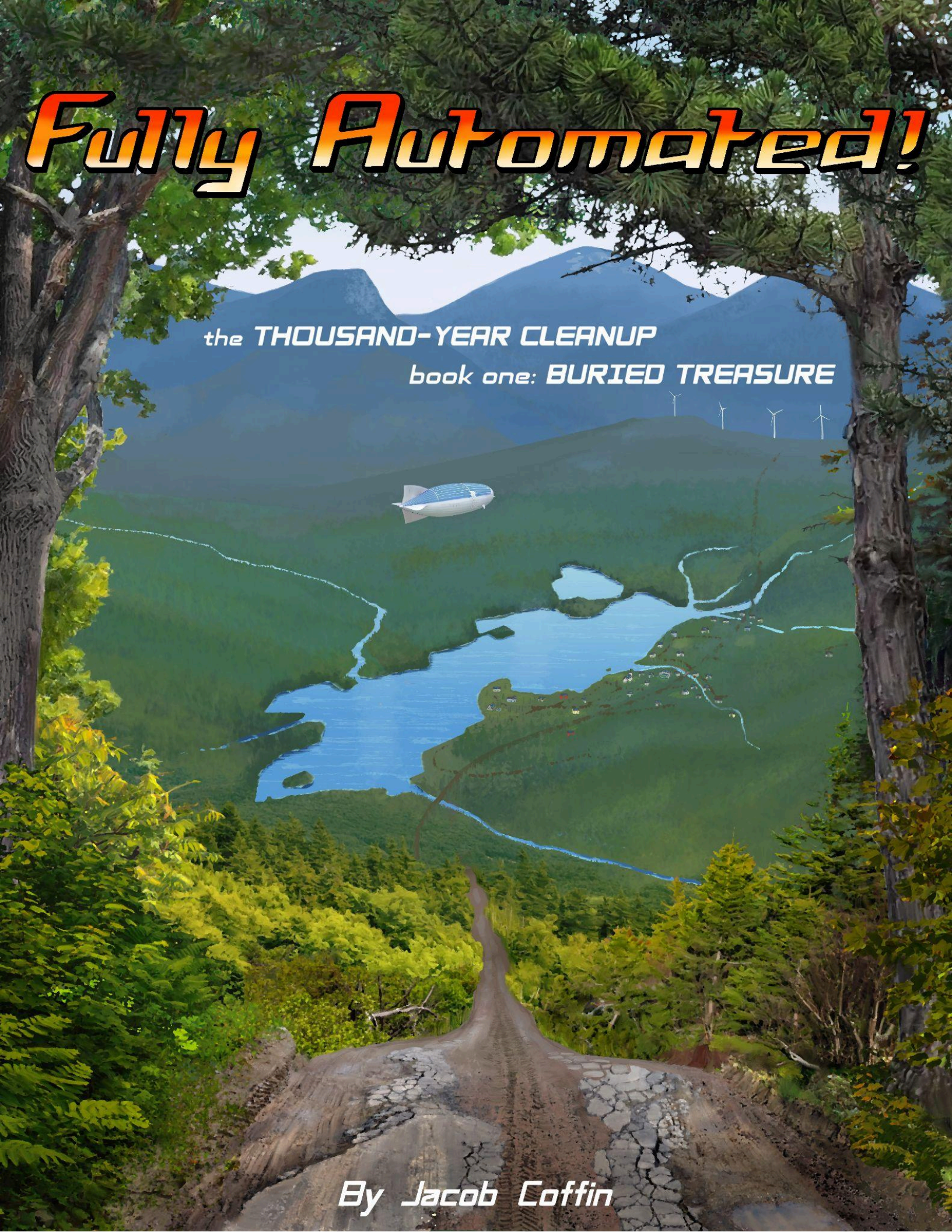
Fully Automated!

the THOUSAND-YEAR CLEANUP

book one: BURIED TREASURE



By Jacob Coffin

Dedication

To my grandmother: your stories of the world you grew up in shaped the better futures I imagine.

Thanks

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With special thanks to Andrew Gross for adding more improvements than I can count and for running one of the playtest campaigns, Elliot Mancuso for editing this thing for both basic English and game design, and the three groups of playtesters who each adventured through dozen-session campaigns searching for their buried treasure! You're all wonderful and shaped this story in more ways than you know!

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Buried Treasure

Book 1 of *The Thousand-Year Cleanup*

~

“The people coming up next will be on a thousand year cleanup. If there’s any people at all. They’ll need story to guide their transition into a custodial culture again. We haven’t begun it yet, the cleanup. We still have a few more decades of this financial system to go through.”

~ Paraphrased from Dr. Tyson Yunkaporta, found in a zine by Marina Kukso

~

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Story Summary

The players are sent to find the site of an illegal industrial waste dump from the tail end of the Global Climate War. They're working with a professional investigator whose client is a co-op specializing in site remediation and sourcing forgotten industrial waste for the production of geopolymers. The investigator has followed the evidence to a region of New Hampshire which has been largely abandoned since the war, where the only significant modern industries are all centered around deconstruction and rewilding.

Somewhere in this wilderness, literal tons of undocumented chemical waste have been left to contaminate the region. The players will journey to a disincorporating town in the rewilding zone; visit villages, homesteads, and farms; interview locals; investigate ruins; and attempt to uncover both the waste itself and a forgotten conspiracy and murder committed to cover it up… all while the surviving conspirators attempt to stop them.

This campaign typically takes 10-12 sessions (20-24 hours) to play end-to-end.

Story Overview

The players are helping an investigator named Morgan Kemp, who is working for a co-op called Furnace Osmia. Furnace Osmia specializes in safely removing certain kinds of industrial waste (most of which are high in calcium aluminates) from contaminated sites, restoring those sites, and safely transporting the waste to geopolymer producers who use it as a manufacturing input. Geopolymers are the modern replacement for Portland cement, they're stronger, and much closer to emissions-neutral.

Contaminated sites used to be unfortunately plentiful, and communities would often find them on their own and reach out for help with remediation. But by this time, most known waste has already been reclaimed and sequestered into buildings and infrastructure, and any modern industries with calcium aluminate byproducts have established pipelines to geopolymer producers.

So Furnace Osmia has hired investigators to search old world records and to help them find previously unknown sources of waste.

Morgan has been digging into the sparse records of a sketchy company called Deyesso Industrial Disposal, which was active in the United States before and during the Global Climate War. DID are infamous in restoration circles for their record-breakingly bad practices, innovative regulatory evasion, immunity from consequences, and their idiosyncratic record keeping, which was either sloppy or outright falsified in the few instances where it wasn't destroyed in fits of paranoia.

There is (accurate but unproven) speculation that they had the support of an unknown person or persons within the United States government, likely the Department of Defense, who used wartime secrecy measures to shield them from consequences. Many large

corporations were deemed ‘critical’ to the war effort and had been essentially folded into the DoD, including steel and other heavy manufacturing. These industries and their subsidiaries (like Deyesso Industrial Disposal) often received special treatment if the right people felt it could impact military readiness (or could be paid to feel that way).

For individuals seeking out ready sources of Fly Ash, Blast Furnace Slag, quartz mining tailings, and other forms of calcium aluminates, this company’s spotty records read like treasure maps. Their records are somewhat picked over at this point but Morgan Kemp has found a clue to one of the largest dump sites yet, from later in the war than the company was even known to be operational. It points them to Comity, NH.

The former town of Comity (current population just under 100) has been largely abandoned for decades. It was recently rezoned for managed wilderness, and is undergoing deconstruction and rewilding. It will be formally disincorporated within five years. The majority of the land within its borders will be merged into a conservation zone, with most of the responsibilities for stewarding it contracted to a group of locomodos (humans who have acquired extensive survival-oriented body modifications and can live in the wilderness with minimal impact and no permanent structures). There are several small villages and a handful of homesteads within its nominal borders, but its main industries are currently site remediation, deconstruction, vehicle salvage, and subsistence agriculture.

For more information on Comity, how it came to be abandoned, the process of selecting it for deconstruction and rewilding, and the long-term rights of the people who remain, see the section on Comity History in the appendix.

Morgan hates the outdoors, so they’ve asked the players (ideally at least one of them a junior investigator in the same organization) to journey to the town and search for the dump site. They’ve provided tickets for a series of transportation options necessary to reach a modern village near Comity.

Once there, the players can ask around about their destination and search for transportation. They can borrow mountain bikes from a local co-op, identify a farmer with a woodgas pickup truck who lives in the area they’re investigating, hitch a ride with a deconstruction crew, contact the crew of a docked cargo airship which will be passing over their destination on a salvage run, or simply hike, which should take several hours.

The players can also search records and obtain clues for the investigation. The Comms and Records Building has old tax maps for the area which they use when coordinating with work crews about which lands are still privately stewarded and which are being disincorporated with the town (and are therefore subject to rewilding).

In doing so, the players may tip off a surviving conspirator in the coverup. Jonas Webb, who works at the Comms and Records Building, was involved in the illegal dumping in his youth, and uses his position in the survey and record recovery work to prevent that fact

from coming to light. If he can't obstruct or discourage the players when they ask for records, he'll contact some impulsive members of the local locomodo group and lie about the players in the hopes that the locomodos will do something drastic. Depending on how the players travel to Comity, they may meet these individuals on the road.

There are several sites in Comity that are still inhabited by humans where the players can continue their investigation. These inhabitants fit into two categories: locals and work crews.

The locals are the stubborn nails who have chosen to continue to live here full time. They tend to live in small villages, farms, and homesteads, and they generally all know each other. They trend older and some may remember the events the players are investigating.

The work crews are generally specialists from the outside world. They trend younger and are better acquainted with each other than they are with the locals.

The locals can provide clues towards understanding what happened in the past. The work crews can provide test equipment and information about the current environment which will rule out some of the suspected sites. Additionally, records at the abandoned Comity Town Offices and Police Department can reveal the location of the home of the property owner who hid the waste.

During their investigation, players will discover the identity of two brothers, Marcus and Kevin Conway, who were killed to cover up the illegal dumping, as well as information on their killer, a DHS Agent named Neal Dixon.

The order of events will shift depending on what they find. If the players find Markus Conway's body, or the information about the Conway brothers in the police department, that may take priority in their investigation. If they find the dump site first, they may not learn about the murder of the Conway brothers until Furnace Osmia discovers Kevin Conway's body. The story works fine either way.

Because Jonas Webb and Neal Dixon were both involved (to very different degrees) in these past crimes, they will take action individually or together to derail the players' investigation and maintain the coverup. What this looks like will depend on the course of your playthrough and the tone you want to build. Generally Jonas Webb will provide misinformation and attempt to provoke some of the more aggressive locomodos against the players. Neal Dixon has considerably more to lose, more (former government) resources, and fewer inhibitions to violence, so he may use his own version of these tactics or escalate to outright violence, such as attacking the players using old Homeland Security drones.

The campaign as written tries to emphasize conversations/negotiations with people from the various local groups and the importance of getting them onboard. Most past player groups have amassed quite a collection of allies before confronting Neal Dixon. This includes the locomodos - if the players can talk fast and deescalate in their confrontations,

they can turn a block of potential adversaries into a small but resourceful and motivated army, following up on leads or helping them fight.

Eventually the players will have gathered enough information to find the dump site and to confront Neal Dixon, though these don't have to happen at the same time.

For more information on the campaign's backstory see:

Details on the Illegal Dumping and Details on the Murder of the Conway Brothers.

Themes

This campaign has two major goals - the first is to explore various ways rural solarpunk could look, including questions of what makes for a genuinely sustainable community, what sort of tradeoffs and sacrifices a degrowth-based rural community may need to accept, and how towns and industries might look if they were to accept that they live in a world without limitless resources.

In many ways, it represents a sort of amalgamation of all my thoughts on how the exurban 'bedroom communities' I grew up in would change in a world where endless growth and a total reliance on cars are no longer the societal default. It examines various lifestyles and technologies that make sense in that context, as well as the kinds of people the area might attract.

Along the way, it explores some of the aspects of life where people can independently arrive at solarpunk practices out of necessity or goals like self-sufficiency. There's a tremendous (sometimes only potential) overlap between eco-minded sustainability and individualist self-reliance which can be met with the right framing and an understanding of someone's needs. The campaign's remote location explores some of the ways the community has independently implemented some of the larger society's goals and their reasons for doing so.

In contrast to some of *Fully Automated*'s setting details, the campaign generally aims for a lower-tech, slightly more grounded look at rural areas.

The second goal is to get an admittedly narrow glimpse into the Thousand-Year Cleanup - the global, neigh-endless work to undo the damage caused by past generations wherever it's found. The hidden pollution the players and their allies are working to find represents a common wrong from our time and from the last hundred-some years of industrial production. Every time a corporation or business owner deliberately dumps poison into the land and water to save a few bucks or takes a shortcut that leads to disaster, it represents their expectation that the world around them – their human community, and all the other species impacted – will subsidize those cost savings with their health and lives.

Often there's no easy way to track the full impact of this kind of damage – the people it's killed or sickened, the quality of life lost, or the damage to the habitats in the region. And

because there's such deniability – so many gaps in the laws, so many escape hatches through bankruptcy – the perpetrators seldom face the consequences they deserve.

This is a big part of the reason watersheds play a fairly large role in the story. The map shows how old world borders split watersheds so they couldn't be managed effectively, treating rivers as boundaries rather than as shared resources. The town itself is divided into three watersheds which merge downstream. Only one has been poisoned, which can help the players isolate the source, but if they fail to find it, the poison will eventually follow the rivers as far as they go and contaminate everything downstream.

This campaign could be adapted to many rural areas, especially rust belt towns. Feel free to tailor it to your region or hometown if you like. If you do, consider tailoring the remediation efforts to your local industries, past and present, and the hazards and contaminants they've produced.

Influences and Inversions

This campaign is a riff on the sort of treasure hunting adventures where players need to journey off the edge of the map, searching dense forests and lost ruins for clues.

In a way, it is a very deliberate descendant of other media in the genre like *Indiana Jones* and *Tomb Raider*, *Uncharted*, and other 'Lost World' pulp adventure stories. All of these can more or less trace their lineage, by way of older media such as stories written by H. Rider Haggard, all the way back to European colonial 'explorers' who stumbled onto ruins of cities, such as the Great Zimbabwe in Africa, and (because of their racist biases) were baffled at how those ruins got there.

The decision to tell such a story in rural New Hampshire is a deliberate one. The ruins aren't lost temples but instead abandoned stick-frame houses, municipal buildings, and mobile homes. The dense wilderness is the region's native forests, given freedom to regrow through a lack of human presence and a deliberate rewilding effort.

The buried treasure is indeed a relic of an older civilization, though few in the story's present would look at that civilization's heyday as anything approaching a golden age. Even the tradition of cursed treasures is inverted – the creeping poison is valuable only because the present society has found a way to utilize it.

I feel that these elements and inversions work well with the themes and goals outlined above, but also that I should call out the history of the tropes employed so they can be explored with open eyes.

A Note on Adjusting Violence

The primary mechanics in *Buried Treasure* revolve around investigation – talking with people, asking questions, searching ruins, negotiating. That said, this campaign is intended to follow some adventure story tropes and to mess with others, and it comes with a handful of fights for the players who expect fights in their tabletop games. These are meant to be natural consequences of events in the plot and player character actions, and they hopefully explore some relevant themes, but if you or your players would prefer a setting without violence, I have some suggestions on how to run it.

> As with any TTRPG I really recommend that you devote some time in Session 0 to discussing "lines" (topics that should never come up at all) and "veils" (topics to be handled off-screen or in the abstract) with your players.

There are up to four possible violent encounters in the campaign as written:

The first is a possible ambush by some hothead locomodos, who have been misled about why the players are here and try to chase them off. This one is meant to be nonlethal; the attackers are just trying to be scary and will flee into the brush after shooting some arrows in the players' general direction whether the players retaliate or not. If things go well later in the story, the locomodos' actions are used to explore what restitution/restorative justice might look like in this rough, survivalist-adjacent community.

The second potential fight should only happen if the players really, really whiff a discussion with the larger locomodo group, including their leaders. The larger locomodo group will at some point confront the players over rumors they've been fed by one or both of the story's antagonists. All the players should have to do is keep from getting drawn into a fight long enough to explain why they're really here and let the leaders call their boss and Furnace Osmia to confirm. At that point, they'll defuse the conflict and gain several dozen extremely motivated allies in the region. If the players get drawn into a brawl with a few of the angry members of the group, that will provoke some bad feelings and deny the players help and resources they could have had otherwise. Cooler heads will stop the fight fairly quickly and before it can escalate, but damaged pride and mistrust will linger.

To me, the work of navigating around peoples' tempers and biases is a fairly realistic aspect of trying to improve things. The module tries to hold violence between individuals until things go very wrong, but if you're looking for a different tone it should be quite doable.

The last source of violence should be quite easy to cut if you're so inclined. The story features a cold case murder wrapped up in the illegal dumping committed 60 years ago (with one victim's body hidden in the buried waste). The murderer is still alive, at large, and in possession of a decent amount of equipment stolen from the Department of Homeland Security back before that agency was shut down.

In the default version, Neal Dixon’s attempts to cover up his crimes eventually escalate to sending old DHS combat drones to kill the players (through arson, an ambush, whatever fits). Near the end of the story, he attempts to relive his glory days and kill them himself. This is schlock villain stuff following the adventure tone, but the fact that the drone attack/attempted murder is so completely disproportionate to the mystery the players set out to solve has proven to be an effective hint that there is something darker for them to find.

Removing this content should be as simple as just… not having him do that. He could be dead of old age already, or (if you still want some sense of justice at the end) he could just be blissfully unaware that the players are unraveling his crimes. In this instance, presumably he gets arrested in the epilogue.

Alternatively, if you want to expunge violence from the story altogether and focus just on the quest for buried industrial waste, you could remove the murders from the past by simply changing a few details (remove all mention of the Conway brothers and the old police station, change Jonas Webb's motivations to just covering up the dumping, or remove him as a character as well, so he can't lie to the locomodos).

On the other hand, if your players are more accustomed to games like *Dungeons & Dragons*, where combat is a primary mechanic, and expect a larger number of encounters as a matter of course, former DHS Agent Neal Dixon’s stockpile of drones can be as large and varied as you like. You could sprinkle in attacks whenever you think makes sense. This could even grow into a larger aspect of the plot: that the town is suddenly beset by old, dangerous drones, and townsfolk and work crews need the players to help protect them and figure out where they came from and why they’re here.

Different players need different things, and I think whatever helps ease them into solarpunk as a genre and movement is worth doing. It’s said that it’s easier to imagine the end of the world than it is to imagine the end of capitalism; asking players new to the genre not just to imagine a better world, but to occupy it, to live inside it, can be asking a lot. If providing a mechanically-familiar experience helps them start exploring this setting and imagining better worlds and other ways of doing things, that’s progress, and it’s something you can build on in the future.

Events Outline

- ➔ Players receive a briefing outlining their quest and the area they will be searching
- ➔ Arrive in Fairer Way
- ➔ *Possibly ask around for information*
- ➔ *Possibly acquire additional supplies*
- ➔ Arrange transportation to Comity (hike, borrow bicycles, hitch a ride with a work crew or local farmer, or hitch a ride with an airship, whatever else they come up with)
    - ◆ Possibly get confronted/ambushed by angry locomodos (if hiking or riding bikes after talking to Jonas Webb or staying the night)
- ➔ Arrive in Comity
- ➔ Explore, meet people, ask work crews about their specialties, ask locals about the past, use this info to narrow down the site location
- ➔ *Possibly investigate local records, including police records*
- ➔ *Possibly find Markus Conway's body, which could trigger Neal Dixon to get involved*
- ➔ Confrontation/conversation with the main locomodo group (for pacing, it may make sense to have this happen at the end of their first day, *possibly leading to a larger search effort*)
- ➔ Ambush by DHS drones
- ➔ *Possibly confront Jonas Webb (or let the locomodos do that)*
- ➔ Find the site of the industrial waste
- ➔ Confrontation with former DHS Agent Neal Dixon

Cast of Characters

This is a list of characters who are part of the mystery or who *could* appear in the campaign, sorted by location. The campaign tends to take at least ten sessions, and will only visit some of the locations. There is no expectation to prep all of them up-front.

In the Past (deceased or not present in the story):

Jack Rickers – the owner of Rickers' Pit and several logging, sand, and gravel companies in Comity who concealed the industrial waste.

Kevin Conway – One of two brothers who investigated the illegal dumping happening near their cabin and were murdered for it.

Markus Conway – Kevin's older brother. He was wounded and died in a springhouse on one of Jack Rickers' other properties while hiding from Dixon.

Officer Edward Shaw – A member of the (very small) local police force who handled intake processing the night Agent Neal Dixon arrested the Conway brothers.

Key Characters

Morgan Kemp - the investigator who hires the players.

Former DHS Agent Neal Dixon - the game's main antagonist. He murdered two people while using government resources to cover up the illegal dumping of industrial waste and when he discovers the players' investigation he will attempt to stop it one way or another.

Fairer Way Reclaimers

Fairer Way is the starting village where the players can begin their investigation and find transportation to Comity.

Jonas Webb - the game's secondary antagonist. He was an employee working for Jack Rickers, witnessed one murder and helped hide the body. He is now a Senior Archivist in the records recovery effort, where he uses his position to keep his involvement (and the waste) from being discovered. If he discovers the players' investigation he will attempt to derail it though he's not willing to go to extreme lengths.

Leroy Carter - A junior Archivist and helpful guy. He will accidentally circumvent Jonas' attempt to withhold information.

Hester Wong - A volunteer at the Bike Kitchen.

Gus "the Bus" - The sapient streetcar the Reclaimers set up to move people along the village ring road.

Randal Morrow - An older Reclaimer who works in the food forest, community kitchen, and former member of the council that runs the place. He's friends with Jonas Webb and an unwitting informant to him.

Collin Holman - A Reclaimer bartender. He's friends with Jonas Webb and an unwitting informant to him.

Corey Crane - A Reclaimer who runs the warehouse and logistical network that transfers salvage from the deconstruction effort to the people in Fairer Way who clean it up and work on it. He's friends with Jonas Webb and an unwitting informant to him.

Comity Locals

These are the people who have chosen to remain in the town long-term.

Bob Johnson - A local farmer and lifelong Comity resident. He's not old enough to remember the days the players are investigating but he can transport them to Comity, and provide introductions to locals who are. He also runs the local meshnet and knows about drones.

Arlen Saunders - A local painter and witness to Neal Dixon searching for Markus Conway on the night of the killing.

Hank Walton - A local old guy who can confirm convoys of trucks did not enter one part of the town.

Grant Hayes - The leader of an enclave of gas engine mechanics who are making good use of the salvage. He knows where Jack Rickers' house is.

Annmarie Byrd - Local author who witnessed the convoys of trucks.

Dr. Marcy Blythe - The local doctor who witnessed Neal Dixon searching for Markus Conway.

John Blythe - Marcy Blythe's husband.

The Work Crews

These are the people who are deconstructing and rewilding the town.

Usef Glen - Water quality monitoring expert, can rule out several sites based on downstream rivers.

Doug Abietia - A professor managing a work crew which is checking on the health of several rewilding projects. He can rule out several suspected sites.

Logan Chen - The foreman of the environmental restoration project in the old town dump. A fanatic of the Thousand-Year Cleanup. He can provide test kits and other equipment.

Debora Church - Foreman of Deconstruction Site 1

Helaney Gypsum York - Foreman of Deconstruction Site 2. She can rule out one of the suspected sites.

Denali Alatna Hope - Foreman of Deconstruction Site 3. He can provide information on the group of locomodo volunteers who might attack the players.

Decon Sitwa - The Radio Operator at Deconstruction Site 3.

The Locomodos

This is a group of genetically modified neoprimitivists who are responsible for managing the new rewilded zone and for performing search and rescue within it.

Galen Acosta - the representative of the group towards official organizations and leader during a crisis.

Kaylee "Mint" Smith - the group's liaison to the Reclaimers.

Caterine "Barn Cat" Barnett - the group's liaison to the Comity locals.

Jae "Jaguar" Gentry - The leader of the four locomodos who might attack the players if the circumstances are right.

Octavia "Seedspeak" Landry - Jae's best friend and fellow bad idea haver.

Lemyue "Mist" Acoss - a lifelong locomodo who has recently joined the group and will follow Jae and Octavia's lead.

Nicholas Barnett - an experienced tracker and the fourth member of the group that might attack the players.

Isabelle Russo - a phytoremediation expert working on the Comity Town Dump - she can provide a lot of assistance with the search by mobilizing part of the group.

Vicktor Ward - An older locomodo who is distrustful of outsiders, a representative for the faction that will believe misinformation from Jonas Webb or Neal Dixon and side against the players.

Walter Colton Mason - Another older locomodo who is distrustful of outsiders, and representative for the faction that will believe misinformation from Jonas Webb or Neal Dixon and side against the players.

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Planning

Summary

Players meet with Morgan Kemp in their office so that Morgan can lay out the quest. They explain that they've found some old documents that allude to tons of toxic waste illegally dumped in the forests of New Hampshire. However, not only is the location hidden, the town in which it took place is in the midst of deconstruction. The vast majority of buildings in the area and all their contents are being removed and repurposed, even landmarks like roads are being erased. So if they don't find the site soon, the search and removal effort will only get more difficult.

The key information the players should receive:

I. **Jack Rickers hid thousands of tons of waste in Comity, New Hampshire**

Illegal waste dumping was rampant during the Global Climate War, and an unknown amount of it remains unfound. Deyesso Industrial Disposal was responsible for disappearing thousands of tons in under-the-table deals, and it appears that Jack Rickers of Comity was a local businessman and landowner who took it off their hands for a handsome price.

II. **If it can be found, Furnace Osmia will remove it and restore the site**

New processes have been developed to reprocess and repurpose toxic wastes into valuable industrial inputs, so all the players have to do is locate the waste and a team of professionals will arrive to responsibly remove it.

III. The town it's in is being deconstructed

The town of Comity underwent a long period of depopulation beginning in the second half of the 21st century. Because of its extremely low population density, it was zoned by the county to be rewilded. There are four small populations currently in the area, though:

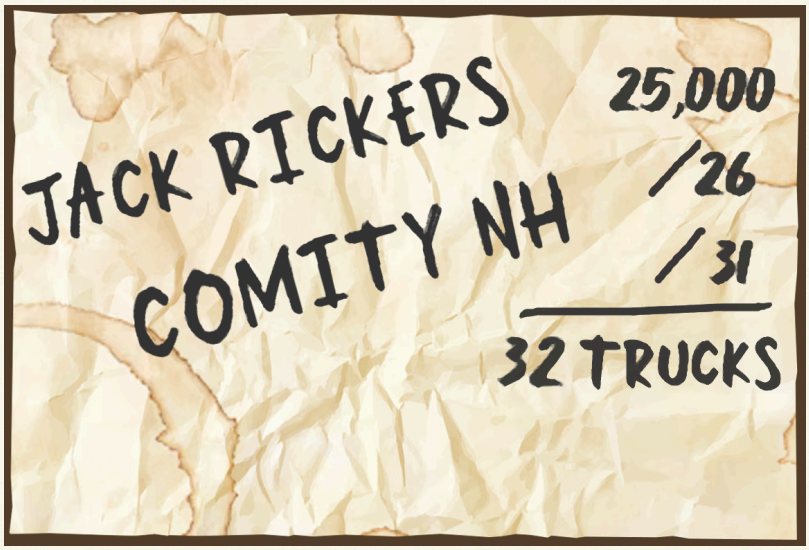
- The locals, who never left
- The work crews who are involved in deconstruction and rewilding
- The Fairer Way Reclaimers, who recently moved in to a nearby derelict development
- The Fox Mountain Locomodos, genetically modified neoprimitivists who can live without shelter and most other needs, and who have been contracted to manage the rewilded land long-term

Locations

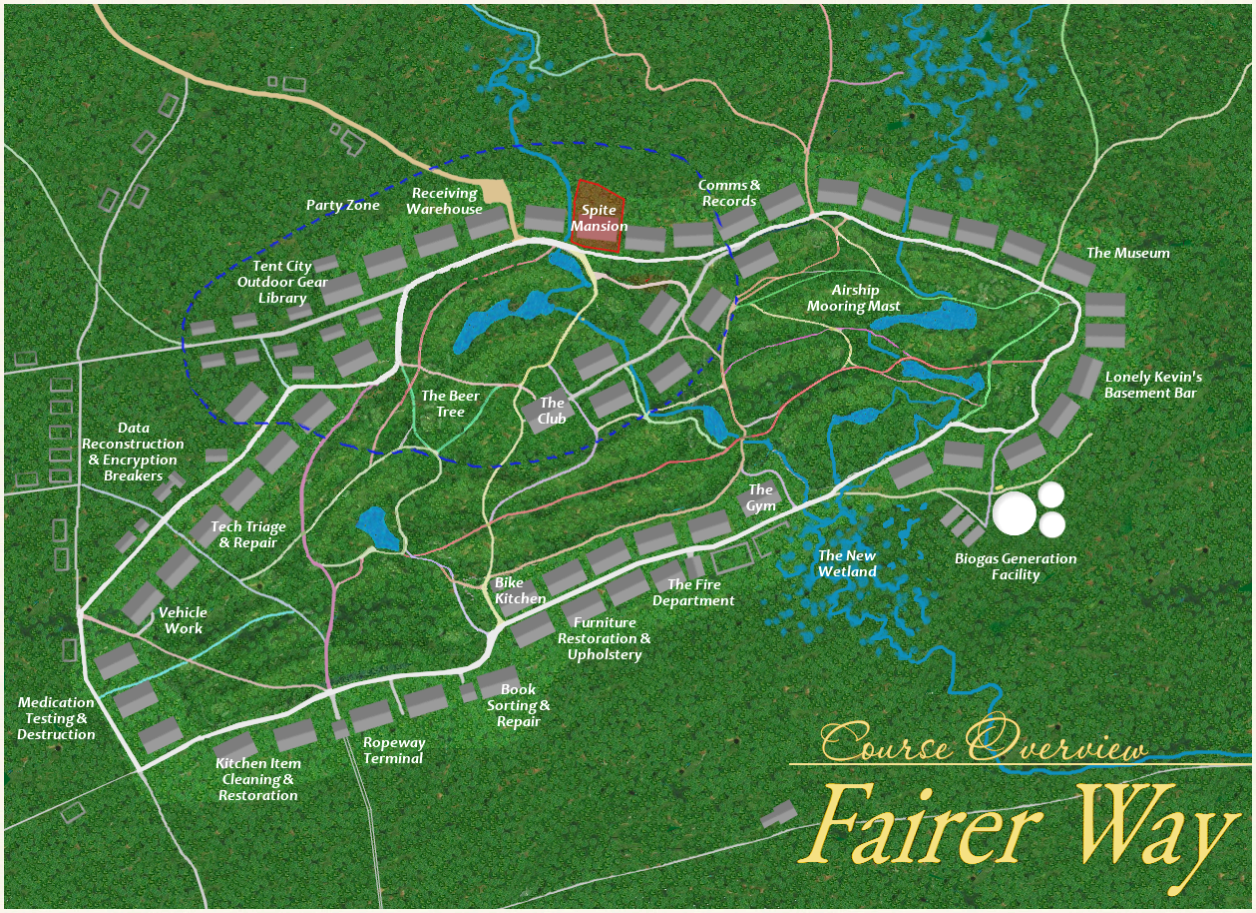
The players can meet with Morgan anywhere they like (feel free to locate Morgan's office in the players' starting city), though they'll have to travel to Fairer Way to start their investigation.

Handouts

Note recovered by Morgan Kemp:



Fairer Way Map:



Running

A quick note on reading this document:

Italicized, blue text is used to indicate box text and dialogue which can be read to the players. I've found this to be useful to have when they suddenly decide to visit a location or character I haven't prepped.

Regular, non-italicized, black text is addressed to you, the GM, and is hopefully helpful in understanding characters and locations.

Establishment

Starting

You're meeting in Morgan Kemp's office. Morgan is a professional investigator (think somewhere between a private eye, a police detective, and an investigative reporter).

Morgan's relationship to the player characters is up to the GM. If one or more of the PCs is an investigator themselves, I'd recommend making Morgan a higher ranking member of that player's organization. If the player is a member of a protector group, this could be part of an inter-organizational cooperative thing where the player(s) are on loan to Morgan's organization. Or they could just be friends with one or more of the players.

Feel free to let the players know the broad strokes of the adventure up front and while they're prepping characters ask them how they know each other, why they're working together, and why they're working for Morgan.

The office looks like something from a noir detective movie from the early days of film. It's dark, the windows are shaded with Venetian blinds, and everything from the walls to the furniture has been painted or stained in warm greys that give the place a sort of IRL sepia tone. For those of you running some sort of augmented reality, there's a cyberspace mod on the room that further mutes the color of anything you brought in with you and applies a very subtle film grain effect. It says "Private Eye" on the door.

Morgan Kemp needs no filter to fit right into their office. They're a thirty-something enby, tall and lean and vampire pale. They're wearing a charcoal grey suit, white silk shirt, and necktie. The only real color on their person is a faint iridescence to their black hair, with colors like an oil slick.

First impression would probably be that the suit is an odd affectation. Speaking very generally; in the world of Fully Automated*, formal "professional attire" is mostly a thing of the past. It's not weird, exactly, just kind of unnecessary.*

Depending on your characters, reactions might range from 'this person is very cool' to 'this person is trying way too hard.'

Briefing
Morgan Kemp's Office

Morgan thanks you all for coming. When they speak, their voice is mercifully free of any noir affectation.

Background

"The client is Furnace Osmia. They're a repeat customer and they want us to find them some work. For the newbies: Furnace Osmia specializes in safely removing certain kinds of industrial waste which are useful inputs in geopolymer manufacturing. They dig it up, transport it, and clean up the site so it's fairly pristine, even plant new trees. And they pay for all that by handing over this month's flavor of calcium-aluminates to geopolymer producers so they can make our lovely infrastructure.

"It's a good deal, except that they're running out of slag heaps to play in, so one of the other things they pay for is our help finding the next job."

They lean in.

"So: I've got a lead on a Deyesso Industrial Disposal site. A big one. One nobody knows how to find yet. Including me.

"Back in the war, Deyesso Industrial Disposal was responsible for hundreds of thousands of tons of industrial waste going missing. They worked for the heavy industries tied up in defense, and they were about the cheapest way to get rid of electric arc furnace slag, blast furnace slag, fly ash, and an assortment of other industrial wastes anywhere on the market.

"Their general MO was basically finding landowners with no respect for their property or their neighbors and paying them a fraction of the cost of proper disposal to 'store' the waste on their land indefinitely. Usually in a big hole so it'd reach the water table faster.

"As the war went on, and industrial processes got bigger and more wasteful, they scaled up their operations. You could find some of their dump sites from space by the big patch of stunted plant life.

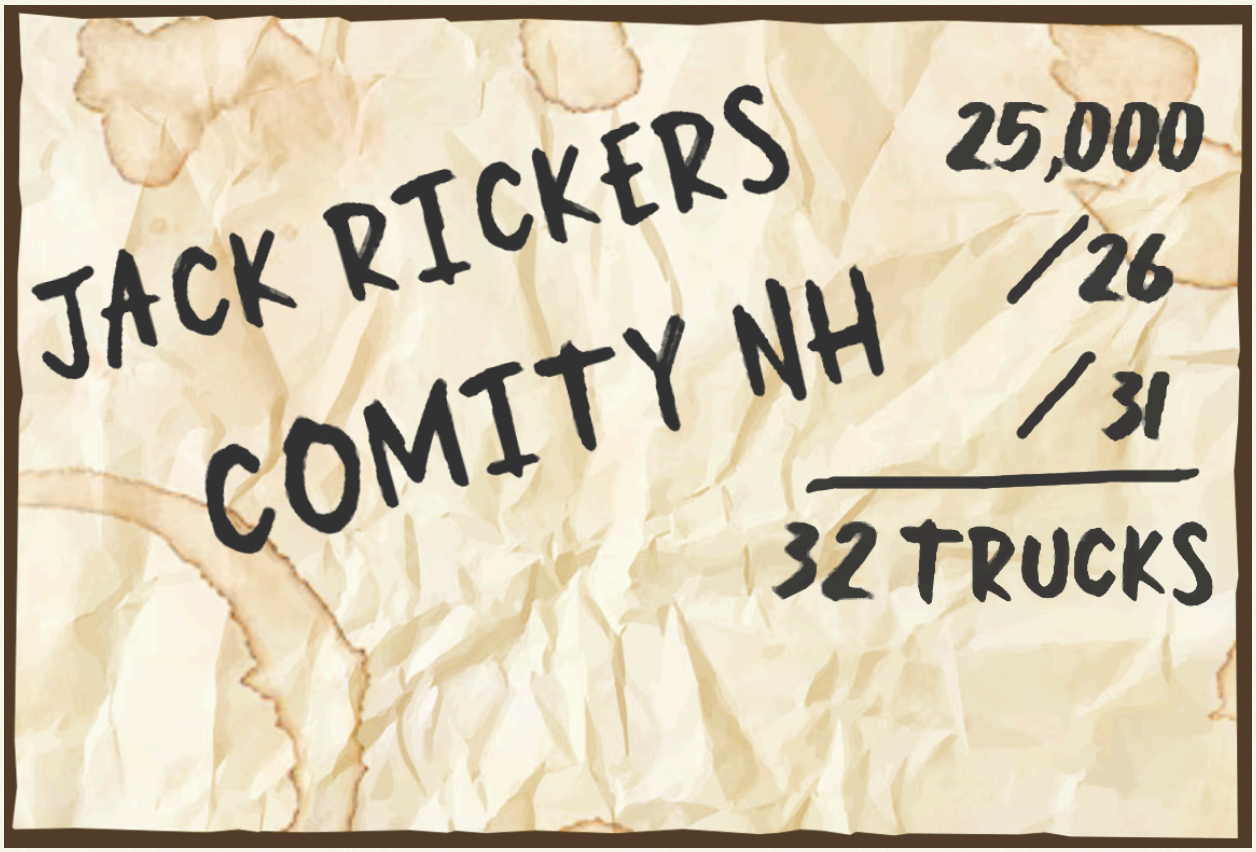
"These days finding their sites is a lot more difficult. Groups like Furnace Osmia did too good a job turning their waste into buildings. All the big and easy-to-find sites are long gone.

"I've seen estimates that Deyesso handled thousands of tons of material more than we've accounted for so far, but where they put it is pretty much a mystery. Rumor has it someone in the DoD was using the Wartime Secrecy Acts to shield them from consequences, so we don't have any contemporary investigations to work from, just the records they left behind.

And, well, whether it was paranoia or sloppy bookkeeping, their records were bad to start with, and they're downright picked over now. They're pretty infamous in the field, and everyone wants to make a claim on one of their sites.

"Which is why it's so impressive that I've found something everyone else missed. I managed to track some of their old GeoIPs to a part-time office in an abandoned garage in Rochester, New York. The site was intact, same as it was the day they left."

They activate a terminal on their desk. As with the rest of their job, the affectations end where the work begins. Their terminal and interface are modern, even a little on the sleek side of repairable. They tap a few keys in their terminal and the glass sheet on their grey wood desk lights up as a display. It shows an abandoned-looking industrial park, then a scan of a greasy paper receipt:



"This is about as detailed as their notes usually get. No units, but if you assume 25,000 is tons of waste, that fits with 26 being the max capacity (in tons) of the trucks they used. Not sure about 31 - maybe days of the month? They were known to run big convoys of vehicles in the middle of the night, even during air raid blackouts, but 32 trucks per day would be insane.

*"I found fuel logs and what passed for cargo manifests that show they were sending about that many trucks **somewhere**, but nothing else even suggesting a destination.*

“So that’s what I’ve got. It’s a guess at best, but if I’m right, this would be one of the largest dump sites found in the last decade, and from later in the war than they were even known to be operational. If we can find this dump site, we’ll be making… well, extremely industry-specific history.”

They bring up a modern, detailed satellite map of a forested, mountainous place overlaid with what looks like an old GIS map. You see a lot of forests and a few lakes, and very few roads or other signs of human habitation.

The Assignment

“So that’s where you come in. You’ll like this part. Comity is deep inside one of those rewilding zones. The regional government wasn’t meeting their percent-wilderness territorial allotments so they looked at the population maps, existing industry, and cultural markers, found them lacking, and rezoned the whole area for undisturbed wilderness. Except for a few holdouts, they’re doing a full tear down. We’re talking ninety-percent of whatever buildings were still standing, stripping out all the other traces of humans in the area, planting some trees, and ceding it to the locomodos.

“I've been out in one of those zones before. It's spooky, almost postapoclyptic, and that's how they like it.

“Now I might be a heroic, two-fisted enby of action, but I prefer my investigations take place in the city. I’m not a great fan of the great outdoors. Get plenty of it here in [cityname] *these days, thanks.*

“So I need some heroic investigators of the ruin-searching, forest-exploring, treasure-hunting type to go find where Deyesso Industrial Disposal dumped this stuff. And make no mistake, we’re talking about literal tons of toxic waste here. Rich in arsenic, boron, cadmium, chromium, lead, radium, selenium and who knows what else. And it's sitting in a place where no humans are likely to notice it for a long, long time. A place where the records stopped somewhere in the late 2060s. And where they’re tearing out whatever infrastructure Osmia might need to use to remove it.

“All you gotta do is find the actual site, mark it, and we’ll get in touch with whichever locals steward the land and get permission to clean it up. Furnace Osmia will do the rest.

“I went ahead and got you tickets for as far as public transit will get you. It ends at a… large village which I'm sure is charming, right near your destination. It's about eight miles from the former Comity town border. You'll have to figure the rest of the trip out yourselves. If they have transit options further out, they're not listed online.

“Keep an eye out for old people - if any of them are local, they may remember something. There were a lot of media blackouts, Internet outages, and sedition monitoring back then, so people tended to think pretty local. Convoys of trucks coming through might have been big news.”

If the players want more history or information on the industry:

“Used to be, the communities came to you with all the research already done, all Osmia had to do was show up and dig. Now most of the easy finds are already cleaned up, and whatever’s left is either too remote to get to, or unknown.

“There’s a few new-production, ongoing sources of calcium-aluminates out there, like palm oil, but they’re already locked down by other co-ops, so finding a new cache of the stuff somewhere, just lying around unclaimed, poisoning the local watering hole, it’s a big deal.

“If you live in a building made in the last sixty years, chances are it’s got some kind of blast furnace slag mixed into the walls.”

If they suggest taking a personal conveyance instead:

“Hey, how you handle the backwoods is up to you - personally I'd start with the hillbillies who're still sociable enough to live in a town, but you do you.

“Alright, get out of here. Enjoy the mosquitos, and ticks, and try not to get shot by the locals!”

Gearing up

Location

After the briefing, player characters should pack whatever they think they'll need.

There is a low-stakes roleplay opportunity in asking the players about a personal item they'll bring - a simple question like *"What's one item your character brings that they don't strictly need, but they definitely want?"* or *"What's one item your character brings that raises the eyebrows of someone else in the group?"*

They should bring the usual things, such as clothes and toiletries, along with any special gear or weapons related to their roles, and whatever hiking or camping gear they think they'll need. These can be personal items or borrowed from a local outdoor equipment library, a friend, or Furnace Osmia. Osmia has a warehouse and equipment depot made from an old strip mall and the remaining parking lot.

Suggested Gear:

- **Clothes:**
  - Weather appropriate pants, shirts, shorts, socks, etc.
  - Boots
  - Hats
  - Sunglasses
  - Gloves
  - Scarves
- **Pack stowage:**
  - Camping backpacks
  - Daypacks and bags
  - Pack robot
- **Sleep & Shelter**
  - Sleeping bags/mats/hammocks
  - Tents
  - Tarps
- **Toiletries**
  - Sanitary paper
  - Soap, sanitizer
  - Toothbrushes, toothpaste
  - Eyecare
  - Medication
  - Skincare, suncare, lotions
- **Sustenance**
  - Food

    - Water
    - Food containers
    - Plates, cups, and flatware
    - Canteens
    - Stoves, skillets, grills
    - Cooking utensils
- **Tools**
    - Personal Electronics
        - Communication devices, cameras, music players, recorders, etc.
    - Binoculars
    - Weapons
    - Rope
    - Stakes
    - Trekking poles
- **Scientific Equipment**
    - Chemical & biological detectors and identifiers
    - For a specific list, check the section on soil/water sampling equipment

Don't fret if the players don't bring something - there will be other opportunities to acquire necessary equipment in Fairer Way and by borrowing from work crews and Comity locals.

Transit
[Starting City] -> [Fairer Way]

Transit sequences provide opportunities for the GM to manage the game's narrative flow. They can be used to ground the players in the sense of relocation and passage of time. Consider using the transit sequence as an opportunity to allow players to discuss their plans. Following the briefing and preparation process, players likely have thoughts and questions about what may happen next. Use the transit process to encourage them to review their plans and ask the GM for clarifications. What are their major goals? What time do they expect to arrive in Fairer Way, and where will they go first? The key facts of their investigation are these:

Jack Rickers is a deceased businessman who lived in the town of Comity and likely buried thousands of tons of solid waste in a pit where it was unlikely to be found.

Who was Jack Rickers? Where did he live and work? What business was he involved in? And where would he have hidden dozens of truckloads of toxic slag? Encourage players to organize their thoughts around these questions.

Your trip to Fairer Way starts out modern and gets successively more crude the further you go. You can travel most of the way on a high speed electric train. It's new and clean and has all kinds of public luxuries like sleeper bunks, cafeteria spaces, a whole car which is just a playground, and high-speed internet.

A couple towns north of Concord, you have to transfer to what the locals call a holdover line, which is still in service while they extend the high speed rail. This is a newer electric freight locomotive pulling ancient Amtrak carriages which are creaking along well enough for the moment.

This train runs all the way up to the high-speed rail network linking Canadian cities, but your itinerary has you stop at a branch line to board a railbus hauling freight and passengers deeper into New Hampshire. Once the last gasp of dying railroads in low traffic areas, these vehicles have seen a resurgence on restored short lines all throughout the region, where small communities are trying to reestablish rail transportation with limited means.

You disembark at a village called Center Sterling. The last public transit route in the direction you're going is a ropeway stretching off into the forest.

The Ropeway from Sterling to Fairer Way

The ropeway is a simple system which was once common on ski mountains in the region. Gondola cars hang from a moving cable which travels over rollers extended out from metal towers. These cars weren't made using the sleek, curved, mostly-glass designs from ski mountains years ago though. They're boxy metal things with simple windows, painted a flat red color. They look more like something from the early 1900s than the 2100s.

An attendant gestures towards an approaching car as some mechanism in the terminal causes it to lurch and slow without changing the speed of the rest. He follows it and slides the door open so you can get in without much difficulty. As he slides the door shut, the car lurches again and picks up speed.

The car ascends pretty rapidly to the height of the first tower, bumps over the first rollers, and stays about that high for the rest of the trip.

The ropeway cars are simple, and up close, the construction is a little crude – they erred on the side of making them overbuilt rather than pretty. The floor is very scuffed and dented, and the seats are designed to fold down from the walls. You get the impression this thing sees at least as much use hauling cargo as it does people.

Looking out, you can see pretty quickly why they opted to use a ropeway for this route. The terrain is rough; you glide smoothly across two large rivers, up over a small mountain pass, and across a wide wetland before reaching Fairer Way.

Arriving in Fairer Way

Finally, your destination comes into view. From the ropeway it doesn't look like much. You can see a few absurdly large houses nearby, greebled with strange modifications, solar panels, Savonius wind turbines, and painted with colorful murals. One has "Welcome to Fairer Way" scrawled across the roof.

Behind them the forest continues more or less continuously through the town, so the only real sign of occupancy is the intact rooftops sticking up here and there and a bit of the loop road. Towering over everything is a fairly barebones airship mooring mast with a huge airship attached to it, nose-first, like a huge blue and white flag.

There is a low stone and concrete wall around the community, tipped over or missing in places now. Many small trails cut through gaps in it.

The ropeway car passes the last tower, rumbling over the rollers, and glides down to a small building on the edge of town. Beyond it, you can see roads and trails spiderwebbing out to many large buildings sticking up from the forest canopy. Then the car is too low and the building and trees hide everything else.

There's a human operator sitting beside an emergency stop just inside the open doorway; they watch as your car glides into the terminal. The car lurches a little as it swaps to a slower cable, and then the doors open.

The players start the next scene inside the ropeway terminal.

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Planning

Summary

The players begin their adventure in Fairer Way. They can start their investigation here, explore the town, and find transportation to the town of Comity. Depending on who they talk to, they may set events into motion which will include a conspiracy to stop their investigation.

> Note: Fairer Way has a decent number of locations described in this guide, but very few of them are directly related to this adventure (they're currently grouped most- to least-relevant). Feel free to use them to answer any player questions, or to populate them with your own clues if the players take an interest in the village and linger here, but the goal for the town in this adventure is that the players should get a sense that they're on the edge of a genuine wilderness, the last stop on the line, before plunging into it. This should be where the game begins, where they take control and make any last-minute plans or acquire last-minute supplies. They should be able to find some means of getting to Comity from here, and may be able to scrounge a little information before setting out, but that's it.
>
> Consider asking them, directly or through characters in town, what supplies they've brought for their trip into the wilderness.

Events Outline

- ➔ Arrive in Fairer Way
- ➔ Possibly ask around for information
  - ◆ This could mean:
    - Going to the records office and asking for information (about the site or about people in town)
    - Looking for people local to the area living in Fairer Way and asking them for information
- ➔ Possibly acquire additional supplies
- ➔ Arrange transportation to Comity (hike, borrow bicycles, hitch a ride with a work crew or local farmer, or hitch a ride with an airship)

Guiding Players

The campaign is front-loaded with a decent amount of lore, prep, and descriptions of travel, but that all leads to this point where the players can really begin. At this point they should have several pieces of information/evidence provided by Morgan:

- The names of several long-dead suspects (Jack Rickers, Dyesso Industrial Disposal)
- An approximate guess at the volume of and composition of the waste they're hunting (around 20,000 tons of blast furnace slag or fly ash, rich in heavy metals)
- That the waste is likely buried in a pit where it is unlikely to be found
- A guess at how it was transported (by truck, at night)
- The name of the town where it ended up (Comity)
- The starting blank map of Comity (with a dot showing their current location in Fairer Way)

They should be able to quickly pick up a map of Fairer Way in the ropeway terminal and use that to pick locations they want to visit while searching for clues or transportation into the disappearing town of Comity.

The players should finally be free of the rails at this point, but if they seem directionless or unsure, you could prompt them to think about their immediate needs (shelter, transportation) or possibilities that could help their investigation. Their goals at this point likely include:

- Asking around about Jack Rickers, Comity, old people who might remember something useful
- Finding transportation
- Finding additional equipment/provisions for their trip

In playtesting, the most common destinations have been the Comms and Records building, the Club, the Receiving Warehouse, and the Bike Kitchen. The Museum, Spite Mansion, and Lonely Kevin's Basement bar have also been popular, mostly out of curiosity.

How often and under what circumstances the players return to Fairer Way will very much depend on their choices and the campaign they play. On their first pass through, this section begins when they arrive; they spend some time asking around, making friends, finding shelter and transportation; and it ends when they choose to set out for Comity.

Characters

Jonas Webb - the game's secondary antagonist. He was an employee working for Jack Rickers, witnessed one murder and helped hide the body. He is now a Senior Archivist in the records recovery effort, where he uses his position to keep his involvement (and the waste) from being discovered. If he discovers the players' investigation he will attempt to derail it though he's not willing to go to extreme lengths.

Leroy Carter - A junior Archivist and helpful guy. He will accidentally circumvent Jonas' attempt to withhold information.

Hester Wong - A volunteer at the Bike Kitchen.

Gus "the Bus" - The sapient streetcar the Reclaimers set up to move people along the village ring road.

Randal Morrow - An older Reclaimer who works in the food forest, community kitchen, and former member of the council that runs the place. He's friends with Jonas Webb and an unwitting informant to him.

Collin Holman - A Reclaimer bartender. He's friends with Jonas Webb and an unwitting informant to him.

Corey Crane - A Reclaimer who runs the warehouse and logistical network that transfers salvage from the deconstruction effort to the people in Fairer Way who clean it up and work on it. He's friends with Jonas Webb and an unwitting informant to him.

Bob Johnson - A local farmer and lifelong Comity resident. He's not old enough to remember the days the players are investigating but he can transport them to Comity, and provide introductions to locals who are. He also runs the local meshnet and knows about drones. Bob visits Fairer Way fairly often to trade food and supplies.

About the Town

This village was an intentional community twice over: the current occupants took an abandoned wealth enclave from the end of the GCW and repurposed it.

Fairer Way is a Reclaimer project, and a somewhat unusual one. They're better known for their work in urban and suburban areas: repurposing strip malls, parking garages, and other car infrastructure into thriving community spaces, and transforming impractical suburban developments into grids of productive sunken greenhouses and public greenways. Fairer Way appears to be a personal challenge of sorts – an attempt to prove that they could repurpose some of the cheapest, worst-designed monuments to American capitalism ever slapped together into a self-sufficient agricultural community.

Both the central golf course that winds through the community and the sprawling turfgrass lawns have been replanted with various thriving agroforests, and the cheaply-built McMansions, with all their clashing attempts at signifying wealth, have been converted into communal living spaces, stores, community centers, temples, and everything else a community could need.

In person, the village seems far more crowded than would be expected from that plan. There's an industrious boomtown energy to the place. Deconstruction is a thriving business in the area, so Fairer Way has, for the moment, grown beyond their original plans. That's not a problem for now; the Reclaimers see sustainable growth and the inevitable degrowth as a chance to put their beliefs into practice.

Most of the bulky salvage – like lumber from disassembled houses and metal from cars – is hauled straight to Braddock, a town to the southwest linked to the larger world by a temporary lightweight, narrow-gauge railway. Or it's lifted by airship even further down the line to a better track with freight capacity. But most everything else is brought here.

Salvage abounds. Everything from furniture to old-world tech is plentiful, if that's the kind of thing you want. And a good many artists and restoration collectives have decided that it is. So several industries have sprung up in the ample space offered by these former mansions and their eight-car garages, all with contracts with one or more library networks to provide clean, ready, salvaged stuff in whatever flavor the library handles. **If it can be dragged here, fixed, and stuffed into the ropeway, there's someone doing something with it.**

The kinds of currencies that try to tack their value to the ethicalness of the transactions they're used in tend to like the reclaimed materials and the general ethically-sourced-and-fixed-by-worker-owned-collectives schtick you'll find out here.

Because the village is close to multiple active deconstruction zones, it is also frequently used as a staging area, temporary headquarters, and rest and relaxation site by work

crews, forest managers, scientific researchers, and rewilding experts. This means that a fairly active entertainment zone has grown out from the guest housing area, full of bars, games, safe/legal sex work, and other diversions from what is often labor-intensive or isolating calling.

And because of all the activity and trade, the town is also frequently visited by local homesteaders and locomodos. All of this leads to a surprisingly busy little town with a fairly active community.

Enjoying the Monuments to Poor Taste

While the players explore Fairer Way, feel free to invite them to 'point out' / invent any horrible mansions their characters see.

A 'good' McMansion mixes from schools of architecture without any regard for history or theme, so feel free to mix and match from the following while describing any yourself:

- Gothic Revival
- Greek Revival
- Georgian
- Mediterranean
- Spanish Mission
- Hacienda
- Prairie School
- Farmhouse
- Mid-Century Modern
- Tudor
- Mediterranean
- Colonial Revival

Remember: the more nonsensical the better!

The McMansions in this wealth enclave were built by regular residential contractors but designed, at least in part, by amateurs. These future homeowners looked through catalogues of different stylistic trimmings, ornamentation, and fixtures, all rendered cheaply in Styrofoam and plastic, and picked out whatever said 'rich' or 'powerful' to them. Some houses stick more to a theme, while others include such a dizzying pastiche of elements they can only be called "neo-eclectic."

There are general themes and trends, though. The primary, perhaps overriding, purpose of a McMansion was to demonstrate the wealth and power of its owner – whether the owner actually had them or not. Practicality, utility, and even comfort were all distant seconds.

Many of the houses borrowed elements from the palaces of ancient nobility, from the robber barons of the early industrial age, and even from grand hotels and civic buildings. Symbols of wealth, if not outright oppression, like the Greek Revival pillars and wraparound verandas of

the slave plantations of the American Confederacy, were mixed confidently with the grand halls and gilded interiors of dictator chic.

In order for the McMansion to better convey its status, these symbols were often comically oversized. They were meant to be seen from the road, to be driven by. They were meant to make anyone getting out of a car feel very small. And always, the preferred interpreters of the house were the owner's less fortunate guests, family members, and – in an enclave like this one – the owner's neighbors.

Adversaries and Escalations

The only adversary the players can encounter in Fairer Way is Jonas Webb. Unfortunately, he's spent years anxiously covering up the illegal waste dump the players are searching for (and the associated pair of murders) for fear that his minor involvement and subsequent inaction will become known by his community. As a result, he's well-situated to learn about their mission.

History

Jonas worked for Jack Rickers' North Woods Forestry LLC while they took money from Deyesso Industrial Disposal to bury thousands of tons of industrial waste on company land. And he was working there the night Kevin and Markus Conway were killed, and the body of Kevin Conway thrown into the pit. He buried the dead man himself for fear of joining him if he refused.

In that moment of fear Jonas was forced to become DHS Agent Neal Dixon's accomplice, but though the danger is largely past, and Dixon's authority and position in the state has been eliminated, he has chosen, every day, not to speak up. Every day has made it harder to do so.

Jonas followed the path of least resistance for years. It was always easier to put it off and pretend that night hadn't happened than to face the judgement of his community for his involvement, for the ongoing silence that robbed the dead men of justice and their surviving relatives of closure. Over time the fear of the day everything became known grew and gnawed away at him. When the rewilding effort began, he returned home and joined the survey teams and records recovery efforts so he could keep an eye on things. And there he found it was easier to disappear bits of evidence than to bring them to light.

He knew illegal dumping sixty years ago wasn't likely to stir up consequences anymore, but the excavation would eventually find the body of Kevin Conway, and a cold case murder could draw a real investigation. Eventually he'd be held to account for what he did and what he could have done.

Fairer Way is the biggest permanent settlement within the rewilding zone, and the unofficial headquarters of the effort. Jonas has insinuated himself into the Reclaimers' community there quite comfortably – he's made friends and is an outstanding contributor on any project he joins. And he sits like an anxious spider in his web, watching for anything that could get him in trouble.

In the Present

If the players come to the Comms and Records building and ask for information on Jack Rickers or mention Deyesso Industrial Disposal, or anything else about that night, Jonas Webb will panic. He'll face another opportunity to do the right thing, and he'll choose to try to bury the past and live another normal day. He'll try to deny that they have any records on the land, but junior archivists like Leroy Carter will reveal the ones that slipped through his grasp into their court-grade archive.

If the players skip Comms and Records but talk to any of Webb's friends (and unwitting informants) among the Reclaimers about their mission, he'll eventually find out about them. These include Randal Morrow, Collin Holman, or Corey Crane.

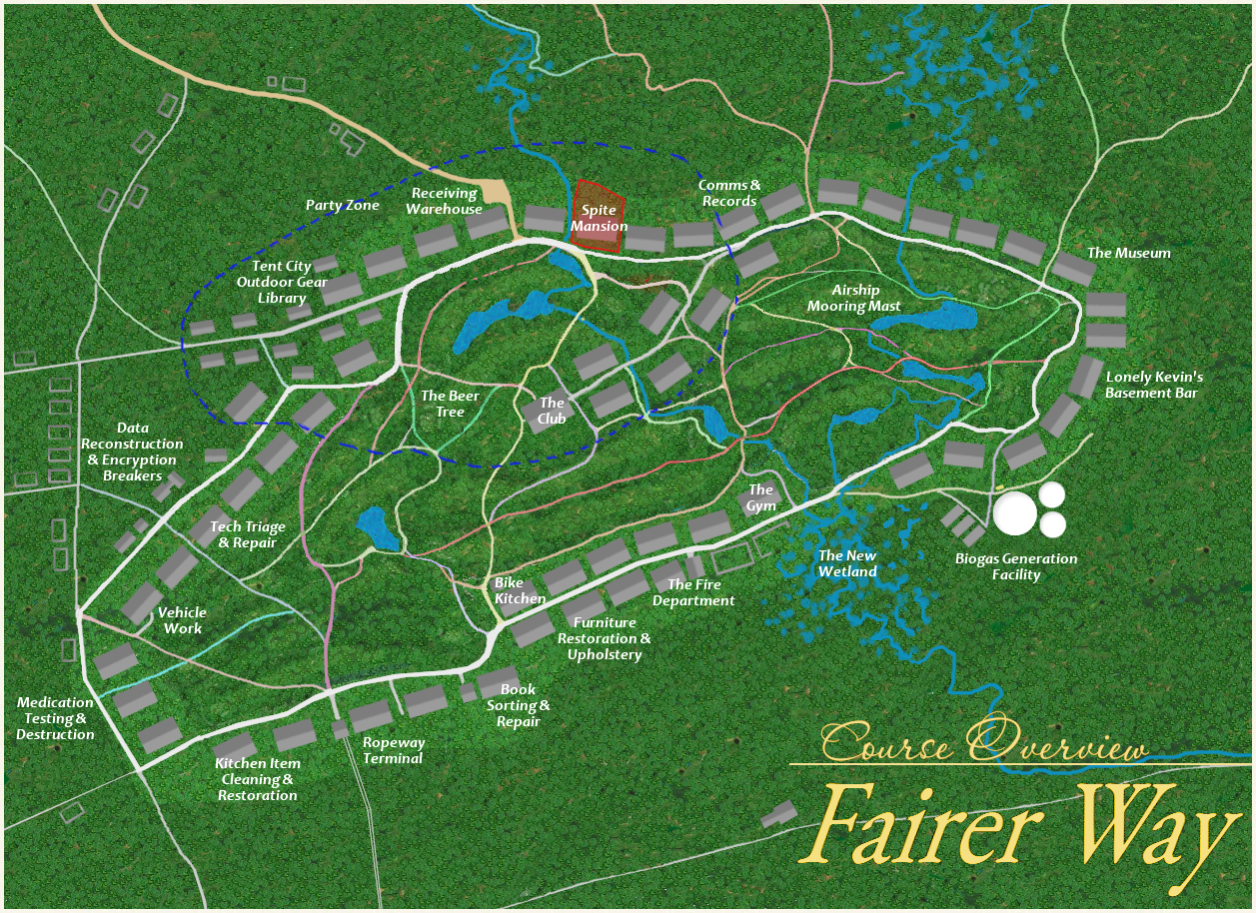
Knowing they're traveling out to find the very thing he's spent his life trying to keep secret, he'll panic and do something particularly stupid. He'll call one of the deconstruction crews where he knows a group of young, hotheaded locomodos work (and where one is on radio duty), and he'll lie about the players and their goals in order to provoke the locomodos. He'll casually give them enough information to find the players on their way to Comity with the expectation that they'll do something violent to drive them off.

If the players encounter the ambush, Jonas is pretty well locked in on his villain arc. He's spent the last six decades painting himself into a corner through his silence, his destruction of evidence, and finally his staging of a violent misunderstanding and direct interference in their investigation. As the players' search closes in on the truth, or if it turns back to focus on him, he'll hit his personal rock bottom: he'll call former agent Neal Dixon for help.

If the players evade his notice altogether, or if they miss the ambush by taking an alternative route to Comity (such as by airship, or hitching a ride in a truck) then Jonas actually has more room for redemption. The players' search will eventually tip off Dixon, who will start a campaign of whatever covert sabotage or attempted murder he thinks will end the investigation, but Jonas will be far less involved in it. It's coincidental, and not earned, but he'll basically have a final chance to look at everything Dixon is doing from the outside and get to decide whether he actually wants to stand beside him this time around.

Running

The following locations are loosely grouped by player objective - most NPCs in town are generally helpful by disposition, so if the players ask about finding something, feel free to use these categories.



Arriving at the Ropeway Terminal

The players arrive in Fairer Way by the ropeway from Sterling. From the terminal, they are free to explore the village and get to work on the plans they've discussed on the journey. If they have not yet obtained a map, they should see one on the wall now and have access to the map when they connect to any local mesh network access points.

The ropeway ends in what looks like it was once a garage, though if that's what it was, it must have fit five or more cars back in the day. It seems to be a sort of visitor center now. The back wall has been opened up to accommodate the ropeway cables and cars. All the end station machinery for switching speeds for disembarking and loading has been built in the middle of the room on the concrete slab. The drive is back in Sterling, where it's easier to get replacement parts.

The rest of the space features various mismatched seating arrangements, a series of large, slightly-faded informational posters showing 'before' and outdated 'after' pictures, and various snapshots of the community's progress reclaiming this development.

On the front wall, you can see the frames that used to accommodate five extra-wide garage doors. The left, right, and middle ones have been walled in, and the remaining two have been removed altogether, leaving two large open doorways. There is a large map painted on the middle section between the two doors, so it's the first thing people see as they disembark or try to leave the building.

The Map:

It's well-rendered, but you can see from the piles of mural supplies resting against the wall below it, (including cans of paint, bottles of paint thinner, brushes, markers, and stencils) that it's a work in progress.

If you feel a conversation with a local would be a more interactive way for your players to find some leads on where to go in town, feel free to add a local making some unauthorized corrections:

A woman in sturdy work clothes with a sawtooth motif along the trim is standing in front of the map with her back to you. She appears to be making some edits with a handful of paint pens though she keeps taking furtive glances out the door.

If the players ask if she's supposed to be doing that, she could scoff at the idea that one of the other people who worked on it has tried to put himself in charge of something that started as a community project/resource.

In fact, when you look closely, there are lots of inconsistent spots where a trail or road has been moved and a blotch of a different shade of green has been used to cover the old one,

or where new trails or notes have been added in different handwriting. In fact, someone has nailed an old coffee can of markers and paint pens to the wall by the door with a note saying 'please check with Tim before making corrections.'

The Community Board:

On the other side of the door, a smaller community announcement board provides:

- *A list of basic community rules*
- *A poster with a radio tower which reads "Network issues? Join the Local Mesh! Stop by the Comms and Records building on 25 Loop Road. We're the one with all the antennas!"*
- *"Salvage done cheap - if you need supplies, we're your guys. 44 Loop Road, the big ugly beige mansion."*
- *A flyer for the Cycle Kitchen: "Unicycles, bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes, penny farthings… if it's got wheels, we wanna see it. If it's got problems, we definitely wanna see it! Stop by the old pool house with the trippy paint job and the bike on the roof. Ask anyone for directions."*

The remaining walls have been covered in trippy murals which include plants and animals, forests, and scenes of deconstruction, along with many streaks of color.

Outside it's a beautiful early summer afternoon; the sun is shining but it's cool, there's a nice breeze, and the air temperature is down around 70 degrees. A badly-cracked asphalt driveway slopes down to an intersection with a paved road, with a series of dirt roads and trails spreading out from the other side.

As the players enter the forest which covers most of the village, they'll attract the attention of some insects native to the region, including mosquitoes, black flies, and deerflies.

(Optionally, have the players roll to determine how delicious the bugs find them - I've noticed that IRL, some people are extremely appealing to mosquitoes while others are basically ignored.)

Depending on their tolerance of biting insects they may want to look for protective clothing such as hats or even bug netting or carbon fibre+spidersilk weave sleeves/tights.

First Impressions

The following descriptions cover basically the entire town of Fairer Way, but are likely the first things players will see as they leave the ropeway terminal and start exploring the streets and trails of the Reclaimer village.

It doesn't take long to notice that Fairer Way doesn't match the plans on their infopage. The sprawling Food Forest and converted McMansions are certainly here, but there are far more people than they ever planned to accommodate. Morgan warned you about the deconstruction and rewilding efforts in the area, but it seems like they underestimated the way a sudden influx of thousands of young workers and salvage takers would change the only modern town in the region. There's an industrious boomtown energy to the place and it looks like dozens of new workshops and project sites have sprung up.

You can certainly see plenty of Reclaimers around – they're easy to spot because they like to include tool motifs in their clothing, usually ones that match their trades – but there are easily as many people who look like they belong to work crews or other outside groups.

Getting Around

The village has a streetcar running on a loop around the outer road; it looks sort of like a homemade version of one you'd see from the 1910s, except with as much of the deck lowered for accessibility as possible and a tow-behind trailer. This is a rather unusual combination, even in a world where streetcars and cargo trams are common.

It's driven by an S4 AI named Gus, who posts whenever it approaches or leaves a stop to the future equivalent of a local Mastodon feed, and journals about neat stuff it sees along

its route. There are lots of comments by locals adding encouragement and thanks for its work.

If the players ride it, it will ping their devices and excitedly introduce itself to them. It will tell them about the buildings, areas, and trails they are passing and cheerfully answer any questions they have. It genuinely loves meeting new people. If they pass the river it will stop for several minutes while pictures of a family of geese and goslings flood its feed.

There are also several smaller, gyroscopically-stabilized monorail pods (nonsapient) which can be called as a sort of e-taxi. They also run on the main track, though they only need one track each, so they can run in both directions.

These were briefly popular during the post-war reconstruction days until real trains were stood back up in the region. The Reclaimers bought a set of them from a collector and set them up for local use in their village.

They use switching stations to access monorail tracks that shortcut across the food forests, or swing outwards towards parts of the village that are further from the main loop. They also use these secondary lines to get out of the way of the big streetcar. It's not a perfect system but both the pods and the streetcar are very cautious, and neither moves especially fast.

The village's network of roads and trails, which includes the original loop road/streetcar track, and various old driveways, is full of people walking, jogging, and riding all manner of small vehicles. There are traditional bicycles (most appear to be mountain bikes or cargo/utility cycles of some form, but there are many other pedal-powered contraptions, like rickshaws, trikes, a six-wheeled buggy with three rows of seats and a solar panel roof, and a carriage-looking thing with a recumbent bike rigged to the front. There's a sort of gradient from those to ones with electric assist, to a handful of electric monowheels, and even ancient-looking golf carts which were probably left over from when this forest was still a golf course.

The Food Forest

The former golf course and many of the sprawling turfgrass lawns of the development have been replanted in a variety of agroforestry formats. In various places, you can find everything from seven-layer food forests to open, roadlike strips cut for alley cropping, and penned silvopasture areas dedicated to animals, sheltered under the canopy. Trees bear fruit and nuts, bushes are covered in berries, mushrooms grow on stacked logs, and all manner of edible plant have been neatly identified with little signs.

These forests aren't the sort of barrier the golf course once was. They're not even closed off to foot traffic like most farmers' fields. Some areas are roped off while certain plants get established, or while certain projects are carried out, but the vast majority of the space

belongs to, and is open to, the public. This forest serves many purposes simultaneously. It's both a source of food anda sprawling and varied park full of walking trails, disc golf goals, playgrounds, and winding rivers and ponds reclaimed from golf course water traps. It's a graveyard, with headstones and cairns scattered almost randomly throughout, where members of the community can rest peacefully. And there are gathering spaces, stages, amphitheaters, and picnic areas with tables and parabolic solar cooker grills (which are currently flipped over for safety).

The playgrounds here, under the shade of the canopy, are very elaborate. Making them seems to be a local pastime, and the Reclaimers' obsession with reuse means you can spot cabs of old vehicles, structural supports from the frames of highway signage, and all kinds of other old world pieces in the mix.

At night, many areas are lit, at least for a while, with string lights. Especially in the northwest side of town, between the town center and outer ring of buildings, you can usually find people partying in clearings and under the canopy. Much of the park there is designated for people who have to whoop it up late at night.

If the players find the airship bridge crew in the Food Forest:

Two off-shift flight crew officers from the cargo airship *Legitimate* are enjoying a game of disc golf in the agroforest park in the center of town. Both are identifiable by t-shirts with C.A.S. Legitimate written on them. These are Copilot Erin Smith and Lookout Jorge Hernandez.

As long as the players are polite in how they start the conversation, the officers will be up for talking (especially Erin, who is playing a lousy game and could use a break).

They invite the players to talk in a picnic clearing on a nearby hill. *There are quickwood tables and a set of parabolic solar grills (with a sign reminding people to flip the reflective dish upside down over the cooking surface when they're done using it). They take a table on the edge, in the shade. At the bottom of the hill here, they can see a playground. Several parents are watching it from the tables here, or spots further down the terraced hill.*

Looking at the sweep of the ground, you could, perhaps, imagine golfers teeing off from up here, though it's hard with the forest grown in around you.

If the players ask about their airship, they'll get some basic information, but the officers are more likely to withhold any complaints about maintenance than the crew are.

- It's a good ship, an older design but in good shape.
- 200 meters long and 50 meters high. Lift gas cells hold around 180,000 cubic meters of hydrogen; 66-ton payload.
- It can cruise at around 70 miles-per-hour, better with a tailwind.
- They're mostly doing "short" trips (around 100 to 200 miles) hauling old cars right now.

If the players describe their mission and ask for a lift, the crewmen will want to call Morgan to verify their story. They'll be willing to provide transportation as long as the players agree to stay with their escort in designated areas.

They'll warn the players that the Legitimate doesn't land and Comity doesn't have a mooring mast, so they'll have to use the elevator. They're vague about what that is unless asked.

The officers don't know a ton about the other work sites in town, though they can give coordinates to one of the deconstruction sites where they served as a medevac airlift for a worker who was injured with a skillsaw. (They happened to be in the area, and had a fortunate tailwind at the time, and he was able to keep all his extremities).

Finding Transportation

As the players explore the town, they can find several ways to travel to Comity, and several people in town who will help them.

- They can **bike**, walk, or otherwise travel by themselves.

  Bicycles are a practical choice because they guarantee that players will have transportation within Comity, not just for getting there. This could also be achieved by horseback or with a different small vehicle, but bikes are available to borrow in Fairer Way.

- They can hitch a ride with a **Local**

  Local Farmer Bob Johnson has just dropped off a load of produce. The tech he was planning to retrieve was delayed, so he has room in his truck for the players if they want a ride. He makes trips back weekly and will be returning sooner when the parts he's waiting on are ready, so he'll even take them back if the timing is right. He can provide a lot of information on the town and remaining locals to players during the drive.

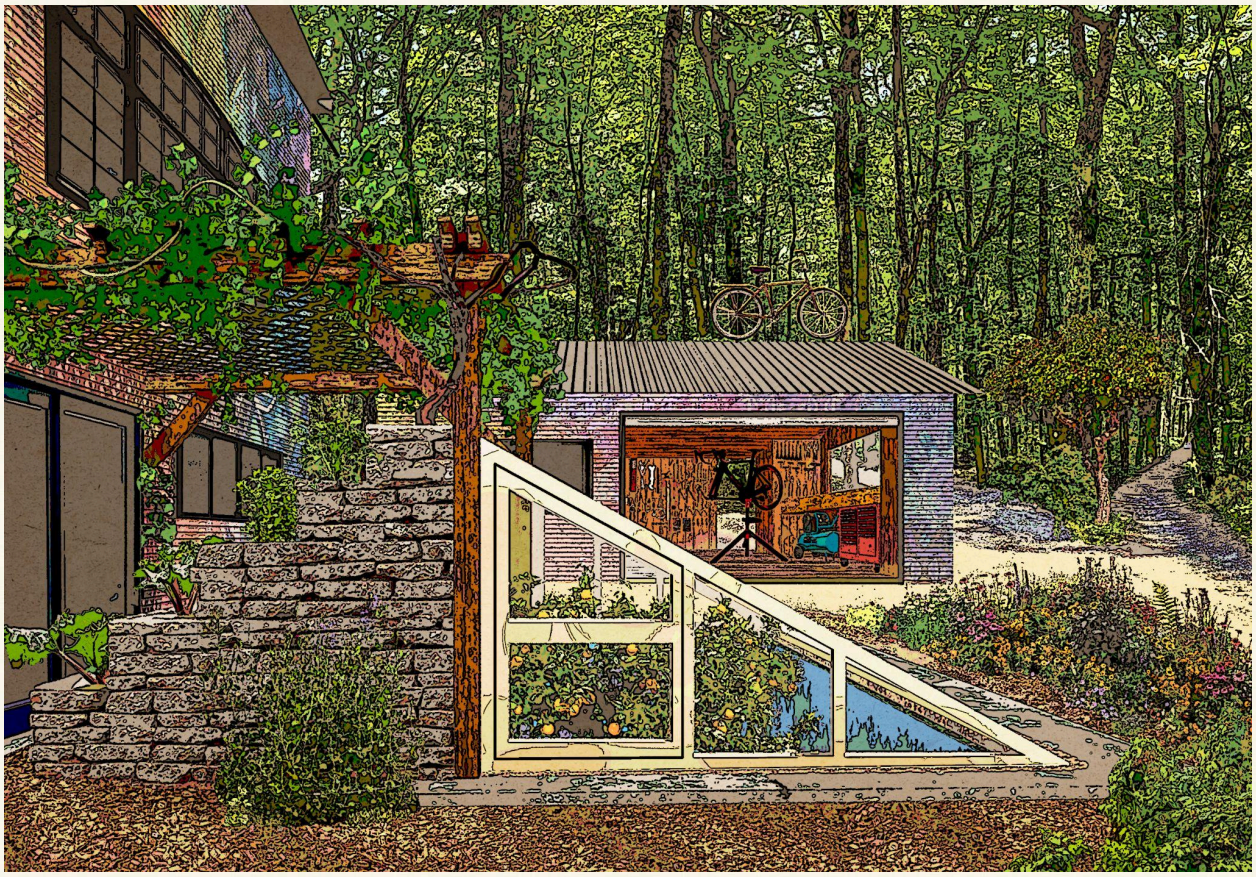
- They can hitch a ride with a **work crew**

  There is an intermittent flow of work crew vehicles between Fairer Way and Comity. Heavy items, construction supplies, salvaged metal, and truckloads of contaminated soil are shipped out through Braddock, another village with a rail line to the southwest, but all kinds of salvage is brought here. Workers can give players rides to various work sites and provide players information about the deconstruction project as well as local gossip.

- They can hitch a ride on an **airship**

  The aging cargo airship Legitimate will pass through Comity on its route north. The players may be able to convince the crew to let them hitch a ride.

Borrow Bicycles from the Bike Kitchen



This bicycle repair co-op is located in a large pool house behind one of the McMansions on the west side of the village. The village and the woods around it are spiderwebbed with narrow trails suitable for walking, riding bicycles and other narrow contraptions, and, in the winter, cross-country skiing or snowmobiling. One of the main trails winds right alongside the CO-OP. The building looks like it couldn't decide between being a luxurious outdoor pavilion and 'a reasonable size house for regular people.' Its single-floor layout and large doors on either end make it a breezy, welcoming spot on the trail where people can stop in for water, repairs, or advice, spend a day fabricating new parts or scavenging from a salvaged frame, or just meet up with other riders.

From what you've seen so far, the local riding groups seem to have three informal competitions going on:

- *To build the slickest mountain bikes and show them off*
- *To build the weirdest and most ungainly contraptions still capable of trundling down the trail*
- *To push the field of ergonomics straight through good sense and into something beyond the concept of bicycles*

Sometimes it's hard to tell which one a bike is supposed to be competing in.

Behind the structure, the massive swimming pool has been drained and a sunken greenhouse called a walipini has been built into/over it. The south-facing side is sloped up from the edge of the pool to form the roof, and is made entirely from huge windows scavenged from the mansions. At the north wall it's about eight feet above the old concrete patio. The north wall, which faces the main house, is upright, made from concrete blocks cut from the old patio, and is part of a set of terraced raised beds filled with soil, to help further regulate the temperature inside. Shade plants are growing in the various compartments of the terrace and some sort of latticed arbor covered in grape vines reaches from the raised beds all the way to the house, shading what's left of the patio and part of the building.

Even though the CO-OP is basically part of the back yard of a large house, just walking right up to it doesn't feel weird, because the landscaping and paths have been rearranged to basically channel people right to it. It feels very natural, and most of the trails (and the rest of the former yard) are shaded by the new forest.

At the CO-OP, the players can find Hester Wong, who is currently disassembling a fairly rusty bicycle and dropping the parts into a plastic bucket full of yellow rust-dissolving fluid.

If they explain that they need to get to Comity and plan to be there for a few days, she'll let them know that the CO-OP has several loaner bikes ready to go. These are fairly simple mountain bikes with cargo racks and electric assist. The assist can help with hills and soft ground, or if the riders don't mind completely running down the battery, they can throw the throttle most of the way forward and treat it like an electric dirtbike with a short charge.

Hester: "Don't worry. On these trails, I promise you won't want to go faster than these bikes can take you."

Hester will take four bikes off racks on the wall. She'll size the players and adjust the bikes to make sure they ride them correctly.

She will explain the electric assist controls and will invite them to take them out for a ride around the trails near the CO-OP. There's a large map on the wall, and she'll point out a loop formed by connecting trails so they can get a feel for the bikes.

When they get back, she'll offer a map of local trails. This has been drawn by hand on a local GIS map, and either scanned/printed or photocopied. All the trails are named in cramped handwriting, along with many local homesteads and other points of human habitation. The trails are all different colors, sometimes multiple lines of color, which she'll explain matches blazes you can find in much of the area (it's a work in progress).

She'll also provide at least two fix kits – frame bags which include a bike pump, tire levers, a multi-tool, allen wrenches, adjustable wrenches, a chain tool, screwdriver set, needle-nose pliers, a spoke wrench, spare tire tubes, spare chain, duct tape, and zip ties.

She'll even make suggestions for allocating and balancing their gear – the players can transport whatever they were already physically carrying by redistributing it into the cargo racks and panniers, along with several days' provisions.

Hester will ask if they want to head out right away, or if they're planning to stay the night in town and head out in the morning. If they're thinking about spending the night, she'll direct them to the Club up on the hill, which has the transient housing.

Hitch a Ride at the Receiving Warehouse

In the ruins and forests around Fairer Way, the salvage boom is still going strong. Hundreds of people are working night and day to retrieve everything the old society left behind. Ruins are identified, searched, and emptied before being deconstructed for their very building materials. But that's not all. Junked vehicles, power lines, private trash dumps, and even road signs are recovered in the work to return the region to a pristine, wild state. A great flood of *stuff* is being brought south, much of it through Fairer Way.

Heavy items – like construction supplies, salvaged metal, and truckloads of contaminated soil – are shipped out through Braddock, another village with a rail line to the southwest, but all kinds of lighter salvage is brought in weekly.

Some of the work crews deliver their loot directly to various workshops; most drop it off at a former McMansion reconfigured as a warehouse at the northwest edge of town. A clearing in the old backyard there functions as an overnight parking lot for their vehicles. If the players are looking to meet workers from those crews, the northwest corner of the village, the warehouse, and parking lot would be a good place to seek them out.

The warehouse is a large mansion done up in a cheap-looking Spanish-style, with panels of foam 'stucco' finish on the walls and red asphalt shingles instead of grey. Some joker has painted some pro-Reclamation Zapatista-style murals on the walls. The driveway loops around behind the house, and forms a road leading off to the north.

The front is mostly closed off with gardens and raised beds, directing traffic around to the back/north side of the building. A rough clearing there seems to serve as a parking lot for various work trucks. These are a mix of modern electric kei trucks and huge old pickups with wood gasifier conversion kits behind the cab. Most of them look extremely rough.

As you approach, you can see there are workers carrying supplies and salvage between the warehouse and trucks parked in the yard.

A Reclaimer leaning in the garage door retrofitted into the house wall is watching their progress and directing them when they get inside. You can tell he's a Reclaimer because the trim on his shirt around his sleeves and collar is styled like the teeth of a skillsaw blade.

This is Corey Crane.

A Tangled Webb

Note that Corey Crane is one of Jonas Webb's friends (and unwitting informants) among the Reclaimers. If the players talk about their mission with or around him, he will share this information with Jonas, who will panic and take action. See this chapter's "Adversaries and Escalations" section for more details.

A couple trucks are loaded up and seem to be waiting for the crews trickling in from town.

Bob Johnson, a local farmer from Comity, is also in town when the players get here.

If the players want to hitch a ride, they can ask around to see who is going where and whether they can take a few extra people along with them. The crews will be more friendly if the players offer to help with moving stuff.

If you like, roll a dice to see which crew is currently in town.

Roll	Driver	Destination	Time
1	Bob Johnson	Johnson Farm	1 hr. 15 min.
2	Helaney York	Deconstruction Site 1	1 hr. 20 min.
3	Denali Hope	Deconstruction Site 2	1 hr. 25 min.
4	Decon Sitwa	Deconstruction Site 3	1 hr. 20 min.
5	Luang Chen	Environmental Restoration Crew Camp	40 min.
6	Usef Glen	Water Quality Monitoring Team Camp	45 min.

If the players hitch a ride, it will take them to the destination of that escort. It can be up to the GM if the driver is willing to leave at the players' convenience or if they have to leave sooner or later based on work needs. A d10 + 8 can be rolled to randomly generate a time of departure if desired.

Players may still bring bikes or other gear if they can credibly fit them in the back of a truck or otherwise attach them. Be realistic, though. If a party of six wishes to bring six bikes and fully packed camping backpacks, they may have to roll for packing, and if they don't succeed, one or more members of the party might need to ride along behind.

Generally, the work crews are not locals and have had relatively little contact with them. They are much better acquainted with each other because they're all around the same age, work in similar industries, and end up in the same bars when they go down into town. These people will be able to give the players directions to the other sites and to ShadeTree Motors.

The nature of their work will vary by site. Feel free to use the info from their destination to inform what the work crew riding along can tell the players.

The crews might be hungover from partying if they've stayed here overnight and are returning to work, or fairly chipper if this is part of a routine midday delivery. Either way,

the players shouldn't have much trouble finding someone to hitch a ride with, especially if they help load the produce and other supplies the crews will have received in trade for supplies.

If you like, feel free to give the players an icebreaker by having one of the work crews experience some kind of obvious setback they could help with, such as loading/unloading something bulky/awkward or repairing a problem with their vehicle.

The Airship Mooring Mast / Cargo Airship Legitimate

On a bare hilltop in the east side of town, there is a stout metal lattice tower roughly 60 meters tall. A large cargo airship is currently attached, nose-first, to the docking arm at the top and to a freely-rotating gantry allowing personnel access. This is an airship mooring mast: one of the last docking stations on the local cargo route for a few hundred miles, a useful stop for lift gas and ballast, and a safe haven during bad weather. The top of the tower spins, allowing the airship to weathervane in the wind.

Downhill from the tower, there's a sturdy-looking warehouse-like building tucked into the trees. A sign and the local infopage explain that this is where the Reclaimers generate hydrogen lift gas using surplus solar and wind power, and where they produce nitrogen, an inert gas used in many airship designs in the insulating layers around their hydrogen lift cells. They also store greywater ballast and certain kinds of fuel. Tours are available by request on Wednesdays.

If the players roll well, let them know it's a Minke-class cargo dirigible. All the classes of this line of flying crane airships are named after whales. Like most flying cranes, they're very maneuverable but not terribly fast, intended mostly for lifting and positioning large or awkward cargoes rather than hauling conventional loads quickly over long-distances.

The airship has been docked since last night due to bad weather, and several members of the crew are in town. A decent group of cargo crew are enjoying food and drinks at Lonely Kevin's, a McMansion bar-themed basement bar which the new locals have turned into an actual bar. Two are playing disc golf in the Food Forest.

As with most of Fairer Way, there's a perhaps surprising lack of security - the only barrier to climbing the tower looks a lot like a chest-high childproofing gate. There are no electronics or alarms – just a sign on one of the tower posts that says:

"WARNING: HIGH WINDS AND ROTATING DECK

This tower is dangerous. Don't climb it unless you've had airship service training (or equivalent) or are under the supervision of someone who has.
If you fall off, you will plummet 60 Meters (196 feet) and probably die on impact. If you don't die, you'll be badly maimed.
There's nothing up here worth dying for."

People don't really use signs and warnings as liability disclaimers anymore, so the ones you do see tend to be pretty sincere and blunt about whatever danger they're warning about.

There's an intercom-looking speaker box near the elevator.

If the players call up to the ship, the person on the bridge will tell them he can't give permission for them to come onboard on account of it being a giant hydrogen airship and they have safety and security obligations. He'll suggest they need permission from someone higher up the chain. He knows a pilot and some others are playing disc golf somewhere in the agroforest park in the center of town but is reluctant to contact her offshift for a non-emergency. He knows there are some others drinking nearby:

"They're at Lonely Kevin's Basement Bar. It's a local bar. Like, for locals, I mean. Not in the entertainment zone. We've been coming here since before the salvage boom kicked off and they built all that."

The crewmembers are generally well-liked in town, and several people around are likely to know where they are. If they don't, but want to help the players out, they might message someone else they think will know.

If the players can manage to find either of these groups, make friends, and talk about their mission, they can find out the airship is going their way and swing an invitation to ride along to Comity.

Finding Information

Because Fairer Way is a relatively new community, there aren't too many places where the players can pursue their investigation. There is one which will be very useful though:

The Comms and Records Building

The Comms and Records building offers players an obvious location to begin searching for information. By doing so, they also alert Jonas Webb to their interest, causing Webb to panic and begin interfering in their investigation.

- ➢ If the players seek information that reveals their interest in Jack Rickers' land and companies, Jonas will immediately begin staging things so Jaguar's locomodo crew will ambush the players. If the players travel to Comity on foot or by bike, the ambush should be able to happen.

Description:

The Comms and Records Building seems to have once been some kind of overly-tall Gothic Revival/Tudor-themed McMansion covered in fake brick and injection-moulded 'cobblestone' panels. Its roofline, especially the anachronistic widow's walk, positively bristles with all manner of antennae.

From down here knowledgeable players could identify stacked dipoles, an unusually-large discone, a rotatable LFA yagi, a Moonraker CB, and old sector/panel antennas which were probably once part of a cellular phone network. The rest of the exterior is marked by a mess of wiring and junction boxes and cantenna-fed dishes. A few wires and dipole antennas spiderweb off into the trees around the building. From the added external doors and signs, it seems to host a few local libraries and workshops, but almost no residential spaces.

The interior is done up in polished wood and looks surprisingly decent, in a haunted-mansion-media-inspired sort of way. The foyer opens into a large record library downstairs, with a reference desk front and center and rows of shelves and storage rooms further back and to the sides.

This library is the center of a local effort recovering and reconstructing land records for the region. They use these while coordinating the work crews, helping confirm which parcels of land are still privately stewarded, and which are being disincorporated with the town, and are subject to deconstruction and rewilding. This includes identifying potential site hazards, and which specializations will be needed on each job.

Land records were once tracked at both the town and county level, but much of that information was lost during the GCW in cyberattacks which slagged tech throughout the northeast United States.

The county has been working to rebuild their records, but have generally been prioritizing the more heavily-populated regions to the south. Most towns, however small, still maintain a board of volunteer selectmen and other bits of government, but their recordkeeping is spotty, and with these towns being disincorporated, determining who once owned the parcels of uninhabited land which are being merged into a massive park has been a low priority. Locals were responsible for updating their deeds and stewardship with the county and the Watershed Management Board and have done so at this time.

But the work crews still need to confirm their assignments and the histories of the sites they're responsible for, so an ad-hoc records recovery and management effort has sprung up at Fairer Way. This is partly archival (preserving history, rebuilding spotty records from paper maps, permits, etc.) but mostly an aspect of the larger rewilding work.

For practical reasons, the growing volunteer records division is co-located with the village's communications systems (located upstairs), allowing the archivists to quickly answer questions which come in over the radio, or local mesh networks.

One of the senior archivists is Jonas Webb, who hopes that working there will give him a chance to intercept anything that could get him into trouble. When the players stop in, there will be several archivists up front willing to help them, but Jonas will try to swoop in, even though one of the younger archivists has already started the search. To the average observer, Jonas is a friendly guy, with a kindly face, a bit older, maybe in his early eighties. His desk has a bunch of appreciations for his work on survey teams and in record reconstruction from the Thurpston County Records Restoration Effort, and the Watershed Management Board Rewilding Committee. He'll search through the hardcopy records and will report that he couldn't find them.

"They're looking for records of land owned by a 'Jack Rickers.'"

"Oh! Well, sure! I can help with that! Let's see what we can find." Jonas smiles good-naturedly and disappears into the back.

He returns some ten minutes later with nothing but an apologetic look.

"Hey, sorry folks, but I couldn't find anything. Our records are kinda fragmented for Comity, sometimes we have a deed but no tax map, or even just build permits but nothing else. But I didn't see anything."

"Really?" pipes up one of the younger archivists helpfully. "I could have sworn I saw that name when I was looking in the 40-10 tax maps."

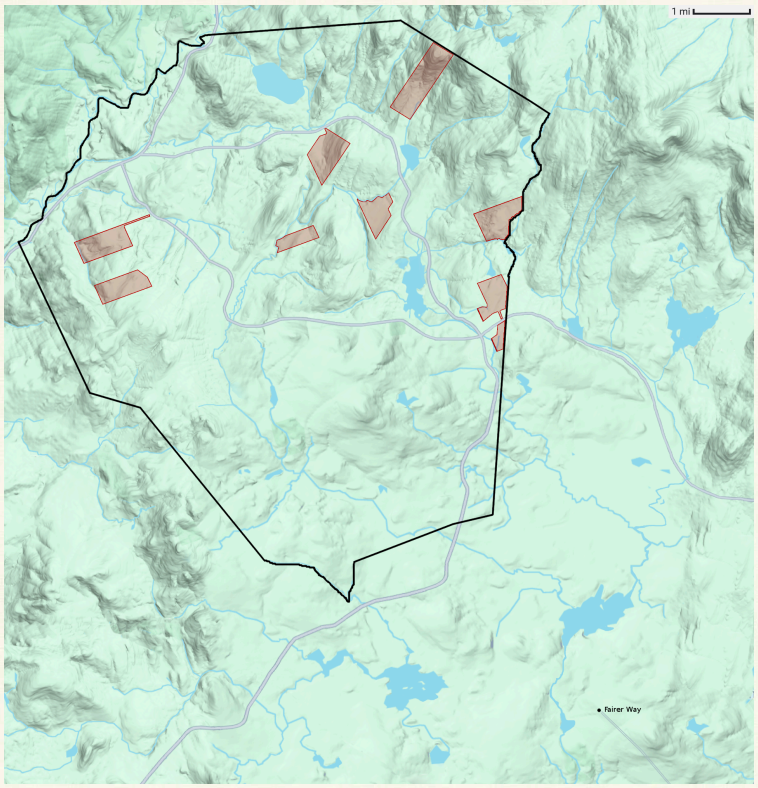
Jonas shrugs. "Hey, by all means, I probably just missed it."

A few of them go into the back and there's a lot of discussion. You hear stuff like "Here's the one I was thinking of but it's in the 60 packet" and "Here's some more info - wait, that's for a different property – see, it's on Cooper Road…" and "This is weird…. wait, check the logging permits."

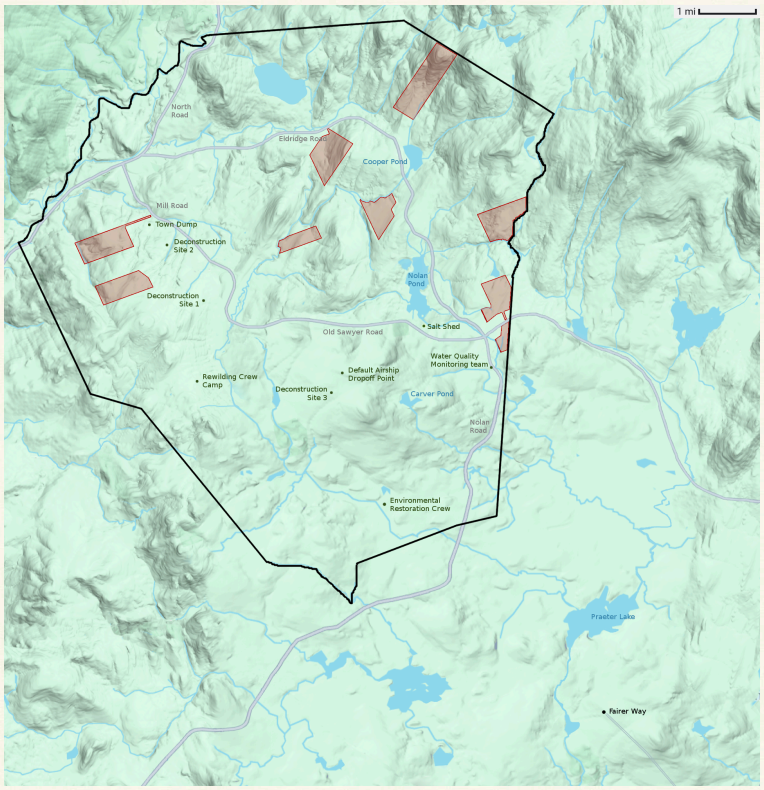
Eventually, the gaggle returns, having gathered up nine properties throughout Comity. They're reasonably certain this is all of them. A couple they could only find because of logging or slope grade change permits (or fines for work without permits).

What they know:

The workers here are mostly Reclaimers, but they're in steady contact with the surrounding region through their work with the local networks. They're especially familiar with the work crews and will be able to tell the players where to find them in town if they ask. They also have an extensive (though incomplete) collection of salvaged records from the old towns. When asked about Jack Rickers, they will be able to pull maps and records for 9 large parcels of land in Comity, all of which were in current use when abandoned, meaning they were 'undeveloped' land taxed just for its use for logging or excavation. At this point you can give the players the map of suspected sites:



If they think to ask for information on the work crews that the volunteers here are helping, you can also give the players the map of work crew locations:



If the players ask how to get to Comity, the archivists will print them a trail map and suggest that they visit the receiving warehouses if they want to hitch a ride or the Bike Kitchen if they want bikes. The one they're talking to will ask the others, "hey, is the Legitimate still in town?" If the players are interested in the airship as a transit option, they'll call around and suggest the players try Lonely Kevin's Basement Bar if they want to talk to the crew.

They can also ask about the players' plans once they get there, (and whether they have any):

"Do you have someplace to stay after you get to Comity?"

"So you can camp pretty much anywhere as long as you're respectful, but if you'd rather have some shelter and running water you've got a few options. A few of the locals are used to hosting visitors, and the deconstruction crews always set up a lodge on site, and they've got all the building supplies and furniture they could want, so there's always extra bunks."

Food and Lodging

Players may want to find places to rest, relax, and ask questions around Fairer Way before heading on to Comity. They can camp outside, find a new friend to stay with, or just borrow a room at the Club (once the golf course's country club, now a hostel and public house with a popular cafeteria and lots of general purpose meeting rooms).

The Club

The country club – with its commanding views of the repurposed golf course, panoramic windows, polished wood interiors, and many catalog-picked signs of wealth and taste – posed two problems for the Reclaimers: how to use it best, and how to use it most ironically.

Clearly, even in their new community, it was a fairly choice spot. They could divide it up into housing, though that would mean some members would get a much nicer starting point than others would. It was built better than most of the imitation mansions in the development and had an excellent location, even in their new plans.

Being literally central to the town, it could make for a fairly effective seat of government, but the council worked hard not to need a building to fulfill their responsibilities, preferring to meet in existing centers of community like bars, cafeterias, and even homes; plus, taking a luxurious structure for their own purposes felt a bit too reminiscent of the palaces and gilded domes of old world governments.

In the end, they decided to use it as transient housing, open to all those who passed through their community. The existing restaurant was put back into service as their first community cafeteria, and the upper floor was divided into short-term rooms. Throughout the work of reclaiming the town, planting the forests, and generally creating Fairer Way, the cafeteria served as the main public food area and meeting hall, and often still does. The upstairs rooms are somewhat worn, but they're clean and well-tended.

They have a menu listing entres and deserts posted for this week:

Monday	**Tuesday**	**Wednesday**	**Thursday**	**Friday**	**Saturday**	**Sunday**
Red Flannel Hash Corn Chowder	Peas Francois Peanut Butter Bread	Veggie Cobbler Cornmeal Pancakes	Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread	Succotash Fried Oyster Mushrooms	Seasonal Savory Pot Pie Sunchoke Stew	New England Boiled Dinner
Maple Custard	Tomato Soup Cake	Bread Pudding	Rhubarb Pie	Cider Donuts	Indian Pudding	Apple Pie

There are also cisterns of water, tea, 'Raspberry Shrub,' and 'Switchel.' The Shrub is a sort of old-fashioned homemade energy drink, a strained mix of crushed raspberries, water,

vinegar, and sugar. The Switchel is similar, a mix of water, sugar, molasses, vinegar, and ginger.

In the mornings, the Reclaimers set out a heated electric urn labeled 'Real Coffee!' They are very excited about this; for the last six years, their Food Forest team has been growing coffee plants in several walipinis made from former swimming pools around Fairer Way and, after some difficulties, have finally had their first successful harvest of berries.

Randal Morrow, one of the founders of the Fairer Way project, splits his time between tending the Food Forest in the day and cooking breakfasts and dinners at the community cafeteria in the Club. He's often behind the counter serving up food or on the door assigning rooms upstairs to visitors. The players could meet him either way. He's a friendly guy who tends to keep quiet about his long involvement with the project, showing most of his enthusiasm for the food he's cultivated from seed to table. He's wearing suspenders styled like tape measures over otherwise utilitarian clothes.

If the players stay overnight and tell people about their mission, Randal will probably know about it by breakfast the next day. Fairer Way has an active gossip network, and he's pretty well connected so he's heard they're looking for a big toxic waste dump in Comity. He'll offer to cook them up some good fuel for the day and suggest they visit Bob Johnson.

Randal: "If you folks want to talk to any of the locals, you should start with Bob Johnson. He's a farmer in Comity and he's been there his whole life so he knows everyone."

A Tangled Webb

Note that Randal Morrow is one of Jonas Webb's friends (and unwitting informants) among the Reclaimers. If the players talk about their mission with or around him – or if they stay overnight and talk to others in town about it – he will share this information with Jonas, who will panic and take action. See this chapter's "Adversaries and Escalations" section for more details.

Lonely Kevin's Basement Bar

Lonely Kevin's is a pub in the basement of one of the McMansions on the East side of town, catering mostly to Fairer Way locals. The exterior of the building whose basement the bar is in is best described as "oops all turrets." It looks like a half dozen clapboarded wizard towers bunched together with Palladian windows stuffed into any flat space in between.

The McMansions of the old world often included imitations of communal spaces. The culture of the time rejected the idea of the commons, but people with the means routinely installed private versions in their own homes as demonstrations of wealth and power. When the Reclaimers surveyed the development, they frequently found bars, gyms, movie theaters,

great halls, bathhouses, rec rooms, arcades, and other simulacra all rendered in builder's foam and catalogue-ordered prefab components.

To them, it spoke to what the wealthy homeowners had been missing: that they had held themselves above being part of a community -- fled it, even, when they moved here -- so all of urban life had to be internalized within their own homes. Their neighbors were people like them, for whom luxuries were demonstrations of wealth, not something to be shared, so everyone had to own their own redundant copies.

When the Reclaimers first found this fully-equipped, bar-themed basement – with its stout oak beams, booths, prefab, catalogue-ordered bar (with mirror and overhead canopy), green pleather bar stools, and other vaguely 'Irish Pub'-themed decor – it seemed like a sad, empty thing: a bar without a community to drink and talk and sing in it, just another overlarge, liminal space full of unfulfilled ambitions of purpose, never really meant to be used.

So they decided to give this imitation pub the only thing it had never had: customers. They cleaned it up, made some modifications for practical use, and opened it for business six nights a week. They named it after its original owner and even found a framed photograph of him from the cleanout of the rest of his house, hanging it in a place of honor on the wall.

These days, it's mostly a local bar. Located on the far side of town from the entertainment zone, it's a little more sedate than some of the other establishments, and most of its clientele are Reclaimers. Their symbols, murals, and photographs cover the walls.

Collin Holman tends bar here more or less full time now; it's a passion project for him, a chance to practice mixology, and he's built out a drink menu that can only just fit inside a large three ring binder. If you can introduce him to a new drink, you get the first one for free and it goes on the menu.

A Tangled Webb

Note that Collin Holman is one of Jonas Webb's friends (and unwitting informants) among the Reclaimers. If the players talk about their mission with or around him, he will share this information with Jonas, who will panic and take action. See this chapter's "Adversaries and Escalations" section for more details.

If the players find the airship crew in Lonely Kevin's Basement Bar:

Seven members of the crew from the Cargo Airship Legitimate are off-shift for a few hours, and have stopped by Lonely Kevin's Basement Bar, which caters more to locals, but is open during the day (ideally for food).

(If it's still midday, feel free to note that these folks normally work the night shift).

Several young adults in CAS Legitimate shirts are treating the bar to an offkey rendition of "Hindenburg's Ghost," the airship service equivalent of "Blood on the Risers." It describes in visceral detail all the ways you can screw up and kill yourself – or everyone – while crewing a hydrogen airship. They've included the gory verse on cargo handling and winch accidents.

Generally, important information is presented in a lot of different ways to reflect the different ways people learn. That includes catchy songs sung to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Solidarity Forever."

Knowledgeable player characters (or players!) may notice that the *Legitimate* has an unusually large crew. Very modern cargo airships often have no more than a pilot and copilot onboard while underway. This group is a mix of flight crew, crane operators, cargo handlers, and maintenance and engineering specialists from two of the three eight-hour shifts. In a more efficient, centralized operation, a lot of those jobs would be delegated to people on the ground or in port, but the *Legitimate* is an aging ship that is making salvage runs out in the boonies without that larger support network.

If the players ask the crew about the airship, they'll get a bunch of information fairly quickly:

- The crew seems to get along well. They're a sort of collective who co-own the airship which is also 'home' for most of them.
- They have a real fondness for the *Legitimate*. They'll cheerfully tell the players about their ship:
    - *"Best crew I've ever been on–"*
    - *"200 meters long and 50 meters tall. Lift gas cells hold around 180,000 cubic meters of hydrogen."*
    - *"66-ton payload!"*
    - *"It can cruise at around 70 miles-per-hour, better with a tailwind."*
- The ship is old, and the work they're currently doing isn't exactly glamorous:
    - They're mostly doing "short" trips (around 100 to 200 miles) hauling old cars right now.
    - When the deconstruction effort first began, the Legitimate was hauling houses, not juked cars. They preferred this work because it fit their speciality better… and because it's more fulfilling to bring a family their new home than to haul scrap metal to the recyclers. Plus, houses never junked up the cargo hold the way the cars do.
        - In the first years of deconstruction, inspectors identified a handful of compact houses which were in very good shape despite being abandoned. Their strong structures and wood-frame-over-basement design made them suitable for house shifting. They listed them as available online. Ground crews jacked them up off their foundations and assembled steel frames under and around them. When they were finished, the Legitimate would hover overhead and winch the house up into the air by its new support frame until it was secure inside the hold. They would then haul it to its new site in one of the dense towns or cities, or to a removal house lot outside of Nashua.
        - When they ran out of houses, they started working with a car taker crew, but they're hoping the inspectors will find more houses worth

saving intact and that they'll be on the scene when the work comes available.
    - *"It's a tough old ship. Most of the Minke class has been decommissioned and scrapped but the Legitimate is still flying proud."*
    - *"And running salvage! That's a lot tougher than just hauling containers from A to B."*
    - *"It's just because fewer and fewer ports and cargo operators will work with a ship this old."*
    - *"The cars suck. They're rusty unbalanced scrap heaps that scrape up the hold and get dirt and rust everywhere…."*
- The ground crews don't care that the airship crew will be stuck with the cars for hours or days. They don't check what's inside them. The crew will start listing off misadventures:
    - A sedan with a cab and trunk full of moldy water.
    - A pickup truck with a cab full of wasps (who were good and angry after being lurched up into the sky). *"How did they get that truck all the way to the collection site without noticing the wasps? They did that on purpose!"*
    - A brief argument over whether those were a swarm of rats or squirrels.
    - The tow strap nearly crushed one of the rusty wrecks in half and it slammed into a bulkhead which took a long time to fix.
- There's also some disagreements over maintenance, though **Loyalty to the crew leaders or the ship itself may keep some of them from talking about problems with outsiders (you may want to ask for dice rolls here).**
    - The airship is genuinely old. Most systems – from the pressure vessels to the airframe, motors, and control systems – are all past their design lifetime. The ship probably needs a significant overhaul, but the cost of fixing/replacing/upgrading everything that needs maintenance would be more than commissioning a new ship. The Minke class is out of production, and safety standards have moved along since it was in common use.
    - Most of the crew/collective have a higher risk tolerance than those who crew newer ships. But even still, some of them feel that keeping such an aged ship in service is becoming irresponsible.
    - *"There's only so much we can do and there comes a point where 'waste not want not' is just an excuse to grandfather in inefficient, unsafe, or poorly-maintained vessels."*
    - For many of the crew/collective, the ship is home and the crew is family. They fear they won't be able to get another ship and keep everyone together.
    - *"And what about* Lete*?"* The *Legitimate* has a synth 'copilot' built into the bridge which is too low-level to meet modern standards, and which might not survive translation to a newer vessel.

If the players describe their mission and ask for a lift, the crew will cheerfully bring them along.

"Sure we can definitely take you there but there's no mooring mast in Comity and the Legitimate doesn't land, so you'll have to ride the crane down."
"But that's okay, we've got an elevator!"

They're somewhat inebriated and already prone to a tendency to beg forgiveness rather than permission, so they won't mention the players' presence to their leadership until they're already onboard and underway. At that time, the players will be politely escorted to a small

mess area while the officers try to contact Morgan to verify their story. (The players can, of course, prompt the crew members to ask just by asking if they should). In the end, the officers/crew will be willing to provide transportation as long as the players agree to stay with their escort in designated areas.

The Party Zone

When it was first built, the development which became Fairer Way had two parts. The first included most of the new construction wrapped around the perimeter of the golf course - these were fairly ordinary builder-grade McMansions, cheaply built to order with a few constraints imposed by the developer. The second part was a smaller, inner enclave, a sort of peninsula of buildings which extended into the golf course, with better, more defensible structures reserved for a higher grade of rich customer.

This center of the village, formerly a country club and a handful of comparatively-posh McMansions and their compounds, is now known for being kind of loud. This is because it hosts much of the guest housing and the community cafeteria. As the Reclaimers' planned community grew to accommodate hundreds of salvage-boom newcomers, people jammed in bars, arcades, and other places for workers from the various crews to let off steam wherever they would fit. Musicians and other entertainers can be found anywhere with an audience, every night, as pursuing those callings is a much safer choice in this largely post-scarcity world.

These days, this zone extends all the way across the Food Forest and into the northwest portion of the outer ring, where there was more room for new bars and clubs. Most of the village cuts any exterior lights fairly early in the evening to prevent light pollution, but the northwest corner leaves them on much later for safety, and string lights fill trails and clearings in the Food Forest with a colorful glow, where people dance, play games, and consume whichever inebriants they prefer.

This zone includes the Beer Tree, a popular party spot around a massive pine which was apparently notorious for deflecting golf balls when this was a course. If you hit the tree, you bought a round of beers. These days, it's strung with string lights, spreading out under the canopy to the edges of the open space around it, and hardly anybody ever hits golf balls at it.

Outfitters and Provisioning

There are plenty of ways for players to acquire things they need. The most likely need is for bikes or other transportation but they may also need hiking or camping gear, or equipment they can use in their investigation. This section lists some locations in Fairer Way where they can find provisions and gear.

Tent City Outdoor Gear Stockpile

On the northwest edge of town, deep in the party zone, there's a structure the locals call the wedding cake house. It's four stories tall, each floor recessed from the one below it with balconies or weirdly shallow roofs. Its bottom floor now hosts a handful of shops, artists' galleries, and libraries of things. Prominent among these commercial-ish spaces is a gear library with a giant white-on-green metal sign which reads 'Tent City.' It looks like the sawn-off bottom half of some extruded aluminum municipal sign from decades ago and far away.

This is where a tremendous amount of camping gear looted from abandoned homes nearby has ended up. The librarians have tents, sleeping bags, bug nets, hammocks, outdoor clothing, water filters, and all manner of other outdoor supplies ready to loan. They're also good at mending old-world synthetic fabrics.

Wireside Theater Lost Media Recovery

Wireside Theater is one of the symbiotic sideline operations which appear wherever tech salvage is happening. The members of this co-op are searching for Old World media; music, movies, art, comics, speeches, memes, other content which was made and lost in the chaotic years of the GCW and American Realignment.

The war and the Crumbles happened during the bad old days of Digital Rights Management and corporate service-side media as single points of failure, so the frequent cyberattacks and grid failures tore down huge swaths of the internet, leaving gaps which still haven't been filled. Perhaps more egregiously, some companies simply destroyed all the content they 'owned' when they went out of business, snuffing out years of work by thousands of artists out of spite or indifference. Some of this content has been reconstructed, or partially recovered, but entire books, TV series, games, and other art are still being rediscovered by lost media fanatics today.

These digital treasure hunters combine a passion for archival work with tech specializations around the kind of encryption breaking, reverse engineering, and data forensics the old world would have written off as hacking or piracy. They make deals with neighboring salvage co-ops to inspect and search any devices they receive in trade for help with

particularly difficult security systems. As such, they're usually co-located with the salvage teams, and Wireside Theater is no exception.

The theater shares a former six-car detached garage with several tech salvage crews. The garage door bays have been walled in, and the windows the Reclaimers thoughtfully added have since been blocked by wire grills and the backs of workbenches inside. Several hand-painted signs and neon cyberspace banners list tech salvage and restoration co-ops and archival data reconstruction and encryption breaking services.

The inside looks like a proper tech-focused hackerspace, with cluttered workbenches, shelves of salvage, diagnostic workstations, and plenty of tools. There are screens everywhere, and in one garage bay, a projector and some mismatched armchairs have been set up for viewing media.

The repurposed McMansion nearby was doing its meager best to imitate Shingle style before the Reclaimers added additional decks, stairs, ramps, rope bridges, and other wooden contraptions to its already over-cluttered exterior. The end result looks a bit like an entire village smushed up into one tall mass of buildings and platforms.

If the players need to recover information from old technology from the Comity Town Offices, Jack Rickers' house, Markus Conway's body, etc, Wireside Theater is a good candidate.

A Twisted Webb

If Jonas Webb feels cornered by the players' investigation, he'll eventually come here to get the equivalent of a burner phone - a salvaged, 'refreshed' device with a modern OS running as well as possible on hardware that was intended to prevent reuse. He'll then use it to call Neal Dixon.

Why is there demand to salvage Old World tech?

Tech salvage is a booming industry in Fairer Way. Hundreds of computers, phones, entertainment systems, game consoles, VR rigs, smart devices, and other electronics are recovered by deconstruction crews, packed into trucks and hauled into town. Once there, the devices are distributed to various specialized tech salvage co-ops who inspect them, clean them, make repairs, or (if they're damaged), break them down for eventual component-level salvage, and ship them out on the ropeway. It's generally more efficient to do the sorting and processing close to the source.

Old World tech is generally considered inferior to modern day equivalents, which are designed to be longer lasting and more repairable, but there is still plenty of demand. Some of it is fashion –- the Old World was willing to use processes and materials which

would be considered unethical today, making their products the equivalent of antique ivory or whalebone. The rest is simple practicality - much of the hardware is still quite serviceable, especially with its old, insecure software replaced with modern firmware or OSs, and reused hardware is cheaper than something manufactured new (even from recovered components). And in the end, parts are parts and the society of *Fully Automated* will retrieve and reuse old electronic components until they're completely nonfunctional.

Other Examples of Industry

As the players explore, they'll find all manner of workspaces handling salvage for local use or processing it before it gets sent further out. This includes:

- Furniture restoration/upholstery
- Kitchen item cleaning and restoration
- Tech triage and repair
- Clothing cleaners, tailors, seamstresses/seamsters, and fabrics artists
- Data reconstruction and encryption breakers
- Book sorting and repair
- Medication testing and destruction
- Repurposing of car parts

There are co-ops that disassemble broken electronics or machinery as much as possible and ship carefully cleaned, tested, and sorted component parts south on the ropeway.

There's even a former McMansion with a ground floor basement functioning as an auto shop, where they're restoring some nice old cars as luxury items, and doing maintenance and conversion work for the locals.

And whenever these things can't be restored, there's always artists waiting to use whatever's left over in their next big project. Sculptures, collages, and all manner of found object art ride the ropeway back towards civilization from here.

Most of the buildings here would qualify as 'mixed use' by modern definitions. Each collective has divided their building into a jumble of housing, workspaces, community areas, and even storefronts to suit their needs, with oversight from the community only really focusing on safety. But for the industries it's not safe to cohabitate with, or ones which need more space, there are also many dedicated workshop spaces. The town is currently in a bit of an arts-and-industry junk boom, so many structures which were slated for deconstruction have instead been converted into workspaces.

Generally these have been chosen for some set of the following features: a low, wide structure, large contiguous interior spaces, large doors, consistent floor height, an abundance of natural light, or sturdy construction (which is most often the one in short supply). Generally, the best fits for these criteria are the old garages, especially the ones detached from housing (for fume and fire safety). However, with the current explosion of activity, some entire McMansions have been converted into factories, workshops, and artists' lofts.

Exploring Fairer Way

The Museum of Architectural Irredeemability

The museum is the only McMansion which the community has chosen to maintain in the same condition it was in when it was abandoned. They did this both because it's structurally and architecturally irredeemable, and because it's the single ugliest example of empty, grasping signifiers of wealth ever rendered in sheetrock and petroleum products by the lowest bidder. The only thing the first Reclaimers were more sure of than the fact that this house was guaranteed to kill any nostalgia for the capitalist past, or glamor associated with the old world ultrarich, was that none of them wanted to live in it. This place has one purpose: to remind all who visit it why the past is best left behind.

It features an anachronistic mishmash of architectural elements from the last thousand years of human history, generally picked to demonstrate, through architecture, that wealth is power.

The front

The buildings here are generally strange looking, both because of the original owners' odd design choices, and the many modifications made by their current occupants to turn them into practical living and working spaces. On top of that, the final results are clad with a kind of punk weirdness: murals, stained glass windows, additions like networks of wooden decks connecting new exterior doors and even bridges linking some buildings to their neighbors.

By contrast, the museum just looks old and faded. The EIFS 'structural foam' which forms its fake stone siding, crown molding, and columns has mostly crumbled away, and the remnants still lay heaped in piles along the walls. The Reclaimers have used some kind of plaster to seal over spots where the expired foam had exposed places where water could infiltrate the structure and speed its collapse, but they've left the general leprous decay of the tacky, fake, grandiose decorations as a sort of demonstration. 'This is how they did everything', it says. 'Make it fast, make it cheap, make it out of oil, make it look fancy. I don't care if it lasts. We'll sell it before it crumbles and leave someone else to hold the bag.'

The museum is a strange, asymmetrical building, which seems to ramble in several directions at once, with multiple sections competing to be the primary structure. Its software-designed roofline features a giant two-story hump in the middle, cascading down into a dozen nonsensical protrusions, gables, and dormers, making it look like several houses jumbled together.

It has a dozen elements which could, taken individually, be the focal point of any building they were a part of. There's a grand three-story entrance structure around the front door, with corinthian columns holding up a EIFS pediment (with the trim and column capitals

spray painted gold) on top of a wide concrete staircase. There are two oversized turrets of different heights, one round and one hexagonal, with different kinds of windows in each. There is a dramatic three-story window with a triangular top which doesn't match the angle of the gable it sits beneath. There's an arched gate that seems to open into some inner courtyard. There's even a section of false front rooftop complete with crenelations.

The siding shifts from two kinds of fake brick into fake stone, with different gold-painted EIFS quoins which are tacked up at the corners without wrapping around to properly simulate being a structural element joining the walls. Every side of the house but the front is covered with vinyl 'clapboard' sheets. It features arched gothic windows, circular portholes, protruding bay windows, and square-trimmed prairie windows all arranged with an aggressive indifference to the layout of the whole.

The garage, being a more redeemable structure, is currently a set of apartments.

The interior

The front door opens into a massive, three-story foyer with dueling staircases wrapping around the outer walls. Huge windows on either side guarantee the structure will be warm in the summer and cold in the winter. A set of steps down into the first great room helped to ensure the building would be as inaccessible as possible, though the Reclaimers have added ramps.

The foyer is mostly original, decorated with the same gold-painted particle board furniture it had back in its day, now looking considerably more used. But the expansive floor space has been filled with two very large tables. Both display miniature versions of a town. According to the plaque, the left one was found in the home of the lead developer, and dates back to the first planning board meetings. It features a series of tidy mansions surrounded by flocked lawns with plastic-and-sponge trees demarcating the property boundaries. The second is much more chaotic, a sponge forest spotted with bright clusters of buildings on roughly the same layout, though much denser in places, and more open in others. It shows the current Fairer Way, and is lovingly updated by the Fairer Way Tactical Wargaming and Model Railroad Society. (It also features a small model streetcar which can be piloted around the track using a series of controls inlaid into the table edge).

If any of the players are especially tactical types, you could mention that the layout of the older table suggests that, at least for the inner enclave of the development, this was meant to be more than a gated community. The contours of the golf course, the positioning of the sand and water traps… these things would make for good defensive positions with open fields of fire out towards the main ring road. Even the outer houses, with their huge windows and glass walls facing the golf course, and their own large lawns facing the street and the weirdly-sturdy perimeter wall, imply that the developers expected to hide behind an ablative layer of lesser rich people, their houses, and their security, while denying an attacker shelter from which to charge the inner enclave. To a megarich Old World bastard

straight out of the GCW, living here would offer protection from both the starving masses and your own poorer neighbors.
(If, for some reason, you need to convey this information and none of the players are tactical enough to justify noticing it, you could say that some of the Fairer Way Tactical Wargaming and Model Railroad Society are hanging around, maybe updating the 'current' model, and have them point it out.)

If the players decide to take the self-guided tour feel free to invite them to add their own horrible details to the following:

You set out to explore. The building is as strange inside as out - the floor plan is huge and open yet somehow mazelike. Corners in hallways often eschew 90- and 45-degree turns for more dynamic angles, and many of the walls are too short to reach the ceiling but high enough to block your view. Throughout the structure you find a dizzying mix of gold-painted Rococo-esque foam decals, bland AI artwork in giant gilded frames, baffling curtains, dusty fake plants, and strange wallpapers.

The foyer opens into the living room, which is absurdly large in every dimension, clad in garish gold moulding and red satin wallpaper. The space dwarfs the exceedingly boring suburban furniture clustered inside it. The room is at least two stories tall and features a massive crystal chandelier over multiple sets of cheap sofas. The absolutely enormous screen mounted needlessly high up the wall implies this room was intended for media, but the wall of curtainless windows along the back and the wide-open connections to the foyer, kitchen, and dining room guarantee that noise and foot traffic would make actually watching television in here rather difficult. The Reclaimers appear to be using it as a meeting space and lounge.

The kitchen is strangely dark for how many lights have been installed. The imitation-wood cabinets have a vague church confession vibe, the center island is easily twenty feet across, with no indent under the fake black granite countertop for seating. The tray ceiling frames a huge golden chandelier which manages to hang too low in the space, where it would block conversation across the center island. The refrigerator, stove, and sink seem to have been laid out to maximize the number of steps between them. All of the appliances are nonfunctional - bricked long ago by their always-online features. The Reclaimers could probably jailbreak them and return them to use but have attached explanatory plaques instead. There is an inexplicable basket of fake limes on the counter.

The entrance to the dining room is flanked with EIFS Roman pillars leading up into Gothic arches rendered creatively in sheetrock. A long dark wood table fills the carpeted space. One wall is crowded with built-in cabinets, the other is covered in a full-length mirror. A huge chandelier dripping in prisms hangs low over the table and the ceiling is cluttered with gold decals.

Before you know it you're at another staircase. The second and third stories feature a number of bedrooms which are comparatively boring, populated with cheap, overlarge furniture which somehow still looks tiny in the giant rooms, nested tray ceilings with

strange geometries, and built-in shelves of store-bought clutter sold as sets for aesthetics, devoid of any personal significance.

There's also a home office done up as a sort of combination library/lounge, with dark wood paneling, blank hardcover books in floor-to ceiling shelves, a gigantic desk, and several uncomfortable leather chairs. A cheap, useless-by-design inkjet printer looks quite incongruous amongst the faux antiques.

At the end of the hall you find the master bedroom, the home's crowning achievement in wasted space. A California king sized bed, 10-foot armoire, and grand upholstered carved wood chairs look like doll furniture in here, with giant expanses of empty carpet between them. Most of you have probably lived in places where your entire home could fit inside this one room, and they didn't even do anything with it. The one touch of effort is in the baffling ceiling fresco with creepy cherubs looking down – it appears to have actually been painted with a brush, and probably provided excellent practice in perspective and anatomy for whatever college student got the gig.

The master bath hosts a shrine-like central plinth with an elevated bathtub, a shower you could all fit inside, multiple sinks, and a desk and lounge chair which were assuredly mold hazards when this room saw frequent use. The toilet is just kind of tucked into one corner. The floor and walls seem to have been 'tiled' with river rocks, which looks bad and lumpy and was probably outright dangerous to walk on when wet.

From here you can find your way to another staircase, this one leading all the way down to the basement. There is a comparatively boring suburban family room down here, as well as a private gym and movie theater, both of which look like they're still getting use, given the reservation charts tacked up in their doorways.

Behind the museum things, look more normal. Unlike the house, the lawn was not spared the Reclaimers' ongoing restoration work, and most of the grounds have been merged into the sprawling Food Forest. The large, curving swimming pool has been turned into a pond fit for local wildlife. Frogs sit on dirt-covered blue tile and sing at night, turtles sun themselves on half-submerged logs in the sunlight, and all kinds of animals come to drink from the edge.

The patios have been dug up and the pavers reused elsewhere.

The Spite Mansion

Inside the party zone to the northwest, there's one mansion which has remained completely untouched by the Reclaimers. It's a crumbling Colonial-Revival-ish heap of plaster and foam and sheetrock behind a chainlink fence topped with spools of concertina wire. It even has a lawn, though given the patrolling drones and various emplacements you can spot within it, it looks more like a no-man's-land than a recreational space.

On the Fairer Way side of the property line, there are several signs asking people to respect their neighbor and reminding them that there are genuine dangers on the other side of the

fence. They seem a little overdone to you, but then, the place appears to be surrounded by establishments serving various intoxicants so subtlety probably isn't called for here.

If the players ask around, they can find out that some old guy heard about the Reclaimer project and moved back into his mansion to keep them from being able to use it. Apparently, he'd had many huge houses all over the world, and had been living comfortably in Florida until he heard about the Reclamation effort.

The ownership of land and buildings out here generally follows what's described in the Land Rights section of the *Fully Automated! Rulebook*: stewardship rather than ownership and land as a responsibility rather than an investment, one which cannot be held by disinterested third parties. Just the same, where possible, the local government tried to assign stewardship to any surviving owners as long as there weren't occupants with a more pressing claim.

The short version of the drama that followed is that he hadn't been inside the mansion in decades, but didn't want 'squatters' taking it over. He filed dozens of legal complaints, made lots of threats, was generally a jerk to everyone he encountered, and finally moved back in to ensure he qualified as an occupant.

The community has generally declined to do anything to work against him. He's a relic of the Old World, his family seems disinterested in continuing the feud long-term, and he's not impacting the village or its projects outside of his own property boundaries. Generally, they just provide warnings to newcomers that he's known to be well-armed, mean, and scared of his new neighbors. He'll shoot at anyone who goes on his property, though accessing that property would be difficult considering that he's surrounded it with chainlink and razorwire and patrols of drones.

The Reclaimers council once offered to sign an agreement not to dispute his claim or to do anything to his property, so he could return home and live out his days without worry, but he refused, citing his experience in real estate and development for examples of various underhanded tactics they would use to screw him over and force the project through. Instead, they've left him to watch his security cameras and make his plots.

The Fire Department

The town fire department is a former ten car garage (previously owned by a family of car dealership owners) with a mother-in-law-apartment the size of a normal person's house on top. Ironically, converting it to serve as a fire station mostly just involved bringing it up to fire code.

The adjacent McMansion is one the Reclaimers call Fort Putt-Putt because it was trying to look like a Disney-esque castle, but it's made with the weird fake rock that mini golf courses use. Its exterior is complete with fake crenellations, round turrets with conical roofs, a mix of gothic and keystone arched windows (though there are plenty of modern picture windows and bay windows thrown in), and a double door shaped like a drawbridge.

This could be a good location to get in touch with the Reclaimers' community safety team (which loosely encompasses their volunteer fire, emergency medical, and community protection domains). This may make it a good place to source medical assistance, supplies, or aid in an emergency.

The New Wetland

South of the village, there is a large, dug-up area where the Reclaimers are attempting to rebuild a wetland they found on old GIS maps, which the development illegally filled during site prep. They have sourced the correct native plants and are cultivating them in prepared ponds while they excavate the fill using electric excavators, a handful of old construction drones, and a couple of woodgas dump trucks. Near the road, they have a big canvas sheet tied off as a roof between some trees, and an old card table underneath it where a couple members of the crew are consulting a tablet.

If the players stop to talk, the workers there will be happy to take a break and rant about their calling to new listeners. They'll explain that this area was always soggy, and that they were barely able to salvage anything from the houses they found here because their perpetually-flooded basements introduced a lot of mold which got into absolutely everything. They feel that the place was clearly meant to be a wetland and that restoring it will provide a lot of ecological benefits, along with some very useful foraging if they can remove enough of the contaminated fill.

And that's their main problem. The developers bought fill which was contaminated with asbestos and various heavy metals, probably because they could get it very cheap and had no intention of living here (or downstream from here) themselves. These contaminants should have been sealed in a properly-capped site, to prevent them from leaching into the water table, but were instead dumped into the wettest spot on the local map.

The members of the crew near enough to talk to are:

- Alicia Jacklyn Walters - plants
- Willa Jennings - soil remediation
- Cordell Lynch - excavation and site layout
- Homer Campos - excavation and site layout

If the players get them talking, **Cordel** will send up a survey drone to fly the site onscreen, and **Homer** will show the players the old fragment of a prewar satellite image map, and how the dots and lines they've drawn on it correspond to the survey tape and trenches and pits they've dug. They'll also mention that the recontouring of the entire local landscape (in and around the village), was their work. That includes the rough mounding added to parts of the lawns and golf course. It's meant to help slow water movement and reduce erosion, and to improve water retention for the plants. It can also create a diverse micro-topography that results in more microsites for a wide variety of plants to grow. (Some do well on the tops of hummocks, while the more shade-adapted and thirstier species do well in the hollows.)

Alicia will talk about the site prep, and the importance of quickly getting their native plants established, as invasives are quick to infest disturbed ground (and digging a wetland is definitely disturbing some ground).

Willa is part of the team removing and managing the contaminated soil. Traditionally, this was just hauled to a landfill where it could be stored indefinitely in a lined and capped pit. Basically, you pack it in massive tupperware and forget about it. Or, the cheaper version: you use it as fill under a new impermeable parking lot, storage locker facility, or other 'capped' site and make sure the owners have legally agreed not to change that arrangement. As long as the rain can't filter through and sweep the contaminants further into the water table, it's good enough. Generally, that's still how the Watershed Management Board prefers to handle it, and they're still digging big pits all throughout the region – Willa calls them 'EPA-brained' and thinks it's an old-world way of solving the problem.

The team *is* removing a lot of the contaminated fill (they have to in order to dig out the watercourses they intend to restore) but they don't expect to get everything, especially since the pollution has had decades to spread underground. They're already beginning phytoremediation efforts on site and in the downstream areas where they've detected a spreading contaminant plume.

The Reclaimers are working with an out-of-state co-op specialized in cleaning contaminated soil through phytoremediation - planting specific plants which bioaccumulate or even remediate contaminants from soil and groundwater. The plants' future work is made easier by the fact that the biggest concentrations of contaminated fill are in the former waterways the workers are in the process of digging out again. (Though the team suspects more than enough contaminants have leached out to keep them busy for a while.)

They're packing the contaminated soil into open-topped shipping containers to be transported by airship to the co-op's facility. Some of it will be used for ongoing research, the rest will be cleaned through traditional methods such as soil washing.

The Biogas Generation Facility

When they were built, these houses all had individual septic systems which had to be emptied by truck every few years, each featuring a septic tank and a leach field (a series of perforated plastic pipes buried in sandy soil). The Reclaimers have installed a community sewer system which moves the wastewater to a small treatment facility with several large anaerobic biogas generators. Here the decomposition of various waste feedstocks is accelerated and the (often corrosive or climate-changing) gasses produced in the reaction are collected off and burned to generate electricity to balance the local grid. The CO2 released in that process is exhausted into a greenhouse on site, and though some will still escape into the atmosphere, it will be much less damaging than the methane and other decomposition gasses would have been on their own.

This facility is mostly a set of prefab structures with several large, white, geopolymer digester domes just peeking over the trees. As you get closer, you can see several prefab metal sheds (like small warehouses) used to store digested solids (useful as a soil/soil

amendment, and even the production of some products) and tanks used to store the liquid effluent (which makes for a good fertilizer).

The control station is a prefabricated steel building in the form factor of a shipping container (but with flat sides rather than corrugated). It has several insulated windows, and a door on one long side, but the same stackable frame around the outer edges.

The players might get the impression that much of this small facility was a sort of kit which was brought in by airship or overland.

The Reclaimers have hung a shade cloth between the trees above it to help keep it cool in the summer.

The Gym

One of the huge houses has been turned into a public, indoor, gym space. It's a huge, 'modern' building which seems to borrow more design elements from shopping malls and office buildings than anything designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. People in Fairer Way have an abundance of safe outdoor spaces, leisure time, and surplus mansion exercise machines available to them if they want them (not to mention that there is no shortage of physical work available), so this is a little less a place to turn some stress into exercise between shifts, and more a large space for group activities out of the weather.

Like most houses in the village, the building has a foyer, and the walls inside are decorated with lots of 'before' photos showing the gaudy, overspaced original design. There are even large framed prints of the original floor plans and the updated ones (though this seems to be serving as a map, complete with 'you are here' label). Apparently, this discount mansion was designed so that almost all of its four-story area was one big interior space. The old photos almost look like a hotel lobby, with a giant spiral staircase in the middle and, (for some reason) multiple, adjacent 'living rooms' just sort of separated by the arrangement of furniture. Other 'rooms,' like the kitchen and dining room, were designated by changes in floor height ideal for tripping over.

The Reclaimers' changes are fairly expansive.

The tallest parts of the room have been made into an elaborate series of rock climbing walls, which reach past and around the upper floor mezzanines and catwalks. A large stairwell into the basement has been expanded into a bouldering pit.

Most of the expansive open floor has been covered in various pads suitable for martial arts, and heavy bags and speed bags are hanging under the mezzanine. On the raised stage where a piano used to go, there is now an MMA octagon.

According to a list of areas and activities (and the relevant coaches for safe use/training), the rest of the basement and almost all of the upstairs rooms are now a parkour course which sort of winds around/through the structure.

There are a handful of signs, QR codes, notes, and schedules in varying levels of professionalism, providing warnings about hazards and safety, detailing time slots and

even photos identifying coaches, teachers, and helpful people in case you have any questions.

It's quiet right now. There is a Tai Chi group of mostly older people doing some stretching on one of the big mats, some people in rashguards and shorts drilling with Thai pads in a back corner, and a pair of guys in heavy jiujitsu gis rolling on the pads near the open slider doors across the way.

Section 4: Traveling to Comity

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Planning

Summary

This section begins when the players have chosen their method of transportation and decided to head to Comity.

The trip to Comity represents the next step in the players' transition away from familiar modernity. While Fairer Way is distant from major urban centers and a bit strange and rough due to being a Relaimer proof-of-concept project, it is still part of the modern world. When the players depart it, they enter a wilderness that may surprise or threaten the unprepared. The most likely form of this threat is an initial confrontation with Jaguar and his crew.

This section describes what players may encounter based on the mode of transportation they choose. Likely modes include the following:

- They can **bike**, walk, or otherwise travel by themselves.
  - Bicycles are a practical choice because they guarantee that players will have transportation within Comity, not just for getting there. This could also be achieved by horseback or with a different small vehicle.
- They can **get a ride from local farmer Bob Johnson**.
  - Local farmer Bob Johnson has dropped off a bunch of produce. The tech he's retrieving was delayed, so he has room in his truck for the players if they want a ride. He can provide a lot of information on the town and remaining locals to players during the drive.
- They can **get a ride from a work crew**.
  - There is an intermittent flow of work crew vehicles between Fairer Way and Comity. Workers can give players rides to various work sites and provide players information about the deconstruction project as well as local gossip.

- They can **get a ride on an airship**
    - The aging cargo airship Legitimate will pass through Comity on its route north. The players may be able to convince the crew to let them hitch a ride.

There are more detailed descriptions below for each option, but the important information to know (at least for any ground transportation) is that the original network of paved autoroads maintained by the towns and the state of New Hampshire have mostly crumbled and been replaced with a network of rough trails which are, in some cases, actually more direct. This generally represents a shift in attitudes and goals from the locals, in downscaling their expectations and their road network to something they can actually maintain long term, and in adapting the vehicles they use to match.

If the players picked up a trail map from somewhere in Fairer Way, they should be able to follow the blazes on the trails and identify a route between any two points on the map, including Fairer Way and any locations in Comity.

For a rough baseline for times to reach various locations:

Site	Distance	Time by Bike or Truck	Time by Foot
Nolan Road Juncture	5 mi / 8 km	30 min.	1 hr. 45 min.
Enviro. Rest. Crew Camp	6.5 mi / 10.4 km	40 min.	2 hrs. 10 min.
Water Quality Monitoring Camp	8.6 mi / 13.8 km	50 min.	2 hrs. 50 min.
Comity Town Offices	10 mi / 16.1 km	1 hr.	3 hrs. 20 min.
Johnson Farm	12.2 mi / 19.5 km	1 hr. 15 min.	4 hrs.
Deconstruction Site 1	13 mi / 20.8 km	1 hr. 20 min.	4 hrs. 20 min.
Deconstruction Site 2	14.2 mi / 22.7 km	1 hr. 25 min.	4 hrs. 45 min.

Depending on the campaign, the players may make this trip several times. Feel free to add sites from Comity's Generic Locations section to add descriptions and variety.

Locomodo Ambush!

If the players choose to stay the night in Fairer Way and hike or travel by bikes in the morning, or if they hike out the night they arrive in Fairer Way and camp on the road, a small group of locomodos will ambush them. If they hitch a ride with any kind of vehicle/group they will ride right past (or sail right over) the ambush without ever realizing some locomodos were going to try to scare them into leaving.

Adversaries and Escalations

There are four potential adversaries who may work against the players on their way to Comity. They are a group of young locomodo friends who have been lied to about the players' reasons for investigating the depopulated town.

Jae "Jaguar" Gentry, Octavia Clair "Seedspeak" Landry, Nikolas Barnett, Leymue "Mist" Actoss have something of a growing reputation for their zealotry. They've met Jonas Webb through their work in deconstruction, and though they only know him as a nice old Reclaimer who knows everybody, Jonas is familiar with their reputation and history of fights through the local grapevine. He also knows that Jae is frequently assigned to the deconstruction site's radio because they keep getting in trouble and it keeps them off the jobsite.

If Jonas finds out about the players' mission, and if they give him the time and opportunity to arrange an ambush (by hiking to Comity, or staying the night and biking in the morning), these are the hotheads he'll pick to try to drive them off. All he has to do is call the site about something routine, and let slip that he's heard that the county board is reconsidering the planned extent of rewilding and have sent the players for a resettlement feasibility investigation.

The locomodos' plan, such as it is, isn't great. They know the most common route from Fairer Way to Comity, so they'll post a sentry (likely Nikolas) to watch for the players further ahead while they set up several 'warnings' and find a decent spot for an 'ambush.' If the players aren't scared off by coyote skulls and dead end signs, they'll scream "Comity isn't open for business!" and shoot several arrows at them before 'vanishing' into the brush.

Their goal here isn't to kill the players, but to generally make them feel extremely unwelcome so they'll leave. If the ambush feels too extreme for your campaign, feel free to substitute pettier, sneaky things like slashing vehicle tires, writing hostile messages for them to find, disturbing their campsite, or otherwise causing problems.

If the locomodos do the ambush and succeed in getting away, they'll likely go to ground for a while, hiding both from the players and their own people. (If Neal Dixon and his drones get involved later on, feel free to add the fact that one of them sought out the locomodos and tried to kill them to their reasons for hiding.)

If they miss the players or you feel an ambush is too much, feel free to make them an ongoing hassle instead. My main reason for including them is to explore what restitution/restorative justice look like in this community once the players and locomodo leadership have sorted out the truth.

Running

Hiking, Biking, & Small Vehicles

Around you, the woods are deep and dark with old growth forests, broken only by the occasional sapling grove growing thick around sagging, asphalt-shingled roofs. The roadway is narrow, trees growing out into the ditches in sunny spots.

The air is thick with insects. Various species reintroduction programs have been working steadily for decades, and with the forests recovering a lot of life is returning on its own. Unfortunately for you, that also includes horseflies, deerflies, mosquitos, and ticks. On the road, especially under the tree cover, the deerflies are so thick you can blindly close your hand into a fist and catch some every time. Mostly they just fly around you and tap against your head and face but sometimes – just often enough that you always have to swat at them – they'll land and bite.

The old paved roads have been almost erased by time and weather. The freezing and thawing of the ground has broken the asphalt into scattered fragments, and seasonal floods have caused huge washouts on hills and near rivers, only some of which have been patched back in with loose gravel. The pavement, where it remains, is scrunched and buckled by old frost heaves and potholes. In some places, it's hard to tell if this road was ever paved at all. Much of it has been covered over in loamy topsoil, decomposing leaves and pine needles.

If one wanted to drive, they'd need a vehicle made for offroad conditions. But on foot, or bicycle, it's not bad at all. Thanks to the dead gravel roadbeds, the remaining pavement, and the shade of the forest canopy arched overhead, brush and new growth have struggled to fill the space, so losing the trail would be almost impossible. And you aren't restricted just to the old autoroads: though the locals haven't maintained the streets to a drivable standard, they have built a surprisingly dense network of new trails between their villages, homesteads, farms, and any other spots worth visiting. These provide shortcuts through forests and overgrown yards, often taking a much more direct route thanks to their disinterest in the boundaries of now-abandoned properties.

By and large, these are just open trails cut through the woods; some are wide enough for a single truck, while others are just bike- or footpaths. Some have a gravel fill leveling the trailbed in places, but on others, the ground is soft forest loam or overgrown grass where there is enough sunlight. All are blazed with colored paint (which corresponds to the maps you were given in Fairer Way). This late in the summer, the trails are much less muddy than they would be in almost any other season, but you still have to skirt or cross the occasional puddle or stream.

Eventually you pass a very faded town border sign. Someone has touched up the words 'Comity NH' with paint pen and replaced whatever the old motto was with "enjoy it while it's still here". The original town logo seems to have been some local mountain, but its faded almost illegible now.

If the players talked to Jonas Webb or people from his social network (Randal Morrow, Collin Holman, or Corey Crane) and mentioned their assignment, Jonas will find out quickly and will worry that when they eventually excavate the site, they'll find murder victim Kevin Conway. Illegal dumping sixty years ago probably won't result in a culpability investigation and restoration judgment at this point, but a murder almost certainly will. He can either assist in the discovery and face the judgement of his community for his silence, or he can prevent them from finding the dump site at all. Given how thin their evidence is at this point, discouraging them will seem easier than upending his entire life. He will contact hothead members of the local locomodo group who he works with in deconstruction and lie, telling them he heard that the county board is reconsidering the planned extent of rewilding and have sent the players for a resettlement feasibility investigation. If the players talked to anyone in town, he'll eventually do this, but if he finds out quickly enough, and if they choose the right travel options, he'll be able to stage an ambush immediately.

If the players choose to stay the night and either hike or travel by bikes in the morning, or if they hike out that night and camp on the road, a small group of the locomodos will ambush them.

The first warning signs should come shortly after they cross into Comity: a sense of being watched, possibly spotting someone moving in the brush or watching from abandoned and collapsing houses near the road.

Shortly thereafter they begin to find threatening things in their path.

There's something in the road ahead of you. It looks like some kind of animal skull, perhaps from a coyote, perched on a wooden stake driven into the road.

If the players examine it more closely:

The skull is old and looks like it was lying out in the woods until recently, but the stake is fresh. It's a green oak branch stripped of bark and probably sharpened to a point at the bottom. It's been rammed into the road surface through a gap in the old pavement. The skull has been positioned so it was facing you as you approached it.

Feel free to confirm if they continue towards Comity.

Further along you find an old 'DEAD END' road sign propped up against a small heap of rocks on the ground in the middle of the trail. Its yellow paint is flaking and extremely faded, and there's rust where it was once fastened to a U-channel post.

There are recent vehicle tracks in the mud to either side… it seems likely the sign wasn't here a few hours ago.

If the players press on, someone will shout "Comity isn't open for business!" and arrows will fly from the brush and into the trail. Four locomodos – Jae Gentry, Octavia Clair Landry, Lemyue Actoss, and Nickolas Gregorio Barnett – have begun their attack.

Ambush on the Trail!

On the road between Fairer Way and Comity

Character	HP	Armor	Speed	Attacks
Jae Gentry	20	1	24	✊ Claws 🗡️ knife 🏹 Crossbow
Octavia Clair Landry	20	1	24	✊ Spray 🗡️ knife 🏹 Crossbow
Leymue Actoss	20	0	24	✊ Claws 🗡️ knife 🏹 Shortbow
Nickolas Gregorio Barnett	20	1	24	✊ Claws 🗡️ knife 🏹 Crossbow

Setup

The fight starts with the players getting surprised by a hail of unexpected arrows unless any player rolls a critical success on a perception check. The arrows should miss, and Jae will shout threats.

"Turn back. This isn't your land. The next shots won't be warnings."

By default, this will be quick, likely a one-round combat where the locomodos shoot a volley of arrows at the players from the brush and leg it – especially if they catch any return fire.

Pursuing the locomodos through dense brush in their own territory should be difficult and feel risky. Jae and company may escalate if players advance. If players fight back or stand their ground, the locos will disengage rather than risk a loss of light on either side.

Conclusion

The ambush ends with either the players or the locomodos retreating. There isn't really a loss state since the locomodos only want to spook them and won't pursue the confrontation to the point of serious injury or death.

If any of the players are familiar with the area (or have a local NPC with them), make it clear that this was *weird*. Like, not only has this never happened in the time they've been here, but they've never even *heard* of it happening. It's not the sort of thing anyone would think to warn you about because the locomodos just don't attack people.

If any locomodos are captured:

…they'll open the interaction with a lot of accusations and bluster, yelling about how the players can't do this. *"You have no right to take this land back! We had a deal! You think you can let us clean up the area and then open it back up for redevelopment? Never!"*

It'll take awhile to calm them down, but the players should eventually be able to get more coherent information from them. They don't realize any of this was false or a secret, so they've got no reason not to burn their source.

"Jonas Webb told us how the county is reconsidering the extent of rewilding. He said you guys were doing a resettlement feasibility investigation."

They'll straight up tell the players that Jonas called the job site with routine info on new workers arriving this week (Jae was manning the radio at the time) and Jonas mentioned the resettlement investigation kind of in passing, along with some other news.

If the players provide their credentials that say why they're really here, the locomodo's eyes will get huge and the bluster will disappear. They might refuse to believe it for a bit, but calls to Morgan Kemp or Furnace Osmia should clear it up. They'll start to slip into a panic as they realize what they've done.

"We've got to contact our Speaker, Galen. He handles interactions with outsiders. We should've gone to him at the jump."

They'll be insistent on contacting the locomodo group's speaker. Galen and his liaisons handle all the 'official' interactions with outsiders and they know now that they've caused a problem that's above their level. Consequences loom, not just for them, but for the entire group, and they're not sure what to do. To their credit, they don't consider trying to hide what they've done. If the players agree and travel with the captured locomodo(s) to meet the speaker, jump to the confrontation with the locomodos from here.

Warning: of all the possible outcomes, the players reconciling with the locomodos has the most potential to cut the campaign short. The locomodos can confirm that Jonas Webb has acted maliciously and have the means to demand some degree of consequences. Later set pieces allow for him to confess when confronted with his involvement in this attack. This fits the endgame, but because he was involved in the dumping and knows both the location and the identities of people involved, he can basically shortcut past the investigation to the end.

One option here is to have Jonas clam up – he could refuse to talk altogether, or claim he had no good reason for doing what he did ("I just don't like them"). Alternatively, he could tell the players and locos all about the past events and his reasons but refuse to specify the location or name of his co-conspirator for fear of what the murderer will do to him. If you want to expand how scared he is of Neal Dixon, or give him slightly better motives, you could have him be afraid for the safety of anyone who finds out, including the players and locomodos. In his default version, he's mostly just scared to get in trouble himself.

If the Locos Get Away:

The locomodo group will eventually confront the players with larger numbers, but also with cooler heads from their own leadership in charge. If the players can convince the leaders of their good intent, and if they were ambushed here, the leaders will 'assign' the ambushers as the players gophers as both punishment and restoration for attacking them.

If the players have already noticed that Jonas Webb was suspicious in their first meeting and tried to interfere with their investigation, they may decide that he had something to do with the ambush and head right back to Fairer Way to confront him.

Fallout from the Attack:

The gossip network might have mentioned that some of them have gotten into arguments with some of the holdouts, but even then it never escalated beyond snippy remarks. Outside of that, the most disruptive they've ever been towards outsiders is when one of their fox-hunt trainings/games cuts through a work site (they form teams of runners and hunters, and the first group tries to evade detection while the second group tries to find them by tracking and using their enhanced senses. It's good practice for woodland stealth and detection).

Also, basic logic will tell the players that if this was about trying to stop them from finding the waste, that's extremely weird. There's basically no reason to oppose removing a bunch of poison from the region. Furnace Osmia's competitors aren't hostile that way – if they somehow run out of industrial waste to clean up, that'll be a good thing, not an existential threat. And Osmia only does cleanup, not investigation or blame.

> Perhaps only cannon to this module, "<X> isn't open for business!" is an old environmentalist and ecoterrorist motto in the *Fully Automated!* timeline. Popularized in response to the governor of West Virginia (a state famous for its history of strikes and actual gun battles for workers' rights) making the state's slogan "Open for Business." It's not unique to any one group, and is well-worn enough to be a bit of a cliche by this point.

The players may decide to immediately return to Fairer Way to confront or investigate Jonas Webb, or they may decide to ask Morgan or others to look for information on him while they continue to Comity. They may ask for help investigating or contacting the Fox Mountain Locomodos.

If the players choose to contact Morgan Kemp, feel free to fit their response to your campaign – one useful approach is for Morgan to be absolutely furious and to start contacting the locomodos by any way they can on the players' behalf, essentially giving the players yet another situation to deescalate. If you go this route, you can use it to diffuse some of the conflict in the confrontation with the Fox Mountain Locomodos later on. Basically, Morgan pulls out all the stops trying to reach the locomodo leadership and demanding answers, causing them to withdraw while they try to figure out what happened. This can make the locomodos hard to find if you need them to be, but also reinforce that the players have a legitimate and beneficial reason to be in Comity prior to their meeting.

Eventually, Morgan's efforts will result in a call from Galen:

You're getting a voice call. No name or handle – just a long number interspersed with some dashes.

“Hey. This is Galen Acosta. I understand some of my idiots shot you with an arrow.

“Hmm. I’m tracking them down now but I’ll get answers or know the reason why. There’s been some rumors about why you’re here. I’m still trying to track those down too. We should meet up and talk, clear the air.

“A detective out of Pacifica has been calling my phone. Emailing me. Found my old socials. Found my relatives and friends and contacted them. Look I promise we’re not trying to kill you so if you could get them to stop calling everyone I know and making accusations, I’d appreciate it.”

Riding with Bob Johnson

Bob tells his dog Gerry to get in the back so one of you can ride in the cab with him; the others will have to ride in the back with the tools and empty plastic crates.

Ask them where they sit, how they get comfortable, and if they’ve ever ridden in the open bed of a truck before.

The wood burning gassifier rig assembled in the truck bed behind the cab means you can’t sit too close to the cab. From back here it looks like two upright, cylindrical metal tanks, one of which is very hot and lightly smoking from the top vents, linked together and to the truck with a series of metal tubes.

The roads are very rough. The ride in the back of the truck isn’t very comfortable - it heaves side to side and lurches over bumps and gullies. The floor and sides of the truck bed are metal and hard old plastic, so it’s easy to get bruised by a sudden jolt.

The main bright spot is that Bob is driving very carefully, using both lanes (when there are two lanes) to skirt around the worst gullies, potholes, and washouts. He certainly isn’t in a hurry. Unfortunately, whenever he slows down to navigate rough terrain, the clouds of deerflies following you catch up and swarm around the truck. Various species reintroduction programs have been working steadily for decades, and with the forests recovering, a lot of life is returning on its own. Unfortunately for you, that means the deerflies are so thick you can blindly close your hand into a fist and catch some every time. Mostly they just fly around you and tap against your head and face, though sometimes – just often enough that you always have to swat at them – they’ll land and bite.

Feel free to ask for rolls (say, to avoid getting bumped, or tipped against the gassifier) if that fits your group.

Around you the woods are deep and dark with old growth forests, broken only by the occasional sapling grove growing thick around sagging, asphalt-shingled roofs. The roadway is narrow, trees growing out into the ditches in sunny spots. The pavement, where it’s visible, is scrunched and buckled by old frost heaves and potholes, patched in with

unpaved gravel in places where bad washouts undermined the asphalt and swept it away. In some places, it's hard to tell if this road was ever paved at all.

For better or worse, Bob doesn't limit himself just to the old autoroads. Although the locals haven't maintained most streets to a drivable standard, they have built a surprisingly dense network of new trails between their villages, homesteads, farms, and any other spots worth visiting. And Bob guides his creaking pickup down them with the confidence of a lifelong local.

By and large, these are just open trails cut through the woods and overgrown yards with a total disinterest in the boundaries of now-abandoned properties. Some are wide enough for a single truck; others you pass are just bike paths or footpaths. Some have a gravel fill leveling the trailbed in places, but on others, the ground is soft forest loam or overgrown with grass where there is enough sunlight. All are blazed with colored paint (which corresponds to the maps you were given in Fairer Way). Driving a truck through the trails takes some genuine skill, especially since he does most of it in two-wheel drive.

As he drives, Bob talks about building some of these trails with his father and other locals, and more recently with Grant Hayes and others from ShadeTree Motors.

The player in the front can talk to Bob. If they have any tech suitable to let the other players listen in, they can do so; otherwise, the other passengers will have to make conversation amongst themselves.

Things Bob Knows:

Bob knows a lot of people in the town. He's lived here his whole life, and he's watched the town decline in population after the war, its small growth during the boom of the commune years, and its gradual depletion since the 90s. He knows just about everyone who remained, and he's not shy about making friends with the newcomers and salvage-hunters as long as they're respectful of his home.

He was born a few years after the war, so he doesn't remember anything about truck convoys or toxic waste, but thinks you might want to speak with **Arlen Saunders**, **the Blythes** over in Nolan Village, **Annmarie Byrd** in Hackney, or **Hank Walton,** all of whom are older than he is and remember more of the old town. Feel free to give the players the map of **locals. Bob can also call ahead and make any introductions the players feel is necessary.**

Like the other locals, Bob can relay any of the history of the town the players ask about or which you think is useful.

The world might be doing a lot better these days, but this town is still his home. He doesn't love that they're closing it to new development, but he's somewhat glad he doesn't have to worry about new neighbors. Mostly, he's glad to have been grandfathered in with the family holdings and a few hundred acres of room to expand.

He's ambivalent about the rezoning. It doesn't change anything so much as manage what the town has already become. Within his farm and among his neighbors, nothing is changing, and the current bustle of activity is interesting.

The new locomodos are odd ones. He thinks it's funny that they put on airs about protecting this land when he's been here longer than they have. **One of them lectured him about his farming practices awhile back, and he doesn't care for that.**

Bob changes between roads and trails several times, but he seems to be going uphill most of the time, until his route passes a small mountain and finally levels out. A newer forest sweeps out to all sides. Off to their right, you glimpse a flurry of activity, vehicles, and equipment which is one of the deconstruction sites. Eventually the woods open up and you find yourselves riding along a stone wall and the open fields of a farm.

Upon arrival, the players proceed to Bob Johnson's Farm.

Riding with a Work Crew

The work crew might be hungover from partying if they've stayed in Fairer Way overnight and are returning to work, or fairly chipper if this is part of a routine midday delivery. Either way, the players shouldn't have much trouble finding someone to hitch a ride with, especially if they help load the produce and other supplies the crews will have received in trade for supplies.

The crews generally travel by truck, usually huge old pickups and dump trucks which have been refitted with modern electric power systems or wood-burning gassifier rigs (these are especially popular with deconstruction crews as it gives them a way to use small and damaged scraps of wood they otherwise couldn't find takers for). Both conversions use chassis they salvage on the job, combined with gassifier kits or motors and parts manufactured in Concord, and organic batteries grown and processed in Fairer Way.

The driver and passengers climb into the front, and the rest of the crew piles into the back, making themselves comfortable amongst the supplies. The players are free to do the same.

If there's a gassifier rig assembled in the truck bed behind the cab, the players can't sit too close to it because of the heat. From back here it looks like two upright, cylindrical metal tanks, one of which is very hot and lightly smoking from the top vents, linked together and to the truck with a series of metal tubes. (If the time of day is right, and you want to make things slightly sillier, the crew could actually cook food on a flat part of this rig.)

The roads are very rough. The ride in the back of the truck isn't very comfortable – it heaves side to side and lurches over bumps and gullies. The floor and sides of the truck bed are metal and hard old plastic, so it's easy to get bruised by a sudden jolt.

The worker driving the truck seems pretty blase about the condition of the roads, having made this trip plenty of times before. They do their best to skirt around the worst gullies, potholes, and washouts, but end up going right through almost as often as not.

Feel free to ask for rolls (say, to avoid getting bumped, or tipped against the gassifier) if that fits your group.

You could even roll to see if the crew manages to damage their own vehicle if roleplaying helping to fix it is something your players might enjoy. Similarly, they could easily get the truck stuck in an old washout and need help getting it moving again.

Unfortunately, whenever they slow down to navigate rough terrain, the clouds of deerflies following you catch up and swarm around the truck. Various species reintroduction programs have been working steadily for decades, and with the forests recovering, a lot of life is returning on its own. Unfortunately for you that means the deerflies are so thick you can blindly close your hand into a fist and catch some every time. Mostly they just fly around you and tap against your head and face, though sometimes – just often enough that you always have to swat at them – they'll land and bite.

Around you the woods are deep and dark with old growth forests, broken only by the occasional sapling grove growing thick around sagging, asphalt-shingled roofs. The roadway is narrow, trees growing out into the ditches in sunny spots. The pavement, where it's visible, is scrunched and buckled by old frost heaves and potholes, patched in with unpaved gravel in places where bad washouts undermined the asphalt and swept it away. In some places, it's hard to tell if this road was ever paved at all.

The crews seem to prefer to stick to the old autoroads, but it's easy to see that the locals have built a surprisingly dense network of new trails between their villages, homesteads, farms, and any other spots worth visiting.

Feel free to decide the route the truck follows and whether the crew opts to take some of the smaller trails.

By and large, these are just open trails cut through the woods and overgrown yards with a total disinterest in the boundaries of now-abandoned properties. Some are wide enough for a single truck; others you pass are just bike paths or footpaths. Some have a gravel fill leveling the trailbed in places but on others, the ground is soft forest loam or overgrown with grass where there is enough sunlight. All are blazed with colored paint (which corresponds to the maps you were given in Fairer Way). This late in the summer, the trails are much less muddy than they would be in almost any other season, but just the same, driving a heavy truck through the trails takes some genuine skill and they occasionally need to stop so people can get out, jam stuff under the wheels, and push.

The length of the trip, and what they pass along the way will depend on which crew the players are traveling with. Feel free to use the GM map and this chart to help with the descriptions beyond what's provided above:

Site	Distance	Time by Truck	Time by Foot
Nolan Road Juncture	5 mi / 8 km	30 min.	1 hr. 45 min.
Env. Rest. Crew Camp	6.5 mi / 10.4 km	40 min.	2 hrs. 10 min.
Water Quality Monitoring Camp	8.6 mi / 13.8 km	50 min.	2 hrs. 50 min.
Comity Town Offices	10 mi / 16.1 km	1 hr.	3 hrs. 20 min.
Johnson Farm	12.2 mi / 19.5 km	1 hr. 15 min.	4 hrs.
Deconstruction Site 1	13 mi / 20.8 km	1 hr. 20 min.	4 hrs. 20 min.
Deconstruction Site 2	14.2 mi / 22.7 km	1 hr. 25 min.	4 hrs. 45 min.

The Cargo Airship

The crew of the cargo and salvage airship *Legitimate* is on a salvage run, hauling old cars and other metal scrap from collection points picked by ground crews in Heathston (north of Comity) back to the steelworks in Manchester. Their airship is a flying crane variant — except for the cockpit sticking out near the lower front, there's no gondola underneath, the working and living spaces are built into the lowermost section of the main structure inside the envelope, along either side of the long, central cargo hold. They lift cargo using a set of powerful cranes. They stopped at Fairer Way to wait out some bad weather.

The players may be able to convince the crew to take them as far as Comity. But as the town has no mooring mast and the *Legitimate* doesn't land, the players will have to ride the crane down. The airship is built to haul cargo, and has a large 'hold' running in a slot from prow to stern, where they use the crane to winch up various forms of cargo, ideally in shipping containers. The crew has become fairly blase about putting their feet into a cargo hook, and holding tightly to the cable and simply riding it up or down. However, they'll insist that the players use an 'elevator' rig or at least a fall harness when they descend.

The Airship Mooring Mast

If the players haven't visited the mooring mast previously, feel free to borrow details from that section.

From down here the airship is massive. It doesn't look like it should be able to just sit in the air like that, or move so lightly in the wind. It fills a decent portion of the sky overhead.

The players can walk to the tower with the crew and climb the stairs of the mooring mast (or take the freight elevator).

Airships aren't rare in the world of Fully Automated!, *so you've probably seen mooring masts before. It's more common to build large rotating landing platforms on the ground because they're easier and safer for passengers and cargo operations, but high masts still appear wherever space is constrained or specialized airships like flying cranes (which aren't designed to land) are used. Some airfields even have passenger boarding concourses in structures which look like Skylon Tower or the Space Needle.*

This isn't one of those nice towers. This thing is about as simple as you can get. It's a prefabricated, mass-produced 'universal' docking mast, a one-stop service station for airships of all designs to refuel, reballast, and refill gas cells from a set of connectors in the mooring cone.

The tower is a metal lattice, mostly open to reduce wind shear on the structure, and only the cargo elevator shaft is enclosed.

At the top:

The top of the structure is surrounded by a circular deck. The deck is divided into two parts – an inner and outer ring. The joint between the two is marked with yellow and black caution striping. The outer ring, railing, and airship gantry all rotate with the airship, so if the airship swings around the tower in the wind, this outer section rotates with it.

Across the gangplank, the airship just fills the open space, hanging silently in the air. A huge expanse of white plastic. A door set into the nose just between the docking rig is open on the other side.

The first crewmembers hop nimbly onto the gangplank and stroll casually across, over several hundred feet of open space. The wind moves the airship, and the gangplank swings to the right, but they aren't bothered.

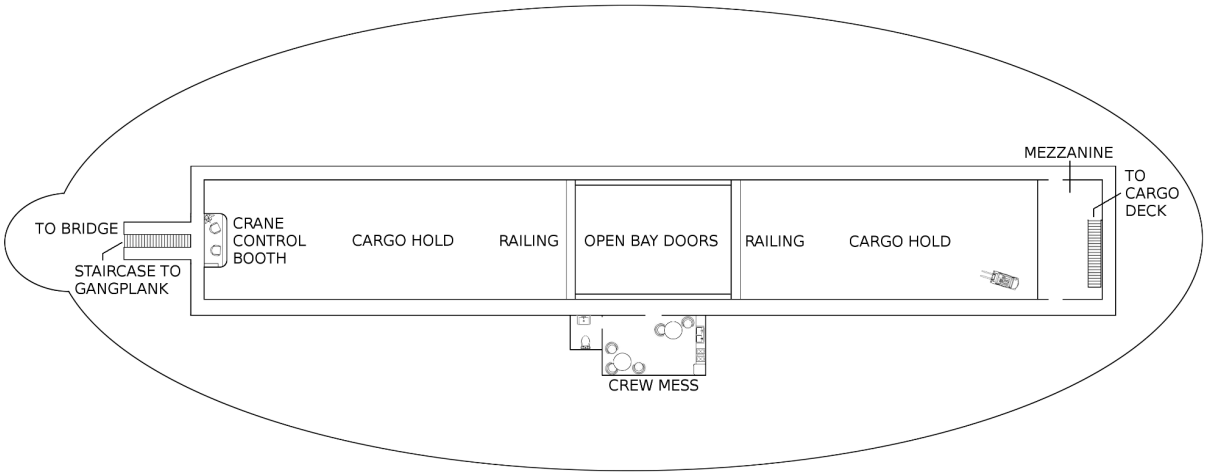
(If you want to do a notice check and the players do well, you could point out that the crew always have three points of contact with the airship, whatever they're doing, starting now.)

It's a fairly mild day, good for flying, so the airship moves very little as the players cross, followed by the last of the crew.

Inside The Cargo Airship *Legitimate*

Inside the craft, there's a single, narrow metal corridor, followed by a staircase down. This is one of the only sections of the interior spaces this high in the envelope. (Though there are obviously many other ways to navigate much of the structure of the envelope not dedicated to containing the lifting gas, the players will not be welcome there at this time. They're guests, but also strangers, and hijackings and sabotage – no matter how unlikely – are always a concern when this much hydrogen is involved).

The staircase is narrow, but the walls open out when it meets a larger main passage further down.



This image represents the lowest levels of the airship.

The staircase leads to the main crew level. It's mostly utilitarian, lots of grey painted metal. Murals and other art is allowed in some places, but much of the craft needs to be easy to inspect for damage or negligence. Behind them, towards the prow, is the bridge. The doors are closed and locked. One of the crew apologetically notes:

"Afraid we can't visit the bridge today - when you're carrying 180,000 cubic meters of hydrogen just in the envelope, you have to be careful. Here, let me show you to the crew mess."

Ahead of them, there's a wall with a large open door to a crane control station. This mostly glass booth sticks into the cargo bay, which stretches almost all the way to the stern. The crane booth looks like it's sometimes used as a lounge. There's a bookcase bolted to one wall and a potted plant.

Hallways stretch to their left and right and turn to run parallel to the cargo bay. The crane control booth and all windows have been caged over on the other side for impact safety. Windows visible in the walls of the cargo bay make it clear these hallways run all the way back.

The deck of the bay is mostly empty. In the middle, the cargo doors are open, though a high railing, which looks more like a fence, has swung up to keep the crew away from the drop. There are several metal catwalks high overhead.

Unless otherwise interrupted, a crewman leads the players down the right side hallway. The crew mess, like most of the airship, has no windows. At least one member of the crew needs to escort them all the time and will remain with them or at least at the door. There's a meal available in the communal kitchen space. There's an attached bathroom, so they won't risk losing track of anyone.

Setting a Course

Once they're underway, a bridge officer in a sweatshirt will knock and introduce herself. This is Copilot Erin Smith, who the players may have met in Fairer Way. She's brought a map, and will ask the players where they want to go. The *Legitimate* is on its way to collect a cache of old vehicles and other metal junk, but thanks to a favorable tailwind, it can afford to detour a little en route. If the players aren't certain where they want to go, the crew will drop them at a clearing near the center of town where they once collected some cars from a salvage crew.

If the players want, they can convince their escort to take them to the cargo hold instead. From there, they can get an actual view down through the open cargo doors.

Disembarking

Arriving at a Destination

You're on the airship for over an hour before you feel it start moving. There's a fair bit of activity in the corridor outside and over the radio your chaperone wears, but it all sounds pretty casual.

From there, the flight to Comity is brief; it's maybe half an hour before a member of the crew stops by the cafeteria. She tells you you're coming up on your destination, pours herself a cup of coffee, and leads you down the passageway to the back of the airship. You can see into the massive, empty hangar through the windows along one side. At the end, she steps through a door onto a mezzanine, down the stairs, and out onto the huge, narrow cargo deck. It's mostly empty at the moment, aside from a forklift and a handful of tools. Catwalks crisscross the space overhead, above the crane gantry.

The crew has two ways to lower the players to the ground. They can use the crane hook and safety harness and descend in the open air. Or they can use an enclosure. This could be either a dedicated elevator pod (similar to the gondola cars from Fairer Way but with a simpler attachment point on the roof for the crane) or an old van they've modified to serve the same purpose. This would entail removing the engine/motors/batteries and several other heavy parts, but leaving the wheels and axles. Which options are available is entirely up to the GM.

When the airship reaches their destination, a crew member will activate one of the gantry cranes overhead. A massive, tracked rig will slide along the ceiling until it's above the group, and a hook will descend. The crewman will help the players into the elevator, or the first player into a harness, and will hitch them to a U bolt welded to a bracket on the cable.

If the players descend in the harness:

"Alright, this is your first time so you gotta wear the harness. Step your legs through there.

Alright, step on the hook with both feet and hang on tight to the cable."

"When you get to the ground, climb out of the harness and leave it attached to the line. Then get the heck away from there. We'll see you on the cameras and once you're clear we'll raise the line and the next one can go down."

Then the crane lifts them up over the railing, slides along the track until it's over the open bay doors and a whole lot of nothing, where it begins to lower them to the ground.

This repeats for the other players.

If the players descend in the elevator pod:

This is a rectangular pod similar to the ropeway gondolas from Fairer Way but with a simple attachment point on the roof for the crane. It's a purpose-built thing the crew of an airship might have for disembarking to the ground in calm weather. It has windows on all sides and seems very small and thin against the great open expanse of sky.

The players can all pile in and look around as they descend.

It feels a bit like the ropeway at first, as the pod is raised off the deck, over the railing, and out over the abyss. It's oddly quiet, with just the slightest creak of metal. A panorama of trees and sky and mountains stretches below and around you in every direction. The pod descends fairly quickly, and has a bit more swing in its movement the further down it gets. Eventually, it thumps somewhat unevenly to the ground.

If the players descend in the van:

Looking around the cargo bay, you don't see anything that looks like an elevator. You do see an old panel van – looks like a pretty nice electric one from maybe the 2080s. It's wrapped in a ton of thick cargo straps, which, if you look closely at them, each have "5T" printed on the fabric.

This is basically the same as the elevator pod but with more salvage-based flavor. This is an old van the airship crew was transporting along with all the other vehicles retrieved by the car-takers. The crew had already gotten into the habit of riding cars up and down from the *Legitimate*, so when they received a cargo van which was clean, in good condition, and generally well-suited to use as an elevator pod, they kept it. They stripped out the engine and drivetrain and passed the metal along for recycling, but kept the sturdy vehicle otherwise intact, including the axles, suspension, and wheels, as they help with the landing.

Several 5-ton cargo straps are wrapped around it, blocking the side doors from opening but otherwise holding it quite securely. The players can board through the rear doors and find whatever seats remain inside. There are windows around the front, in the sliding side doors, and in the back doors.

One of the cargo handlers hands you a walkie-talkie before they close the door.

The suspension creaks as the van is lifted off its wheels, raised over the railing, and lowered into the open air. A panorama of trees and sky and mountains stretches below and around you in every direction. The van descends fairly quickly, and has a bit more swing in its movement the further down it gets. Eventually it slows and settles gently to the ground with a creak of metal.

As the van settles to the ground the walkie-talkie chirps and someone in the background says "Nailed it!" before a clearer voice says "Alright, thanks for riding with the CAS Legitimate, please disembark quickly, make sure you take all your belongings, throw the walkie back in the van and shut the door tightly! Call us if you need another ride!"

As the van lifts off the ground, it clips the treeline of the clearing.

The landing site:

Once they're down, the players can examine the clearing where the airship crew dropped them. Unless they requested a specific site, feel free to make this the empty, overgrown yard of a deconstructed house. Perhaps they're standing on the filled-in cellarhole of the long-gone building.

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Planning

Summary

Once players get to Comity, the investigation truly gets underway. The players can search forests and ruins for clues, interview folks who lived in the town during the time, and slowly work their way toward the dump site, all while the aggression against them rises as they get closer.

The investigation is a very flexible sandbox. Here we provide suggestions on how to adjust the difficulty or pacing to suit your group, as well as tips on how to guide the investigation in the event that players find themselves stuck.

Clues

Following the campaign as written, the players are essentially investigating two overlapping crimes (even if they don't know it yet): the illegal dumping of the industrial waste that Morgan sent them here to find, and the murder of Kevin and Markus Conway that Dixon committed during its coverup (and which motivates the modern-day coverup).

Because the two crimes are tangled together, the players' investigation of one will likely lead them into the other at some point in the story.

The players' search for answers can be conducted in three broad lines of inquiry: interviewing witnesses, recovering old records, and investigating scientific and environmental conditions. These can generally be used independently, but most player groups will use a mix of each as they follow up on leads and try to narrow their search. Many characters and locations scattered throughout the town of Comity hold clues to one or both of these crimes.

This section provides a list of clues by type.

Interviewing Witnesses

Several lifelong locals remain in the disincorporating town of Comity and remember information relevant to the players' investigation:

Character	Industrial Waste Evidence	Murder Evidence
Annmarie Byrd *Hackney Falls*	Can confirm that convoys of dump trucks moved along Eldridge Road almost every night for a month in 2057.	
Arlen Saunders *Sanders Farm*	Can attest that the convoys did NOT move through Nolan Village and is confident they didn't move along Old Sawyer Road (though he does give a false lead that they might have come in from the west on Old Sawyer Road and immediately turned south down Nolan Road).	While driving late at night, Arlen saw a wounded, unidentified man (Neal Dixon) wearing a uniform without unit markings or nametapes. This was the night the Conways were killed; at the time Arlen saw him, Dixon was searching for Marcus Conway.
Hank Walton *Nolan Village*	Can attest that the convoys did NOT move along Nolan Road below the four corners. Can rebut Arlen's misinformation.	
Marcy Blythe *Blythe Farm*	Can attest that the convoys did NOT move along Nolan Road.	Remembers someone from the DHS (wearing a uniform) searching her farm for someone.

Searching Ruins

Abandoned locations offer tremendous potential narratively, aesthetically, and mechanistically. They're fun for players to search and offer excellent opportunities for GMs to provide players with leads. The following table lists the discoverable clues available to players at each of the listed locations. More details can be found under the location entry for each place.

Location	Industrial Waste Evidence	Murder Evidence
The Comity Town Offices/Police Department	The town offices have records which contain a detailed collection of all of Jack Rickers' properties. These town records also contain Jack Rickers' home address.	The police department has a logbook and arrest records for Kevin and Markus Conways from several days before they were killed. Includes the address of their cabin, the name of the arresting agent (Neal Dixon) and details linking them to Jack Rickers.
Jack Rickers' House	Paper notes and emails identify the location of the dump site. A paper note suggests the volume of waste and that he planned to use pond liners to 'seal' the site which might have delayed its discovery.	An email indicating that the Conways were arrested on Rickers' property and that the Conways were released without charges because the Arresting Agent (Neal Dixon) never followed up.
Springhouse (Containing Markus Conway's Body)	The note on Markus' (very dead) phone includes confirmation that the dump site is on the property adjacent to the land their cabin was on.	A dead body (skeleton) in dated clothes, with ID, shotgun, and dirtbike. Clothes show signs of damage consistent with a wound. A very dead phone with a note detailing most of what transpired between the Conways, Rickers, and Dixon.
The Conways' Cabin		Damage from when the cabin was ransacked and an open gun safe. If the GM has Neal Dixon utilizing this building, it could contain a portable drone charging station left here during the GCW to keep an eye on things. It could also include his modern-day headquarters or the killer himself.

Scientific Tests

Thousands of tons of industrial waste can't remain hidden forever, especially with decades to escape containment. The waste dump in Comity has already begun to make its mark on the land downhill and downstream. Players with the right equipment can find evidence of contamination by testing soil, surface water, and groundwater.

This may be a good fit for players who enjoy applying technology, knowledge, and the scientific process to facilitate their hunt, or characters with a scientific background.

This approach might involve testing each suspected site individually or identifying watersheds and testing Comity's rivers to narrow down their search. Feel free to suggest equipment the players might need while they're Gearing Up or if they meet the work crew from the Environmental Restoration Site. Watersheds can be identified by the Water Quality Monitoring Team, the Environmental Restoration Crew, various locomodos, any other NPCs you think would have that knowledge, or the players themselves. The Water Quality Monitoring Team can also provide a surface hydrology map, which may take some work to interpret, but can show the movement of water within the surface watersheds.

For guidance on testing soil and a map of contamination levels, check Testing for Contaminants.

You can also find descriptions for the suspected sites and the dump site in the Ruins/Abandoned Places section below.

Guiding Struggling Players

Here are a few suggestions for options if your players seem overwhelmed or unsure of where to start. Many of these hints can be delivered using whichever NPCs they talk to, but you can always adjust a certain NPC's schedule so they coincidentally meet the players wherever they happen to be.

I. ***Direct players to Bob Johnson*** *to learn about locals who remember living in Comity during the events the players are investigating.*

Bob Johnson is a friendly guy who knows everyone in Comity and frequently interacts with the Reclaimers, so it's likely people in Fairer Way might recommend talking to him. Like the other locals, he can provide the players with a map of people from Comity who can help. He also maintains the town's meshnet and knows about drones, so he's a useful resource as the players' investigation proceeds. Interviewing locals can rule out possible dump sites and uncover Dixon's activities. Bob's farm can be a good place for players to stay the night and reorient themselves.

While Bob is particularly personable, remember that just about any local resident can introduce the players to all the other holdouts in town.

II. ***Direct players to the hydrology and/or environmental monitoring teams*** *to learn about groundwater movement and testing for contaminants.*

The water quality monitoring and environmental groups can give players information on soil and water testing for contamination, surface and groundwater watersheds, and other assistance that can help them narrow their search based on chemistry. Because their work is similar to the players' investigation, this should feel like a natural recommendation for NPCs to make. Workers at these sites can also point players to other work crews and provide the work crew map.

III. ***Use Morgan Kemp or other NPCs*** *to dole out information as desired.*

As the people with their boots on the ground, the players will have access to evidence like ruined buildings and paper records only available in Comity, but Morgan is well-situated to search through the more 'online' information on their behalf. GMs can always provide hints 'discovered' by Morgan or other assisting NPCs if the players need a nudge (and can time their reveals to manage the pace of the game).

IV. ***Direct players to the Comity Town Offices*** *for a list of potential sites that they can then narrow through investigation and deduction.*

The abandoned Comity Town Offices and Police Department contains information relevant to both the illegal dumping and to the murder of the Conway brothers. It is included in the locals map because it's the sort of place any of the locals would mention when recommending people to talk to and places to check out. Most Comity locals know that the work crews and Reclaimers are focused on deconstruction and most interested in buildings, so they may have passed over records on empty lots which the players would be more interested in.

The Town Offices provide the full list of potential dump sites and Jack Rickers' home address. The Police department has the Conway brothers' arrest records.

Events Outline

- ➔ Arrive in Comity
- ➔ Possible confrontation with Jaguar's crew
- ➔ Start investigating initial leads identified in Fairer Way to narrow down the site location
  - ◆ Johnson Farm (to get to know the locals who remember past events in town)
  - ◆ Work Crews such as the Water Quality Monitoring Team or Environmental Restoration Crew (for scientific assistance)
  - ◆ Town Office (for records of Rickers' properties)
- ➔ Possibly start investigating the sites
- ➔ Face escalating obstruction from adversaries
- ➔ Explore and investigate further targets
  - ◆ Rickers' House
  - ◆ Interviewable locals

    - Chemical sampling
- Respond to unforeseen challenges
    - Hide, recover, seek medical care, repair gear, parlay with locomodos, etc.
- Confrontation/conversation with the Fox Mountain locomodo group
- Discovery of the murder of the Conway brothers by Dixon
    - Discovery of Marcus Conway's body
- Dixon drops pretenses and begins campaign of terror against the players and Comity
- Reckoning with Jonas Webb
- Find the site
- Confrontation with Agent Dixon

Adversaries and Escalations

There are several potential adversaries who may work against the players once they reach Comity:

Jaguar's Crew

If the four locomodos from the previous section succeeded in ambushing the players, they're likely hiding out at this point. If they failed to do so, they may represent an ongoing nuisance, depending on how you want to use them. They could be a voice against the players in the confrontation with the Fox Mountain Locomdos, or they could be a stealthy group of antagonists harassing the players by slashing tires, leaving threatening messages, disturbing their campsite or equipment, or otherwise causing problems.

Jonas Webb

Jonas Webb will likely re-enter the story at some point as their investigation digs into his past, especially if he succeeded in sending the locomodos after the players and they're able to talk things out and find the truth. In some playthroughs of this campaign, the players spent a good amount of time further investigating Jonas, his contacts, his past, his involvement in the rewilding surveys, county records reconstruction effort, etc.

His efforts to impede the investigation mostly depend on how much time the players spend on him. His main action is possibly calling Neal Dixon if he feels cornered.

Former DHS Agent Neal Dixon

The main Adversary for this section is former DHS Agent Neal Dixon.

From inside a war or revolution, sometimes a negative peace looks more appealing than a knock-down drag-out fight with people who are willing to step down on their own terms… and who have the guns, drones, and experience using them in campaigns of terror to make

bringing them to justice a long, bloody process. And if that means that they never face real consequences, or that they retain a degree of power and much of their stolen wealth, well, at least they're out of the way. Making sure they *stay* out of the way is a problem for when you're rebuilding.

Neal Dixon is one of those. He's faced far fewer consequences than he should have because his organization had the means to inflict tremendous harm before being forcibly placed in the dustbin of history.

He has always believed himself to have been in the right, no matter how egregious his actions, mostly because he always had authority of position, and thus the right (however imaginary) to hurt others when he felt they needed it. He feels that authority was unjustly stolen from him, and thus his actions should still be shielded the way they were when his agency gave him frightening power over other people. He will happily kill again before admitting he was wrong about anything he did.

In his prime, Dixon worked as the DHS liaison for several critical wartime industries. He became involved in several conspiracies, using his authority to cover up crimes committed by his corporate benefactors, including illegal dumping by their subsidiaries. In 2057, he murdered the Conway brothers, who owned a property adjacent to the one where Deyesso Industrial Disposal was dumping tons of industrial waste.

Neal Dixon feels persecuted by the modern solarpunk world and by the players in particular. He reads their insistence on investigating the environmental disaster he facilitated and the murders he committed as a personal, specific attack on himself. To him, it's the latest assault from the weird, communist society that broke down the hierarchies he felt were fundamental to American life and stripped him personally of the power and authority he wielded in it. Worse, for the first time in his long life, he senses actual consequences closing in around him, and he's bitterly resentful at the reversal of roles. He's angry and indignant that anyone would dare to impose consequences on him, especially little civilian nobodies like the players.

Catching Dixon's Attention

If Jonas Webb is very involved in trying to thwart the players' investigation and feels the net closing in around him, he may be the one to call Dixon.

Alternatively, if the players find the body of Markus Conway (or other evidence you feel would trigger his interest) and call Morgan Kemp, Dixon can resurface all on his own. He spent several weeks covertly searching for Markus Conway after attempting to kill him, and he left smart wiretaps in the region's comms infrastructure designed to contact him if they overheard certain keywords. Some of that infrastructure was reused by Bob Johnson and other locals when they built their meshnet. So if the players contact Morgan and inform them of finding Markus' body, Dixon will know that it's finally been found (and its location) and will set out to stop their investigation before it can connect anything to him.

If the players find the dump site before Dixon can otherwise find out about the investigation, he will hear about it (through his wiretaps or the news) once the body of Kevin Conway is discovered buried in the waste. At this point, he will travel to Comity and begin disrupting the cold case investigation with the goal of severing any links to himself. At wits end, the Furnace Osima work crew will turn to the investigators who successfully found the dump site to figure out what's going on, inviting the player characters to return to Comity and pick up where they left off.

Dixon's Plans and Capabilities

Dixon's goals and actions can vary quite widely based on what evidence your players find, the order they find it, how he is brought back into the plot, and your goals for the tone of the campaign. Generally, his first goal is to impede and undercut the investigation and to complete the coverup he started in his youth. He usually starts this with the intent to get away with his crimes – to break and bury the investigation the way he would have when he was younger and the DHS was powerful enough to scare reporters, law enforcement, and bystanders into submission. But if his efforts fail – if he misjudges the behavior of the people, organizations, and society he doesn't really understand, and starts to attract ever more attention with his coverup – then he'll spiral into violently lashing out.

He is in possession of several caches of surplus wartime Homeland Security equipment, including firearms, body armor, armed drones, and hacking tools. This stockpile can be as large and varied as you like, and can include any spy-related tools you feel fit your campaign. In previous playthroughs, he's used armies of dangerous rotor drones, vintage 2050s killware, phone impersonation software, active camouflage, and DNA-evidence-sterilizing UV flash bombs. Thematically, it works best if all his gear originates with the US government in the 2050s or 60s and is rather out of date. He also has a DHS-surplus, car-format rotorcraft which can allow him to reach Comity within 10 hours (great-circle time) of learning about the investigation; he can also use it to move quickly around town.

Physically, he's boosted, retaining all of the wartime bodymods bestowed on him by the Department, so he'll be stronger, faster, and tougher than a baseline human. But he's also a fairly old man now, out of shape, and out of practice. He's spent the last few decades living comfortably in Florida, keeping himself entertained and feeling tough through the occasional feud, violent threat, confrontation, or weird stalking charge, but it's been awhile since he actually had to make good on his words.

Dixon's Tactics

Because Dixon will be reacting to your players, the following is offered as a collection of possible responses (especially ones he's used in previous playthroughs). Generally, he starts out deniable, using drones and software hacks, faked phone calls and social media, etc. to disrupt their investigation, and eventually gets hands-on at some final encounter. But this isn't a locked-in script.

If the players were ambushed:

If Jonas Webb has tricked the locomodos into ambushing the players, and he later contacts Dixon, the former DHS agent will begin traveling to Comity to 'clean up his mess.'

Dixon's first instinct will be to use rotor drones to track and attack the players, though getting them into Comity without arousing suspicion requires some creative problem solving. Depending on the needs of the plot, you could have him bring the rotor drones with him, send them ahead, or activate a solar-powered cache of them hidden away in Comity (my preferred location is in the Conways' cabin, because using the home of the people he killed would satisfy his cruel streak).

From there he has a few options:

- If you think he should favor a blunt simple coverup, he can use the rotor drones to try to kill the players, especially if they're on their way to an evidence-heavy location like Jack Rickers' house. He will likely attempt to stage the scene to look like an escalation of violence between the players and the locomodos. If you need the four locomodos to remain deep in hiding for awhile, feel free to say that he also sent a swarm of drones after them (partly to remove the link to Jonas Webb, but probably also as part of the frame job, with the intent to disappear them and make it look like they fled after they murdered the players). This can drive them further into hiding.
    - From here, have him send more drones or hacking attacks as necessary, especially once the players start to figure out who he is.
    - You can also take the fight back to Fairer Way and have him move to kill Jonas Webb, either with drones or in person. This might work especially well if the players have talked to the locomodos and are on their way to confront Jonas.
    - Eventually this ends in some kind of confrontation with Neal Dixon himself.
- If you'd prefer a subtler, more mastermind-ish approach, have him borrow from the 2050's federal *agent provocateur* handbook and start stirring up trouble between different factions and the players using impersonation software, hacked accounts, fake organizations, etc.
    - In past campaigns Dixon has attempted to lay false evidence that the players are from an anti-locomodo, radical environmentalist group which believes humans should never meddle in wild areas; and that they are in town to sabotage the locomodo group's efforts.
        - This can trigger curiosity in the locomodos when this false evidence clashes with Jonas Webb's own false claims.
    - He has also attempted to drive conflict between the locomodos and townspeople and to preemptively burn bridges by impersonating the players in calls and online interactions with the locals.
- If you have a group of players who prefer combat-heavy gameplay and want something that will provide more than two or three total combat encounters, feel free to send a plague of drones and to make it a big part of the plot. The town is

suddenly beset by old, dangerous rotordrones from the 2050s, and townsfolk and work crews need the players to help protect them and figure out where they came from and why they're here.

If Dixon is alerted by wiretaps and acting independently:

If the players evade the ambush and find the body of Markus Conway (or something similar) and Dixon gets involved because his wiretaps overheard some evidence, you have the opportunity for a slightly more cat-and-mouse approach. Dixon will attempt to delay the team of investigators Morgan sends, steal the body, sterilize the spring house, possibly stage an accident to kill the players, and wage a small propaganda war trying to disrupt their investigation and imply they made it all up, all while he tries to steal or destroy any evidence the players already have.

If the players have already found the dump site:

If the players find the dump site before Dixon gets involved (perhaps they take an airship to Comity and immediately check the correct suspected site), they should get a sort of false ending where people celebrate and Furnace Osmia begins excavating the site, only to find Kevin Conway's body and call them back in. By the time Osmia has asked for their help, another local investigation could, potentially, already be underway (and be disrupted by Neal Dixon, who has installed himself in town between the discovery of the site and the identification of the body). What this disruption looks like is entirely up to you. It could be a series of worsening feuds between local factions stoked by his use of impersonation software, hacked accounts, fake organizations, etc; it could be an open hostility by the locals to the current investigators caused by propaganda; or it could be a series of 'accidents' or other suspicious events which have injured or disabled some of the current team.

Once he sees the players who caused his current problems return to the investigation, he'll definitely take that personally.

The players' goal from here on out is to identify him and to locate his headquarters within Comity.

The Final Encounter:

There are a lot of ways to run a face-to-face encounter with Neal Dixon himself:

- **Dump Site Showdown:** Dixon could be basically waiting at the dump site, using his drones to patrol and watch for the players as he waits to ambush them. I think of this as the 'boss fight' version of the encounter and I think it works if he's already tried and failed to kill them and is aware that they're heading to the site. If they've rallied a lot of support in the larger communities, this may represent a sort of last stand on his part, with killing the players and generally lashing out being a higher priority than getting away with his past actions.

    - If you or your players favor a more conversation/negotiation-based confrontation, have him bring explosives with him, attempting to rig the site to trigger a landslide into the pond which will do far more immediate damage to the region. This could be an attempt at using enough force that society lets him escape again, or just an especially vicious example of his lashing out.
    - He may not have been waiting here too long. It could be he's been here for a day or so, having slept out (or in his aircar) as necessary, or he could have stayed in the Conways' ruined cabin until he realizes the players are approaching the dump site.
- **Conway Cabin Siege:** Dixon could have set up in the Conways' cabin which almost overlooks the pit and is the closest human structure. This might be a more comfortable spot and somewhere he could set up more of a headquarters for his tech.
    - This can be a good option if the players find the waste (and Kevin Conway's body) before they find out about the cold case aspect of the mystery and the game transitions from finding the dump site to finding the killer.
        - You can have the players get called back to the site when the body is found, and have them realize that someone is interfering with the cold case murder investigation from here in town.
    - It also suggests he has more of a routine (eating, sleeping, etc) which might offer an opportunity for the players and their allies to sneak up on him.
- **Caught Red-Handed:** Dixon could encounter the players while trying to break the trail of evidence (through threats, attempted murder, or destruction of documents/buildings, etc) in person. This would provide him with more agency and could make for a dramatic fight somewhere the players are already familiar with, such as Fairer Way.

Maps

Like any good sandbox, Comity has a map with various discoverable locations. These locations are organized into categories (Suspected Sites, Work Crews, Locals) along with a handful of single plot-relevant locations (the dump site the players are searching for, Markus Conway's body, Jack Ricker's bouse, and the Conway cabin). There is an additional overlay marking the boundaries of the watersheds in town.

All of this information can be found by the players and their map updated to match.

A Maps folder has been provided with this guidebook. It contains all the permutations of layers (plus one with everything visible for the GM) though a layered .xcf file has also been provided so you can toggle layers and export your own. Or edit it as you like!

How the players discover locations:

- Generally the work crews all know where other work crews are located because they party together and help each other out. Any of them can give the players directions to the other sites. This provides the map of Work Crew locations.
- Similarly, the locals all know each other and can do the same for the Locals map. They can also make introductions or pass contact info if necessary.
- The people at ShadeTree Motors can give the players both maps because they work with both groups. In a pinch, you could have Bob Johnson also know that information.
- The list of suspected sites (shown on the map as property boundaries highlighted in red) can be found at the Fairer Way Comms and Records building or the ruined Comity Town Offices and Police Department.
- Watersheds can be identified by the Water Quality Monitoring team, the Environmental Restoration Crew, any other NPCs you think would have that knowledge, or the players themselves.
- Jack Rickers' house can be found at the Comity Town Offices and Grant Hayes knows where it is.
- Markus Conway's body can only be found by searching the site and finding the spring house.
- The Conway cabin can be found by searching the Comity Police Department (adjacent to the town offices) or by searching the woods around the dump site.
- The dump site can be found by testing the correct suspected site, by tracking the pollution upriver, by searching Jack Rickers' house and finding the address, by getting a confession from Jonas Webb, etc.

Characters

Comity Locals

These are the people who have chosen to remain in the town long-term.

Bob Johnson - A local farmer and lifelong Comity resident. He's not old enough to remember the days the players are investigating but he can transport them to Comity, and provide introductions to locals who are. He also runs the local meshnet and knows about drones.

Arlen Saunders - A local painter and witness to Neal Dixon searching for Markus Conway on the night of the killing.

Hank Walton - A local old guy who can confirm convoys of trucks did not enter one part of the town.

Grant Hayes - The leader of an enclave of gas engine mechanics who are making good use of the salvage. He knows where Jack Rickers' house is.

Annmarie Byrd - Local author who witnessed the convoys of trucks.

Dr. Marcy Blythe - The local doctor who witnessed Neal Dixon searching for Markus Conway.

John Blythe - Marcy Blythe's husband.

The Work Crews

These are the people who are deconstructing and rewilding the town.

Usef Glen - Water quality monitoring expert, can rule out several sites based on downstream rivers.

Doug Abietia - A professor managing a work crew which is checking on the health of several rewilding projects. He can rule out several suspected sites.

Logan Chen - The foreman of the environmental restoration project in the old town dump. A fanatic of the Thousand-Year Cleanup. He can provide test kits and other equipment.

Debora Church - Foreman of Deconstruction Site 1

Helaney Gypsum York - Foreman of Deconstruction Site 2. She can rule out one of the suspected sites.

Denali Alatna Hope - Foreman of Deconstruction Site 3. He can provide information on the group of locomodo volunteers who might attack the players.

Decon Sitwa - The Radio Operator at Deconstruction Site 3.

The Locomodos

This is a group of genetically modified neoprimitivists who are responsible for managing the new rewilded zone and for performing search and rescue within it.

Galen Acosta - the representative of the group towards official organizations and leader during a crisis.

Kaylee "Mint" Smith - the group's liaison to the Reclaimers.

Caterine "Barn Cat" Barnett - the group's liaison to the Comity locals.

Jae "Jaguar" Gentry - The leader of the four locomodos who might attack the players if the circumstances are right.

Octavia "Seedspeak" Landry - Jae's best friend and fellow bad idea haver.

Lemyue "Mist" Acoss - a lifelong locomodo who has recently joined the group and will follow Jae and Octavia's lead.

Nicholas Barnett - an experienced tracker and the fourth member of the group that might attack the players.

Isabelle Russo - a phytoremediation expert working on the Comity Town Dump - she can provide a lot of assistance with the search by mobilizing part of the group.

Vicktor Ward - An older locomodo who is distrustful of outsiders, a representative for the faction that will believe misinformation from Jonas Webb or Neal Dixon and side against the players.

Walter Colton Mason - Another older locomodo who is distrustful of outsiders, and representative for the faction that will believe misinformation from Jonas Webb or Neal Dixon and side against the players.

Background

The former town of Comity (current population around 300) has been largely abandoned for decades, was rezoned for managed wilderness, and is undergoing deconstruction and rewilding. It will be formally disincorporated within five years. There are several small villages and a handful of homesteads holding out within its nominal borders, but its main industries currently are site remediation, residential deconstruction, car salvage, and light agriculture.

It's a mountainous place, scarred by glaciers, logging, and forgotten roads. The horizon is almost always high overhead, any clear space seen through the trees is more likely to be a pond or wetland than anything man-made. The forests cover everything, and they are deep and dark and quiet. The ground is more rock than soil, and it is never level. What buildings remain are generally faded, rambling things, accrued as much as built.

The people here keep to themselves, appreciate their privacy, and are suspicious of strangers on instinct. In the right context, they're very friendly, but there's a waiting, wary look they have if you approach or make your pitch, like they're listening more for the moment you get to what you're really after, rather than what you're currently saying. This hardness generally cracks when they realize your intentions, or when you're introduced by someone they already trust.

Running

There are several locations within the old borders of Comity, NH, where the players can pursue their investigation. These include local holdouts/potential witnesses the players can interview, abandoned buildings which relate to the events they're investigating, work crews who can provide resources and information on the current state of the town, and of course, the suspected sites themselves.

Locals

Around a hundred people have remained in Comity through the Global Climate War, the Crumbles, and migrations to more practical towns, but only a few of them are old enough to remember the events the players are investigating and were living in Comity at the time. The following list includes these witnesses and a few other locals who may be helpful in the players' investigation.

It's worth noting that the player can absolutely take contact info for the people they meet and call them back for additional info without adding extra travel time back and forth. If it fits the pace of your game, feel free to have the characters give not just the locations of people they know, but their contact info, or even call those new contacts themselves.

The following entries are ordered by how frequently they came up in playtests, with the most often-visited appearing first.

Bob Johnson's Farm

Bob Johnson is a resourceful, considerate local who can act as an ambassador and problem solver. He knows a lot of useful information. He wasn't alive during the events the players are investigating, but he can identify the folks in town who were. He knows a lot of other things too: about the history of the town, about the rewilding project, about the work crews. He's also very involved with maintaining the town's distributed telecommunications infrastructure (the meshnet), and he's knowledgeable about drones because he uses them extensively on the farm. He even has a cabin where the players can stay. All of this makes Bob a very useful friend in the region. It can also make him seem suspicious once Neal Dixon starts messing with the meshnet and using old drones to watch or attack the players.

Description:

Bob Johnson's farm is near the center of the town, somewhat to the southwest. The ground is hilly and climbs into mountains not far away.

If the players are riding with Bob, he uses a remote to open the gate, and the ride gets noticeably smoother on his side of the boundary. There's a deer fence running off to either side, along with an old stone wall made of piled rocks, but nothing that suggests it's supposed to keep out people.

If the players got here on their own, there's a call button and a camera attached to one of the fence posts. He'll let them in and meet them out front.

Bob's farm is one of the more traditional ones in the area. Compared to Fairer Way, his fields are more open. There are still rows of trees acting as windbreaks and providing shade for certain crops, but they're less frequent, and the furrowed rows of crops in between look much more traditional.

There are, however, quite a few high-tech additions to the farm (though many of them look scavenged or old and repaired many times over).

The house and barn are covered in various radio antennas, solar panels, and homemade Savonius wind turbines. He has several tractor-format drones working the fields, along with two different makes of large hexapedal gardener drones which look sort of like huge mechanical daddy-longlegs, which stalk nimbly over the crops, weeding and checking for pests. One of them has a little basket hanging off a harness and is using its shorter working arms to pick fruit from a tree.

The farmhouse has been here for generations, and looks fairly historical for the region (meaning it's a big white clapboard box with a steep roof, large windows, and a rambling series of additions bolted on every side but the front). There's a big, rough, granite slab for

a front step in front of a front door nobody's used for a hundred years. The foundation is fieldstone and mortar. The barn also looks quite old. Both buildings have been updated and patched up, but they have that kind of wavy, crooked sway that suggests that these structures were built a long time ago by people who specialized in farming, not carpentry, and there's only so much that careful maintenance can do.

The barn is odd: it has a sort of dormer added to the roof, which is open along the long wall. It looks a bit like an aircraft hangar, with many drones, ranging from small quadcopters to larger fixed-wing, propeller-driven things, swarming in and out.

On the other side of the barn is a freestanding shed with a large radio tower attached.

If the players are techy, they can recognize various directional and wide-area antennas, used to maintain the regional mesh network as well as to help Bob's drones communicate across the farm. It's isolated from other buildings in case of lightning strikes.

The house features a summer kitchen slung between the main building and the barn, which looks newer and squarer than either of the other two structures.

If the players go inside:

The house is nice, though the low ceilings, narrow hallways, and the steep, uneven stairs suggest it was built before building codes. It's got the kind of clutter a family has to accrue over many generations. Everything has been smothered in several thick layers of paint, giving it a kind of melty look. The floor is extremely worn, and it's higher on one side than the other. The shape of the bathroom suggests it was built before indoor plumbing and that this is a retrofitted closet or pantry.

The back wall of the summer kitchen is brick with stained glass windows, and it features a large brick oven and a touchscreen control panel.

If the players peek out the open back door, they can see a large mirrored scheffler reflector — a computer-controlled mirrored dish, which will focus searing light into a hole in the back of the brick oven to heat it up. (Never fear – a second mirror bounces the light upwards, so the solar death ray doesn't blast out every time the oven door is opened.)

Talking with Bob:

For history of the town other information pertinent to the players' investigation, consult the section on things Bob Johnson Knows.

If the players need shelter:

Bob's farm has a couple cabins from back when his grandparents routinely hired seasonal help. Since taking over the place he's scaled down and automated enough of his operation to avoid relying on exploiting skilled workers in precarious circumstances. These days the cabins host college students from Agriculture and Food Systems majors from a few local universities, who travel to farms in the region to get hands-on experience.

They're a little rustic but clean and well-maintained, with electricity and running water (in a small bathroom addition attached to the outside of one of the cabins). It looks like the water comes from hoses run across the yard from the farmhouse. The inside of each cabin is one large room with bunk beds along both walls. There are plenty of screened windows you can open - they're attached at the top with hinges, and can be swung up and fastened to the rafters with metal hooks and loops.

Bicycles:

If the players don't have bicycles, Bob will ask how they plan to get around. He'll offer up some old ones he has as long as they promise to bring them back. Only one will have the electric assist described in the village bike CO-OP. Feel free to describe these as rusty, creaky, lacking brakes, or otherwise prone to failure, or to demand the occasional roll to see if they get damaged if that fits the tone of your game. (Maybe aim for damage that doesn't leave them walking, i.e brakes stop working, or the derailleur gets stuck and you can't shift gears – (a snapped cable could cause either)).

Relationships with Neighbors:

Bob has lived here his whole life. Born during the GCW, he doesn't remember much from those days himself, but he knows all the locals in town and will cheerfully give the players a list of any remaining locals old enough to have some clues (update their map to show locals). He's also on good terms with the deconstruction crew working near his farm and can give the players directions. He trades supplies with them fairly often, as they're happy to get fresh food out here, and Bob likes getting free tools and building supplies. Both groups appreciate not having to transport their goods as far as usual.

He's the kind of guy who keeps an ear to the ground, and thus knows all the local drama without participating in it much. He knows generally where most of the newcomers are, and he tends to get along fine with them as long as they're respectful of his hometown.

Locomodos:

Bob might grumble a bit about the new Locomodos. He's a kind of territorial guy and he's inclined to see them as newcomers, busybodies, weirdos, or a possible threat to his farm or personal safety. But he knows that's partly just how his brain is wired and he's trying to reserve judgment for now. Still, he has the impression that at least some of them resent him not giving up his land with the rest of the town, and they don't respect his way of doing things, or his property boundaries.

From Bob's perspective, he's already doing things above and beyond the old ways. They can complain he's too traditional, but in the old world, he'd be some kind of hippy. He'll happily show the players his composting setup, give them a tour of his greenhouses, talk about crop rotations used to replenish the soil, point out the bait trees in his apple orchard… If the locos don't like it, well, they're getting the rest of the town, so they can stay off his

land. If the players ask about any of those things and you need to provide more information, there's plenty more on the farm and its operations below.

About the Farm

If the players rode here with Bob, he'll start unloading the truck and the players are free to help. If they do, he'll tell them about his family's operation here.

Crops, Animals, and Products: There's about thirty acres of land planted with rotating crops in the main fields here, around the house, plus some understory crops in forty acres of forests further back (everything from Ginseng, ramps, fiddleheads, to a dozen kinds of mushrooms), plus the maple sap. There's a saphouse and sawmill back there, for some light logging, which is where the wood for the buildings and the scraps to feed the truck and winter generator come from.

There's a chicken coop, quail coop, and a goat shed and pen, though the goats and chickens seem to have the run of the yard as you look around. There's pigs further back.

Observant players may notice that there seems to be some kind of tall, armed, quadruped drone hanging out with the goats; if the players point that out, he'll note that bear, wolves, or coyotes will eat goats if they can, and that the 'bot was old and cheap, and not illegal to arm. Plus the goats like the shade it provides as it follows them around.

Technology and Transportation: A lot of the solar panels are from back before the GCW, though he's added some modern ones to boost capacity, mostly for the drones. And there's a waterwheel on a river back in the woods, though that mostly just runs the irrigation pumps and the sawmill.

In a lean-to structure attached to the barn there's a battered old ski groomer – a large tracked vehicle with a small cab and weighted trailer for packing down snow on the seasonal roads in the winter. Bob is one of the people who maintains a large network of trails for the locals, and many hikers, snowmobilers, cross-country skiers, and snowshoers in the area appreciate the easy routes he packs down after every storm. He also does a lot of summertime maintenance, cutting back brush and clearing trees whenever they fall into the trail.

Composting: Bob has several large, covered windrows in concrete troughs with negative ventilation pulling CO2 from decomposition into his greenhouses (and fresh air into the windrows). He also fills several large bins in his overwinter greenhouses and cold frames with compost to help heat them in the winter.

He really likes biochar, where you co-compost regular organic matter with charcoal. This helps the bacteria that breaks the organics down into soil to be much more effective. It produces better compost faster, and, in the right conditions (like jungles), can create a sort of rich soil that's almost self-replacing. He gets the charcoal from his truck's gasifier rig, the larger one that generates power and heat in the winter during shortages, and from the stove in the saphouse.

He also pollards some of the windbreak trees (cuts them off up high, causing dense clusters of new sprouts) and uses the harvested branches for ramial chipped wood (a sort of mulch which is high in nutrients and is an effective promoter of the growth of soil fungi and of soil-building in general).

Greenhouses: Bob has several greenhouses with earth berms for their rear walls, two of which are attached to the low, insulated structures where the goats and pigs stay in the winter. Body heat from the livestock helps warm the plants, and their CO2 will help enrich the plants' atmosphere.

Crop Rotations: He mostly follows the old four-year cycle of legumes, greens, fruiting vegetables, and root vegetables, but he also swaps around his plant placement within that cycle. He's recently started some fields on a longer cycle to reduce pests.

Legumes	Greens	Fruiting vegetables	Root Vegetables
Green beans, peas, soybeans, alfalfa as a cover crop These put nitrogen back in soil He includes regular potatoes with the legumes to prevent potato beetles)	Lettuce, kale, spinach, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, brussel sprouts, herbs, bok choy, (and sometimes corn) These need lots of nitrogen	Tomatoes, squash, eggplant, cucumbers, melons, peppers, corn These need phosphorous - Too much nitrogen and they will only grow foliage	Carrots, leeks, radishes, parsnips, onion, turnip, garlic, beets These need lots of potassium, little nitrogen

Apple Orchard Bait Trees: These are a cultivar of apple tree that pest insects love so much that they'll fly right past other trees to target this one, keeping them contained so he only has to spray them rather than the entire orchard. He has them on the edge of the orchard kind of away from the rest. He knows the locomodos would prefer it if he didn't use pesticides at all but it's a huge improvement on how they used to do things.

Nolan Village

In Nolan Village, players can interview Hank Walton. Walton can comment on Jack Rickers, and can attest that the convoys didn't move along Sawyer Road. The village is also a useful place to find food or lodging, or to repair and replace equipment and supplies.

Description:

The largest modern community in Comity, Nolan Village is one of the old village sites which has been continuously occupied for the past several hundred years. Once the territory of

the Pemigewasset, the current village was settled by colonial foresters and loggers, who built on the edge of the pond and used the many fast-flowing local rivers to power various mills.

Like Hackney, it became part of Comity when the town was incorporated, but the residents kept a slightly separate identity through several generations.

The buildings here are a curious mix of styles from the last few centuries. There are historical farmhouses, a meeting house, and church which all look hundreds of years old; ranch houses from the early interstate era; and giant, sprawling summer homes built for wealthy seasonal residents when gentrification set in. An emphasis on autoroads and pressures to subdivide and develop surrounding land mean that the layout is more suburban than a proper village, but the place is trending back in that direction.

The deconstruction crews have definitely been here, though they seem to have stayed mostly outside of the village proper, focusing on the mansions which once cluttered the shoreline and surrounding hills. Here in town, there are several parks which could easily have been there forever, if not for the subtle signs of intact driveways, disturbed, recently-replanted earth still marked by tire tracks, and several benches and paths clearly made from cut sections of concrete foundation wall.

Most of the people here now are homesteaders, who live here full time, though many have specialized in one way or another, and they seem a little less like they're all one big family group than at Hackney.

There are some shops, and a few workshops and mills practicing specialized trades, though barter and favor-for-favor trade seem to be as much in use as modern currencies. There is also a small population of summer people who stay seasonally and bring some outside income with them.

What the players can find in Nolan Village:

The village has several shops and libraries of things, including a restaurant/bar called the Comity Club, a drone delivery point, and a good many mills, though it's hard to tell which are some kind of factory and which are just personal workshops, or just power generation for a homestead.

Many of the buildings have things we'd see as solarpunk additions that have been made to otherwise historic structures. Solar concentrators of various designs cling to rooftops and clutter up yards, along with the ubiquitous photovoltaic panels. Many south-facing walls host rectangular solar hot air panels, wrapped in canvas or shadecloth for the summer months. Small Savonius vertical wind turbines made from barrels, coffee cans, washing machine drums, and other scrap are perched on rooftops and bolted to walls where they catch the wind from over the lake. A few old commercial wind turbines dot the hills above the village. And wooden troughs, or flumes, split water off from the fast-flowing rivers to spin water wheels day and night. In some places, these flumes and sluiceways form decorative streams or divert through cold houses (small stone, brick, or concrete block buildings where perishables are stored).

Where a river flows directly through the town, someone has built a series of flumes to take water from a waterfall, spin it through a barrel with gaps between the slats, and to return it to the river from the stony pool where it collects below the barrel. This is a Vâltori, a very simple washing station for blankets, sheets, and large clothes (socks and other small items may escape through the slats). The station was built during the shortages and is still used occasionally. People just throw things in and let them tumble around in the icy current until they're clean.

They also have an anaerobic biogas generator station setup, which looks like a smaller version of the kit from Fairer Way; this provides electricity for several homes and shops in the village while processing their waste. They didn't get the prefab control station – it's just set up next to an old garage, which is likely doing the same job.

If the players need shelter:

If the players ask around for somewhere to stay, they'll be directed to the communal homestead, or to several simple cabins the deconstruction crews built for themselves when they were disassembling abandoned buildings in and around town. The idea was that the simple cabins could be used as storage sheds or workshops after they left, but the community has actually left them basically the same for now and has been using them as visitor housing. The deconstruction crews aren't the only workers from the rewilding effort in the region, after all, and Nolan Village still gets plenty of new people passing through.

The Communal Homestead

Towards the center of Nolan village, near the pond, there is a large, rambling building which probably looks much more modern or normal to many of you. Part of the structure is an old farmhouse, but there have been several modern additions, some of which borrow the parts of earthship designs which fit a New England climate. A small sign says this is the Nolan Village Cohabitation House.

If the players ask anyone around or perhaps do some research, they might learn that this building hosts mostly locals, many of whom, for one reason or another, are less able to live on their own.

In many ways, this place represents the most progressive members of this community of ruggedly-independent New Hampshirites (or the brief surge of outsiders post-Realignment) experimenting with more solarpunk concepts like communal living. Perhaps ironically, many of the people who ended up living here were the oldest and most conservative members of the community who could no longer make it on their own.

What this place isn't is a formal care home. People look out for one another, but there isn't any locked lobby with staff at the front desk. The front entrance brings you down into the primary common area: a large, cozy central hall with a rocket mass heater made from cob in the middle. It's a huge structure made of what looks like tan stone, with graceful

swooping lines. It flows into a staircase which curves up to the second floor overhead and melts into several benches and nooks, as well as a few cubbies for firewood. A couple metal hatches are set low into the side here and there, and towards the front, two metal barrels stick up through the cobwork. It appears to be supporting some of the timber rafters which hold up the upstairs floor. Off to the left (close enough to include the metal drums in its work triangle as the stove) is a common kitchen with beautifully carved wooden cabinets. Its counters are cluttered with kitchen implements, and the walls are packed with spice racks and shiny copper-bottomed pots. On the other side, there's a clothesline strung from the mass heater to one of the outside walls.

There are a few people here who can give the players directions or help them find anyone they're looking for.

In the GCW, a decent portion of Nolan Village's population were over 60, and therefore able to retire rather than move out to find work. Much of what they did to keep the place going in those days shaped how it looks today. But most of them would be at least 120 years old today, which is old even by *Fully Automated!* standards, so most of the people the players will meet are their kids and grandkids.

There are actually surprisingly few left in the village who remember the GCW, and only one of them was living in Comity at the time. He's a resident here.

Interviewing Hank Walton

Hank Walton was living in a house on Nolan Road in those days, up above it, near Carver River. He was in his thirties and had recently lost his left leg below the knee when the war broke out. Immediate and ever-worsening shortages in medical supplies and personnel meant that his recovery was 'deprioritized,' and replacing what the car accident took was no longer possible.

After months of postponements, excuses, and general runaround, he took a hard look at the horror stories he was hearing from hospitals, the frequent attacks on American cities, and the fact that he was disqualified for the draft (and his situation meant his wife could get an exemption voucher), and decided he could wait a few years and see what they came up with when the war was over.

These days, he's in his nineties, though he looks a bit younger and is still fairly active. He's moved into Nolan Village because he's too old to live alone, but mentally he's still sharp. He has a set of prosthetics he uses to walk around the house and town, though he's been using a mobility frame more often these days. He has a workhorse frame he uses to do a lot of work at the community homestead where he and the other "misfit toys" (his term) live.

Hank's rooms are on the ground floor of the sprawling cohabitation building with a lot of modern medtech inside. They're not large, but they're comfortable and cluttered. He's got a small kitchenette, a slightly rickety kitchen table and a couple kitchen chairs, an entertainment system and an easy chair, and down a short hallway, a bathroom and what looks like a bedroom.

He has a patio door which he uses to enter and leave his room in the snow-free months, and sometimes shovels out in the winter. Beside the door, there's a set of prosthetic legs on chargers – ones for social, work, and mobility – and the lighter mobility frame is freestanding further back, near a railing attached to the wall. One of the prosthetics is lying nearby – he's waiting for the repair tech, who comes by seasonally, to fix it.

The prosthetics and frames look quite old and battered. They're also much simpler than ones you have likely seen in cities. Simplicity and repairability are features highly prized out here.

He'll offer the players some cookies that Meredith down the hall made. They're not very good, which might be why he offers them.

What Hank knows:

Recovery and coping with the amputation were difficult, and he had plenty of sleepless nights sitting up in his kitchen, looking out over the town line towards Praeter Lake. He remembers night formations of planes and drones, tanks on flatbeds, a wildfire in Gilliamboro… but he doesn't remember convoys of dump trucks on Nolan Road.

"No, I can pretty much guarantee nothing like that went by my house at least. My leg used to act up at night, the missing part, so I'd sit up in the kitchen where I could see down the hill and out over the town line and do the coping and physio stuff they gave me. On a clear night, with a bright moon, you could see Praeter Lake.

You have to understand. The war got crude by the end. We had blackouts near every night because the enemy bombers were using visuals to identify their targets, and we couldn't let them see our lights. They had interlocks on 89 to shut down civilian vehicles remotely if you were driving after curfew without a pass.

I could see Nolan Road and Carver River perfectly from there. And a lot of the time we had to have the lights off, so I'd definitely see a truck convoy if it went past. Especially if it happened multiple nights in a row. Sorry kid – if they came into town, it wasn't past me."

If the players ask about mysterious convoys after they talk to Arlen Sanders:

"Yeah I remember that. Arlen's memory must be going. I know which one he's talking about and that was a Civil Defense convoy responding to the power outages from when they hacked that power plant down in Concord. Saw it myself. That was early days. Made the war feel more real, you know? Like it was here in Comity a little bit."

If they ask about Jack Rickers:

He knows Jack Rickers just as a scummy local businessman, a sand and gravel, logging, and property speculation guy, but nothing about him having any connection to heavy industry or industrial waste. He doesn't know where Rickers lived.

"Why does that name sound familiar? Oh yeah, I remember that guy. He was a real piece of work. Used to go to the town meetings a lot back when, usually because someone was

complaining about his logging or because he was complaining about getting fined for something illegal he did. Guy didn't know when to shut up or how to talk without yelling. I think he saw the fines as just the cost of doing whatever he wanted and to hell with everyone else."

"I haven't heard anything about him in years, so I guess he's dead. Heh, he'd have to be – he'd be like 120 by now. No idea when he croaked though, or where. Sorry."

"It's funny, I haven't thought about him in years, which, for someone like him, is generally the best-case scenario."

What does he do these days?

"I was always lousy at gardening. That's sort of the done thing these days – self-sufficiency and all that – but I never took to it. I do some handyman work around the place, bit of tech, bit of electrical too, but I think some of 'em would prefer it if I didn't. Play a lot of video games with the other misfit toys living here – mostly old shooters, though they prefer racing games since I'm always kicking their asses 4v4."

What was the town like?

Eh, the town was dying even during the war. Before*, even. There wasn't much here to begin with. No industry, really, except what served the locals, and not much farming. When the power started to flake out, and the gas stations started rationing, it got hard to do anything. A lot of people moved away. They went to the cities, or at least closer to town, so they could get to a job or groceries without driving. And the more people who moved away, the harder things got here.*

The Blythe Farm

Marcy Blythe can attest that the convoys didn't come along Mill road. She also encountered Neal Dixon when he searched the farm for Markus Conway (though she didn't know why he was there at the time). She can also provide medical assistance or supplies.

Description:

The Blythe farm is a typical modern homestead on the small side. (If they've been to Bob Johnson's, you can mention it's a bit smaller.) *It's a farmhouse featuring common post-melt modernizations. The main house looks like it started life as a basic little Cape Cod rather than a sprawling farmhouse, and the current barn looks like a repurposed warehouse. It has several acres of agricultural fields around it, each broken by occasional rows of trees. The forests beyond look quite close and wild.*

The Blythes maintain a minimum level of sustenance farming out of caution and cultural habit, but they're well cared for by the surrounding community. Marcy's work as the town doctor guarantees that they're supplied well enough by neighbors that growing their own

produce is basically unnecessary, and they graciously accept help from neighbors with maintenance and various odd jobs.

Scattered around the house are sheds, greenhouses, shelters and pens for livestock, and chicken coops. What was once the front lawn is now mostly raised beds surrounded by deer fence.

As with other homesteads, the roofs of the buildings are covered in photovoltaic solar panels. Given the state of the electrical grid (damaged beyond repair and being collected for salvage) this is the only way anyone in town has electricity.

There's also an impressive solar thermal rig on the roof of an addition; reflective parabolic troughs focus light on rows and rows of evacuated tubes. You've seen stuff like this before but usually over bakeries, dry cleaners, or fab shops utilizing a lot of steam - the transfer fluid surging through those long, vacuum-lined glass tubes must get incredibly hot, it'd be overkill just for residential heat or hot water.

Perhaps they're using it to run an autoclave.

The Blythes are an older couple, and their kids and grandkids are currently staying with them, though not all live here full time. They're also hosting Doug Santos from one of the work crews recovering from an appendectomy and Beryl Felis from Hackney who is apprenticing as a healer under Marcy.

They're kind people who exude powerful grandparent energy. And because Marcy is the town's only real doctor, they're pretty used to people showing up unannounced. If the players aren't wounded, they'll generally still invite them in and offer them snacks (tea and seven-layer-bar cookies) or to join them if it's time for a meal.

Some of the tea is grown on their farm, in their herb garden, and they actually have a stable cultivation of ginseng going in the forest nearby. The raspberries in the cookies are theirs, too. They'll ask the players about themselves, what they do, where they go to school, about their mission and their progress so far.

<u>The players' approach should matter here.</u> The Blythes are a little wary of yet more outsiders showing up, wanting something (beyond tea and seven-layer bars, that is). Between the work crews, the Watershed Board, and the locomodos, they've had a lot of that over the last few years. The younger Blythes are generally a bit more hostile than Marcy Blythe (the matriarch of the family) and her husband John. If the players can describe what they're after, the family will come around (though John and Marcy might take a little convincing that, yes, you'll take away the waste and remediate the site for free).

If the players are friendly, and especially if they've called ahead, the Blythes will provide whatever help they can.

They'll offer up suggestions on who else the players should talk to. If the players don't have all the map locations for locals, update them with a map that shows all of them.

If the players need shelter or medical attention:

Marcy has a small addition to the house set up as a medical clinic, and she and John and Beryl hustle you in there. The transition from 'cluttered grandparent house' to 'sterile medical environment' is a bit abrupt, though the place is still a good deal more rustic than most doctor's offices you've been in.

They have a small, basic surgery and two recovery rooms. There's a small, cozy cabin on the property, but Beryl is using it during her apprenticeship. If the players are just looking for somewhere to stay, the Blythes will probably recommend Nolan Village nearby, unless it's extremely late or the roads are unsafe.

What the Blythes know:

Mrs. Blythe lived here as a kid during the GCW, and she was 16 in 2057. Her husband, John, lived in North Carolina at the time and can't help here.

She doesn't remember any nocturnal convoys of trucks, though she thinks she remembers hearing about that from adults over around Hackney.

If asked about anything else weird from that time period:

Mrs. Blythe suddenly becomes excited.

"One night – I remember it was in September because we were supposed to get a ceasefire and then it fell apart. I was worried because it was hard keeping the house warm. Our heat pump got fried the year before in the dead of winter, part of the cyberwar on civilian infrastructure. That almost killed us – it did kill all my plants – and the house would'a been wrecked if my dad and uncle hadn't worked quick to drain all the pipes before they could freeze and split. The whole house was frozen for days till they made that old double chamber stove from metal barrels. So we already had that set up in the dining room on cinderblocks, stove pipe stuck out through a board in the window. But it wasn't a good setup. A ceasefire might have meant getting some propane for the kitchen stove, maybe even fuel oil.

"Anyways, that building was a warehouse back when. We had alarms." She points to the building that looks like a large garage or barn now. "And they started going off. Back when, we used to rent storage space to local businesses. But we'd started keeping firewood in there too. Winter before, someone stole some of ours right off the porch, so keeping it locked up seemed smart. I figured whoever it was, they were looking for that.

"I grabbed a rifle and went outside, and then suddenly this guy in army camouflage is behind me with a gun, telling me to get down on the ground. He wasn't a soldier; he said he was Homeland Security, looking for deserters. They could do warrantless searches back then, especially in border states. He wanted my information and to know if my Selective Service info was current cause if I was carrying a gun around I should have been drafted. I told him I was still 16 and I didn't know my Selective Service number, so he punched my social into his tablet and I guess that was good enough. He took the rifle and searched the

warehouse, then he just left. My dad and uncle were mostly just pissed about the gun, once they knew I was okay."

Marcy makes clear that the convoy definitely didn't go past her home in either direction on Mill Road.

Arlen Saunders' Homestead

Arlen Saunders can let players know that the convoys did not move along the north part of Nolan road. He also saw Dixon on the night Kevin and Markus Conway were killed.

Description:

Arlen's homestead is fairly simple. It's basically just a cabin and some outbuildings, a flock of chickens, and a herd of goats, with much less of the clearings, crops, gardens, and animals than many other sites in town. There's a small, boxy, electric Utility Transport Vehicle parked under a lean-to attached to a shed near the cabin.

One of the advantages of living just outside Nolan Village is that he doesn't have to be as self-sufficient as the other homesteaders here in his old age. People often visit him, and there's a family down the hill who makes sure he has food and other supplies, though he also has a small electric Utility Transport Vehicle (with an enclosed cab) which he can use to travel down into town when he gets bored painting watercolors. He likes to hike the area, and he has a few options for hiking companions who don't mind his unhurried pace. He takes pride in having climbed every mountain in town and has a large map of the region on one wall.

His cabin is nice - it's perched partway up a steep and rocky slope, just on top of a small outcropping of ledge, peering out from inside the trees. It's a small building with a low roof, but many wide windows facing out at the view through the front porch. The other windows are small and well-insulated. The interior space is mostly all one room, every surface made from red-stained, gloss-urethaned wood, with a small bathroom and bedroom in the back.

There's a huge map of the region on one wall that almost looks like it belongs in a classroom or forest ranger headquarters, and there's a large easel and painting station set up near the windows. There's a battered, folded-up portable plein air kit on the ground by the door, and a ragged, shuffled row of half-finished watercolor paintings of forests, ponds, and mountains is leaning against the wall behind the easel.

What Arlen knows:

Arlen doesn't remember any convoys of trucks. He lived down in the village at the time, right beside Eldridge Road (so he can confirm they didn't go through the north-south portion of that road in the village). He was 25, renting an apartment, and working as a logistics coordinator for a trucking company out of Northboro (a role considered wartime-critical, enabling him to get a waiver for the draft).

He remembers another convoy that was a year earlier and may give the players a false lead (if you think that will be useful to your campaign). He vaguely remembers hearing about a convoy passing through Comity, but it should be hard to tell if he really does or if he just wants to be included.

"Oh wait, I think there was a convoy that just came through town one night, but that was in the winter and I think it was early in the war. They came in on Sawyer Road, went south down Nolan Road."

If asked if he remembers anything else weird from that time period:

Arlen does remember an encounter with Neal Dixon, though he never learned the man's name. He encountered him while driving to work the night Dixon had killed Kevin Conway and wounded Markus Conway. Dixon was wounded from exchanging gunfire with Markus and was attempting to track him down.

"Well, I do remember this one weird thing I saw up on Eldridge road one night. It would have been around that time. I was on my way home – it was the middle of the night because we only had two logistics coordinators left, and the night guy got a flat and took forever getting to the warehouse. I think he eventually got arrested for stealing tires because of the shortages and rationing.

"Anyways, I was heading home up by Cooper Pond when, I swear to God, I saw a soldier in uniform standing on the side of the road, bleeding from his side. Now that was weird. Here we were, hundreds of miles from the front, no word about any drones or bombings or anything for days, and there's this one soldier all by himself, no buddies or anything.

"I mean, I would have thought he was a ghost or something except he was leaning on an old sedan and trying to patch himself up with medputty and duct tape.

"So I'm wondering: what the hell is going on? Is there a new attack happening? I stopped to ask the guy if he needed any help, and he got real mad. Hand on his sidearm, demanding to know why I was out after curfew, like I'm the weird one. But back then, you knew better than to talk back to authority figures. Grunts like him at the checkpoints and ration lines, they were dangerous. If we weren't under martial law, it was close enough.

"About then, I noticed he didn't have any tapes on his uniform. No name or unit or branch or anything. That was weird too. But that gun was real, so I got out of there. Never heard anything else about it. Nothing on the news or local talk. Never knew what his deal was, if he was a deserter, or maybe an enemy spy or what.

"A lot of stuff went that way back then.

"For a while I was worried he'd show up at my work to ask more questions but he never did. I thought about showing someone the spot where I saw him, but it rained hard for like a week, so there wouldn't have been tracks or anything to see at that point. And Wickers Road washed out, so a lot of us were busy trying to fix that so we could get into town."

If asked about the Conways:

"Nah, I didn't know them.

"You gotta understand. This used to be what they called a 'bedroom community.' People moved out here because they didn't *want to know their neighbors. If you wanted a neighborhood, there were plenty of small towns out there with a downtown, or suburbs and developments. So we weren't a real close-knit group to begin with, and things were chaotic during the war. A lot of people left. Some new people showed up. The web was down most of the time, and dangerous to use, so we lost a lot of ways to connect. Eventually, we settled into a new normal and got to know each other, but people appeared and disappeared all the time in those days."*

If the players need shelter:

Arlen will likely recommend Nolan Village, which is quite close by. He's an old man living alone in a small cabin, and not terribly likely to invite multiple strangers to stay the night.

Hackney Falls

Hackney is a well-provisioned hub where players can obtain supplies if needed. It's a small settlement compared to Nolan Village or ShadeTree, but it can still provide supplies or housing for the night. Annmarie Byrd, a lifelong resident, can confirm to players that she witnessed the convoys moving along Eldridge road.

Description:

This small village has been occupied for several hundred years now. Up until the Great Depression in the 1930s, it was a farming and mill community, with three mills operating along the river under the mountain, milling timber, carding wool, and making yarn and flannel, along with a dozen or so homesteads. The land around it was largely farms and forests. In the Interstate Era, the small dirt roads were chosen by the Department of Transportation as state routes and expanded, splitting the once-cohesive village into bystanders alongside busy auto roads. The neighboring parcels of land were eventually subdivided and developed until the surrounding area was almost as densely settled as the village itself.

During the Global Climate War and the gradual decline of the town, the other neighborhoods slowly emptied out, but this one remained; the buildings changed hands a few times, but remained occupied because of their practical location.

These days, the village is much more tightly-knit. The road has almost returned to dirt, cobbled with slabs of asphalt, but new mills are operational, photovoltaic panels and solar thermal rigs adorn the houses, and greenhouses, barns, pens, coops, and fields of crops signify several active homesteads. Around 35 people live in the village of Hackney, though

it does fluctuate through the year. The shelf of land between the mountains is fairly level, and the nearby slope provides the river with plenty of momentum for work.

Interviewing Annmarie Byrd

Annmarie has lived in Hackney since she was a child, back when most people barely bothered to use the old village name anymore. She is almost a hundred years old now and lives with her children and grandchildren in a homestead just a few hundred feet from her childhood home. In terms of skills, she's a jack-of-all-trades, master-of-none, but nobody around here is as good at foraging as she is, and she's kept all the best spots for fiddleheads or truffles in town secret because nobody has managed to follow her successfully yet. She was here during the war, raising the kids while her wife fought overseas.

She has a lot of stories about that time, and may ramble a bit, but she is still quite sharp and has no difficulty remembering things. She has a mischievous sense of humor and sometimes plays up her age, her memory, or her hearing loss to mess with people.

The Byrd homestead is a comfortable old farmhouse in the center of town, across from one of the mills. They have several walipini-style greenhouses, a chicken coop, a pig pen, a goat shelter, and several large sheds which might be storage or workshops. If it's daytime, several young people are working on the roof.

If the players knock at the door, Selena Byrd, Annmarie's daughter, answers it. She's in her seventies, but she seems fairly healthy, if a bit hunched with age. She may be a bit suspicious at first, but if the players explain what they're doing in the area, she'll invite them in to talk with her mother.

Annmarie Byrd is sitting in an easy chair by the unlit fireplace. She's a very thin old lady in a sweatshirt and jeans.

This place feels like someone's grandma's house, probably because the mismatched furniture is all quite old and the walls are absolutely covered in framed photographs of family, paintings, cross stitch, and other crafts.

On the mantel is something you probably haven't seen very often (at least outside of old media): a triangular wooden case with a glass front with a folded up flag inside. It sits prominently among a dense collection of relics, just to the left of a chromed, stylized rocket. (The rocket is a Hugo Award.)

"*My Jessie. She was a Marine. A good one, already a sergeant when… we met at a prepper thing. I took her home to my little town and she thought it was perfect. After her second tour, she got her discharge, and we started our family.*

"Then the war started, and they called her in. And she went because she was a good marine.

"Oh, no, she came home fine, and we had fifty good years together before cancer took her. Something she was exposed to overseas. It was the lack of medical care out here… we waited too long to get her checked out."

What Annmarie knows:

Annmarie remembers convoys of trucks rolling through almost every night for close to a month, heading east in the early evening and west much later, because they'd wake her up and she'd have trouble falling back asleep. It was a fearful time.

"Convoy of trucks was a big deal back then. They had actual diesel to run those big engines, and permission to go out after curfew. And to use their lights! Hell, they'd roll through in the middle of a blackout, and half the folks in town would be out in their yards cussing at them to turn off their headlights. We talked a lot wondering who they were and where they were going. Nobody tried to follow them or anything, because it had to be government…"

Other stories:

- Constant blackouts from damage to the grid
- Someone's car getting hacked and trying to run them down
- Blackouts and air raids, hiding with the kids in the basement
- Volunteering at a warming shelter when the blackouts lasted over a month
- Her wife Jessie rallying volunteers after the war to hunt down some survivalists who had been attacking people on the road and had started raiding farms

ShadeTree Motors

The ShadeTree enclave is the second-largest settlement in Comity. The residents are generally less progressive and more territorial than most Comity locals, but if handled right, they'll still offer supplies, lodgings, and information. Grant Hayes, the leader of the group and primary steward (he'd say owner) of the land, knows the location of Jack Rickers' house because he was a family acquaintance.

Description:

There will always be some people with a passion for internal combustion engines, cars, trucks, and other old machinery. They may love the history, the long road of development and innovation, or simply the remnant pop-culture which surrounds them. These folks often congregate wherever space, parts, and tools are abundant and purchase or produce various carbon-neutral-ish fuel substitutes in what some might call irresponsible quantities. Many of these co-op garages are set up deeper into civilization, where there are better roads to drive their finished products on, where parts are more plentiful, and shipping is cheaper. But there are advantages in setting up out here too, beyond working close to home – many towns and cities have gradually reconfigured for car-free living, limiting the

options for recreational motoring. The more developed areas have also been picked over by this time, both by refined-metals salvage crews and by other restoration and vehicle-hacking hobbyists. There are also fewer vehicle laws still being enforced and far less scrutiny and judgment from the fiercely independent 'stubborn nails' who still live in the area.

The mechanics at ShadeTree motors are a mix of conservationists –looking to restore and preserve the now-increasingly-rare machines abandoned in the region before some salvage crew can stake their claim and haul them off to feed society's need for refined metals – and vehicle hackers who just want to build crazy custom vehicles out of the abundant parts. This difference in priorities doesn't lead to many conflicts, as parts are still generally available enough that they can prioritize sourcing originals for restoration projects while making weird stuff out of everything else –limitations, it seems, sometimes improve the challenge and parts can always be swapped or retrieved when it's time to finish something else.

The enclave of fuel-engine mechanics the locals call ShadeTree Motors is probably big enough to qualify as a village in its own right.

The sprawling compound features many large steel buildings and garages in amongst the trees, a winding series of trails centered around something that looks like a dirt racecourse, and a dizzying amount of cars, trucks, construction equipment, and other mechanical contraptions sitting in amongst the trees and brush in varying states of repair, parked anywhere out of the way.

There are a handful of modern, finished houses, and maybe a dozen seasonal cabins and mobile homes intermixed with the other buildings, many positioned far enough from each other for genuine privacy.

They don't have a carefully-built agroforest like at Fairer Way, but there are various crops growing in fenced areas almost everywhere, especially plants that do well under the canopy. Where open fields have been cut, they appear to be growing a prodigious amount of sugar beets, likely to be distilled into ethanol for fueling alcohol engines.

(They also produce a sort of rum and a powerful moonshine from fermented and distilled sugar beets. They use it as a sort of trade good, so it can be found in Nolan Village and in some households.)

They're located almost in the geographical center of Comity. Given that there's no downtown, just scattered areas where zoning allowed people to build houses slightly closer together because they were once villages, this doesn't actually put them in the middle of anything except the local network of trails and class 6 roads which are in noticeably better condition here.

One thing the players might notice (especially if they have some sort of fighting or history skill) is that the mechanics appear to be fortifying their territory:

You're able to spot some odd additions to the sprawling enclave. The mechanics have been adding security cameras and even raising tall fences in some places. These are a mix of old

metal construction fencing and log palisades. In fact, now that you're looking for it, it appears that brush has been cleared to open up sightlines from certain buildings. Generally, most of the buildings look like they're not the main priority around here, but these changes are all fresh.

If the players talk to Grant Hayes or other mechanics, they'll complain about locomodos coming to ShadeTree and getting confrontational when they saw the state of the place. The locomodos have since made it clear that they don't like this operation being here – the fuels and other synthetic fluids contaminating the groundwater, the noise and fumes stressing the recovering wildlife… It's a somewhat biased retelling that lingers heavily on the locos telling them what to do with their own land, scolding them for their lifestyle and (once they were banned) for trespassing. The mechanics claim that members of the Fox Mountain group are sneaking in at night, stealing things, and planting seeds or small plants. They believe some are lurking in the woods around their enclave as guards, but they don't have proof yet.

Given the precautions they're taking so far, it seems clear that this situation is going to escalate.

For more information on this conflict, see the side-quest All's Fair in Phytoremediation.

Grant Hayes

If the players call ahead, or wait at the gate on the property line (a simple cable strung across the road between two trees), Grant Hayes will come out to meet them. He'll be much more hostile if they just invite themselves in.

Grant is the nominal owner of ShadeTree Motors. He owns (the modern term is 'stewards,' but he doesn't like that) the 160 acres of land that the racecourse and most of the buildings they use are located on. His property is surrounded by several smaller plots where friends and co-mechanics live, usually in homestead arrangements. He's not particularly popular in town, as he's the leader of a group responsible for a lot of noise during the day and a bit of downstream pollution, but people here have more room to spread out than in our time and have learned to rely on and look out for their neighbors, however distant, so he's better off than he might have been. Generally, he's got his interests, he's going to pursue them, and he has less concern for the impacts of his actions on people and animals around him than the average person in the world of *Fully Automated!* would in his place. His neighbors work with him when their priorities align – he's a major force in maintaining local trails and keeping them navigable in the winter – and try not to interact when they don't.

What Grant knows:

Grant works with the work crews – he and his group are often the closest mechanics and are generally willing to help out with mechanical problems as long as they're compensated – so he knows most of them and can give the players directions to them. He's also lived here his whole life, so he knows many of the locals (even if he doesn't get along with them) and can give directions to them as well. Feel free to provide either map if the players don't already have them.

He's only in his 40s, so he's too young to remember the GCW or the illegal dumping. The rest of his group are either too young to remember those events, or weren't local at the time.

He did know Jack Rickers through his family though. His grandfather and father were sometimes friends with the man and often worked with him when they needed sand, gravel, lumber, or firewood, either for their use or on jobs. He not only knows where Rickers' house is, but he and the ShadeTree people unofficially salvaged quite a bit of equipment from his junkyard of a property and his workshops before the car taker co-ops came through. He never went in the house, but he can point the players to it and is pretty certain it's still standing.

He's not particularly environmentally conscious, but he's not pro-industrial-pollutants-in-his-groundwater either, so he'll want to know if it's near his land or likely to poison his water. If the players don't think it's likely, he'll kind of shrug it off.

If the players mention what the waste will be used for, he'll be curious about who is getting paid for it. After all, it's useful to someone, or they wouldn't be doing all this work to get it. He feels the 'town citizens' (meaning the holdouts) should receive whatever compensation there is. He doesn't want the 'locos' to receive it because they're not really from here.

(Generally, Furnace Osmia contracts with the local Watershed Management Board or other local government. Depending on the scope and complexities of the job, they'll either remove the materials for free – using the funds received for the waste to pay for the labor, fill, new plants, etc. – or receive some compensation from the local community to pay for those things. It's very rare that they have enough funds to pay people for the waste that is currently poisoning their soil and water. He could seek reparations from Deyesso Industrial Disposal if any of them were still around, though the corporation is long since defunct, and he'd have to get in line behind dozens of other superfund site victims.)

As the players walk through the compound, they'll notice cranes, skidders, a fire truck, and something that looks like a steam locomotive balanced on tank tracks. There is a strange platform on the front, perched over two metal skis, with a seat and a steering wheel.

(If the players ask about this, Grant Hayes will explain that the machine is a Phoenix Log Hauler. They're from that sweet spot in history that comes after logging, farming, and other

relatively remote industries mechanized, but before internal combustion engines hit the market. This one was primarily used to haul logs on frozen trails in winter, and the tiller –basically the driver, but only for steering – had to sit up front, exposed to the elements, with the boiler behind his back. Sometimes they added a shack for the tiller, making the whole contraption look even more ridiculous, but this machine never had one. This specific machine was one of Grant's grandfather's projects. Grant takes care of it and takes it out on the trails once every winter in his memory, but he's otherwise focused more on his anachronistic cars than on historical preservation.)

If the players need shelter:

Grant Hayes and the other mechanics are notoriously territorial, so the players will need to have made an excellent first impression if they want to try and stay the night in this enclave. As strangers, they're under a sort of perpetual suspicion that they might steal or damage anything they're left unattended with.

If you feel they've ingratiated themselves sufficiently, Grant can let them know that a few of their members left the enclave earlier this year, and their place is currently empty. He'll show them to it.

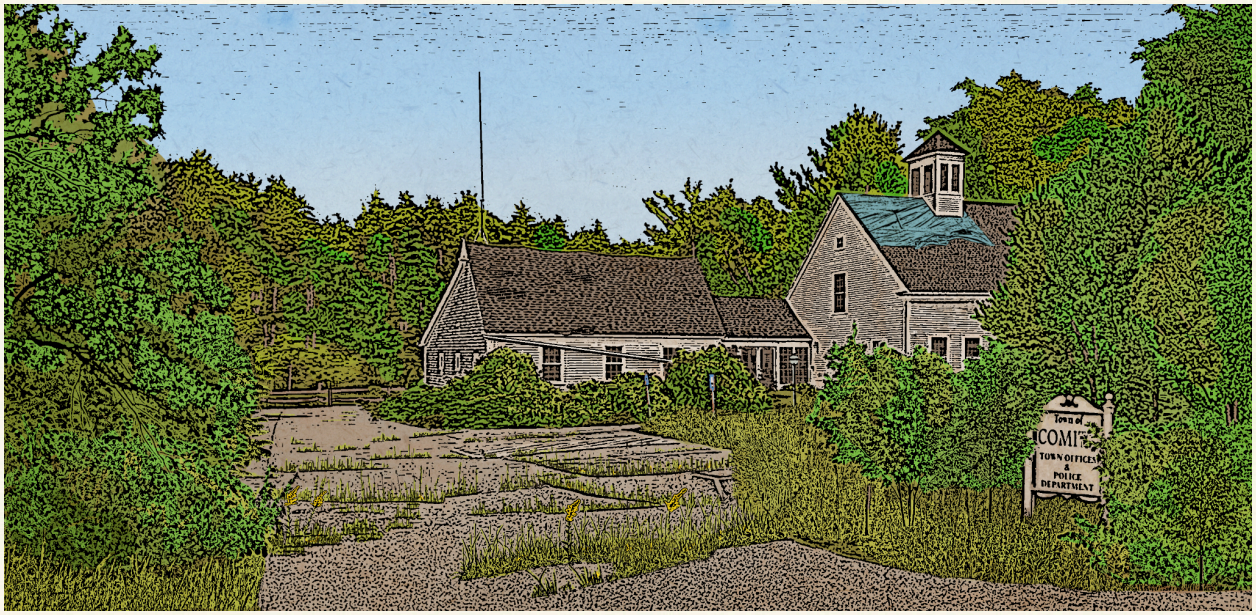
It turns out that their place was an old single-wide mobile home, easily a hundred years old at this point, probably more. It was moved here somewhat recently, and you can see a few improvements from around that time: there's some fresh lumber underneath, possibly part of an attempt to straighten out the sag and twist in its frame, and a peaked metal roof on posts has been added over its original flat one.

Inside is clean but mostly empty – it looks like the previous occupants took most of their furniture with them, though they left a few battered appliances and a table. The floor has an unsettling bounce to it underfoot.

Grant Hayes shrugs a little at the empty room. "The deconstruction folks said we could take anything we wanted from the houses on Birch road, so we took a few of 'em."

Abandoned Places

The Comity Town Offices/Police Department:



The Comity Town Offices are the second location (after the Comms and Records Building in Fairer Way) where the players can identify a list of properties once owned by Jack Rickers. The list here will be more thorough than what the Reclaimers can piece together. The records also contain Jack Rickers' Home address.

The Police department contains information about the arrest of the Conway Brothers, including their police reports (dated to the suspected time of the illegal dumping). This can be used to bring players' attention to the Conways' involvement or provide additional evidence once the players learn about them elsewhere.

Description:

This building looks like a white clapboard house with a parking lot. It's got an asphalt shingle roof, and it's split into two wings with a shared foyer/lobby tucked between them.

Whatever lawn surrounded the building, parking lot, and driveway is now a dense forest of sapling trees. A fading sign tucked into the brush reads: "Town of Comity Town Offices & Police Department."

The main building is in rough shape: the roof is sagging, the walls are crooked, and the paint has been flaking off the rotting siding, littering the leafy ground.

A faded wooden sign on the front door reads: "If you're here for a town meeting, try the old town house across the road (half mile east) instead."

The players might come to the town offices looking for tax maps or other clues. Land records were tracked at both the town and county level, but the approvals for things like subdivision, mergers, development, wetlands permits, etc. were handled here.

This is a combined building which looks like a white clapboard house with a parking lot. One wing is the Comity Police Department, while the other wing hosts the rest of the town offices. The small foyer in between is a sort of shared lobby.

The front door is locked, but if they've talked to Bob Johnson, he's probably told them where to find the hide-a-key that the selectmen use.

The Foyer:

The foyer is small with lots of windows. Directly ahead of you, there's a notice board. There are doors to your left and right. The one on your left has a sign which reads 'Comity Town Police Department' in vinyl stick-on letters. There is a small memorial in front of it which commemorates Officer Eddie Shaw, who was called up to serve his country and never returned. The door to your right opens into the Comity Town Offices.

The notice board in the lobby looks very old. It's also crowded with papers which seem to have accrued in layers rather than being refreshed from time to time. The visible flyers include:

- *Reminders for the selectmen, planning board, and upcoming Milfoil Committee Meeting ("The Milfoil Committee – we're against it!") (dated 2077)*
- *A Christmas toy drive (dated 2076)*
- *A flyer for an annual harvest festival put on by several communes within the White Mountain Commune Network (dated 2081)*
- *A flyer announcing the last swap meet of the Mill Road Commune before their relocation to Maine (dated 2086)*
- *An announcement that the town offices are closing due to lack of use/budget and structural issues with the building (dated 2094)*

If players remove some tacks, they can find older flyers under the visible ones:

- *A photocopied, hand-drawn map of warming shelters for the ongoing power outage (dated 2050)*
- *A US DoD notice reminding people of the curfew and blackout from 11:00pm to 6:00am (dated 2054)*
- *A US DoD flyer warning about cyberattacks and requiring that people disable outdoor security cameras, which could be used to surveil troop movements in the US and its colonies (dated 2055)*
- *A notice that the town transfer station is closing (dated 2056)*
- *A selectmen meeting about which roads to drop from town service (dated 2063)*

The Governance of Comity

The town of Comity actually still maintains a board of selectmen, but at this point, it's a fairly casual affair, as most homesteads are fairly self sufficient in terms of utilities, and the small compounds and villages basically govern themselves. The town partially funds volunteer trail maintenance through taxes, but no longer maintains its own school, police, or even fire department. (There is a volunteer fire brigade; each of the three main villages has at least some firefighting equipment/vehicles – Nolan Village and Hackney have some fairly antiquated equipment, while ShadeTree Motors has a fully-certified fire truck).

Because their responsibilities are fairly light, the selectmen and any temporary boards assembled to deal with pressing issues mostly meet in homes, churches, or the old town hall – a two-hundred-year-old meeting building with a small stage, two offices, and an addition with a kitchen and bathrooms – which ironically held up better to time and neglect than the new town offices.

Town Offices:

On the Town Offices side, you'll find closed office doors and shutters over counters with labels like "Administration," "Assessing," "Code Enforcement & Health Officer," and "Town Clerk." There's even a meeting room where the various elected boards, committees, and commissions, from the Town Selectmen to the Cemetery Trustees, used to meet monthly.

The place feels like it was abandoned gradually. There are dusty printers stacked on chairs against one wall. There are tarps and buckets on the floor where the roof has been leaking.

A lot of filing cabinets and computers have been moved into the old Administration room where they just sort of fill the space in awkward stacks.

The records were raided a few years back for the deconstruction effort, but that was focused on structures. Records for undeveloped land without current stewards were largely left behind.

The players can find the tax maps for 2042-2061, which will allow them to learn that Jack Rickers owned 9 properties in town and their locations. They can also find some planning board minutes which will reveal Jack Rickers' home address – a small ranch house owned by his common law wife, Miriam Smith. (Town minutes often identify people by street address. Rickers would probably have preferred to use a business address, but his paperwork was usually a mess.)

The Police Station:

The police department is in similar shape to the other side of the building. It is dusty and smells like mildew and rot. There's a small waiting area at the front, separated from the rest

of the space by a wide counter. It looks like there are several empty desks in the space behind it. Things have been left sort of half-packed, like they didn't know they were closing up shop for good.

To the right (along the back of the building), there are two offices and a small concrete block area with two jail cells.

One office has furniture, but most of the tech and papers are gone. The other room is completely empty. It looks like the roof leaks because the ceiling is stained and the floor is very rotten. A window in the back wall of the empty room was broken and boarded over some time ago. Rain leaking in around the rotting plywood probably hasn't helped the floor situation.

If the players are already making search checks and do well, feel free to let them know that:

There are scuff marks on the floor leading to the jail cells. One of the cells is stuffed absolutely full of metal filing cabinets. It looks like the sturdier concrete block addition and the drains in the floor keep this section dry enough to store whatever records were left behind.

If the players think to search the police department to see if there were any complaints which could be clues for their investigation, they will find:

The department was keeping paper records due to the unreliability of anything linked to the Internet during the war. There is a log book on the front counter with preprinted forms and a messy, but chronological, filing system for any cases still stored in the filing cabinets.

The pages/entries in the log book are numbered sequentially and (feel free to make the players roll for this) *several are missing from October 2057.*

(Shortly after he returned to Comity, Jonas Webb broke into this abandoned building through the back window and removed any logs about the Conways from the book in the front. He either didn't check or didn't find the records in the filing cabinets. He may not have realized they'd been moved to a jail cell for storage.)

Complaints about Rickers

Players searching for information about Jack Rickers can find a handful of complaints scattered throughout the years for wage theft and unpaid/underpaid/disputed transactions. There are a handful for illegally dumping trash from projects and a few others about noise and other inconveniences.

Around 2057, one entry stands out. Normally, Rickers fiercely contested any complaint before eventually paying a meager fine, but this time, he had someone with federal authority backing him up.

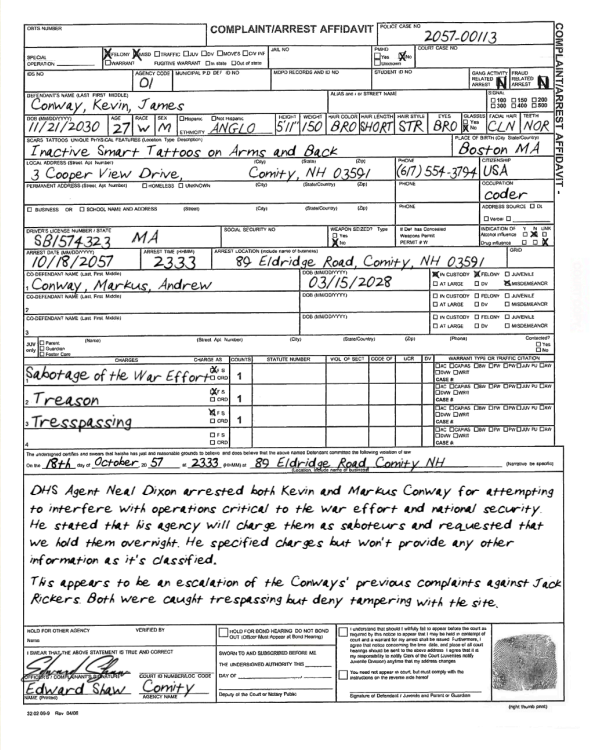
If players search successfully, they can find a note in a daily log from September 16th of 2057:

“Officer Louis attempted to investigate anonymous claims of dumping but was denied access to the premises. This issue is now closed for National Security reasons on the order of Special Agent Dixon from the DHS.”

Arrest Records

If the players search the case files from the time span covered by the missing logbook entries, they will find a pair of arrest records for Kevin and Markus Conway, who were brought in on October 8, 2057, at 23:33 by a Department of Homeland Security agent Neal Dixon for ‘interfering with operations critical to the war effort and national security.’ The ‘officer's name’ field says “Edward Shaw.” (This is the officer memorialized in the foyer for having died overseas shortly after these events.)

There are copies of these records in the ‘Evidence’ folder of game materials:



COMPLAINT/ARREST AFFIDAVIT

POLICE CASE NO 2057-00113

DEFENDANT'S NAME (LAST FIRST MIDDLE): Conway, Kevin, James

DOB (MM/DD/YYYY): 11/21/2030 | AGE 27 | RACE W | SEX M | ETHNICITY ANGLO | HEIGHT 511" | WEIGHT 150 | HAIR COLOR BRO | HAIR LENGTH SHORT | HAIR STYLE STR | EYES BRO | GLASSES No | FACIAL HAIR CLN | TEETH NOR

SCARS, TATTOOS, UNIQUE PHYSICAL FEATURES (Location, Type, Description): Inactive Smart Tattoos on Arms and Back

PLACE OF BIRTH (City, State/Country): Boston MA

LOCAL ADDRESS (Street, Apt. Number): 3 Cooper View Drive, Comity, NH 03591

PHONE: (617) 554-3794

CITIZENSHIP: USA

OCCUPATION: coder

DRIVER'S LICENSE NUMBER / STATE: SB74574323 MA

SOCIAL SECURITY NO

ARREST DATE (MM/DD/YYYY): 10/18/2057 | ARREST TIME (HHMM): 2333

ARREST LOCATION (Include name of business): 89 Eldridge Road, Comity, NH 03591

CO-DEFENDANT NAME (Last, First, Middle): 1 Conway, Markus, Andrew | DOB (MM/DD/YYYY): 03/15/2028 | IN CUSTODY FELONY | AT LARGE | JUVENILE | MISDEMEANOR

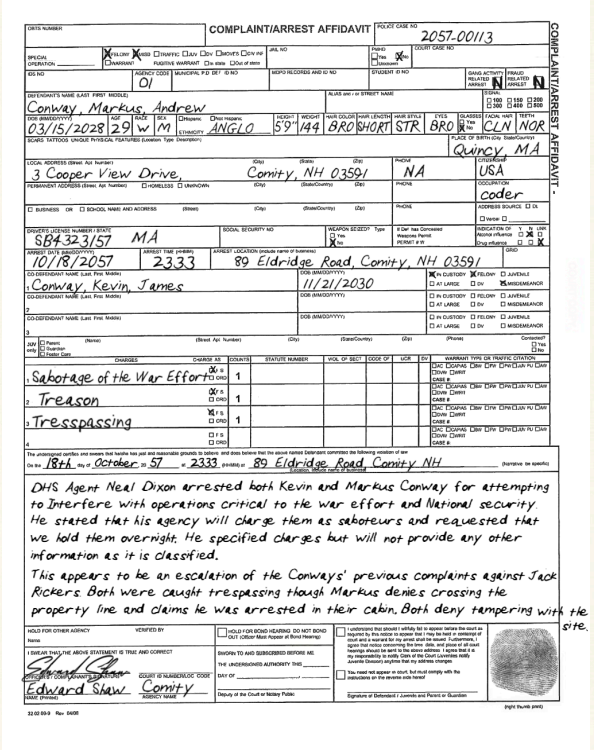
CHARGES	CHARGE AS	COUNTS	STATUTE NUMBER
1 Sabotage of the War Effort	X F S	1	
2 Treason	X F S	1	
3 Tresspassing	X F S	1	

The undersigned certifies and swears that he/she has just and reasonable grounds to believe and does believe that the above named Defendant committed the following violation of law: On the 18th day of October 57 at 2333 (HHMM) at 89 Eldridge Road, Comity NH

DHS Agent Neal Dixon arrested both Kevin and Markus Conway for attempting to interfere with operations critical to the war effort and national security. He stated that his agency will charge them as saboteurs and requested that we hold them overnight. He specified charges but won't provide any other information as it's classified.

This appears to be an escalation of the Conways' previous complaints against Jack Rickers. Both were caught trespassing but deny tampering with the site.

Edward Shaw — Comity



COMPLAINT/ARREST AFFIDAVIT

POLICE CASE NO 2057-00113

DEFENDANT'S NAME (LAST FIRST MIDDLE): Conway, Markus, Andrew

DOB (MM/DD/YYYY): 03/15/2028 | AGE 29 | RACE W | SEX M | ETHNICITY ANGLO | HEIGHT 5'9" | WEIGHT 144 | HAIR COLOR BRO | HAIR LENGTH SHORT | HAIR STYLE STR | EYES BRO | GLASSES No | FACIAL HAIR CLN | TEETH NOR

SCARS, TATTOOS, UNIQUE PHYSICAL FEATURES (Location, Type, Description)

PLACE OF BIRTH (City, State/Country): Quincy, MA

LOCAL ADDRESS (Street, Apt. Number): 3 Cooper View Drive, Comity, NH 03591

PHONE: NA

CITIZENSHIP: USA

OCCUPATION: coder

DRIVER'S LICENSE NUMBER / STATE: SB4323157 MA

SOCIAL SECURITY NO

ARREST DATE (MM/DD/YYYY): 10/18/2057 | ARREST TIME (HHMM): 2333

ARREST LOCATION (Include name of business): 89 Eldridge Road, Comity, NH 03591

CO-DEFENDANT NAME (Last, First, Middle): 1 Conway, Kevin, James | DOB (MM/DD/YYYY): 11/21/2030 | IN CUSTODY FELONY | AT LARGE | JUVENILE | MISDEMEANOR

CHARGES	CHARGE AS	COUNTS	STATUTE NUMBER
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This appears to be an escalation of the Conways' previous complaints against Jack Rickers. Both were caught trespassing though Markus denies crossing the property line and claims he was arrested in their cabin. Both deny tampering with the site.

Edward Shaw — Comity

The forms list the Conway’s address as 3 Cooper View Drive, a small road which climbs the mountains northwest from Eldridge Road, hooking around from the south edge of Cooper Pond.

The Place of Arrest is 89 Eldridge Road, which doesn’t seem to be a searchable address but (going by known addresses) would be near Cooper Pond on the north/east side of the road.

The Narrative section states: “This appears to be an escalation of the Conways’ previous complaints against Rickers. They were both caught trespassing, though Markus denies

crossing the property line and claims he was arrested in their cabin. DHS Agent Dixon has stated that both brothers were attempting to interfere with operations critical to the war effort and national security. He stated that his agency will charge them as saboteurs and requested that we hold them overnight, but won't provide any other information, as it's classified."

A followup report from the three days later just notes that both brothers were released without charges. Dixon couldn't be reached and the DHS had no information on the Conways or their crimes.

Jack Ricker's House

If the players talk to Grant Hayes or look for records of Jack Ricker's own home address at the Comity Town Offices, they could find this location.

Jack Rickers' house contains physical and digital files which can reveal the location of the dump site, as well as call attention towards the Conway brothers and their ultimately fatal involvement in the events which took place in 2057.

Description:

The salvage crews have already been here. As they do at all their sites, they left some before and after photos tacked to a simple shelter at the end of the driveway, made of two boards on a post – one horizontal to pin pictures to, one forming a narrow, overhanging roof. The highly compostable paper is already fading.

Looking at it now, all you see is a faded but otherwise tasteful little ranch house, looking shabby with age and decay, surrounded by an overgrown field. The images and the

occasional concrete footing show, however, that the house used to be half-buried in a sort of amateur junkyard: a field of old cars, trailers, construction equipment, home appliances, sheds, piled metal scrap, and several carports with tattered tarps still clinging to their frames.

In fact, there are some signs that the salvage crews might have been a little over-enthusiastic in their work. A prefab metal sunroom has been removed from one deck on the house. You can tell from the different discoloration in the faded paint and some marks from where its frame was removed. Along the other side of the house, there's a small concrete slab where you know the propane tank and oil tank were supposed to go. They left the basement bulkhead in place, perhaps as a courtesy to the deconstruction crews who would prefer if the cellar didn't fill with water.

The house has a notice stapled to the front door, sheltered from the weather by the glass storm door. The notice states that the house is due for deconstruction in August of next year.

The doors are unlocked. The ownership of property is no longer prioritized above all other rights, including the rights of the property itself. At this point, the homeowners are long dead, and any surviving relatives have been contacted as part of the deconstruction selection process. Deconstruction crews will eventually haul the contents of this house back to society, sort them, clean them, and make them available through various libraries, but if some neighbor wanders by and decides to take the television or some tools, that isn't seen as morally grievous, or as something that everyone needs to work to prevent for the sake of the dead. The deconstruction inspectors unlocked the house so they could check it, back when the salvage crews were working here. They never bothered to lock it up again so the work crews could haul out the oil furnace and other metal whose best use was in remelting.

If the players go inside:

Inside, the house looks fairly standard for its time period. It has that 60-years-ago, prewar aesthetic, mixed with even older American Bicentennial wallpaper, art, and antique furniture. All the tech you can see in the entertainment system and kitchen is 60 years old at its newest.

The whole house is cluttered with stuff, and a little grubby. There are boot prints from the inspectors and work crews in the carpets, but looking at the rest of the floors, you get the impression that the Rickers were definitely shoes-inside-the-house people. The air smells like mildew.

In the back of the house, furthest from the doors, there is an office set up in what was probably meant to be a bedroom. It's extremely cluttered, the sort of setup where you walk in paths through piles of stuff. There is a nice antique desk, and several folding particleboard tables, all buried in papers. There are several built-in bookcases, stuffed with three ring binders, heavy equipment manuals, and books titled stuff like 'Explosives and Rock Blasting,' 'Handbook of Drainage and Construction Products,' and 'Official Guide Tractors and Farm Equipment.'

Everything has this sort of grit on it that seems different than the usual indoor dust, a layer of thin, sandy grime that gets into everything.

There's a computer on the desk.

The Office:

If the players search this room they will find a lot of bills, receipts, invoices, manifests, and other records from various businesses Rickers owned in the area (chief among them fines for disregarding procedures, property lines, and setbacks). These will be generally mixed together with each other, his home finances, and minimum three inches of bench clutter (small tools, batteries, screws, machine parts, cables, electronics, elastic bands, coins, bottle openers, razor blades, etc).

Do a search check, if the players roll well, they can find records of the deal he struck with Deyesso Industrial Disposal, which will lead them to the correct plot of land. They can also find some hints about the Conways.

The Computer:

This house obviously has no power, not just having been disconnected from the grid, but having had the local grid torn down for salvage. If the players want to search the computer onsite, they'll need to find a way to power it. If the players manage that and boot up the machine, they'll find it's a similar vintage to the ones at the town offices. It's running the home version of the OS, though, so it's full of ads. The login screen, desktop, start menu, even the menu bars and margins of the software are all full of cached, personalized advertisements from the 2060s.

If it fits your playthrough, feel free to ask players to roll for hardware hacking to try and enable the existing decades-old, corroded hardware to boot. Or if they have the appropriate tools with them they could attempt a Physics & Engineering check and/or Assess Tech check to begin cloning data off of hard drives to access via modern electronics.

Jack Rickers' inbox contains a lot of emails about construction equipment, auctions, spam, and in October 2057 a couple messages from an Officer Shaw with the Comity Police Department which were opened but not replied to.

Another option if your players aren't likely to search the computer is to give Jack Rickers an email-to-print device. These exist IRL for older folks who aren't comfortable with technology, but it might be a sensible purchase for someone living during the total cyber warfare campaigns of the GCW. It could be a very simple device which reached out to an online inbox whenever it had both power and a network connection, downloaded and printed any emails, and powered off again. In those days of unreliable utilities and an internet serving as a cyber battleground which threatened to enter the home through online devices, that sort of restricted connectivity and hardcopy caching could be very appealing.

Searching for Evidence:

There are a few ways you could handle searching the office, given that there's not really a time limit or reason for them to stop searching if they roll poorly.

Fully Automated provides a suitable system, known as "Downtime, Interstitials, and Rest" on page 103 of the core manual (included in this guide for convenience). This mechanic basically determines how long it takes to find information and how many attempts each player can make in that time.

Alternatively, we've had some fun moments just doing search checks (with the usual 2D10 + a relevant stat and skill) with one twist: if they roll badly, they find something from the horrible stuff list.

Mild Failure - Ordinary Stuff:

- A book titled: *Roadbuilding Construction Equipment At Work In the State Of Maine*
- A book titled: *Rock Slopes*
- A book titled: *The Journal of Explosives Engineering*
- A book titled: *Manual of Steel Construction*
- A book titled: *Theory and Practice of Reinforced Concrete*
- Handbook for Electrical Engineers
- A book titled: *Surficial Geology of the Pemigewasset Area New Hampshire*
- A book titled: *Serial Number Guide - Identifies Year of Manufacture for Used Construction Equipment*
- A book titled: *Green Guide - The Handbook of New and Used Construction Equipment Values*
- A book titled: *Blasters' Handbook*
- A book titled: *Northern Hydraulics*
- A book titled: *Soil Engineering*
- A book titled: *Mechanics of Materials*

Strong Failure - Horrible Stuff:

- An extremely dead, flattened mouse tucked into a manilla folder
- What looks like it might have once been a bowl of cereal just left in a desk drawer
- A collection of hardcopy pornography, much of it themed around construction and farming. You suddenly know something deeply personal about a relative stranger, in a way that ends up feeling invasive for all parties involved.

Mild Success - Players find a handwritten note which says:

DID (18,500 yd^3) - Eldridge Road Pit

POND LINERS - 210' X 210' + top

Note: it's not rare for backlots (landlocked properties whose owners rely on right-of-way easements across other parcels of land to access them from the road) to be listed with an address on a nearby main road it doesn't connect to - even if closer neighborhood roads have since been added through development. This means it could be any of the three sites at the top right of the map.

Strong Success - Players locate a chain of emails with specifics:

From: Officer Edward Shaw <e.shaw@comitynh.gov>

Date: Thu, October 19, 2057, 2:31 PM

Subject: Conway charges and contacting Agent Dixon

To: Jack Rickers <boss@rickerssandandgravel.biz>

Dear Mr. Rickers,

This is Officer Shaw with the Comity Police Department. I'm trying to follow up on the arrest of Kevin and Markus Conway on your property at 89 Eldridge road on October 18th. The Department of Homeland Security has not processed any charges at this time and Agent Dixon hasn't returned our calls. Unless I hear back from his office, we won't be able to hold the Conways after tomorrow evening. Considering the nature of the charges in question, reaching Agent Dixon is a priority. My understanding is that you work with him; if you know another way to reach him, please let me know.

If you want to press charges for trespassing or for any damages, please call me so I can take your statement about what happened up there.

Thank you,

Officer Edward Shaw

Comity Police Department

(603) 555-1436 Ext 231

189 Old Sawyer Road, Comity NH, 03591

From: Officer Edward Shaw <e.shaw@comitynh.gov>

Date: Thu, October 20, 2057, 6:03 PM

Subject: RE: Conway charges and contacting Agent Dixon

To: Jack Rickers <boss@rickerssandandgravel.biz>

Dear Mr. Rickers,

This is Officer Shaw with the Comity Police Department. If you have the means to contact Agent Neal Dixon, please have him call me. I need to clear this up or release the Conways.

Thank you,

Officer Edward Shaw

Comity Police Department

(603) 555-1436 Ext 231

189 Old Sawyer Road, Comity NH, 03591

Potential Dump Sites

There are nine properties in the town of Comity on record as once being owned by Jack Rickers. One property contains the toxic waste dumped by Deyesso Industrial Disposal. One property contains the spring house where Markus Conway died.

The other seven properties aren't defined in as much detail. Feel free to augment the basics provided here with geographic features from the map.

Information you could use in your descriptions:

Almost all of these parcels are large backlots (meaning most don't have direct access to a road except across someone else's land). They are large for the area, having never been subdivided for residential use. They range from 90 to 150 acres (whereas most houses in town were on 2 to 5-acre lots, with only the historical villages being zoned for as small as half-acre lots).

All of these still show deep scars from the hard use they saw sixty-some years ago.

Roughly half of these were sandpits and half were logging land. All were logged at one time, but the sandpits were suitable for further extraction which clearcut the forests,

removed the topsoil, and reshaped the contours of the land itself in the process of quarrying sand and gravel. This meant that the sandpits took much longer to recover, as the forest had to rebuild topsoil from fallen leaves and debris from nearby trees, and from pioneer species which could gain a foothold in bare sand, before it could start the sort of recovery seen in the logging land.

Often the sandpit land was shaped by multiple smaller (.5 to 5-acre) pits, rather than a single huge one, leaving a strange sort of cratered moonscape under the new-growth forests.

The regrown woods here will be characterized by new-growth forests heavy in birch and other pioneer species. In especially large pits, the trees may be fully mature near the edges and much younger near the center but the land is definitely recovering overall.

The scars of the logging land are subtler, shown in sudden changes in the age of the trees, corridors of new growth fanning out through the parcel, best spotted from the air. Deep ruts in the loamy forest floor from huge trucks and caterpillar tracks, silver scars on trees where machinery scraped them, survey tape and painted metal pipes, rotten tree stumps, and trash (mostly beer cans and ancient food wrappers) buried in the leaves and pine needles. In some places, the ancient ruts of the logging roads now form the beds of seasonal streams.

Both types of property are spiderwebbed with old roads and trails. These are seldom more than a clear track bulldozed through the forest, kept reasonably clear of underbrush by the shady canopy overhead, but some will have been improved with gravel roadbeds, drainage ditches, and culverts. Sometimes the circumstances are right to fill these with new forests of pine saplings, and the going is actually easier off the main trail.

The Spring House where Markus Conway Died:

One of Jack Rickers' properties, directly downstream from Cooper Pond, with Cooper River forming its northern boundary, contains a spring house. In 2057, Markus Conway fled here after exchanging gunfire with DHS Agent Neal Dixon. Shortly after concealing himself inside the spring house, he succumbed to his injuries. His body and several pieces of evidence remain to this day.

Description:

The suspected dump site below Cooper Pond is a former sand pit. It sits halfway up the south side of a valley. Its past is mostly noticeable in the shape of the land. The steep embankments of what were once huge craters and cuts into the hillside have softened with age, buried under leaf litter and overgrown with trees, but you can still see clearly that the contours are artificial, made with machines and never repaired. It's an easy site to reach because one of the post-GCW trails cuts right through it, following the river. In fact, this part of the trail looks like it probably started as an old logging road, or one of the old wagon roads which vanished before the interstate age locked them down forever.

Several small streams flow through this scarred land, sometimes starting right in the side of a cut.

If the players search thoroughly:

In one of the small islands of undisturbed hillside near the top of the property, there is a small stone-block building which looks similar to other springhouses you've seen, though perhaps a bit nicer. Not far away, there's an old fieldstone foundation hole and the stump of a fireplace. A black plastic pipe runs down the hill to a partially-collapsed mobile home which must have had a great view of both the mountains and Cooper River.

One might infer that Jack Rickers left this alone because it was protected as a historic building site, but the players would need to roll to do so. It could also be because it was providing water to the mobile home further down on the property. That building is empty of

anything but a few abandoned household items and a well-established, multi-nest paper wasp colony (a type of wasp, but they're called bald faced hornets, or, locally, white-asses).

If the players search the spring house:

The spring house is a stone and mortar building with a tightly-fit iron door set into a hill, not unlike a receiving vault or root cellar. It was designed to keep the spring clean so the water bubbling up could be collected into an outflow pipe, and to keep animals out, so that the chill from the spring could be used to preserve food.

If you feel it fits, add that the door seems to be either locked or rusted into the frame and ask them to find a way to get it open and roll accordingly.

There are three things inside the spring house. In reverse order of importance: there's the spring itself in its concrete and fieldstone basin, pipe running through the side and out through a hole in the front wall. There's an old dirtbike leaning against the wall, covered in dust. And there's a skeleton in very old clothes sitting against the back wall, with a shotgun across its legs.

The chill, damp air of the spring house hasn't stopped decomposition, but the structure has at least prevented the body from being eaten by animals, leaving the skeleton more or less intact.

What happened here (for GMs):

The Conway brothers traveled to Comity to escape the war. The major cities were frequent targets of kinetic strikes and they knew Markus would be included in an upcoming draft lottery. Their family had a shared cabin in town, used for hunting and summer vacations, and Kevin decided the two of them would hide out there.

Shortly after arriving in town, they made plans, which included using the forgotten spring house they'd found as children as a hiding place if the draft office should send someone after Markus. They stocked the space with prepackaged food and water, blankets, batteries, and some older electronic devices. This was their planned rally point if anything happened, and when Markus was wounded by Dixon and fled the family cabin, he returned here on instinct.

Neither he nor the man hunting him had any reason to know that Jack Rickers also owned this overly-logged property, but that coincidence may prove fortunate for the players and for bringing his killer to justice.

Markus didn't know that the drones which had pursued him had lost signal, and then lost him in the dense forests further back. As far as he was concerned, this was as good a place as he could find for a last stand.

Wounded, blood pooling around him in the cold room, pain and grief filling his mind, he propped himself against the back wall and waited for the split-second warning he'd get

when the door opened. He didn't know that the hellishly fast DHS agent wasn't haunting the woods outside. He didn't know he could leave and get help.

While he waited, and wondered if he'd made a mistake, he wrote a message to family. Then he slipped into unconsciousness and died.

If the players search the body:

(This may be a good point to re-establish lines and veils with your players).

The chill, damp air of the spring house was intended to preserve food, but it couldn't stop decomposition, and sixty-some years have passed at this point. Depending on their skills and backgrounds, the players may need a trained medical practitioner to learn more from the cadaver. Feel free to dole out the following information based on circumstances and rolls:

- The body has been dead for a very long time.
- It appears to be a caucasian male in his 20s or 30s.
- There is damage to the torso.
- The body's clothing appears to be 60-ish years out of style (maybe 2050s or '60s).
- The shirt is damaged across the front over the belly.
- The body's pockets contain a wallet and a very-dead phone-type cyberdeck device. (This will have to be charged/repaired to return it to service.)
- The shotgun is a base-model pump-action 12-gauge with a sling attached.
- Its safety catch is disengaged, and it's loaded, with a shell in the chamber and two still in the tube magazine (the magazine normally holds four, so it's possible it's been fired). There are no spent shells in this small room.
- The dirt bike is dusty and spattered with dried mud. It's an old design with a gasoline engine. There are keys still in the ignition, with a couple house keys and another vehicle key on the ring.
- Near the body, there's an old duffel bag with 60-year-old prepackaged trail rations and bottled water, blankets, and long-dead batteries.
- The wallet has more information. (Whether it's actually present or not is up to you. If the pacing of your campaign requires that they wait to find out more, they could get it by bringing in other investigators, but it worked well when we playtested it with them finding this information right away):
    - There is an old Driver's License from the 2050s (expires 2059).
        - Name: Markus Andrew Conway
        - DOB: 03/15/2028
        - Height: 5' 9"
        - Weight: 144
        - Hair Color: Brown
        - Eye Color: Brown
        - Current Address was a location in Cambridge, Massachusetts

- Behind that is his Selective Service card. (Status: eligible for the draft; all other information matches his license.)
- There are several bank cards from a similar vintage.
- There's a Red Cross blood drive ID, various coupons and gift cards.
- There's nothing specific to a workplace.

The device needs to be charged and decrypted. If the players can do that or find someone who can, they can find an unsent email draft saved to its onboard memory:

```
   To: <Saif> <Verna> <Borzi> <House::Hanson> <Pod::Stockyarders>
   From: <Markus>
   Topic: Sorry

I think Kevin's dead. I don't know what kind of trouble we got into but they killed him and
they're gonna kill me too. When they find me.

They're dumping something over at Rickers' pit. We went over the property line a few nights
ago to see what all the noise was and this soldier jumps us. Kicked the shit out of us. Says
he's DHS and brought us to the police. I thought I was lucky the net was down and they
couldn't run us through the system. If the draft found us this wouldn't have happened.

They trashed the cabin while we were in jail. Wrecked Grampa's carvings and all the cabinets
he built. Sorry. Took our tech too. But he didn't find Grampa's hidden panel.

Kev was mad. His temper. He went back to get more evidence. I knew it was a bad idea.
He left the gun but took a signal flair from the hiking gear. Saw it go up and I knew he was
dead. I went anyways. Met that DHS fucker on the way. He was coming to kill me gun in his
hand. Saw him with the spotlights in the pit behind him.

He shot me. He didn't say anything. No warning. I was so surprised I even shot back.
actually winged him. Bet that pissed him off.

Should have kept shooting but I ran. He was right behind me. Got on my bike and got away but
he's following me. That cloud of drones never lets up.

I can't fight that guy. Don't know how. But when the door opens all I gotta do is pull the
trigger.

I'm at <🌐 GPS Location > but I don't think you'll be able to find me.

I don't know why they're doing this. Sorry. I'm really sorry.

Say something kind to Dad and Lisa and Tif.
```

The Conways' Cabin

Kevin and Markus Conway were staying in a three-room cabin in the mountains on the north side of Cooper Pond. The cabin had been in their family for years; it was nominally built for hunting, but it often served as a camp, a sort of shared vacation spot different members of the family took turns living in and maintaining. This was a bit more finished than many camps, with insulated walls, electricity, and running water.

The Conway brothers moved here during the GCW, leaving Boston to escape the war. Between the cyberattacks and kinetic strikes, and the risk that Markus would be drawn in the next draft lottery, retreating to the safety of a well-loved childhood place, at least for a while, seemed like a good idea. Both brothers were nominally employed at that time, but work was becoming unreliable with the digital infrastructure failing. They hoped their pooled savings would be enough to purchase supplies to last them until the danger faded but they found less than they'd hoped.

These days, the cabin is in very rough shape. It had been trashed by Neal Dixon as he searched for evidence, then left to the elements for 60 years. For a stick-frame building resting on cinderblocks, it's a minor miracle and a testament to its construction that it has remained more or less house-shaped for that time.

Since traveling to Comity, you've seen buildings on every point of the spectrum from old-but-lovingly-maintained to cellarholes full of rotten, tangled debris. This cabin is still standing, which is pretty impressive in its own right, given the damage you can see, but it's clearly leaning towards giving up soon.

It's a small building; single story, maybe three or four rooms in all. It looks like it was built on a fairly level spot with what was probably a beautiful view. The trees have grown up since, closing in what was likely a clearing in front of the large front deck and windows. From here, it looks like there's a large main room, a narrow kitchen hanging off the back, and an addition built off one side for a bedroom. The dirt driveway leads up to a porch on the side of the building and a door to the kitchen.

The car-takers must not have been here yet, because there's an ancient sedan still parked in the driveway under a decomposing mat of leaves and pine needles, several inches thick and old enough to support a few sprouting sapling trees.

If the players approach or scout around:

The closer you get, the worse it looks. The walls seem tilted in various directions – the corner post for the addition has slid off its concrete block, dumping that corner of the building directly onto the damp forest floor. The roof has a dubious-looking sag in the middle, the siding is clearly grey and rotten under the peeling paint, moss is growing on the asphalt shingles, and several windows are broken, which has helped to admit animals and weather.

If the players decide to explore the structure:

The wide floorboards of the porch flex alarmingly underfoot. The wood feels soft with decay.

The door is propped closed, but it isn't actually locked. In fact, as you open it, the board with the doorknob through it falls inside, already broken. There are some skittering sounds in the darkness beyond.

The room inside is dark and smells like damp and mold and decay. Like a deep breath from inside a hollow rotting log.

If the players have flashlights or good night vision, they can find some signs both of Dixon's rampage through the place as he searched for evidence of his crimes and caused damage to spite two mere civilians bold enough to pry into his affairs:

The interior of the cabin is a wreck. Not just from time and the elements – it looks like the place was deliberately smashed up by humans a long time ago:

- *Furniture has been toppled and splintered, and cedar chests and dressers have been broken and emptied out onto the floor.*
- *The shelves nailed to the walls are bare and the floor below them is cluttered with broken knickknacks.*
- *In one corner, there's a rough computer desk made of scrap lumber and cinderblocks, with just a monitor and keyboard. The screen has been smashed.*
- *In the bedroom, the mattresses and box springs have been sliced open and thrown off the cots, and lie in a rotting pile with their blankets in the middle of the floor. Clothing and luggage have been dumped out and kicked around in the same way.*

With a strong success, the players can also find incongruous signs of the brothers' start at cleaning up before they were interrupted.

It looks like someone else was here after the place was trashed, like they started cleaning things up but stopped. From the dust and dirt, it was still a long time ago, but there are little islands of care and neatness in all this mess:

- *The kitchen table is upright, and the surviving dishes and glasses have been gathered up, huddled together on top of it. All the fragments of the rest have been swept into a pile on the floor.*
- *There's a childhood stuffed animal set back on an empty shelf above a spread of papers and broken nicknacks.*
- *Paper photographs are gathered up on the slashed-up couch, set aside from broken frames.*

In the wall between the bedroom and living room, there is a hidden compartment. This is where the Conway family stored firearms when they used the cabin as a hunting lodge. This is where Markus Conway obtained the shotgun he used to wound Neal Dixon after the DHS

agent shot him. The agent had already searched the cabin after arresting the brothers but missed the secret panel.

This hidden panel can be left open or closed depending on the needs of your campaign. If it's closed, it can still contain evidence. Feel free to add a piece of tech equivalent to a burner phone which will point towards Markus Conway's body. In this version, the Conway brothers used this compartment to hide some of their tech and money in 2057.

The device will need to be recharged and decrypted, but it'll include notes and GPS tags that suggest the Conways were planning to use an old spring house nearby to hide Markus from the draft if they were tracked to this cabin.

In the wall between the bedroom and the living room, there's a secret compartment. The door was cut from the same vertical pine boards that cover the interior of the cabin, and the top and bottom edges are staggered so they don't form an obvious hatch. It uses concealed cabinet hinges and a push-to-release latch mechanism.

(If it hadn't been left open, it'd have been very hard to find.)

The compartment is about three feet tall and narrow. Inside is a mostly-empty box of 12-gauge shotgun shells. The floor of the compartment has narrow, oval-shaped indents milled into it, and there's a horizontal strip of wood with squiggly cutouts near the top which would be a decent barrel rest if they were storing long guns in here.

If Neal Dixon used the Conway's cabin as a shelter when he left drones in town to keep an eye on things (or to find Markus Conway if he came back) then add the following:

One thing that stands out is a set of ruggedized metal and plastic crates in the middle of the floor. Two of them are open on the ends, with foam compartments and charging docks shaped for the now-familiar DHS drones. Others look like some kind of comms equipment racked up inside the crate like a server rack. They're all linked together with network wire. A cable runs out the window to a solar panel concealed between the chimney and the crest of the roof.

If Dixon himself is here, or if he's been using this place as his modern-day headquarters, feel free to rewrite the space so it's cleaned up enough to be comfortable, and stockpile it with whatever crates of gear you need him to have.

The Dump Site

The History of the Site (for GMs)

This section outlines, for the curious GM, the scientific details behind how the dump site was constructed and how it degraded over time, creating pollution. For a direct continuation of what the players experience at the site, proceed to the next subsection.

The site Jack Rickers chose to 'store' Deyesso Industrial Disposal's (DID) waste was a former sand and gravel pit uphill from Cooper Pond. At that time the hundred-and-twenty-acre parcel had been thoroughly logged, and a large amount of topsoil, sand, and gravel had been extracted and sold around the region. The financial value of a plot of landlocked, backlot land with a dubious access easement, whose primary features were clearcut forests and several large pits, was low.

He instructed his work crews to create one large pit by linking several adjacent ones and 'sealing' them with pond liners; DID then brought the industrial waste in by truck, nightly, for a month. Each layer of waste was temporarily buried with a layer of fill from the site to hide the discolored slag and ash and to keep it from blowing away during the day. When the work was finished, his crew 'capped' the site with more pond liners and tarps, then buried the whole thing under several feet of backfill. Motivated by self preservation to conceal the site, Rickers broke his usual routine and actually bulldozed some topsoil back over the top, and scattered white pine seeds over it (a traditional bare-minimum site restoration effort done by loggers in the region who have rendered a stretch of old growth forest into a barren moonscape).

Mostly by coincidence, the deep tire tracks left by their machinery during this work happened to move across the slope rather up and down it. This helped by forming accidental "hills and furrows" which further slowed flowing water in the precarious early days, preventing the topsoil from being washed away. Over time, weeds and grasses, wildflowers such as asters and goldenrod, and shrubs like blackberries and sumacs grew in the disturbed land, helping to secure the topsoil against erosion. These were followed by fast-growing pioneer trees like the seeded white pine, as well as silver birch and pin cherries.

In time, a new forest was growing, creating annual layers of leaf litter, building up humus and looser, richer soil. Their shade kept soil moisture from evaporating. In those conditions, shade-tolerant middle and late succession species, like sugar maples, American beech, and eastern hemlock began to establish themselves.

In the end, Rickers' precautions against the pollution escaping proved to be exactly as inadequate as they first appeared. The site was sloped, so water moved across it from higher up on the mountains above. At first the pond liners did a decent job of preventing water from entering the pit from the surface, or from permeating through the ground from uphill, but the liners and tarps degraded quickly once exposed to the harsh chemicals, and tree roots forced their way through from above. The liners covering the 'floor' and 'walls' of

the pit trapped the water that saturated the waste for some time, but water always finds a way through, and this water now contained dissolved caustics which accelerated the failure of the pond liners (which had only ever been designed for fresh water and even then had a set lifespan).

The worst issue was that the downhill edge of the pit was higher than the waste and backfill, forming a sort of swale and berm which trapped surface water and forced it downwards, creating a plume which infiltrated the area downhill from the pit and undermined it. In heavy rains thirty-some years after the pit was 'sealed' and abandoned, the ground below it gave way in a landslide uncharacteristic to the region.

The liquified ground flowed south towards Cooper Pond and a nearby unnamed steam which fed into it. Pond liners tore and literal tons of fly ash, blast furnace slag, and other industrial waste products moved with and mixed with the soil and sand which had helped contain them. Trees and topsoil spilled out of the way and intermixed with the waste, leaving the pollutants directly exposed to the surface for the first time.

As with all disturbed land in New Hampshire, the forest began to reclaim it. Grasses, brush, and pioneer species began to find footholds, but the nature of the waste meant some did better than others.

'Facultative' hyperaccumulator species (species which tolerate and absorb unusual levels of heavy metals) thrived in the striated mix of soil and waste due to the lack of competition from less-hearty species. Because these were native plants which happened to already be established in the region, rather than something introduced at the site, the end result of the new growth forest wasn't terribly different from other woods in the region.

Early pioneers included metals-tolerant plants like Rough-Leaved Ricegrass, Morning Glory, Ragweed, Pokeweed, Canada Goldenrod, Hydrangea, and invasive Red Clover, among others which simply didn't do as well as they would have elsewhere. As with the covered pit uphill, these were followed by pine trees and silver birch, along with poplar and invasive black locust.

Far below, Cooper Pond still looked much the same, though its heavy metal content crept slowly upward. Duckweed grew well while bioaccumulating Copper, Chromium, Lead, and Zinc, though other species struggled. The town's population was thoroughly depleted at this point, so nobody noticed that especially heavy rains coincided with fishkills along the north side of the pond.

By the present day, the site is pretty well overgrown, actually looking less bare and dead than some of Rickers' other sites which hadn't received the cursory attempt at restoring topsoil. The contamination however has been seeping outwards, carried through the groundwater and along the surface into the Cooper River watershed.

The Present

The trail up to the site would be almost invisible from the road if you weren't looking for it. If it once had a gravel roadbed it's been buried under layers of humus and fallen leaves, blocked by logs, and overgrown with dense clumps of young trees and brush. In some places, it's less passable than the old-growth forest around it. In those sapling groves, only the lack of tree trunks under the canopy ahead of you and the deep old parallel ruts in the ground mark the road.

The trail climbs up towards the mountains for half a mile, curving now and then to take a gentler route.

Ask the players what they are looking for, and have them roll dice. Things they might notice:

- *The forest changes, the trees are younger and there are far more birch. It seems to extend across a narrow valley that runs uphill from here, and downhill to their right.*
- *A line of orange-painted metal pipes sticking up from the forest floor, running off to their left, which disappear off to their right, with one appearing much further down, crooked and mostly buried in the ground. The younger forest follows that line.*
- *Tattered shreds and sheets of heavy duty black plastic poke up from the forest floor here and there. They have a smooth side and a textured side, and fibers of material threaded through them.*
- The soil, if tested, is incredibly contaminated with arsenic, boron, cadmium, chromium, copper, iron, lead, nickel, manganese, radium, mercury, selenium, strontium, vanadium, and zinc.

The narrow valley leads uphill, and cuts through a shallow ridge where the land levels off and the forest looks older. (More) tattered shreds and sheets of heavy duty black plastic poke up from the forest floor where the valley cuts through the ridge. They have a smooth side and a textured side, and fibers of material threaded through them.

If Neal Dixon is waiting to ambush the players, this is very likely where he will do it. If the players have discovered this location early in their playthrough and Dixon isn't involved yet, don't worry! The campaign still works if the players find the dump site early.

If the players are searching for botanical clues as to the contamination, they could find an unusual amount of the following plants which can tolerate/indicate the following heavy metals:

Plant	**Contaminant**
Morning Glory	Cadmium, Chromium Lead,
Ragweed	Lead
Canada Goldenrod	Lead, Zinc, Chromium, Aluminum

Hydrangea (with blue sepals)	Copper, Cadmium, Lead, Aluminum
Pokeweed	Manganese, Zinc, and Cadmium
Red Clover	Zinc, Cadmium, (and possibly others)
Alpine Milkvetch	Selenium
Green Spleenwort*	Chromium
White Pine	Arsenic, Cadmium, Zinc (and possibly others)
Silver Birch	Zinc, Copper, Nickel, Magnesium, Manganese, Titanium, Lead, and Iron
Invasive Black Locust	Zinc, Lead, Copper, Nickel, Chromium, and others

*Note: Green Spleenwort is very rare in the region, maybe save this in case they roll exceedingly well.

The Locomodo Camp

The Fox Mountain Locomodos are spread out fairly evenly through town, roaming, exploring, or working on whichever projects suit them. As they don't need much in the way of shelter or other creature comforts, and their values prize living without leaving a trace on their surroundings, most of them tend to eschew dwelling anywhere permanently.

(For more information on how they manage this, and why, check The Fox Mountain Locomodos.)

However, the current speaker prefers to stay near the large mountain lake at the north edge of town where rewilding is most complete and where the most intact wilderness had been before, and he's accrued a decent number of others in the woods around him. His joke reason for this remote location is to encourage members of the group to solve their own issues while hiking across town to find him.

The Comity locals think of this as the locomodo camp, and refer to it as such, but it has very little in the way of shelters or other signs of human settlement. A few bear bags dangle from trees, some waterproof boxes are resting on the forest floor, and there's the occasional rain cloth, blanket, or hammock tied to a tree.

If the players approach the camp, the locomodos in the forests around them will let them get all the way to the level ground on the ridge around the pond. Once there, the Confrontation with the Locomodos scene will play out. (Normally, this should happen when the players are pretty close to the answer, but if they stick their faces right into their camp, it makes sense that it would happen earlier).

Work Crew Sites

The deconstruction and rewilding sites are temporary hubs of human activity (and small islands of familiar, modern society) in an otherwise strange frontier. Their purpose and appearance vary from crowded deconstruction sites where abandoned neighborhoods are being disassembled, to scientific outposts, to the remote campsites of foresters reintroducing endangered species. The workers have come from all over to contribute their skills to the effort, and will likely seem more normal to the players than the fiercely independent stubborn nails who call this place home.

To the players, these places may represent shelter, supplies, or specialized expertise. The kind of place where they can find a hot meal and a bunk for the night, contact the outside world, hitch a ride, ask for help with their mission, or find medical attention or protection in numbers after a brush with danger.

Depending on the way an individual campaign unfolds, players sometimes use these as a sort of base camp.

The Thousand-Year Cleanup

The deconstruction and rewilding projects in Comity are tiny pieces of the Thousand-Year Cleanup, the global, nigh-endless work to repair the damage caused by past generations. For many members of the work crews this doesn't mean much – just a casual acknowledgement that similar work is being done around the world. But for others it's an almost religious calling that unites them with every other worker, no matter how different their local harm or the methods they're using to fix it. For them, the cleanup is a responsibility, almost an act of worship or the payment of a debt, that none of the current participants will ever see the end of. But like building an ancient cathedral, each generation will do its part, its local piece, secure in the knowledge that things are improving and someone, someday, will celebrate the final results.

This sense of kinship and drive to help can be very useful to the players.

Deconstruction Sites

Comity had seen a decent population boom when the interstate age made it an attractive bedroom community (someplace where people live but don't work). This led to the large parcels of farm and forest land skyrocketing in value because of their potential as residential developments. Many were subdivided again and again to pack in as many new houses as the town's lax zoning laws would allow.

These were practical enough for semi-suburban life when gas was cheap, cars were plentiful, and roads were maintained. But the GCW and wartime and post-wartime shortages largely ended that. In the modern world of *Fully Automated!*, where most people have other priorities, live in closer communities, use public transportation, and aren't interested in rebuilding a car-centric world, these ruined developments don't make enough sense to restore or occupy.

As time went on, Comity's abandoned houses were damaged by time, weather, and animals. Some have collapsed, others were reduced to ruins by rot and mold. Others have held up decently, but have no one to occupy them. An indeterminate number pose environmental risks as fuel tanks rust out, chemicals escape their storage, or damaged structures catch fire.

The modern answer to these derelicts is deconstruction: the work of disassembling buildings to recover construction materials. It's a labor-intensive, time-consuming process in which everything from cabinets and doors to floors and siding are carefully removed in the opposite order in which they were installed. Both the salvage and the genuine construction waste lost to rot or damage are shipped out by truck.

For simply removing the long-term threat posed by these structures, deconstruction is slower than demolition, but it produces far less waste and recovers important building materials in a ready-to-use form for almost no new environmental cost. Each truckload of materials hauled to nearby communities (including Fairer Way), allows people in the region

to improve their dwellings and even build new ones, for far less impact than would otherwise be possible. The deconstruction effort even provides useful materials which aren't manufactured anymore for environmental reasons.

When a site is finished, the crews fill in the cellarholes, recontour the land, and replant native trees and shrubs. These recovering groves mimic habitats disturbed by downbursts or other destructive weather and host a number of species who thrive in such environments.

There are three active Deconstruction Sites in Comity, listed below. In appearance, they are quite similar to active construction sites, though the crews live onsite until they finish their work. They're not guarded exactly, but generally someone will stop the players and make conversation, to find out why they're there and to make sure they're safe before they get close enough to any open cellar holes or falling lumber to get hurt. Each site has some safety rules for footwear and head protection and confined spaces like basements where people aren't allowed to go without air testing. If the players want to visit, they'll be given hard hats, and if they don't have steel-toe boots with steel shanks in the soles to protect against nails, there are certain areas they won't be allowed to enter unless they borrow some.

Deconstruction Site 1

Description:

This site is a cul-de-sac development of houses adjacent to some high-quality wild land. These houses aren't unreasonably big, but they were clearly expensive, with lots of glass and granite. They look almost more like something you'd expect to find in suburbia rather than a rural community. They're much newer than the old farmhouses and cabins you've seen still occupied, and they all have large garages. Despite improvements in building materials, these look like they were expensive to heat.

They were probably quite comfortable when the roads were well-maintained, fuel and electricity were cheap, and it was easy to commute even hundreds of miles for work. But when wartime shortages broke those things, and it became expensive or difficult even to get groceries, they were eventually abandoned. Perhaps this was temporary at first, but with the decline of the town extending those problems, many residents moved on.

The houses that are still intact here have sagging rooflines, flaking paint, missing shingles and clapboards, and the occasional broken window, which likely accelerated the damage to the building with the intrusion of animals and the elements.

The deconstruction crews are working house-by-house, so each building is on a different stage of disassembly, and different types of crews are able to work on each.

On one side, there are rundown (but otherwise intact) houses waiting to be taken apart. Site-prep teams are hauling furniture and fixtures like sinks and heaters out of one of them. From there, the deconstruction gets more extensive in a fairly smooth progression.

The next house has been mostly gutted inside; electricians and plumbers are removing wiring, pipes, and tubing from the stick-frame interior walls. Another team with masks and gloves is collecting insulation and bagging it.

The next house is even further along – doors and windows have been removed, and the siding has been taken off, exposing the plywood sheathing and the somewhat-tattered vapor barrier. Roofers are disassembling the metal roof and carefully handing down metal panels. Carpenters are removing the plywood siding and subfloors.

The last house is a diminishing stick frame skeleton, with teams of carpenters carefully detaching each board and handing them down.

Further along, a deafening clatter suggests that someone is hard at work breaking up the old concrete cellarholes with a jackhammer.

Surrounding all of these job sites are small fleets of vehicles with a dazzling variety – huge old woodgas-conversion pickup trucks are parked beside solar-powered electric vans and kei minitrucks, electric rickshaws, and all manner of pedal-powered contraption. As you watch, someone who is probably a local rides off on a four-wheeled cart with an electric-assist recumbent bike rig perched on the front, looking very much like they're driving an ancient horsedrawn wagon with no horse.

What the deconstruction site workers know:

The workers here don't know much about the history of the town and they haven't noticed anything that could be a clue towards the industrial waste. They know how to identify some hazards relating to their work, but nobody has told them anything about that kind of dump site. They can point the players to the other work sites, and to ShadeTree Motors, but that's about it.

If the players need shelter:

The deconstruction crew has converted one of the more-intact houses into an onsite barracks, complete with a kitchen suitable for feeding the entire crew and visitors to the site, so the players are welcome to stay with them. If the players stay here they may notice that the workers have gathered mismatched furniture and appliances from nearby houses and sent anything they didn't need away with the site-prep teams. Most rooms are now bunkrooms, and the oversized kitchen has a few extra stoves.

Deconstruction Site 2

Description:

There are several reasons a building might need to be deconstructed. The general reason in Comity is to make the area as pristine as possible prior to rewilding the land, and to recover as much usable material as possible before it is destroyed by the elements. But some buildings need to be cleared because they're just plain unsafe.

This development of large, richly-appointed houses is perched over a picturesque river valley. The ground which forms the steep riverbanks is a mix of sand and clay which is very much subject to erosion, especially in the fierce summer floods the region has seen ever since climate change hit. If the town had enforced proper setbacks for safety or environmental reasons, the houses might still have a few feet of space, but that would have diminished their view. Now most of them are precariously close to the edge, some already have their basement walls exposed, and one has already fallen into the river, causing a serious mess.

The work crew here has rebuilt the washed-out access road, and are in the process of assessing the safety of some buildings, and clearing others as quickly as possible.

The site foreman will be concerned about the players entering the zone, as they're generally doing their best to keep the number of people here to a minimum, though even she'll admit that's mostly out of an abundance of caution. The crumbling riverbank and buildings are definitely off-limits, though.

If the players ask about the site, she'll tell them it's a mess – location aside, the houses just weren't built to last more than ten years. They might have had giant windows and granite everywhere to impress the buyers, but they should never have passed inspection. The foundations were poorly mixed and crumbling; the walls, corners, door frames, and floors were way out of true; and several houses were already missing structural walls and pillars when her crews got here. They've found code violations on electrical, plumbing, and weatherproofing, not to mention all kinds of shortcuts that could and did cause serious, expensive problems. As far as she's concerned, moving away and abandoning these fancy wrecks was the smartest thing the owners ever did.

What the deconstruction site workers know:

If the players want to climb through on the remains of the old gravel access road to Rickers' properties, they're free to do so, but she hasn't heard anything about the river here being contaminated, and they just did a bunch of water quality tests this spring when that house on the end fell in.

She can't help with questions about what happened in the 2050s, but she's worked with both Bob Johnson and Grant Hayes and can introduce the players to them. Bob trades food and other supplies for construction materials from the job site, while Grant's mechanic enclave does maintenance for the work crews sometimes.

If the players need shelter:

The workers have set up their barracks in an old abandoned farmhouse a little ways down the road from the work site, as they don't consider any of the buildings here safe enough even for a temporary camp.

Deconstruction Site 3

This deconstruction site is fairly far along. Most of the lots in this development are empty of structures now, and pioneer species trees like paper birch, aspen, white pine, and pin cherries have been planted in the broken-up, filled-in foundations and anywhere the existing new growth was damaged by the work crews and their vehicles.

A single road remains, the pavement broken by time and weather and the recent passage of heavy vehicles while its footings were soft. It winds through the rewilded lots to a handful of incomplete structures surrounded by older forests. Only one house still has siding, though its windows gape empty, and the roofing is gone. The rest have been reduced to wooden frames, some with an incomplete patchwork of plywood sheets forming floors and outer walls. You can see figures climbing around on them, removing boards and handing them down, while other workers haul lumber out to the trucks and rickshaws parked in front.

There is one completely intact building – a large garage beside one of the houses. This appears to be the crew's headquarters and the center of a small campsite. Several workers are moving inside the large open doors, preparing food.

If the players need shelter:

The wide-open first floor of the former garage has been turned into a sort of cafeteria and resting place, with a kitchen full of mismatched appliances along one wall. Upstairs, the mother-in-law apartment has been turned into a sort of barracks. A few solar panels and batteries have been linked to its severed breaker box, and its pump draws water again for the sinks, showers, and toilets. The crew has slapped together several mismatched facilities using salvage from the nearby buildings.

What the deconstruction site workers know:

Like the first group, this work crew has some expertise in identifying hazards specific to their work, but they haven't heard anything about the kind of site the players are looking for.

However…

A Tangled Webb

This is the site where Jae Gentry and the other four young locomodos volunteer; this locomodo crew is the same one that, if circumstances allow, can be convinced to ambush the players. Letting them meet the players could shortcut a campaign to the endgame because they know Jonas, can confirm that he lied, and have the means to bring the rest of the locomodos to confront him. Watch the pacing and use your discretion on whether they're here when the players arrive. It's not unreasonable that if they ambushed some strangers that they might be lying low in the woods somewhere.

If they are here: As the players explore the site and talk to people, they may notice four locomodos in work crew gear watching them.

If the players were not ambushed, these four look hostile, glaring down from their work. If the players try to talk to them, they may make accusations about the things Jonas Webb has told them.

They know that Jonas told them the players are there to reassess the viability of the region for redevelopment, essentially undoing all the locomodos' work and destroying habitats they care about. They'll be quick to throw out that accusation, but suspicious of any denial from the players. They'll also be very reluctant to tell the players where they heard that rumor. It should be very difficult for the players to fully convince them here and now that they're actually here to find forgotten industrial waste, but if they roll well or provide good arguments, the locomodos will now seem uncertain – sort of sullen and suspicious, but also concerned. They'll say they have to leave to sort this out, and will walk off into the woods. Offscreen, they'll contact Galen Acosta, the locomodo leader. Their secondhand account of the players' explanation will help defuse the confrontation before it can begin, and may accelerate their investigation into Jonas Webb and why he lied.

If the players *were* ambushed on their way to town, these four now look wary and like they're trying to avoid notice. They weren't expecting the players to follow them to their jobsite. One might nudge the others, say something, and then they try to slink out of sight. Have the players roll to see if they recognize these four as their attackers.

If the players confront the four locomodos at this point, it could go a few different ways. Having acted out through the ambush, the locomodos' initial anger has probably faded a bit as they focus on what happens next, wondering if it worked, or what the consequences will be. They haven't been stewing in their anger as much as they would have if they missed the players and spent the last few days being worried and angry about the players' imagined plans to redevelop.

At the same time, through that unprovoked attack, they've committed themselves, and they might struggle to back down, to face the idea that they were in the wrong.

The locomodos won't be the first to get violent here - it's one thing to try to spook some people on an empty trail in the woods while angry, in order to chase them off - but this is their workplace, and they're surrounded by baseline human friends, people whose opinions matter to them. They don't want to be seen as violent, dangerous, locomodo stereotypes, at least not here.

If the players get aggressive, especially if they get physically confrontational, that will further entrench the locos' existing beliefs. It will also cause bad relations with members of the work crew, who won't know who to believe, but will err on siding with the people they know. Over time, word might spread to the other crews as well, causing distrust.

If there's any kind of argument, the deconstruction crew foreman will get involved. He knows the four locomodos, knows about their fights in their past, and will be worried about what they've done now and how it reflects on his co-op. He'll try to convince them to fess up if they actually did something. The locomodos are in a precarious position here. They're good workers, but attacking strangers on the trail is too big to overlook, and if the players let his questions get that far, it's very much in their power to get their

attackers fired, calls made to the locomodo group, etc. This will likely also defuse the tension with the group (and possibly accelerate their investigation into Jonas Webb), but it'll be bad for the four youths.

If the players see how worried they are and decide to cover for them, the locos will be appreciative, though still a little suspicious. If the players can confirm their reason for being here with their references (or already have done so during the argument), the locos will become more tractable. They'll still be wary, but they'll be unsure about their actions and will need guidance from their leadership.

Rewilding Crew Camp

The workers on this crew are here to monitor the recovery of the forests on several heavily-disturbed parcels of land in Comity. Their purview includes several properties which once belonged to Jack Rickers (where they did soil tests as a matter of procedure). They can likely rule out several suspected sites by checking their records. They should be fairly easy to recruit to help with the players' investigation, and their locomodo members could help them get in contact with the Fox Mountain Locomodos.

Description:

In your travels through Comity, you've seen a few places where the forest changed suddenly, usually at old property lines marked with orange pipes or stone walls. The forest here changes from huge, late-succession, old-growth trees to a much younger forest. At the same time, the sloped ground underfoot changes too - the forest floor is much more uneven than usual, contoured into a sort of cratered web of meter-tall hummocks and hollows which makes for treacherous footing. The many small slopes and divots are tiring to climb over, the leaves are slippery, and the deeper pits often have just enough standing water in them to wet your boots. It's also much brushier than the older forest, requiring you to push your way through leafy saplings and low branches and spiderwebs as you go.

It's not hard to find tracks or other recent signs of people in the area. There is survey tape tied to trees and to sticks stuck into the ground. Some of the tapes have numbers scrawled on them in grease pencil or matrix barcodes printed onto them. Here and there you find small sapling evergreens which look to have been planted recently.

You hear people before you see them – the sounds of voices at work and various electric tools and the scritch and thunk of shovels. There's even music being played over tinny speakers.

Up close, there appears to be several groups of people working on different tasks - some people appear to be inspecting trees and marking them with tapes, while others are digging holes, carrying small trees with their roots wrapped in fabric, planting them, or lugging buckets to water them. The people involved look like a mix of locomodos and baseline humans, most of whom are in their late teens or early twenties.

The site:

Rewilding involves not just readying the ground and planting the trees but monitoring and adjusting it long term. This land was logged frequently and carelessly for many years, and much of the topsoil was scraped off and sold. This damage, as well as the steep grade, allowed for ongoing erosion which slowed the forest's recovery.

Decades ago now, a team of locals and college students worked to rewild this area. They 'rough mounded' the slopes – contouring the land into a sort of cratered web of hummocks and hollows intended to slow water movement, reducing erosion and improving water retention. Then they planted native shrubs and pioneer tree species to accelerate the recovery. Unfortunately, due to both ecological and economic problems, the selection of plants available to them was limited, but establishing healthy early-stage regrowth made space for native forest succession to proceed.

Much of this area has recovered, and the pioneer trees like aspen, white pine, and paper birch are sheltering and giving way to some secondary species like red maple, sugar maple, beech, and oak.

This has generally been a natural progression, but teams like the group currently camped here have been instrumental in accelerating that progress and mitigating any unexpected problems.

This year, the rewilding crew has a special additional task. They have been working to accelerate the restoration of the eastern hemlock through its native range by cultivating sapling trees and planting them in suitable habitats.

Once threatened with extinction by the invasive hemlock woolly adelgid, the tree was saved through human efforts with pesticides, attempts to breed resistant cultivars/hybrids, and the careful introduction of adelgid-eating predators like the predatory beetles *Sasajiscymnus tsugae* and *Laricobius nigrinus.* Nonetheless, it suffered terrible losses in the century-and-a-half the hemlock woolly adelgid was allowed to spread freely, largely ignored by a society that lacked a profit motive (or the means) to stop it.

Now that the environment has had time to stabilize and the invasive species has *mostly* lost its invasive status, the tree is reclaiming its native range, and these highly-monitored, mid-succession forests are ideal for hemlock reintroduction. Monitoring and intervention is necessary in any reforestation project, but especially because the hemlock is still endangered – predators of the adelgid help to keep its population acceptably low, but the eastern hemlock lacks the natural defenses which trees from its native forests used to protect themselves (and cross pollination between surviving natural hemlocks and resistant cultivars can weaken the resistance of subsequent generations).

The Rewilding Crew:

The rewilding crew is a mix of scientists and students from UNH and Haywood Community College, with assistance in their work from members of the Fox Mountain Locomodos, who

are familiarizing themselves with the program. They have 12 sites in the region to inspect and plant with hemlocks (though, by default, they can be found southwest of Bob Johnson's Farm).

Their camp:

The group's campsite is partway up the slope, on a slightly more level rise. There's no clearing or centralized layout, the tents look to have been positioned randomly around, for minimal impact as much as the comfort of their users. (A careful examination would notice that these tent spots are kind of old and established.)

There's an area shaded with tarps where they've placed a set of hemlock saplings with their roots wrapped in fabric. The crew will cheerfully mention that they were able to get somewhat close by with their truck, but still had to haul trees in on foot for the last couple miles. Their access roads have deteriorated with time, but the locomodos use Chinese wheelbarrows (a type of cart with a single meter-wide wheel in the middle, with cargo shelves or buckets distributed evenly around it) which made moving stuff over rough ground much easier.

If the players need shelter:

They're welcome to camp with this group if they have a tent. If not, some members of the crew will help build them a shelter using tarps and materials from the forest.

What the rewilding crew knows:

Crew members are familiar with this mountain range, and are remediating land which once belonged to Jack Rickers elsewhere in Comity, which was in similarly rough shape. They've done soil tests in the past and don't remember anything memorable about the results, though they can't be certain immediately. If the players explain their quest, the crew will be happy to help; they'll take the players' contact info, call back to their schools for records, and get back to them to confirm that these sites are clear of contamination. They'll even take new samples specifically at these sites to double check, flying them south for testing by rapid drone. **Feel free to use this to rule out any sites you think will be inconvenient to reach during the game.**

Their leader, Doug Abietia, has actually been coming here on these trips long enough to know some of the locals from back when they volunteered with the project. He can introduce the players to a few of them, including John Blythe and Annmarie Byrd up in Hackney.

A water quality monitoring site along Nolan River

A small group from the NH Watershed Management Bureau (led by Usef Glen) is camping on the old North-South state route next to Nolan River. They are hydrological specialists who can provide useful information to the players about Comity's watersheds, the flow of contaminants through surface and groundwater, and provide test kits if the players don't already have them. They can also rule out several of Jack Rickers' sites and provide several maps.

Description:

It looks like there's a small group of people camping on the road ahead – like, actually on the road itself, though from its condition, it's pretty clear the locals haven't bothered to use more than one lane here for at least a few years. Several huge old fallen trees crisscross the road, perhaps blown down in a downburst, and just enough of each has been cut and rolled away to let a big vehicle through. The group has parked their little electric kei truck and made their camp in a sheltered spot between these logs.

The sign on the driver side door says "NH Watershed Management Bureau," which might explain why they're here. Nolan River swings so close to the road that it actually looks like it's eroding the road's foundation, and a team of young adults seem to be setting something up down in the water. If you look off to the other side, through the woods, you can see another river with another small group of people doing something on the bank.

In the camp itself, several slightly older adults are working on a map and tablet laid across a stack of weatherproof cases. A tangle of wires connects their workstation to a decent-size radio aerial on the truck's roof.

If the players stop and introduce themselves, the scientists will explain that they're from the NH Watershed Management Bureau and are doing a survey of all the rivers and wetlands in the towns zoned for rewilding.

Unfortunately, for a long time, environmental response has left at least some of the work of discovering problems to the community at large. Traditionally, industry dumped poison into the environment, people got sick, and then the investigation and remediation began. With the area depopulating, they won't have that extra layer of detection, so they need to check as many places as they can to see if there are any serious issues.

They've been working their way up the Nolan River, setting up emplaced streamgages and various instream water quantity and quality monitoring equipment: water-quality sonde, nitrate sensor, discrete water-quality sample intake, and high-tech stuff like a staff gage (big ruler). Much of this will help monitor stream flow/discharge, the types and quantities of chemicals in the water, pH, conductivity, water temperature, and dissolved oxygen, chloride, and excess nutrients (specifically phosphorous and nitrogen which cause algae blooms downstream).

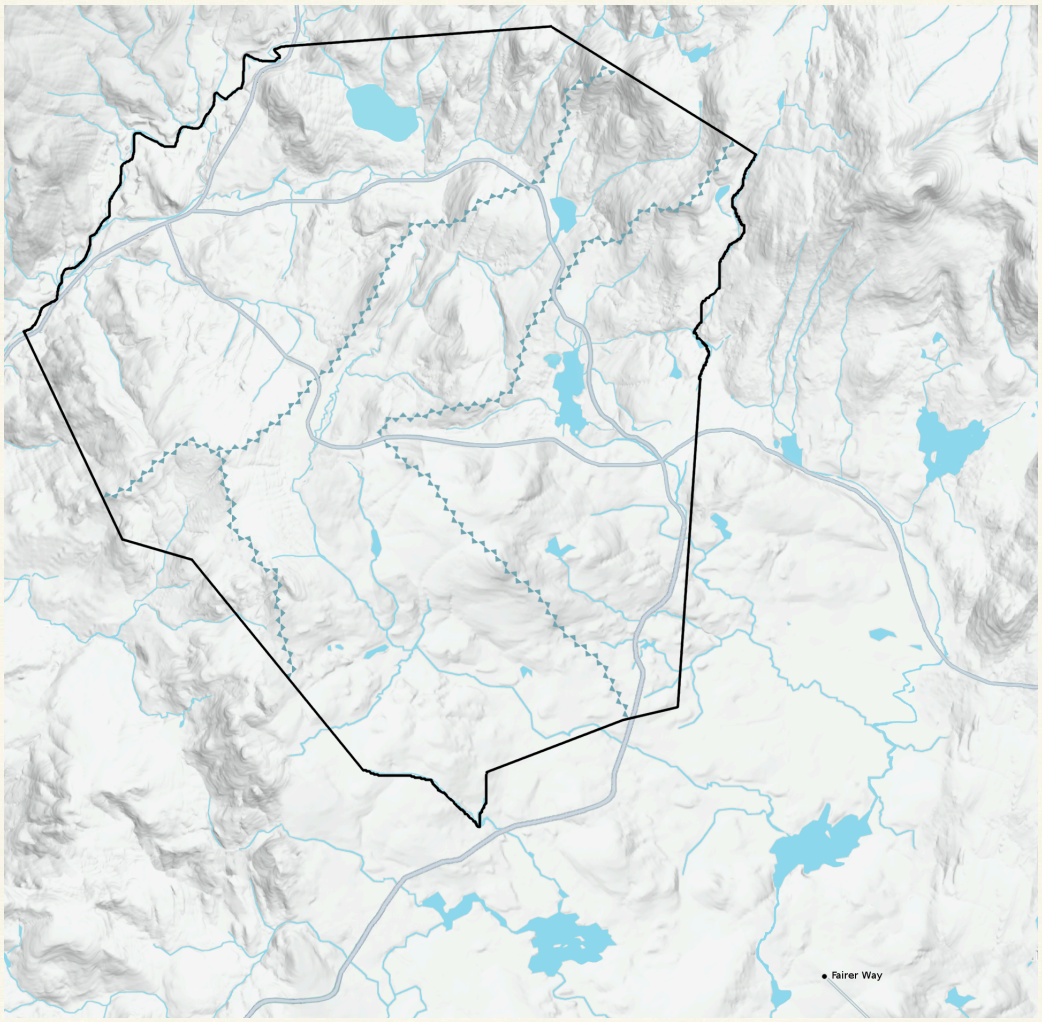
They're also looking for invasive species, recording the types and quantities of fish and aquatic insects, and looking at the condition of the physical stream and for damage like erosion, deposition, head-cutting, vegetation loss, etc.

What the water quality monitoring team knows:

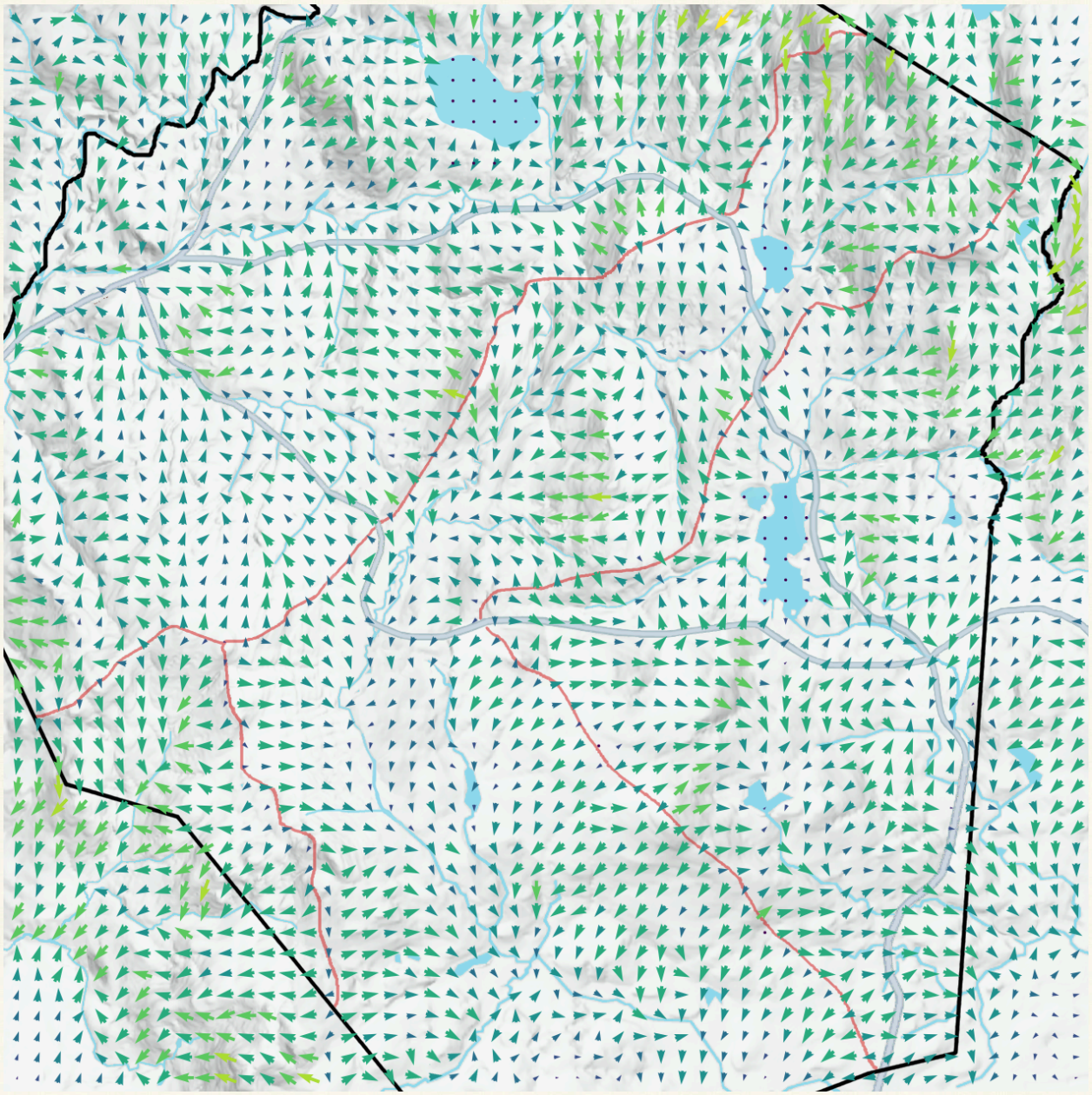
If the players ask about the industrial waste they're looking for, they'll get a lot of blank looks and headshakes. The scientists will be very interested, though, and will pull out maps and look over whatever the players have if they want to share it.

Usef will explain that Comity essentially has three watersheds, though they do merge much further south, beyond the town borders. (There's also the very top of a fourth one, though none of the suspected sites are inside it.) He will be happy to mark the boundaries between them on the players' map. Surface water (and to some extent groundwater) will carry pollution downstream within a single watershed, so the players may be able to rule out multiple sites at once by testing the rivers close to, but downstream from, their sites.

You can add the watershed layer to the players' map.



He'll also provide a copy of their groundwater flow map, which uses a grid of arrows to show the direction groundwater would be expected to move at any given location within Comity based on topology.



"One sec – this might be useful to you." Usef starts flipping through piles of maps and other large printouts. "We haven't had much need for it with our current work, but… ah ha!"

He hands you a very complicated looking map.

"This is from one of our grad students' projects. It's a map of Comity's groundwater movement. It's mostly pieced together from old data, like from test wells from hydrological studies done in different spots over the years, with a bit of simulation based on topology

and known geology. The red lines indicate the boundaries of surface watersheds – ridges between valleys, essentially. Most of the groundwater flow matches what you'd expect from the surface, but if you're worried your contaminant might cross from one watershed to another underground, this might help you spot where that'd happen."

They'll explain that they've only studied part of the Nolan river and its tributaries so far, and not even all of those, but they haven't seen anything that would suggest a massive cache of fly ash, blast furnace slag, or other industrial waste upstream.

"Nah man, if you had fly ash or blast furnace slag upstream, you'd probably be seeing elevated levels of arsenic or boron, cadmium, chromium, lead, radium, selenium and who knows what else. Not seeing any of that."

They won't get to start any of the other rivers this year, and that's assuming that nothing they find on this one requires more investigation. Their full study is expected to take years.

On the uphand, they'll feel reasonably confident ruling out anything in this watershed, at least for a start. The Nolan watershed is the eastmost, and ruling it out removes three of the sites along the border (assuming that it has leached into the water in sufficient quantities over the last 60 years).

If the players need shelter:

They're welcome to camp with this group if they have a tent. If not, some members of the crew will help them set up a basic shelter with tarps tied to their truck and nearby trees. This is the smallest work crew in town, so this may not be the best place to seek safety/strength in numbers.

Environmental Restoration Site at the Old Town Dump

The workers at this site are cleaning up a known waste dump site and can provide useful guidance on identifying soil and groundwater contamination. They can provide test kits if the players don't already have them.

Description:

The players will see this place from a distance through the trees.

Some distance away, you see a disturbance in the otherwise old growth forest. From a distance, it looks like some kind of early-days construction site. It's a large, recently-cut clearing with no underbrush yet grown in along the edges to hide the damage.

The closer you get, the worse it looks. A wide swath of land has been cleared, and though not all the trees have been taken, nearly all the soil around them has. Several large pits have been dug in the muddy soil and people are hauling out dirt-covered trash, appliances, car parts, and other debris. There are bulldozers, backhoes, skidders, and other equipment in operation.

Most of the stuff they remove and the muddy soil they excavate seems to be brought to a nearby staging area, where it's dumped into open-topped shipping containers or added to several huge piles of dirt and debris. The piles are surrounded by low berms, just a couple feet high and covered over with plastic sheeting; it almost looks like each heap of dirt is sitting in a giant kiddie pool.

There are people in safety gear all over the place, site trailers back in the woods to one side, and electronic devices on tripods stationed mostly along the perimeter at regular intervals.

The site:

If the players approach, someone will try to intercept them for their own safety. Most workers will be either willing to talk or will wave over someone in charge to talk to them. This is significantly different from real life, but these people are generally doing this work because they're passionate about it (or its results), and they're not on anywhere near as tight a schedule as they would be under capitalism (because there's no profit to turn here, and their livelihood doesn't depend on this work). They might be tired or concentrating on their task, but they're enthusiastic and generally willing to teach newcomers about it if they seem interested, as long as they stay out of dangerous areas and respect the worksite.

The electronic devices are environmental aerosol monitors from an open source design popular in environmental restoration, used to monitor air quality and detect contaminants.

History:

This was the first formal-ish Comity Town Dump. Prior to that (from early colonization until the interstate age), farms and homesteads in Comity generally had their own dumps somewhere on or near their property. By today's standards, these were somewhat benign – their society simply didn't produce the tremendous bulk of non-biodegradable waste and hazardous chemicals that would fill landfills a few decades later. As the region got more developed and exurban, people started dumping their trash here. This was essentially a series of unlined pits dug in a wooded, wetland area. A local man who 'managed' the dump would occasionally cover the trash with fill for hygiene reasons and would dig a new pit whenever the old one was full.

People dumped everything here, from 'white goods' (appliances like refrigerators and air conditioners) to old cars, to hazardous chemicals and lead-painted wood scrap, to benign household organic waste.

In 1976, the town built a new landfill in an old sandpit near Mill Road.

The soil here is essentially a stew of sediment, clay, and trash steeped in groundwater (and surface water in the spring). Heavy metals like lead, mercury, and an exciting chemical cocktail of PFAS, PCE, TCE, DCE, and petroleum hydrocarbons infiltrated nearby wells and waterways downstream. The site had been tracked on several lists, but due to disruption

from the war, the pollution's low concentrations, and the region's low human occupancy rate, it received a low cleanup priority.

Now that Comity is being disincorporated and rewilded, the site has been reassessed. With its ongoing contamination of downstream waterways, stricter limits on acceptable levels of contamination, and the impending loss of road access (or at least a further loss of road quality), the NH Department of Environmental Services, the Bureau of Watershed Management, and the Pemigewasset Watershed Management Board have cobbled together a joint effort to remediate the site quickly.

The ground in and around the site was tested to find the boundaries of the dump and its plume of contamination. Then the excavation began. Trees were removed wherever necessary, and heavy machinery was brought in to dig out whatever trash they could find, soil and all. This mix of appliances, vehicle scrap, tattered plastics, and contaminated soil is being trucked out to several co-ops who specialize in sorting the recovered materials, recycling whatever they can, and salvaging as much soil as possible through processes like soil washing, chemical oxidation or reduction, and phytoremediation. Whatever is unrecoverable will be dumped into lined pits carefully located far from water sources, which will be capped over.

At this point, they have recently reopened one of the main dump pits and are attempting to extract as much as they can as safely as possible. Part of this effort includes sorting what they dig up to make things easier down the line, but compared to big refuse mining operations that carefully pick a landfill apart to glean every bit of usable material, this looks pretty rough and quick, like they're mostly focused on removing the contaminated aggregate from the wetland.

Another site through the trees looks like it's being restored – they're dumping clean fill and planting saplings – but it will be decades before this damage to the forest has healed again.

What the restoration site workers know:

The work crew are not locals and have had fairly little contact with them (other than keeping a couple curious bystanders out of the worksite for safety). They are much better acquainted with the other work crews (the deconstruction crews, the rewilding team, and the water quality monitoring team) because they're all around the same age, work in similar industries, and end up in the same bars when they go down into town. If the players ask around, these people will be able to give the players directions to the other sites and maybe even advice on catching a ride with transportation vehicles.

If the players mention their mission, the crew will take a real interest. They'll ask how they plan to test the site and, if asked, will be happy to make suggestions. The site foreman is Logan Chen and he's a true fanatic of the Thousand-Year Cleanup - once he's verified the players' mission he'll do whatever he can to assist them.

If the players want to send their samples away for testing, the restoration crew can recommend several local labs and a drone courier service which can transport the samples and even bring specialized tools up from a restoration library.

They'll be happy to talk about several tools the PCs could use. If the players haven't already thought of this, the crew could offer to loan them whatever gear from the equipment list in the Sampling section of Testing for Contamination that you think fits the tone of your campaign. The crew would have the skills to preconfigure anything they provide to detect the waste products the players are looking for.

Ideally they'd also have a track-mounted Geoprobe drill rig to retrieve samples from as far down as 100 feet (if the waste has been buried), but that may be too bulky and awkward to haul along with them unless one of the players is very large or strong.

They would also have some advice on doing a survey grid and taking samples, as well as on setting up a field lab to do some test and measurement procedure. For multiple big 100-acre parcels, they'd definitely suggest narrowing down their search as much as possible before testing to save time and work (and wear and tear on the equipment and slime mold).

They are keeping an eye on the contamination levels in the river below their site, and they're testing positive for elevated traces of arsenic, boron, cadmium, chromium, and lead, among other things, but they're also still close to the safety limits (with no residents nearby or immediately downstream).

If the workers see the players trying to test the water near the site, they'll think they're filling their canteens and try to wave them off and advise them to get their water upstream. If the players ask about the chemicals in the river, the workers will sort of shrug it off, assuming the contamination is from their site.

If the players need shelter:

This site is a little closer to Fairer Way than most, so some workers stay there overnight and travel to the site by bike or truck. The rest stay in an abandoned Cape Cod style house which is slated for deconstruction in a year or so. It's a little crowded and a little rough given its abandonment and the temporary nature of its current use, but they can find room, especially if the players make friends with folks on the crew.

Salt Shed

The workers cleaning up this old state shed can point the players to other work crews and the locals, as well as make introductions.

History:

During the Interstate Age, one of the responsibilities of the New Hampshire Department of Transportation was to keep the state roads drivable during winter storms. They had several processes and specialized pieces of equipment which they used to do this in different conditions, but one thing they relied very heavily on before and during almost any kind of freezing storm was road salt.

Their plow trucks were equipped with salt spreaders, which flung sand and salt onto the roads to melt the ice. This practice – carried out annually for decades by the state, towns, private plow operators, and individuals – poisoned numerous waterways and thousands of acres of roadside land.

Concentrations of chloride in surface waters rose steadily for decades, killing off large swaths of aquatic plants and animals, nearly sterilizing some rivers of life altogether. As with most environmental damage, this impact cascaded. The steady die-off reduced the self-purification processes of water by decreasing nutrient accumulation in aquatic plants, decreasing the denitrification rate, and reducing organic matter decomposition. Ironically, this allowed for an overenrichment of nutrients in the water, which favored phytoplankton, especially cyanobacteria, which could tolerate the new conditions, causing toxic algae blooms. These caused even more damage.

On top of that, chloride seeped into the groundwater, contaminating wells and aquifers. And though it isn't especially poisonous to humans on its own, high enough concentrations are caustic enough to damage pipes and leach lead into drinking water. And humans weren't the only ones affected; the chloride which vanished underground hid the extent of the problem. Some of this pollution didn't re-enter streams and lakes until decades after the salt hit the road, meaning that the concentrations continued to increase in surface waters independent of human activity.

By the end, they started to recognize the damage road salt was causing. The DOT began studying alternatives in 2011 and retraining, not just their own drivers, but also city, town, and private operators. Depending on weather conditions and temperature, their crews would use different mixes of Salt (NaCl) or a Salt Brine, coarse "winter" sand, Calcium Chloride (CaCl), Liquid Magnesium Chloride (MgCl2), or a Liquid Chloride Blend. These new techniques reduced the total amount of salt needed to do the same job, and they eventually supplemented with alternatives such as beet juice, molasses, and agricultural byproducts like grape skin compounds which reduced it further.

But from 1938 until the automobile lost its dominance, the standard de-icer was, and remained, Sodium Chloride.

These days, people rely primarily on sand, sugar (though this can also cause environmental problems), and the occasional brine when they need ice removed immediately. The big difference is in the number of autoroads and bike paths maintained to bare-pavement conditions, especially during winter storms.

Many roads are now seasonal, and of those which are maintained for wheeled vehicles, the slower pace of life and numerous trains and other public transit options generally make keeping them clear during blizzards and ice storms less critical.

Modern New Englanders tend to favor modes of transportation that work with the local climate - cross-country skis, snowshoes, and for longer distances or faster speeds, snowmobiles, including a variety of ski-and-tracked truck-format vehicles.

The DOT stored large stockpiles of sand and salt in large open warehouses in its Patrol Sheds, the equipment depots and local headquarters for each team assigned to maintain a portion of the state's road network. And they built one of them in Comity. This collection of abandoned buildings is being prepped for deconstruction, but the salt shed is already collapsing. As the roof falls in, rain is able to dissolve the salt and wash it out into the nearby woods. Given the site's proximity to a major waterway, removing it is a priority.

A deconstruction site prep team is currently working here. Sometimes maligned as professional looters, these people have a hard job to do. After safety inspectors, they're the first team to visit a site in the multi-step process of deconstruction, arriving before the de-building crews start their work. They need to empty each site they're assigned, inside and out, of everything but the structures, leaving only stripped-down buildings. Worse, they need to find homes for every item they take out, and they need to do it all without causing an environmental disaster or damaging their salvage. Given the precarious ruins, rusted and corroded debris, and unlabeled containers they often find themselves responsible for, this can be quite difficult.

It's hard, physical work, with a daily variety of challenges. A good site prep co-op needs to be skilled at inspecting buildings for safety, identifying items and appraising their quality, and, like any good crew of movers, physically extracting and transporting whatever they find without damaging it. Their members are natural networkers and community builders, always looking to cultivate contacts who can rehome any weird thing they might find in a house, government building, storefront, office, storage locker, or shed. And they're experts at handling hazardous junk like old rusted-out fuel tanks and rotted tires, or a basement full of unmarked paint cans… or a multi-ton heap of not-food-safe salt.

Description:

The old NHDOT patrol shed is as overgrown as most places in Comity. There's an old snowplow beside the driveway with the patrol number written on it, mostly lost in the roadside brush.

There are several big, two-story sheds. Some are open on the long side with bays for vehicles; others have a more barn-like shape and are open on the short end, meant to store sand or salt. Some have lean-tos attached to the sides, and one of the vehicle sheds has a section enclosed with normal windows and doors, likely an office of some sort.

There is a large box truck and a dump truck parked in the site, both marked "Looters Incorporated." A small group of people is using a front end loader to dig the heaps of pinkish brown salt from one of the barn-like structures and is filling the back of the dump truck with it.

If the players approach these workers, they'll generally be okay with making conversation as long as the players stay far enough away from the construction equipment to be safe.

As far as deconstruction preps go, this one actually hasn't been as bad as they expected. The site has been abandoned more or less since the Crumbles, leading into the Realignment. The equipment and tools, the machine parts, and even the sand have long since wandered off. The fuel tanks were pumped dry by looters long before the tanks could fail. But several tons of road salt remain.

This wasn't the first time they've found a surprise. In big deconstruction projects like this one, they are the second team into a site after the inspectors and surveyors, and they often find hazards that those groups missed.

They've since contacted an electrolysis co-op down in Manchester that is interested in several tons of NaCL with potential contaminants. Now all they have to do is dig it out and haul it down to Braddock so they can put it on a train.

What the site-prep crew knows:

This group doesn't know anything about the kind of soil testing or locations the players are interested in, but they're natural community-builders and can point them to the other work crews and most of the locals, as well as make introductions. If the players are missing either map, feel free to give it to them now.

If the players need shelter:

This work crew stays in the barracks in a nearby deconstruction site overnight. They can invite the players along, if that fits the situation.

The Comity Town Dump

The team of locomodo volunteers working here are phytoremediation specialists knowledgeable on testing, monitoring, and remediating contaminated land and groundwater. They can provide the players with test kits and guidance on testing soil and water; they can also serve as a sympathetic 'in' with the Fox Mountain Locomodos. They should be very easy to recruit to the investigation.

History:

From early colonization until the interstate age, farms and homesteads in Comity generally had their own dumps somewhere on or near their property. By today's standards, these were somewhat benign – their society simply didn't produce the tremendous bulk of non-biodegradable waste and hazardous chemicals that would fill landfills a few decades later. As the region got more developed, people started dumping their trash in the first Comity Town Dump near the Cooper River in the southern part of the town. This was essentially a series of unlined pits. A local man would occasionally cover the trash with fill for hygiene reasons and dig a new pit whenever the old one was full.

In 1976, the town built a new landfill in an old sandpit near Mill Road. This was also an unlined pit, and though it was farther from surface water, sand deposits are often the primary way water enters underground aquifers, so this still had negative consequences for the environment and local wellwater. To make matters worse, the town allowed a septic disposal company to set up several septage pits and lagoons on the property, where sewage collected from residential septic tanks (and the various chemical detergents used to clean the tanks and trucks) could be dumped, allowing high concentrations of nitrate and VOCs to enter that same groundwater. All other liquid wastes were simply dumped onto the ground in the facility proper, where they also infiltrated the groundwater.

In the early 2000s, people began to recognize the impact through leachate-contaminated drinking water and chemical ooze appearing in surface streams down-grade from the dump. The town closed and capped the dump and reorganized the facility as a transfer station in 2005. (This included digging up the former septage lagoons and liquid dumping area and adding that contaminated soil to the landfill prior to capping it.) From then on, trash and recyclables were collected, compacted, and shipped elsewhere by truck, ideally to a customer who would pay for them, though this income stream mostly dried up within thirty years.

The facility continued to operate until the Global Climate War, when transferring the waste elsewhere became impossible for logistical reasons. With their own budget collapsing, the town briefly commissioned a small lined pit, but they were forced to close the transfer station and to send the remaining residents to nearby towns. Fortunately, this coincided with a reduction in both population and available consumable goods. Eventually, the practice of private disposal became unfortunately common again – people dumped trash in unprotected woods, burned it, or, where possible, found creative uses for waste items.

Having to watch the waste pile up impacted many people's willingness to consume new products and drove them to find ways to use what was left.

In 2084, the then-regrowing town of Comity sold the transfer station and surrounding land to a refuse-mining co-op who harvested the lined and unlined dumps for usable resources, extracted contaminated sand and gravel, and remediated the surrounding area as well as they could.

These days, the site is part of a locomodo remediation effort, primarily using a collection of hyperaccumulator and bio-remediation species tailored to the specific contaminants identified in old town environmental impact assessment records and fresh test wells. They're also digging up a few especially contaminated spots downstream from the site so the soil can be cleaned elsewhere.

Several irregular swaths of land have been logged, and groves of poplar saplings have been established in the gaps. These groves are intended to intercept and contain certain underground flows and plumes of contaminants and most were planted as 12-foot poles of bare-rooted stock 9-feet deep in pre-drilled boreholes to help them grow extensive root systems as quickly as possible.

If the players visit the dump, they may not have much choice but to meet the locomodos working to clean it up. The crew has the same faint territorial streak as most of their group and are likely to spot the players before they spot them. They're not hostile by any means, but they'll pop up and start a conversation about what this place is and who the players are pretty quickly.

The leader – or at least spokesperson – for this group is Isabelle Russo, a tall locomodo with a toughened skin mod and nictating membranes on her eyes. She has a Bachelor of Science in phytoremediation and was working towards a master's degree while leading experiments with genmod poplar trees when she decided to go locomodo. The Fox Mountain Group's stewardship mandate lets her do both, and the half-remediated Comity Town Dump is her focus, though she consults on many other cleanup sites in town.

As with most of the Fox Mountain Locomodos, they don't camp anywhere permanently, but they are using one of the old transfer station buildings to store the information they've gathered, their paper notes, and various tools that are less resilient than they are.

The locomodo team has done quite extensive research into the history of the site, and can identify all parts of it. They have dug a far more extensive network of test wells than the town did back when and are confident as to what they're dealing with. They can state with certainty that the industrial waste was not dumped here.

"No, this is one of the most heavily-scrutinized places in Comity. If someone had dumped thousands of tons of industrial waste, we'd know about it."

Their primary contaminants of concern are arsenic, iron, manganese, dioxane, per- and polyfluoroalkyl substances (PFAS), nitrate, and Volatile Organic Compounds (including toluene).

They are using the following bioremediation techniques to remediate the site:

Targeted Contaminant	**Plant/Fungus/ Bacteria/Technique**	**Procedure**
PFAS	Anaerobic Bacteria Treatment	Because PFAS as a contaminant category encompasses thousands of chemicals which require different processes to break them down, the first step is to test for their presence, their concentration, and the specific compounds in the soil and groundwater. The team then tests for the presence of bacterial species such as *Gordonia*, *Acidimicrobium*, or *Pseudomonas*, which are known to degrade the chemicals identified. If the concentrations are low enough and the right bacteria (both the biodegraders and the symbiotic bacteria which enable them) are present, the team would use **biostimulation** – they'd identify the necessary chemicals to help the bacteria thrive and work quickly and till them into the soil or dig injection wells and inject them into the groundwater. Using native bacteria already present in the groundwater is preferred. If the concentration of contaminants is too high, or the right mix of bacteria isn't present, they would try **bioaugmentation** – injecting a pre-grown synthetic bacterial community along with the necessary substrate.

PFAS	Silver Birch Trees	Some trees bioaccumulate PFAS in their leaves and other tissues. In the case of the birch, the team harvests the leaves in the fall and sap in the spring. Both are disposed of with a remediation co-op that treats them with various custom fungus species. In some locations, they go as far as pollarding the trees to remove more contaminated material.
PFAS	Hybrid Poplar Trees	These extract some short-chain PFAS into their leaves, but they trap a large amount below ground in their extensive root systems. This makes them a poor fit for extraction but good as an outer barrier containing an underground plume.
PFAS	White-Rot and Brown-Rot Fungus	The team has identified several fungi species which are suitable for their specific PFAS contaminants. These include *Phanerochaete chrysosporium, Irpex lacteus,* and *Pleurotus ostreatus, as well as Aspergillus niger.* They cultivate these fungi in stumps of trees they know to be contaminated (after harvesting the rest of the material to send away). They are planning to eventually convert one of the old landfill buildings into a contained mushroom farm so they can remediate contaminated wood onsite.
PFAS	Biochar and other biosorbents	These materials are mixed into the soil in wet, especially-contaminated areas where they can fix short-chain PFAS through molecular bonding. The team digs out the contaminated biosorbents every few years for disposal.
1,4-Dioxane	Hybrid Poplar Trees	The poplar trees take up 1,4-dioxane in groundwater and transpire it from their leaf surfaces to the atmosphere,

		where it is dispersed and photodegraded with a half-life measured in hours to days.
1,4-Dioxane	Dioxane Bio-oxidizing Bacteria Kit	They treat areas that test positive for 1,4-dioxane with a liquid co-encapsulation of cometabolic bioremediation bacteria and a slow-release compound which supports them. The mix is injected into groundwater via dedicated injection wells.
Volatile Organic Compounds (VOCs)	Hybrid Poplar Trees	The Hybrid Poplar trees take up some VOCs in groundwater and reduce them via phytodegredation, phytovolatilization, and rhizodegradation and trap both VOCs and the secondary compounds from breaking them down in their trunk and roots. They also transpirate some through the leaves. In some circumstances, poplar trees consume enough water to redirect the flow of groundwater, preventing VOCs from spreading. They also promote anaerobic conditions which are suitable for microbial reductive dechlorination.
Volatile Organic Compounds (VOCs)	Aerobic Bioremediation Kit	The site's VOC contamination is fairly low, but if the team finds any serious contaminant plume in groundwater or an area with contaminated soil, they will test for suitable microorganisms. These aren't rare, but most use aerobic biodegradation for hydrocarbons. Enabling a rapid cleanup requires biostimulation, and the common answer is an oxygen-releasing slurry (usually containing calcium and magnesium peroxides) which can be mixed directly into the soil or added to groundwater via a borehole or injection well.
Toluene	Hybrid Poplar Trees, inoculated with	The poplar trees are used almost like biological pumps to draw in

	hydrocarbon-degrading endophytic bacteria such as *Acinetobacter*, *Sandaracinobacter*, *Burkholderia*, *Pseudomonas*, and *Allorhizobium–Rhizobium*	toluene-contaminated groundwater, clean it, and transpirate it into the atmosphere. The cleaning is done by specific strains of symbiotic bacteria, known as endophytes, living inside the trees. They consume the toluene the trees absorb from the soil and, in doing so, protect them from the toxin.
Arsenic	Genmod noninvasive ferns spliced with traits from *Pityrogramma calomelanos L.* or *Pteris vittata*	Phytoaccumulation/extraction in areas where arsenic is near enough to the surface, mostly down-grade from the dump where surface water emerges. They harvest the ferns at the end of the season and send them to a co-op that extracts the concentrated arsenic for industrial use.
Manganese	White Smartweed *Polygonum lapathifolium* L.	Planting and harvesting in the fall. If the concentrations in the plants are high enough, they send them to a co-op which extracts the concentrated manganese for industrial use. Otherwise, they send them for disposal.
Manganese	Manganese Bio-oxidizing Bacteria Kit	The team tests for the presence of native, manganese bio-oxidizing bacteria such as *Lysinibacillus sp.*, *Leptothrix discophora,* or *Acinetobacter sp.* If they need to, they order a kit with suitable bacteria and substrate. The specific mix of bacteria is chosen by the co-op that prepares the kits based on site location and conditions. This is added to the groundwater via injection wells or mixed into the soil.
Manganese	Invasive *Brassica juncea L*	This was already common in the region. Isabelle convinced other locomodos to let it continue growing in the areas where manganese tested in higher than safe concentrations. They harvest it for disposal in the fall.

Manganese	Common Sunflower *Helianthus annuus*	There are not many contaminated areas suitable for growing sunflowers, but in those not shaded by the canopy, the team grows and harvests sunflowers.
Nitrate	Hybrid Poplar Trees	These trees are modified to take up excessive nitrate and to use it to produce additional biomass.

What the Town Dump remediation crew knows:

If the players ask about contaminants and remediations, Isabelle and the others will be pretty happy to talk about their processes. Feel free to convey any information from the chart above or the site history.

They will be willing to help the players rule out the site uphill, as that impacts their calling, but they'll be confident going into the site review that they'd have seen something in their tests by now if thousands of tons of industrial waste were up there.

This group of locomodo phytoremediation specialists will be extremely concerned about the waste site the players are hunting for. A site like that would be hundreds of times worse than anything they expected to find in their new territory, and the toxic plume spreading from it underground could wreak havoc in the region. Most of their efforts in and around Comity have been 'polish' stage work on a swath of land which has already been heavily remediated – the sort of slow, low-impact, long-term improvement which comes with likely-perpetual stewardship of the land. The dump site the players expect to find would be a brand new, massive contamination, and would have to take priority. They will definitely be willing to help search, either by digging into records, interviewing people on the players' behalf, or investigating sites themselves. As the players are already working on this, the locomodos will join their investigation rather than risk working at cross-purposes. Observant players (who roll well) may notice that the locomodos seem to feel guilty or like frauds for missing this in their own investigations and exploration – less confident in what they know – and that this may be impacting their dynamic with the players.

Generic Locations

These sites don't have specific locations on the map, but will occur regularly throughout the town of Comity. Feel free to use them during scenes of travel between sites or to roll to see which shows up.

A Deconstructed House

Now that you're actually exploring Comity, the deconstruction work seems very patchwork. You've passed sites where entire developments have been disassembled, the foundations dug out and the cellarholes filled in and replanted, and a mile down the road, you've found clusters of tired-looking houses still standing.

It seems like the further north you go, the fewer intact structures you find, but location doesn't seem to be the only way their deconstruction is prioritized.

One thing worth noting: all the cars are gone. Even on the intact abandoned houses, every driveway is empty. The cartakers have already been through Comity, and they were pretty thorough. In many cases, ShadeTree Motors had gotten there first, but even they couldn't hoard all the cars in town, and most were hauled out by airship over a year ago.

Similarly, there are old wooden poles sticking up along the road but no wires connecting them.

At both the houses and the rewilded empty lots, you find signboards set up at the ends of the driveways. Generally, these are scrap wood nailed to posts or trees, with 'before' photographs of the house and yard stapled to them. These might seem like some sort of record, but they're more of a biodegradable memorial to the houses that have been (or will be) removed. It's hard to enter these buildings, to sift through the abandoned possessions, to pull out the fixtures and cabinetry, and to tear apart the building without feeling anything. People grew up in these houses. They celebrated birthdays and Christmases and so many life milestones. The buildings might be structurally unsound and located in an impractical place, but each one was somebody's home. These signposts acknowledge that.

A Spring House

Comity has a large number of natural springs. Many form streams immediately, tumbling down rocky riverbeds, but the current residents have also followed old traditions, making them available to people traveling the roads and running black plastic tubing from springhouses down to nearby roads or trails. It may feel unintuitive, but often, if the players find water streaming down from a plastic pipe, it's probably safe to drink. There are often signs noting this, though in some places where they've been there forever, the locals just know.

Some springhouses are right beside the road. These are generally small wood and stone or concrete structures built over a spring to keep the water clean while channeling it into an outflow pipe.

Stone Wall

The region is striped and crisscrossed with old stone walls. These are made from large, loosely-stacked, rounded stones that have been dug out by farmers and stacked as boundary markers and animal fences at the edges of their fields. They are often somewhat tumbled where trees have grown through or streams and wetlands have softened their footings, but overall, they're surprisingly intact, often partially buried in leaves and pine needles.

You mostly encounter these walls on flatter ground, where people worked hard, almost in vain, to dig all the rocks out of a soil largely composed of glacial deposits of granite in order to make way for the plow. But the steeper slopes of mountains have a few too, left over from pastures where cows, sheep, and goats once grazed.

For the most part, the locals treat the stone walls with respect, but only as long as they aren't in the way. The modern trail network cuts through them fairly often, though it could be that those gates are left over from the logging roads, snowmobile trails, driveways, and a few especially old roads that existed once before, became overgrown, and were opened again as the town reverted more towards its older shape.

A Group of Locomodos Cleaning up a GCW-era Trash Dump

The Comity Town Transfer station closed during the Global Climate War. The town government tried to convince the remaining residents to haul their trash to nearby towns with functional landfills, but a disappointing number of people simply dumped trash in unprotected woods, burned it, or started personal dumps for their own homesteads. Often these were low and out of sight, meaning they were closer to the water table, sometimes in actual wetlands.

Fortunately, this coincided with a reduction in both population and available consumable goods, and many people went to significant lengths to find creative uses for waste items. Having to see the trash pile up with no easy way to get rid of it impacted many people's willingness to consume new products and drove them to find ways to use what was left. But the end result was that the town of Comity was left littered with old, unmarked dumps.

The car-takers and deconstruction crews did their best to clean up any sites they found, but there were many more they missed. The Fox Mountain Locomodos have been exploring the town since they took on stewardship of the rewilded areas, and they've found and marked a great number of old dumps, junkyards, and other sites still needing cleanup.

Their efforts generally favor muscle over mechanicalization, with groups of locomodos using shovels, pry bars, ropes, block and tackles, buckets, and wheelbarrows to extract and haul away whatever they find, from plastic waste to old cars.

Dumps were usually placed out of sight from main roads, but the modern-day trails often cut through once-private land, so it wouldn't be unusual to see a team of locomodos digging up trash or hauling it off to a collection point while traveling on one of them.

This could look like a group of locomodos off in the woods, digging a hole beside a pile of dirt-covered, recently-excavated air conditioners, tires, a refrigerator, etc. Or you might encounter a group of them using cargo bikes, chinese wheelbarrows, or other small carts to haul the stuff along the trail towards a deconstruction site.

A Ruined House

Now and then, the players will pass a house which collapsed before the deconstruction crews could get to it (though they will still tear down the ruin eventually, even if most parts and contents are no longer salvageable). This is mostly a site remediation task – pulling out hazardous materials and chemicals to ensure they don't remain to poison the surrounding habitat.

Generally, with the kind of stick-frame buildings most common in the area, the damage from being abandoned is aesthetically mild until it suddenly isn't. A building might spend a few decades looking just sort of shabby and overgrown as moisture creeps in and mold and rot take hold, until a hard winter piles enough snow on the roof and the whole thing collapses.

No two ruins fail the same way, but generally these buildings sag and warp and twist and fall in (or over) in one big tangled mess of boards and nails. This might be because of something obvious like a downed tree, or it might be the result of snow or rot.

Some locals may mention that they were hesitant to 'loot' from abandoned structures, but this self-imposed prohibition was relaxed with buildings that had collapsed or were obviously about to, as it was clear nobody was coming back and whatever supplies they were taking would soon be lost to the elements anyways.

Old Graveyard

New England is full of graveyards, ranging from dedicated multi-acre fields and parks, to churchyards, to spaces more like this one – a small, forgotten family plot surrounded by a tumbling stone wall, where a dozen ancient headstones eroded by acid rain stick up from the forest floor. There is a fairly simple iron gate on the front. Sometimes, in very old sites, there is a small receiving vault dug into the side of a hill where bodies could be placed temporarily while the ground was frozen by winter.

The players will encounter these graveyards somewhat frequently, usually near farms, often near old town roads (sometimes right up against them). Often their stone wall will be a part of a larger network, especially when the graveyard was built against a property line.

Most will be untended, but occasionally the players will find that someone has raked it out, planted new flowers, or left some kind of flag or memento at a stone.

Autonomous Invasive Species-Removing Robots on Patrol

In an area of thick underbrush, the players will find a large swarm of hexapedal machines doing something in the brush. They seem to be… eating plants? These protosapient robots look somewhat threatening, mostly because of their spiderlike shape and numbers, but they aren't dangerous. As the players approach, one will stop work and will move between them and the rest of the swarm. It will play a greeting:

Hello! We are Swarm 5 from the University of New Hampshire Autonomous Invasive Species Management Project! If we're in your way, please let us know and we'll make room. Please be reassured that we are only removing garlic mustard, oriental bittersweet, and three kinds of knotweed (Japanese, giant, and bohemian), all of which are classified as invasive species in this region! We will not hurt any other plants or any animals. Our species-recognition accuracy rate is well over 99.8% and we're still improving as we go! If you have any concerns about our activities, please contact the UNH Cooperative Extension. Their contact information is painted on our chassis! If you need us to leave, we will, as we don't want to cause distress.

If you'd like to know more about the species we're removing, or our process, or ways you can help, please ask! Otherwise, I should return to work.

Do you have any questions for us?

Their chassis have augmented reality links painted on them, which will confirm what it's saying and provide a wealth of information to the players about the UNH project these robots are associated with.

The short version is they're one effort in a larger invasive species management program, currently focussing on priority species, (Japanese, giant, and bohemian knotweed) and two that turned out to be easy for them to identify (garlic mustard, and oriental bittersweet). Their long-term plan is to roll out a second swarm version which can target invasive aquatic plants, including Phragmites and purple loosestrife, along with a much larger general list.

These bots will remain in service when the new ones roll out and will be maintained for at least the next sixty years.

Part of the reason these plants thrive so much in the area as to choke out native species is that they have no natural predators here, and importing those can often have terrible consequences for the unprepared native ecosystem. These robots are here to fill that niche. They search for these specific plants and destroy them in ways which avoid propagating them. Due to size and capability limitations, they often can't eradicate them entirely, especially knotweed, which has an incredibly persistent root system, but they're building a large geotagged database of sites infected with these plants as they go that will be monitored and contained long-term. For now, they're mostly filling the role of missing herbivores. They're cheap to make, numerous, persistent, and capable of operating independently for years to decades at a time. Generally, they can significantly knock back existing infestations and, in some cases, prevent new sprouts from growing, eventually (over years) starving even aggressive root systems until they eventually fail.

They have dense battery systems, and when their power runs low, they find a sunny spot and recharge until they can return to work. They overwinter in special shelters UNH has deployed throughout the region.

Where the plants go:

The robots' insides are essentially a series of mechanical grinders working down in scale all the way to plasma-destroying mema-tipped fibers which open any remaining cell walls. This is intended to guarantee that they can't accidentally propagate any of the invasives they harvest, no matter how aggressive the plant.

This is followed by an abbreviated trip through the machines' synthetic guts, which are complete with a microbial biome meant to quickly decompose the fibrous plant slurry into something analogous to manure.

Digestion appears to be one of the project's main planned areas for improvement. Their website shows that they have several ambitious plans for the MK2 digestive system, including converting the plant matter into a supplemental energy source and using it to cultivate and distribute phages (designed by another team) that narrowly target certain invasive species. The soil they enrich with their processed waste would then help prevent the plants from getting reestablished. Like any tailored biological agent, they're slower to release than the robots due to the stricter oversight and testing.

Beaver Dam Analogues

History:

Prior to colonization and the introduction of fur trapping, much of the North American landscape was shaped by beavers. Accounts from early explorers describe thousands of successive beaver dams climbing every branch of every river, forming wide ponds and wetlands, wherever the geography allowed. Current estimates suggest that up to 250 million beaver ponds once puddled the continent, impounding tremendous amounts of water late into the dry season and trapping sediment which would otherwise have been washed away. They'd been a part of that ecosystem for so long that many surrounding species had adapted to thrive in these habitats.

European colonists saw beavers as a resource to be exploited, and did so as unsustainably as they extracted everything else they found in North America. They killed thousands of beavers per year and shipped their pelts across the ocean for use in clothing. By the end of the massacre, an estimated 1% of the continent's original population was still alive.

Even after the fur trade became unprofitable, successive generations of colonists continued the killing. Beavers need winding, flood-prone wetlands, but the colonists and their descendants wanted dry, wide-open fields for farms and cattle, roads, and straight, tidy rivers that never flooded their banks. They cleared the forests beavers relied on, filled in wetlands (because they saw them as wasted ground), straightened the rivers, and killed beavers whenever they clogged the flow of water or flooded roads or property.

The loss of the beavers reshaped the land in ways the colonists – and later Americans – never imagined. Many streams and rivers became 'incised,' meaning they carved their way deeper into their banks. As the surface water level dropped, the water table underground dropped with it. Less water was retained in the surrounding land, and the region became drier, especially later in the summer and fall. Many aquifers became depleted, and streams once fed by groundwater springs stopped flowing seasonally or altogether.

After decades with minimal human presence, many of Comity's habitats were on the mend even before the official rewilding program began, and the area already hosts a sizable beaver population.

But some of the more deeply-incised streams are difficult for beavers to re-establish in on their own. They need slow-moving streams and wide ponds where they can shelter from predators; these steep-sided, fast-moving, shallow rivers are a hard place for them to start.

So some humans – both Comity locals and, more recently, members of the Fox Mountain Locomodos – have helped prepare the way for them by building Beaver Dam Analogues.

Design:

Beaver Dam Analogues (BDAs) are simple structures built in streams using logs and branches, meant to mimic the placement and function of real beaver dams. Nearby trees

are cut and delimbed to form short posts two-to-four inches wide. One end is sharpened and the posts are driven vertically into the stream bed like a sort of fence, with each post roughly one foot from its neighbors. Limbs from the cut tree are then woven between the uprights to add support, and leafy or evergreen branches are packed in to form a sort of natural sieve which traps sediment and silt. Usually, a large log is added at the top to pack everything down and prevent movement.

Depending on the velocity of the water, a crew may build a BDA with one or two rows of posts for support. If they build a double row, the two fences are interwoven with branches and leafy brush gets packed between them. It's common practice to build one large BDA that can withstand more force upstream from several smaller ones. This helps form deeper pools of water and slows the overall movement of the water through the dams. It also mimics the kind of environment beavers tend to build.

Often, once the BDAs have begun to work and the shape and flow of the river has started to mimic a beaver habitat, beavers will return, begin shoring up the BDAs with branches and mud and even build dams of their own.

In this way, BDAs represent a sort of system humans can use to collaborate with beavers – to suggest locations for dams and to combine our perspective and planning with their relentless drive to build and maintain these structures. The end result is a strange mix – too organic for a manmade project, but a bit more regular than something a large rodent might build. And unlike other man-made dams, these both fit the ecosystem they exist in and are guaranteed long term maintenance, as successive generations of beavers repair existing structures and add new ones.

Once beavers return and re-establish the mazes of pools and side channels the river historically formed, the surrounding ecosystem can recover startlingly quick. Often, unexpected species return to the area, water temperatures cool, plants re-establish, and seasonal streams flow longer into the year.

These kinds of interspecies-collaborative restoration projects are generally quite well-accepted in the modern day, but they're not without their detractors. In more populated and developed parts of the state, these projects often run into trouble with outdated laws (or regulators) concerned with water rights or construction in waterways. New Hampshire has many existing laws meant to protect shorelines and bodies of water, which can, ironically, cause problems when humans try to get permits for their half of the work.

And even in a more solarpunk world, humans often don't want to get their feet wet or see their home or property flooded. Many people who steward land have plans for how the habitats in their care will take shape, and they can feel upset when a large rodent kills their trees or decides that their space will actually become a wetland. This is especially true in more densely-populated areas, where the land has been carved into many smaller parcels,

and a new beaver's continued existence essentially depends on every affected human treating them decently.

For their own safety, some of these beavers are caught and relocated to regions like this one, where they don't have to worry about dangerous human neighbors.

Description:

If you want to include Beaver Dam Analogues in your playthrough, there are a few interesting options.

The players could simply **pass by some while following a trail near a river**, similar to some of the other generic locations:

The trail climbs the side of a valley with a large stream not far below. It's pleasant here – the canopy is high overhead and the woods are dark and cool with a breeze blowing uphill. The stream looks like it used to flow quickly down the slope, but it's been dammed with a series of crude fences made from vertical logs driven deep into the riverbed, interwoven with horizontal branches. These are Beaver Dam Analogues, man-made structures designed and placed to mimic the function of real beaver dams. They slow the flow of water from eroded streams, allowing it to rehydrate the surrounding land and raise the water table, and, by restoring the river to something beavers can safely inhabit, they hopefully attract the real thing to move in and take over the work. Their placement forms a series of small ponds, and the stream waterfalls over and through the sieve-like structures.

Or they might pass a spot where a trail cuts through a wetland, where locals have erected **a Beaver Dam Analogue positioned to encourage the beavers to dam the river where it won't flood the trail**:

The trail dips down into a swamp. You get the sense that this might be an old logging road and that this part was built by filling in wetlands back before that kind of destruction was regulated. The forests around you open up a little, and the canopy breaks here and there over a spreading maze of waterways and rushes.

At its lowest point, you see that the trail actually goes below the waterline on one side. A low wall of logs and sticks and mud holds back a small pond, with water almost cresting the top. At first glance, it looks like a beaver dam, complete with their usual jumble of chewed sticks, but a series of saw-cut log posts stick out of the top like a buried fence. Only a small trickle of water leaks out and flows through a narrow ditch in the roadway lined with boards.

It looks like the dam may be a collaboration between beavers (who were going to build a dam here no matter what) and local humans (who wanted to pick the build site in order to make sure the revived swamp didn't flood the trail). They must have built a beaver dam analogue first, driving posts into the ground and interweaving them with leafy branches to slow the water, which the beavers then improved upon and maintained.

They could also find **a group of locomodos building one in a stream**:

As you travel along the trail, you start to hear the sounds of people working, voices and hammering, through the trees. Sound can sometimes travel strangely in these woods, so it takes awhile until you can pick out words and singing and the additional sounds of handsaws up ahead. Soon, the trail turns to follow the embankment of a gentle flood plane with a winding river carved deep through the middle of it, and you can see the source of the noise.

There are people working down there. Some of them are standing in the water, and others are up on the banks above them. The people in the river seem to be building crude dams out of logs and branches, while the ones on the shore bring them materials. From the way they move and their extensive body modifications, at least some of them look like locomodos.

These structures are probably something you've seen before. They're an important part of rebuilding North American habitats. These are Beaver Dam Analogues, man-made structures designed and placed to mimic the function of real beaver dams. They slow the movement of eroded (incised) streams, allowing them to spread out and reach their old flood plains, rehydrating the surrounding land and raising the water table.

Beavers need slow-moving streams and wide ponds where they can shelter from predators, and these steep-sided, fast moving, shallow rivers are a hard place for them to start. The goal is that, by restoring the river to something beavers can safely inhabit, they hopefully attract the real thing to move in and take over the work, returning the landscape to how it looked hundreds of years ago.

As you watch, a crew on the opposite slope cuts down a sickly pine tree and carries it down to a group waiting near the stream with smaller saws and axes. This group quickly strips the limbs from the tree and cuts it into four-foot posts, each with one sharpened end. The posts are passed to some of the people in the river, who position them a foot apart and begin driving them into the streambed.

In other projects you've seen out in the world, people use hydraulic post drivers to ram the upright logs into the stream bed. But the locomodos here seem to prefer to rely on the strength of their enhanced muscles over conventional technology and are pounding each post in with sledgehammers. This should be a slow, laborious, near-impossible process, but once they get a rhythm going, it's unsettlingly fast. In fact, everything they do seems almost unsettlingly quick and enthusiastic for how hard they're working. It's like tiredness is something that only happens to other people.

The branches from the cut tree are passed to a crew at a more complete dam further upstream, where they are woven between the upright posts.

From here, it looks like the locomodos have completed one big dam upstream, with two rows of uprights and woven horizontal branches holding back the water, and are building a series of smaller dams below it. Already, the water is beginning to climb out of its bed and to pool on the ground of the floodplain.

Section 6: Assorted Encounters

The following section collects loose scenes and events which could happen based on the story you and your players are creating, or the choices/actions you feel are reasonable for the adversarial NPCs.

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Testing for Contaminants

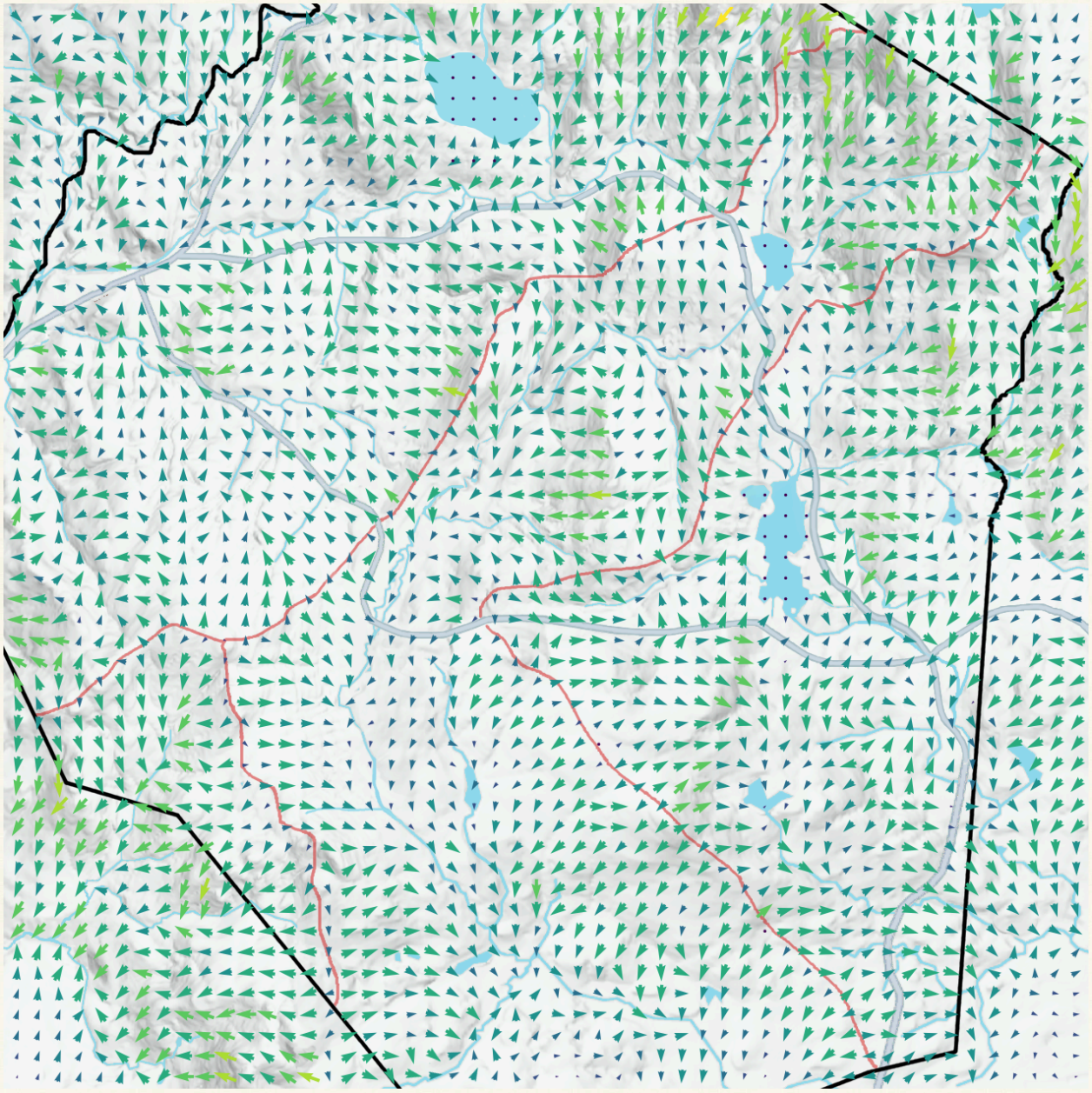
Comity and Surrounding Towns

Players with the right equipment can find evidence of contamination through soil testing, or by testing surface- and groundwater. This approach could involve testing each suspected site individually or identifying watersheds and testing Comity's rivers to narrow down their search.

Watersheds and Contaminant Migration

The town of Comity can essentially be divided into three watersheds (though some of these merge south of the town's borders). These can be identified by NPCs the players talk to, such as the Water Quality Monitoring team or the Environmental Restoration Crew, or the players themselves studying the topology and rivers on the map. Contaminants (at least ones in the surface water) should follow these downstream. Given that the suspected sites are distributed roughly evenly across the watersheds, downstream testing can provide a way for the players to rule out multiple suspected sites with fewer tests.

The hydrological flow map below shows the direction underground contaminants would be expected to move at any given location within Comity based on topology. This map can be obtained by speaking to a member of the Water Quality Monitoring Team. However, the movement is guided by water flow, so even without the map, players (or their characters) may deduce that concentrations will follow rivers and watersheds.



Gameplay

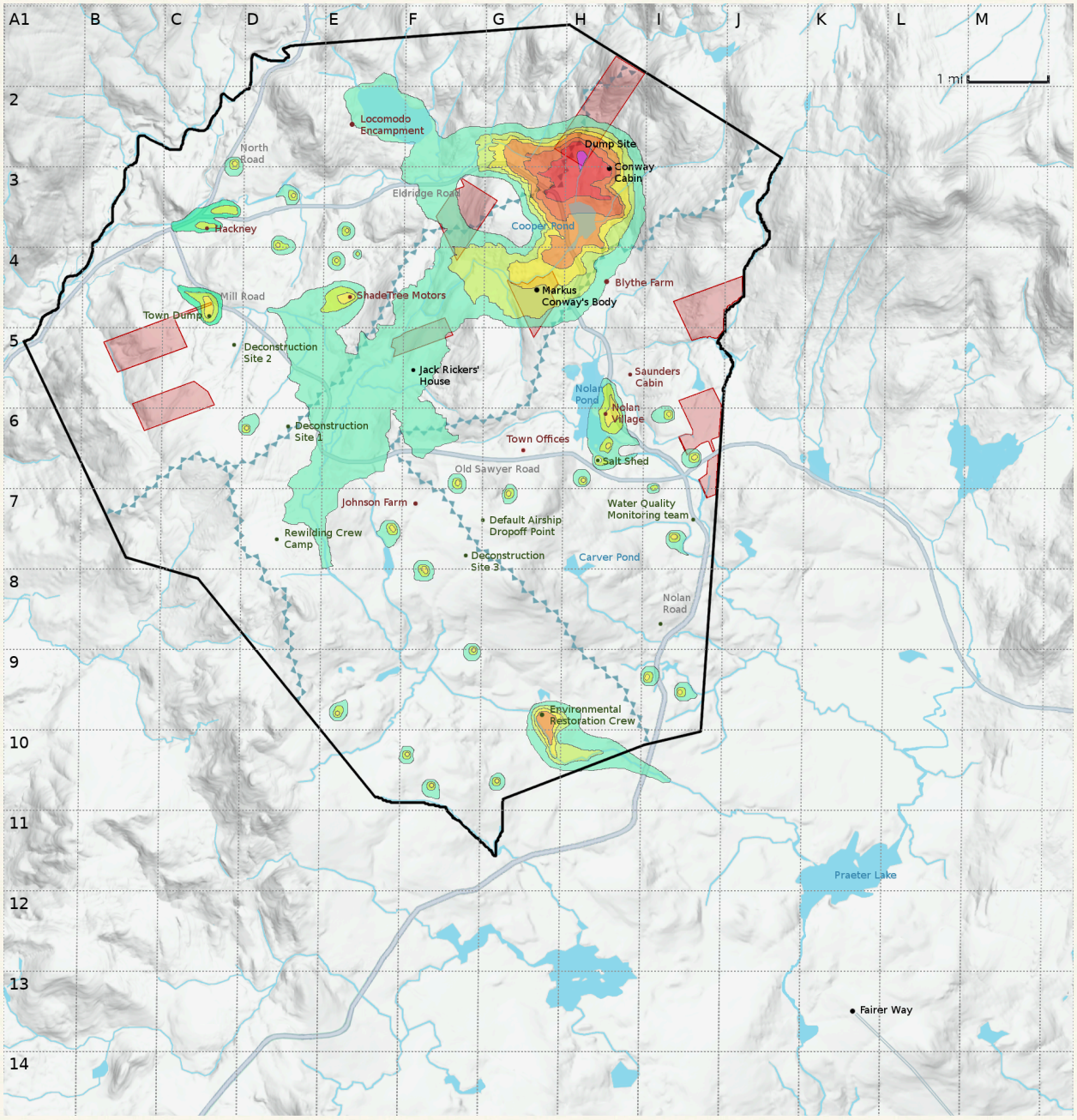
This section outlines the gameplay mechanics we've tried for soil testing. In practice, both systems play like one-player *Battleship*, with a commensurate lack of tension. The main difference between the two versions is in how number-crunchy they are.

In our playtests, we found that all groups tested at least a few sites, but most tried to use a mix of other investigative measures to narrow things down. Most of the sites are spread far enough apart to provide plenty of opportunity for plot-relevant encounters while traveling.

If your players should discover the dump site through luck before Jonas Webb or Neal Dixon can get involved, check Finding the Dump Site Early for story arc suggestions.

The Map

Both soil testing gameplay mechanics use the Soil Contamination Map. **Don't show this map to your players.**



The map depicts various underground plumes of contaminants spreading through soil and groundwater, with colors indicating severity of contamination. (It also shows the suspected properties in red). **Again, don't show this map to your players.**

It’s important to note that this map isn't tracking specific contaminants – just relative levels in the soil/groundwater. The specific contaminants of concern at each source location are listed in their section of this guide.

In the case of the dump site, there are several places where the plume of contaminated groundwater crosses the surface watershed boundaries. Groundwater watersheds often follow the contours of the land (and thus the surface watersheds), but they can also follow their own paths as determined by the permeability of underground layers, faults and cracks, obstructions, capillary action, and more. In this case, some of the contaminated groundwater travels below the ridge to the east of the dump site, where it emerges from a spring to pollute a river there. It also has begun to diffuse through the lower, less-mountainous terrain around and south of Jack Ricker’s house.

The low levels of contaminants indicated around the villages of Nolan Village and Hackney represent the kind of soil and groundwater pollution which tends to come with long-term human habitation. Heavy metals from lead paint or spilled mercury, spilled petrochemical fuels, and cleaning products, detergents, and solvents dumped down drains into septic tanks and leach fields may all contribute to these.

The Comity Town Dump, Environmental Restoration Site (also known as the old town dump) and ShadeTree Motors all indicate the spread of their respective contaminants of concern.

Finally, the small orange and yellow spots all across the map represent the private dumps which various homesteads started to use during and after the war. Some may have been convenient public illicit dumping spots, like an embankment near a road with no human presence. Others would have been low ground or dug pits near a home or farm where people could dump their trash out of sight. Contaminants would include coolant from white goods (appliances like refrigerators or air conditioners), paints, solvents, household chemicals, fuels, pesticides, and plastics.

Sampling

Whichever soil testing gameplay you use, sampling will be the same.

If your players are knowledgeable about soil testing, lean in to that and let them pick their tools and tailor the tests accordingly. Otherwise, there are plenty of options to choose from:

- They could use a handheld x-ray fluorescent (XRF) device to scan soil samples in the field – this is a fast and easy tool which can identify elements, especially relevant to heavy metal poisoning. It can't tell graphene, coal and diamond apart, or discriminate between methane vs. polyethylene, but it’s a good fit for this kind of investigation and is used for this kind of work in the real world, even today.
- Alternatively, the players could use mass spectrometry – this involves taking samples by collecting soil, hydrating it, and then separating out and concentrating the liquid fraction before running it through a high-performance liquid chromatograph mass

spectrometer. It’s ideal for unpacking things like organic chemistry, like dioxins, but is not currently a field technique in the real world, so using this might involve describing advances in technology or sending samples away by drone for further analysis at a lab. (**This can be useful if you want to delay the results of the players’ tests**.)

- For a near-future option which is more realistic than a portable mass spectrometer, the players could use a Raman spectrometer. This handheld device points a laser at a vial containing the sample and measures the exact spectra of different wavelengths given off. It's a newer technique, and it's much less sensitive than mass spec, with a less-established body of databases to work from, but by 2124, this should be significantly improved. Because mixing samples into liquids adds complications, solids are currently the default approach.
- For a less electronics-heavy, near-future option, the players could collect soil, hydrate it, and mix it with colonies of genetically-modified bacteria which glow or change color in response to exposure to specific compounds.
- They could also use more sci-fi technologies like the "external tongue" described in the Tools and Equipment section of the *Fully Automated! Rulebook*. This is an engineered slime mold that can be smeared or mixed into something so that it reacts to specific compounds. When radio signals are bounced off of organic antenna proteins, they modify the signal so that a device can report the concentration of specific compounds. Most of the NPCs who could provide this equipment would have the skills to preconfigure one for the waste products the players are looking for.
- During our playtests, one group of players even brought a pack of ‘wastehunter’ detection dogs trained to sniff out various forms of pollution. This is a practice which is gaining popularity in the real world, with dogs already trained to sniff out PCBs, petroleum contamination, and chlorinated solvents.

The Simple Version

In this version, we skip numbers and stick to descriptions.

The map depicts various plumes of contaminants spreading through soil and groundwater with color coding:

- **Green** indicates detectable levels which are below the modern, “safe” threshold.
- **Yellow** is detectable but generally falls below the old, pre-Realignment standards for "safe."
- **Orange** to **Red** indicates dangerous levels of the contaminant(s) of concern.
- **Purple** indicates an extremely hazardous site, to the point that airborne dust is toxic to breathe for extended periods.

This is nice if you want to keep things a little vague – the waste the players are looking for could include all kinds of heavy metals including arsenic, boron, cadmium,

chromium, copper, iron, lead, nickel, manganese, radium, mercury, selenium, strontium, vanadium, and zinc. Skipping numbers for descriptions tends to keep them from worrying over what specific level of each contaminant they're seeing.

To run this mechanic, just have the players describe how they're doing the test and make a skill roll (maybe [Dexterity + Chem & Molecular Bio.] or [Knowledge + Detection & Analysis] – whatever fits how they're going about it). If they roll well, they get accurate results and you can tell them what kind of findings they have based on the description above. Only three sites will come back with any kind of reading, though they can test the ground anywhere, such as along rivers.

Reality Check

It's worth noting that many IRL locations have soil or groundwater where a particular contaminant of concern is naturally found in levels higher than what the US EPA considers safe. Heavy metals and asbestos are all found underground in the first place after all. This doesn't make those standards wrong, but it does sometimes cause problems for the people working to clean up a contaminated site in one of these areas.

The Crunchy Version

This version is intended for players who expect a more simulationalist, technical testing mechanic.

Have the players roll for success at collecting and measuring soil contamination. To provide players a reading, first identify the concentration using the instructions above. Then have players roll for [Dexterity + Chem & Molecular Bio.] to determine how accurately each sample collected reports the concentration at the collection site.

To calculate the variance of a sample, roll the required number of d10 dice and add the result. Then adjust the reading by this percentage. If the number is even, adjust up. When odd, adjust down.

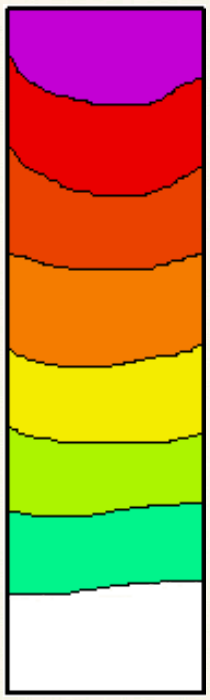
Roll success	Outcome
Failure	Sample failure
Modest Success	Roll for variance using 3d10
Standard Success	Roll for variance using 2d10
Strong/Critical Success	Roll for variance using 1d10

Example: *Players collect 5 samples. In their area, the chemical concentration is 70 ppm. They get three modest successes, two standard successes, and one critical success.*

Roll success	Variance Rolls	Outcome	Test Result
Modest Success	2 + 5 + 3 = **10**	Increase 70 ppm by 10%	70 x 1.10 = 77.0 ppm
Modest Success	3 + 6 + 6 = **15**	Decrease 70 ppm by 15%	70 x 0.85 = 59.5 ppm
Modest Success	9 + 8 + 1 = **18**	Increase 70 ppm by 18%	70 x 1.18 = 82.6 ppm
Standard Success	2 + 5 = **7**	Decrease 70 ppm by 7%	70 x 0.93 = 65.1 ppm
Critical Success	**4**	Increase 70 ppm by 4%	70 x 1.04 = 72.8 pbm

Players can collect as many samples as they like, but the number of samples they can run is limited by the concentration equipment, which can process one sample per hour. You should use good judgement to limit the number of concentration columns players can carry. Alternatively, players can run more samples in parallel and with tighter accuracy if they take the samples to the water quality monitoring camp. If players travel with 5 or more samples to the water quality monitoring camp they can get the concentration value for a location in 2 hours of their arrival to the camp without any variance applied.

Interpreting Toxin Soil Concentrations



1 part per thousand Toxic to breathe for extended periods.
750 ppm Red: 501 - 999 ppm

500 ppm Dangerous. Chronic exposure harmful at all ages
250 ppm Orangered: 101 - 499 ppm

100 ppm Moderate exposure harmful to development
75 ppm Orange: 51 - 99 ppm

50 ppm Chronic exposure harmful to development
35 ppm Yellow: 11 - 49 ppm

10 ppm Effects uncertain. Potentially harmful.
5 ppm Yellow-green: 2 - 9 ppm

1 ppm Elevated and of concern
0.5 ppm Green: 0.2 - 0.9 ppm

100 ppb Safe but detectable
< 100 ppb White: 0 - 99 ppb

Investigating Jonas Webb

If the players have already noticed that Jonas was suspicious in their first meeting and that he tried to interfere with their investigation, they may decide that the ambush had something to do with him and head back to Fairer Way to confront him.

At this point though, they don't actually have much evidence to confront him *with*.

They may know he was surprised to hear the name Jack Rickers and that he was unhelpful with retrieving records about land Rickers owned.

They know they were attacked, most likely by locomodos. They may also have photos/video of their attackers, arrows, or other evidence. They may have deduced that the locomodos were deceived.

Things the players can find out by asking around:

Jonas Webb's history:

- He's local to the region and joined the Reclaimers specifically on this project after the deconstruction project began.
    - Some Reclaimers might know he's from Comity, but these are probably people who are friends with him, who might not like strangers showing up and asking all kinds of questions about him.
- He's a very active and enthusiastic member of the Fairer Way project, and he's been with the Comms and Records team since it began.
- He volunteers with many related projects, including the Thurpston County Records Restoration Effort and the Watershed Management Board's Rewilding Committee. By all accounts, he's been a huge help on those projects.
- As part of his work in Comms and Records, he calls many of the work sites twice daily to deliver any news from Fairer Way (such as requests from town for certain salvaged items/materials, updates on new volunteers arriving, and to coordinate transportation and supply movement between Fairer Way and the camps themselves).
    - The calls are routine, run over the meshnet, and there are no recordings – it's a very privacy-oriented society. There's no high-tech encryption or anything, just a total lack of logging or recording features.
    - The calls will be listed in his schedule software as 'site updates' along with the rest of his archival work.
- He's friends with a lot of the older Reclaimers and part of a tight community. If the players are too accusatory, they'll get pushback from people here. Randal Morrow will assure them that he vouches for Jonas' character, he's known him for a long while now, and he's been a huge asset to the Fairer Way project, as well as the other ones he volunteers with.

The records from the Comms and Records building:

The Reclaimers' record system is an off-the-shelf, open source, archival software suite designed to maintain chain of custody on any files stored there. It's much more secure than their general network. Files cannot be deleted, only modified, and there's a record and version history tracked when you make any changes. The records are freely searchable, but you need to be a volunteer to make any changes or upload new documents.

The records are scans and transcripts of existing deeds, permits, sale grants, tax liens, mortgages, discharges, easements, tax receipts, fines, and any other documents pertaining to land and residency. They are uploaded by archivists volunteering with the Reclaimers.

A majority (around 65%) of the total records uploaded were by one person: Jonas Webb. This is partly because he was the primary person doing the work for a while.

If the players really dig into the very fragmentary records they've received on Jack Rickers, they'll find that every piece of it was uploaded by other Reclaimer archivists. None of the Jack Rickers files were added by Jonas.

Researching Jonas online:

If the players are suspicious of Jonas but ask their private eye friend Morgan or someone from the Atlantic Coast Detective Society to look into him instead, they'll agree to do so. Feel free to have them call back with this information whenever it fits the pacing.

About the Fox Mountain Locomodos

If the players are following up on the ambush in Fairer Way, they can also learn more about the local locomodo group:

- The Fox Mountain Locomodos don't have any history of ambushing or harassing travelers or anything like that. Compared to some survivalist or Fae-themed groups, they're especially easy to live around. They don't cause mischief and generally work with their neighbors, even volunteering on the work crews.
- If the players got good descriptions or photographs, they can show them around, and younger Reclaimers at least will recognize these individuals and be able to confirm that they're real locomodos from the Fox Mountain group.
    - People will be less careful with their words if they don't know the players are investigating an attack. Some may feel a need to cover for their friends a bit until they know what's going on.
    - Jae Gentry and the others have a bit of a reputation for being hardcore into the locomodo thing, and they got in a barfight in Braddock, further south.
    - If the players can identify Jae or the others by name, they will be able to find which deconstruction crew they volunteer with.

        - If they contact the crew's camp, they can confirm that the four locomodos suddenly left the camp yesterday (match it to an hour or so after the players would have first talked to Jonas).
        - This isn't too unusual. The locomodo volunteers generally show up and leave on their own whims and don't coordinate as well as some volunteers would like.
            - *"The locomodos just sort of come and go when they want. It really annoys the site leaders because they never know what crew they'll have that day."*
            - *"I mean, the only reason I even know they're gone is they signed the sheet and the only reason we have the sheet is because they kept wandering off. Before that, we'd have to stop work and search the site to make sure they hadn't gone exploring and gotten hurt. We've got a lot of confined space hazards on these jobs – basements and bunkers, mostly. These foundations weren't built to last, so you get water seeping in, rotting any organic matter. Heavier-than-air gasses pool in there, and we have to be really careful about testing those places before anyone goes inside. If there's hydrogen sulfide or something and someone goes exploring, it'll knock them right out and kill them, along with anyone who tries to rescue them."*
        - They didn't get any unusual calls to the site, just the routine stuff. The person the players are talking to is not sure who wrote down the notes. It could have been the locos, but they're not sure.
    - The Fox Mountain Locomodos have an online presence but are slow to respond to attempts to contact them. They have a liaison to Fairer Way named Kaylee (who splits her time between her group and town), but she's back with the locomodos at the moment.
        - When she's here, she rotates through volunteering at many of the Reclaimer projects and at many of the item restoration co-ops during the day, but she consistently helps with dinner and rooms at The Club. They have a volunteer schedule on the wall which does show that she helps for two weeks and is off for two weeks. She's currently one week into her two weeks away.

What Jonas will do:

Jonas will respond to things differently depending on how the players approach him. He's done a good job of helpfully inserting himself into various projects, so he'll stick to that skillset and try to brazen it out at first. He'll be friendly and act like everything is normal unless they make outright accusations, at which point he'll get offended.

He knows they don't have any real proof that he tried to interfere in their investigation yet. His being bad at his job for a minute is very deniable. Missing records in the systems he worked on also aren't real proof when everything was already so fragmentary and nothing's been deleted.

He knows the one thing they need to link him to the attack is proof that he sent the locomodos after them. Nothing else is useful evidence. He also knows there is no record of their conversation and that the players had no reason to be eavesdropping on him through the admittedly shoddy security of the meshnet. So the most important thing is keeping them from linking him to the attack. The only ones who can do that are the locomodos.

So his priority will be deflecting them from the actual group.

If the players bring up the attack:

He'll first ask if they're sure they were real locomodos. He'll repeat the common refrain that the Fox Mountain Locomodos have never done anything like that. Maybe it was someone pretending to be locomodos as a prank?

It's rough country, and New England has never really been known for its welcoming people. Are they heading back to the ropeway, then?

If they confirm that they know who attacked them, he'll pivot to the fact that Jae and the others have gotten in a few fights so perhaps that's not too surprising.

He'll deny any involvement, even if he has to look them right in the eye and smile as he lies through his teeth. He knows, they know, each knows that the other knows, but they can't do anything to him yet.

"That is a really hurtful accusation, and I'd appreciate an apology. Here, or in front of a Reclaimer conflict resolution council."

"Listen, I'm sorry you encountered some resistance. Maybe not everyone up here wants your help. But I didn't have anything to do with it."

If the players follow Jonas after their confrontation:

Jonas stays at work until 5:30pm, then exits the front door of the Comms and Records building and walks east along the loop road. He stops at Lonely Kevin's Basement Bar and goes inside. He eats dinner and spends several hours drinking and playing a car racing videogame with other Reclaimers. (The goal seems to be to navigate a precipitously steep downhill obstacle course with your realistically-fragile vehicle still in a drivable state).

At 9:15, headlights appear around the corner – it's Gus, the village streetcar. Gus changes it up occasionally, but tonight, he is traveling counterclockwise around the loop road. It's not exactly "standing room only" onboard, but people are standing inside – Fairer Way's nightlife is starting to kick off, and Gus is heading towards the entertainment zone. He is still towing a trailer, which appears to be filled with furniture (and might allow for the players to hop on and ride along if they're trying not to be noticed. If they do so, Gus will message them to encourage them to ride safely and to hold on).

Jonas steps outside right as Gus is approaching and waves him down. He scans his surroundings cautiously as he approaches the vehicle.

If Jonas notices that he's being followed (feel free to ask the players to roll for stealth or to otherwise blend in), he'll get off at the building where he lives, a huge, bulging McMansion that looks like it's trying to be a mix of Prairie School and Log Cabin located halfway between Comms and Records and Lonely Kevin's.

If he doesn't think he's being followed, he will ride all the way to the far end of town.

The trip takes Gus through the entertainment zone. The forests and the road here are lit with string lights, holograms, and reproduction neon signs, and cheerfully intoxicated people start chanting, "Gus the Bus! Gus the Bus! Wooooo!" as Gus rolls past. He beeps back happily. There are bars and clubs and arcades in mansions and in garages, as well as in sheds and campers. People are consuming the intoxicants of their choice in clearings in the forest.

Most of the passengers empty out at different stops, but Jonas stays in his seat. Eventually, the lights start to fade and the Food Forest becomes dark again. Buildings are lit from within with warm yellow light, but flashlights are the rule when navigating the rest of the village.

Jonas signals Gus to stop at a complex McMansion which had been doing its meager best to imitate the complex massing of Shingle Style before the Reclaimers added additional decks, stairs, ramps, rope bridges, and other wooden contraptions to its already overcluttered exterior. He walks up to what was likely once a detached six-car garage (though several of the large door bays have recently been properly walled in).

Several hand-painted signs and cyberspace banners list tech salvage and restoration co-ops and archival data reconstruction and encryption breaking services.

Again, Jonas stays inside until right before Gus reaches the shop, then hurries out, scans his surroundings, and gets on. He rides all the way back around to the mansion where he lives, goes inside, and remains there all night.

This is the night he'll call Neal Dixon using the modern equivalent of a burner phone – a salvaged, 'refreshed' device with a modern OS running as well as possible on decades-old hardware that was intended to prevent reuse.

Confronting Jonas Webb with Evidence
Fairer Way

It will take some significant proof to shake Jonas into confessing his involvement in this conspiracy. He's been hiding and denying his role in the illegal dumping and the murder of the Conway brothers for his entire adult life.

If the players confront Jonas on their own:

If the players can put together a case that links him to the locomodo attack or to the older crimes (such as proof of his employment with Rickers), he may finally break down.

If Jonas tried to set up the ambush and it failed because of the players' route or mode of transportation, he may be much more inclined to confess than if it succeeded, as he's less involved at this point and has less to cover up. If you think it fits, he could try to pass his actions off as having been for the players' safety as much as his own – for fear of what Neal Dixon would do to them if they found the grave.

Jonas is silent for a moment. He's still hard to read, but as you watch, stress and bone-deep weariness seem to crack his facade. You can see he's weighing your evidence. A pained look mixed with something like relief crosses his face when he decides it'll be enough.

He lets out a deep sigh and looks down at nothing. "Yeah. Okay. The stuff you're looking for, the industrial waste, is out there. I can tell you where. But that's not the problem." He looks up into your eyes, moving from face to face. "There's a body buried in the pit. I didn't kill him, but I buried him for the one who did. The killer is still alive. He knows me. He'll kill us if you find the site."

If the locomodos confront Jonas:

If the players have successfully navigated a confrontation with the Fox Mountain Locomodos and brought Jonas' lies into the open, then the group is likely feeling betrayed, angry, and in need of information. Their approach to redressing all these issues promises to be nothing if not straightforward.

If the players tag along when the Fox Mountain Locmodos seek out these answers, it's a somewhat different experience than if they confront Jonas on their own:

The locos sweep into Fairer Way surprisingly casually. It doesn't feel like an invasion, but an observant Reclaimer might notice that there are a lot more locomodos in town all of a sudden, though they probably couldn't tell you when they got here exactly or what route they took. Wherever the players look, lone locomodos are taking up casual positions – at market stalls, sitting at bar tables, leaning against trees – but always somewhere they can work as lookouts and serve as blockers in case there's trouble and they need to keep the townspeople back. When they get to Jonas' home or workplace (depending on the time) *there are locos covering the other exits in case he bolts out the back.*

The players should get the sense that the group is prepared to do a straight-up kidnapping/extraction if necessary.

The Fox Mountain Locomodos aren't a survivalist cult, but their membership certainly favors similar themes of self-reliance and 'don't mess with us,' and they would probably get along. They currently suspect they've been used, and they want answers.

When the locomodos enter the building, they're in a protective, group surrounding the players. If they're at the Comms and Records building, they just sweep in. If it's his home, you're pretty sure you hear the door's lock break as they go through it.

The leader speaks. "Hi Jonas. We'd like to talk."

Jonas cranks a smile across his face, but he looks nervous. He knows these folks and is usually on good terms with them. They guide him to a private room.

"Soooo… we were wondering why you told us these folks were conducting a resettlement feasibility investigation. And especially why you told Jae and Octavia, who aren't really known for their even tempers."

Jonas has been waiting to get caught for most of his life. He almost looks relieved. He tears up but keeps his voice under control as he tells them, "because there's a body buried in the waste these people are looking for. I didn't kill him, but I'm the one who buried him."

Then he starts crying.

Once they've calmed him down, he adds: "There's more. The killer is still alive. He knows me. He'll kill us if they find the site."

Jonas' Confession:

"I've never told anyone this stuff. When I was 19, I was working for Jack Rickers. I was the foreman on some of his sand and gravel sites. I started with him back when I was 16, so I kinda knew the business by then.

"We got this weird job. Storing something. I wasn't supposed to ask what. But there was more money for doing that than the land was worth.

"I had a crew of four guys. We had to dig out the bottom of one of the big pits, and they'd bring in the fill. It was sketchy; we'd wait for these trucks to show up around 11:00 at night and dump this stuff; then we'd throw some sand over it. Every night for weeks.

"Then these guys started recording us. Guys, heh. Kids. Easier to tell that when you get old. They owned the cabin next door, maybe half a mile away.

"The DHS guy, Neal Dixon, killed them. I didn't have anything to do with that, alright? He arrested them first, tried to scare them, but one of them came back and he lost his goddamned mind.

“I guess he knew we were being recorded again and had had enough. He had these little drones flying around him all the time. Like eyes on the back of his head. Always surveilling you. And he’d make sure you knew it. Asshole. Anyways, first I saw he took off up the embankment. My guys were still pushing the fill around, getting ready for the next load. I don’t think any of them saw him go, but I was away from the noise and the spotlights. I heard the scream and saw a signal flare shoot off.

“And I just stood there like a coward. Didn’t know what to do. What kind of trouble we were in.

“I didn’t hear anything for a while, then five, maybe six gunshots up in the dark towards the Conway property.

“An hour later, Dixon called me. Told me to call a break early and send the workers down to the gate. He came back carrying a corpse. One of the Conway brothers. Kid my age. He threw him in the pit and made me get on the excavator and bury him. I knew if I didn’t do it, he’d throw me in next.

“By the time I was done, the next truckload of waste was arriving. I watched as they poured thirteen tons of blast furnace slag over the grave I’d just filled.

“Dixon said it was a national security thing, but I knew that was a crock of shit. He also said if he ever thought I’d say anything about it, he’d kill me before I could catch a treason charge. And I believed him. He’d killed them *– why not me? But things changed, the government crumbled, and the revolutionary types managed to disband the DHS. I knew then that I could probably tell someone if I wanted.*

“Dixon was still out there, but I could make sure they got him before he could disappear and come gunning for me. But I didn’t. It was easier not to say anything, and the longer it went, the longer I’d waited, the worse it got that I’d waited that long. If they had any relatives, they died without closure because I never said anything.

“I knew he had the software agents to watch for any investigation online and those damn drones to watch the site. You know, he called me once, after the DHS dissolved, to let me know he was still alive and free, and that he’d had plenty of time to stash away all kinds of weapons, drones, killware, and money. He told me I was being watched and what he’d do if I ratted him out.

“But I could have, if I wanted to.

“I could try to spin it like I was trying to protect you by chasing you off, but I was scared of getting caught. More scared than I was of Dixon. Scared everyone would know how I was involved, how I covered it up. Same way I’d been scared every day since I realized I could say something if I was brave enough.

“I thought a lot about whether I’d even have the courage to do a deathbed confession. And to be honest? I didn’t like my odds.”

He makes this kind of sob-laugh and then cranks a haunted grin across his face.

"You want to know the real irony of it all? When I called him, that was the first he'd heard of your investigation. He wasn't even watching the site or the net anymore. Of the two of us, I was the only one covering up his crimes! Our *crimes. All those years wasted. If I'd just stayed out of your way, he wouldn't have known a thing until someone published an article about the Conway boy's body or the protectors came to arrest him."*

"And now here we are. He's back in town, and he's going to kill people. I think he's looking forward to it.

"Be careful what you do next. He'll kill you even if it won't help him any. Because it's his due. His right. I don't think that man's ever felt guilt in his entire life. Fear maybe, but not guilt."

The Site Location:

"It never had a real address, but on paperwork, it showed up as 89 Eldridge Road. Back then, it had an access road across someone else's land, but it's pretty grown-in these days. I don't think you'd notice it unless you were really looking."

The Aftermath:

At this point, the players can just get the site location from Jonas Webb if they don't already have it. What they do next is up to them. They're free to relay this information to Morgan or any other organizations they wish. Previous player groups have relied heavily on community and publicised their findings to prevent a coverup before rallying local factions around searching the site and confronting Dixon.

If they contact Morgan or other investigatory organizations and provide this information, word will come back that Neal Dixon is missing. Aggressive privacy rules and the lack of an active surveillance state make tracking him difficult, but they know he has already left Florida and was last seen headed north in an old repainted DHS flyer.

If the players are with the locomodos:

Galen summons one of his people.

"Liaison Kaylee – contact the Reclaimers and explain the situation. Make it clear this one's life is in danger. I know some of these old mansions still have saferooms. We should move him there immediately. Tell them we can help secure the town, but we may need to send some locos to help the folks in Comity too."

By default, the Fox Mountain Locomodos are going to be determined to find Neal Dixon and bring him to justice. He's poisoned the land whose health they're responsible for, and he (or Jonas) has attempted to use *them* to block the investigation which would have revealed it. Galen will be a cold sort of furious, and though he'll defer to the players (since they're the ones who uncovered this disaster), he'll make it pretty clear his group intends to go after Dixon with or without their help.

One of my preferred ways to run the Fox Mountain Locomodos at this point is to make them respectful of the players but much more aggressive – basically necessitating some careful interpersonal handling and negotiation to keep them from slamming themselves into Neal Dixon and his drones and guns. In playtests, every player group has done an excellent job of balancing things to keep everyone (including Dixon!) safe.

Some of the locomodos who came in with the leader are questioning Jonas quietly. In regards to the pollution, Jonas will say:

"Look, I know it's not perfect, but we lined the pit with some silt fence and pond liners we had from other jobs before they started dumping. Capped it with tarps and backfill when we finished. Like how they make landfills. It can't leach much."

Octavia is instantly furious again.

*"That is **not** how you build a landfill! They use carefully selected sites far from water bodies with multiple layers of heavy duty plastic, impermeable manufactured clay, and fabric protected by cushion layers, not to mention ventilation and drainage systems!"*

Jae adds, "We dig pond liners out of the ground on most of our deconstruction jobs – not one of them lasted more than thirty years, and they started as one piece and weren't trying to contain caustic chemicals!"

Discovering Markus Conway's Body

The Abandoned Spring House

If Jonas Webb hasn't contacted Neal Dixon yet, this is how the former DHS agent will get involved. When the players find the body of Markus Conway (or other plot-suitable evidence) and call Morgan Kemp, the former DHS agent will get an alert.

Dixon spent several weeks in 2057 covertly searching for Markus Conway after attempting to kill him, and he left smart wiretaps in the region's comms infrastructure designed to listen to everything and to contact him when certain keywords were used. Some of that infrastructure was reused by Bob Johnson and other locals when they built their meshnet.

Dixon will receive a recording and transcript of the conversation, know that the body has finally been found (and its location), and will set out to stop the investigation before it can connect anything to him.

Morgan promises to send a team of investigators from their agency (or the Atlantic Coast Detective Society, if they're with another organization which doesn't have jurisdiction), but they admit it will take several hours for them to reach Comity from Boston. Because this is a cold case, they probably won't be able to justify sending a rotorcraft, so the investigators will ride the trains and ropeway up. They should arrive in about five hours.

What happens next will depend on what the players do. Do they take any evidence? Do they stay with the body? Do they head to Fairer Way to meet the investigators and guide them to the spring house? Consider this timeline as guidance while plotting the main antagonist's actions:

Neal Dixon reviews his options. He could dump this identity, flee, and live under an assumed name and backstory for his remaining years. He has several prepared, but that's not his style. He's not introspective or willing to back down. This new society has already taken enough from him. And at this point, a coverup still looks viable from his perspective.

He gets in his old surplus DHS aircar and heads north. It should take him roughly 10 hours, great circle time, to fly his rotorcraft from his home in Florida to Comity, NH. He spoofs his flight plan and does his best to hide his identity and movements with fake transponder codes, though he leaves a digital trail that an investigative society could probably sort out eventually.

Around an hour later, Morgan calls back to let the players know a team has been dispatched.

Now that he knows where the body is, Dixon's main goal is to remove and destroy it, then to remove any evidence or witnesses, ideally without escalating everyone's interest in what's happening here (or by intimidating them into staying out of it). If he can reduce the players' discovery to empty claims and rumor, he believes that should be enough.

He dispatches several drones from a solar-powered cache in Comity. One is intended to delay the coroner and other investigators by waiting until they board the ropeway and then shooting out several pulley wheels on one of the towers, physically de-roping the cable and forcing regional rescue crews to slowly and carefully evacuate anyone onboard with a bucket truck. The other drone (or drones) locate and follow the players. If possible, they will attempt to arrange an accident, such as a fire during the night if the players stay in a suitable location like a standalone cabin.

Around five hours from the time of the call, Morgan notifies the players that the team has reported some kind of problem with the ropeway and there'll be a delay. They don't know what's going on yet.

Around nine hours from their first call, Morgan calls again. The investigators are still stuck. They've been notified that the ropeway has had a serious issue and will not be returning to service tonight. One of the towers was damaged, the system has suffered a de-ropement, and crews are now effecting rescues with a bucket lift. Unfortunately, the whole reason they used a ropeway to connect to Fairer Way (rather than train tracks or a road) is that it's crossing very rough terrain, so it's going to be awhile. Morgan talked to the ropeway crew, and they were insistent this has never happened, but Morgan isn't sure yet if they were just being defensive over their sloppy maintenance.

Around ten hours from the time the players reported the body, Neal Dixon arrives in Comity. He'll don an active camo poncho and proceed on foot to the spring house.

If the players aren't there, he'll check the spring house, gather the remains of Markus Conway and any personal effects into a large bag, and carry it outside. He'll go inside again, roll out the dirt bike, and return a third time to deploy a surplus US Government device intended to purge a space of DNA evidence. The device releases an airborne dispersion of nano-scale anatase crystals and emits an incredibly powerful UV flash. This successfully erases any definitive proof that Markus Conway was here, but leaves evidence (such as the anatase crystals) that someone used an anti-evidence device. He recovers the spent device and leaves.

If the players are in a suitable location (such as a standalone cabin) around this time, he may attempt to kill them and destroy any evidence they took by setting their shelter on fire or arranging a similar accident.

Sometime after the players have realized what happened (such as the next morning), Morgan will call again to warn them that they might be in danger. It seems the ropeway maintenance crews have pulled down the damaged tower parts and have identified gunfire damage and even recovered a bullet. This is something they've seen before – not everybody likes a new ropeway going through their territory, and this region used to have a survivalist problem.

If you skip Dixon's attempt at arson, or if he fails, his goal from then on will be to steal or destroy any evidence the players still have – such as Markus Conway's phone and wallet – and to discredit them and their investigation. He will use a campaign of lies, impersonation, hacked accounts, and other propaganda to try and paint their discovery of Markus Conway as something they made up. He may use faked phone calls to attempt to lure them into splitting up or giving him the evidence. And he'll likely escalate in his attempts to destroy their evidence until he's trying to kill them outright in ambushes or in the final encounter.

If the players are guarding the spring house, Dixon may decide to withdraw for now and strike at another time, or he may decide to try to run them off or kill them. For most characters, actually getting in a fight with Dixon, especially at night and alone, will be a very bad idea. Ideally, they should have the community, or at least some factions of it, on their side before they confront him.

This scene works best if it's a spooky encounter where something huge and sort of invisible is watching them from the woods. You can make a fairly tense scene out of his silently sizing them up, appearing in the brush from time to time, and forcing them to make skill checks to detect him before eventually withdrawing.

If the players have encountered friendly members of the Fox Mountain Locomodos prior to this point and they know about their investigation, feel free to have a clearly scared, possibly wounded locomodo warn them that they've encountered that thing and it's extremely dangerous. Several of the locomodos are also in the surrounding woods, but

they're having some trouble keeping track of it and really don't want to fight it again if they don't have to.

If the players attack, or you feel Dixon would, try to make it clear early on that they're outmatched and fleeing is a good alternative (and encourage them to use the locomodos to cover their escape). If this happens, Dixon is more likely to use something much more quick and drastic to destroy the evidence. Obviously, this attack and the ruins of the spring house would upset his plan to reduce the players' evidence to empty claims.

Finding the Dump Site Early

If your players pack up their test kits and head right to the dump site (perhaps they take an airship to Comity and immediately check the correct suspected site) before any of the adversaries could reasonably get involved, don't panic! This can be a really interesting version of the campaign.

You'll need to rearrange a few elements from the more default plots. Let the players test the site and correctly identify the contamination. They can contact Morgan and generally bask in a job well done.

- Morgan lets them know they're going to contact Furnace Osmia and get their reps onsite. They ask the players to stay nearby for a few days in case Furnace Osmia needs a hand with navigating the area. They introduce the players to Victor Bodge, the site lead assigned by the co-op.
- Victor and other Furnace Osmia reps meet with the Fox Mountain Locomodos and the Comity Selectmen and get permission to clean up the site. They begin surveying the Eldridge Road dump site and working with the already-established work crews to establish the extent and spread of the contamination.
- They invite the players to a groundbreaking ceremony shortly thereafter. The real extraction of waste will begin once they've completed an assessment and made thorough plans.
- Comity locals, Fox Mountain Locomodos, and a handful of people from the regional work crews and Fairer Way Reclaimers are in attendance. Morgan Kemp makes the journey to see the end result of the players' work.
- The site has already started to change – the road up into the mountains is more open, rutted but also repaired with new fill in several places. Several new clearings have been cut, and the topsoil has been disturbed; there's survey tape and equipment everywhere; and the forest is looking pretty ragged and disturbed. A single airship floats overhead, and one of its three, twenty-ton aggregate containers has been lowered down and set in the central clearing. There's a tent with tables of maps and food.

- They thank the players for finding the site and the community for letting them proceed. They warn that the next year is going to see a lot of fresh damage inflicted to this land as they attempt to extract as much of the contaminants from the ground as possible. Phytoremediation may be sufficient downriver, but to extract thousands of tons of blast furnace slag and fly ash, they'll have to dig it out of the ground. They promise that they will bring the site back as closely to pristine as they can once that work is done.

Two months later (it's now early autumn), Furnace Osmia finds a body buried in their work site. You could have Morgan tell the players or have them find out from the news – whatever you think fits their characters.

Specialists from the Atlantic Coast Detective Society have been called in to identify the dead person and to determine the nature of the death (homicide or accidental).

A few weeks later the players get a call from Victor, the Furnace Osmia site lead at Comity. He's clearly agitated, perhaps even scared, and he's asking for their help.

"I'm not superstitious, but I'm halfway to believing this site is cursed somehow. Everything is going wrong. Like, I've seen job sites with problems before – bad luck, accidents – but nothing like this.

"Right from the start, we had just about every kind of equipment malfunction I could name and a bunch of weird injuries. Nothing fatal, but I had to send a few guys out on stretchers, and we're all on pretty good terms with the local doctor at this point.

"Then my workers started talking about some kind of cryptid in the woods. Especially around the site. And damned if I'm not starting to believe them. I asked around, and the locals don't have any legends that fit, but according to my guys, it's hard to see, almost invisible, especially at night, and it's a big, shambling thing." He has a laugh that sounds a little hysterical. "They can't decide whether it's a ghost or some kind of interdimensional entity. But I think I saw it myself the night before we found the body. Down in the pit. And one of my guys swears it must have been what pushed him into one of the trial trenches a few nights earlier."

He takes a deep breath. "And then we found that body and it got really bad.

"The Atlantic Coast Detective Society sent a team of specialists out here, forensic types, coroner, that sort of thing. I guess they do a lot of cold cases from the old world. And they seem to be just about as cursed as we are.

"The locals seem to hate them for some reason. I'm not sure why, it's like they're always talking past each other or arguing over whether they actually said something. And they've had three down with injuries since getting here. It's all pretty easily explained stuff, but it seems like it always is.

"And now we're starting to have trouble with the locals ourselves. We got along good at the start, but now… I dunno, some of them seem to think we're causing more contamination in

the water downstream or that we're going to cut and run once we get all the slag extracted and just skip the cleanup. The ShadeTree motors people even refused to fix our kit because they want to be paid for the waste up front. We use the waste to pay for the cleanup. There's no profit. We sell the slag to the geopolymer folks and use the money to source clean fill and plants.

"This is getting out of hand, and I think we need some outside help. Us and the investigators. You folks found the site in the first place – do you think you could come figure out what's going on out here?"

By this time in the story, Neal Dixon has heard about the discovery of the Comity toxic waste site through local news reporting and has traveled from his home in Florida to try and prevent the discovery of Kevin Conway's body and to get some revenge on the people digging up things they should have left alone. His DoD camouflage cloak and nighttime sabotage activities have led to the ghost stories currently circulating around the dump site.

At first, he attempted to disrupt the excavation by sabotaging vehicles and disabling safety mechanisms in deniable ways, but he got more aggressive the closer they got to the body. He tried waiting until they were close to where he thought it might be and digging it up himself, but he was spotted by the site foreman and several others and fled the scene. If there had been fewer witnesses or if he'd been sure the body had been in the right place, he would have tried to kill them and make it look like an accident, but he didn't think it was worth the risk at that point.

Once the body was found and the closest thing to official investigators got involved, he stepped up his sabotage of both groups' work. He stoked a series of worsening feuds between local factions and cultivated hostility towards the ACDS investigators and Furnace Osmia using his DHS-issue impersonation software, hacked accounts, fake infopages, etc.

If it fits your campaign, he could have already injured or killed some of the NPC investigators in a deniable way to disrupt their investigation.

The players' goal from here on out is to determine Dixon's identity, to find his base of operations, and ultimately to capture him before he hurts anyone else.

Dixon's goal will be to disrupt the investigation, destroy or falsify evidence, and, once he realizes that the players (who caused his current problems) have returned to the investigation, he'll want to get some payback. The former DHS agent will have access to the full suite of tools he would use in other versions of the campaign, from impersonation software and hacking tools to armed drones and a variety of weapons – anything he could have stolen from the DHS armory years ago.

The Conways' cabin is a suitable base of operations for him in Comity, but he could be set up anywhere you feel is suitably dramatic.

Calling in Outside Assistance

The players may decide they need some help finding records from the internet and various archives. They could reach out to Morgan Kemp (who assigned them this quest), or the Atlantic Coast Detective Society (ACDS), or their own organizations.

If the players reach out to ACDS, they will be put in touch with Detective Phill Smith, who is currently staying in Braddock, NH (just southwest of Fairer Way), helping support his sister and her wife with their newborn. It turns out he's not a big fan of babies, and he'll be happy to step away to do some proper investigative work.

Investigating Jonas Webb

Summary:

- Jonas has a restricted online presence.
- He is a member of several projects in the region dealing in land records and survey work; this includes the Thurpston County Records Restoration Effort and the Pemigewasset Watershed Management Board's Rewilding Committee.
- Some old records show that he's local to Comity, though they can't find his address.
- He joined the Fairer Way Reclaimers shortly after the deconstruction effort began.

"Hey, <playername>. I've been doing some research into our mutual friend. No smoking gun yet, but I've found some interesting things:

"His online presence is minimal and restricted, but that's not unusual for people as old as him. Anyone who lived through the war tends to be cautious about opsec, if not downright paranoid. Plus, he lives in the ass-end of nowhere, so the connection is probably slow. I compared him to a few other old folks from the region, and his behavior there didn't stand out.

"He can't restrict public acknowledgements by the organizations he volunteers with, though, and he's been a busy boy. In addition to the local Reclaimer chapter, I'm seeing memberships on the Thurpston County Records Restoration Effort and the Watershed Management Board's Rewilding Committee. He's got a bunch of appreciations for his work on survey teams and in record reconstruction. He's a real active, upstanding, contributing member of the community.

"I can't find anything on his early work history, but it's not like the war left much infrastructure for resume websites. His recent memberships make it look like he spent a few decades living in Manchester, New Hampshire until a couple years ago, when he up and joined the Fairer Way Reclaimers.

"The weird thing is, I did *find a couple old news articles that mention him as a kid, and they say 'of Comity, NH' after his name, so it looks like he grew up there. So this is a homecoming of sorts. I checked the Fairer Way directory, and it doesn't look like they've had any other locals decide to move in with them. I'm curious as to his motives for moving*

back here. He'd had plenty of time in Manchester to develop the kind of community networks that make aging easier, so uprooting himself to come here seems a little odd. Maybe he just wanted to go home and get some closure, but he's been very involved here.

"I dunno. That's a real passion for especially boring data entry. Maybe his calling is reconstructing paperwork about his hometown, and he just found it late in life, but you know the old saying about accountants who never take vacations. If his goal was to hide something, he's been well-positioned for years to intercept any records before they went digital."

Investigating Neal Dixon:

If the players ask their researcher of choice to look into former DHS Agent Neal Dixon, the investigator can get back to them next session (or whenever is plot-convenient) with:

"Hey, I've got some good news and some bad news. The good news is I brought a bunch of other detectives onboard and we're looking into Dixon and the Conway brothers for you.

"The bad news is ol' Agent Dixon is Bad News.

"The man was a DHS field agent during the war and the Realignment, and… well, how much do you know about the DHS?

"Okay, so I'll skip all the abuses and get to your problems. One: he's probably boosted. Two: he's probably extremely well-armed. Three: those guys lived to use items one and two on civilians.

"Item one: They had a lot of power during the war, enough to cut the line and get their field agents frontline soldier boosts. And that was back when the Army and Marines were struggling to get everyone modified quickly enough. I'm talking enhancements that make locomodos look like little yappy dogs.

"Two: the weapons and kit. The DHS was hardcore for the old state regime. They held on by their fingernails almost through the Realignment, mostly using campaigns of terror. And in the end, they agreed to disband on their own terms. Most of their worst members got to slink away without investigation as long as they relinquished their authority and stopped killing and disrupting everything.

"They purged most of their records, cut their members new identities, and disappeared damn near every piece of equipment they had by the time anyone noticed. There'd been enough corruption and graft to empty entire warehouses, even before they made the deal. Most of it ended up in the hands of senior agents like Dixon.

"As for the man himself, his record's clean, but that's because it's basically nonexistent. We have no idea what he did for at least a decade.

“Old archived FISA and CopWatch sites had a few of his messages from back when he was with the DHS, but everything we found was remarkably benign. Some of his signatures show he was using the title of Industrial Security Liaison, though it doesn’t say who to.

“Post-Realignment most of the records show he’s spent the last few decades living fairly comfortably in Florida. Bought a couple fancy houses with a lot of cash, probably owns other properties under other names. We're looking into that.

“Sunshine laws show the occasional feud, violent threat, confrontation, or weird stalking charge, but I don't see any outright violence. So either his neighbors are great at de-escalation, or we need to be checking his alibis for any unsolved violence in the region over the last few decades. Although a witness in one of his cases called him a “gutless wannabe counterrevolutionary,” so that’s pretty funny.

“Alright, so my guess is you're looking for an old-world fascist with Global Climate War bodymods, all the weapons he could carry, and a history of using them with the full authority of the law. That kind of power shapes how people think, so be careful, okay?”

Some time later:

“Hey, I’ve been talking to some ACDS detectives down in Florida. It looks like Dixon took off in an old government surplus aircar sometime early yesterday morning. Neighbors say he takes it out sometimes, usually to do low passes over their roofs and local bike trails. They’re pretty sure he was heading north at the time. He didn’t file a flight plan, and either he turned off his transponder or he’s using someone else's, because we can’t find him. But it sounds like he’s already here.”

Investigating the Conway Brothers

If the players ask them to research the Conways, next session you could provide the following, depending on what they have found so far themselves.

Use this intro **if the players have only found the emails which were sent to Jack Rickers**:

“As for the Conways… all you gave me to start with was their names and that they were arrested in Comity during the Global Climate War. Which… that's a chunk of history notorious for being hard to find records for. I can't find anything about charges or courts or executions, but this was the DHS, so they might not have written anything down, or it might have been purged before they disbanded.

“All that said, to my surprise, I might actually have something for you:

“We found some candidates for your Conway brothers. Matching names and born around the right time to grow up to get arrested in ‘57. Problem is, we had to cast a wide net, and the ones we found weren't quite local.

“Birth records are for Markus Andrew Conway, born March 15th, 2028 in Quincy, Massachusetts, and Kevin James Conway, born November 21st, 2030, in Boston,

Massachusetts. There are some school records and other snippets remaining up till some time in the 2050s, when it just goes cold."

The rest of the info:

I do think I've found why the Conway brothers were in Comity back in '57. I've got a draft notice for Markus Conway dated to September 2057, along with arrest warrants for draft dodging which remained active until the general pardons in 2066. After that, there's nothing.

"That wouldn't be too weird on its own. A lot of people disappeared during the war. Plenty of civilians died in drone attacks, cyber attacks, bomber raids, and ground fighting. They didn't always get identified. And plenty of others disappeared themselves. With the corporate and government records fried, you could basically start fresh just by lying about your name and history.

"Between the war and the Realignment, it's damned hard to follow any kind of record trail from back then.

"Still, it's weird: everything I've got on them is from the greater Boston area. Family, jobs, education. Frankly, if I'd already been looking for them for some reason, I'd have been surprised as hell to hear their last recorded incident was way the hell up there.

"Then again, the major cities were a bad place to be in the war, especially if you were trying to hide your brother from the press gangs. If they had access to a family camp or cabin, it might have seemed like a good place to ride things out."

Confrontation with the Fox Mountain Locomodos

If the players don't seek out the Fox Mountain Locomodos for information, the group will eventually come to them. In most playthroughs, Jonas Webb will eventually find out about the players' mission and will lie to certain members of the group, causing rumors of redevelopment to spread through it. Once Neal Dixon is involved, he may also begin trying to cause conflict, but by using unrelated rumors and faked interactions (implying that the players are members of a terminally-online, anti-locomodo, ecoterrorist-adjacent group).

The tone of the confrontation will depend on the events of your playthrough, which lies are circulating, and whether the players have already talked about their mission with some of the locomodos in a positive interaction.

If the only thing the locomodos know is that the players are here to find toxic waste, they're going to want to meet them to get more information and to help with the search. If they have heard conflicting things, such as the players' own story and one or more sets of lies, they're going to want to sort out the truth, with different factions primed to believe

different things. If they've only heard the lies, they're going to come on much more aggressively, but cooler heads are in charge here, and the situation can still be resolved peacefully.

If some of their members have already attacked the players, they're going to absolutely need those answers, because the stakes are much higher, with potentially severe consequences to the fledgling Fox Mountain group.

No two locomodos look alike. Their modifications are as varied as they are extreme.

Generally, once someone goes under the knife for the kind of invasive bodymods it takes to go locomodo, they're already far past worrying if a face tattoo would look too unprofessional. A lot of groups have themes, like fae or furry. The Fox Mountain group places its emphasis on utility and personal freedom, so generally its members look how they want.

There's no theme besides their baseline requirements: to live in the mountains of New Hampshire all year with no shelter and no need for supplies, to survive summer and winter, and to never have to put themselves ahead of the land and creatures around them to do it.

Some are magazine-cover beautiful; some look like B-movie wolfmen. Animal-style enhancements like fur are common; claws, spines, and other inbuilt weapons abound. Some have extremely hardened skin, scales, or chitinous armor, and when one opens her mouth, it's full of unnecessarily-long fangs. Their eyes have many strange configurations from all-black to catlike, and some seem to have infrared sensor spots on their faces.

All of them, huge or small, look excessively fit.

A man introduces himself as Galen Acosta, the Speaker for the Fox Mountain group. He's an older locomodo with fairly low-profile mods. He looks tired and annoyed, but it's hard to tell if he's specifically mad at you, frustrated with this situation, or just looks like that because his job is to wrangle a bunch of woods anarchists. Probably some of all of it.

A Friendly Conversation

The locomodos will have brought a good majority of their group not distracted by more critical tasks, probably close to 40 people, all quite thoroughly enhanced. A fight is a poor idea, but trading a few volleys might help cover a hasty retreat if the players *really* whiff this conversation. Fortunately, the locomodos have their own leading council with them, who are calmer than average and do much of their interfacing with the outside world. They should already be suspicious about Jonas Webb's story that the county is reconsidering the extent of rewilding, because they haven't been able to confirm it elsewhere yet. But they are also distrustful of governments, who have an institutional tradition of ramming big projects through the supposed stakeholders and of breaking contracts and treaties. It wouldn't be the first time a town or regional government kept a project as secret as possible until the last minute to minimize the public's ability to stop it.

There will be multiple factions within the group: those who believe Jonas' or Dixon's lies and are ready to run the players off, those who are skeptical and ready to listen to an alternative explanation, and various others who are just generally suspicious.

If it goes well:

If the players can talk fast, avoid combat with the hotheads, and explain their purpose here, the locomodo leaders will reach out – most likely via the Internet – to Morgan Kemp and Furnace Osmia, who will confirm the players' statements.

The locomodo leader takes out a device that you, a person in the modern day, would look at and say: "That's a cell phone." It looks old, but it could be a reproduction.

If this happens, the group will realize they're on the same side and state they are (obviously) in favor of finding and removing the contaminated soil.

The leader will question Jae, Vic, Walter, and the others to determine where they heard the rumor(s). They will identify Jonas Webb as the source of the misinformation, and though they'll stop short of stating that he lied because they're friends, they will be suspicious.

If the players themselves met Jonas at the Comms and Records building and can confirm he knows why they're really here, then the council will be *really* suspicious.

"I'm not sure why he told those specific… members of our group what he told them. But I don't like it. He had to know what kind of reaction that was likely to get."

If the players were previously attacked by locomodos:

"Now, let's deal with the other thing."

He'll call Jae, Octavia, Lemyue, and Nikolas forward into the rough circle of locomodos surrounding him and the players.

The locomodo speaker looks tired. In fact, he currently exudes big 'disappointed dad' energy.

"Tell me what the Fox Mountain Locomodos are about."

"Rewilding?"

"Restoration. You could say restorative justice to the world itself, to all the other species mankind exploited, forced out, or drove right over in the last few centuries.

*"We can't do that job alone – it's too big. So we need to be ambassadors for our way of life. We need to get the rest of humanity on-side, and we can't do that if you go **shooting** them with arrows.*

"So now, you four get to do a different kind of restoration.

*"Your new job is to **restore** these folks' trust in our group. I expect that to be challenging considering that you **shot** one of them, but you'll persevere. Until further notice, you are*

their go-fors, their bodyguards, and their guides. If they want you to carry their gear or get them something from town, you're going to do it, because you owe them for your past actions. You're lucky you don't owe their families a hell of a lot more.

"As for the rest of you…"

He doesn't do anything to get everyone's attention, but almost everyone is looking your way now. There's no preamble; he just starts talking.

"Sixty-seven years ago, someone poisoned the land in our care." And all conversation stops. "And we know they're still around, because they tried to stop these folks from finding it and fixing it. Worse, they tried to use us to do it. To make ***us*** *extend their harm. That won't stand.*

"We're going to find these people. We're going to find the poison, and we're going to do so quickly. If the investigators are right, then there are thousands of tons of poison waiting to hit this place.

"This is our priority.

"I put a motion to the council. Stop all other work. Mobilize the group until we've dealt with these poisoners."

Another locomodo steps forward and says, "seconded."

The council aren't clustered together – they're just mixed in with the crowd – but people know who they are. From all around you hear, "aye. Aye."

The one who seconded says, "the motion carries."

And just like that, Galen looks to you and says, "whatever help you need – you've got it."

From here on out, the Fox Mountain Locomodos will help the players however they can, including joining them in fights. Almost all of them have moved here in the last few years and thus don't know much about the region's history. Still, they may be able to follow up on some investigation leads or provide additional information.

The locomodos will start picking the group who will visit Jonas at the village to ask him some questions. The players can join them or leave them to it, with promises that they'll be informed as soon as the group knows anything. Additionally, if the players have any other leads they want to follow up on simultaneously, they can point various locos at it.

The group heading to Fairer Way looks well-armed and unamused.

If it doesn't go well:

If the players get drawn into a fight, the leaders will reign in the majority of their group as long as the players and angriest locos keep it nonlethal and don't involve the bystanders. After several rounds, one of the hotheads will draw an actual weapon, at which point the

leader will disarm him and tell the players to leave. He'll tell them that the Fox Mountain group will follow up to confirm their story, and if it checks out, they'll get no further trouble.

Additional attempts to reach out to the locomodos after that could result in a more reluctant version of the friendly results above, but with a reduced scale, since they'd be dealing with just a portion of the group acting independently.

Attacks by DHS Drones

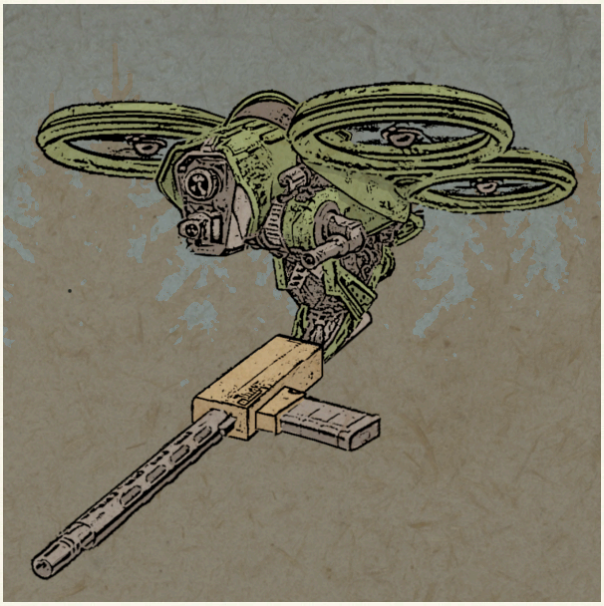
On the Trail, Comity, NH

If you want to minimize violence in the campaign, one of the easier ways to do that is to remove Neal Dixon, former DHS agent, altogether, or at least to make him unaware of what's happening in Comity.

Otherwise, Jonas Webb will contact him, or he'll discover the players' investigation independently, and he'll use a set of antique, DHS-surplus Rotor Drones to surveil the players and eventually to attack them at what seems like the right moment. (In some playthroughs, this attempt took the form of sabotage or arson rather than the following gameplay-oriented combat.) If/when this happens is up to the GM; Dixon may start small with a simple ambush on the trail somewhere, but if he sees the players starting to work together with the locomodos, investigating the Conways' cabin, or finding Markus Conway's body, he'll make a sincere attempt to kill them.

He'll be hampered by the fact that his equipment is over 60 years old and that he's an idiot.

If your players expect more combat in their games, feel free to add more drone attacks or even make the sudden appearance of swarms of antique drones bothering the locals part of the plot.



These drones were produced for the Department of Homeland Security when it still existed; they were the workhorse of the agency for decades during some of its worst atrocities. They are easily configurable, with swappable ‘cargo’ modules that could hold a variety of weapons, from pistols to crowd-control sprays, tasers, or anti-tech devices. The larger ones could even carry rifles or shotguns.

They were commonly fielded as part of a deployable platform – the drones dock in sets of six to a base. In this configuration, they can carry the base to a remote location and set it on a perch. The base then deploys solar panels for charging batteries, and the drones can detach to scout and return for recharging and minor repairs. These were commonly deployed along remote stretches of national borders.

They were also produced for the US DoD and used in the GCW, but they weren't as popular amongst soldiers and Marines because they weren't as effective against people who could shoot back.

The bulk of the drones – and their surplus DoD modules – were thus primarily provided to the DHS, where they were enthusiastically employed by the US Border Patrol and other law enforcement agencies.

Their overall look should be recognizable to anyone familiar with US history, especially the riots, border patrol abuses, and ‘domestic counter-insurgency’ activities from the Crumbles after the GCW. To anyone less knowledgeable, something about these drones should still say ‘evil’ on a pop-culture level, the way a *stahlhelm* or SS uniform would to a modern American audience.

They’re green and bug-like, curving down like a wasp to cradle their cargo/weapon module. Most of these ones are still extremely dusty on one side, as if they were left sitting on a shelf somewhere.

IRL, quadcopter-style drones are a terrifying battlefield threat – fast and difficult to see, let alone to shoot down. Several factors make fighting *these* drones more survivable. The biggest is that they're extremely old and haven't seen any maintenance for years:

- Their batteries are weakened, rendering them slower and less maneuverable than they once were.
- Some of their ammo, such as any tear gas spray or canister, has expired. Firearm ammunition may be more likely to misfire, jamming the weapon or blocking the barrel.
- Their last update was somewhere around 60 years ago, so the hardest part of hacking them isn't their security, but the fact that their OS is too old to support a lot of modern canned exploits.
- Protocol drift means they struggle to stay on the local mesh, and they're bandwidth heavy, which introduces a lot of lag and means they often switch to operating in their extremely limited autonomous mode.
- Whenever they fire, they stop moving as their rotors fight to compensate for the recoil.
- They lack the lift for any redundant parts or armor. Any hit will likely take them down.

Additionally, Neal Dixon may still be on his way here from Florida and is presumably trying to control them while flying his aircar.

First Ambush by Mysterious Drones

On the Trail, Comity, NH

Characters	HP	Armor	Speed	Attacks	
Mysterious Rotor Drone 1	4	0	25	🏹 Pistol	1 (Expired) Tear Gas Grenade
Mysterious Rotor Drone 2	4	0	25	🏹 Pistol	1 (Expired) Tear Gas Grenade
Mysterious Rotor Drone 3	4	0	25	🏹 Pistol	1 (Expired) Tear Gas Grenade
Optional Heavy Rotor Drone	6	0	25	🏹 Rifle	1 (Expired) Tear Gas Grenade

Difficulty Adjustment

The drones are individually weak, but they can be as numerous as you want. Adjust the number of drones to match the number of players and their allies, as well as the tone you and the players want from the game. (We found one drone per player to be a startling, but relatively-easy encounter.)

Personally, I'm very much in favor of rewarding clever players, so if they want to stack the deck in their favor by building alliances – even hacking and collecting enemy drones from previous engagements – that's fine by me.

If the players want to watch as their army of locomodos or stolen drones absolutely flattens their adversaries rather than slugging it out with them, that sounds like good fun.

Setup

The attack (or attacks) will take place on the trail somewhere in Comity. As in most of the town, the area is heavily forested, though it appears a downburst may have knocked some trees down a few years ago, and the new growth is still somewhat thin. The locals cut the downed trees up enough to clear enough of the road for trucks to pass, but there are plenty of pieces to take cover behind.

There is an abandoned house not far away where the players could retreat.

In the first fight, the drones' tactics should rely on the misconception that their defunct tear gas is still effective. In future fights, they may change tactics or bring greater numbers.

Combat

The first fight opens with several metal canisters cracking through the canopy and hitting the ground around the players. They hiss as they fall and land. If any of the player characters have ever been pepper sprayed (during a protest, maybe, or if they're a protector, perhaps their organization still requires new members to get sprayed once to know what it's like), then it's a lot like that, but it's much weaker and smells much worse. Tear gas has an expiration date, and the propellants lose their potency. These cans are barely expelling any gas (though it's still extremely unpleasant).

When the players look up, they can see the drones dropping into view and sweeping around for another pass.

For hacker characters: if they're on the mesh during the attack, they can probably see a lot of traffic flooding out over whatever path is faster and switching constantly, with a lot of dropped packets each time. Finding the network addresses for the drones shouldn't be difficult. (In fact, you can use the approaching/growing network congestion as a sort of *Jaws* theme closing in on them, if that feels thematically appropriate to your campaign.)

The drones are running a very old, dead-end corporate fork of an open-source drone OS still in use today. Their security is extremely out of date, but the OS itself lacks a lot of the features and capabilities that modern hacking tools are designed to exploit.

Once they get a foothold on a drone and can access the controls, they can shut it down, change its target priorities to turn them on each other, or provide their own plans. If they can capture them intact, it's not unreasonable to suggest keeping and modifying them.

For experienced fighters: it may seem strange that the drones are coming very close before firing and aren't taking many evasive actions on the way in. The goal appears to have been to use the vintage tear gas to render the players blind and panicked, then to execute them at short range with the small arms. The drones don't seem to have noticed that the first step didn't work. Additionally, the DHS was used to using these things on people who couldn't shoot back, so they may not have been configured for real fights.

Conclusion

The players win if they disable or take control of the drones.

So… someone just tried to kill you. The locomodos might have just been trying to spook you, but this was different. That was live ammunition – antipersonnel rounds.

The player characters' past experiences will dictate a bit how traumatic this is. There's almost always going to be something terrible about realizing that someone out there genuinely wants you dead and just made an attempt to kill you. Even more so when the attack is so impersonal and sudden, coming out of nowhere, with no immediate answers or closure.

Additionally, this attack would be way out of proportion even in our much more punishment-oriented, present-day society. Even if someone is trying to cover up illegal dumping sixty years ago, that just isn't worth this kind of violence. The world of *Fully Automated!* obviously places much more emphasis on environmental protections than ours does, but not enough to justify attempted murder.

An investigation of the drones should make it clear that these are genuine DHS equipment still running original software. At least one of them is very dusty on one side, as if it had been left lying on a shelf.

The drones' logs (if intact) should show a Return to Home of GPS 0,0 (meaning the operator blanked their return address), but some useful information is included: there are DHS user credentials for a Neal.Dixon.5, and uptime shows that all the drones were only activated once a few hours ago; all other logs are from the 2080s (i.e. American Realignment era) and earlier.

If the players want to search for Dixon's credentials online, these should map to the 2060s equivalent of a Common Access Card, including an email address with the same format. Old archived FISA and CopWatch sites should have a few of his messages, though anything they can actually find is remarkably benign. Some of his signatures show he's using the title of Industrial Security Liaison, though it doesn't say who to.

On a previous playthrough of this campaign, one of the players managed to hack a rifle drone and take control of it. They kept it afterwards. They stated near the end of that session that they wanted to repaint it so it looked less “fashy,” so I got their specifications between games and recolored the (early version) art to match:

NPCs were much less likely to mistake it for an enemy drone after that.

Drone Attack after the Locomodo Confrontation

On the Trail, Comity, NH

Characters	HP	Armor	Speed	Attacks	
Mysterious Rotor Drone 1	4	0	25	Pistol	1 (Expired) Tear Gas Grenade
Mysterious Rotor Drone 2	4	0	25	Pistol	1 (Expired) Tear Gas Grenade
Mysterious Rotor Drone 3	4	0	25	Pistol	1 (Expired) Tear Gas Grenade
Optional Heavy Rotor Drone	6	0	25	Rifle	1 (Expired) Tear Gas Grenade

Difficulty Adjustment

The drones are individually weak, but can be as numerous as you want. Adjust their numbers to match the number of players and their allies.

If the players travel with the locomodo group, they'll all get attacked by the whole group of drones.

If they split up, so will the drones, and the players (and anyone with them) will get hit by a smaller group.

Again, adjust this stuff to match the tone of your playthrough and your own emerging story arc. In previous playthroughs, some player groups befriended locomodos and worked with them to evade the drones, while others took every opportunity they could get to hack and capture more of them.

Setup

The attack (or attacks) will likely take place on the trail somewhere in Comity, though it can happen wherever fits your story, such as Fairer Way.

If this is the first time the drones have attacked, their tactics should rely on the misconception that the defunct tear gas is still effective. If it's a later attack, they'll still drop tear gas grenades, but they'll fly more evasively and engage from further out.

During Combat

If the players split up and aren't with the main group, they'll get a phone call partway through the fight. It's the locomodo leader. He'll sound surprised if they haven't wrapped it up yet.

The locomodo leader is calling you. It's a voice-only call using his ancient cell phone. He's got you on speaker. There's a bunch of noise – mostly conversation in the background.

"Hey, did you folks get attacked by some absolutely ancient government drones?"

Someone in the background (maybe one of the ambushers from before, if they're not all with the players): "With real guns?"

"Because they just pulled the worst ambush I've ever seen."

Other guy: "They're spare parts now."

"But that was weird. It's never happened to us before, so I'm guessing it has something to do with you folks and your industrial waste."

He'll offer to reinforce them if they need it. Otherwise, his group will continue to Fairer Way.

"Well, if you've got this, we're gonna bag these up for the mansion dwellers and go pay Jonas a visit. Let us know if you find anything."

Conclusion

If this is the first attack by drones, use the information from the conclusion in the previous section.

The locomodos with the players will stop to collect drones, plastic fragments, and spent casings from the fight. They'll bag them all up to carry out with them like any other litter.

Downtime, Interstitials, and Rest Mechanics

The following is an excerpt from the *Fully Automated! Manual* reproduced here for convenience:

If a player wishes to research during an interstitial, the GM must first identify what information the player or players might find. The GM should then decide how challenging a research action is.

- *A difficult research action requires the player to roll a 9 or a 10 on a d10 roll.*
- *A very hard research action requires a player to roll a 10 on a d10 roll.*

The number of rolls a player may make in a given time is outlined below:

A player with a total Int. + Research & Investigation score of …	… has a research skill level of…	… and can make the following number of d10 rolls per 4 hour period …	… or one d10 research attempt roll per the following length of time.
16 or higher	Master	4	60 minutes
14 or 15	Expert	3	80 minutes
12 or 13	Adept	2	120 minutes
9 or 10	Novice	1	240 minutes
8 or lower	None	0	Never

Players should make these roles sequentially, not all at once. This maximizes suspense, and if they get lucky early, they may decide to complete their research activities early to rest or do something else.

This works out to produce the following probabilities. The table reports the likelihood of rolling a success the number of times listed at the top of each probability column within a the number of d10 rolls listed to the left:

d10 rolls:	If 9 or 10 is a passing score (difficult)			If 10 is a passing score (very hard)		
	1x	2x	3x	1x	2x	3x
4: One adept researcher over 8 hours, or two adept researchers over 4 hours.	60%	20%	3%	35%	5%	<1%
8: One master researcher over 8 hours, or four adept researchers over 4 hours.	85%	50%	20%	55%	20%	4%
12: One master researcher over 12 hours, or two expert researchers over 8 hours.	93%	70%	45%	72%	34%	11%
16: Four adept researchers over 8 hours, or sixteen novice researchers over 4 hours.	97%	85%	65%	81%	48%	21%

Based on the amount of time available and the number and skill of the players, a GM can use the probabilities above to decide what level of difficulty to apply in order to bias the outcomes appropriately to maintain tension. For instance, a GM may wish to make a single success likely but uncertain. Or they may want to tune the difficulty to make it probable that the players will have one or two successes, but unlikely that they'll complete three research actions successfully. Use the table accordingly.

Traveling to Confront Former DHS Agent Neal Dixon

Depending on which NPCs the players have met and how those interactions have gone, they may have amassed a decent number of friends and allies in the region by the time they're ready to confront Neal Dixon. Also, the news of their investigation and its discoveries may have spread through the various local communities as they've progressed.

One interesting dynamic going into this confrontation is to let the locals or the locomodos be more aggressive than the players, leaving the players to try to manage an increasingly-tense standoff if they want to resolve things nonviolently and keep everyone safe. This has worked well in the playtests, but it's very much up to the GM and the type of tone and story arc you want to present.

Some options/motivations you could use:

The locomodos will be angry that Dixon has poisoned the land they're responsible for and that even now he continues to act against their habitats and the public good. If Jonas Webb managed to trick some of them into attacking the players, they'll be especially angry to have been used to further this harm. They're not a survivalist group, but they're extremely fit and fierce, and between their body modifications and their hunting gear, they're well-armed enough to pose a genuine threat (though they're certainly not invulnerable themselves).

As for **Comity locals**, many of these people are old enough to remember the bad old days of the war and the crumbling of the old society leading up to the Realignment. People in this region have personally dealt with bandits and fascist survivalists within living memory. They remember raids, ambushes, robberies, murders, and worse, and they still favor the simple, lethal solutions they finally employed when they couldn't rally the apparatus of the state to come to their aid. If they show up to help the players deal with Dixon, they're likely to bring real firearms.

The Reclaimers should be generally less aggressive than the first two groups, unless Dixon has attacked the players (or any NPCs) in Fairer Way. They consider the wellbeing of their guests to be their highest responsibility and will be absolutely furious if an old world fascist comes into their town and tries to harm someone in their care. Their organization traces its history to the war and the Crumbles, and they haven't forgotten the lessons of the revolution, the riots, and government raids. This especially includes their older members and leadership, who lived through them. Because the work crews tend to bring firearms

they find abandoned in Comity to Fairer Way, the Reclaimers have amassed a respectable stockpile of real weapons.

The work crews should generally be nonaggressive and uncomfortable with the idea of seeking out danger, as they are generally younger, part of a more peaceful society, and have fewer direct grievances and less stake in the area. If they've been attacked during the course of the campaign, that might change. Any who join are likely more interested in searching out the contamination than in bringing Dixon to justice, and they'll probably bring test kits and other tools rather than weapons.

7: Finale

Planning

At some point, your players will have gathered enough evidence to know who Neal Dixon is, what role he played in the creation and coverup of the illegal waste dump they were sent here to find, and how he has interfered with their investigation in the modern day. At this point, they will likely attempt to confront him, and the endgame will begin.

If you've made it this far, I'm almost certain that your story has diverged significantly from anything I've imagined, so I'm going to try to keep this section general enough to be useful. Take anything here as a suggestion/inspiration and adjust until it adds a climactic finale to your players' investigation.

Where/When

Here's a few options for how and where the confrontation could take place:

- Dixon could be basically waiting at the dump site, using his drones to patrol and watch for the players as he waits to ambush them. I think of this as the 'boss fight' or 'showdown' version of the encounter. I think it works great if your campaign includes combat, if he's already tried and failed to kill the player characters, and if he's aware that they're heading to the site and they're aware of him.

  If they've rallied a lot of support in the larger communities, they may find themselves leading a small army of locomodos, locals, Reclaimers, or work crews investigating the pollution as they move upriver.

  If they've assembled an army and have already done a good job of publicly identifying Dixon as the culprit, this encounter may represent a sort of last stand on the former DHS agent's part, with killing the players and generally lashing out at society being a higher priority than getting away.

  - If you favor a more conversation-based final confrontation, he could have brought explosives with him, attempting to rig the site to trigger a landslide into the pond that will do far more damage to the region, forcing a negotiation instead of a fight.
  - Even without the bomb, Dixon's weapons and the players' desire to protect their friends have meant that groups on this path have found themselves in a sort of stand-off, which they ended nonlethally. One group rigged a hijacked drone to drop an anesthesia canister they'd made much earlier in the campaign and then dogpiled him. Another trusted Dixon's bodymods to keep him healthy when they tipped a pine tree onto his hiding place, then let their allies disarm him while he was pinned.

- Dixon could have set up his headquarters in the Conway brothers' cabin; it's secluded, generally long-forgotten by anyone in town, and the closest human structure to the pit, almost overlooking it. It's in fairly rough shape, but it would be more comfortable than waiting around outdoors, and he's certainly not above using the home of someone he killed.
    - This is a good option if the players find the waste before they find out about the cold case aspect of the mystery and the game transitions from finding the dump site to finding the killer. It also suggests he has more of a human routine (eating, sleeping, etc.), which might also offer an opportunity for the players and their allies to sneak up on him.
- Dixon could proactively seek the players out or encounter them while trying to break the trail of evidence (through threats, attempted murder, or destruction of documents/buildings, etc.) in person. This would provide him with more agency and could make for a dramatic fight somewhere the players are already familiar with, such as Fairer Way.

About Neal Dixon:

For a refresher on Dixon's motives and personality for the purposes of roleplaying him, see this earlier section from Section 5's Adversaries and Escalations.

Neal Dixon feels persecuted by the modern solarpunk world and by the players in particular. He reads their insistence on investigating the environmental disaster he facilitated and the murders he committed as a personal, specific attack on himself. To him, it's the latest assault from the weird, communist society that broke down the hierarchies he felt were fundamental to American life and stripped him personally of the power and authority he wielded in it. Worse, for the first time in his long life, he senses actual consequences closing in around him, and he's bitterly resentful at the reversal of roles. He's angry and indignant that anyone would dare to impose consequences on him, especially little civilian nobodies like the players.

Dixon is heavily armed, and his lived experience has taught him that lashing out aggressively and using more violence than anyone else can stand will make society at large back down and capitulate. He's internalized this fact of life without ever examining the fact that he worked for the DHS at the time, the massive institutional and legal authority that agency exercised, or the way it shielded him.

His priorities will depend on the circumstances of your campaign, but by this point, it's likely that he's escalated to trying to kill the players, even if only in a non-combat, make-it-look-like-an-accident way.

Negotiations, if they're even still an option and Dixon hasn't backed himself into a corner, should be very challenging.

It's been a long time since the DHS disbanded, and Neal Dixon is an old man. But synthetic muscles don't turn to flab with time and inactivity, and poly-glass bones don't lose their density. He's still a big man, and there's still something unsettling about the twitchy, rapid way he moves. But somehow, he looks like he feels his age.

He stands around six-four and seems a bit oversized from the neck down, as if to fit all the additional equipment his government felt its soldiers would need. In his day, he must have been absolutely terrifying. These days, he looks a bit more like an oversized power lifter. He's packed a healthy layer of fat into the space between his DoD muscles and his dermal armor, and his uniform doesn't fit too well.

His glass-lensed synthetic eyes don't have whites or irises – just a pattern with a red background and crossed blue lines flecked with white.

He isn't wearing a full uniform – just the armor and pants – but it's clear that the bits of gear he's made to fit are original DHS kit. To anyone with a familiarity of recent history, even just through a pop-culture lens, this stuff screams 'bad guy' the way an SS uniform or stahlhelm would to twenty-first century westerners.

Running

Former DHS Agent Neal Dixon

The Deyesso Industrial Disposal Dump Site, Comity, NH

Characters	HP	Armor	Speed	Attacks
Neal Dixon	35	3	20	See Actions section.

Difficulty Adjustment

If the fight seems unbalanced, the GM can add locomodos, Reclaimers, or local holdouts to the players' side, but it's also possible they'll already show up with a small army of stolen combat drones, armed locals, and excessively fit, survival-enhanced locomodos, and absolutely dogpile Dixon in one round. This doesn't have to be a fair fight if the players are smart – and if they're smart enough, it may not have to be a fight at all.

One playtest group ended their standoff by using a hacked drone to drop an anesthesia bomb they jury-rigged in session two, before closing in for a nonlethal takedown. Another group felled a pine tree and rolled phenomenally to drop it directly onto his hiding place, trusting to his absurd combat bodymods to protect him from serious harm while he was pinned.

Conclusion

The players win this engagement if they survive Neal Dixon's attempts to kill them and manage to capture him, kill him, or otherwise stop him from harming people.

Abilities and Augmentations

Neal Dixon has the following abilities and augmentations. Feel free to adjust them to fit your campaign.

Thematically, the vast majority of these capabilities are derived from the GCW-era US DoD combat augmentations built into his body rather than from skill or training. This is because he has allowed his skills to atrophy over the last forty years, but his augmentations and collection of weapons remain largely intact.

SENSE ENHANCEMENTS

Underwater Vision:
See underwater without goggles

Telescopic Vision:
See far away objects clearly

Enhanced Sense of Smell

Enhanced Hearing

Extended-Spectrum Vision:
Passively observe infrared and UV
Removes disadvantage from smoke during combat

PHYSICAL ENHANCEMENTS

Enhanced Strength:
+1 Strength
(Applies to HP & Speed)

Stature Enlargement:
+2 Strength, -1 Dexterity,
Automatic [-][-] on Defend
actions (Applies to HP & Speed)

Toughened Skin:
Provides permanent armor value of
1 (along with -1 dex)

Brain Trauma Resistance:
Negates stun effects of impact
attacks;
Negates half of fall damage.

Reaction Time:
Play a two actions in one
round.

Toxin Resistance:
Metabolize toxins 100x speed

Radiation Resistance:
Negates damage from
moderate radiation,
Halves damage from severe
radiation

BRAIN ENHANCEMENTS

Parallel Processing II:
Allows skill combination
with 4 min of prep time

RAM Integration:
Allows user to hold up to 256 MB
of precise, specific information

BMI, Broadcast III:
Mentally command a complicated
vehicle or multiple devices

BMI, Receive III:
Mentally perceive visual input,
audio, or equivalent amounts of
information

Advanced Interface Layer III:
+7 on a hacking check

As long as the target equipment is old
(GCW or American Realignment-era)

RETAINED TRAINING

One Sec:
+3 on a software hack

Advanced Weapon Training II
Add a weapon proficiency costing 2 skill points or less

Actions

Action - Movement

Move

Move 4 hex

-1 hex if played previous round
-1 hex for rough terrain
-2 for moving another body.

Optional if Aimed: **Move 6 hex**

Defense ~

Defend

Negate effect of attack and move 1 hex

Roll with Disadvantage
unless adjacent or behind cover

- -	Fail
-	Attack Disadvantaged
0	~
+	Counter Attack w/ Dis.
+ +	**Counter Attack**

Action - Special

Aim

Advantages next attack or defense

Applies Aim effect to next attack

Disadvantages defense against next attack

Effect is retained for one additional round if not used

Attack - Special *Restraints*

Restrain

Disarm & indefinite stun

Damage: 0
Range: Adjacent

Must have 6 HP > target to use

Can by played to release allies

- -	Fails & offers counter attack w/ disadvant.
-	Fails, but +3 dam.
0	~
+	~
+ +	~

Attack - Close ***Unarmed***

Trained Strike

Damage: 5
Range: Adjacent

1 hex of movement

- -	~
-	~
0	Stun
+	Stun
+ +	Stun

If Aimed: **10 Dam. & Stun**

To tackle:
Play Move, then take stun

Attack - Close ***E-baton***

Taze Strike

Damage: 6
Range: Adjacent

1 hex of movement

- -	~
-	~
0	Stun
+	Stun
+ +	**2x Stun**

If Aimed:
10 damage & Advantage

Attack - Close *Sprayer*

Spray

Damage: 4
Range: Adjacent

1 hex of movement

- -	~
-	~
0	Stun
+	Stun
+ +	**2x Stun**

If Aimed:
(Advantage)

Attack - Ranged *Improvised*

Yeet

Damage: 2
Range: ≤ 5

Range 6 - 7 with disadvant.

- -	~
-	-1
0	0
+	+1 & Stun
+ +	**+2 & Stun**

If Aimed:
+2 damage & Advantage

Attack - Ranged *Pistol*

Pistol Shot

Damage: 5
Range: ≤ 5

Range 6 - 7 with disadvant.

- -	-2
-	-1
0	0
+	+1
+ +	**+2**

If Aimed:
+4 damage & Advantage
+8 damage if adjacent

Attack - Ranged *Rifle*

Rifle Fire

Damage: 6
Range: 2 - 6

Range 7 - 8 with disadvant.

- -	-4
-	-2
0	0
+	+2
+ +	**+4**

If Aimed:
+4 damage & Adv.
+8 damage if 2 hexes away

Attack - Ranged *Shuriken*

Knife Throw

Damage: 2
Range: ≤ 5

2 hexes of movement

- -	-2
-	-1
0	Stun
+	+2 & Stun
+ +	**+4 & Stun**

If Aimed:
Can be played twice (with Advantage)

Attack - Close ***Knife***

Stab!

Damage: 6
Range: Adjacent

1 hex of movement

- -	-2
-	-1
0	~
+	+1
+ +	**+2**

If Aimed:
12 Damage

Items:

- Heavy Armor (2 Armor points)
- Rifle
- Pistol
- Spray
- Taser
- Knife

Conclusion

The Playable Epilogue

Once the players have found the dump site and defeated Neal Dixon, several events happen. Invite them to play out how their characters fit into them. Try to provide some scenes with any NPCs they've worked with over the course of the adventure. This is generally about celebration and closure.

- If Neal Dixon has been captured alive, he is restrained and sent south under heavy guard to face a community justice board. (Depending on your campaign, the Atlantic Coast Detective Society can send an aircar, or he can be transported overland by a team of armed locals, Reclaimers, or locomodos.)
    - The Atlantic Coast Detective Society has begun a deep investigation into his past actions and expects to find other misdeeds, both during and after the GCW and from his 'retirement.'
- Morgan asks the players to stay in the area while they sort out next steps.
- If Jonas Webb's involvement has been discovered, he leaves town with a small party of supporters to face a similar justice board. The circumstances of his involvement and his repentance will likely lead to a more restorative sentence, but he seems determined to face it.
- Furnace Osmia reps meet with the Fox Mountain Locomodos and the Comity Selectmen and obtain permission to clean up the site. They begin surveying the Eldridge Road dump site and working with the already-established work crews (and local search/cleanup effort, if the players have initiated one) to establish the extent and spread of the contamination.
    - They invite the players to a groundbreaking ceremony to be held ten days after the discovery. The real extraction of waste will begin in a few months, once they've completed an assessment and made thorough plans.
- Several overlapping parties are held:
    - A fairly chill cookout and celebration at Bob Johnson's farm, with many of the town's holdouts and some members of the work crews and locomodos. It stretches into the night with plenty of drinking and dancing.
    - A wild party in the woods with the Fox Mountain Locomodos.
    - And a gigantic town-wide party in Fairer Way with the work crews and Reclaimers.
- The ACDS attempts to locate surviving relatives of the Conway brothers and are unable to do so. Nobody with any memory of them still remains. The Conways' cabin is identified (if the players haven't found it) about half a mile east of the Eldridge Road Pit on Cooper View Road. The brothers could probably see the lights and hear the noise pretty clearly through the woods.
- Furnace Osmia brings in a co-op who are specialized in locating cadavers and quietly exhume Kevin Conway's body from the pit, attended by a somber

detachment of locomodos and others involved in the investigation. His remains are badly mummified. An ACDS detective performs a brief but thorough forensic review to confirm the identity of the deceased and that his injuries match Jonas Webb's testimony. Then the body is surrendered to the locomodos.

- For Markus and Kevin's efforts, almost six decades earlier, to stop this ecological disaster, the Fox Mountain Locomodos ceremonially add both brothers to their ranks. Because they predeceased the group's founding, their names will actually be the first of their dead honored every year. They bury Kevin (and Markus, if the players found him) in a spot near the Conway cabin with a good view. They're talking about fixing the brothers' much-loved cabin so it can remain past deconstruction as a sort of shrine and rest stop for those who would visit it.
    - There's an argument to be made that this is a kind of appropriative thing to do. The Conways predated the concept of locomodos, let alone the Fox Mountain branch. There's no way to know what they would have thought of being granted membership into their ranks or a place of honor in their rolls. This may be mitigated somewhat by the fact that it's a gesture of respect and gratitude kept within the Fox Mountain Locomodos, with no external announcement except to the players, and that their recordkeepers are working with the Atlantic Coast Detective Society to learn as much as they can about who the Conways really were.
- If the players didn't find Markus Conway's body, it's found several days later during the downstream search/assessment, located in a springhouse in the site west of Nolan Pond. (Use the information from this section as necessary.) The locomodos bury him beside his brother.
- On the tenth day after the confrontation with Dixon, Furnace Osmia holds a formal groundbreaking ceremony. Comity locals, Fox Mountain Locomodos, regional work crews, and Fairer Way Reclaimers are in attendance. Morgan Kemp makes the journey to see the end result of the players' work. The players can travel to the ceremony with whomever they like.

  The site has already started to change; the road up into the mountains is more open, rutted but also repaired with new fill in several places. Several new clearings have been cut, the topsoil has been disturbed, there's survey tape and equipment everywhere, and the forest is looking pretty ragged and disturbed. A single airship floats overhead, and one of its three, twenty-ton aggregate containers has been lowered down and set in the central clearing. There's a tent with tables of maps. Food is provided, but down near the road, safely away from this site.

  Furnace Osima open with a remembrance of the Conways for their efforts to stop this disaster in the first place. They then thank the players and those who helped them – not just for finding this waste and making this restoration possible, but for actually bringing the surviving perpetrators to justice. They warn that the next year is going to see a lot of fresh damage inflicted to this land while they attempt to extract as much of the contaminants from the ground as possible. Phytoremediation

may be sufficient downriver, but to extract thousands of tons of blast furnace slag and fly ash, they'll have to dig it out of the ground. They promise that they will bring the site back as closely to pristine as they can once that work is done.

Section 8: Side Quests

The campaign, as written, has taken at least 10 sessions to run in previous playthroughs, which is probably enough content for most groups. However, if you or your players are looking for more to do in the region, consider the following.

All's Fair in Phytoremediation

Depending on how you want to run things, the players could pick up this side quest during the main campaign by talking to Grant Hayes or Isabelle Russo, or you could present it as a second, smaller 'main campaign' after the primary one finishes by having Galen Acosta contact the players for help defusing an escalating situation.

Backstory:

When their stewardship of the region was first made official, the Fox Mountain Locomodos began sending delegations to meet Comity locals, do introductions, volunteer, learn their needs, and generally try to make a good impression. They'd started this process while they were still surveying the land and working out details with the county, watershed board, and town selectmen, but they were careful to only send their most diplomatic members. Now that they were all going to be neighbors long-term, and it was inevitable that their entire membership would meet the locals at one time or another, they decided to try and make those introductions in the best of circumstances.

This generally went quite well until their trip to ShadeTree Motors.

What was supposed to be a basic introduction turned into a confrontation. Grant Hayes had put off meeting with the Fox Mountain group until they were official, so nobody had been there yet to see the place. The locomodos hadn't been warned about the extent of the junkyard, and though they'd been careful to keep their worst hotheads out of the delegation, they hadn't limited it to diplomats.

Between the locomodos' undisguised worry and disappointment at the state of the place and Grant's anticipation of criticism and existing grudge over authority over the land of his town being 'given' to a group of weird outsiders, things fell apart fairly quickly. The usual offer to help out/volunteer also caused problems when the locomodos were unwilling to help with several polluting vehicle repair tasks and offered phytoremediation assistance the mechanics didn't want.

The meeting quickly escalated into a shouting match, and Galen and other council members removed their own people more or less by force, leaving plenty of bad feelings on both sides.

Word spread quickly through the locomodo group, and Galen and the council's attempts to buy time led to accusations that the Fox Mountain leadership was covering up the extent of the damage, which led to more aggressive members of the group going there to see it for

themselves. This, in turn, led to escalated confrontations with Grant Hayes and his mechanics, who considered this to be trespassing.

Grant banned all locomodos from his collective's land shortly thereafter, and Galen had no choice but to enforce it (including posting a few trusted locomodos as guards around ShadeTree Motors, where they can intercept troublemakers but remain out of sight from the mechanics). The Fox Mountain Locomodos are a new group with no reputation to stand on, just starting out on their first stewardship agreement. They could lose it all (and several years of hard work) if this confrontation escalates and the authorities are brought in.

The quest, as Galen explains it:

"Hey. I could use your help sorting something out. I've got a problem with some of my people. Most of my people.

"We've got a conflict escalating with the… individuals living at ShadeTree Motors. Seems like I can't solve this myself because the mechanics won't listen to any locomodo, and I can't take it to townies or the government because they'll think we can't control our people, and that could jeopardize our stewardship.

"Guess it started when we did our meet-and-greet after they made our stewardship official. Grant didn't want to meet before then. I got the impression he was pretending we didn't exist or the whole rewilding effort would go away on its own. Once it was official, we started doing these visits to all the townies who'd have us. We'd sent our more diplomatic types around before then, but we were trying to socialize the group as a whole by getting them some facetime with the townies. We figured they'd run into each other eventually, so we might as well start things on good terms in a sort of controlled environment. Do some volunteering, stuff like that.

"We knew ShadeTree was going to be a bit of a mess, so we didn't bring any of our problem children, but we didn't know how bad it was. We have some trained diplomats for high-stakes stuff, but this was just a meet-your-neighbors thing. Most of our people are specialized in some kind of environmental restoration, and the ones we did bring weren't happy with what they saw.

"To make matters worse, it turned out Grant already had a chip on his shoulder about the town being rewilded and trusted to us, so he picked up on their attitude and got defensive real quick. The whole thing spilled over into a shouting match, and I basically had to drag a couple of my people out by their hair.

"That was bad enough, but they wouldn't keep quiet about it when we got back to the others, and when I tried to buy time, that turned into a ***second*** *giant mess, with a bunch of our hardcore members accusing us of trying to protect the townies with a coverup. I had groups of pissed off locos sneaking over there to see it for themselves, getting in arguments, and thoroughly burning any bridges I could have rebuilt.*

"Grant banned all of us, and I had to enforce it to keep things from escalating to the county or watershed board. We're a new group with no reputation to stand on, on our first stewardship agreement. In a conflict like this, if the townies are saying we're hostile and crazy, it's safer to kick us off and look for a new group.

"Like I said, it looks like this is escalating. Some of my people aren't happy about the mess they're making in there, especially the potential for a plume of contaminants spreading in the groundwater. Goes against the grain to let them keep polluting when we're focused on long-term polish everywhere else. Doesn't help that you can hear the place from miles away and all that machine noise keeps reminding everyone of what's happening in there.

"I posted some guards to keep our people away from them, but that's not a long-term fix. They have their own callings to follow. And from what we've heard, the mechanics are carrying guns now, cutting sightlines and fields of fire, setting up cameras… I figure it's just a matter of time before some hothead gets themselves waxed.

"I need someone both groups can trust to sort things out. Can you help?"

Picking this story up as a side quest:

At ShadeTree Motors:

If the players talk to Grant Hayes or other mechanics at ShadeTree Motors, they'll complain about locomodos coming to their land and getting confrontational when they saw the state of the place. It's a somewhat-biased retelling that lingers heavily on the locos telling them what to do with their land, scolding them for their pollutants, and trespassing once they were banned. The mechanics claim that members of the Fox Mountain group are sneaking in at night, stealing things, and planting seeds or small plants.

Given the precautions his mechanics are already taking (installing cameras, clearing sightlines from the building and around the perimeter, and erecting fences and other barricades) and the fact that people here are generally well-armed, it seems clear that this situation is going to escalate.

At the Comity Town Dump:

If the players talk to the locomodo phytoremediation team lead by Isabelle Russo at the Former Comity Town Dump and explain their mission in town, the locomodos will want to help with their search. They will also feel that the players are 'on their side,' despite being outsiders, and may ask if the party is planning to visit ShadeTree Motors. If they are, the locomodos will give them some seeds to put in their pockets to scatter around when they get there.

If pressed for why they're asking the players to do this, they'll admit they've been sneaking in to assess the damage and take soil samples, at least until Galen Acosta put his foot down and enforced Grant Hayes' ban with guards.

The members of Isabelle's group weren't the ones who got caught trespassing or getting in arguments with Grant. But they did make a game out of sneaking in and trying to fix things. It's easy to tell that, underneath whatever drama they're causing, this group is genuinely distraught by the state of the land ShadeTree is responsible for.

They'll talk about the rusting, leaking vehicles; the storage drums; the sloppy biodiesel reactor station; the way they apply (and sandblast/strip) paint outdoors; and other sources of contamination. They'll bemoan their inability to mitigate the harm; they clearly see this as an ongoing issue steadily compounding the harm to the habitats they're responsible for.

So far, they've identified the following contaminants of concern:

Contaminant	**Source**	**Potential Remediation**
Old Oil and Grease (Organophosphate Esters (OPEs))	Lubricating motor oil, hydraulic fluid (leaking from engines/ machinery or spilled during work)	Willow Trees If groundwater samples indicate the presence of OPEs, they'll determine the specific compounds and their concentrations, and then test for the presence of native bacteria with biodegradation capabilities which fit those compounds (such as strains of *Bacillus subtilis*, *Bacillus licheniformis*, and *Ralstonia pickettii*). If the concentrations are low enough, and the right bacteria (both the biodegraders and the symbiotic bacteria which enable them) are present, the team would use biostimulation – they'd dig more wells and inject the necessary chemicals to help the bacteria thrive and work quickly. Using native bacteria already present in the groundwater is preferred. If the concentration of contaminants is too high, or the right mix of bacteria aren't present, they would try bioaugmentation – injecting a pre-grown synthetic bacterial community along with the necessary substrate.
Fuels (Gasoline, Diesel, Alcohol) and other Petroleum Hydrocarbons	Leaking vehicles, storage tanks, production machinery, and spills during work	Willow Trees combined with inoculating soil with arbuscular mycorrhizal fungi Over a certain level, they've found the easiest bioremediation practice here is biostimulation of naturally occurring hydrocarbon-degrading microorganisms, such as *Bacillus* sp., *Pseudomonas* sp., *Shigella* sp., *Pseudomonas* sp., *Pantoea* sp., or *Burkholderia* sp. They test for levels of contamination and which bacteria are already present. They then order a custom premade nutrient mixture and till/mix it into the topsoil. They also drill injection wells and use them to deliver liquid nutrients into the groundwater.
Ethylene Glycol	Anti-freeze,	Ethylene Glycol is a synthetic chelating agent,

	radiator fluid	which binds to metal contaminants in the soil and enhances their bioavailability and absorption by plants, increasing both the accumulation and solubility of meals, even in plant species that do not normally exhibit hyperaccumulation traits. Over a certain level, they've found the easiest bioremediation practice here is biostimulation of naturally occurring glycol-degrading microorganisms. They order a custom premade nutrient mixture and till/mix it into the topsoil. They also drill injection wells and use them to deliver liquid nutrients into the groundwater. Both include a chemical mix which provides a slow release of oxygen which helps the microorganisms biodegrade the Ethylene Glycol.
Heavy Metals	Batteries; corroding bumpers, hub caps, and other chromed parts; wheel balance weights, catalytic converters, engine blocks, mufflers, used engine oil, used transmission fluid	Willow Trees *Brassica Juncea* (Mustard plant) The Mustard plants are annuals so they'd be harvested (leaf, stem, and root) at the end of their growing season and packaged for transportation to a phytomining facility that can reduce out any heavy metals like lead, cadmium, and zinc and store them. The willows would be left as a long-term phytostabilization and phytoaccumulation system. If they died of other causes, the locomodos would harvest as much of the wood and root system as they could and would send it away for testing and metals extraction/storage.
Mercury	Electrical switches	Willow Trees *Persicaria lapathifolia* (Pale smartweed) *Brassica Juncea* (Mustard plant) The smartweed and mustard are both annuals, so they'd be harvested (leaf, stem, and root) at the end of their growing season and packaged for transportation to a phytomining facility that can reduce out the mercury and store it. The willows would be left as a long-term

		phytostabilization and phytoaccumulation system. If they died of other causes, the locomodos would harvest as much of the wood and root system as they could and would then send it away for testing and metals extraction/storage. (Author's note: some of these plants are noted for phytovolatilizating the contaminants they accumulate. It's possible that, in a decade or two, when phytoremediation is a college major, some knowledgeable player will think these choices absurd because they'd give all the squirrels mercury poisoning or something.)
Sulfuric Acid	Old batteries	Unless the enclave has a secret pit of old batteries leaking into the soil the locomodos haven't found yet, they'd likely only need to test soil and groundwater and add lime or other alkaline materials to neutralize the acidity in problem areas. This one isn't their main concern, but it could compound other problems.
Galvanized Metals	Corroding bumpers, rims, and other parts	In contaminated wetland areas, they'd plant and harvest *Typha latifolia* (broadleaf cattail) or duckweed. In contaminated soil, they'd plant and harvest *Thlaspi tatrense* (Field pennycress), *Eleocharis acicularis*, or *Brassica Juncea* (Mustard plant), depending on the site habitat. Willow trees would work as a long-term phytostabilization and phytoaccumulation system. If they died of other causes, the locomodos would harvest as much of the wood and root system as they could and would then send it away for testing and metals extraction/storage.
Arsenic	Old/used engine oil	Genmod noninvasive ferns spliced with traits from Pityrogramma calomelanos L. or Pteris vittata. They would plant them at likely sites and harvest the fronds at the end of the season.
Chlorinated Solvents	Parts cleaning, degreasers	If groundwater samples indicate the presence of chloroethenes, they'll determine the concentration and test for the presence of native dechlorinators like strains of

		Dehalococcoides mccartyi, Dehalogenimonas, and *Dehalobacter*. If the concentrations are low enough, and the right bacteria (both dechlorinators and the symbiotic bacteria which enable them) are present, the team would use biostimulation – they'd dig more wells and inject the necessary chemicals to help the dechlorinators thrive and work quickly. Using native bacteria already present in the groundwater is preferred. If the concentration of contaminants is too high, or the right mix of dechlorinators aren't present, they would try bioaugmentation – injecting pre-grown dechlorinator cultures along with the necessary substrate.
Detergents; possibly Solvent-Based Cleaners (acetone, methyl ethyl ketone, toluene, nPB, or trichloroethylene (TCE))	Parts cleaning	Most of the detergents suitable for cleaning machine parts available in the 2100s are considerably safer than ones available in the past. That said, given what they've seen of ShadeTree Motors, the locomodos aren't discounting the possibility that they've got a secret cache of old chemicals that 'work better.' Depending on what, if any, contaminant is discovered, they might use hybrid poplar trees inoculated with the symbiotic endophytic bacteria strain PDN3, or with *Acinetobacter*, *Sandaracinobacter*, *Burkholderia*, *Pseudomonas*, or *Allorhizobium–Rhizobium.*

Appendix

Details on the Illegal Dumping

In late August/early September of 2057 (sixty-seven years before the start of the campaign), Deyesso Industrial Disposal made a deal with Jack Rickers, who owned several large plots of land throughout the town of Comity, New Hampshire, which he used for logging and the excavation of sand and the production of gravel. He was subject to numerous complaints and a few lawsuits for his heavy use of the land and general disinterest in permits and property lines while extracting resources. Deyesso Industrial Disposal paid him to 'store' their waste on his property, and, in September and October of 2057, they trucked it in during the night, following state routes and backroads to avoid wartime security measures on the big freeways.

These trucks were seen on multiple occasions by people who lived in town, including two brothers living in a cabin nearby who began investigating the activity and were subsequently killed for it. (More on this in the next section.)

Most of the people involved have died since, including the CEO of Deyesso Industrial Disposal and most of their employees. Whether their criminally negligent handling of various toxic wastes accelerated their deaths can be left for the reader to speculate. Regardless, they're beyond the reach of justice and unable to provide answers now. However, at least two conspirators are still alive: Jonas Webb, the then-19-year-old foreman of North Woods Sand and Gravel, who now lives in Fairer Way; and the now-former Agent Neal Dixon, DHS liaison to Deyesso Industrial Disposal, who committed two murders while using the authority of his position to assist in covering up illegal dumping on behalf of his corporate partners. When the campaign begins, he is living a comfortable retirement in what remains of Florida.

Detail on the Murder of the Conways

Two brothers, Markus and Kevin Conway, were living in a cabin on a plot adjacent to the parcel of land where Deyesso Industrial Disposal and Jack Rickers were dumping the waste. They had moved to the family cabin to escape the war (which was hitting American cities by that time) and with the vague hope that it would make them harder to draft. They became suspicious of the nighttime activity and started documenting it, attempting to complain to the town government.

They were eventually arrested for trespassing on site by DHS agent Neal Dixon, who was riding along 'on liaison' as part of his work to cover up Deyesso Industrial Disposal's activities. He brought them to the local police for holding before searching their cabin for evidence to destroy. The police report on the brothers' arrest is one way to identify the site location.

Dixon never followed up with the Comity police. When they were unable to reach him or obtain any information on the events with which to charge the brothers, they were forced to release them after the 48-hour holding period ended. Emails requesting further information can be found at Jack Rickers' house.

Kevin and Markus disagreed on how to proceed; Markus wanted to keep a lower profile, Kevin was furious at the attempts at intimidation, the arrest, and the illegal search of their cabin. He was especially upset by the deliberate destruction of many of their possessions. It seemed that the one thing that survived Dixon's search was a hidden compartment in one wall where their family traditionally stored firearms during hunting season, which included one remaining shotgun.

Kevin Conway went out to record the site again to obtain new evidence to replace what Dixon destroyed.

Using his agency-issued drones, DHS Agent Neal Dixon spotted Kevin and became enraged that the younger man had returned rather than being scared into compliance. He slipped into the surrounding forest, where he killed Kevin Conway with his knife. Kevin saw the DHS agent coming, but wasn't fast enough to get away. He fired off a signal flare to warn his brother before being killed.

Jonas Webb, the 19-year-old site foreman, was the only one to witness the murder and the events that followed. He was away from the noise and the spotlights, and watched as the agent launched up the embankment into the brush, heard the scream, and saw a signal flair launch into the sky.

Neal Dixon then headed to the Conway Cabin. Markus Conway was already on his way, armed with the shotgun which had been missed in the search. Markus got lucky and saw the DHS agent silhouette himself against the spotlights at the pit. The agent opened fire, hitting Markus. More on reflex than anything, Markus returned fire, winging him with buckshot before panicking and fleeing the scene. He made it to his mountain bike, leaning against

the shed at the edge of their property, and tore off into the darkness before the now-limping agent could catch him.

Markus rode along several snowmobile trails, convinced Neal Dixon and his drones were right behind him, until he reached an old spring house several miles away, which he and his brother knew about from childhood.

He brought his bike inside so it wouldn't be seen and attempted to bandage his wounds. He was still convinced that Dixon would find him immediately and that the police were in on whatever was happening, so he sat down where he could aim at the door, and waited, listening for engine noises or the sound of gravel crunching under tires.

As he waited and grieved, he used the notes app on his phone to record what had happened. He tried to send it to family, but the thick walls of the building killed the already-weak cell signal. Less than an hour later, he succumbed to his injuries.

Agent Neil Dixon sent his drones after Markus, expecting him to fall off the bike shortly.

He radioed the foreman, Jonas Webb, and told him to call an early break and to send the workers down to the gate. Dixon carried the corpse of his first victim down to the pit, ordered Jonas to bury it, and climbed into his car to find the second one. Dixon was angry, distracted by the injury to his side, hip, and leg. It was then that he realized his drones had lost Markus several miles away in a network dead zone.

He searched through the night, growing terrified that Markus Conway would make it to another household or the local police and making plans for containing the damage and spinning his version of events. But he found no sign of him, and received no calls from local authorities or his superiors.

After searching for several hours, Dixon stopped by the side of the road and tended to his injuries. A local man named Arlen Saunders driving past stopped and asked him if he was okay or if he needed help. Dixon demanded to know why Arlen was out at night. When the man waved his curfew pass and explained he worked for a transportation company, Dixon told him to leave.

It worried Dixon that other people might be around to find Markus. But it also reminded him that he was running out of time: the truck crews would be finishing up shortly and would need to head out if they were to get back before dawn. He arrived at the dump site shortly before they departed, made some threats to Jonas while he used his drones to continue the search, then recalled them in time to depart.

Neal Dixon spent several weeks looking for Markus Conway, both covertly searching online activity by day and leaving the convoy/site to search the area for him by night, but failed to find him. He was spotted by townspeople several times. He eventually concluded that the older Conway brother had either fled the country or died that night. He left several smart taps in local infrastructure keyed to alert him to relevant conversation topics (such as Markus's name or description) but otherwise moved on with his life.

Comity History

The town's population (and that of the region) has been declining since the Global Climate War. The impacts of a new world war were many and overlapping, even in areas which didn't see direct combat. Globalized manufacturing industries were badly broken by wartime damage, sanctions, attacks on shipping, and state-mandated repurposing of factories. This led to heavy shortages of supplies, parts, and fuel for civilians, which were compounded by wartime rationing, theft, and black market middlemen.

At the same time, targeted cyberattacks swiftly gave way to a "total war" mentality, leading state hackers to deliberately target civilian infrastructure (or at least to make no effort to avoid inflicting collateral damage incidentally). Blackouts and other utility failures were commonplace.

The end result was a span of years in which rural communities were hit far harder than one might assume given their low target priority. With shortages in fuel, electricity, oil, new vehicles, and parts for repair, the civilian vehicle fleet experienced rapid attrition. At the same time, the already-diminished manpower, fuel, and supplies which would have repaired the roads and power lines were diverted to patching damage left by kinetic strikes and riots. This led to rapidly deteriorating rural roads, which caused more damage to vehicles, and disproportionate grid outages in rural areas.

Surprisingly quickly, bedroom communities, where most of the population commuted to other areas daily for work or relied on telework to make ends meet, became less viable. People had a harder time leaving and coming back, got stranded more often, and found that fewer and fewer supplies were available to them, most having been diverted for the war effort or a higher-priority area, stolen, or stranded somewhere on the way.

Despite the risks, many people began moving closer to their work, usually with the intent of doing so temporarily. They moved in with friends or relatives, rented recently converted spaces, or used campers or other temporary dwellings closer to work.

Those who remained tended to be farmers or other people whose work took place in town, or those who had fewer obligations outside of it, such as retirees. And as always, there were some holdouts who would remain no matter what, who gave up work in favor of their home, and found ways to eke by. Many Comity residents died in attacks on those larger towns and cities; others were drafted and died overseas.

Shortages continued for some time after the war. The nation was able to allocate more resources to the rebuilding effort, but as the goals shifted from temporary kludges to actual repairs and inspections were conducted, more extensive and severe damage was revealed. Local manufacturing had been configured during the war, but retooling it took time, and obtaining raw materials was more difficult without war powers in place.

Generally, resources were allocated by population, with cities and sites hit by kinetic damage being additionally prioritized. 'Untouched' areas like Comity – whose damage was

inflicted by time, weather, and neglect – were often neglected further or blamed for their own failures.

Comity residents who tried to return found houses damaged by years of neglect, roads which were often impassable by vehicle, and no industry to support the cost of those repairs. Many elected to continue living where they had relocated to instead.

The population continued to decline for some time. The older population died, and though some new people moved in – usually looking for a suitable place for homesteading, forestry, or the town's other natural-resource-centric opportunities – there weren't enough to offset the loss. Many of those who moved in set up around the scant local industry and numerous waterways, mirroring villages which had been there before the creation of automobiles and the infrastructure to support them.

Near the end of the American Realignment, rural areas saw a small population boom as improved conditions, a higher quality of life, and a society with radically different values drove an interest in sustainable, rural living. Through that stretch, roughly 200 locals and out-of-towners moved to Comity, working individually or on planned sustainability projects. However, the area's fairly inaccessible location made it less appealing than similarly rural areas nearer to new train lines, and the population began to decline again as groups relocated, even as conditions improved elsewhere.

Eventually the Pemigewasset Watershed Management Board – a new regional arrangement intended to help communities manage their shared biome, which had gradually replaced the older, partially overlapping Thurpston County – checked their percent-wilderness territorial allotments and realized they were falling short. They reviewed the area whose stewardship they oversaw, looking for things like quality of the existing wilderness, population maps, existing industry, and cultural markers, and, after much debate and consent-gathering, determined that Comity and several adjacent towns were good candidates for rewilding.

This meant that much of the currently unoccupied land (which had no resident or other current steward-of-record) would become ineligible for individual stewardship and would instead become community-managed wilderness, with most of the responsibilities for that work falling to a contracted group of locomodos who could live on it with minimal impact and no permanent structures. The existing buildings would be deconstructed unless they were of significant historical value, other hazards removed, and the area generally made as pristine as possible.

For the current residents, things would remain much the same. Their stewardship would be continued indefinitely, and the steward could choose whether to pass that responsibility on to someone else, or to eventually merge their land into the larger park, allowing family holdings to continue if so desired. They could maintain their roads and trails and generally live as they always had, but new development by outsiders would be prohibited.

For a brief while, the former town of Comity saw an increase in population as work crews specializing in salvage, deconstruction, site remediation, species reintroduction, and rewilding arrived, set up camp, and began work. The nearby new village of Fairer Way saw a boom as well as secondary industries based in salvage looked for sites in the area where they could actually set up shop.

The Reclaimers have an old policy dating back to the Crumbles that “there's always room for one more, and we'd be lousy builders if there wasn't.” So they won't turn anyone away. But like the mines dug by old-world capitalists, these resources are finite and will eventually be exhausted, and when the work is done, most of these people will move on.

Quick Info on Comity History

Any of the Comity locals who were in town during the war will be able to answer questions or ramble on about the history of the place. This includes what it looked like in the past and how it declined to its present state:

- Even when it was bigger, Comity was always a bit of a bedroom community.
- In the long past, it was a farming town, with some industry like sawmills and dowel factories clumped up around rivers. The town was never connected to train lines, but some nearby towns were.
- The population picked up a bit when the interstates were built nearby, allowing people to commute to bigger towns and cities from further out. The state DOT also chose some local roads to widen into state routes intended for faster driving. Town zoning and Federal Housing Administration guidelines guaranteed new housing development was sprawled out and generally unwalkable.
- **By the time of the GCW, the town was already starting to decline**, and the war, the shortages, the rationing, and draft just made it worse:
    - The roads got bad for lack of maintenance (due to a lack of manpower and supplies).
    - It was hard to get gasoline, diesel, heating oil, or natural gas. Whatever wasn’t taken by the war effort was stolen before it was distributed this far out.
    - The supply lines began to break down. Food, clothing, building materials, and other necessities became hard to find in stores. Whatever it was, if it was still being made, it wasn’t reaching Comity.
    - People who’d assumed owning property in a rural area somehow made them self-sufficient found that turning two acres of lawn into a self-sufficient farm was hard at the best of times, let alone at the last minute during a war and subsistence hunting was harder to do when close to a thousand other people were also trying their hand at it.
    - The shortages and supply chain disruptions meant it was almost impossible to buy a car, or even the parts to fix one. And the longer they went on, the

more the supply lines broke down. Trucks hauling supplies were stopped on the roadside waiting for parts that either couldn't be shipped for lack of vehicles or that nobody was making anymore.
    - Electricity was intermittent at best and often out for long spans after storms and attacks. As with the fuel, the food, and all the other supplies, they had to prioritize fixing the higher-population areas.
    - The cyberwar meant the Internet was mostly unreachable out here, and when you did get through, it was a risk to connect.
    - Everyone who could moved closer to the small cities nearby – a lot of them had jobs down there anyways, and staying with relatives or in a camper still meant they didn't have to pay crazy money for gas or break their car on the failing roads. Sounds like those towns are still going strong.
    - Soon most of the people here were the ones with a reason to stay – or at least nowhere else they had to be. Many were retirees, some were farmers, some were just stubborn. Most became homesteaders out of necessity.
    - The fewer people came out here, and the less money there was, the harder it got to maintain everything. Most of the roads were basically gone within a decade or two. Empty houses were essentially destroyed by neglect.
- There was a small resurgence during the Melt.
    - As mandatory work-for-survival ended and society experimented with alternative ways of living, migrants and commune farmers moved into Comity.
    - But many eventually resettled into areas closer to major hubs or transport lines. Others discovered the same thing New Hampshire farmers did in the 1800s – there are easier places to farm than the forests and rock fields of New Hampshire.

Characters

This is a list of every character who could appear in the campaign. There is no expectation to prep all of them.

It's worth noting for physical descriptions that, because of improved medical care, people over 40 generally appear to be about 20 years younger than their actual age. That said, characters from Comity may look closer to their true age, as New Hampshire is a bit of a medical desert in the modern day, and I can't imagine that would improve when huge swaths have been abandoned and returned to nature.

In the Past (deceased or not present in the story):

Jack Rickers – the owner of Rickers' Pit and several logging, sand, and gravel companies (some of which possibly only existed for tax purposes). He owned several large (hundred acre) plots of land throughout the town of Comity and was subject to many complaints and a few lawsuits for his heavy use of the land and general disinterest in permits and property lines while extracting resources. Deyesso Industrial Disposal paid him to 'store' their waste on his land and trucked it in during the night, following backroads to avoid the blackout interlocks and other security measures on the freeways.

Kevin Conway – One of two brothers who investigated the illegal dumping happening near their cabin. He was arrested along with his brother Markus by Agent Neal Dixon, released without charges, and then killed on the scene when he tried to investigate the site again, his body buried in the waste.

Markus Conway – Kevin's older brother. He was more hesitant to investigate, though he was also arrested and released without charges. When Kevin was caught investigating again, Markus went to help, was wounded by Agent Neal Dixon in an exchange of gunfire, and fled on his dirtbike. He died in a springhouse on one of Jack Rickers' other properties while hiding from Dixon.

Officer Edward Shaw – A member of the (very small) local police force who handled intake processing the night Agent Neal Dixon arrested the Conway brothers and had the local cops hold them. Shaw was unable to confirm that the DHS intended to press any charges or even knew about the Conways, and he hadn't seen any crimes himself, so he released them after 72 hours. Shortly thereafter, he was drafted by the military and died fighting overseas.

Key Characters

Morgan Kemp, P.I. – Investigator

Names:	M.E. Kemp, PI; Morgan Elias Kemp (Given)
DOC:	2093_MAY_16 (Age 31)
Res:	New York City, NY; Various
Species:	Human
Gender:	Enby (They/Them)
Followers:	2334 - Quasi-Private
Sapience:	S5
Education	University of Delaware, 2116 BS in Records Reconstruction

Morgan is an investigator working for a cooperative called Furnace Osmia, searching old world records to help find previously-unknown sources of industrial waste. They have been digging into the sparse records of a sketchy company called Deyesso Industrial Disposal, which was active in the United States before and during the Global Climate War, and they've tracked shipments of waste to somewhere in Comity, NH. They have asked the players to find the exact location of the waste.

Former DHS Agent Neal Dixon – Deyesso's Handler (and Co-Conspirator) from the Department of Homeland Security, Murderer

Names:	Nealand Ronald Dixon (Given)
DOC:	2028_FEB_28 (Age 96)
Res:	Boca Chica, FL
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/Him)
Followers:	193 - Restricted
Sapience:	S5
Education	University of Virginia, 2049 BS in Defense Strategy
Associations	Sheriff's Deputy, Grant County Sheriff's Office, 204X - 205X Agent, Department of Homeland Security, 205X - 205X Special Agent, Department of Homeland Security, 205X - 206X Programs Secretary, Huntsville Military History Museum, 2067 - 2088 Boca Chica Retirement Community, 2091 - Present

Dixon worked as the DHS liaison for several critical wartime industries. He became involved in several conspiracies, using his authority to cover up crimes committed by his corporate benefactors, including illegal dumping by their subsidiaries. He remained with the Department through the Crumbles, where the failing organization, its declining

membership, and a lack of public trust or transparency made graft, corruption, and outright theft of government property fairly easy. When the country split up, he was able to get out with his wartime boosts intact and has spent the last few decades living fairly comfortably, keeping himself entertained and feeling tough thanks to the occasional violent threat, confrontation, or weird stalking charge. He is currently in possession of several caches of surplus wartime Homeland Security equipment, including armed drones, hacking tools, and other weapons.

Fairer Way Reclaimers:

The Reclaimers are an international community of volunteer builders mostly known these days for using the lessons of the Global Climate War (GCW) wartime slums and the American Realignment to turn parking garages, strip malls, parking lots, and other remnants of the interstate age into vibrant communities. Their members include builders, electricians, plumbers, roofers, masons, architects, engineers, inspectors, farmers, community planners, mechanics, and anyone else who wants to contribute to their projects. If Habitat for Humanity was a full-out lifestyle and organized into chapters that doubled as extended family groups, it'd be a pretty close fit.

They arose during the Global Climate War as a mutual aid network helping provide shelter to people using whatever was available to them, making ruins and abandoned structures habitable and often repurposing them in creative ways. They entrenched themselves in many areas through their contributions to the postwar cleanup and were very active in protests during the American Realignment, even helping build fortifications where necessary.

The Reclaimers have an old policy dating back to the Crumbles that goes, "there's always room for one more, and we'd be lousy builders if there wasn't." They won't turn anyone away unless they're a threat to other residents.

Jonas Webb – Archivist, Murder Witness and Party to its Coverup

Names:	Jonas Erin Webb
DOC:	2038_APR_02 (Age 86)
Res:	Fairer Way, NH
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/Him)
Followers:	930 - Quasi-Private
Sapience:	S5

Curriculum Vitae

Braddock High School, 2052 - 2054 (degree incomplete)
Vehicle Operator, North Woods Sand and Gravel LLC, 2054 - 2056
Site Supervisor, North Woods Forestry LLC, 2056 - 2057
Gigger, Zipfly (Worcester metro area), 2058 - 2063
Scheduler, Massachusetts Climate Corps., 2064 - 2073
Worcester Community College, 2068, GED
Greenfield Community College, AS in Operations management, 2073
Scheduling Supervisor, Massachusetts Climate Corp. 2073 - 2086
Librarian, Manchester Library, 2089 - 2109
Treasurer, Manchester Shutterbugs Photography Collective, 2115 - 2119
Archivist, Reclaimers of Fairer Way, 2120 - Present
General Volunteer, Thurpston County Records Restoration Project, 2120 - Present
General Member, Watershed Restoration Board Rewilding Committee, 2120 - Present

Associations

Zora Webb (wife, 12 years separated);

Jonas is a Comity local who joined the Reclaimers and moved into Fairer Way a year after the project began. Now a senior archivist at Comms and Records in Fairer Way, Jonas hopes that working there will give him a chance to see which properties are chosen for review and to intercept anything that could get him into trouble. For the same reason, he also volunteers with the Thurpston County Records Restoration Effort and the Watershed Management Board Rewilding Committee.

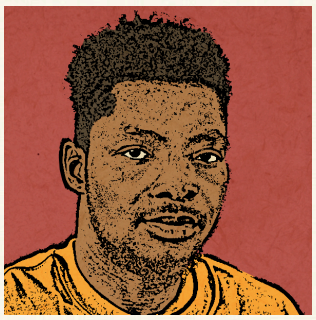
Jonas knows the location of the dump site the players are looking for because he was involved in burying it. He's motivated to stop them from finding it.

He was 19 years old and the site foreman of Rickers Sand and Gravel when Kevin and Markus Conway were killed and the body of Kevin Conway thrown into the pit. He buried the dead man himself for fear of joining him if he refused.

In that moment of fear, Jonas was forced to help with something terrible, but though the danger is largely past, he has chosen, every day, not to speak up. Every day has made it harder to do so. That fact motivates him to prevent the site from being uncovered when he finds out about the players. He knows illegal dumping sixty years ago isn't likely to stir up consequences anymore, but the excavation will eventually find the body, and a cold case murder could draw a real investigation. Eventually he'll be held to account for what he did and what he could have done.

More information can be found on Jonas in the Fairer Way Adversaries and Escalations section.

Leroy Carter – Reclaimer and Junior Archivist

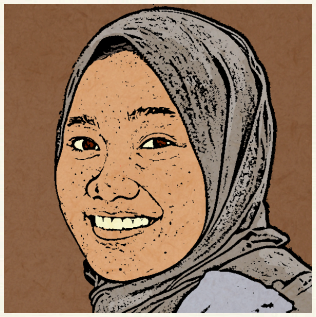


Names:	Leroy Carter, James
DOC:	2100 (Age 24)
Res:	Fairer Way, NH
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	5,110 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Potomac Watershed College, BS in Library Science; Minor in Document Conservation, 2121
Associations	Reclaimers of Great Falls, 2120 - 2122 Archivist, Reclaimers of Fairer Way, 2122 - Present
Community	Girlfriend Ester; Fellow archivists James, Ester, Julie, and Sam; Parents June and Betty

Leroy joined the Reclaimers while attending Potomac Watershed College. The school was one of the Reclaimers' post-Realignment rebuilding projects in an ongoing partnership with an open-source academic collective from the Washington, DC area. He was working towards becoming a librarian, and had just completed a Bachelor of Science when an opportunity was announced: a Reclaimer project in the rural northeast had started supporting a local deconstruction effort and was struggling to organize the pre- and post-war paper records salvaged from the area into something that could help. They needed to sort through thousands of paper documents in various states of decay to glean ownership records and property histories so that deconstruction could proceed and hazardous sites could be identified. Leroy joined up, seeing it as a suitable opportunity to get some experience and immediately put some of his knowledge into practice. He was a big part of bringing in the off-the-shelf archival software that the Reclaimers ended up using to store digital copies of all their records.

Hester Wong – Bike Co-Op Lady



Names:	Hester Wong, Mallard
DOC:	2085 (Age 39)
Res:	Fairer Way, NH, Concord, NH
Species:	Human
Gender:	Fem (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	7,210 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Chatham College, BS in Vehicle Repair; Poetry, 2107
Associations	Cycle Redesigner, Juliette Bikes, 2108 - 2117 Battery Engineer, Lightvolt Cycles, 2119 - 2121 Repair Tech, Reclaimers of Manchester, 2119 - 2122 Repair Tech, Reclaimers of Fairer Way, 2122 - Present
Community	Girlfriends Natalie and Naomi; Offspring Vargus and Xevil; Aqua Artichokes race team; Parents Wilcox and Betty; Inlaws Ryel, Bovard, and Fredrik.

Hester is a Reclaimer. She started working with them five years ago, after moving into a condo they built in a former mall, and joined this effort to try something new. She's in her thirties, but spent all her life up until then in cities. Fairer Way was a chance to see (and build) a very different kind of place. She embraced the initial challenges and homesickness as best as she could, but she has appreciated the recent population boom of makers and others here to utilize the salvage that passes through town. The place feels much more alive, and the chaotic bustle feels much more like home.

She has always loved biking – she adapted quickly to the local conditions, and was a major force in building the village's trail network and linking it with the larger, less dense local one.

She helped plan and build the bike co-op, ensured they have a steady stream of salvaged bikes and parts, and sometimes arranges various bike-building contests whenever things seem too quiet.

Randal Morrow - Lifelong Reclaimer, Former Council Member, Jonas Webb's Friend

Names:	Randal Morrow; Grits
DOC:	2055 (Age 69)
Res:	Fairer Way
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/Him)
Followers:	12,100 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Curriculum Vitae
Raleigh Vocational Charter High Schools 105, 2071
Carpenter, Raleigh Climate Corps, 2071 - 2075
Apprentice Mason, Raleigh Climate Corps, 2075 - 2077
Journey-Level Mason, Roanoke Rapids Reconstruction Corps, 2077 - 2084
University of Virginia (remote learner), BS in History, 2094
Line Cook, Libby's Diner, 2095 - 2097
Work Crew, Carolina Reclaimers, 2098 - 2102
Line Cook, Libby's Diner, 2103 - 2107
Docent, Baltimore Museum of Industry, 2110 - 2116
Work Crew, Maryland Reclaimers Chapter 9, 2114 - Present
Fairer Way Steering Council, 2119 - 2023

Fairer Way doesn't exactly recognize founding members, but Randal was involved from the very beginning. He helped scout out potential sites, helped build up the funding and other resources necessary to start the project, met with dozens of stakeholders in the region to get their approval, and served as a council member for the first few years. Fairer Way was just starting to shape up into what they'd envisioned when the rewilding effort was announced, and Fairer Way, along with other neighboring communities, found itself playing the role of salvage-rush boomtown, supporting the logistics trains and other camp followers of the deconstruction effort.

The Reclaimers' founding principles were built around providing aid and shelter to anyone who needed it, no matter the circumstances, so it was inevitable they'd find a way to fit in everyone who came looking for a place to live. Beyond ideology, this mission was logistically important: if Fairer Way didn't provide housing for the temporary surge of makers, archivists, librarians, and artists, they could stall the very deconstruction and rewilding effort they were there to benefit from by requiring homes and everything else

humans need to live. If salvage seekers started building their own camps or occupying abandoned buildings, then those places couldn't be deconstructed.

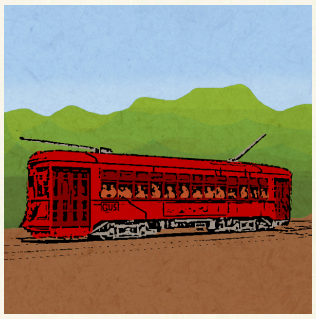
At that point, with his term drawing to an end, Randal decided to step back and let those with a vision for navigating the rapid growth and inevitable bust take the helm. There were younger folks excited to tackle those challenges, with plans for how to manage their community and to gracefully shrink back to their intended purpose when the flood of salvage ended and the workers moved on to the next site. Randal was tired, and ready to focus fully on his real passion: the Food Forest which was becoming the community's thriving heart.

These days, he splits his time between tending the gardens in the day and cooking at the community cafeteria in The Club for breakfast and dinner. He's an active and enthusiastic member of the community, and he loves meeting newcomers and watching their appreciation of the food he's worked so hard on. He takes a lot of pride in everything the Reclaimers have built in Fairer Way, but it's a quiet thing; he's not likely to admit the extent he was involved unless asked directly.

If the players stay the night in Fairer Way, he's quite likely to introduce himself. He'll probably be found at the counter of the Club, serving up soup or stir fry, but he's also qualified to lend out rooms if a guest needs accommodations.

He's fairly good friends with Jonas Webb - he's good friends with everyone, in a bit of a politician sort of way, but he was there when Jonas joined the Fairer Way Reclaimers and has been pleased with his contributions to the project.

Gus - "The Bus"



Names:	Gus
DOC:	2023 (Age 2)
Res:	Fairer Way, NH
Species:	Vehicle-embodied synth
Gender:	Non-binary (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	900 - Public
Sapience:	S4+

Associations	FW Reclaimers Transit work group, member and construction
Community	Magic Schoolbus vehicle design collective

Gus is an S4 AI streetcar running on a loop around the outer road of Fairer Way. Physically, it looks sort of like a homemade version of one you'd see from the 1910s except with a lower

deck in the back half to accommodate handicapped access. It enjoys the affection and gratitude of its community, and a certain amount of latitude in how it goes about its duties, thanks to the intentionally-leisurely pace of life in the village.

Whenever it approaches or leaves a stop, it posts to the future equivalent of a local Mastodon feed, and journals there about neat stuff it sees along its route. It frequently stops to take pictures of animals.

Its feed is spotted with comments by Reclaimers adding encouragement and thanks for its work.

Collin Holman - Lifelong Reclaimer, Bartender by Inclination, Jonas Webb's Friend

Names:	Collin Holman; Trenton
DOC:	2096 (Age 28)
Res:	Fairer Way
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc-ish (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	11,050 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Trenton Forest Academy, 2114 Allentown School of Mixology, 2119
Associations	Reclaimers of Trenton, 2112 - Present Gratzi's Pizza & Brews, 2116 - 2119 Reclaimers of Fairer Way, 2120 - Present

Collin is the bartender at Lonely Kevin's Basement Bar. He's a nice guy and gets along with most everyone in town. His parents were Reclaimers (part of a chapter in New Jersey) and he grew up helping with their projects, raised by that extended group. He liked helping people repurpose buildings and infrastructure, using the lessons of the wartime slums and the American Realignment to turn parking garages, strip malls, and parking lots into vibrant communities. But, perhaps because of fantasy games full of taverns and inns, Collin always dreamed of running a bar. He didn't see much formal use for those skills with the Reclaimers, but he took a couple years and studied mixology for the fun of it. He often took part time gigs tending bar wherever he found an interesting project to work on.

When he followed the Reclaimers to the backwoods of New Hampshire, to an ambitious project to prove that they could repurpose some of the cheapest, worst-designed monuments to American capitalism ever slapped together, he was delighted by two things: finding an intact basement bar just waiting for a community to finally use it, and the

unexpected, rapid growth of the village from a planned commune into a boom town with enough people that real specializations could emerge. He lost no time establishing Lonely Kevin's as a proper bar (as opposed to the part-time use of the community cafeteria), a good place for some rowdy drinking, darts, singing, and other games – they even scrounged up some reproduction arcade cabinets from one of the other mansions.

He gets along well with everyone, which, unfortunately for the players, includes Jonas Webb. If the players tell him about their mission, he'll eventually tell Jonas without realizing anything is amiss. In fact, if they ask about finding locals knowledgeable of the history of the area, he'll specifically recommend Jonas because he knows he's lived in this region his whole life.

Corey Crane - Recent Reclaimer, Stuff Shepherd, Jonas Webb's Friend

Names:	Corey Crane
DOC:	2077 (Age 47)
Res:	Fairer Way
Species:	Human
Gender:	Male (He/Him)
Followers:	400 - Quasi-private
Sapience:	S5

Curriculum Vitae	Margaret Atwood Community School, 2095 Worker, Clean Build Home Co-op, 2093 - 2120 Private, Canadian Civil Defense Corps, 2095 - 2118 Ottawa Community College, BS in Music Production 2094 Roadie, Silent Spring (Second Thaw Tour), 2094 - '95 Building Inspector, City of Ottawa, 2099-2118 Code Enforcement Officer, Manchester NH 2118-2120 Site Inspector, Clean Slate Deconstruction 2120-2121 Site Coordinator, Clean Slate Deconstruction 2121-2122 Supply Crew, Fairer Way Reclaimers, 2122 - Present
Community	Hoshi (Spouse, 48); Timbre (Progeny, 28); Noise (Progeny, 27); Theresa (Progeny, 21)

Corey works at the receiving warehouse, where he's taken on the difficult job of cataloging, sorting, storing, and transporting the portion of the salvaged *stuff* which ends up in Fairer Way. He started out in the deconstruction effort as an inspector and site coordination manager, but stayed in Fairer Way for a while after he fell through a rotten floor and injured his knee. He loved the ethos of the community but found they were struggling to adapt to the logistics issues of their recent industrial boom. The Reclaimers were good at essentials – they would always make sure everyone had food and shelter and designated contacts with the community for everything else – but they were still reckoning with their surprise shift from planned agricultural community to minor industrial hub.

Corey assisted in inspections of still-derelict McMansions for use as factories, workshops, artists' studios, and supplemental housing. Through that, he learned about the coordination nightmare that was the transfer and storage of goods from the deconstruction and salvage crews to the new fixers, makers, and artists. He pulled from old lessons and established a sort of post office, the Receiving Warehouse on the north edge of town.

These days, he coordinates between the work crews and local industry, trying to get the supplies that makers and artists have requested and to find homes for whatever is actually found and brought. He has his own meshnet station, but he still interacts with the folks from Comms and Records quite often and knows Jonas. The two of them have become pretty good friends and talk often.

His wife also lives in Fairer Way and works with two different book restoration co-ops.

Comity Locals:

When the Watershed Management Board and county government selected Comity and neighboring towns for rewilding, they granted all the remaining residents indefinite stewardships of their current land, with an option to pass that responsibility on to someone else, or to eventually merge their land into the larger park. These 'holdouts' are stern, stubborn, tough-minded folks who have already survived decades in a largely-abandoned town, and who have no reservations about their ability to thrive after deconstruction and rewilding. They know their neighbors and look out for one another.

Bob Johnson - Local Farmer

Names:	Robert Michel Johnson
DOC:	2062 (Age 62)
Res:	Comity NH
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/Him)
Followers:	1,290 - Quasi-private
Sapience:	S5

Education	Braddock High School, 2080 Seaman, New Hampshire Coastguard, 2082 - 2085 Farmer, 2085 - Present
Community	The townsfolk of Comity; Abigail Johnson-Singh (Sister, 70); Vikram Johnson-Singh (Brother in law, 70); Rory, Sona, Uthra, Glenn (nieces and nephews, 30, 32, 35, 39)

Bob has lived in Comity his whole life. Born shortly after the GCW, he doesn't remember much from those days, but he knows all the locals, and is on good terms with many of the newcomers as long as they're respectful of his hometown.

He's the kind of guy who keeps an ear to the ground and knows all the local drama without participating in it much.

He's been farming his whole life. His farm is more mechanized and more traditional than some of the others in town, but still quite progressive from a modern-day viewpoint.

He's not a huge fan of the decision to dissolve Comity as a town, but he's more interested in keeping it the same than in seeing it somehow recover into the busy, sprawling community it never was in his lifetime, so he's not against it either.

He's trying to keep an open mind about the locomodos. He's inclined to see them as newcomers, busybodies, weirdos, or a possible threat to his farm/safety, but he's trying to reserve judgment, as he's seen a lot of changes in his day and he knows that's partly just

how his brain is wired. It'd be easier to do if some of them didn't seem to resent him not giving up his land, and if one hadn't already talked down to him about his farming practices. He thinks it's kind of funny how they put on all these airs about being part of nature and protecting this land when he's been here longer than they have.

Arlen Saunders - Homesteader, Watercolor Enthusiast, Witness to Neal Dixon

Names:	Arlen Percy Saunders; Ducky
DOC:	2032 (Age 92)
Res:	Comity
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/They)
Followers:	39 - Restricted
Sapience:	S5

Curriculum Vitae
Braddock High School, 2050
Attendant, Speedy-Duzit Recharge Station, 2047 - 2050
Warehouse Associate, Great North Transportation, 2050 - 2052
Transportation Operations Manager, Great North Transportation, 2053 - 2067
Forestry Technician, Concord Forestry Management, 2068 - 2073
Clerk, Colors of Concord Artist's Supply, 2074 - 2086
Farmer / Artist, Hackney Farming Commune, 2087 - 2091
Artist / Farmer, Wapeminskink Farming Commune, 2095 - 2102
Traveler / Artist, Vietnam, 2103 - 2106
Artist / Homesteader, Saunders Farm, 2106 - Present

Community
Jolene Nyugen (Wife, 74)
Debbie, Lisa, Marcus, Gregg, Tucson, Ryder (Siblings who all live far away)

Arlen is an older guy who lived in Nolan Village during the GCW and worked in a factory further west. These days, he lives in a cabin a little northwest of Nolan Village, where he tends a garden and a few animals and spends most of his time painting watercolors.
He never saw a convoy of dump trucks pass the village, and he lived right beside Eldridge Road at the time so he would have been very likely to notice them (or at least hear about it). He really wants to help, so if the characters question him about Rickers' dumping practices, he'll mention that he thinks he remembered hearing about a convoy rolling through Comity one night, coming east on Old Sawyer Road and turning immediately south down Nolan Road. Unfortunately, this was a Civil Defense Convoy, and it happened several years too early and in the wrong season. Hank Walton in Nolan Village will be able to correct this if Arlen delivers this red herring.

He does correctly remember one weird thing which relates to the case: one night, on his way to work the night shift at the factory, he saw a soldier in uniform standing by the side of the road, bleeding from his side, trying to patch himself up with medputty and duct tape.

He stopped to ask if he needed any help, trying to figure out what had happened, and the soldier became threatening and started demanding to know why he was out after curfew, so Arlen left without getting any answers. This was DHS Agent Neal Dixon, trying to track down Markus Conway before he got help.

Hank Walton - Local Old Guy

Names:	Hank Charles Walton; Chuck; Chucky-Dub
DOC:	2033 (Age 91)
Res:	Comity
Species:	Human-Cyborg
Gender:	Non-binary (He/They)
Followers:	175 - Restricted
Sapience:	S5

Education	Braddock High School, 2051 Clerk, Hoffman's Groceries, 2051 - 2055 Supervisor, Hoffman's Groceries, 2055 - 2057 Produce Manager, Hoffman's Groceries, 2058 Supervisor, FreshySmart Groceries, 2058 - 2064 General Manager, Braddock Grain and Grocery, 2066 - 2096
Community	Nollan Village, Comity Locals

Hank is a lifelong local in his nineties, though he looks a bit younger and is still fairly active. He's moved into Nolan Village because he's too old to live alone, but mentally he's still sharp. He has a set of prosthetics he uses to walk around the house and town, though he's been using a mobility frame more often these days. He has a workhorse frame he uses to do a lot of work at the community homestead, where he and the other "misfit toys" (his words) live.

Hank Walton was living in a house above Nolan Road in the 2050s, near Carver River. He was in his thirties and had recently lost his left leg below the knee in a car accident shortly after the war broke out. Immediate and ever-worsening shortages in medical supplies and personnel meant that his recovery was 'deprioritized,' and replacing what the accident took was no longer possible.

After months of postponements, excuses, and general runaround, he took a hard look at the horror stories he was hearing from hospitals, the frequent attacks on American cities, and the fact that he was disqualified for the draft (as well as the fact that his situation meant his wife could get an exemption voucher), and decided he could wait a few years and see what they came up with when the war was over.

Grant Hayes - Owner/Leader of ShadeTree Motors

Names:	Grant Sydney Hayes, Hotrod
DOC:	2077 (Age 47)
Res:	Comity
Species:	Human
Gender:	Male (He/Him)
Followers:	2385 - Quasi-private
Sapience:	S5

Education	Homeschooled, 2095 Great Bay Community College, BS in Vintage Engineering, 2100 Mechanic, Rochester Motorsport League, 2100 - 2109 Mechanic, Shadetree Motors, 2109 - Present
Community	William Hayes (father, 78), ShadeTree Motor Enclave

Grant grew up in Derry and came of age during the Tropical Flu pandemic and the American Realignment. He was homeschooled until college. Taking after his father, he studied automotive engineering.

A few years after he left for college, his mother passed away. His father moved home to Comity, seeking a change of scenery after the loss of his wife and a secure place to bunker down. Since the town didn't have a dedicated mechanic, William restarted his own father's business under the name ShadeTree Motors. Due to the condition of the roads, the remaining cars in Comity needed frequent maintenance, and the rise in communes created a reliable need for someone to repair tractors and other farm equipment for a time.

Grant spent a few years working in motorsports after college, but after his father had a health scare and, in the anxious turmoil that preceded the machine uprising of '99, Grant joined his father in Comity and never left.

He remained active in online car communities, especially in retro fuel-engine automotive groups. His creative restoration and redesign projects drew a small following (and a bit of jealousy at the abundance of abandoned vehicles he had to work with). His father, noting that he was getting older and that his son had few people he could rely on, suggested that Grant invite some he trusted to relocate to their land or to settle nearby.

Several friends and mechanics took Grant up on it and over the next decade, the enclave of motor vehicle fanatics around ShadeTree Motors grew large enough to qualify as a village in its own right.

In the present day, Grant stewards (though he would say 'owns') the land that the racecourse and most of the buildings they use are located on. His property is surrounded by

several smaller plots where friends and co-mechanics live, usually in homestead arrangements. He's not particularly popular in town, as he's the leader of a group responsible for a lot of noise, day and night, and because he's very transactional in his dealings with others. But people here have more room to spread out than in our time, and have learned to rely on and look out for their neighbors in harder times, so he's better off than he might have been. Generally he's got his interests, and he's going to pursue them, and he has less concern for the impacts of his actions on people and animals around him than the average person in the world of FA! His neighbors work with him when their priorities align – he's a major force in maintaining local trails, and in keeping them navigable in the winter – and try not to interact when they don't.

The Locomodos moving into the area don't have this context, and have been disappointed to find his domain inside their new territory. They've been more active in their complaints and suggestions, and there is a fair amount of mutual resentment at this point. Grant generally appreciates the lack of oversight in the region and was thus in favor of the town disincorporating, but now that that weak authority is ceding power to the locos, he's suddenly against it. During a recent disagreement, he banned the locomodos from his land.

Grant works with the deconstruction crews – he and his group are often the closest mechanics and are generally willing to help out with vehicle problems as long as they're compensated – so he knows most of them and can give the players directions to them. He's also lived here his whole life, so he knows many of the locals (even if he doesn't get along with them) and can give directions to them as well.

He's only in his 50s, so he's too young to remember the GCW or the illegal dumping, and members of his group are either similarly too young to remember or weren't local to Comity at the time.

He's not particularly environmentally conscious, but he's not pro-industrial-pollutants-in-his-groundwater either, so he'll want to know if it's near his land or likely to poison his water. If the players think contamination is unlikely at that point, he'll kind of shrug it off.

If the players mention what the waste will be used for, he'll be curious about who is getting paid for it. After all, it must be useful to someone, or they wouldn't be doing all this work to get it. He feels the 'town citizens' (meaning the locals to the area) should receive whatever compensation there is. He doesn't want the 'locos' to receive it because they're not really from here.

Annmarie Byrd - Tough Old Lady, Lifelong Resident of Hackney , and Convoy Witness

Names:	Annmarie Olivia Byrd; Grandmama
DOC:	2025_MAR_01 (Age 99)
Res:	Hackney
Species:	Human
Gender:	Female (She/Her)
Followers:	170 - Quasi-private
Sapience:	S5

Curriculum Vitae

Braddock High School, 2043
Hampshire College, Studied Solarpunk Art & Practices, 2047
Author, “Hope at the Bottom of a Gravity Well,” Singularity Press Fiction, 2050
Author, “A Heat-Shielded Heart,” Singularity Press Fiction, 2053
Birth of First Child, 2054
Author, “Accelerating Defiantly,” Singularity Press Fiction, 2055
Author, “The Time is Now: Actualizing the Future We’ve Sought,” Singularity Press, 2056
Birth of Twins, 2057
Author, “The Well Horizon,” Singularity Press Fiction, 2058
Editor, “Short Stories to Inspire Revolution” (viral distribution), 2059
Farmer / Organizer, Sherbrooke Outsider Farm Collective, 2059 - 2062
Author, “Handbook to the Revolution, Section 9: Networking over Distance” (viral distribution), 2060
Activist, Hominid League for Just Uplift, 2065 - 2067
Organizer, Hackney Farming Commune, 2068 - Present
Organizer, Maumuhchuw Commune Network, 2074 - 2090

Community

Rhonda, Karl, and Harvest (Offspring, 70, 68, and 68); Five grandchildren (41 - 30);
Inlaws, great-grandkids, friends, about half of whom live on the Hackney Commune

Annmarie has lived in Hackney since she was a child, back when most people barely bothered to use the old village name anymore. She is almost a hundred years old now and lives with her children and grandchildren in a homestead just a few hundred feet from her childhood home.

Annmarie authored a popular series of science fiction novels in the 2050s. She transitioned into increasingly revolutionary writing in the 2060s. She joined the commune movement, agitated for parahuman rights, and eventually founded the Hackney Farming Commune in Comity.

The commune swelled in the ‘70s and ‘80s as homesteading rose in popularity, then slowly ebbed during the ‘90s and the turn of the century. It is currently home to thirty, making it one of the most populous places in Comity. The commune houses two of her adult offspring. The third lives in a larger town on a train line near Vermont. Their children are spread across Comity and the wider world.

In terms of skills, she’s a jack-of-all-trades-master-of-none, but nobody around here is as good at foraging as she is, and she’s kept all the best spots for fiddleheads or truffles in

town secret, because nobody has managed to follow her successfully yet. She was here during the war, raising the kids and writing while her wife fought overseas. Before she had kids, she traveled in the wider world sporadically for book tours, and once her kids were grown, she travelled to help set up communes in other locations. But she has never known a home other than Comity. She's still sharp, but she has a mischievous sense of humor and sometimes plays up her age, her memory, or her hearing loss to mess with people.

Annmarie remembers convoys of trucks rolling through almost every night for close to a month, heading east in the early evening and west much later. Every time they came through they'd wake her up and she'd have trouble falling back asleep. It was a fearful time.

She grouses about the youthful arrogance of the recently arrived locomodos, but has no qualms stating that they are the future of Comity.

Dr. Marcy Blythe - Homesteader, Local Grandmother, Witness to Neal Dixon

Names:	Marcia Michelle Blythe; Miss Marcy; Doc
DOC:	2048 (Age 76)
Res:	Comity
Species:	Human
Gender:	Female (She/Her/Grandma)
Followers:	3,100 - Quasi-public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Braddock High School, 2066 Penn State, BS in Biotechnology, Minor in Network Technology, 2070 Teacher, Braddock High School, 2072 - 2089 Penn State, MD in General Practice, 2095 Resident, Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center, 2095 - 2098 Doctor, Private Practice, 2098 - Present
Community	John Blythe (Husband); Gail Hsiao-Soriano (Foster daughter, 32); Ishan Soriano (Son in law, 40) Petunia, Akash, Eila (Grandkids, 10, 3, 1)

Marcy Blythe is a kindly older lady living with her husband, kids, and grandkids in a homestead farm Northeast of Nolan Village, off Eldridge Road. She has lived in Comity in the same house for most of her life. After college she became a science and technology teacher at the local high school she attended. She met John, a free-spirited tradesman who'd come during the commune boom in '71, and they married in '75.

In 2089, the high school closed as enrollment sank. Braddock High was once central to several bedroom communities, but with the population of those towns dwindling to nothing

and Braddock itself on the very end of the train line, it made more sense for Braddock students to ride the train to a bigger town further south.

Now forty-one, Marcy decided that she still planned to live out her days in Comity and that she needed a new calling suited to the town Comity was becoming rather than the one it used to be. She went to med school and returned to practice medicine in 2095.

In 2103, Marcy and John took in eleven year-old Gail Hsiao after her single father died in a climbing accident. Gail left for college, but returned in 2115 with her husband and stepchild in order to let them grow up around Marcy and John and experience a rustic upbringing in Comity.

Marcy set up a basic practice in a former retail space in Nolan village and, when necessary, made house calls around town. In her downtime, she also drew on her old tech and networking background and got involved in building and maintaining the mesh network which links what remains of her community to the outside world. The improved communications allowed several injured people to contact her over the years and allowed her to call for outside medevac.

Marcy lived in Comity as a kid during the GCW, and she was 16 in 2057. She doesn't remember any nocturnal convoys of trucks, though she thinks she remembers hearing about that from adults over around Hackney. She does remember then-DHS-Agent Neal Dixon searching her farm for someone and making some vague threats about the draft when she confronted him, thinking he was a burglar. She never knew who he was really looking for and never heard anything about him again.

John Blythe - Marcy's Husband

Names:	John Jacob Honey-Blythe; Johnny-Jay
DOC:	2042 (Age 82)
Res:	Comity
Species:	Human
Gender:	Non-binary (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	6,300 - Restricted
Sapience:	S5

Education	Fayetteville Vocational Charter High School, 2056 2060 Building Painter, Penn State University, 2060 - 2064 Apprentice Electrician, Penn State University, 2064 - 2070 Custodian / Shop Teacher (part-time), Braddock High School, 2072 - 2087 Shop Supervisor / Teacher, Comity Community Makerspace, 2088 - 2103
Community	Marcy Blythe (Spouse); Gail Hsiao-Soriano (Foster daughter, 32); Ishan Soriano (Son in law, 40) Petunia, Akash, Eila (Grandkids, 10, 3, 1)

John is a soft-spoken older man living with his wife, kids, and grandkids in a homestead farm Northeast of Nolan Village, off Eldridge Road.

John grew up in North Carolina, where he picked up various trades, including carpentry, plumbing, electrical work, roofing, drywalling, painting and tile work. He moved all over the east coast and eventually ended up in New Hampshire in the commune boom of ‘71, where he met Marcy Blythe. They married in ‘75.

Marcy took a job as a teacher at the local high school while he found work as a carpenter and handyman throughout the region. When the school closed in ‘89 and Marcy went back to school to get a degree in medicine, John started making improvements to their homestead with the intent that they’d be able to get by, at least for a while, without an outside income. He continued his handyman work, though with the restored train lines rearranging the region and many communers moving closer to the major stops, there was less of it to be found around Comity.

Due to a scarcity of doctors in the region, Marcy was able to fast-track her residency, and the two of them set up a small clinic in Nolan Village.

In 2103, when Gail Hsiao was orphaned, he was 61, at which time he turned his attention to full-time parenting. Twenty years later, he spends his days looking after his grandkids, puttering in his workshop, and serving as Marcy’s medical assistant when necessary.

Work Crew Members:

Deconstructing and rewilding even a small exurban town is an absolutely massive undertaking. Workers involved in this project have come from all over to contribute their skills to the effort, and will likely seem more normal to the players than the fiercely independent stubborn nails who normally call Comity home.

Usef Glen - New Hampshire Watershed Management Board Hydrologist

Names:	Usef Peleton Glen; Homie
DOC:	2090 (Age 34)
Res:	Waahkanaapinako Aquatic City, Lake Ontario
Species:	Human-aguamodo
Gender:	Masc (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	15,700 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	University of Rochester, BS in Geohydrology, 2112 Waahkanapinako Marine City College, PhD 2118
Associations	Hydrologist, New Hampshire Watershed Management Board, 2120 - Present

Usef is part of a small group from the NH Watershed Management Bureau working in Comity. His long-term residence is in the small aquatic city of Waahkanaapinako (often referred to as Waahkan or Waahkan City) in Lake Ontario, but works on contract for the New Hampshire Watershed Management Board. He is three months into his third six-month field expedition, each punctuated with two month returns to Waahkan City).

The small team he leads is doing a survey of all the rivers and wetlands in the towns zoned for rewilding and is currently camping on the old North-South state road near Nolan River. For a long time, human society's environmental response capabilities were overworked and reactive at best, often leaving the work of discovering problems to the community at large rather than seeking them out. With the area depopulating, Comity and everyone downriver will lose that extra layer of detection, so they've sent Usef and company to check as many places as they can to see if there are any serious issues.

They've been working their way up the Nolan River, setting up emplaced streamgages and various instream water quantity and quality monitoring equipment (water-quality sonde, nitrate sensors, discrete water-quality sample intake, and high tech stuff like a staff gage – essentially a big ruler). Much of this will help monitor stream flow/discharge, as well as the types and quantities of chemicals in the water and other aspects of general water quality, such as pH, conductivity, water temperature, and dissolved oxygen, and excess nutrients (specifically phosphorous and nitrogen which cause algae blooms downstream).

They're also looking for invasive species, recording the types and quantities of fish and aquatic insects, and looking at the condition of the physical stream and for damage like erosion, deposition, head-cutting, vegetation loss etc.

Usef is very excited about this work. Water is life and this conservation effort will work to restore and protect a tremendous amount of it.

Doug Abietia - Rewilding Crew Lead

Names:	Doug Abietia
DOC:	2089 (Age 35)
Res:	Durham, NH
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/they)
Followers:	6,000 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	University of New Hampshire, BS in Forestry, 2112 University of New Hampshire, PhD for Forest Science 2119
Associations	Arborist, Northern Tree Services Cooperative 2120 - Present Arborist, University of New Hampshire Cooperative Extension, 2120 - Present Professor, University of New Hampshire, 2122 - Present New Hampshire Arborist Association (NHAA) International Society of Arboriculture (ISA) American Society of Consulting Arborists (ASCA) Society of American Foresters (SAF)

Doug is a professor with the University of New Hampshire, and an arborist in their Cooperative Extension program, helping the public with tree health issues. He's been coming to Comity and the surrounding towns for years as part of a long-term rewilding program rehabilitating sites damaged by extractive industries (including several plots once owned by Jack Rickers). His first trip out was over a decade ago, as an undergrad, and he fell in love with the month-long fieldwork excursions. He returned several times as a grad student, freelance arborist, and later professor. This is his second time leading the expedition.

In his normal life, he spends most of his working hours in the university greenhouses and tree farms, teaching labs and overseeing the development of several invasive-species resistant cultivars of native trees. His work has helped to reintroduce tree species which were devastated by the emerald ash borer and pine bast scale, and he's garnered a bit of a reputation for his special obsession with ending the threat of the Hemlock Woolly Adelgid.

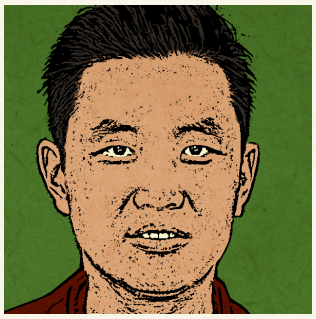
This year his crews have been given approval to introduce a very stable, proven, HWA-resistant cultivar of the Eastern Hemlock to a region which was once known for its

dark hemlock forests. Some of the native trees remain here, but their population has dwindled for over a century, and he's absolutely thrilled to bring them reinforcements at last. His crews will be doing their usual inspections and site maintenance work, but on top of that, they'll be planting saplings in the forests which are far enough along in succession to be suitable for hemlocks. As far as he's concerned, the extra work and logistical issues are more than balanced by the recovery of the species and their habitats.

As an added bonus, this year he's been connected with the locomodo group who are taking over long-term management of the region, and they've loaned him several volunteers. As far as he's concerned, if the rest of the group is like the ones who have joined his work crew, the area couldn't be in better hands. They're enthusiastic, hard workers who listen carefully to instructions and want the project to succeed. They also frequently show initiative in ways that make the work go faster, scrounging up equipment and foraging food his people appreciate. Overall he's quite pleased with how things are going.

If the players ask his crew for help, he'll be happy to provide any information he can, especially about any of Rickers' former sites they've been trying to restore. **He can rule out several former sites (feel free to pick which ones).** He doesn't know anything about the events in the 2050s, but he's actually been coming here long enough to know some of the locals from back when they volunteered with this project and can introduce the players to a few of them, including John Blythe and Annmarie Byrd.

Logan Chen - Environmental Restoration Foreman



Names:	Lucky; Logan Chen
DOC:	2086 (Age 38)
Res:	Vancouver, BC
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/Him)
Followers:	8,400 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	University of Calgary, BA in Adventure Studies, 2104 BS in Field Ecology, 2106 Calgary College of the Land, MS in Environmental Engineering, 2110 MS in Soil Mycology, 2114
Associations	Calgary TrashRacoons Cleanup Coop, 2102 - 2105 Alberta Excursion Recovery Projects, 2111 - 2114 North American Environmental Restoration 2115-2118 The Thousand-Year Cleanup Damage Board 2102 - Present Restorative Professional League of the Great Work 2104 - Present Turtle Island Bioremediation Research League 2115 - Present Old World Remediation, 2118 - Present

Fixing damaged environments was a childhood dream for Logan Chen. People from the old world caused incredible damage through their greed and indifference and exhaustion, the shortcuts they took, the decisions nobody should have been able to make. For the adults in his life, there was a lot of grief for what had been lost - a human death toll they could scarcely comprehend, huge swaths of species wiped out, a complex ecology broken and changed - but there was hope too. They showed him the miracles people wrought. The recovering forests, the water tables cleansed of poison, species once thought lost brought back from the edge of extinction. He wanted to be a part of that.

He studied ecology, environmental science, soil science, and eventually started working with an environmental restoration co-op. Their work was in cleaning damaged places - detecting poisons in soil and water and in removing them. It wasn't glamorous work, they dug a lot of holes, did a lot of tests, cleared land and dug out the contaminants with backhoes and bulldozers. They did their best to restore each site, brought in clean soil, contoured it to match how it had been, replaced the plants, but the contaminants were often invisible, and things often looked worse when they finished their work.

But the work was important. Containing the heavy metals, the PCBs, the dioxins and furans and pesticides and other pollutants was an important step in the Thousand-Year Cleanup. The soil they extracted at each site was transported and cleaned by others, the contaminants destroyed or consolidated and stored safely, and the world was made a bit safer for the next generations, for the species humanity shared it with. The damage hadn't been done all at once, and it would take far longer to fix it than it had taken to cause, but they had corrected their course and he was determined to help that great work.

Over the next decade he helped clean up former factories and industrial zones, dumping sites, junkyards, gun ranges, dry cleaners, even the old sites of wildfires where the chemical suppressants had turned out to be poisonous, in the long term. He also responded to modern accidents, sloppy mistakes, floods and fires, anything that threatened to set the cleanup back. He handled everything from radium to mercury to hexachlorobenzene and learned how to manage all manner of job site.

He's followed advancements in bioremediation closely and he looks forward to the day when it's enough on its own. But for now there are many places where the need is too urgent, or the damage too extensive for that kind of timeline, and somebody needs to carve the poison out with a backhoe.

His current site is a good example. The former Comity town dump is a stew of unsorted old world trash and wetland soil, contaminated with a remarkable variety of chemicals and left to permeate the surrounding land for over a century. The cleanup effort is a hastily-assembled thing, put together by a coalition of the local watershed management board and the remnants of the county and town governments. They need Logan's team to remove any sign the dump was here before the rewilding effort makes the place even harder to reach.

Debora Church - Deconstruction Site 1 Foreman

Names:	Debora Church
DOC:	2071 (Age 53)
Res:	Portland
Species:	Human with athletic mods
Gender:	Fem (She/Her)
Followers:	4,900 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Ann Arbor Masonic Academy, 2088 United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners 776, Apprentice, 2088-2092 United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners 735, Journey-Level, 2092-2097
Associations	Free Masons, 2091 - Present North East Housing Collaborative, 2097 - 2106 Operator, Mooseland Deconstruction Cooperative, 2108 - 2114 Specialist, Mooseland Deconstruction Cooperative, 2114 - 2118 Site Lead, Mooseland Deconstruction Cooperative, 2118 - Present

Deconstruction is actually Debora's second career. She started out working for the North East Housing Collaborative towards its broad mission of ensuring there is enough housing available for everyone in the region and improving the quality of existing housing through free repairs, assistance bringing ad-hoc domiciles up to code, and new construction. She learned carpentry through her early volunteering and took on more work and more coordination and organizational work as she gained experience. Eventually she found herself organizing projects across multiple layers of government, co-ops, mutual-aid networks, charities, and volunteer orgs; getting buy-in from communities; and sourcing materials. She was 35, deeply buried in paperwork and organizational drama, and needed to start fresh.

Much of their building materials came from deconstruction, and she remembered that she'd found carefully disassembling buildings to be a satisfying challenge back when she was working on job sites. She resigned her role and joined a deconstruction co-op out of Maine.

She enjoyed the hands-on work and direct satisfaction of making a difference she could see, even if it was probably smaller than what she'd accomplished while wrangling dozens of organizations into big projects. Every day she could watch her salvaged materials pile up – truckloads of framing lumber, roofing metal, doors, windows, flooring, cabinets and everything else that makes a home – all traveling out to those who would use them.

Her skills for coordination and problem solving resurfaced within a few years, however – she was too good at fixing things to not help when she saw an issue underway. For her efforts, she soon found herself managing a crew, and eventually an entire worksite. She didn't mind

the responsibility, but she made it very clear that if they tried to promote her any further from the real work, she'd start over somewhere else.

Five years later, she's still running deconstruction sites, just the ones deeper into wilderness areas where the logistics get more difficult. Deconstruction Site 1 in Comity, NH is her current home, and she's made it an excellent crew to be on, in addition to making several improvements to the logistics network the crews use to transport personnel and materials.

Helaney Gypsum York - Deconstruction Site 2 Foreman

Names:	Helaney Gypsum York
DOC:	2084 (Age 40)
Res:	Nomadic
Species:	Human with athletic mods
Gender:	Non-binary (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	4,900 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Eagle Scout, 2100 Erowan Community School, 2101 Vermont Free Association Builders Union, Apprentice, 2101-2104 Vermont Free Association Builders Union, Journey-Level, 2105-2120 Vermont Free Association Builders Union, Expert, 2121 - Present
Associations	Scout Troop, Vermont, 2110 - Present Operator, Burlington General Removal Home and Reconstruction Specialists, 2108 - 2114 Inspector, Burlington, General Removal Home and Reconstruction Specialists, 2114 - Present Troup Leader, Scouts Troup 3141, 2116-2119 Reclaimers of Greater Vermontreal, 2118 - Present

Helaney is part of a deconstruction and house shifting co-op operating in the New England region. For the last twenty years, she's been taking houses apart and putting them back together somewhere else, or else turning the materials over to new construction projects in the region. She's done a bit of every role in deconstruction in that time, and has recently put those skills together to build a solid foundation for her work as a site inspector and foreman. There's an art to recovering as much as possible from these old heaps, including intact sections of buildings and entire houses, and she's assembled an ability to balance that knack with an eye for potential problems and a priority for the safety of her crews.

Her work in Comity started with finding buildings which were suitable for shifting elsewhere by airship. These had to be in comparatively good shape and to have the right structure for relocation. Many were too sprawling, or too modular, or just too risky to lift. When her teams found a good candidate, she'd help investigate it, then oversee the preparation for transportation.

During her inspections – as she checked for structural damage, shoddy workmanship, signs of animals or insects, and dangerous construction materials and practices from the old world – she'd also see little bits of the lives lived in the place: the heights of children marked on a doorframe, a structural post scratched up by housecats, crayon drawings on a wall behind a couch… Some still had furniture and even old photographs and knicknacks.

She felt a great deal of pride in saving these houses, watching each one, swaddled by its steel support frame, as the airship hoisted it into the sky and carried it away to its new calling. Helping people to find a place to live or work meant a lot, but the preservation of those buildings – the years of history and memories and purpose – was what really made it all worthwhile for her.

As the work went on and suitable houses became harder and harder to find, her team eventually joined the larger deconstruction effort. Even buildings with serious problems held a tremendous amount of usable materials, some of which weren't even made anymore. It wasn't her favorite kind of work, but it was important, and she'd done plenty of it. And the history in every scuffed kitchen cabinet, every door, every countertop they carefully removed and sent south by truck, was preserved; skilled deconstruction helped ensure that they'd continue serving their purpose somewhere new.

Because of her experience in deconstruction and her record for safety, she's been assigned to Deconstruction Site 2, a development of cheaply-built 'luxury' homes perched precariously high above the eroding bank of a river. Between the dangerously insufficient construction and the threat from their sandy foundations, she's got her work cut out for her onsite.

She's not local to the region, though she's picked up a little of its history through researching the properties she's inspected and might be able to provide some local directions, as she's been in town for quite a while. She can't help with questions about what happened in the 2050s, but she's worked with both Bob Johnson and Grant Hayes and can introduce the players to them. Bob trades food and other supplies for construction materials from the job site, while Grant's mechanic enclave does maintenance for the work crews sometimes.

She also knows from doing water tests after one of the houses fell into the river that the river doesn't have any contaminants that would indicate a problem at the suspected site upstream from her current job. Either the waste wasn't dumped there, or it hasn't started leaking yet.

Denali Alatna Hope - Deconstruction Site 3 Foreman

Names:	Denny-H; Denali Alatna Hope
DOC:	2086 (Age 38)
Res:	Toronto
Species:	Human with survivalist mods
Gender:	Masculine-Fluid (He/Him)
Followers:	1,300 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Ann Arbor Masonic School of Practical Arts, 2103 United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners 2776, Apprentice, 2103-2107 United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners 735, Journey-Level, 2107-2120
Associations	Associate; Murphy, Omar, & Collins Construction, 2107 - 2115 Associate; Fern Root Demolitions & Restorations, 2115 - 2119 Circle of Nations Restoration & Service Fellowship, 2117 - 2119 Partner, Fern Root Demolitions & Restorations, 2119 - Present

Denali got his start in construction. In a broad sense, it was the family trade – his father was a roofer, his mother an architect, one uncle a drywaller, another a plumber. His grandfather had been an electrician. He learned from them as he grew up, often serving as a sort of informal apprentice in workshops and on jobsites. Once he was old enough, he joined a construction co-op. They were builders, specializing in mass timber construction, and they did a lot of new build work and retrofits in the bigger towns and cities which were still replacing with dense construction what had formerly been sprawling, little-used places like strip malls, parking lots, auto dealerships, and some single-family neighborhoods. Broadly, the goal was to provide access to better, safer, more efficient housing, so people could move out the formalized squats and other converted living spaces left over from the Crumbles.

As they went from job to job, he found he preferred the retrofits, especially when they were helping restore or improve old houses and apartment buildings. There was a challenge and surprise there that the new structures (which went together like giant model kits) lacked. Through that work, he met people who also did deconstruction, sometimes even on the same sites, taking the old buildings apart enough for his crews to come in and start the upgrades.

They offered to take him on, talking up the new opportunities they were hearing about in various abandoned towns further out. With a year or so to learn the trade, he'd be back to running work crews and doing something very different.

A couple years later, the regional salvage boom kicked off and swept through various abandoned towns like a very spotty fire season. Denali's new co-op followed the work all over New England, often backtracking wherever local communities decided to finally, *formally*, disassemble abandoned structures. The main factor was usually political will and

public sentiment rather than anything geographical or ecological. People needed time to get used to the idea of taking down local landmarks, even dangerous, collapsing ones. Often his crews found themselves doing a few rough jobs, then being called back in for much bigger assignments once the community, or a neighboring one, had had time to see their work and think it over.

And one thing he could definitely say was that the work was never boring. He saw everything from collapsing, twisted wooden heaps to almost-move-in-ready tract houses in forests, far from anything else. Not to mention all the sites which had already been… informally deconstructed by neighbors who needed building supplies and the novel safety hazards they created in the process.

The logistics challenges were also fascinating. When Denali's crew were assembling mass timber kits in towns and villages, they had access to the community – to train lines and maintained roads and people they could subcontract any necessary work to. Out here, Denali increasingly found himself coordinating a ragtag vehicle fleet (both within his co-op and through dedicated transport groups), finding places for his crews to live in their downtime, and managing the necessary supplies and specialists (like medics and cooks) to keep them comfortable and safe.

These days he's overseeing Deconstruction Site 3. They've made good progress, and are wrapping up most of their work. His crew includes volunteers from Comity, including several from the Fox Mountain Locomodos, who sometimes provide additional management challenges. As they close out the last few buildings and rewild the former lots, his attention is being pulled increasingly towards the next abandoned development they'll be taking apart.

Deacon Sitwa - Deconstruction Site 3 Radioman

Names:	Deacon Lawrence Sitwa
DOC:	2098 (Age 26)
Res:	Leominster, MA
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/they)
Followers:	2,100 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Amherst School of Communication Engineering, 2116 - Present
Associations	Fern Root Demolitions & Restorations, 2022 - Present

Deacon Sitwa is a radio operator currently working at Deconstruction Site 3. He joined the crew as an apprentice deconstruction worker specializing in electrical work, but he quickly realized that the huge effort in Comity and surrounding towns could use some of his other skills.

The various work crews had a few different makes of radios, which they mostly only used to communicate within their own organizations. Few of the workers were actually trained to use them and mostly treated them as oversized walky-talkies (though they could probably have fumbled their way through calling for a medevac in an emergency). Communication between work crews, even nearby ones, was often done by contacting their home office or through personal connections on social media.

Talking to other crews when he met in Fairer Way, Deacon saw how they were all missing out by being disconnected. Sites were sending away for specialists, tools, and supplies neighboring sites had. It was a classic siloed-organization problem, but one that had formed without anyone noticing because the deconstruction effort had all come together so quickly and so ad-hoc.

Deacon started introducing himself to the other crews and training interested people on using their radios. He was only ever licensed to technician level as a kid, but what they needed was well within his abilities, being more about organization than technical limitations. (Also, technician level still confers fairly broad capabilities in this world, as far fewer parts of the electromagnetic spectrum are locked down to corporate and government use, and enforcement is especially lacking in rural areas.)

The volunteers he found within each team dedicated specific channels to specific things and made sure they weren't stepping on each other. They made sure that every crew in Comity knew how to contact each other and even some of the locals who were interested. They assigned people from each site to listen to the traffic and be ready to answer.

Once the network was forming, the Reclaimers in Fairer Way were quick to set up a similar system (with an impressive assembly of radio gear) in what became the Comms and Records building. This allowed for quick answers when the crews needed to check the available history of a given building or site.

These days, the radio network has grown beyond his contributions into a formalized thing, managed mostly out of Fairer Way. Crews who take on work in the region must now be trained on the protocols and procedures Deacon and other volunteers once put together over drinks.

Deacon is quietly satisfied with the current state of things there, as he just wanted to fix the problem as he saw it. He still takes shifts on the radio for Deconstruction Site 3, but he's mostly training to inspect existing wiring systems for safety, to retrieve materials intact enough for reuse wherever possible, and to install new electrical wiring so he can participate in rebuilds.

The Airship Crew

Found in Fairer Way, these are members of the crew of the Cargo Airship (C.A.S.) Legitimate*.*

The Legitimate *is a flying crane airship, which has been supporting the deconstruction and rewilding efforts in the region. In the early days of this project, their work was in house shifting – winching and transporting entire houses which had been jacked up and secured inside steel frames by crews on the ground. The buildings the deconstruction people selected and prepared met a long set of criteria, including being relatively compact, still being in good condition despite being abandoned, and having strong structures and wood-frame-over-basement designs which made lifting them up possible.*

When each building was prepared, the Legitimate *would hover overhead, winch the house up into the air by its new support frame until it was secure inside the hold. They would then float it to its new site in one of the dense towns or cities, or to a removal house lot outside of Nashua.*

Transporting entire homes to people who would soon live in them was very satisfying work. To some of the crew it felt like being part of a modern miracle.

As the ground crews ran out of suitable houses in their current zone, the Legitimate's co-captains took a vote and agreed to work with a car taker crew in the deconstruction zone. Finding work is getting harder given the age of their vessel; most of the big airfields are skittish about taking on old airships with owner-operator crews for fear of unknown safety issues, and some big co-ops are starting to follow suit. Their hope is that, if they stay in the area, they'll be available if the inspectors find more houses worth moving intact or when the deconstruction effort migrates to the next zone.

Hauling scrap metal to the steelworks in Manchester, NH doesn't feel meaningful in the same way transporting homes does, and it's harder work – each rusted-out car has to be secured inside the cargo hold, rather than suspended from the winch. But it's still important work that plays an important role both in the Thousand-Year Cleanup and in providing for society's material needs.

The car takers have already finished Comity and are currently scouring Northboro, NH for loose metal. The Legitimate *was on its way back from dropping off a load of cars with the recyclers when they stopped at Fairer Way to wait out some bad weather and to stock up on lift gas. Their route takes them over Comity, meaning they might be able to transport the players to their own destination.*

Erin Smith - Copilot

Names:	Erin Smith
DOC:	2099 (Age 25)
Res:	C.A.S. Legitimate
Species:	Human
Gender:	Femme (She/Her)
Followers:	8,900 - Public
Sapience:	S5
Education	North East Education Standards Collaborative Baseline Homeschool Program, 2102 - 2117 General Airship Pilots Accelerated Training Certification Program, 2117-2118 Flying Crane Pilot Training Assessment, 2118-2119
Associations	The Airborne Cargo Handlers Benevolent Association Chapter 8 Flying Cranes Operators Association The Turtle Island Pilots' League Deconstruction Workers of America, Chapter 41

Erin grew up on the flying crane ship *Legitimate* – or the *Lete*, as the crew affectionately calls it. One of her mothers was a cargo handler, the other a technician working in the ship's envelope. The narrow corridors, access passages, gangplanks, and catwalks were her childhood playground and neighborhood, and the crew her extended family. Her home traveled constantly for their flying crane work, and though she's seen much of the world, she has never had a place on the ground that felt like more than a stopover.

In the way of family crews, she was gradually granted access to more of the ship as she got older and could be trusted in hazardous areas. But the one place that always seemed mysterious and powerful was the bridge, with its control panels and sweeping panoramic glass. Piloting the airship became a dream – one she pursued through hours of watch shifts, even when it meant she had to leave the *Legitimate* for a time so she could apprentice with outside teachers and obtain her pilot's certifications.

These days, she's been on the bridge for five years, and she takes the helm for one third of each day, whether or not she actually has to do the flying. Much of that work is boring, but handling the airship around cargo operations and tall structures is always exhilarating. Flying cranes aren't built for fast, long-distance flights, but they're deceptively maneuverable – 24 of the *Legitimate*'s 32 electric motors and propellers are configured exclusively for thrust vectoring purposes, and even those which are fixed for forward propulsion can use differential thrust for steering. She can feel that cumulative 10,000 horsepower in her controls, even if she seldom has to use it.

Lately, she's also been increasingly torn between her love for the airship –her home and the center of her world – and the growing understanding that the *Legitimate* is decades past its design lifetime, and that their maintenance problems are only getting harder and harder to deal with. Almost every system – from the airframe itself to the pressure vessels, the motors, and control systems – needs an overhaul, and that work would cost significantly

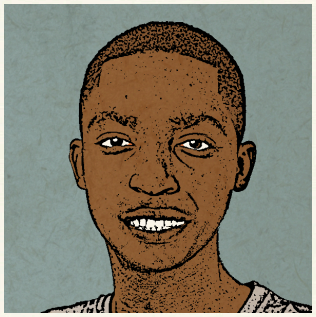
more than commissioning a new airship. The *Minke* class is out of production, and safety standards have moved along since it was in common use.

The ship is co-owned by every member of the crew collective, and most of them have been with it for years. It's not just their property, but their home and family. They work hard to maintain it and to find enough work to keep it running, to keep everyone together, but there's only so much they can do themselves. Within a few years, she knows, they'll silently pass some undefined point where continuing to operate the airship is an act of negligence, but she can't stand the thought of losing it.

She's also concerned for the ship's onboard synth – a 'copilot' built into the bridge which is too low-level to meet modern standards and might not survive translation to a newer vessel. Synths often end their natural lifespans when their calling has been completed, and though *Lete* isn't distressed by the possibility, Erin is.

For now she's trying to enjoy the time she has with this happy status quo, despite the looming horizon she feels approaching. When the players get to Fairer Way, the *Legitimate* is docked at the mooring mast, waiting out bad weather, and Erin is in the Food Forest, trying to take her mind off her worries by playing a lousy game of disc golf in the agroforest park with Jorge Hernandez.

Jorge Hernandez - Lookout



Names:	Jorge Hernandez
DOC:	2100 (Age 24)
Res:	C.A.S. Legitimate
Species:	Human
Gender:	Masc (He/Him)
Followers:	5,500 - Public
Sapience:	S5
Education	Northwestern High School, 2114 - 2118 Grosse Ile Airshipyard Commercial Airship Training Certification 2118-2120 Airship Navigator Assessment 2120-2120
Associations	The Airborne Cargo Handlers Benevolent Association Chapter 8 Airship Navigators Assembly Detroit LTA Aviation Association

Jorge loved airships from an early age. He read all he could about them, built models of every major design, and dreamed of flying them. He joined the Civil Air Patrol youth after school program, summer airship camp, and any other opportunity to get hands-on experience aboard airships. It was no surprise to anyone who knew him when he graduated his baseline education and immediately signed on to a cargo crew as a journey-level navigator.

He joined the crew of the *Legitimate* two years ago, having transferred from another ship in the same association as the *Lete's* crew. He'd been a bit apprehensive about the opportunity; small ships like this with liveaboard crews can be insular, especially these

multi-gen family rigs. He was worried most of the small community might not want him there, or that they might resent their co-captains bringing in an outsider rather than promoting from within.

Instead he found a welcoming crew and a well-maintained (if older) vessel. Erin Smith especially has become a good friend (they're both still figuring out if they want to go further than that). The previous third shift lookout had taken an opportunity with a big freight hauler, and it turned out that nobody on the *Legitimate* wanted to change roles, so he hadn't stepped on any toes by joining the crew.

He's aware of the aging state of the airship, but what he found actually wasn't as bad as his expectations. Older ships with owner-operator crews can go a long time between outside inspections, especially if they pick their work carefully, and he'd heard stories about absolute safety nightmares. The *Legitimate* is certainly past its design lifetime and the crew's risk tolerance is higher than others he's served with, but the *Lete* is well-maintained within their capabilities and their work is good, even if it's a bit creative in places.

He tries to stay out of the arguments about the future of the ship because he feels he doesn't have the same stake in it as the crew who have lived aboard for decades. This isn't his childhood home or his long-term plan, just a good berth and a chance to rack up flight hours towards his dream of crewing the big passenger liners.

It's been hard watching the arguments simmer and resume with each new problem, especially when he understands both groups' perspectives and wants things to work out. When they docked in Fairer Way, he invited Erin down to the Food Forest to help her get her mind off her worries. Things are okay for the moment, and they've got a nice opportunity to get outdoors and have some fun. Plus, he's thrilled to break out his personalized disc golf gear.

The Fox Mountain Locomodos

Many locomodo packs are a kind of identity group – people living out their dreams of being fae, or furries, or other nonhuman entities. The Fox Mountain group isn't one of them. Its members are people who have chosen to eschew most aspects of modern human society in favor of living as lightly on the land as possible, aspiring to leave no trace and to have a positive impact on the habitats and species which surround them.

Thanks to modern technology, they have a better-than-decent shot at doing this. There's a lot of variety in the nature of bodymods they've chosen, but all members are at least hardened against the elements, changed to the point where they don't need shelter or even the kind of tool use that humans are basically known for. Severe heat, rain, and snow generally don't affect them any more than they would a deer, and their food requirements are much more general than baseline humans. Many have the ability to graze on leaves and brush humans can't normally digest, the ability to eat raw meat (often taken by so-called invasitarians), or even the ability to photosynthesize and avoid killing anything for sustenance at all.

Older locomodos tend to look a little more 'baseline' or 'heirloom' than younger members, who had more mods available to them when they started making changes.

These mods are elective and sometimes cost money, but can be treated as a one-time cost which reduces the inputs one needs to survive for the rest of one's life. With these concerns mitigated, the members of the group can spend their time in endless hikes and exploration, in research and forest management, and in generally trying to improve the habitats around them.

Through extensive modification of their bodies, the Fox Mountain Locomodos are now living a very different kind of post-scarcity from everyone else. Because they've taken this plunge, they're often frustrated with humans who still need to cut down forests to plant specific crops, who burn wood or rely on electricity to warm themselves through winter, or who focus their interests and efforts on things which hurt other living things around them (even just tearing around on motor vehicles).

That frustration varies widely by member, with some more radical ones going out of their way to voice it, while most accept that they can't control other people and strive to do the best they personally can. Most are reasonable enough to accept that they are outliers in humanity and to get along with most of the locals, whom they see as good-natured, even if they don't go far enough. But they're not impressed with the group at ShadeTree Motors, who spend their time (and release carbon) fixing and fabricating machines they use to tear around in the forest, killing plants and often small animals, generating noise and fumes and stress for nearby wildlife. The locomodos don't see them as a threat, or an existential problem, or anything like that, but they would be pleased if they left and are generally unfriendly towards them. Likewise, some more radical members are somewhat hostile towards those farmers whose work they feel is too extensive or destructive.

The group generally gets along with work crews who make up at least half the current population, mainly because those people are working on rewilding the area, improving the quality of the habitats, and accelerating the rate that land is essentially ceded to the locomodos. Some locomodos work on deconstruction crews and are largely considered to be a strong and enthusiastic asset to whichever projects they join.

Relations are somewhat shakier with the holdout locals who are remaining after the town is disincorporated. Most of the holdouts aren't against the change, as it just formalizes what was already happening – they certainly weren't holding out hope that the long-gone bedroom community would somehow become a bustling metropolis. But the fact that all of the land around them is being merged into one massive park, overseen by out-of-towners, is uncomfortable for some.

There is a bit of judgment and the perception of judgment in both directions. The locals frequently feel that the locomodos want them gone, sensing that the locomodos disapprove of their lifestyles. and don't approve of their lifestyles. The locos feel slighted as tourists when some of them have been here (or at least in the region) for a long while.

The group itself has very little in the way of hierarchies, assignments, or oversight. They're generally anarchic and tend to operate on a volunteer basis. Projects are taken care of by individuals or groups who feel they're worthwhile and who may argue and try to convince others, but as long as they're not causing damage, the council is content to let them work.

Internal arguments, issues with outsiders, and existential concerns are handled by an elected council, which has a Speaker who functions as both a local leader/sheriff and head diplomat with state, federal, and non-governmental organizations. The role of Speaker is a full-time job, and they are generally the first person anyone approaches to settle an argument they can't resolve themselves. If necessary, the issue can be escalated to the larger council, who are part time and largely devoted to their own projects.

The group has no real site in town, living as lightly as they can on the land, wandering and exploring freely. They can often be found in the woods off the trails, though many are content to stand silently and let baseline humans ride past without noticing them. The current Speaker stays near the large mountain lake at the north edge of town; he has accrued a decent number of others in the woods around him. His joke reason for this remote location is to encourage members of the group to solve their own issues while hiking across town to find him.

Galen Acosta - Locomodo leader

Names:	Galen Acosta
DOC:	2079 (Age 45)
Res:	Comity and surrounding region / Red Miini Wildlands
Species:	Human Locomodo
Gender:	Male (He/Any Pronouns)
Followers:	2,100 - Restricted
Sapience:	S5

Curriculum Vitae
East Fork Wildlands Communal Education, 2095
First migration, 2094
Migrant Forester, Cirrocumulus Crew, 2094 - 2100
Sedentary Forester, Red Miini Commune, 2100 - 2101
Parent / Trainer, Red Miini Commune, 2101 - 2116
Migrant Trainer, L8te Fisher Crew, 2118 - 2121
Migrant Forester, Fox Mountain Crew, 2122 - 2123
Speaker, Fox Mountain Crew, 2123 - Present

Community
Hefri Acostawasha (Mate, 47); James Acosta (First Offspring, 22) ; Juvan Acosta (Offspring, 18); Helen Aquino (Mother, 75); Carlos Costas (Father, 80) ;
The Fox Mountain Locomodos; The Red Miini Locomodos; East Fork Locomodos; friends & family across his migration circuit

Galen grew up in Illinois with parents who were survivalists and environmentalists of a generation that remembered when the threats to living wild included federal law enforcement agencies. They were survivalist modificados of the first generation to get the treatments, and they raised Galen and his siblings on several communes in the midwest.

In his twenties, Galen lived and worked along migration routes in packs that traveled a string of communes on a seasonal circuit. Like many of his generation of locomodos, he traveled the circuit and made friends and connections over several years, then settled down once he'd found a place and people he wanted to call home for a while. For him, it was the Red Miini commune outside of Albany. Galen had two kids, and when they were old enough, he resumed his travels to learn, teach, plant, and harvest at other wildland communes.

In the present, Galen is around 45 years old and generally treated as more of an elder by the Fox Mountain Locomodos than he actually is. He was elected to the role of Speaker (a sort of combined local leader/sheriff and head diplomat with state, federal, and non-governmental organizations) because he's got a bad case of being the adult in the room. He was already mediating internal disagreements on a casual basis, and he often had to step up to represent the group to outsiders, so formalizing that role and adding a

little authority of position to help him get the job done seemed reasonable at the time.

Most of the locomodos have something they're focused on, whether that's something they're doing to restore habitats or just an endless series of hikes they're calling 'patrolling their territory.' Galen was heavily involved in getting the group organized when they split from a larger pack and as they went through the process of applying for the responsibility of managing this soon-to-be wilderness from the local Watershed Board. So the group is his project. He doesn't want to do this for longer than he has to, but he wants the group to get established and thrive and is doing his best to steer it in a worthwhile direction. He knows these early days will set precedents and traditions they'll follow in the future.

He affects tiredness with the job and all the bickering, but it's not entirely fake either. He's good at mediating disagreements, not least because he can hold his own in a fight when things escalate (as they often do amongst so many boosted, fast-healing idealogues). He's responsible enough to put up with the job until the term is over, but he's looking forward to leaving some other sucker with the responsibilities in a few years.

Galen has a device styled like an old-world cell phone, which he uses to field calls about emergencies from his locomodos and to interface with outside organizations. He has a longstanding policy that disputes between locos have to be brought to him in person. He stays near the large mountain lake at the north edge of town, where rewilding is most complete and where the most intact wilderness had been before, and he's accrued a decent number of others in the woods around him.

His stated reason for remaining near the remote edge of their new territory is to encourage members of the group to solve their own issues while hiking all the way across town to find him. This doesn't seem to be the barrier he hopes it will be.

Kaylee Smith - Liaison to the Reclaimers

Names:	Míntírigh; Minteerig; Mint; Kaylee Smith
DOC:	2097 (Age 27)
Res:	Comity and surrounding region; Westboro-by-Portland;
Species:	Human Locomodo
Gender:	Fluid-fem (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	8,100 - Semi-private
Sapience:	S5

Education	Westboro-by-Portland Public, 2115 Central Maine Community College, BS in Distributed Project Management, 2119
Associations	Portland Reclaimers, 2110 - 2115 Sebago Lake Fae, 2115 - 2119 Portland Reclaimers, 2120 - 2121 Fox Mountain Locomodos, 2121 - Present Fairer Way Reclaimers, 2122 - Present
Community	Vincent Smith (Father, 54); Morton Ebberon (Father, 62); Eunissis Lyons (Step-Parent, 40) Siblings, Cousins

Kaylee is actually a member of the larger Reclaimers network; all of her parents were Reclaimers, and she grew up with the network for much of her extended family, and thus finds herself with a foot in both worlds.

She got her first mods to join a Fae locomodo community, but drifted away from the preformative roleplay aspects as she got older. She liked many aspects of living lightly in the wilderness, independent of society and free from needing outside resources to survive, but found her fae circle to be too isolated from reality, too focused on playing pretend, and too rife with court politics. She heard about the more survivalist and environmentalist Fox Mountain splinter group while it was still negotiating for rewilding land, and she felt it could provide both the lifestyle she preferred and the sense of purpose she currently lacked. She sometimes describes it as a locomodo group that fits her Reclaimer drive to fix things.

She has found a useful niche as a sort of translator and context-provider for both the Fox Mountain Locomodos and the Fairer Way Reclaimers, most often working directly with individuals to quench minor conflicts before they can escalate. Kaylee is known to most as Míntírigh (pronounced min-TEE-rig) or Mint, from the Gaelic word for “reclaim.” She’s developed a strong friendship and partnership with Galen. While Galen tends to work more with the Fairer Way Council, state government, county, and Watershed Management Board, and to address major disagreements within the locomodos and between neighbors, Mint is often a more accessible peacemaker and problem solver who keeps many small issues from ever getting big enough to require Galen’s attention.

She was one of the first locomodos to move to the area during negotiations with the state. Since taking the liaison role, she has found one reason or another to join most of the work crews, at least for a while, in order to get to know them and their work. But even before the state-funded rewilding effort began, she was active with the Reclaimers and their less official deconstruction and restoration efforts in the forests around Farier Way. She saw them as the better-organized effort at the time, with more willingness to use resources like heavy machinery if it got good results, and she got to know their members through that work. Over the last few years she's spent more time living in town than in the wilderness with the rest of her group, and she is friends with many of the townspeople.

Just the same, her loyalties are primarily to the Fox Mountain Locomodos. She was raised as a Reclaimer, but the locomodos are the family and lifestyle she chose, and she modified her body heavily to join their ranks and reduce her impact.

Míntírigh is also close with Lemyue (Mist). She sees Mist like a younger sister and offers mentorship and council when it’s sought, but considers it wise to withhold it otherwise (even when she thinks Lemyue will do something she’ll regret).

Caterine “Barn Cat” Barnett - Liaison to the Comitians

Names:	Barn Cat; Caterine Barnett
DOC:	2079 (Age 45)
Res:	Comity and surrounding region;
Species:	Human Locomodo
Gender:	Female (She/Her)
Followers:	451 - private
Sapience:	S5

Education	Allen Ginsberg Secondary School, 2097 Naropa University, Unstructured Discovery, 2099 - 2105
Associations	Laramie Commune, 2107 - 2112 Nederland Wildfolk, 2117 - Present Fox Mountain Locomodos, 2122 - Present
Community	Vincent Smith (Father, 54); Morton Ebberon (Father, 62); Eunissis Lyons (Step-parent, 40) Siblings, Cousins

Like Kaylee, Cat is an ambassador to groups outside the Fox Mountain Locomodos. She is focused on the long-term Comity residents – the holdouts who will remain as stewards of their own little islands of land, and mutual caretakers of everything in between, for the rest of their lives. She fell into this very naturally when she started trying to meet the people who would be her neighbors – she's a bit older than most of the group, which stood her in

good light with many of the locals, and she has a tough-minded practicality that appeals to New England homesteaders. She no longer needs to live how they do, but her choices in body modification came from years of survivalist-style existence out west, and her years of experience, long list of skills, and ability to work harder than they do while casually 'helping out' have built strong mutual loyalties with some of them.

Unfortunately, the very individualistic nature of the Fox Mountain Locomodos, and the mindset of the homesteaders, seems to prevent any fond feelings from spreading beyond her to her people. At the same time, any outbursts and arguments from loud-mouthed members seem to carry over to the rest while leaving her as 'one of the good ones' in the locals' eyes. It's something she's working on, and she's been effective in wrangling several teams of locos into volunteer work parties to help with any homestead tasks that won't offend their 'low impact' sensibilities.

She tries to emphasize to her people the scope of the progress they've already made in rewilding, the massive expanses of land returned to nature, far beyond the greenways conservation groups once desperately tried to string together. The once-ubiquitous and endless residential development, ratcheting ever tighter around the remaining wild habitats, is a thing of the past. A tiny island of human activity here or there is a small burden on the ecosystem compared to the sprawling neighborhoods whose foundations still poke through the roots and leaves of their forests. After all, New England wants to be trees, and it will manage it eventually.

The youths who (possibly) attack the players:

These four friends are all recent additions to the Fox Mountain Locomodos and have something of a growing reputation for their zealotry and inability to get along with outsiders. Older locomodos, familiar with watching converts embracing a new identity, mostly expect them to calm with age and experience, but for the moment, they're kept away from sensitive or important tasks. They are most active in the area in and around southern Comity, though they range fairly far in their downtime, including all around Fairer Way.

They have been allowed to volunteer with the Deconstruction Crews and have been very active in that effort, mostly in hauling materials. What they lack in useful technical background or construction experience they make up for in enthusiasm and physical strength, something the work crews can always use. They get along okay with 'baseline' humans in the Deconstruction and Rewilding efforts, who share their values if not their methods for practicing them. They like Fairer Way and the Reclaimers well enough, and prefer it when their work crews decide to party there rather than in Braddock on the end of the rail line, as they get more judgment there. They have been in several fights with specialists on the work crews – some with salvage takers in Fairer Way, and a large brawl in Braddock awhile back.

They've met Jonas Webb through their work in deconstruction, and though they only know him as a nice old Reclaimer who knows everybody, Jonas is familiar with their reputation and history of fights through the local grapevine. He also knows that their ringleader, Jae, is frequently assigned to the deconstruction site's radio because they keep getting in trouble and it keeps them off the jobsite.

If he finds out about the players' mission, and if they give him the time and opportunity to arrange an ambush, these are the hotheads he'll pick to try to drive them off. All he has to do is call them about something routine on the job and let slip both that there are some people heading towards Comity and that he's heard the county board is reconsidering the planned extent of rewilding and have sent the players for a resettlement feasibility investigation. He might have told other hotheads, but these ones are close enough and angry enough to try and ambush the players on the road.

Jae "Jaguar" Gentry - Bad Idea Leader

Names:	Jaguar; Jae Harold Gentry
DOC:	2103 (Age 21)
Res:	Comity and surrounding region; Cayuga Lake
Species:	Human Locomodo
Gender:	Non-binary (They/Them)
Followers:	7,000 - Public
Sapience:	S5+

Education	Ithaca Community Boarding School, 2121
Associations	Fox Mountain Locomodos, 2023 - Present
Community	Octavia Clair Landry (Best friend forever, 21); Nickolas Barnett (Friend, 25); Lemyue Acoss (Friend, 23) Chelsea Gentry-Heather (Mother, 51); Daisy Gentry (Mother, 53); Ashliegh Gentry (Sister, 24); Veronica Gentry (Sister, 19)

Jae has been a locomodo for almost two years, having received the mods on their 18th birthday. They're the most assertive of the four friends, which tends to make them the leader whenever they make a decision. They're deeply into the locomodo identity, and when their friend Octavia found out about the Fox Mountain branch splitting off from a larger pack, Jae was excited to join. They wanted to be part of a loco group from its beginning. They might have preferred a more howl-with-the-wolves identity group, but the conservation-oriented Fox Mountain faction has plenty of strong opinions on how humanity should adapt to live light on the Earth, and Jae has absorbed that quickly.

They applied to join around the time the group was negotiating with the State of New Hampshire, the county, and the Watershed Management Board over its potential

management role in the area soon-to-be-formerly-known-as-Comity. When the group got the deal, they began accepting additional new members, and Jae and their friend Octavia were delighted to be welcomed into the group. They'd spent months dreaming of the wilderness they'd find, the cleanup projects they'd take on…

They rode the trains up the coast once the deal was settled, so they missed some of the drama when the State and Watershed Management Board's censuses found more local holdouts than anticipated and granted them perpetual 'grandfathered' land stewardships. Nonetheless, they were dismayed at the state of the land, the number of sites needing remediation, and the number of outsiders currently occupying their new territory.

They've thrown themself into the work of deconstructing the ruins of the town and managing the recovering habitats. What they lack in useful technical background they make up for in enthusiasm and physical strength, something the work crews can always use. They're currently volunteering at Deconstruction Site 3.

In addition to several other less visible survivalist mods, they have the characteristic dermal depigmentation caused by a Toughened Skin mod.

Octavia Clair "Seedspeak" Landry - Hothead Friend

Names:	Seedspeak, Seed, Octavia Clair Landry
DOC:	2103 (Age 21)
Res:	Fox Mountain, Cayuga Lake
Species:	Human locomodo
Gender:	Non-binary (She / Any Pronouns)
Followers:	600 - Quasi-private
Sapience:	S5

Education	Ithaca Community Boarding School, 2121
Associations	Cayuga Lake Locomodos, 2103 - Present Fox Mountain Locomodos, 2023 - Present
Community	Octavia Clair Landry (Best friend forever, 21); Nickolas Barnett (Friend, 25); Lemyue Acoss (Friend, 23) Chelsea Gentry-Heather (Mother, 51); Daisy Gentry (Mother, 53); Ashliegh Gentry (Sister, 24); Veronica Gentry (Sister, 19)

Octavia grew up in survivalist communes in the Cayuga Lake wildlands. She attended the same boarding school in Ithaca as Jae Gentry, as she and her parents considered it important for a child who grew up in the wildlands to have a diversity of experiences and meet people of different backgrounds in order to understand and relate to the larger world.

Octavia is part of a vocal minority that feels that even the post-scarcity society of *Fully*

Automated isn't doing enough. That its environmental progress globally is slow and weak, placing too much priority on luxury and leisure while lacking the commitment to make real improvement on humanity's debt.

She was the one who found the barely-established Fox Mountain Locomodos through environmentalist boards and introduced Jae to them, and she's a true believer in their goals of living as lightly as possible and restoring the earth. Similar to the Reclaimers who took on Fairer Way to prove it can be done, she sees adopting the Locomodo lifestyle and restoring this land as a sort of ambassadorship.

She is fiercely protective of the progress they've made and the habitats they've restored, and she's come to love this area very much.

She is the most baseline-passing of the four, lacking the hardened skin mod and having shed her fur during the summer heat. Her eyes have been modified to correct vision deficiencies and to see additional portions of the spectrum.

Nikolas Barnett

Names:	Nickolas Barnett
DOC:	2100 (Age 24)
Res:	Buffalo / Fox Mountains
Species:	Human Locomodo
Gender:	Masculine Non-binary (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	1,500 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Rick James Buffalo Community Secondary, 2116 University of Buffalo, 2118 - 2120, 75 class credits, mostly in Gaian Culture
Associations	Northeast Ithaca Harvest Network , 2021 - 2022 Fox Mountain Locomodos, 2023 - Present
Community	Flora Barnett (Mother, 54); Percy Schmunick (Father, 61); Zerona Barnett (Sibling, 28); Gezzy Tran (Cousin, 32); Rafi Tran (Cousin, 29); Verona Kwaa (Cousin, 27) Sudha Tran (Uncle), Jessifa Tran (Aunty); Jon Kwaa (Uncle); Ronan Kwaa (Elder); Tess Kwaa (Elder)

Nickolas grew up in Buffalo, New York. His mother was a fae dryad and his father a mostly-unmodded medieval larper and games lawyer. Nickolas grew up in a blended co-parenting house of three families with several parents and older peers who were survival-modified to various degrees. Nickolas started getting his first mods when he was fourteen.

His current set is extensive and includes, among other things, bat-style infrared sensing and most of the 'full wolfman' (featuring permanent fur which sheds to a lighter coat in the

summer, enhanced night vision, enhanced sense of smell, and the ability to eat raw meat, though he skipped any obligate carnivore mods).

Nickolas met Jae and Octavia (Jaguar and Seedspeak) in 2121. Nickolas had moved to Ithaca with a boyfriend he'd lost interest in and was working with a harvest network that had him traveling all over the city when he met Jae and Octavia, who were students together at the time. After Octavia told him about the establishment of the Fox Mountain Locomodos, he decided to join her and Jae, and shortly after, he met Mist.

He's strong, honest, and deeply empathic, but insecure about being an urban locomodo. Even though he has far more actual lived experience in locomodo culture than Jae, he is highly susceptible to peer pressure in his desire to fit in.

When they reached Comity, Nikolas threw himself into wilderness training. Already excellent at tracking, he sought out chances to learn bushcraft from older members of the group and has thrived in the Fox Mountain Locomodos' tracking training games. The group routinely does survivalist-adjacent exercises, including days-long 'foxhunt' games where a group of 'prey' locos leave early and attempt to hide their trail and evade detection while others search for them. These competitions help improve group cohesion, but they also train the Fox Mountain Locomodos for one of their stewardship responsibilities - finding missing people in their territory. Nikolas is widely-regarded as damn-near impossible to track. If this group goes on the run after attacking the players (or after they get attacked by drones), he'll ensure they're very difficult to find.

Lemyue "Mist" Acoss - Locomodo Princess

Names:	Mist; Lemyue Acoss of Red Miini
DOC:	2106 (Age 18)
Res:	Fox Mountain / Red Miini Wildlands
Species:	Human Locomodo
Gender:	Non-binary (Any Pronouns)
Followers:	600 - Restricted
Sapience:	S5

Curriculum Vitae
Red Miini Commune, Acolyte, 2115
Acolyte Defender, Red Miini Commune, 2115 - 2119
Migrant Forester, L8te Fisher Crew, 2119 - 2122
Forester / Defender, Fox Mountain Crew, 2122 - Present

Community
Hefri Acostawasha (Mother, 47); Andrew Acosta (Father, 46)
Juvan Acoss (Sibling, 18); her training cohort
Helen Aquino (Grandmother, 75); Carlos Costas (Grandfather, 80)
The Red Miini Locomodos; East Fork Locomodos

Lemyue Acoss *(le-MYU)* – who among friends goes by Mist – grew up in a well-established neoprimitivist commune in the former states of Montana and Wyoming. Larger in territory and population than most, it was an environment home to many groups of locomodos and heirloom neoprimitivists of diverse attitudes and styles.

Her grandparents were founders of the commune, and her parents played critical roles in organizing the disparate neoprimitivist groups into mutual aid networks during the Crumbles leading to the American Realignment. Hundreds of people credit them with their survival.

While many wildfolk lands are still quite new and much of the culture feels novel or experimental, Lemyue enjoyed the privilege of a stable, well-rounded upbringing in which neoprimitivism had achieved normalcy long ago. She had regular exposure to domesticated folk, attending classes in Missoula in her teens alongside freeform learning with her cohort pack.

Although her family did their best to isolate their children from their own legacy, Lemyue grew up self-conscious of the status and attention and expectations which came with being the offspring of such significant elders. Now as then, she worries about her ability to make her own accomplishments and to define her own path and identity independent of her family.

At fifteen she started training as an acolyte defender, learning to look after lightforms and to protect the forest and its inhabitants. She threw herself into it but couldn't escape the sense that it was a path which had already been blazed for her. Three years later she learned of the newly-founded Fox Mountain Locomodo group and decided to cross the continent to join them, excited to experience living in and cultivating an area not yet inhabited by wildfolk.

The locomodos she found were both familiar and strange. A decent number were a splinter faction from another New England pack, but the rest came from all over, singly or in groups, from cities and distant wild habitats, kayfabe groups and survivalist bands and hardcore environmentalists. It was like a tiny version of her home network, but nobody here knew who she was.

Lemyue met Jae, Octavia, and Nickolas not long after they all arrived in Comity. They quickly bonded as a pack. In that time she has done her best to conceal her identity, and though some of the Fox Mountain Group's leadership know her kin, she relishes the freedom to act as part of a group in which her voice is heard and she's known and seen for herself.

Lemyue is also close with Kaylee Smith (Míntírigh), who she sees as an older sister and mentor. She admires Kaylee's mix of technical skill, intuition, and self-knowledge. But she also knows that Kaylee is another leader figure who is close to the group's speaker, Galen Acosta, and through him to her own family. With this in mind, she feels compelled to avoid relying on Kaylee, and frequently keeps her own plans secret.

Other Locomodos

Isabelle Russo - Phytoremediation Expert

Names:	Isabelle Russo, Bonnie
DOC:	2098 (Age 26)
Res:	Fox Mountain, NH
Species:	Human Modificado
Gender:	Female (She/Her)
Followers:	5,110 - Public
Sapience:	S5

Education	Algonquin College, BS in Xylopoetry, 2118 University of Montreal, MS in Phytoremediation (in progress)
Associations	Fées de Sorel-Tracy, 2120 - 2123 Forestspeaker, Fox Mountain Crew, 2124 - Present

The leader (or at least spokesperson) for the group working to finish the remediation of the land in and around the former Comity Town Dump. Isabelle was working towards a masters degree in phytoremediation while leading experiments with genmod poplar trees when she decided to go locomodo. The work required her to spend a lot of time in the field, inspecting her trees and the contaminated sites, and she made friends with the locomodos who volunteered on the project. She started staying with their pack in her downtime and quickly saw the utility in their self-sufficient modifications: they didn't have to bother with tents and sleeping gear, rough weather and bugs didn't bother them, and if they cooked, it was for the fun of it rather than a constant necessity for safely fueling their bodies. For someone spending much of their time camping and working in the field, it was an obvious next step. But more than that, she realized she loved the way they lived, the ethos, the minimalism of impact, and that she was caring less and less about grad school and next steps after getting her degree.

She obtained several survival modifications and joined her friends' pack, only to watch it splinter due to infighting a year later. Looking for a similar group, she found the Fox Mountain Locomodos and signed on while they were still negotiating for stewardship of Comity and the surrounding land. At that time they only had a rough idea of the extent of the work ahead of them, but she was excited. An entire town was guaranteed to leave plenty of work behind for someone with her skillsets and calling.

The more information they received, the more involved in the group's plans she became. She joined the early visits and was one of the first to move to town and start exploring before the agreement with the watershed management board, county, and town was finalized. She started by trying to work on every project at once, but quickly scaled that

back to focus on sites where the gentler tactics of phytoremediation made sense, and where control over the space was thoroughly in locomodo hands.

Because she went locomodo a bit later in life than many of her fellows, she is a little less steeped in the identity, and a little more comfortable with outsiders. This makes her a good spokesperson when they deal with work crews or Comity locals.

Physically, she’s tall, with a toughened skin mod, nictating membranes, and several metabolic mods to improve her resistance to various toxins.

Other (Older) Hotheads:

If your characters end up in a confrontation between arguing factions of the Fox Mountain Locomodos, these individuals will represent the most aggressive anti-player group.

Vicktor Ward - Angry Locomodo

Names:	Walter Mason, Colton
DOC:	2081 (Age 43)
Res:	Fox Mountain, NH
Species:	Human Modificado
Gender:	Masc (He/Him)
Followers:	160 - Quasi-Private
Sapience:	S5

Education	Matoaca Highschool, 2100
Associations	Richmond Rugby League, 2102 - 2111 University of Maryland (remote), BA in Anarchy, 2109 Migrant Forester, L8te Fisher Crew, 2110 - 2123 Forester / Defender, Fox Mountain Crew, 2123 - Present

Vic went locomodo to escape a society he feels still demands too much of a damaged world. He feels that human environmental progress globally is slow and weak, placing too much priority on luxury and leisure while lacking the commitment to make real improvement on humanity's debt.

He's one of the ones who was disappointed to discover just how many Comity locals planned to remain in his new territory, and who grew increasingly frustrated as more holdouts were discovered and granted perpetual 'grandfathered' land stewardships during the state and Watershed Management Board censuses. He saw each one as a promise to his team being broken. What he pictured as an endless expanse of restored land to roam and improve is speckled with intrusive farms, structures, autoroads, and even villages.

Despite being the newcomer, he feels that they're intruding on his territory, and openly suspects that many of the locals hurried back to abandoned properties in order to assert and maintain their ownership. He feels that the holdouts and their extractive lifestyle are throwbacks, an unbroken continuation of centuries of casual exploitation starting at colonialism, and that their presence is impeding the Fox Mountain Locomodos' ability to remediate the damage. If he had the ability, or permission, he'd try to drive them out. He's been careful to keep from communicating that in his scant interactions with said locals, but he's far less subtle than he thinks. He's traded words with Bob Johnson that did nothing for their working relationship, and he's currently openly antagonistic with the community at

ShadeTree Motors.

He otherwise has few interactions with people from outside the locomodo group and that's more than he wants.

Within the group, he's known for being a hardline fanatic and an extremely hard worker - there's no restoration project he won't show up for, and he single-handedly accelerates any labor-heavy task. His aversion to doing anything that could cause damage to the habitat makes him reluctant to work with people who use heavy equipment, so he mostly sticks to locomodo restoration crews, but he's able to get along with outside crews by remembering they're making improvements to already-damaged areas and their presence in the area is temporary.

Walter Colton Mason - Angry Locomodo

Names:	Walter Mason, Colton
DOC:	2062 (Age 62)
Res:	Fox Mountain, NH
Species:	Human Modificado
Gender:	Masc (He/Him)
Followers:	60 - Restricted
Sapience:	S5

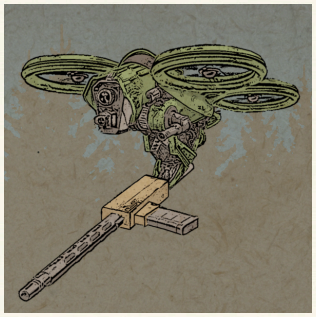
Education	Nat Turner High School, 2080
Associations	Morgantown Revolutionaries, 2080 - 2086 Ranger, Foxfire Clan of Apalachia, 2090 - 2104 Ranger, Skyward Crew of Uniontown, 2107 - 2116 Ranger, Fox Mountain Crew, 2123 - Present

Walter is an older locomodo – he’s been in several packs and survivalist groups which he has left over interpersonal differences. He is deeply distrustful of government agencies and has been ever since his involvement in protests leading to the American Realignment as a kid. The increasingly peaceful society he lives in makes him uneasy and suspicious. He’s seen local governments overtaken by people who appear to genuinely want to help, but he feels it's inevitable that they will revert to type. He was suspicious of the Watershed Board and the county, and he has no trouble believing that they would use the locomodos and deconstruction crews to clean the area and remove dangerous ruins before reopening it for development.

Enemy Drones

DHS Pistol Drones

Names:	Zebra.JL49; RTX-Halliburton Hornet_P JL49.Z3E.28
DOC:	JUL_2049
Res:	N/A
Species:	Drone
Gender:	Non-binary (It)
Followers:	1 - Restricted
Sapience:	S3



DHS Rifle Drones

Names:	Fred.MR48; RTX-Halliburton Hornet_R MR48.F61F.79
DOC:	MAR_2048
Res:	N/A
Species:	Drone
Gender:	Non-binary (It)
Followers:	1 - Restricted
Sapience:	S2

If you wish to identify multiple drones with unique names, just change the string of letters and numbers in the full name, and make the short name a simple word followed by an abbreviation for the month and year of production.

Land Acknowledgement

Comity is a fictional town in a fictional county. But all land in New Hampshire has been taken and shaped through colonialism. As written in this guide, the town somehow fits into the Pemigewasset watershed, which means that this land would have been the traditional ancestral homeland of the Pemigewasset, Abenaki (also called the W8banaki Nation in modern resources) Wabanaki Peoples.

This is not my speciality by any means – if I've gotten something wrong, please contact me and I'll issue corrections! – but I think it's worth providing at least a summary of what happened to these peoples and how their land became the New England I know.

The Pemigewasset were a small Western Abenaki tribe. They suffered mass deaths during a 1680 epidemic of smallpox, for which they had no natural immunity or resistance. In the aftermath, they moved or were forced further north, though they still lived along the same river. The Abenaki as a whole suffered terrible losses to disease and war, and colonists routinely sold captured Abenaki people into slavery. They eventually joined an alliance which became known as the Wabanaki (Dawnland) Confederacy. The Wabanaki Confederacy existed within the borders of what became New England for two hundred years.

In that time, they found themselves serving as a buffer state between the warring powers of France and England, frequently fighting skirmish wars both with their historical enemies (who were allied with Britain) and with British colonists encroaching on their territory. When France surrendered their colonies and allies to the British, the Wabanaki Confederacy and Abenaki found their negotiating position significantly worsened. British colonists spent decades chipping away at their territory through malicious contracts and violent raids.

The Abenaki withdrew further and further into their northernmost territory until around 1800, when almost all had resettled in pre-existing Abenaki villages that had been granted to them by the French government in the 17th and 18th centuries. In the years following, some would visit and move back into southern areas of their territory and places beyond, like the Adirondacks and the Capitol Region areas of New York.

The British colonial government in Canada declared the Wabanaki Confederacy forcibly disbanded in 1862.

In the modern day, there are two federally-recognized Abenaki tribes, Odanak and W8linak, in Quebec. (I’ve read the symbol “8” expresses a nasal “o”, which is pronounced “on” - I’ve also seen it spelled Wôlinak). The Wabanaki Confederacy also still exists and is made up of the Houlton Band of Maliseets, the Mi’kmaq Nation, the Passamaquoddy at Motahkomikuk, the Passamaquoddy in Sipayik, and the Penobscot Nation. Some sources include the Abenaki, some don’t; I’m not sure why.

The Abenaki have never ceded their ancestral territory, the Ndakina, which includes New England, nor have they ceased to utilize the larger territory since their displacement and removal from the United States after the American Revolution.

There's a significant amount of disagreement and intrigue around the recognition of the presence of modern-day Abenaki in New Hampshire and Vermont. New Hampshire is the only state in New England without any state- or federally-recognized Native American tribes, but this is a little more complicated than it sounds. Both New Hampshire and Vermont have groups who self-identify as Abenaki, and the Vermont groups were granted state recognition in 2011, but none were able to pass the rigorous (though slow and certainly imperfect) process of gaining federal recognition due to the inability of most members to demonstrate Abenaki ancestry.

The Odanak and W8linak – backed up by professional genealogies and investigative reporters from Vermont Public Radio, New Hampshire Public Radio, and the Native American Journalists Association (NAJA) – hold that many members and leaders of these groups (including people who are on boards such as the New Hampshire Commission on Native American Affairs) are actually the descendants of French Canadians now appropriating their culture.

The Odanak and W8linak have stated that this act of race shifting carries out "a final and genocidal act of colonization by erasing and replacing actual Native People with the voices and the bodies of the invader."

The Odanak and W8linak do count members of their own living in New England.

In This Story

You'll notice that all of these communities are conspicuous by their absence in the campaign as written. This is mainly because I'm wholly unqualified to write them. I can tell you about the New Hampshire I've lived in and a bit of history about how things were done by colonist communities from the 1800s to the 1940s, and I can speculate about a solarpunk future and how some of those practices could fit. But for all the reading I've done, I can't tell you anything about the Abenaki or Wabanaki, or what they'd do in this place and time, that they couldn't tell you better. And I suspect they don't especially need a white guy with a tech background trying to do so.

I also don't want to claim this was entirely an intentional choice. I am generally careful not to write from the perspective of people whose experiences I don't share or understand, but this absence is also the default I've been primed with. The towns I grew up in were profoundly white, and if the history of the Native American communities whose names and language were used to name our towns, and the lakes, rivers, and mountains was discussed, it was brief, taught by white adults, and handled entirely in the past tense. The better teachers and resources framed it all as a terrible tragedy, but nevertheless as something that was over now. Before researching for this project, I couldn't have told you if the Abenaki still existed as organized, intact communities, or where they were located.

These communities deserve a significant role in any future, but especially an aspirational, solarpunk one. I'd very much like to read Abenaki solarpunk (and if I can help in any way, please feel free to reach out!) but I'm not qualified to write it myself.

For lack of a way to make a good impact here, I'd like to link to some of the excellent educational resources compiled by the Abenaki and Wabanaki, listed in no particular order:

https://gcnwa.com/en/history-of-the-nation/

https://abenakiheritage.org/

https://caodanak.com/en/

https://cawolinak.com/

https://www.wabanakicollection.com/about/