

OUTLAND
SYSTEM

THE MUT'ANT' EPOCH™

TABLETOP ADVENTURE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

GUN STATION GAMMA

Adventure TME-4 For 6 to 10 3rd & 4th Rank Characters

RAPID FIRE
ADVENTURE MODULE



Created by
William McAusland

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“Putting YOU in the Game”

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Special thanks to both Danny Seedhouse for running this adventure at Attack-X 2018 and all the playtesters including: Karen Flores, Cecilia Castro, Kendall Mayer, Sam Augustini, Chance Butler, Jess Lawrence, Angus Redford and many others.

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GUN STATION GAMMA

Written and Illustrated by William McAusland

WARNING! If you are going to be a player in this adventure, read no further! The only content for players is what the GM hands out to you. Looking at this content would be like reading the last page of a novel or watching the climatic end scene of a movie before starting at the beginning!

Location

Gun Station Gamma is not setting specific and can be inserted in the game master's own region or take place in the Crossroads Region. If using the [Crossroads Region Gazetteer](#), place this adventure south east of Pitford in the Havoc Wastes. The area should be arid, prone to junk filled sandstorms, and the facility located in a ruin studded waste. The site should also be close to a barter fort or excavator support town such as [Pitford](#) where the characters initially hear about the mysterious gun turret in the dunes.

Character Rank and Makeup

This is an adventure for relatively tough, veteran diggers. Their numbers should run between 6 and 10 3rd to 4th rank characters. A mix of a few 5th rank and 1st rank characters might be smart, too, especially when a small game group sit at the table with each player having two characters, one an experienced PC, and the other freshly generated. Likewise, it's never a bad idea to have back up characters held in reserve at camp, waiting with the horses, or watching the backs of the main 'assault force', to replace any fallen PC and allow the operator of that character to still participate in the game.

Although there is plenty of brutal close quarter combat in this adventure, there is also a need for

characters talented in the skills of electrical and computer technician, medic, stealth, lock picking, and at least one PC who can read.

As far as character types, no specific character 'race' is needed, but a good mix of technically skilled pure stocks, and powerful cyborgs and mutants is best. For armaments, explorers should have at least one relic weapon each and at least a dozen rounds of ammo. While teams without such firepower can be thrown at this ruin crawl, and even a dig team of 20 first rank PCs could challenge this adventure, the likelihood of them adding their bones to those of previous parties is high.

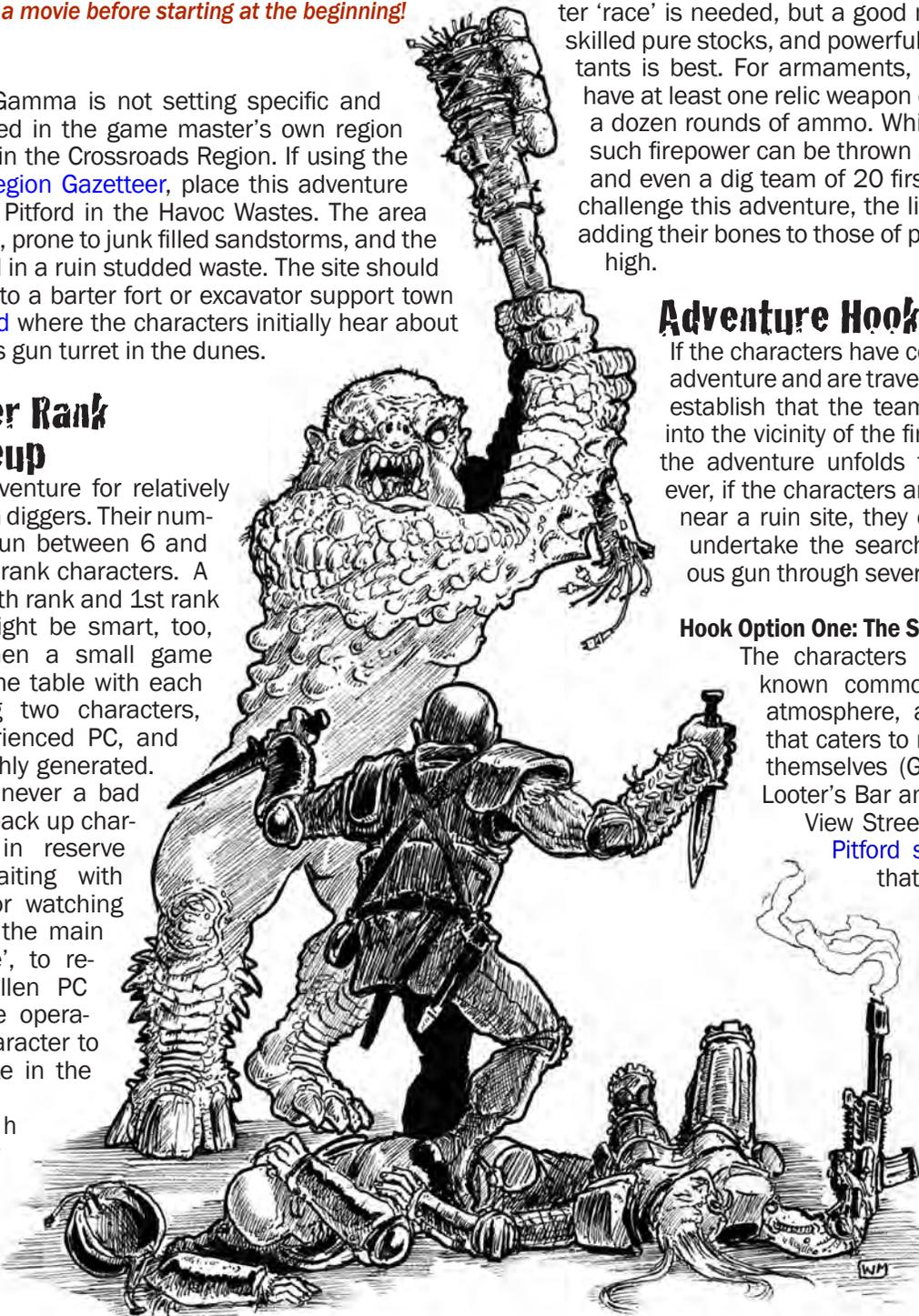
Adventure Hooks

If the characters have completed another adventure and are traveling, the GM could establish that the team merely stumble into the vicinity of the first encounter and the adventure unfolds from there. However, if the characters are in a settlement near a ruin site, they can be coaxed to undertake the search for the mysterious gun through several hooks.

Hook Option One: The Survivor

The characters are at a saloon known commonly for its lively atmosphere, an establishment that caters to ruin explorers like themselves (GM a good bet is Looter's Bar and Grill on Rubble View Street, page 47 of the [Pitford source book](#)). On that evening, the mood is as morose as a funeral, and several whores, old timers and the burly barman busy themselves consoling a ragged, filthy looking digger.

The PCs hear that he is the only survivor of an expedition



to the south east, following a map to an ancient military facility. He claims that his team observed a tall gun turret as it sat in a sand filled ravine, surrounded by the wrecks and rubble of scattered ruins. As they approached, an immense humanoid came out of a blinding sand storm and clubbed the man's comrades. They fired on the brute, but it was immense, hard to see, and one by one, they were defeated and dragged off.

This man fled, and hid in a sandy trench filled with the desiccated, mutilated bodies of skulllocks. For two days he wandered in the dust and avoided predators and subhumans to make it back home. This man, called Lucius, will be able to direct the PCs in the direction of the great gun. He tells them that he believes the giant humanoid, which stood twice as tall as the biggest man, was the guardian of the unlooted fortification... that just before the attack, he saw electric lights gleaming from a hole in the lower tier of the concrete fortress.

Hook Option Two: The Crude Map

An alternate adventure hook is to have the excavators inherit or win a crude hand drawn map of the route to the Legendary Gun of the Old Ones. They are in the community on the eve of their expedition to uncover and loot the facility and perhaps hear of many dig teams failing to return from explorations to the south of the nearby ruins.

Hook Option Three: The Old Timer

Alternatively, the characters learn about a forbidden, disappearing gun turret in the wastes from an old timer. The cripple says that when he was young, and had both hands and better eyes, that his dig team came upon it, having spotted the lights from the great cannon from across the dunes.

His team investigated and found a blast hole in the side, entered and were accosted by some sort of hideous, gun toting monstrosities. He alone survived, having stumbled out into the burning sun and become hopelessly lost in the wastes. He was eventually found by slavers and spent most of his life in a junk mine someplace in the east... until escaping the previous year and making his way to the saloon. Now he admits that he is too old and too broken to be a brave digger... that his party was annihilated forty four years ago. He can hand draw a crude map to the general area of the ancient stronghold.

Hook Option four: It's Personal

One of your comrades has a relative who is a renowned ruin looter, and he and his party recently vanished someplace to the south east of a Digger Support town. Of course, dig teams are wiped out on a weekly basis in the nearby ruins, but a few days ago, Sheelah, a team member from the missing party showed up in town as a half starved, half mad slave, and managed to slip away from her new owners to tell the characters a strange story.

The broken she-mutant recounts how her group was ambushed by tall, tumor covered mutant-cyborg hybrids and brought to a half buried gun turret in the dunes. She

adds that some of her group were eaten by these brutes, others taken to some unknown fate while she and a pure stock man were sold to slavers and ended up far to the south east in a junk mine... where she was bought from again after she broke her leg and was worthless as a junk digger but kept now as a cook and handmaiden to her owner's two wives.

She demands you avenge your relative and capture the relic filled complex for yourselves, and so draws a rough map for you to reach the gun turret in the wastes. She mumbles about a butcher robot, of armored bears, of a prophet, of genderless albinos and untold ancient wonders just waiting to be taken by the brave. Sobbing, laughing and repeating herself, Sheelah regrets that she can not accompany the team, as she aims to flee that night aboard a wagon bound for the nearest city, accompanied by a former lover.

However the PCs are encouraged to undergo the expedition, they have a crude map showing the way to the site's general location, which at best is a full day's travel across broken ruins and dry wastes. The area is infested with mutant beasts, pitfalls, mad machines and violent junk storms, and has no safe drinking water. It will mean spending one night out in the wastes before arriving at the vicinity of the rumored gun emplacement.

As this adventure isn't really setting specific, no actual map illustration is needed to get the PCs out of town and into the general area of the complex, although, the [Pitford Lite free PDF for SOE members](#) provides an area map around the enclosed digger fort that can be used as a starting point

Just a Suggestion: Bring Water

The characters didn't survive to adulthood in The Mutant Epoch era by being imbeciles, so when faced with the prospect of crossing the dry wastes, they will know that they need to bring water. You can ask the players how many canteens of water each player is bringing, and if starting from a town, ask if they want to buy more.

In Pitford, water is expensive and collected by rain barrels when the rain clouds come from the Pacific Ocean (The Tainted Sea), or water wagons bring the precious fluid from further south near Overpass City. Thus a liter of water costs 20+d20sp, the price fluctuating day to day due to supply and demand. Of note, 1.14 liters is 1 quart, or 4.5 liters is 1 gallon.



The Adventure Begins

The march to the gun turret is across very arid ground, which if using the Crossroads Region Gazetteer, brings them to the Havoc Wastes and toward The Rip and Sour Canyon River. The area is just south of the Great Ruins, and although part of old Los Angeles, the structures here

are badly damaged and appear as an immense graveyard, with the upright slabs of concrete looking like immense grave stones.

You've picked your way through the concrete walls, rusted wrecks of old automobiles, crash sites of gleaming flying machines, bone heaps, thorn bushes, and well eroded blast craters. The further south east you travel, the more dusty and dry the land about you becomes and the sightings of living things fewer.

Now and then, something screeches in the distance or scuttles away from your advance, the animals clearly more afraid of you than you are of them.

By dusk, as you look for a likely spot to camp, you notice a long line of short, junk armored figures far to the north, moving in roughly the same direction as you. There are well over forty of the dust obscured warriors and unless you announce yourselves or make a loud noise, they will soon pass out of your view about a half kilometer away into a rubble and junk ravine, without ever seeing you.

These are skullocks from a clan that claims this territory. The humanoids are taking advantage of the gun station's temporary emergence from the sand and are about to mount an attack on the facility – which they have coveted for generations because of its location, electricity and water collection array. So too, they once lived there themselves as supplicants to a living god, but during a revolt, were cast out.

If the characters shoot at this war party, the skullocks will drop into cover, fan out and use of the terrain to approach within 3d20+10 meters of the PCs from all sides and attack after dark. Any PC with binoculars, or similar optical aide can examine these humanoids and immediately know they are filthy, man eating skullocks – a race of beings that everybody growing up in The Mutant Epoch era is familiar with.

Skullocks that attack and defeat the characters will torture, skewer, grill and then devour their captives.

Buried Truck Camp

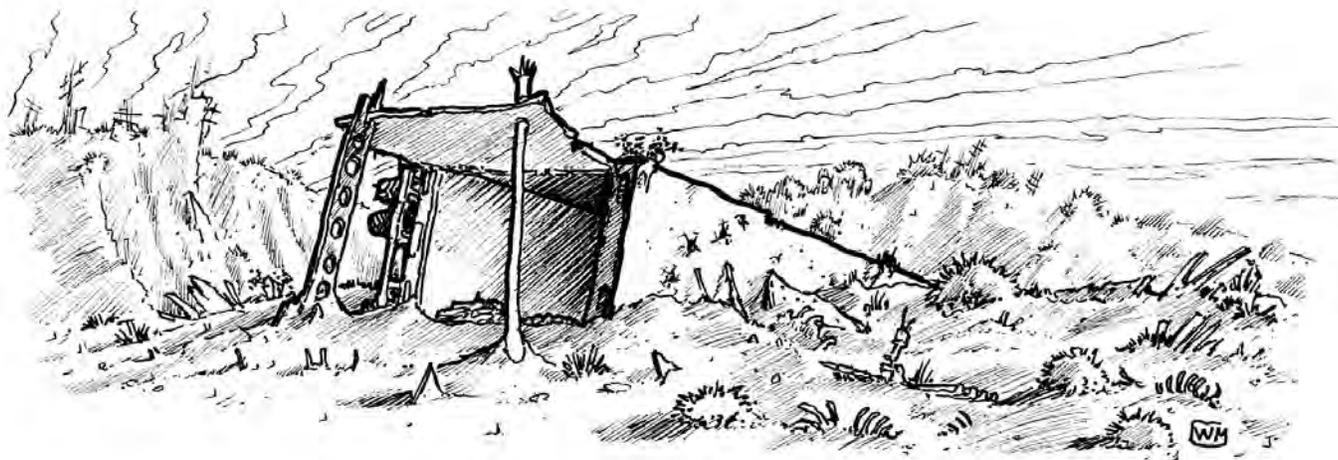
GM, see map GSG-1 on page 59 and read here:

The grit filled wind whips up, making tumbleweed, shredded plastic bags, strips of nylon and dust assault you. Seeking cover and a place to hunker down for the night, you spot a depression in the earth and an overturned, half buried trailer of a transport truck. It lays on its side, the back end staked open by metal shafts, the unburied length of the wreck riddled with rusty bullet holes. Nearby, dark shapes of corroded automobiles can be seen in the low gulch, while the only movement you see is the wind in many gnarly bushes. The sun appears as a low, pinkish orb to the west as the day draws to a close.

If the PCs go down to the open trailer, then go to 'Investigating the Truck Trailer' on page 6 thus skipping any intervening occurrence. However, if the diggers wish to stay on the ridge to observe the truck and its surroundings. Read the following:

You examine the low gulch before you. It's only fifty meters wide, but runs north away from your location about a hundred meters. All around it are tilted and toppled concrete slabs, some clawing high into the brown air thirty or more meters, and all of it topped by shafts of bent rebar. Weeds and sheets of torn plastic blow about in the wind, catching on the net-like metal shafts while high above enormous ruin vultures and far stranger winged things drift along in the hot wind.

The PCs have lingered too long and caught the eye of a high flying reptilian predator, which swoops in from the south. This mutant monster, a winged slasher, aims to decapitate the shortest PC in the group, from behind and if it is unsuccessful on its first pass and fails to injure or kill on the first attack – having planned to come back to the body after the others have abandoned the casualty – it will flap away into the dust storm, vanishing after two



rounds. It will return every hour or so, always from a different direction and attempt to catch a lone traveler out in the clear, but only if it initially noticed the team on the ridge overlooking the gulch.

Winged slasher Lizard (1): DV -5 ground or -25 air/ END 30+d20/ MV ground 6m or fly 14m/ Init. +3/ Attacks: bite / SV 01-64/ DMG d20+5/ STR 37/ AG 67/ ACC 34/ INT 7/ WL 34/ PER 87/ Valuables: skin 65sp/ EFs 25/ Morale: excellent/ Size 7m wingspan/ 47kg / Mutations: usually none.

If winning initiative on first encounter, the winged slasher has come from above and behind its intended target. The unaware victim loses any DV (Defense Value) benefit of a shield, agility modifiers or dodge skill on this surprise, rear attack.

If the characters use guns or other loud weapons to shoot the winged slasher, or won initial initiative and shot at it before it made its first attack, the sound of gunfire carries on the wind and will attract a pack of 3d6+6 sand lizards which will thereafter shadow the character group for up to 3d10 hours and wait for an opportunity to attack when the PCs are reduced to one or two members, separated – or leave a body behind as carrion.

Sand Lizards (3d6+6): DV -5/ END 10+d8/ MV 8m/ Init. +0/ Attacks: bite/ SV 01-40/ DMG d8/ STR 22/AG 32/ACC 34/INT 6/WL 21/PER 27/ Valuables: skin 3sp/ EFs 10/ Morale: average/ Size 1m/ 33kg/ Mutations: usually none.

Investigating the Truck Trailer

The truck appears to have served as an encampment for other intelligent beings, possibly other excavators, as the rear door is held up by great rusty pipes. Inside is a fire pit, although it doesn't look like it has been used in many weeks. Scattered about the pit are a few tattered bed rolls and several empty bottles with glued on, hand written labels denoting the bottles as wine from the region's agricultural communities.

You see no evidence of human bones or any sign that this hole riddled wreck is the lair of any creature, nor the stopping place of man eaters. Near the fire is a stack of branches, more than enough to make a good sized cook fire. The far, front end of the rectangular box is filled with sand, rags, and long decayed cardboard. There is no way out of the truck other than the open rear doors.

If the PCs make a fire, it is somewhat hidden because of it being set back about 3m inside the rear of the tipped over trailer, likewise, the opening of the trailer faces a steep, sandy embankment outside, hiding the fire from the open wastes beyond. Nevertheless, someone or something could smell the smoke or catch the scent to

anything the PCs might cook over the fire, increasing the likelihood of trouble during the long blustering night.

If the PCs light a fire, see 'Fire Used', below. If they forgo any fire and stay quiet, alert and post a guard at the entrance, see 'No Fire' also described below.

Fire Used:

During the night, the scent of smoke, cooking food, and flicker of the flames at the mouth of the old trailer attract the attention of 4 cave scorpions, which advance from the north. If a sentry has been posted near the back of the trailer, the guard spots the giant arachnids approaching between the nearest car wreck and the crater (at the X marked on [map GSM-1](#)) 24 meters from the open doors of the trailer camp.



Scorpions, cave (4): DV -10/ END 37, 41, 44, 48 (30+d20)/ MV 8m/ Init. +0/ Attacks: Sting & 2 pincers/ SV 01-50/ DMG stinger d6 + poison, pincers d10 each/STR 15/AG 25/ACC 34/INT 5/WL 32/PER 27/ Valuables: nil/ EFs 30/ Morale: firm/ Size 1.3m/ 75kg/ Mutations: 25% chance of 1 from set MUT-1, Hub Rules, or see Scorpions in the Hub Rules. Poison of cave scorpions have Type A death or coma poison. Those failing their hazard check must add their current (pre-stung) endurance score and willpower trait value and read on: those with a combined trait score of 30 and under die instantly with no chance to administer anti-venom, those of 31-45 value drop unconscious then slip into death 3d10 minutes later if an anti-toxin injector or medic's care is not administered, while those of 46-65 combined trait value have a 35% chance of death within 3d10 minutes if an anti-toxin injector or medics successful drain venom effort fails. If venom not drained and victim doesn't die anyway, he or she is still left in a coma for 2d4 days. Anyone with a combined trait of 66 or more who is not quickly treated will drop into a coma for d100 days.

After dealing with the scorpions, the PCs spend the rest of the night without event, however, see [Pre-Dawn Commotion](#), page 7.

No Fire

If the characters do not light a fire or make noise, and a guard is posted throughout the night, read the next box text to the players:

Way off to the north, through the driving sand, swirling plastic ribbons and dead weeds, you see several massive, man sized scorpions moving across the dry gulch. They make their way east, having thus far not detected you. The pack of arachnids vanish up and over the lip of the low depression, away from you and in an unhurried manner.

These four cave scorpions did not detect the characters encamped in the trailer and are on the hunt for jack rabbits and carrion elsewhere in the sand blasted night. Unless the PC fire on these scorpions or attract their attention in some manner, then the night passes without event, however, near dawn, see Pre-Dawn Commotion, below:

Pre-Dawn Commotion

Before dawn, an unsettling sound is carried on the wind and wakes up even the most weary of you. From someplace to the east, you hear a rattle of automatic gunfire, a series of blood curdling, inhuman shrieks and what sounds like an outright battle. The wind howls strong for a moment, whistling through jagged bullet holes in the side of the trailer, yet when it subsides, you once more hear far off sounds. This time, a mighty roar, as if in triumph, and then, for the next half hour, pitiful shrieks before these too subside and only the howling wind and patter of sand particles on the metal trailer can be heard.

Players might recall that the destination of their characters lies due east, too, where the horrific sounds had just come. Do not volunteer this info to the players, as they will soon discover the aftermath of the engagement themselves.

Go to 'Thirst Peril'

Thirst Peril

During the previous day's hike and the long night, each character will have consumed 1 liter of water for every 50kg (rounded up) of body weight. Those who have no more water, or insufficient water, will suffer severe

headaches which result in a 50% failure of any deployed mental mutation use until properly hydrated, plus, a 10% trait loss of endurance (temporarily until hydrated) plus a reduction in movement by -1m per round.

Thereafter, read the following box text:

Moving east, following the crude map, you fight your way through blowing sand and junk. The going is slow, the rocky ground giving way to vast patches of tawny sand and the beginnings of dunes from which shafts of rubble and ancient machinery stab skyward.

Minutes turn into hours, the sun is blotted out and you can't tell which way is north, south or the way you just came. All foot prints are lost and twice you swear you just walked by the same front end of an old car sticking out of the sand. Worse, your thirst is hellish, while any exposed skin is blasted with a mix of sand, concrete flakes and fragments of decaying plastic. A huge blade like sheet of metal flies by, narrowly slicing into the head of your lead tracker.

Amid the great slabs of rubble you notice the remains of an aircraft to your right. Although it is mostly a metal tube now, it would offer shelter until the worse of the storm passes. Or you could press on into the blinding surge of sand and flying debris.

If the PCs decide to hunker down and wait out the storm, they can do so in the tube-like husk of a burnt out oldster machine. See '[Wait Out Sandstorm in Aircraft Wreck](#)' on page 8. If deciding to press on, see '[Pressing On](#)', also on page 8.

