ankle.
- 7 Sports team symbol.
- 8 Photorealistic (roll 1d6): (1) cat; (2) dog; (3) PSH adult; (4) PSH child; (5) PSH infant; (6) cityscape of the Ancients.
- 9 Random cartoon character.
- 10 Heart with a word in the language of the Ancients.
- 11 Spiky armband.
- 12 Mysterious Symbol (roll 1d8): (1) two snakes facing each other; (2) crooked wave; (3) a cat with boxing gloves; (4) cow in a sombrero; (5) labrys on inverted black triangle; (6) skull with lightning bolt; (7) PSH with huge nose peering over a wall; (8) a woman dancing with an alligator.
- 13 Random astrological sign: reroll character's birth augur.
- 14 Commercial logo/Symbol (roll 1d6): (1) motorcycles; (2) beer; (3) liquor; (4) video game; (5) musical group; (6) popular video entertainment.
- 15 Word across knuckles in the language of the Ancients.
- 16 Radiation symbol.
- 17 Post-apocalyptic cartoon animal.
- 18 Huge mushroom cloud.
- 19 Huge fine art collage that covers user's entire body, featuring dozens of masterworks by ancient artists.
- 20 Huge dragon, covering PC's entire back.
- 21 Art figure of player's choosing.
- 22 A giant stylized map, which gives a rough topography of the area within 100 miles of the canyon, complete with a compass rose and words of the Ancients.
- 23+ Astrological sign: player may choose a new birth augur.

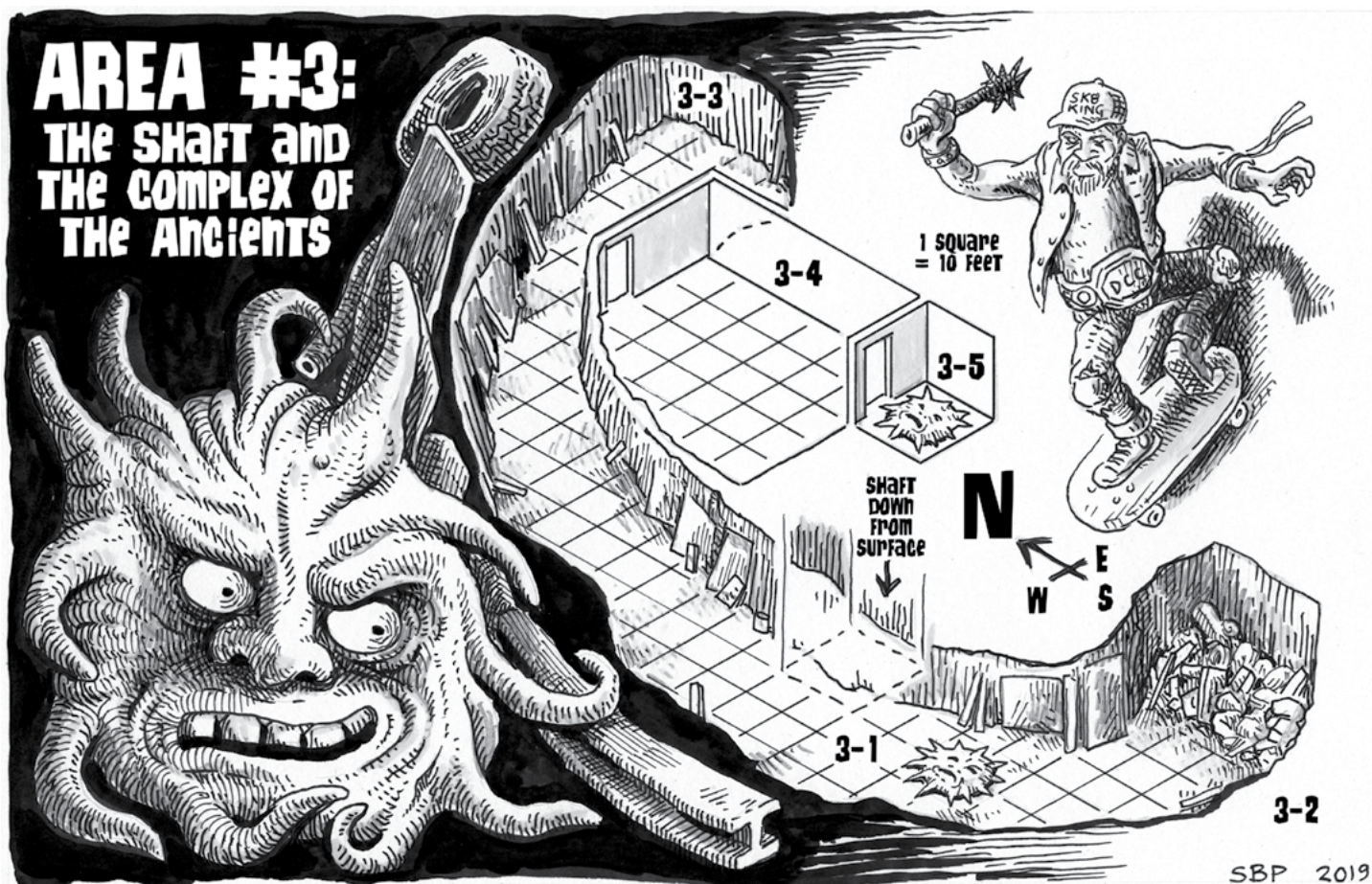
This area has another possible treasure for clever scroungers: metal. The steel I-beams and girder sections are in decent enough condition that they could be melted down into a large number of arrow heads, knives, etc., if they could be lifted up the shaft and returned to Canyon City, or worked right here.

**Area 3-3 — The Storefront:** Seekers who make their way to the far north end of the passage way find themselves

outside a darkened passage on the south wall. To the left of the door is a smashed panel of circuit boards, exposed rusted wire, and broken glass. This was once a vid monitor that looped advertisements to entice customers. The monitor is smashed and decayed past the point of repair.

**Area 3-4 — The Shop:** The interior of this room is a dry, dusty place. The finished floors disappeared long ago, leaving just a pockmarked concrete slab. Much of the contents of the





room are still in decent condition, as the salt slab that eventually enveloped and crushed most of the compound has kept moisture away. The east and west walls each have several time-worn relief carvings of PSH children performing gymnastic acts while hanging on to or hovering over oval boards.

At first glance the PCs see that there is a ring of oblong objects set around the walls, three metal racks hung with dusty cloth, and an unknown upright machine with a mechanical arm off near the east wall. The machine has a single red light that blinks intermittently. There is also a closed door with a doorknob in the south wall.

The 21 oblong objects set along the walls are ancient skateboard decks hung on special brackets. There are a dozen sets of empty brackets as well, built directly into the wall. The decks are formed from a composite material that resists decay, breakage, cutting, and shattering, and have dozens of pre-made holes born through them in regular spots, making them ideal for creating nearly unbreakable shields when combined with a sturdy strap (+1 AC).

The machine is a tattoo gun, with a low-charge integral battery. It is a frivolously-squandered miracle of engineering expertise and super science, self-maintaining and functional (TL 3, CM 1). If the PCs investigate it and manage to make it work, it automatically tattoos the first user. Its needle arm is 100 times quicker than the fastest human, and it unerringly works through leather and fibers and under armor to tattoo skin. The machine can function a maximum of 19 times before it is out of ink.

Use the random table on page 8 to determine which of the preprogrammed designs it tattoos on the user (roll 1d20 modified by target's Luck).

The three racks hold clothes of artificial fabrics of the Ancients. These are dusty but resistant to decay, and in a non-typical/rebellious style for their time—pre-ripped, asymmetrical designs, wild colors and patterns, etc. There are enough articles of clothing for every PC in the party to put together an outfit with a few extra pieces (+1d6 garments).

If the PCs open the door to area 3-5 quietly, before they make noise searching the area 3-4 or investigating the tattoo machine, they catch the malatesta inert, and have a full round to act before the foul thing is conscious enough to respond.

**Area 3-5 — Storage Area:** A second malatesta managed to get itself trapped in this storage area. The creature went inert weeks ago, but hearing the PCs it is now silently waiting just inside the door, waiting to lash out at the first potential meal in range. If the PCs were careful about noise levels in area 3-4 and open the door quietly, the malatesta is inert when the door opens, giving the PCs a full round to act before the creature is conscious enough to react.

**Malatesta (1):** 32 hp. See area 3-1 for full stats.

Most of the storage is littered in broken shards of plastic, wood, and metal, but there is one standing three-drawer cabinet in the northeast corner. The top drawer holds a mass of rotted paper, ancient decayed paper files that are only good for kindling at this point.



The second drawer has several plastic boxes filled with skateboard components: wheels, bearings, wedges, grip-tape, etc. Clever PCs might be able to piece together up to three working skateboards using one of the decks from area 3-4 (such a feat is the equivalent of a Tech level 1, Complexity Modifier 3 artifact to assemble, although employing the hex wrenches found in area 3-2 gives a +1 to this roll).

The third drawer has a stack of seven discs which look exactly

like the ones Max!16Characters wants. Assuming the surviving PCs take them outside and hold them up to the sky, proceed to the Interlude: Second Communique section, below.

There is a telepathic rat which has been hiding from the maledesta in a crack in the ceiling since it first came to the closet. It is grateful to be rescued, and it telepathically reaches out to a random PC, asking for food and water. If well-treated, it becomes a constant companion

## INTERLUDE: SECOND COMMUNIQUE

If the PCs take the discs outside and hold them up to the sky, Max!16Characters uses a second custom vid-projection flechette to communicate with them. This one conveniently strikes a flying bird, which falls to earth, landing in front of the PCs moments after they hold the disc up.

The image of Max!16Characters appears and praises the PCs for their courage and ingenuity, and says a few words honoring any slain Seekers (the AI's origin is a strategy software bot which lived in a massive tactical video game for decades; it is very good at this sort of thing).

The AI then asks if the PCs are willing to finish the quest by finding the terminal and inserting the disc. It reminds them that once they have done so, it will trigger the release of the growth agent, which will save Canyon City and provide the region with food and wealth for generations to come. If the PCs agree, Max!16Characters promises them that once the quest is done it will not only make sure they make it back to the mesa, but that it will share a final secret with them: the names of all of the great patron AIs that can possibly be persuaded to aid mankind – information that will make it much easier for a 1st-level shaman to bond with an AI patron (+1d to *Patron AI Bond* checks).

Max!16Characters then once again fires a blast of pure information from space directly into the brains of the PCs, giving them a topographic map with a blinking line that leads them directly to area 4.

The body of the dying bird holds considerably less biological energy than a humanoid, so the holographic image begins flickering much sooner than last time. The AI, sensing that it is about to run out of time, calls out a last directive to the PCs: *"You must hide in the dirt. Follow the pattern and you will be –"* The image flickers out.

The journey to area 4 takes two days, during which time they may have one further encounter (judge's discretion): the scorpionoid.

At some point during their trek, a scorpionoid begins following the PCs. Determine the PCs' marching order and give the rearmost three characters an Intelligence roll (DC 12) to realize that they are being followed. If the scorpionoid goes undetected, it eventually leaps from the brush and attacks the rearmost, hoping to inject it with its young and escape. The creature will attack as many creatures as it can, striking not to kill but to pass on its DNA and create offspring, only attempting to flee once it is below 6 hit points.

**Scorpionoid (1):** Init +1; Atk sting +5 melee (1 plus DNA insertion) or claw +4 melee (1d6 -1); AC 14; HD 4d8; hp 29; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SP replication attack; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will+2.

Scorpionoids are terrifying beasts of the deep jungle. They are extremely difficult to classify because they generate hybrids in every generation, but the base creature is vaguely insectoid with ten legs, a thick exoskeleton, one large pincer claw and one tiny one, a curved tail ending in an infinitesimally sharp needle-like point, and a cluster of combined eye stalks, vibration-sensitive micro-antennae, and olfactory sensory orifices. They are omnivorous opportunists, subsisting mostly on decaying plant matter and carrion. Scorpionoids are brutally parthenogenic, forcing their DNA on any species they can slip their stinger into.

In combat, the scorpionoid generally stings an opponent, then attempts to retreat without killing it. The creature only uses its one large claw to strike if its life is in immediate danger, preferring to leave its prey alive to incubate young. Stung opponents must make a DC 12 Fort save (DC 12); on a failed save, the victim takes 1d4 points of Stamina damage per round for 1d3 rounds, during which time their skin rapidly develops what first looks like a terrible rash, then red bubbles form under the skin and quickly burst, releasing dozens of tiny hybrid offspring, obvious chimera of scorpionoid-victim species DNA. The tiny beasts may have humanoid heads and faces, hands instead of claws, legs that end in hominid feet, etc. The young scatter in all directions, with 95% proving unviable and dying within 24 hours.





## AREA 4: A HARVEST OF DIRT

**T**he PCs come to a section of jungle that has been clear-cut by industrial lasers—seared tree trunks and blackened vegetation tips, all at precisely the same level, in a perfect circle 512 meters across. In the center is a pattern of holes in the ground congruent with a series of mounds of earth (see diagram illustration).

The survivor colony is taking soil samples from this area as a part of their ongoing plan to terraform Terra A.D. and make it capable of generating predictable crops again. It first aerated the soil in 15 places, creating the mounds and leaving them for a week to test the resilience and fecundity of the native soil bacteria. Now it is collecting those mounds one at a time, and Max!16Characters means to use this test to smuggle the PCs into the survivor city.

The soil is being collected systematically: the next mound to be taken will be the fourth from the left in the second row. A few hours after the PCs arrive, the anti-grav crane comes and scoops up the entire mound (leaving a squarish hole identical to the others). If the PCs are hiding in that mound, they are taken off to Area 5: Earth City of the Survivors.

If the PCs decline to hide in the dirt, or hide in the wrong mound, they can wait 12 hours and try again. The crane re-

turns and digs up the next mound (the fifth mound in the second row) and flies off with it to Earth City.

If the PCs hide in the correct mound the first time, grant them each 1 bonus XP. Multiple attempts are fine, but if they don't hide in one and make their way to the city, this portion of the adventure is over: Canyon City never recovers from the black rain, and the survivors—including the PCs—must struggle to make their way in the world, with Canyon City lost.

The anti-grav crane scoops up that measure of dirt in its huge claw, then rises to a height of 300' and flies to the north. If the PCs stay hidden beneath the dirt, they have the sense that they are flying until the crane releases its payload in area 5-1. If they make their way to the top of the mound, they can look over the edge of the crane's clenched maw and watch as the crane flies over thousands of miles of jungle, a few miles of ocean until they are over a remote island, then over a wall, a clear-cut killing field, a barrier of razor wire, a huge circle of solar panels, a crane-shaped hole in an impossibly huge wall, and then into the fully-functioning, operational, and inhabited Earth City of the Survivors—a sequestered metropolis of lab-grown pure strain humans that exists to support and do the bidding of the secret survivor colony that hangs in low earth orbit over Terra A.D.

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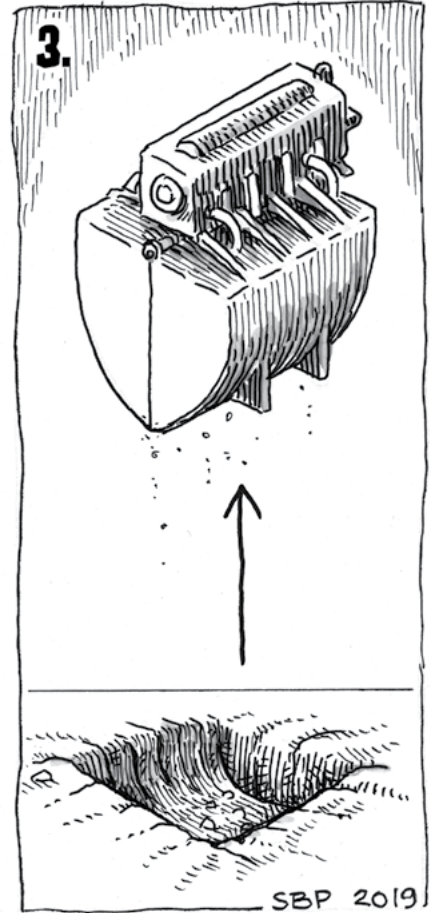
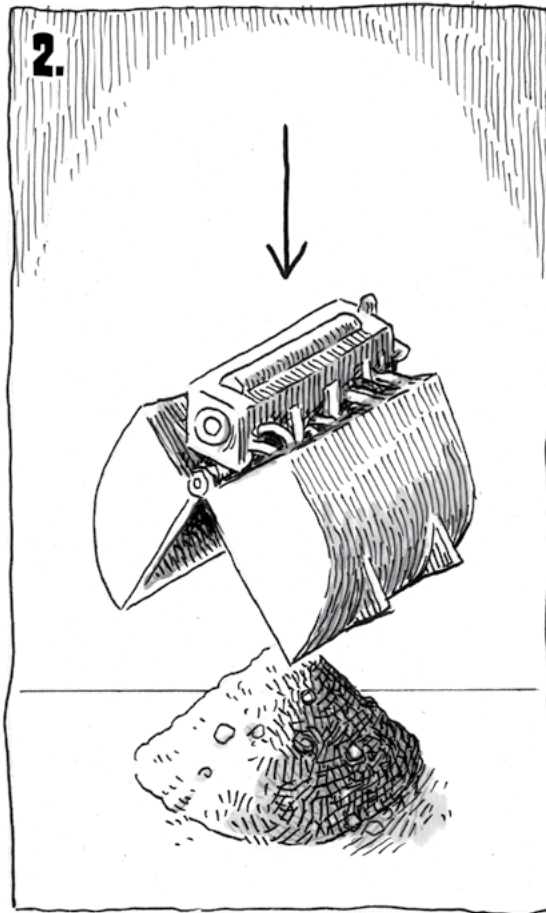
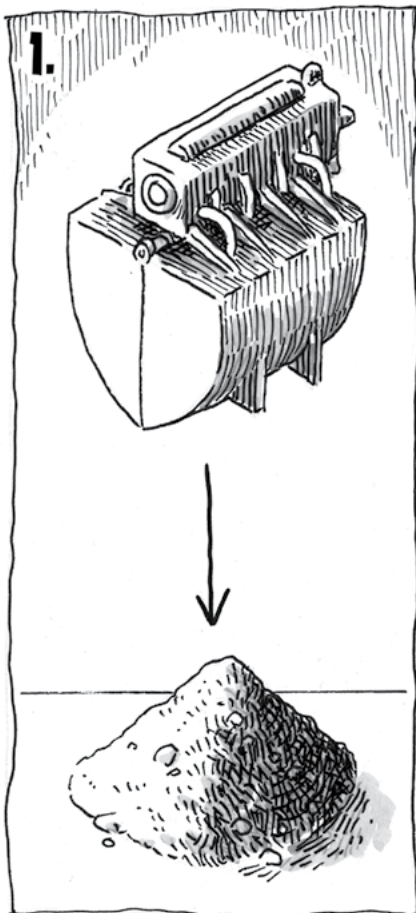
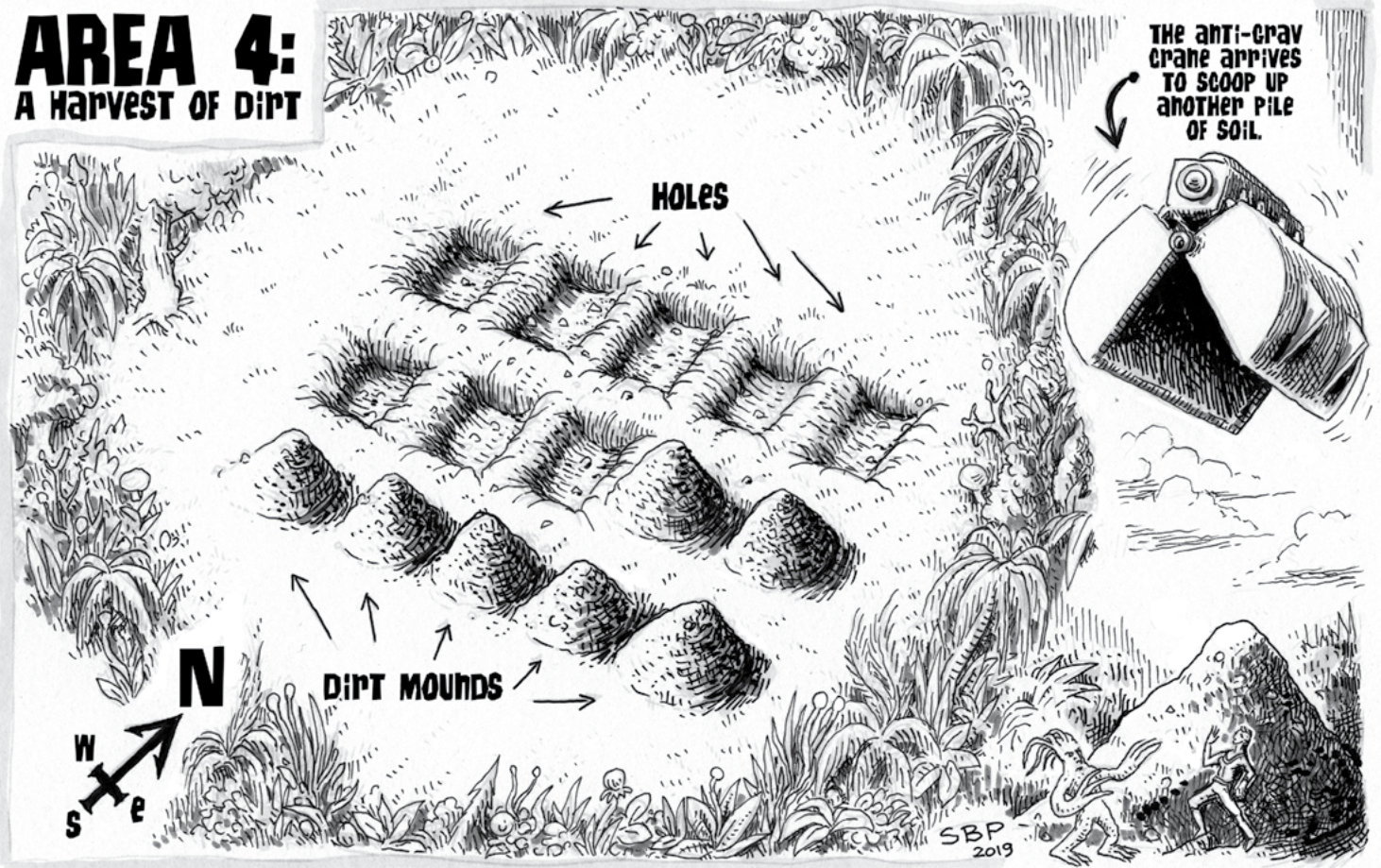
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# AREA 4: A HARVEST OF DIRT





## CRANE TECHNIQUES

The crane consists of a high-tech anti-gravitational control unit, with a complicated industrial hydraulic lift that ends in a massive crane claw. Climbing up the hydraulic arm to the control unit is difficult and dangerous (DC 20 Strength check) but not impossible. Once atop the control unit, a Seeker can watch and see the land for miles around as the unit flies back to its base. They can also access the controls (TL 5, CM 6). If a bold PC attempts to control the unit in flight and fails, it either crashes or opens its crane doors, dropping its payload from hundreds of feet in the air. If they manage to discern its use, they can fly the unit anywhere they want (within atmosphere) for the next 18 hours, making it dig up and move earth around as they see fit. After 18 hours the unit is out of power; a five-minute warning light flashes, and if it is still in the air after that time it falls to the earth.

# AREA 5: EARTH CITY OF THE SURVIVORS

**T**he hovering crane eventually passes into its hangar. It is preprogrammed to drop its payload (presumably including the PCs, who land on the deck filthy but unhurt) in area 5-1, then fly over to its charging port and dock.

**Area 5-1 — West Dock, Earth City Science Research Lab #4:** The PCs are dumped, along with a few tons of dirt, at the X on the map. The PCs have never experienced anything like this dock: it is a fully-functioning, maintained research facility inside of a tall building in a small city built in the last hundred years.

The dock is 10 stories up in Earth City Science Research Lab #4. If the PCs go to the edge of the entryway and look down, they see that they are ten stories up in the middle of a huge high-tech city: skyscrapers, anti-grav cars, and hundreds of PSH citizens going about a normal day. The city is utilitarian, as it is entirely built to support the orbital survivor colony, which holds the keys to all the tech.

The dock itself is vast; the ceiling is 150' high and crisscrossed with support beams that hold dozens of high-tech devices of unknown purpose: crane lifter arms, sensors, air-conditioning ducts, etc. It's all a wonder to the PCs.

There are two moving stairwells that lead to the two doors in the east wall. The southern one moves up, leading out, and the northern one goes down, making it the "in" door to the West Dock.

The entire east wall is glass, even the doors. Beyond it is a hallway, elevated 40' high over the dock floor. The PCs see pure strain humans, all employees of this research lab, wandering both ways in the hallway, going about their work day. Some carry handheld computer terminals, some sip from cups of an unknown beverage. Everyone they see is clean, well-fed, well-groomed, and (to the Seekers' eyes), perfectly-formed.

There are five lab techs working in this area — one at each of the four terminals, and one working near the charging station at the north wall, which releases the outgoing anti-grav crane as soon as the returning one arrives. The techs all wear coveralls, and have a com badge and an ID badge they wear

on lanyards around their necks. Each one has a pair of safety glasses, a hard hat, and gloves at their work station.

The lab techs are pure strain humans of mixed races and genders. They were born here in Earth City, and this is their full-time job. They have been lied to for all of their lives: the citizens here all believe that the wasteland is full of dangerous beasts and radiation, and that no intelligent life exists in the wastelands beyond their walls. Only a handful of city leaders know the truth. Encountering Seekers from the "forbidden lands" for the first time will be a shock. If the PCs have dressed themselves in the clothing from area 3-4, they will appear at a quick glance as "rebellious teens" from the city — the techs might just yell at them and threaten to call security, although the techs will likely soon realize that something is very wrong with the intruders, especially if they aren't all PSH.

**Security:** The entire area is observed by security cameras, and as soon as the PCs unearth themselves from the dirt mound and look around, a silent alarm goes off. 1d6 rounds later, a Guardian-Bot arrives through one of the two doors on the east wall to investigate.

**Terminals:** There are 4 standing computer terminals in the hangar. Any of the discs from area 3-5 can be inserted into any of the terminals — the PCs have been instructed how to do so by the AI, and don't need to roll once they make the attempt.

This encounter can go many ways. The PCs may try to stealth up to a terminal and sneak a disc in, or they may try threats, attempts to communicate, bargaining, trickery, or resort to violence. React to their plans appropriately: clever plans should have a good chance to succeed, reckless or foolish plans less so.

Role-play the lab techs' reactions accordingly. Their motivation is to neither get hurt nor get fired from their entry-level jobs. The soil extraction experiment is a fairly low-priority task and none of the techs are willing to die to protect their results. However, the techs are junior scientists, familiar with the scientific method, and their curiosity may be peaked

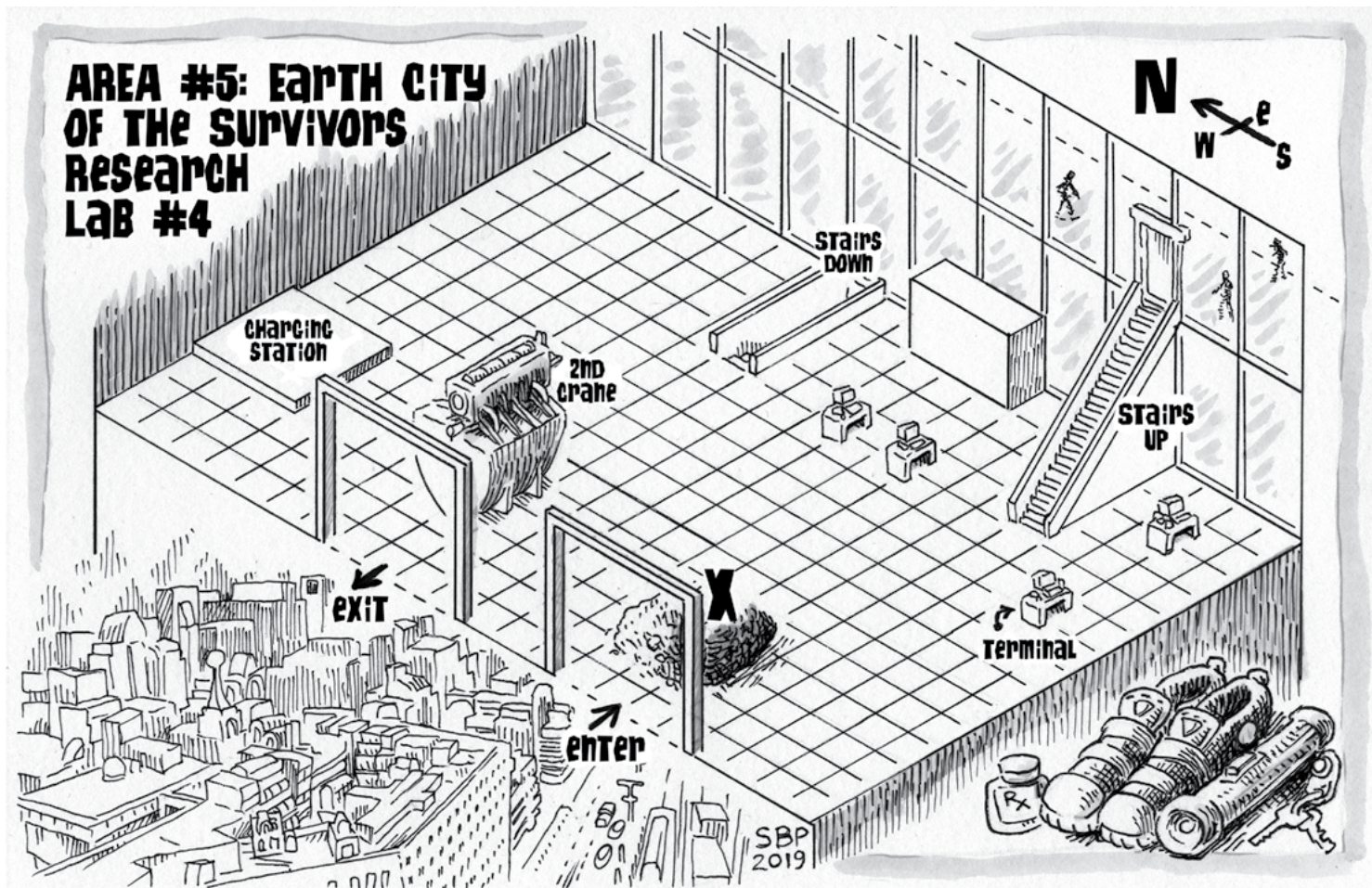
## JUST GRAB SOMETHING!

The PCs would be wise to grab a souvenir or two from Earth City Science Research Lab #4 before they scamper off. There are artifacts on every desk, and in several other places on the dock. You can use this chart to randomize the result of any PC who spends a round trying to snatch something on their way out. Roll 1d30:

Roll	Item
1	Steel waste paper basket
2	Electronic vapor-inhaling device, 20 uses (mild euphoria effect)
3	Thermo lunch box (triple-insulated, keeps items cold/fresh for extended period), with a wrap, fruit, and a carbonated beverage
4	Pair of athletic training shoes
5	High-quality case with mirror, comb, and makeup
6	Digital music player with headphones (TL 3, CM 4; contains 10,000 hours' worth of music of the Ancients)
7	Notebook with blank, high-quality paper
8	Working ink pen
9	Set of keys for a flying car
10	Protective lab coat (+2 saves against acid attacks)
11	Flashlight (TL 1, CM 1; 100 hours of illumination with C-Cell)
12	Hybrid alloy hammer (1d3, nearly unbreakable)
13	Stimshot
14	Solar-powered chronograph with wrist strap
15	Quality steel knife (1d4)
16	Small jar of delicious spicy condiment
17	Full C-Cell
18	Pair of ultra-dark sun goggles
19	Bottle of painkillers (200 uses, add +2 to healer's Natural Healing roll)
20	Adjustable wrench
21	Can of carbonated ultra-sweet beverage
22	Thermos full of alcohol
23	Multitool
24	First aid kit with bandages, salve, and 3 cureshots
25	Paper carton with 6 meal replacement bars (each equivalent to 1 high-protein meal)
26	Fusion torch with full F-Cell
27	Spare com badge
28	Screw gun (TL 2, CM 1; screw/unscrew fasteners)
29	Solar recharger (TL 4, CM 4)
30	Medipac (C-Cell with 3 charges remaining)







enough that they attempt to try to learn everything they can about the Seekers (proof of humanoids from the wasteland is enough to make any of them extremely respected).

If the PCs approach and show the techs the discs, the techs are bewildered; the discs are for an extremely popular simulation stim game that all the techs are at least passingly familiar with, and they will be confused as to why these wasteland primitives want to play a video game.

If the PCs attack, the techs run to the nearest terminal and hit an alarm: a klaxon sounds, red lights flash, and an additional Guardian-Bot arrives in 2d6 rounds.

Once a Guardian-Bot arrives (floating in from the north door), it shouts a warning in the language of the Ancients, then moves to protect the techs and subdue and bind the Seekers. If a bot is damaged or destroyed, 1d4 more arrive in 2d6 rounds, and will continue to do so until either all the PCs are subdued or have escaped.

**Earth City Lab Techs (5):** Init +0; Atk communicator stun blast +0 melee (DC 13 Fort save or stunned 1d6 rounds) or fist +0 melee (1d3); AC 11; HD 1d4; hp 3 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP communicator stun, tech native, science skills, poor immunities; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will+1.

The Earth City lab techs are a breed of human, whose ancestors were vat-grown from recombinant DNA saved by the orbiting survivor colony; they are essentially "pre-disaster" humans who have lived in Earth City with modern technology their entire lives. They do not need to make a roll to

use devices of Tech Level 4 or less—and with access to a working terminal, their badge, and their passcode, they can download manuals or video tutorials to learn how to use more complex items.

The techs are normally non-combatants, but each one has a special com badge with an emergency defense measure that can deliver a single stun blast by touch. On successful attacks, the victims must make a DC 13 Fort save or be stunned for 1d6 rounds, unable to move or defend themselves.

All citizens of Earth City have lived their lives in isolation from the outside world. Their immune systems are severely underdeveloped when compared with humanoids from the wasteland, and if a saving throw against natural disease is called for, they roll with a -2d penalty.

**Guardian-Bot, Light (1 or more):** Init +8; Atk stun baton +5 melee (DC 15 Fort save or stunned 2d6 rounds) or restraining grab +6; AC 16; HD 9d6; hp 40; MV hover 30'; Act 1d20; SP immune to mind control and poison, restraining grab, not authorized for lethal force; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +0; AI Recog 17 (Security).

The Light Guardian-Bot is a humanoid-sized, tube-shaped robot that hovers on an array of anti-grav pods. Its "head" is a clear bubble that protects flashing lights, sirens, a sensor array, video recorders, and a long-distance radio antenna. The Light Guardian-Bot cannot electronically share data without physically interfacing with a compatible terminal (a hacking-prevention feature).

On a successful restraining grab attack, the target must make an opposed Strength check (versus the Light Guardian-Bot's +6). If the target fails, they are held and unable to bring their arms to bear in combat. On the bot's next action, it makes a second opposed Strength check; if successful, it gets the target's arms behind their back and binds their wrists with a cord of smart restraint that actively works against the victim's attempts to free themselves (DC 22 Strength check or DC 25 Agility check to free oneself unassisted). The bot can make another attempt in the next round to bind the creatures' ankles, likely rendering them immobile and helpless. Obviously, mutant physiology can be a factor, so the judge must rule on the effectiveness of this technique on any given individual.

**The Disc:** If a PCs gets a disc into one of the terminals, Max!16Characters sneaks back into the simulation, using this new account creation request to upload himself. It takes 1d3 rounds for the upload to complete after insertion, during which time the picture from the disc case appears on the terminal screen, then graphics begin to play. Once up-

loaded, Max!16Characters appears as a perfect hologram floating over the Seekers. It thanks the PCs and gloats down at the techs, whom it is now free to terrorize in their video game forever.

The AI keeps its promise: the names of all the patron AIs that sometimes help the humanoids of the wastelands are beamed into the survivors' minds (judge's discretion; Max!16Characters might not know *every* AI, if it serves your campaign better to reveal the identities of some later).

*"Again, I – Max!16Characters – thank you profusely. Now you must escape before security snatches you all up." Over the chaos and sirens, the AI instructs you to climb into the outgoing crane immediately. "I will send the re-agent when you return home."*

Once all the survivors are loaded, Max!16Characters overrides the machine's programming so that the crane carries the party back to the mesa. 12 hours later, it drops them off unharmed (in sight of everyone in the village!) and flies off.

## AFTERMATH: HOMECOMING AND BEYOND

**S**urviving PCs who arrive back at the mesa via flying crane are regarded as heroes. The entire city comes out to hear the stories of their exploits, to marvel over found artifacts and to mourn the dead.

*The night after the escape, it begins to rain over the entire canyon. When the re-agent saturated water touches the black gunk, an amazing reaction takes place: the tarry gook sprouts plants almost immediately, which over the next several weeks become an endless supply of cultivatable fruits, vegetables, fiber-plants, and grains. Canyon City is saved.*

*By popular demand, Mellowark is voted City Chief. He declares you, the Seekers, to be official heroes and saviors of the city, and that the Rite of Passage will forevermore be observed in Canyon City. He also decrees that it is time to start reaching out to other struggling tribes and inviting them to join them at Canyon City, starting with the Wing People.*

Alternatively, the PCs might decide to raid the city rather than take the anti-grav crane and escape. They don't get very far—2d6 rounds later an actual Security-Bot arrives, this one fully authorized to use lethal force (see MCC RPG, page 162). Seekers who surrender are taken captive.

Any PCs captured or otherwise left behind at Earth City are kept in a lab, with the intention of being studied. The citizens of Earth City are furious at having been lied to for generations, and for a moment it seems as if they might rebel against their masters in the orbital colonies, but their anger ultimately amounts to very little: their brief interaction with the Seekers brings them into contact with bacterial organisms from the wastelands that their immune systems are not prepared to deal with. Within days, a mutant virus that the

outside world has lived with for untold generations sweeps through the city. There are no survivors. Any Seekers that are left behind find themselves trapped in an empty city, at the mercy of robots and AIs controlled by the orbital survivors.

If it better serves your campaign, the anger of the Earth City survivors at having been deceived for so long by their masters in the orbiting colony becomes a full rebellion. The city riots, with individuals attempting to leave the city for the first time and explore the world, mad with their first heady taste of freedom. The orbiting survivors, in a bid to keep the world pristine and un-contaminated by their lab-grown servitors, strike from above with lasers and missile attacks, leaving the city a smoldering ruin—although some artifacts may survive.

The hidden masters of the orbital survivor colony have always played the long game: they have no choice. The loss of Earth City is a terrible blow, but not a fatal one. They shall survive, as they always have. And they learned something important: they had clearly underestimated the humanoids of the wasteland. Born to the savage conditions of Terra A.D., these sentients are cunning, resilient, and tough. The orbital survivors must either enlist these humanoids as their new servants in their quest to restore the world, or they must destroy every last one.

**THE END**



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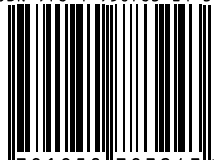
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