

QUARE THINGS IN DUBLIN:

A



Game for 5 players

By

Ciarán “Sarky” O’Brien

Crash course in Fallout system for the GM/players:

Before we begin, a note on XP:

Yes, I'm including XP in this game. Players will find skill books and come up with interesting ways to solve problems or just straight up do something awesome. To that end, I'm handing out packs of coloured stars to Gms. Each one is worth 5% to the relevant player skill, unless it's in **BOLD**, in which case it's worth 10%! Eg. if they read a book on guns, they get a star they can place on a guns skill. If they make a good joke, give them a star for their Speech skill, if they do something awesome, give them a star for whatever seems most relevant.

Ok? Ok.

The general feel of Fallout is 1960s aesthetic mixed with bleak post-nuclear apocalypse, much like Mad Max 2 and/or Fury Road, only the cars would all have tail fins and The Fonz from Happy Days would be considered tough and cool. All of this with a streak of dark humour and occasionally very bad jokes. And the year is around 2200AD.

Now, try and transplant that to Ireland. Got it? No? Right, here are some pointers you should read out to the players or let them read so you all know what the hell's going on:

Ireland wasn't a real target during the Great War. Dublin was nuked, but that might have been an accident, nobody knows. The radiation from the Dublin bomb (and fallout from the rest of the world going up in flames) had a real effect on the rest of the country anyway, large areas became uninhabitable (warning stripes on the map), weather changed, a great deal of technology and know-how was lost so all but the biggest towns and cities regressed to a tribal state. In fact, there are 5 tribal states of significance. Well, more like 4 and then the Peoples' Republic of Caark, which officially seceded but is still friendly. They are the North (New Donegal), the Wesht (Galwegia and its neutral ground the City of Tribes), the Midlands (everything east of Galwegia that isn't irradiated wasteland), the South (Kerry) and the South Again (Peoples' Republic of Caark). Dublin and neighbouring counties are hellish wastelands, where strange beasts, twisted and mutated roam the hills, and humans simply cannot live there for long without severe radiation poisoning, assuming they aren't torn to pieces by rad-wolves or giant wasps.

Settlements are built around a good solid building that can house many people and be used for social gatherings for meetings and revelry, known as the Pub. Society is matriarchal, with tribes and subgroups led by a Mammy, who's job it is to ensure her people can are eating right and can keep themselves healthy. There used to be war between the tribes, but the harsh environment and scarce resources eventually led to a truce. There are still skirmishes over minor issues but for the most part a solid peace is kept, thanks to each tribe's Mammy of Mammies, or Nana, forming the Council of Nanas, one from each tribe, but sworn to never favour one over another. They hold court in the City of Tribes, sacred neutral ground where blood can only be spilled if trial by combat is deemed necessary to resolve a dispute. To break this taboo is officially unthinkable, although politics being what they are people have occasionally found ways around it.

Most people are a bit superstitious and paganism has seen a revival in the face of surviving what other religions were certain was the end of the world. Still, the tribes have a handful each of people who know how firearms and engines work, although without petroleum fuels from abroad the highest technology most people can envision is the occasional steam-powered engine. Every now and then a high-tech item will surface, perhaps sent from the US by a family member on their J1 before the bombs fell. The wisest among the tribes know of such technology as lasers, fusion batteries or even artificial intelligence, although there's almost no use at all for such knowledge outside each tribe's capital where a few power generators and the like provide slightly more modern comforts if the computers can be properly maintained.

System!

The rules are more or less based off the mechanics of the first 2 Fallout games. Everyone has 7 attributes starting at 5 (average). Some times an Attribute roll is called for, in which case the player must roll equal or under that attribute score on 1d10:

- Strength:** Muscle, brawn. Affects melee damage, hitpoints, melee skills
- Perception:** Ability to notice stuff, aim etc. Affects traps, lockpicking, initiative
- Endurance:** Ability to take damage, stress. Affects hitpoints, resistance to poison etc.
- Charisma:** Force of personality. Affects speech, bartering, charm/intimidation attempts etc.
- Intelligence:** Brains, knowledge. Affects science/medical skills.
- Agility:** Dexterity, acrobatics. Affects sneaking, weapon skills etc.
- Luck:** The weight of chance. Affects gambling, critical chance, random events.

Everyone has derived stats from these.

- Hit points:** Self explanatory. Affected by Str and End.
- Armour class:** Penalty for others to hit them. Affected by clothing, Agility and actions in combat.
- Melee damage:** 1, unless Str is above 6, in which case +1 per Str, up to Str10, damage 5
- DR:** Damage Resistance. Affected by clothing/armour.
- Initiative:** Who goes first in combat. d10 + 2 per point of Perception
- Critical chance:** If a roll to skill roll is equal or less than this number, it is a critical success. Results are always at least twice as good as a mere success. 05% +1% per point of Luck, and some weapons offer their own bonus. Critical hits in combat have special rules.

Players also have skills, with base chances of success determined by combinations of their attributes. For these skills, roll equal to or under the score (give or take penalties/bonuses) on d100. A roll of 95% or more is ALWAYS a critical fail.

- Small guns:** Handguns, shotguns, rifles.
- Big guns:** Miniguns, flamethrowers, rocket launchers
- Energy weapons:** Exceedingly rare laser, electrical and plasma weapons
- Unarmed:** Punches, kicks, throws.
- Melee weapons:** Knives, spears, hammers, chainsaws...
- Throwing:** Any thrown weapon, from knives to grenades.
- First aid:** Healing fresh wounds/injuries. Useful in/just after combat.
- Doctor:** Healing long term injuries, crippled limbs, general medical know how
- Sneak:** Moving about unseen and unheard.
- Lockpick:** Opening locks without a key or security code
- Steal:** Taking stuff that doesn't belong to you. Best friends with Sneak.
- Traps:** Noticing, disarming, or setting traps.
- Science:** Knowledge about the natural world, physics, chemistry, biology, maths...
- Repair:** Fixing broken machinery and simple electronics. For complicated tech use Science
- Speech:** Talking, persuading, threatening, reasoning with people.
- Barter:** Making a profitable deal in transactions. Best friends with Speech
- Gambling:** Knowing the rules and the odds in games of chance, and how to take advantage of them.

Add/subtract from these skills according to environmental conditions, for example -10% to Small guns for every 10m away their target is, -15% to trying First aid without the right tools, etc. GM's discretion.

Combat:

Everyone rolls initiative: That's a d10+ their initiative bonus. Go in descending order.

Everyone gets 2 actions. These actions can be, in any combination:

Move: quick dash of 5m

Attack: Roll under the relevant skill +/- bonuses.

Reload: Reloads a weapon (Big guns need two actions to reload!)

Aimed attack: TAKES BOTH ACTIONS. Declare a body part, roll to hit at higher difficulty.

Increased critical chance, extra effects depending on location.

Hitting someone:

Subtract Armour Class and environmental penalties from the base skill.

Roll equal to or under the target.

Roll damage, subtracting and DR from armour.

If a critical is rolled, and the shot wasn't aimed, assume it hit the torso and see the table below after aimed shots.

Aimed shots:

Player call the body part they're trying to hit. There is an associated penalty for the smaller target.

However, if the hit succeeds, that penalty is added as a BONUS to the chance of a critical hit!

For example, A player aims at a bandit's eyes with a handgun. They have Small guns at 80%, and the penalty for hitting the eyes is -60%. The player must roll 20% or under to hit, but is guaranteed a critical, as their critical chance is improved by +60% for targeting the eyes.

Other locations are easier to hit, and thus not so guaranteed.

If the shot lands and is a critical, roll a d100 and add your Luck attribute on the table below for the effects. For example, if you have a luck of 7 your result on the table will be a minimum of 8 and a maximum of 108.

Some rolls above 100 can result in instant death for the target. Obviously boss fights are immune to this rule, just in case. Cripple the area or part of it instead.

Blindness, Crippling:

If a character is blinded, reduce its combat skills by 30%. If this reduces their skill to 0% or less, they can ON a critical (1-5%)

If a limb is crippled, it is rendered useless until a successful Doctor skill is passed.

If an arm is crippled, a character cannot use 2 handed weapons. If both are crippled, they can't attack except with kicks.

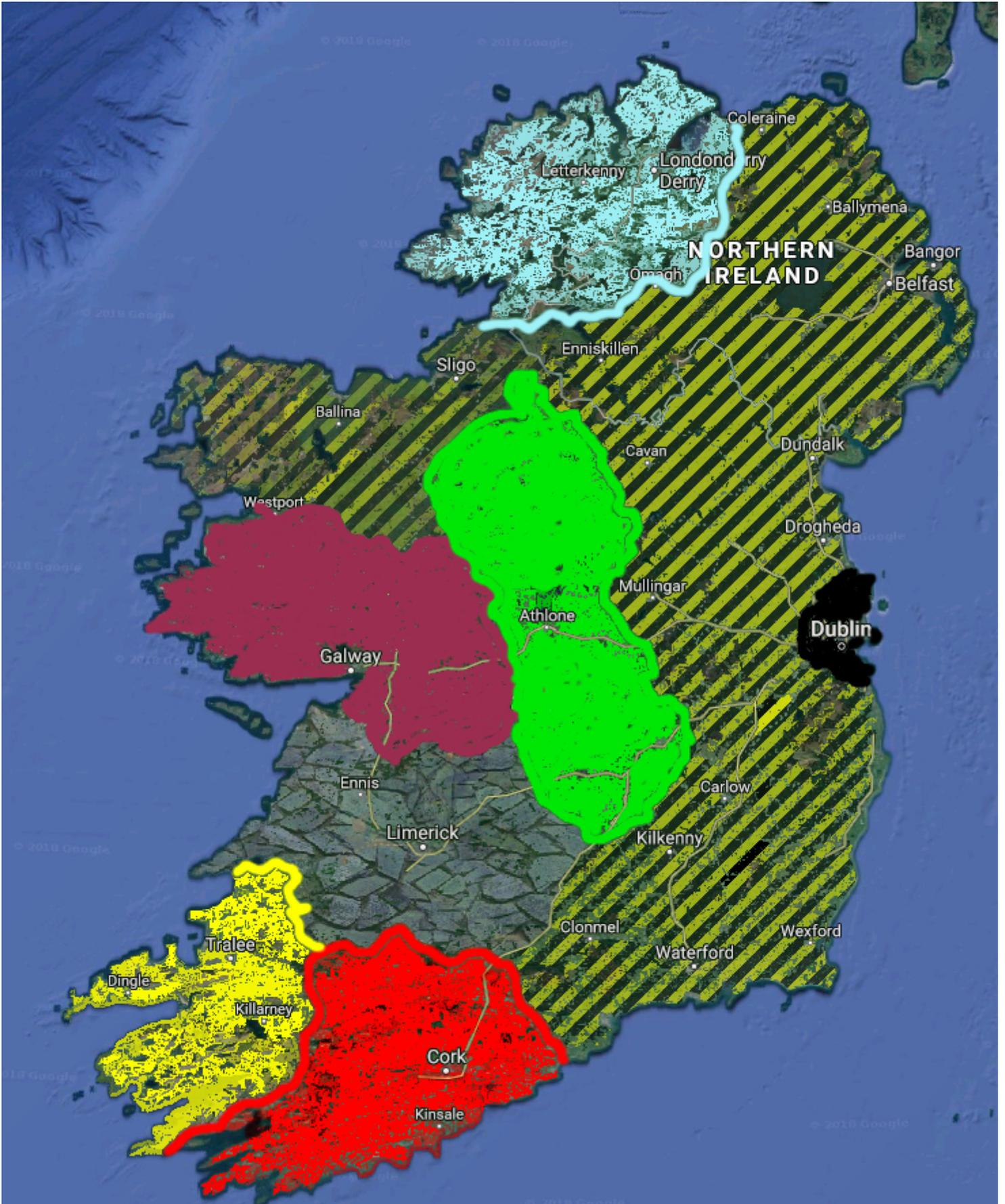
If a leg is crippled, the character cannot run, and movement counts as 2 actions for their turn in combat. If both legs are crippled, they cannot move in combat and need crutches to move at all times.

See overleaf for critical hit tables and effects. Be sure to describe the results in far too much gruesome detail!

Critical Hit Table:

Roll	Head (Accuracy -40%)	Torso	Eyes (Accuracy -60%)	Groin (Accuracy -30%)	Arms (Accuracy -30%)	Legs (Accuracy -20%)
1-20	Damage x 2.0	Damage x1.5	Damage x 2.0 Roll LK with +4 bonus or get blinded	Damage x 1.5	Damage x 1.5	Damage x 1.5 knockdown
21-45	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor Roll EN, or get knocked out	Damage x1.5 Ignores armor	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor Roll LK +3 or get blinded	Damage x 1.5 Ignores armor Roll EN -3 or get knocked down	Damage x 1.5 Lose turn	Damage x 1.5 knockdown Roll EN or get Crippled
46-70	Damage x 2.5 Ignores armor Roll EN with -3 penalty, or get knocked out	Damage x2.0 Ignores armor knockdown	Damage x 3.0 Ignores armor Roll LK +2 or get blinded	Damage x 1.5 knockdown Roll EN -3 or get knocked out	Damage x 2.0 Roll EN -3 or get Crippled	Damage x 2.0 knockdown Roll EN -3 or get Crippled
71-90	Damage x 2.5 Ignores armor knockdown Roll EN with -3 penalty, or get knocked out	Damage x2.0 Ignores armor knockdown	Damage x 3.0 Ignores armor Blindness Lose turn	Damage x 2.0 Knockout	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor Crippled	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor knockdown Crippled
91-100	Damage x 3.0 Ignores armor Knockout Roll LK or get blinded	Damage x3.0 Ignores armor knockout	Damage x 4.0 Ignores armor Blindness Knockout	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor knockdown> Roll EN or get knocked out	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor Crippled	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor knockdown Crippled Roll EN, or get knocked out
101+	Damage x 3.0 Instant death	Damage x3.0 Instant death	Damage x 4.0 Instant death	Damage x 3.0 Ignores armor Knockout	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor Crippled	Damage x 2.0 Ignores armor Knockout Crippled

MAP OF THE WORLD



Synopsis (GM only):

Note: I have had a VERY weird few months and this scenario isn't as detailed as I'd normally like for a con, so you may have to do a bit of improvisation. I'm sorry about that. Anyway.

The players are the champions of their tribes from across the south, south again, north and west of Ireland. The Mammies of each tribe have heard news of an artificial intelligence from before the Apocalypse arising far to the east, and are sending their best to ascertain its intentions, and destroy it if it poses a threat to the tribes.

They'll set off from the City of Tribes (Galway) and head mostly east. Along the way they'll meet travellers and villages (centred around pubs of course) who have met a terrible threat: An elite commando unit of the dreaded Enclave, a shadow government of the USA looking to re-establish American dominions over the world as the only surviving superpower. This unit has burned towns and murdered its way East at a frightening pace and the players must beat them to the thinking machine in the wastes of Old Dublin. In the first hours they'll have a chance to trade for supplies, earn a few skill points, and generally get the lay of the land.

Their first challenge will be an ambush in the Midlands, as the dreaded Caorduu, or "black sheep", surprise them from all sides, resulting in a pitched battle against carnivorous sheep with light bending wool that makes them almost invisible. After the battle, a giant of a man with red hair appears to congratulate them and offers to help them get to Dublin faster, if they can pass the Trials of the Fianna. To succeed they'll just have to ask, because they're not conniving bastard politicians, they're nice people! LAWL. Anyway they are awarded with a Brown Envelope, which will grant them passage past the Wall where their objective lies.

Guarding the Wall are the Sisters of Mercy, a cult of nuns who patched together their radioactive bibles with grindhouse and kung fu movies. They're obviously militant and have some odd ideas regarding doctrine and uniform, with nunchuck rulers, bladed croziers and the like. They keep the secret of Old Dublin, which is that it Became West Britain and is still populated by what used to be the natives, but which mutated into cannibalistic Irish ghouls, or Gowls. Here they catch up with the Enclave squad, who are in a standoff with the Sisters. This is where they discover the Great Secret of Dublin, or as it's now known, West Britain. The Enclave were building an army in secret there before infighting stalled the project and the Gowl civilisation got weird. The sisters will let the players through before Evans if they agree to sabotage the meeting between the various Enclave factions to preserve the balance of power.

The Sisters of Mercy let the players through into West Britain. They can even do some trading on the outskirts if anyone wants to offer equipment from outside, or doesn't mind cutting off an ear or similar. They'll hear tell of strange goings on in the Nuka Shandy factory by the port, which the Enclave factions have been fighting over for years. Now it's a neutral zone and there's lots of flesh available for a Gowl looking for work, no questions asked.

Investigation will lead to the Nuka Shandy factory and the revelation that instead of a thinking machine as the Mammies thought, it is actually a cybernetic life support and combat platform housing the mutated remains of Eamon DeValera fused with Archbishop John Charles McQuaid. A battle ensues. Evil is defeated. The game ends. Hooray!

Scene 1: Fall in

In the closest thing you (or a player, if they might do better) can manage to an “Oirish Ron Perlman” accent, read or paraphrase the following to the players:

War.

War never feckin' changes.

The world is banjaxed lads, and we all saw it coming.

China batin' America, the yanks invadin' Canada, Europeans getting uppity with each other.

They all fired their fancy atom bombs at each other in 2077, and shur didn't the gombeens wipe each other out. America, BOOM! Gone. China? BOOM! Up in smoke. Europe? Sure Brussels was still so tied up in the Brexit they couldn't stop all the other countries gettin' stuck in.

Kilt dead, the lot of them. Near as we can tell that was about a hundred years ago.

Lucky for Ireland we'd nottin' worth invading for, really, so we escaped the worst of it, but shur didn't some gobshite go and nuke Dublin anyway. Turned the Big Shmoke into, well, a Bigger Shmoke. The radiation's bad enough out here, mutated the animals only fierce, but the Big Shmoke in the Pale Lands? The monsters out there, they'd melt your face soon as lookit ya. What's left of it was sealed off, big walls and such. Sure haven't we enough to be dealing with when the psychic badgers come out of hibernation?

Anyways. Mutated wildlife, and the roads are only dreadful, and most of the old machines broke down. None of your fancy Vaults either. We had to come together to survive. From North To Midlands to South To South Again, the tribes meet in the West to resolve problems, forge alliances and marriages, and sometimes just have a bit of a laugh.

Today, you stand in the City of Tribes, the hub of what little is left of the world. The tribal Mammies summoned you here as their champion, along with 4 others.

It's a fair guess that life on the Old Sod is about to change.

(See next page for GM stuff)

GM stuff for Scene 1:

The players have all arrived from their homelands amid great fanfare, accompanied by the leader of each tribe, known as the Mammy, or Ma. They are gathered together and marched into the City of Tribes (Galway, but don't call it that). As they travel through the city they can see young children by a ruin known as the Sparch, engaging in the summer ritual of A Big Bag of Cans With The Lads, or find themselves having to push their way down a street full of both market stalls and street performers. They have never seen so many jugglers in one place. The procession of champions finally ends at the Old Cathedral, wherein resides the Council of Nanas, a sort of ruling body made of tribal members, but owing no allegiance to any one tribe.

The Nanas welcome them in, and their spokesperson speaks. Feel free to channel as much kindly Irish granny into these characters as humanly possible.

"Come in, Chosen Ones, there are things you must know. Sit yourselves down there now, have a biscuit. We have the kettle on."

"I heard off my friend Bridie and her network of spies the other day and didn't she tell me that there's awful things happening beyond in the Pale Wastes. Awful, so it is."

"Rumours of a soo-per-comp-poot-er, I think they call it, a thinking machine! Did ye ever hear the like! Well My other friend Brigid, she remembers some of the old disks from before the War, and she told me now, she said that the big countries like America, they had thinking machines that would do lots of work for them, like managing water supplies, or running a whole factory without any people having to work."

"And then didn't my other friend Mary tell me then that some of them were shockin' dangerous? She said they were far too smart, or didn't think the same way people did, and some even tried to kill all humans! Terrible stuff, altogether."

"So we sent for you fine strapping youngsters. You're the champion of each tribe North, South, South Again, West and Midlands. We, the Council of Nanas, charge you with this quest: Travel East, into the Pale Wastes and beyond the Wall, and find this soo-par-comp-poo-ter. Discover its intentions; If it is friendly, it could help us make the Old Sod a paradise; If it is hostile, it must be destroyed to keep us all safe."

"Now before you go..."

The spokesNana sidles up conspirationally to the group, winking heavily, and slips them all a few bottlecaps, packed lunch, and a vague map of Ireland with some of the major settlements between the City of Tribes in the west and the Pale Wastes. The Wall is identifiable as a dark line roughly cordoning off what used to be Dublin, or the Big Shmoke as it's called, in the far East.

"Go on, take a few bob for luck, and a bite to eat on the way, no, no, I won't hear of it, keep it now and don't tell your Mammy! It'll be our secret!"

This is all scene setting and there are no important rolls here. Allow them to look around, Perception Charisma or Luck checks could point out that:

- the Mammies and Nanas are visibly worried (Perception)
- Someone dropped a pouch of 20 bottlecaps. Well, mine now! (Luck)
- A street vendor blesses the players and gives them each a Nuka Shandy, a vaguely radioactive drink from before the War. (Charisma)
- Remembering legends that the Wall is supposed to be guarded by a mysterious order of fearsome black-clad warriors, but nobody in living memory has met them. (Intelligence)
- Oh look! A book on [pick a random skill]! Reading that might teach you something!

Once ready to go, give them a farewell procession to the city walls, 500 caps, and Eastward ho!

Scene 2: Meet the Enclave

After leaving the City of Tribes, the roads (well not so much roads as concentrations of potholes and gravel) lead more or less eastwards. The high and mighty of the City outfitted everyone with the best equipment they could get, including an old cart with a relatively healthy horse (only one of the 7 legs were lost when it emerged from the chrysalis, quite impressive!). The horse has no interest in galloping, but is far faster than walking. About 2 hours and the players could be approaching Loughrea.

Describe the sights as they travel, to emphasise how different the West/Midlands of Ireland are circa 2200AD post apocalypse:

- It doesn't rain. In fact players have to pass an Intelligence check to know what rain even is!
- As a result, the lands are mostly dull and lifeless, except where a river allows for irrigation and some small towns and villages can be seen (centred around the traditional pub, of course)
- Where there IS farming, it's mostly small fields of hardy crops for food and brewing alcohol, some vegetable patches, maybe an orchard near a big river or lake.
- 2-headed cattle are the norm. Everyone's heard gruesome stories about the freak calf born with only one head.
- Some settlements are deserted, mostly older ones where earthquakes triggered by global nuclear armageddon dried up a river, or caused a sinkhole to swallow the town's livelihood, or the changing winds blew too much radiation into the area.
- Some settlements, like Loughrea, are known to have been forcibly emptied. The claw marks on doorways and suspicious rusty stains hint at what happened. Good thing they built that bypass!

Around sunset, the players approach the village of Ballinasloe. It used to be bigger, but when the people started to die from radiation sickness, it contracted, survivors tearing down useful parts of outlying buildings and reassembling them closer to the old church and convent in the centre. One of the rare villages that isn't technically centred around a pub, the convent's inhabitants do nonetheless brew their own ale to sell to inns on the outskirts and trade in the cities.

As the players approach whatever inn they decided to stay the night at, they are thrown off the cart or off their feet by a colossal explosion destroying the buildings in front of them. Dazed and concussed, it's time for a cutscene Red or paraphrase:

Your vision swims in and out of focus, and trying to rise results in waves of dizziness and violent nausea, causing you to collapse again. You make out a group of figures walking out of the flames, giants clad in metal from head to toe, large eyes flashing orange in the flames. They carry colossal weapons, aimed at you, but, seeing your helpless state, they do not fire. Instead, they stomp off to where the stable used to be, and each giant climbs astride a 2-wheeled machine the size of a horse. The machines roar to life and the metal giants tear off into the night faster than you thought possible. Your vision blurs again and you dimly make out screaming, orders being yelled... and darkness overwhelms you.

Scene 3: Back on your feet

The players come to in what looks like a makeshift infirmary. They're bandaged, bruised and woozy but suffering no major injuries. They can all sit up in bed, but make them pass an Endurance test before they can get back on their feet. Outside they can hear and see people still fighting the fires. If they help, they'll win major brownie points with the locals, to be repaid a little later.

The nurse will quickly notice they're ok, and he will try to insist they should rest, but if a player manages to stand, he's definitely not strong enough to hold them back.

The nurse can be questioned, but there's only so much he knows:

- About an hour before the explosions, a group of huge men in metal armour rode into town on steel horses (anyone with Intelligence 6 or more will know what a motorbike is)
- The leader was called Captain Evans, he demanded to see the village Mammy. The nurse doesn't know why.
- The rest of his squad were grumpy and openly threatened anyone who got close.
- Apparently there was some kind of argument between Captain Evans and the Mammy. He stormed out, his goons mounted up, and they made to leave.
- A few minutes later, things started exploding.

The nurse provides each player with 2 stimpacks in case they hurt themselves or there's some internal bleeding. With everyone up at this stage, he has no reason to hold on to them.

The players have some options:

1 Talk to the Mammy:

- The mammy will recognise the West and Midlands champions, and tell them what the nurse knew, as well as:
- Captain Evans was part of the American government! They're calling themselves the Enclave now though.
- Evans was looking for a man called Michael who'd recently arrived in Ballinasloe, but the Mammy didn't like his tone, and refused to give him any information. A row ensued.
- [Pass a speech test with +20% bonus] The Mammy didn't like the cut of this Michael either. He was a shifty character. Still he'd done nothing wrong as far as anyone knew so they let him stay. He either died in the explosions or was abducted by Evans.
- Evans was massively strong in his armour- She'll show them the council room where they argued. There's a heavy oak table in there that has been shattered. Evans did that with one punch.
- The Mammy's scouts tell her that this Enclave squad headed east at top speed.
- She heard the Enclave mention Dublin, and she knows that the Council of Nanas has been whispering about that word. Precisely what it's all about, she doesn't know but will offer the players any help she can:
 - A new horse and cart. This horse has the full 7 legs, and is quite fast.
 - Food and provisions for most of the journey
 - A small stack of useful magazines for the journey (5 gold stars for any skill!)
 - This includes their most prized possession, a pre-war scoped hunting rifle (small guns skill). Whatever the Champions are facing, they will probably need firepower.

2 Talk to the locals:

- A Charisma or Speech check in a pub will pick up the gossip that “Those bowsies won’t be goin’ too far tonight cos when they weren’t lookin’ Big Liam went and pissed in one of their petrol tanks!” amid raucous laughter.
- They can buy a couple of Nuka Shandies (5 caps),
- A speech check will also reveal in the markets that there are refugees coming in from the East, apparently there are a few uppity beasts terrorising more isolated settlements. Survivors don’t actually know what attacked. Players would want to be careful out that way.
- Another speech or Charisma check lets a player overhear someone who swears they met one of the defenders of the Wall. Clad all in black, fierce fancy fighting with a sword, saw him take down three bandits with two sword strokes. Took the head clean off the last fella. You don’t cross the Wall without their sayso.

Other things they could buy or find:

- NO MORE than 2 more magazines or skill books. GM randomly decides which skill it’s for.
- Another 2 stimpacks (100 caps each)
- A game of Tragic: The Garnering where a successful Gambling roll will let the players win 50 bottlecaps. (Tragic is Fallout’s nod to Magic: The Gathering, if that helps set the scene)

Once their preparations are done and their new cart is loaded, they are welcome to stay the rest of the night to recover fully, and head off at first light. They can head off immediately if they want, no real difference plot-wise. On to the next scene.

Scene 4: Giant Stealth Sheep.

The journey continues on from Ballinasloe. At first the tracks of the Enclave's motorcycles are easy to follow, and they are definitely heading the same way, but after a few miles the tracks fade as the roads become better quality. It is perhaps 3-4pm when the players have an encounter:

By now they would be somewhere between what the ancients would have called the towns of Trim and Maynooth.

Have them roll Outdoorsman, 10% penalty. If they pass, they see what is unmistakably one of the gigantic Enclave motorcycles from the night before, lying on its side by a slew of boulders blocking the road proper. There are no signs of a crash. It was clearly stripped of supplies before being abandoned. It's probably the bike Big Liam from Ballinasloe pissed in the night before.

Players can confirm this if they want to sniff the fuel tank, but they'll be at -1 Perception for the scene if they do due to the dreadful cocktail of diesel fumes and whatever nightmarish substances this Big Liam's kidneys have filtered out of him.

Is the Enclave nearby? No. But another Outdoorsman check will reveal that they ARE being watched; there are unusual hoof-prints in the dust nearby, and an odd rustling sound though there's no wind or scrub nearby to make it.

If anyone made the Outdoorsman roll, they can warn everyone to be ready for an attack.

Secretly roll each player's Luck; whoever passes by the least or fails by the most is the first one to be attacked. Light near that player blurs slightly and fades away to reveal a giant black sheep with oversized fangs leaping for the throat. It's the dreaded Caorduu, the Black Sheep!

The players must defeat a hunting pack of 6 Caorduu. If they think to kick up dust to cover the sheep, half the penalties to hit in the stats below.

Caorduu stats:

-20% to hit at range due to light-bending stealth wool.

-10% to hit in melee or unarmed due to same.

Hit points: 20

DR: 0

Attacks (may use both in each round):

Bite: Base skill 60%, damage d10+3

Serrated hooves: Base skill 50%, damage d10+1

The Caorduu will use pack tactics to try and separate whoever they think is weakest.

Once victorious, the players hear a booming voice congratulating them. "NOW LET YE! FAIR PLÉ!"

A large man in ornate combat armour steps out from behind a boulder, clapping approvingly. He's almost 7 feet tall, has long flaming red hair held back with a decorated leather headband. He leans on a spear as tall as he is made of what looks like a pole of ash wood topped with a wicked blade.

"Not many who'd survive a pack of caorduu, no sir, not at all. I am Finn, and these are my lands! I was tracking these beasts for two days, thanks for killing them. What brings you to the Protectorate of Taran Protectorates, brave warriors?"

On hearing their quest, Finn nods. "Noble indeed. I can tell you now though you are heading straight to your deaths. Between here and the Pale Wastes is a desert of radiation. Without protection, you must go around. Come, I will show you the safer way!"

Scene 5: Fianna Fallout

Finn Effortlessly hauls the Caorduul corpses on the the cart (“good eating on these!”) and sets off at a mighty run to the northeast and has no trouble staying ahead of the horse and cart. The land turns to hills and more green can be seen in the little valleys between them. Finn leads you along a trail of such miniature valleys which opens onto a small forest, green and lush and with a clearing where livestock and people can be seen going about their day.

Finn claps the nearest player on the back and booms “Welcome to the Fianna! Come, I have friends you’ll want to speak with.”

He leads them into a large tent on the edge of the forest, with several elderly men smoking pipes and talking... politics? That’s the Mammy’s job, surely?

Finn introduces the players and tells of their need to cross the Wall, and the old men perk up and look interested. One of them speaks up.

“Not easy, but it can be done with the right people and the right resources. As it so happens, the Watchers at the Wall owe us a favour. Now, ordinarily we’d just sort you out right now, but...”

He’s interrupted by another.

“Ah come on Joe, don’t be an arse. Just give it to them.”

“Sean I told you, we have to form a committee and-”

“Feck off with that, we’re not some populist gang of yahoos trying to rig an election, the Fianna are decent folk.”

“But-”

“No buts, Joe, we’ll do our trading the honest way or not at all. We’re not monsters.”

“Agh, fine, but I’m telling you one of these days we’ll...”

The conversation trails off as the players are led out of the tent and welcomed round a fire for Caorduul chops and friendly pints of Gamma Guinness while the elders argue for a few minutes, before coming out and bowing to the players.

“Ahem. Sorry about that, we found some old holodisks that cast our ancestors in... not the best light, and it’s being hotly debated lately. Anyway, sorry to keep you waiting, In fact, to make up for it, we’d like to help you along the way...”

The Fianna offer the following help:

- “Here’s a relic of the Fianna from the Beforetime. This sacred Brown Envelope will let the Guardians of the Wall that you can be trusted. They don’t like strangers.”
- “We were sending a few lads to the Wall tomorrow anyway, we could drive the carts for you right now, let you sleep in the back, you’ll be there by dawn, no beasties to worry about.”
- “Seeing as how you killed 6 Caorduul, we’d like to offer a trade: you give us the bodies, we’ll give you garments made from their wool. It’s good and warm, and makes you nearly invisible, even in the day time!” **(gain 5 Aran knit Stealth Jumpers, +30% to Sneak)**

Scene 6: Nun-chucks

The Fianna are surprisingly helpful, loading the players up with everything they might need as if they were the exact opposite of a nameless current year political party or two.

Everyone is fully rested come daybreak, and the wall is the first thing everyone notices when they get up.

It's MASSIVE. Well. Massively long, anyway. It's a reasonably impressive 20 feet high, except for the tower next to a large set of gates, which are probably twice that.

Anyone with Outdoorsman can roll to see if they notice the Enclave tyre tracks are back. In fact, the bikes are parked in front of the gates. Captain Evans and his squad are nowhere to be seen, though.

A young man in plain robes runs out to meet them. He's an awkward mix of trying to wave and shout a warning without wanting anyone else to hear him.

"Trouble up at the tower lads, you don't want to go in there til they've stopped arguing, poor Dave got hit in the face with bowl of porridge! C'mon, we'll use the other tower."

The Fianna passengers seem ok with this change of plans. If the players have questions, he can tell them the following:

- Evans and his squad arrived yesterday evening, demanding to see the Mother Superior.
- They know who the Enclave are, yes, and that's why "negotiations" are still going.
- Apparently the Beyond the wall is all in a tizzy.
- Nobody's going beyond the wall until the Mother Superior says so.
- Yes, the Enclave troops are respecting this. Mostly because the Mother Superior knocked one of them out cold, despite power armour. You don't mess with the Mother Superior.

By this time they're at the other tower, and are provided some rooms and refreshments. Players cannot help but notice the religious iconography. There are crucifixes for example, but with skull-and-crossbone motifs, and stained glass windows depicting fistfights according to some weird fighting style. A lot of sawn-off shotguns or likenesses thereof are on display. Also of note is the electric lighting and HOT running water. These people have technology.

For a while the players and Fianna are left to their own devices in a large room with water, basic food, and enough mattresses to rest. Then the door opens and in walks a nun. But not just any nun. Armoured wimple. Spiked bracers. Ragged scar across a hard, weathered face. She *clinks* when she moves, suggesting metal armour underneath the robes.

"I am Mother superior Barbarella. And there are too many of you. 5 too many. Given the *shitstorm* I'm sorting out across the way, I would very much like an explanation for this discrepancy."

The players can step forward and explain, or let the fianna do it. Either Way, she'll want to examine the Brown Envelope they have. She'll question them about their quest.

After the players explain, she'll look thoughtful.

"I see. Maybe the shitstorm abates, then. Interesting. You, Fianna, remain here, you'll be dealt with soon enough. You five, please follow me, we have much to discuss."

She leads the players upstairs to a chamber at the top of the tower. There are windows, but they are shut. She looks hesitant for a moment, unsure of where exactly to start.

Relay the following information. Barbarella is clever and disciplined, not unlike a drill sergeant, however the players are not in her chain of command, so she is more restrained and softly spoken.

- The Sisters of Mercy date back to the building of the Wall.
- According to legend the Sisters devoted themselves to keeping the bomb site of Old Dublin off limits, to keep people outside from wandering into their death, and to keep the mutants and monsters inside from getting loose.
- This only a secondary objective. A lie, even. The real purpose of the Sisters is to hide the Great Secret.
- You see, Dublin wasn't nuked by accident. It was nuked by the Irish Government.

"You see, when the Great War came, it only lasted about 2 hours. Some time in that 2 hours, the politicians of Ireland tried taking sides out of fear. Without consulting the people, and without consulting the military. Nobody knows any more who chose which side, but whatever declaration was hastily made caused the Irish military artificial intelligences to immediately reclassify Dublin as a target. They couldn't stop it, and almost nobody knew the truth who wasn't annihilated a few minutes later as a Dublin military facility fired a nuclear warhead at itself."

- Those of us outside the city and away from the worst of it received... help in the aftermath. From a group calling itself the Enclave.
- The Wall was built with Enclave help a century ago. They claimed they wanted to quarantine Dublin so the rest of the country would be safe. We were deceived.
- Soon after the Wall was finished, super-mutants appeared. I suspect the Enclave created them to rule the other mutants through fear, while they remained hidden. Experiments. Abductions. Evil. Building an army to conquer the country.
- For the last 20 years, there have been schisms in Enclave leadership in Dublin. Multiple factions, each claiming supreme authority.
- The schisms altered the balance of power in Dublin and things got WEIRD.
- And now? Well. Now what was once Dublin city is known to its inhabitants as West Britain.
- If I let Captain Evans re-establish contact with the Enclave, he could reunite them and they would be unstoppable. If I don't, his squad will kill so many sisters before falling, the order would be extinct in a decade, and the country would fall even faster.

Barbarella has a plan, however, now that the players are here. The old towers still have some supplies left by the Enclave during the Wall's construction. This includes radios and explosives, clearly labelled with original Enclave sigils. If the players were to sneak past the Wall a few hours before Evans, they could sabotage the meeting Evans plans to call. Barbarella can only prevent his access to the radio transmitter for so long. She will give them a receiver so they know where the meeting will happen, and can plant the explosives before or during the meeting, and they will accuse each other of treachery, maintaining the balance of power or wiping them out, either is good.

The Sisters will provide fresh stimpacks (2 each), some combat armour (the Aran knit stealth jumpers will fit on over, don't worry), and a choice of weapons should anyone think to ask. Show the Weapons List to players who want to buy/trade/persuade a new rifle out of the sisters of Mercy.
Combat armour: Armour class +25%, DR+4.

Once they're ready, they're hustled off down secret underground passages and come up inside the ruins of Old Dublin. Or, as the red white and blue bunting around the statue of Daniel O'Connell proclaims, West Britain.

Scene 7: I guess you could say they... FELLOUT

Depending on time left, the players could wander West Britain for a while. There are almost no humans in sight, just ghouls, or Gowls are they're locally known, well-dressed and in English accents. Players can sneak around with the stealth jumpers to learn gossip here and there, or even trade with the locals if they're willing to give up equipment- their money is no good in West Britain. If you feel particularly mean, say the a ghoull trader will part with, say, this skill book or lovely high tech Gauss Rifle if a player gives them their right ear to consume. They'd lose 2 hitpoints permanently and give the Gowl a taste for flesh, but they'd have an amazingly powerful weapon so it's a bargain really.

If time is tight, as soon as they're out in the open air the radio will crackle to life as Evans contacts the Enclave factions:

"[STATIC CRACKLES].... Captain Roger Evans of Enclave American Special Forces unit Bravo Tango Niner Alpha Epsilon. Under Enclave directive Vermillion I am hereby taking command of Enclave operations in and around Vault 353. All Enclave officers are ordered to respond on this channel with a status report within the 5 minutes or be considered renegades and enemies of the United States Government. Over."

It isn't long before those reports come in.

"[STATIC] This is Captain Silvia DeMaio, Provisional Enclave forces..."

"[STATIC] Captain Steve Horrigan of the Continuity Enclave..."

"[STATIC] Commander Michael Jones, Remnant Enclave..."

"[STATIC] I'm Captain William Blaskowicz of the Real Enclave Forces..."

There is bickering before Captain Evans can quiet them down and order a meeting to resolve the dispute and bring everyone back under proper Enclave authority. The factions eventually agree on an old concert hall on the coast, the Arena, where vertibird access is simple and the mutant population have abandoned. Evans orders them to be there in 1 hour, and cuts contact.

The players can quickly find directions to the Arenan by asking/threatening a Gowl, or following signposts. It will take them almost an hour to get there due to collapsed buildings, streets that are literally still bubbling from radiation and packs of feral Gowls who sniff the air and screech in a very irritating nasal voice if they smell human.

When they're almost there, tell the players to make an Outdoorsman roll. If they pass, they hear the engines of Evans and his squad's motorcycles, and later the rotors of the other Enclave vertibirds. They'll have to hide, which is easy enough in nearby ruined buildings. They can observe the factions placing sentry turrets at all the ground floor entrances, so no eavesdropping. They can now plan how to go about sabotaging things. All the Enclave factions have at least 3 individuals with them, with Evans' squad bringing the number above 15 soldiers in advanced power armour, which is absolutely suicide to just attack. Suitable use of the Traps skill would allow players to bring the building down on everyone, or they could rig the vertibirds and bikes to explode, with or without Enclave soldiers on board.

It's up to them, let them have some fun and make things go boom. Any survivors will be busy fighting each other long enough for them to complete their own mission.

Almost Final Scene:

With the Enclave busy exploding and/or blaming each other, the players are free to find out about this thinking machine and sort it out.

The Gowls are a bit xenophobic, not having seen too many humans or “smoothskins” in their time, but a decent Speech check at -20% would win one around. Alternatively the players can wear their Aran knit Stealth Jumpers and eavesdrop, which is an easy Sneak check (+30% for the stealth jumpers)

One way or another, they can learn the following gossip:

- Weapons dealer called Scab by the old customs house got his hands on some Gauss rifles. Expensive as hell but they’ll kill anything you point them at.
- The Orange Muties are saying “NO!” to a lot of things lately. They might be pissed off with the Enclave infighting. Getting harder to make a living.
- Saw some smoothskins the other day, fools wandered into Rathmines. Probably all eaten by ferals by now.
- Looking for work? Someone else moved into the Nuka Shandy factory by the docks after the last Enclave schism. They hire Gowls instead of pressganging them like the Enclave. You can feed yourself pretty well on what they pay. Mostly standing guard or if you’ve a background in tech or science they’ll snap you up, you can move to a nicer area, never have to see rabble like this again.
- “I can’t believe George Hook still hasn’t died. He’s been locked in that studio for over a century, how does he keep broadcasting?”

They can grab gauss weapons or armour piercing melee weapons at Scab’s before moving on if they like, but the cost is high- their old weapon and their Aran Stealth Jumpers. Still, combat armour and armour and high-end weaponry are just what you need for a boss fight, right?

They have no trouble getting to the Nuka Shandy factory by the docks. There are indeed Gowls on patrol outside. There’s no risk of heavy combat, the players are armed to the teeth and can easily intimidate the Gowls (Speech + 40%), or they can start a fight and as soon as the first head explodes from a hypersonic Gauss round, coating his Gowl mates in eyeball and gobbets of flesh, they’ll run.

They can be pumped for information either way. They’ll comply in terror. They’re being paid in medical supplies to keep their joints supple, they don’t know who’s down there, all they know is that the Enclave used to be based here before the split and that there’s a huge stairway down. They saw one of the techies enter the code but were too scared to see what’s down there. They’ll happily open Vault 353 for the players.

The door to Vault 353 is a cog-shaped slab of metal on the ground in an underground warehouse of the Nuka shandy factory. Once the code is entered, sections of the cog lower into the ground at differing speeds, creating a short spiral stairwell with the door to a large elevator embedded in the rockface. The Gowls scarper, happy to be away from the murderhobos. Go to the next page for the beginning of the end.

Vault +353:

Vault 353 is deep below Dublin. The lift ride seems to go on for ages, at times not just straight down either. There's no telling where exactly under Dublin/West Britain the players are now.

When the doors finally open, they're in a corridor and faced with a left/right situation; To the left is signposted QUARTERS, MESS, while to the right is labelled R&D, STASIS PEN, ADMIN.

Quarters: Very little of note here, except 2 abandoned suits of Enclave power armour up for grabs! It adds +4 to Strength (Can't go above 10) and Armour Class 30, with DR 5!

Mess hall: Nothing of interest here, aside from a first aid terminal containing 5 stimpacks. The place looks to have been abandoned mid meal, several years ago. It **STINKS**.

Admin: The first thing in this direction is a number of offices and laboratories, long abandoned. A few Science checks could glean some information out of the computers. Let them have 2 attempts before a computer is locked down, but there are lots of machines and one success can grab the following snippets from the failing servers, in chronological order. Read them out:

- FEV testing on the natives is producing similar results to American population. Muscle growth, poison and radiation resistance all within established thresholds. Strain 11-201-c contained a novel sequence which turned subject skin colour orange instead of the expected green. Initial subject was euthanised and skin processed to isolate colourant for analysis.
- ...all proceeded to disobey and instead worked as a team to kill Sergeant Rothfuss. Subjects terminated and brains undergoing full analysis for aberrant pathways. Perhaps there is a long term effect on local population that is not replicated in American subjects. However this resentment for authority manifests, it may compromise units larger than a dozen...
- ...faction infighting. The last argument resulted in the breach of a canister of LV-426, requiring the labs be evacuated for a whole week. This is becoming intolerable, and it is only a matter of time before these flareups cause the release of an airborne toxin, or God forbid, an FEV ampule.
- ...hope the kids are doing ok. I know life in the Vaults can be claustrophobic and boring, but believe me, it's dangerous out here, and that's not the world I want my best gal to see when they open the doors for non-militaries. It'll be real soon now, you'll see. We're almost ready to build an absolute paradise out in Northern Eufd; '#23,/%%%**
-; '#;\$;'\$^1,,?the weirdest stuff I've ever seen. I mean, I know it's not MAGIC, reconstructing neural pathways from the deceased brain was the beginning of true artificial intelligence, after all, and half of that was my own work. Still, the latest advances are grisly stuff and they gives me the willies. And don't get me started on the existential paradox loops caused by COMBINING two partially reconstructed sapient intelligences, I had a mental breakdowns figuring out how to correct the code for one on its own. I'll be glad to be finished this project. Used to be a weapons platform only needed a dog brain in a jar to walk, identify friend/foe and attack. These days it feels more and more like necromannnnn##'"_.#%^z&

At this last entry the lights flicker and the text on the screen becomes garbled before the terminal shuts down. There's a slight feeling the the floor is rumbling. Probably nothing to worry about, eh?

R&D: A long corridor full of high security laboratories. They all have airlocked antechambers, and all the work seems to have happened in isolated booths that scientists would operate from outside using robot arms. Lots of warning signs about FEV, whatever that is. There's nothing of value to be accessed here.

Stasis Pen: Oh, now this is a sight. The final stretch of corridor ends in an airlock style door that takes two people to wrench open. Inside it's dark, but light from the corridor outside reveals light switches on the inside wall. When flipped, floodlights start slamming on and the scale of the place is revealed.

The players are standing on an observation balcony, looking out over a room about the size of Croke Park. All along one side are rows and rows of glass cylinders, with what looks like human remains in the closest ones. The opposite side is filled with large secure storage containers, each one big enough to fit Captain Evans, his squad, and all their motorcycles. At the far end is one very large class tank with an opaque blue liquid bubbling slowly. Nothing can be made out in the tank from this distance. Down the centre of the room is a complicated rail system for a multi-jointed mechanical arm.

To the left of the entrance of the balcony is a computer terminal. A quick computers roll is enough to gain access. There is a warning in large red text flashing upon logging in.

WARNING

Containment failure imminent (est. 3 days 22 hours 4 minutes).

Safety Options:

1. Release live specimens (est. 400 viable soldier class) NOTE: Untrained specimens can be very dangerous!

2. Purge organic containers

Please select.

It doesn't matter what they select, as DevQuaid has already infiltrated the vault's computer systems and excluded himself from the dangerous options.

Releasing the live specimens empties the cylinders and super mutant bodies flop to the ground, slowly rising, coughing up fluid.

Purging the containers injects them all with some dark fluid that causes rapid necrosis- the super mutants are just bones within minutes.

Either option moves the large centre tank towards the middle of the room, before the computer drains the blue fluid from it, revealing a grisly sight: In their own separate glass bubble, what looks like two wrinkled, long dead bodies, melted into each other, attached by the hips to a large mechanical frame with ten legs. The Base's PA system chimes and repeats "Warning: Irish Pacification Platform Deployed. All personnel of Irish descent retreat to a safe distance of 1 mile"

The eyes snap open and the PA system sputters out as the thing takes control of it. The thing shrieks. It sounds rather like a digitised version of the scream you make on waking from a nightmare, only the nightmare goes on regardless. The mechanical legs spasm in time with the bodies' jerking shudders. The legs flex, and the container smashes open, shattered glass going everywhere. The players can run or charge, either way it's a fight.

Final fight: DeValera/Archbishop McQuaid hybrid mechazombie!

If the players run, DevQuaid follows, tearing the corridors and walls apart in an effort to fit through and keep up. They get to the lift, pile in, the doors close, the doors dent a few times as DevQuaid swipes at them, but then the familiar sense of movement takes over and the players are away. As soon as they get up the spiral staircase in the Nuka Shandy factory, DevQuaid, who was hanging on to the lift, bursts through the ground, initiating boss fight.

Alternatively the players can fight him in the base, where his first action is to destroy the balcony to stop pesky snipers staying up there.

Either way:

Mecha DeValera/McQuaid zombie thing stats:

DR 5 all over except the glass jar containing their melded corpses which is 4.
+30% to hit due to size. (useful for critical hits, no?)

Hitpoints: 300 (If they're getting pummelled pretend it was less all along, and vice versa)

Attacks (only 1 per round!):

Legstomp:

Base 60% to hit. Can hit up to 3 players in close combat. DR 3, Damage d10+5

Twin-rocket launchers:

Base 60% to hit. Miss may still cause knockback from explosion (Player rolls Endurance -3 or is flung in a random direction for 1hp damage) DR 0, Damage 2d10

Tactics: Unholy fusion of two of Ireland's biggest wankers brought back from the dead. It's completely berserk, man. It'll chant crazy stuff through its speakers about Red-haired Cailíní dancing at crossroads, the evils of letting women be happy, how he was totally a war hero in 1916, how communism is the work of Satan... General things they both actually said. If you know and quotes, go nuts.

Defeating the boss:

Put on your Irish Ron Perlman voice again and read:

With the destruction of the Irish Pacification Platform, the Enclave suffered a fatal blow to their overseas efforts. The President was furious that infighting had allowed a small group of tribals to destroy all their work, and funding was redirected to efforts on the American continent. Any Enclave survivors in Ireland were quickly lost to the wildlife and radiation once supplies dried up.

With the removal of the Enclave presence in the Dublin ruins, The Sisters of Mercy had little reason to maintain the barrier between civilisations. The gates were thrown open, and ambassadors from both sides met in the neutral ground of the towers, forging treaties and trade agreements. Slowly, travel from both sides led to the reunification of Dublin with the rest of the island. The Sisters became wanderers, teaching their combat skills to those worthy, and punishing those who would harm the innocent.

The Champions of the Tribes received a hero's welcome on their return. The celebrations lasted a week, and the hangovers of the seventh day were so terrible, that a call for more champions was required to search the lands for the legendary elixir "Lucozade and a packet of Tayto".

The end.

Weapons: Page 1/2

Melee: Remember, add your Melee damage based off Strength to this!

Knife

Damage: d10-2

DR -1

Sledgehammer

Damage: 1d10+2

Special: Each 4 points of raw damage knocks target back 1m and makes them prone

Hunting spear

Damage: d10+2

DR -2

Super Sledge

Damage: Roll 2d10 and pick the highest

DR -1

Special: Each 4 points of raw damage knocks target back 1m and makes them prone

Handguns: Only 1 hand required

10mm pistol

Damage: d10+2

DR -1

Desert Eagle

Damage: 1d10+8

DR -2

Gauss pistol

Accuracy: +30%

Damage: 3d10+2

DR -4

Weapons: Page 2/2

Rifles/Shotguns: 2 hands required!

Hunting rifle

Accuracy: +10%
Damage: 1d10+7
DR -2

Scoped hunting rifle

Accuracy: +20%
Damage: 1d10+7

Double-barrelled Shotgun

Accuracy: +20%
Damage: 2d10+2
Special: Short range only

Gauss rifle

Accuracy: +20%
Damage: 4d10+2
DR -4

Thrown weapons:Add melee damage!

Rock

Damage: 1

Throwing knife

Damage: 1d10-3
DR -1

Molotov cocktail

Damage: 2d10

Páidi Mór McKinney, North Champion:

Attributes:

S: 8
P: 5
E: 8
C: 5
I: 5
A: 6
L: 5

Derived:

Armour class: 6
Melee damage: 7
Initiative: 10
Critical chance: 5%

Hit points: 40

Skills:

Small guns: 29% Big guns: 12% Energy weapons: 12%

Unarmed: 78% **Melee: 68%** **Throwing: 44%**

First Aid: 20% Doctor: 15% Sneak: 23%

Lockpick: 21% Steal: 18% Traps: 21%

Science: 20% Repair: 15% Speech: 25%

Barter: 20% Gambling: 25% Outdoorsman: 26%

Equipment:

Hide armour:

AC +15% DR+2

Spiked knuckledusters:

Adds DR -1, damage+2 to punches

Sledgehammer

Damage: 1d10+2 (+7 from strength)

Special: Each 4 points of raw damage knocks target back 1m and makes them prone

Mary McCarthy, South Again Champion:

Attributes:

S: 5
P: 7
E: 5
C: 5
I: 5
A: 9
L: 6

Derived:

Armour class: 9
Melee damage: 1
Initiative: 14
Critical chance: 6%
Hit points: 30

Skills:

Small guns: 61%	Big guns: 18%	Energy weapons: 18%
Unarmed: 58%	Melee: 48%	Throwing: 36%
First Aid: 24%	Doctor: 17%	Sneak: 52%
Lockpick: 26%	Steal: 27%	Traps: 46%
Science: 20%	Repair: 15%	Speech: 25%
Barter: 20%	Gambling: 30%	Outdoorsman: 20%

Equipment:

Light furs

AC +10% DR+1

Knife

Damage: d10-2 (+1 from Strength)
DR -1

Hunting rifle

Accuracy: +10%
Damage: 1d10+7
DR -2

Ciara “Lucky” Powers, South Champion:

Attributes:

S: 5
P: 5
E: 5
C: 8
I: 5
A: 6
L: 9

Derived:

Armour class: 6
Melee damage: 1
Initiative: 10
Critical chance: 9%
Hit points: 30

Skills:

Small guns: 29% Big guns: 12% Energy weapons: 12%
Unarmed: 52% Melee: 42% Throwing: 24%
First Aid: 20% Doctor: 15% Sneak: 23%
Lockpick: 21% Steal: 18% Traps: 21%
Science: 20% Repair: 15% **Speech: 60%**
Barter: 52% **Gambling: 65%** Outdoorsman: 20%

Equipment:

Light furs

AC +10% DR+1

Lucky’s Lucky 10mm pistol

Accuracy: +10%

Damage: 1d10+2

DR -1

Special: Add +10 to any roll on the critical hit table. There’s something about this gun...

Lucky coin:

Once per day, you can re-roll a dice result, including damage rolls.

Daithi Costello, Midlands Champion:

Attributes:

S: 5
P: 7
E: 6
C: 6
I: 8
A: 5
L: 6

Derived:

Armour class: 5
Melee damage: 1
Initiative: 14
Critical chance: 6%
Hit points: 32

Skills:

Small guns: 25% Big guns: 10% Energy weapons: 10%
Unarmed: 50% Melee: 40% Throwing: 20%
First Aid: 50% **Doctor: 40%** Sneak: 20%
Lockpick: 22% Steal: 15% Traps: 22%
Science: 32% Repair: 24% Speech: 30%
Barter: 24% Gambling: 30% **Outdoorsman: 48%**

Equipment:

Doctor's coat

AC +10% DR+1

+10 to medical checks while wearing due to handy pockets with medicines and tools

Surgeon's Knife

Damage: d10 (+1 from Strength)

DR -2

Special: Daithi knows where the arteries are. +10% critical chance with this weapon

Drugs and poisons

Can spend an hour creating 2 doses of a drug to add +1 to any attribute (Not Luck!) for 1 scene.

Can spend an hour creating 2 doses of poison to coat melee weapons with. Adds +5 damage for a scene, or instant death to sneak attack targets.

Maureen Keith, Wesht Champion:

Attributes:

S: 6
P: 6
E: 5
C: 6
I: 6
A: 9
L: 5

Derived:

Armour class: 9
Melee damage: 1
Initiative: 12
Critical chance: 5%

Hit points: 31

Skills:

Small guns: 61% **Big guns: 38%** Energy weapons: 18%
Unarmed: 60% Melee: 50% Throwing: 36%
First Aid: 24% Doctor: 17% Sneak: 32%
Lockpick: 25% Steal: 27% Traps: 25%
Science: 44% Repair: 18% Speech: 30%
Barter: 24% Gambling: 25% Outdoorsman: 22%

Equipment:

Hardened Leathers

AC +15% DR+2

Pre-War Crowbar “Old Bluey”

Damage: 1d10 (+1 from Strength)

DR -1

Pump action shotgun

Accuracy: +20% within 5m

Damage: 2d10+2 within 5m, 1d10 5-10m, 0 beyond 10m

Páidi Mór McKinney, North Champion:

The North is cold, hai. The war changed a lot of things, including weather. Now the lands of the Donegallers consider it a balmy summer day if it doesn't snow. It's harsh, and the land breeds hard people. You're the toughest and strongest of the lot, you've knocked out more teeth than you can count, but they're not your teeth so why count anyway?

The Mammy of your tribe has urgent business in the City of Tribes down south, and has brought you along. Not as a bodyguard, you're not an idiot, you've seen that woman headbutt rad-wolves to death. No, something's up. You're not sure what, but whatever it is, you're ready to punch it until it stops being a problem.

Mary McCarthy, South Again Champion:

The marshlands of Caark raised you, taught you to be sneaky, patient, and deadly when the time came. The phrase "one shot, one kill" sounds like it was coined by someone who wasn't trying hard enough, to your mind. You're only pure daycent with a rifle, which is just as well because the swamps are home to mutant otters, giant herons, and some times, colossal glowing killer whales try to swim up the rivers and eat fishers.

The tribal Mammy has brought you with her to the City of Tribes, up north. Why, you're not sure, but she seems a bit worried. Maybe there's a war coming? If there is, you're ready. They'll never see what hit them, like.

Ciara "Lucky" Powers, South Champion:

Ah shur look. You've always had a bit of luck on your side. The Kingdom of Kerry isn't easy to live in, the mountains only got steeper and the lakes dried up or turned to acid. And some fishers whisper darkly that the Immortal Fungi, Blood-red slaughterdolphin, roams the coasts in search of hapless meals-in-waiting.

But shur isn't it a grand oul place just the same? People come from miles around, and you do business with all of them, wheeling and dealing and schmoozing with the best of them. You have a knack for getting the right deal at the right time, and you've made the tribe a pretty penny. Now the Mammy is bringing you to the City of Tribes up North. Why? You heard some of the oldest women talking about Dublin, the legendary ghost town that burned down in the War. Curious...

Daithi Costello, Midlands Champion:

The Midlands are dangerous. Radioactive wasteland on all sides bar the border with the Wesht, on easy food from the sea, the occasional radiation storm and giant wasps wandering in from the Pale Wastes to the East, it's a harsh life, yes sir. People need brains to live out here, sense enough to know how to gather healing plants, to sterilise and stitch a wound. You're what the villagers would call a Wise Man, if "Wise Man" only they refuse because you might get Notions. But you've saved many lives, cured sickness and set bones, and the people respect that.

The Mammy of the Midlands has brought you with her on a mission to the City of Tribes. You're not sure why, it's unlikely there's been a plague. Well, all will be revealed soon, you suppose.

Maureen Keith, Wesht Champion:

Hon the Wesht! And, uh, the other tribes too, they're our allies after all. You grew up in the City of Tribes, meeting place of all the Irish people and a good place to learn about pre-War science and technology. You even did a tour as city guard, getting some training in the rare heavy weapons afforded the elites. Your knowledge and skill made you a clear choice for Champion.

The Weshtern Mammy has summoned you. Apparently the Mammies of the other tribes are coming, with their Champions. A contest? Or a quest? You'll know when they arrive, she says.