

Amerikkka

A Satirical Look At America's Dark
Future

A game by
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Introduction

A single spark can start a raging inferno. And a single spark was all it took.

Unhinged by the possible re-election of President Hillary Clinton in 2020, radical right-wing extremists launched an armed assault on the White House, eventually executing the president just days before the election. A jubilant South allied itself with the extremists, with one governor proclaiming, "God's judgement has come" at a press conference. The Northern states were horrified and quickly cut themselves off from the violent, radically religious South. Though some states were on different sides, Jefferson Davis would've been well pleased by the new Confederacy.

To hear some talk, this was a golden time, as one great nation became two, each united in its disgust of the other. An unmotivated populace stirred itself for the first time in a generation, the apathy shed as each faction pursued its own ends. Northern states experienced a renaissance of science and the arts, without a Jesus-motivated electorate screaming "Teach the controversy!" to worry about. Without the Northeast to put the brakes on the Great Southern Arms Race, the red states finally assembled the sprawling army of heavily armed rednecks they'd long coveted, and they fed them for years on the hellfire and damnation of Southern Baptist preachers and the Republican Party, now firmly parked on the Jesus side of the ticket.

Horrific carnage followed. The financially powerful North bought its weapons and military success on the open market, while the poorer South used its greatest asset: redneck engineering. Hardware mothballed after Democratic regimes just needed a little bit of work before it was battlefield ready, and industrious shade tree mechanics built an army from the remains of the old US military. While it was not the most modern force ever fielded, Southern troops worked with a "That there done blowed up real good" ethos that lead to widespread destruction. Each side slashed at the other across the several states, and exhaustion on both sides lead to an eventual stalemate.

While Mommy and Daddy were busy fighting, small factions were starting to get restless, eager to grab their chunk of the disintegrating American Dream. The revolutionary spirit had not been quenched, and the remains of the country were breaking apart, the United States shattering into a Balkanized region of endless fighting.

The Free State Libertarians were the first to break off, announcing their intentions with a blitzkrieg of the state of Massachusetts. Senator and Lush Ted Kennedy, on behalf of all the Catholics in his state, appealed for assistance from the Vatican and all her legions. The Pope responded in an unexpected, but most effective fashion, reviving the Knights Templar and undertaking a Vatican rearmament. Thousands of Swiss Guards were dispatched to New England, pikes in hand, while the Vatican embraced science and began top secret experiments.

The papal troops were barely ashore when the Protestant South rose to resist them. The dire proclamation of hundreds of years of Protestant theology was coming all too true: The Catholics

were coming. They reacted with terrible violence, whipped into a blood-thirsty frenzy by preachers and talk radio, and launched an incredible attack into Massachusetts. The Eastern seaboard became a bloody battlefield as the armies ranged back and forth.

The fragmentation of the former United States continued as rock star and conservative radio host Ted Nugent lead a group of militant Michigan militas in taking over their state. With a firm base established around Detroit, they began expanding outward. In the Atlanta area, zany millionaire Ted Turner returned from death via the latest in cybernetics and voodoo. Encased in a new body, he established a cult of personality, and the Braves soon made a name for themselves in the brave new world.

Texas, well, you can guess. Mexico and Spain moved to retake their own lands and, while Florida was given up willingly, the white-bread fascists of Northern California united behind Furher Arnold Schwarzenegger and fought back, defending their McMansions and subdivisions with the true fury of thousands of sexually repressed soccer moms. While guns were outlawed long ago in the name of The Children, the heavily armored Urban Assault Vehicles popular among suburbanites were fearsome weapons even without heavy guns. Latte-powered soccer moms up-armored their vehicles and plowed right into opposing forces with the glee of a suicide bomber. While the Mexican army made some impressive gains, the Californians dug in around San Jose and stopped the onslaught.

Everyone else was lashing out, but the Pacific Northwest was busy turning inwards. The would-be vampires of the greater Seattle area and the radical environmentalists of the upper West Coast decided they didn't mind each other that much and formed a collective of their own, joining together in liberalness behind a bright, green forest of trees, all of which seemed to conceal terrible traps for the unwary. The Burning Man festival happened to be running as the country shattered, and the hippies there formed a commune of their own, guided by a freelance photographer now trapped in ever-lasting flame, pleading for release from his torment. No relief is in sight, however.

Even in a land destroying itself with extremism, there are those who cling to no particular ideology. Be they drifters, outcasts, dreamers, wanderers, or just sane, these souls gathered in the city of Cleveland, the center of "Eh" in the United States before and now a Republic of its own. While Ohio was noted for absolutely nothing before, now it has stumbled into being the last beacon of the Enlightenment in a darkening country. The government of Cleveland operates out of the Rock and Roll Hall of fame, upholding freedom, openness, and a middle path of acceptance. Consequently, it is surrounded by enemies on all sides.

It's now been thirty years since the assassination of President Clinton. The shattered remains of what liberal nutjob college students called Amerikkka have settled into an uneasy peace, eyeing each other across fortified borders, plotting the downfall of their ideological enemies.

Welcome to the future. Welcome to Amerikkka.

About the Game

Amerikkka takes place in a world where the various aspiring extremist ideologies of the American political scene at the end of the 20th century blossomed as the 21st wore on. *Amerikkka* assumes the worst of everyone, exaggerating the bad qualities and playing down the good to create a wild world of swirling intrigue and terrible stereotypes. This is a crudely offensive game that shouldn't be played by anyone who takes themselves or their politics too seriously.

The game was created by two hipper-than-thou jaded twenty-somethings in a burst of genius and pretension as they began a conversation that headed into the absurd ground of "What would happen if all of those guys were right?" It's based on actual events, using them as a springboard (or a trampoline, if you prefer) into the future. The Free State Project really does exist. There really are religious right nutjobs plotting to move into a state and seize the apparatus of government (South Carolina, so we won't be losing much, but still). There really are a bunch of pudgy white guys in Michigan marching around in camouflage and calling themselves militia. So what if all of them were right?

You hold the result in your hand, with a satirical and admittedly anarchist-liberal bent. We tried to dish out an equal load of crap to all the nutjobs, from the tree-huggiest hippy to the wife-beatingest, Jesus-worshippingist red stater. Odds are, your personal politics will be mocked roundly somewhere in this book. If you can't handle it, no skin off our nose, but if you are cool...

Why would you want to play *Amerikkka*?

Amerikkka is intended as a one-off campaign setting you'd use between your regular games, or when you want to take a jaunt into the absurd. It allows you to flex your gamemaster muscles and torment your players with a bizarre journey into the ruined United States, where former billionaires ride anamatronic bison across the remains of Georgia, and where Ohio is the last hope of the sane. Our game system emphasizes playability over lots of numbers, die rolling, and rules lawyering. Everything is tremendously simplified, because we want you to take time to play your character, rather than arguing over every little thing. Also, math is hard and we are lazy.

Character Creation

An Overview

Character creation in Amerikkka is a simple process. The player rolls a d10 four times, then assigns those numbers to the four **Statistics** on the character sheet. The numbers in these statistics determine the amount of **Skill Points** the player has to spend in the four Skill Areas on a one-to-one basis (thus, a 9 in Body means you have 9 points to spend on Body Skills), though the maximum you can spend on any one skill during character creation is 5. Once skills are picked out, you will pick a **Faction**, decide on your **Equipment**, and write your character's backstory (or at least come up with some motivation) and begin to play.

Statistics

To determine your character's **Statistics**, roll 1 d10 4 times to generate a pool of numbers. Assign these numbers to your Statistics as you see fit. Amerikkka's four statistics are Body, Quickness, Intellect, and Shenanigans. Each statistic is scored on a 10 point scale, with 1 being pathetic and 10 being godlike, or as godlike as humans get in these days. 4 is about average. Statistics cannot be raised above 10 without divine GM intervention.

Body

The Body statistic measures your strength, toughness, and basic physical prowess. A 1 in Body means people regularly kick sand in your face. A 3 or 4 means you can do some heavy lifting if you need to, and you might be able to pull off the occasional feat of strength. A 7 or 8 in Body means you're the guy everybody bugs about helping them move. A 10 in Body means you're the caliber of a bodybuilder or professional athlete, quite possibly a competitor in those World's Strongest Man contests where they tow buses with their teeth and throw anchors and such. Your name is probably something like Bjorn Magnusson.

Quickness

The Quickness statistic combines speed and dexterity. It measures everything from your flat out run speed to how fast you can get your gun out of the holster and aimed. A 1 in Quickness means running with scissors, even those kindergarten safety scissors that only cut paper, will probably result in you hurting yourself. A 3 or 4 means you can run pretty quick if you need to and can probably catch a ball when it's thrown. A 10 means you're impossibly fast and nimble, probably a professional thief, gunfighter, or athlete.

Intellect

Intellect measures your mental capability and agility. A professor and a street criminal may both have a high intellect, though the professor may know a lot about Shakespeare while the criminal knows fifty ways to pop out a car stereo before the cops show up. This is a stat that may indicate book smarts, street smarts, and/or logical reasoning. A 1 in Intellect means you wear a helmet and drool on yourself. A 3 or 4 means you're capable of reading and comprehending most things, and assumes a basic level of functioning mental competence. A 10 marks you as a savant, a leader in the intelligentsia or the evil genius-ia.

Shenanigans

Shenanigans is a combination of luck, sleaziness, dirty tricks, and everything else befitting the label of “Shenanigans.” This stat covers everything from talking your way into a nightclub to convincing half the world you’re the Pope. A 1 or 2 in Shenanigans means you can’t tell people the truth in a convincing way. A 3 or 4 means you can occasionally get away with a little white lie. A 10 in Shenanigans means you can convince anyone of anything and they won’t even know you’re doing it. You’re a hustler, baby.

Shenanigans points can be “spent” during each session. While it temporarily lowers the stat, spending a Shenanigans point allows the player to re-roll their die, which makes them useful for those critical moments. Shenanigans points are returned after a long rest or at the next session.

Skills

Simply, your Statistics determine your **Skills**. When your Statistics are selected, you should begin to pick skills. Each skill is grouped under one of the Statistics, and the score you have in that Statistics dictates the number of points you can spend in that area. Thus, if you place an 8 in Body, you will have 8 points to spend on skills that are considered Body Skills. During character creation, no more than 5 points may be spent in any one skill. There are four groups of Skills: Body Skills, Quickness Skills, Intellect Skills, and Shenanigans Skills.

Body Skills draw on your physical prowess and stamina. These skills are:

Athletics: What kind of shape your character is in. Athletics covers general physicality, how powerful your character is, and so on.

1: Feeble – Equipment manager for the local kickball team.

5: Competent – High school sports captain.

10: Master – Professional bodybuilder, basketball player, etc.

Cojones: How big your metaphorical balls are. This is a mixture of courage, intimidation, and pure guts. Whether of the swagger you walk with or that look you get when you fold your arms and look mean, cojones is a measure of badassness.

1: Feeble – 80 year old women cut in front of you in line.

5: Competent – You can hold your own in a bad situation.

10: Master – You’ve been to prison, and you weren’t “deflowered.”

Heavy Melee: When it comes down to it, Heavy Melee skill is what you use when you need to swing that big, concrete pipe down on some sucka’s head. When it comes to smacking people around with heavy objects, heavy melee is the skill you need.

1: Feeble – You’ve never even attempted to appreciate the nuances of swinging a parking meter at some asshole who looked at you the wrong way.

5: Competent – Running after someone with a jackhammer in tow isn’t just a funny anecdote; it’s a way of life.

10: Master – Your favored heavy weapon is your opponent, and flinging him around the room and into his family members is something you’re eminently comfortable doing.

Endurance: Athletics measures your raw physicality, while Endurance measures how long you can keep it up. A character with high Athletics might be able to do a 100 yard dash without much trouble. A character with high Athletics and Endurance can run a marathon without much trouble.

1: Feeble – Pushing the button for the elevator winds you.

5: Competent – You jog a couple miles every day.

10: Master – “Hey, ladies! Giggity giggity giggity!”

Brawl: Brawl skill is a measure of your ability in an unarmed fight. This is how well you throw

a punch. High-skill Brawlers may know a martial art or two and be absolutely deadly in a close-quarter fight.

1: Feeble – “Oh, god, not in the face! NOT IN THE FACE!”

5: Competent – You know tae kwon do is a fad and ultimately useless.

10: Master – You know Brazilian jiu jitsu is a fad and ultimately useless.

Quickness measures how fast and dexterous you are. When you’re taking fire and need to get out of the way, when you’re going for your gun, you need a high Quickness. Quickness skills include:

Dodge: How well you can jump or duck out of the way when it really, really matters. Dodging requires you to invest points into a defensive roll, which will then be subtracted from your latter offensive roll. See below for an example.

1: Feeble – “Huh?”

5: Competent – You were picked first in dodge ball.

10: Master – “If you can dodge traffic, you can dodge a ball!”

Firearms: Guns. How well you use them, how well you care for them, and how well you shoot. Guns are the primary weapon in Amerikkka and those without skill in firearms depend on others to protect them.

1: Feeble – You’re one of those guys that buys a gun to impress his girlfriend. With a little work, you can load it on your own.

5: Competent – “This is my rifle, this is my gun. This is for fighting, this is for fun.” You are a good marksman, perhaps an experienced hunter or soldier.

10: Master – “Grassy knoll, my ass!”

Light Melee: While Heavy Melee measures how well you use big sticks, Light Melee covers knives, garrotes, and other small, nasty, close quarters weapons.

1: Feeble – Butter knives remain a constant challenge.

5: Competent – You have more hidden weapons than a 1980s-era wrestler.

10: Master – “OH MY GOD! HE’S GOT A STEEL CHAIR! THE CHAOS! THE CARNAGE!”

Stealth: Being a sneaky bastard is hard. This can cover everything from hiding in the shadows to making a ghillie suit and sneaking around for that perfect rifle shot. If you’re trying to hide in the shadows, Stealth is what you need.

1: Feeble – You frequently crash into store displays. Watch where you’re going, dumbass.

5: Competent – You can usually find a nice shadow to crawl into.

10: Master – “And like that....he was gone.”

Drive: Drive skill covers driving ability, the piloting of vehicles.

1: Feeble – You’re a fucking soccer mom and need to shoot yourself. Seriously.

5: Competent – You can drive a stick and know why rear wheel drive is the superior method of drive train power distribution.

10: Master – “I feel the need...the need for speed.” Only without a volleyball scene.

What **was** that?

Intellect measures your brainpower, your common sense, how smart you are. Everything from intellectual theories about poetry interpretation to street smarts is covered by the Intellect stat.

Willpower: Willpower measures your mental toughness, your brain's version of Cojones.

1: Feeble – You think Will is that black guy that says “Welcome to Erf!”

5: Competent – “Do you expect me to talk?”

10: Master – Dominatrixes call you Master. And just won't get off the fucking phone.

Presence: Call it charisma, call it good looks, something about your character gets people's attention. You know that guy who's 5'4", bald, and snaggle-toothed, but somehow always beds chicks that look like supermodels? He's got Presence. Presence can be used to command a room or to make a threat without flexing your muscles.

1: Feeble – My grandmother asked you for a date when you got in her face.

5: Competent – If you wanted, you could have your own entrance music.

10: Master – “Croup and Vandemar, the Old Firm, obstacles obliterated, nuisances eradicated, bothersome limbs removed, and tutelary dentistry undertaken.”

Psychology: The study of human behavior and the application of those principles. High psychology scores may mark skilled liars, expert motivators, psychologists, psychopaths, and business leaders.

1: Feeble – Even livejournal attention whores think you're a bad listener.

5: Competent – You understand how to make friends and manipulate them.

10: Master – “I need to engage in homicidal behavior on a massive scale. It can not be corrected but I have no other way to fulfill my needs.”

Literacy: How well read your character is, as well as how well your character can comprehend written text. This can be fiction or non-fiction and may be in a particular field or a general level of literacy. Please note, in some areas, the South especially, a high Literacy score makes you dangerous...but it also makes you powerful.

1: Feeble – “Whatcha wanna read books fer?”

5: Competent – You're well read enough to keep up with the art fags in coffee shops.

10: Master – You refer to Fyodor Dostoevsky as “Ol' Teddy” and can recite that cock sucker Thoreau as though it was worth doing.

Machines: While you might need a good Athletics score to change a particularly stubborn tire, it takes brainpower to keep a V-8 going in the middle of nowhere with nothing for miles but dusty roads and hostile natives. Machines covers just that, machines, everything from car engines to computers. For those of you wondering why this is under Intellect: Let's see you try to change those spark plugs, college boy.

1: Feeble: Dad still makes you fetch and carry the tools, even though you're 23.

5: Competent: “I can't let you drive out of here with those tires on your car.”

10: Master: You know the cute engineer chick/guy in every sci fi show? You're them.

Shenanigans covers just about everything under the label “dirty tricks.”

Bullshit: The name of the skill makes it pretty self-apparent. It is also used to determine how good you are at detecting bullshit. “Don’t shit a shitter.”

1: Feeble – You actually paid the sticker price for your Geo Metro.

5: Competent – You actually got some rube to pay sticker price for his Geo Metro.

10: Master – In the early twenty-first century, you were able to use your “understanding” of the musical genre known as emo to talk your way into the pants of unsuspecting college co-eds. Good show.

Street Smarts: Street Smarts covers finding a dealer, finding a shady pawn shop, and handling yourself on the street. Veteran city dwellers and criminals might be high in street smarts.

1: Feeble – That guy in the FBI windbreaker was just eating his lunch, dumbass. They don’t sell coke at Subway. Not that kind of coke, anyway.

5: Competent – “Whatchu need?”

10: Master – You run these streets.

Thieving: Making things disappear, the art of distraction, dazzling onlookers into not paying attention, sleight of hand is the art of lifting small objects and distracting their attention elsewhere.

1: Feeble – You think 52 Pickup is a pretty neat trick.

5: Competent – You can produce a watch from thin air, probably because you took it off that dumbass three blocks back.

10: Master – You made the Statue of Liberty disappear without mirrors and shit.

Sleaze: Used car salesmen. Talking little old ladies out of paychecks. Talking naive young girls into taking “just a few pictures.” Sleaze is anything oily and a bit dirty. Characters high in sleaze may be able to talk anyone into just about anything.

1: Feeble – “Uhhh, hey baby.”

5: Competent – “I did not have sexual relations with that woman.”

10: Master – “Now, there’s one thing you should know. All my models are nude, but it’s very tasteful.”

Dirty Tricks: A kick to the groin. Setting up shell companies to loot your current company. Pulling the ol’ “shake hands before the fight and then punch him in the face.” Dirty Tricks is just about anything against the rules and borderline illegal.

1: Feeble – You get scared when Grampa does the old “Oh look, I’m taking off my thumb.”

5: Competent – You’ve never lost a street fight.

10: Master – “I am not a crook”

Factions

While the major wars have been fought and lost—no matter who wins, we lose, you see—minor skirmishes and flare-ups still occur. These are not, usually, major conflicts that engulf a region. However, borders are fluid and may be changing at any given moment. One of the hassles of travel in Amerikkka is dealing with the many different armies, alliances, etc., all of which have their own agenda and all of which, odds are, hate you. No matter who they are, most factions are seeking to gain more land, avenge old wrongs, or just stir shit up. Borders are just lines on a map.

Currently, though, everyone is ready for peace or too exhausted to keep fighting. Uneasy truces prevail, but the more militant factions are always spoiling for a fight. The outside world is a mystery. While foreign countries were always interested in what the former America was doing, her shattering has turned her inward. Very few of the new zones have anything meaningful going on in a diplomatic sense. Still, it is a new day, a new world, in a bizarre future. Anything can happen.

The economic situation in the former United States is very, very chaotic in the Amerikkka setting. While the established nations may make some effort to maintain a governmental currency, as a practical matter, barter and services are far more useful than paper money in terms of purchasing power. A high-powered sniper rifle is worth far more to most people than a truck full of paper from a government that might fall to Ted Turner's forces tomorrow. In urban areas, characters will find plenty willing to take the governmental coin. Out in the wilds, though, the value of money drops quickly. Herein, a brief look at the currency and economic situation of the major players.

Some view this as a new dawn, however. The tentative peace on all fronts has provided opportunities to explore, to see other nations, and to profit from it. There's profit to be made for the intrepid and ample opportunities for exploration for the bold.

The Free State Collective

Introduction

Sid was working in his fields on one fine summer day when his neighbor Winston came running over.

“Sid, Sid, you've got to help me!”

“What is it, Winston?”

“That bastard Cooper's men are rampaging over my farm, raping my wife, and killing my chickens.”

“Now, Winston, you know you're a good friend,” Sid said. “But I hafta ask...what's in it for me?”

--Introduction to *A Comprehensive Guide To The Free State Collective*

Summary

In the early 90s, a plan sprung up among the Libertarians called the Free State Project. They would relocate into a small, agreeable state like New Hampshire and eventually take over the legislature and decision-making apparatus. A high incidence of gun ownership and the chaos of the Hillary Assassination led to a militant streak and Free Staters no longer rely on their nutjob ideology to keep the outsiders at bay.

History

The Free State Collective began as a dream. A bunch of white, overprivileged Libertarians decided to move to a small New England state and ease their way into the government, somehow imagining in a Darwinist superstate, they'd continue making lots of money for having a college degree and knowing how to "manage," rather than being slaves to the same guys who beat them up in high school. The Project was well under way when the President was assassinated and the Libertarians began agitating for action.

It was 2025 when they finally kicked off the festivities. A group of armed Libertarian militamen charged into Massachusetts. With the Northern government paralyzed trying to fend off the encroaching South, Senator and Lush Ted Kennedy appealed to the Vatican for assistance. While the Libertarian troops were well-armed, they weren't especially coordinated, working as impromptu bands, small coalitions, and mercenary forces, and the thousands of Knights Templar and Swiss Guards that came to defend Massachusetts found little challenge in pudgy, neckbearded white guys. Especially once the Vatican truly began its crusade to built giant battlemechs.

As is typical of the FSC, the war fizzled out as fewer and fewer people showed up to fight. While it is still technically declared, and raiding by either side is common, there is a relative peace based on Libertarian laziness and intelligence. You try to take out a 50 foot tall battlemech with a truck mounted light machine gun.

The FSC looks back to those they consider freedom fighters of yesteryear, namely one Senator Ron Paul, a medical doctor who came into prominence at the beginning of the 21st century when his failed campaign for president showed libertarians across the internet they could organize if only given a worthy cause, though it took considerable effort on the part of people who prize their individuality so much they find the act of organization abhorrent. Now, Paul's body is on roving display throughout the FSC, and draws tourists from many small towns. Thanks to an elitist private education system only the very rich can afford, most citizens don't know who the entombed leader is, but enjoy the spectacle his procession accords.

Major Cities and Territory

Borders are loosely defined, based largely on who can control what territory at any given hour. However, most of the former states of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, and the upper part of New York are pretty solidly under Libertarian control. Major cities include Bangor, Buffalo,

Concord, and whatever city Stephen King sets his next book in.

Economics

Part of the problem with hating central government is that there's no one to enforce a currency system. While many have tried to organize some kind of central bank, even among warlords, trade and barter rules the day. Massbucks might swing some of the upper-class, but you better be ready to work a hard day's labor to get anything from everyone else. The warlords, of course, can provide just about anything, but that requires allegiance.

Large dominions may coin or print their own money, with local banks accepting whatever they wish based on agreements and treaties that last about three days. Travelling across the Free State Collective usually results in pockets full of all sorts of interesting currency, from bills and coins to wampum, grain, and everything in between.

Everything can be had in the FSC for a price. It's just tricky to figure out what that price may be.

Infrastructure

Without a central government to maintain infrastructure, most of the roads and other forms of transportation have fallen into disrepair. The few protectorates that maintain roads do so on a toll road basis, be it an actual tollbooth on a major highway, or be it a few guys with guns sitting at a crossroads extorting all and sundry. Otherwise, it's a haphazard collection of everything from bomb-cratered interstates to vaguely cleared dirt roads that may or may not be usable.

Politics

The Free State Collective is based on a libertarian ideology of "I got mine" and "Nobody better touch mine." Consequently, it is a Social Darwinist state where only the strong survive and the rest pay cash for protection. Free Staters are likely to be insanely libertarian, complain if forced into any kind of group working for a greater good, and very selfish. High Extremism Free Staters will hand out Ayn Rand books the way the Gideons handed out Bibles. The Free State Collective is probably the closest to true anarchy of all the nations in Amerikkka, guided as it is by hundreds of people doing their own thing and steadfastly refusing to help anyone else. The unofficial motto of your average Free Stater is "What's in it for me?"

The organization of Free State territory is, well, somewhere between disorganization and complete anarchy at any given time. Local strongmen with armed backers run most of the territories, with borders changing as a group's power waxes and wanes. The closest analogy is a small Third World country torn by rival warlords. Large alliances form, break apart, and reform, sometimes in the span of a week. The shifting loyalties of the Free State Collective can be mind-boggling for the outsider—indeed, the name Free State Collective is something outsiders use to describe the territory, most citizens are loyal to their local warlord. There are occasional republics, democracies, and even communes, but ruling with an iron fist and a loaded rifle is the usual governmental method.

Important Figures

The FSC operates without a central government figure, conversely relying on the kindness of strangers and their own Objectivist drive to accomplish their goals. To that end, every year the citizenry votes via internet forum for the recipient of the By His Own Bootstraps Award for the person who did the most to advance the Libertarian cause that year. Unfortunately, no one has ever received more than one vote, which everyone casts for themselves.

Allies and Military

As there is no central government, the FSC has no active alliances. Other factions may sympathize with a particular strongman, but most have been burned by a Free Stater looking for a better deal, and remain reluctant to ally.

However, the Free State Collective is one of the most heavily armed factions outside of the Templar Mechs of Massachusetts and the Free City of Las Vegas. Bangor's thriving arms industry churns out fantastic, high-quality weapons for low, low prices. Were they to ally, or form a cohesive body of some kind, they could be a formidable force indeed, though the difficulty with forming a single army of Free Staters comes when every recruit wants to know, "Who died and made YOU king?"

How They View The Other Factions

Papal States: Hates

Confederate States of America: Hates

The Turnerites: "Man, those guys are weird."

Texas: Hates

Burning Man Commune: Hates

California: Hates

Greater Seattle: "Man, those guys are really weird."

United States of Nugent: Hates

Republic of Cleveland: Hates

The People: Values and Fears

On a societal level, the Free State Collective works like a cross between a feudal society and the antebellum South. There's a handful of rich upper-class people on top, and the lower-classes have to pledge their allegiance to the "lords" if they want to survive.

The defining value of the Free State mindset is freedom from government interference. They value personal independence, a quick buck, and small or completely non-existent government.

They are social mercenaries, quick to change sides for a better deal, and just as quick to change back when their would-be leader gets too uppity.

The People: A Day in the Life

Free State Collective members spend a lot of time tending their own little piece of the Free State dream, be it for themselves or their ruling warlord. For the underclass, it's almost indistinguishable from a medieval serf: Wake up, eat something, toil, go to sleep, occasionally die horribly as fighting breaks out for their land. Those with guns or a position may spend time in the fields or shops or factories before going to militia meetings or other work.

The People: A Typical Freestater

Free Staters tend towards two looks. The first is the chronically underfed waif. The Free State Collective operates much like a medieval society, with rich local strongmen serving as lords, and everyone else selling their bodies and labor for a comparative mouthful of food. Richer Free Staters will tend towards chubbiness, as they tend to take a larger slice of the pie than their in-all-but-name-servants, both figuratively and literally. In Libertopia, freedom is slavery. Fatigues are the usual clothing, and just about everyone is armed.

Underclass Free Staters tend to be quiet and respectful, but fearful, as the warlords don't have the manners of medieval lords. Upper class Free Staters tend to be very outgoing, but hostile, and tend to think of themselves as better than their underlings. They tend to be very haughty and proud of themselves, disdaining those of a lower social station, while trashing those in a higher social station.

Lower class Free Staters tend to behave like beaten dogs. They might come when you call them, but they're always reluctant and their eyes are always downcast. They can be friendly, but they'll always be looking over their shoulders for the landowners. Upper class Free Staters can be friendly, but they're usually very haughty and proud, and very disdainful towards anyone they see as being of a lower social station and class. Their attitude tends to be "Well, I carved out a free-holding, why can't THEY?" and "I did it all myself, why can't THEY?" They're friendly, but a little hostile and very judgmental and once they're looking down their nose, it's hard to get them to treat you as a human being.

When dealing with lower-class Free Staters, treat them like abused children. Be gentle, speak softly, and don't move too quickly or you'll scare them. Dealing with upper-class Free Staters is much more tricky. Approach them as you would a hostile animal, i.e. don't press them too much, but be steady and approach them with confidence. Be aware it's all a posturing and posing game, competing over who will be the societal alpha. They can be friendly, but very hostile towards outsiders. Those from enemy factions will be shot. Once befriended, upper-class Libertarians will begin the proselytizing, trying to convince you you'll be much happier and much more free if you become like them. They're not quite Turnerites in their cultlike devotion, but they are very enthusiastic about promoting it.

Quick summary: Lower class: Southern slaves circa 1860. Upper class: Internet males meet

Southern slaveowners circa 1860.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

The information above suggests two archetypes:

The lower-class Free Stater. Some do muster up the courage to leave their lands or workshops and seek their own fortune. They may be almost nomadic, doing odd jobs or repairing things (with the small factories common in the FSC, knowledge of things mechanical is all but a given) for change. Some dream of freedom. Some were released from their lands, or left in a void when the change of owners wasn't exactly clear.

The upper-class Free Stater. Upper-class Free Staters have significantly more freedom to set out and explore. The upper-class will be more diverse, with some being soldiers and mercenaries and others being merchants and craftsmen, though just about everyone will know how to shoot to some degree or another.

Jayne, from Firefly, would be a perfect Freestater.

The Papal States

Introduction

"Hey," Cletus said, pointing to something on the horizon. "You see that?"

"Yep. What do ya think it is?" Bobby-Earl asked, spitting a sticky mass of brown liquid into a cup.

Cletus peered through the binoculars--camouflage, of course--at the large mass striding into view on the horizon.

"Biggest goddamn robo..."

There was a hiss and a boom, and two more Heroes of the Confederacy were created.

--*The Battle of Boston*, St. Kennedy's Press

Summary

No one expected the Pope to intervene, nor a new American Catholicism to take hold, but however unlikely the birth, The Papal States are one of the few organized states in Amerikkka and possibly the most dangerous military power in terms of organization and firepower.

History

The Pope answered Kennedy's cry for assistance with a vengeance the Catholic Church hadn't seen since the Middle Ages. He immediately called for a new Crusade and tapped a huge number of Swiss Guardsmen for duty in Massachusetts. The Libertarians were driven back when the Protestants of the South rose to resist the Catholics. Huge investing in science and technology

gave Massachusetts the advantage, as their troops were smarter, better armed, and prone to having "strategy." In the peace that followed the Confederate defeat, the uniquely American brand of cafeteria Catholicism won the day. A new Church formed and with it came a new Pope, conveniently of the Kennedy clan.

The result of the new investment in technology was P.O.P.E., the Proactive Organic Papal Enforcer. A 30-ton walking death machine, with a 30 foot Pope Hat, the P.O.P.E. program resulted in five giant robots being added to the arsenal of the newly-christened Papal States. These robots are piloted by elite "Cardinals" and advancement through the ranks of the Church is no longer dictated by piety, but on the number of kills. Consequently, the position of Cardinal is sought only by the most daring or stupid.

The Papal States do not seek conflict, but they also don't run from it. As of now, they are at an uneasy peace with their neighbors, but most citizens think it's just a matter of time before the wars begin anew.

Major Cities and Territory

The capital of the Papal States is Boston, with most operations occurring in Saint John-John's Basilica. Other territory includes swaths of New York, all of Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and parts of Pennsylvania. Major cities include New York City, Albany, Providence, Trenton, and Philadelphia.

Economics

The Papal States is possibly the most secure country in the region, both in terms of commerce and in terms of military force. They are also one of the handful of factions with a real, functional government—though the religious leadership from Boston isn't quite traditionally American, it has allowed businesses to flourish. Huge investment in research and technology also gave the region a bustling tech sector. The giant robots of the Church alone consume millions of dollars a year in fuel and parts, and new developments occur all the time. Before the schism with Rome, the old Church poured in enough precious metals and other assets to give the MassBuck a solid backing. Carrying MassBucks in the U. S. N. might get you shot, and it's not worth the paper it's printed on in most other regions, but inside the Papal States, you can get just about anything you want given enough of them. MassBucks are second only to Cleveland's currency for economic security, and wise investors always have a few stashed away, since they will be worth something *somewhere*, which is more than you can say for most of the other currencies.

Infrastructure

Though Massachusetts was notoriously terrible at building its own infrastructure—two words, MassHoles, "Big Dig"—it has proven quite capable of maintaining what was already in place. As they say, the trains run on time, as do the subways and everything else. The area controlled by the Papal States is an incredibly nice place to live, mostly clean and mostly safe. The universities are booming with the investment in science and education and it's one of the few

countries where the government won't seize, burn, or otherwise destroy your business. By Amerikkkan standards, it's ridiculously wealthy, and the prosperity draws longing looks from across the border.

Politics

The Papal States is remarkable functional, perhaps because they are one of the few countries run by an actual government leader. Pope Kennedy is very conservative, as you might expect from a church leader, but the masses are more pragmatic. He rules absolutely—his word is divine law, after all—but is regarded with a sort of fondness by the masses, more of an “Aw, cute, he’s trying to tell us what to do” than anything else. Despite his best efforts, most of his power is largely ceremonial, save for the robots..

Important Figures

Pope Kennedy is the current head of the American Catholic Church and runs the Church out of the Basilica in Boston. Under his personal command is a small group of P.O.P.E.s, the Proactive Organic Papal Enforcers: Giant, walking robots with giant armored Pope Hats, not to mention laser rifles and missile batteries. The roster of Cardinals—those chosen to pilot the P.O.P.E.s—is ever-changing, but they are elite soldiers, experienced and well-trained, with no other interest but obeying the commands of the Pope.

Teddy Kennedy serves as the Pope’s Voice on Massachusetts and handles most of the day to day affairs of running the state.

Allies and Military

The Papal States have no real allies though they, like every other faction, view Cleveland as a fertile ground for new recruits and possibly new territory. However, their geography works against them, with the Free State Collective on one side, the CSA on another, and the Atlantic Ocean at their back.

However, these fight-or-die engagements have honed the edge of their military razor sharp. The Papal States are—ironically—much like Israel, surrounded on all sides by enemies, outnumbered, and still capable of beating most of them within six days. Their numbers are enough to give any would-be general pause and their equipment is top notch, from the giant Templar robots to the 30,000 pikemen of the New Swiss Guard, Papal Forces are trained, motivated, and able to resist just about anything. Consequently, FSC and CSA forces stick to raids and skirmishes when they can, as an all-out war will turn out poorly for them.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: Hates

Confederate States of America: Hates

The Turnerites: “Man, those guys are weird.”

Texas: Hates

Burning Man Commune: “Man, those guys are weird.”

California : Hates

Greater Seattle: “Man, those guys are weird.”

United States of Nugent: Hates

Republic of Cleveland: “Man, those guys are weird.”

The People: Values and Fears

Citizens of the Papal States enjoy a relatively high amount of freedom and will fight to defend it. They value community spirit—not so much communism as that pride every single New Yorker takes in being from New York—rather than the individualism of many of the other factions. They strongly dislike the religious radicalism of the CSA, which is probably their only ideological conflict. Most hate the Free State Collective because of the border raids, not because of any philosophical disagreement.

They may be under the protective military umbrella of the Catholic Church, but that doesn't mean they go TO church on Sunday. Papal Staters have AN attitude, but they vary in their attitudes, trending towards out-of-sight liberal. They don't care what you do, so long as you're not doing it too openly in front of them. Papal Staters have an inherent hostility to them, but don't take it personal. They treat everyone like that.

The People: A Day in the Life

A day in the life of the average Papal State citizen is remarkably similar to the way it was at the turn of the century. Most leave their apartments or nice suburban houses and commute to work by car or by train. Poorer citizens are assisted by a generous welfare program. There's much more in the way of military force out on the street, but higher budgets for patrols and policing have eliminated a lot of the corruption and incompetence of the past.

The People: A Typical Papal Stater

Physical Appearance: Citizens of the Papal States tend to be pale in appearance, owing to their region's generally cold climate and bad weather. They will be tall and well-fed, as the Papal States have plenty of food and their nutrition is generally good. Clothing may be anything from business suits to priestly robes, but tends towards the conservative.

Personality: They might be rude, but not nearly as hostile as a Free Stater would be, it's more brusque impatience than outright dislike.

Dealings: Treat them like equals. Don't defer, but don't act like you're better than them. Treat hostility with hostility, they're used to it.

Quick summary: Citizens of the Papal States tend to be prosperous enough to eat well and conservative in dress. Think New York's business district, in appearance and in attitudes.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

The Papal States offer a number of possibilities for characters. Perhaps your character is a highly educated scientist working in top secret research, a well-trained body guard, a bitter veteran ex-Cardinal, or just one of the poor from the streets. People may leave the Papal States to fight as mercenaries, to obtain something from one of the other factions—trading is possible, but risky. Or they may be exiled, driven out by the Church for heresies or disposed of by law enforcement for misbehavior. It's a utopia, of a sort, but there are always undesireables in any utopia.

The Confederate States of America

Introduction

And with a great cry of "Hey Ya'll, Watch This"

Cletus did endeavor to take flight.

His enemies were numerous and sought to smite him,

Jeering at his use of dynamite for rocket power.

And lo! His enemies did cry out as Cletus blew into a million shards,

Yet he ascended into Heaven and is seated at the right hand of Dale Earnhardt.

--The Holy Bible, New Revised Confederate Yeehaw Version

Summary

The South did rise again. Years of Republican politics, radicalized religion, and government paranoia brought a mean streak to this new New South, and it is a violent and frightening place for outsiders, and even those who live within it. This is possibly the closest any modern state can come to feudalism, though this has the advantage of being feudalism with guns. Lots of guns.

History

Southerners were quick to ally themselves with the rebels that assassinated President Clinton. The States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, southern Georgia—as Atlanta was having none of it—Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana inaugurated a new Confederate States of America. Battles with the Turnerites raged and the Protestant went, in the words of one commentator, "completely ape-shit" when the minions of the Whore of Bablyon (that being the Catholic Church) came ashore after their offensive on the Northeast began. They were also wrought by eternal strife, as her undereducated, white male masses stormed back into power to claim what had never been taken from them in the first place. The CSA quickly became a terrifying combination of Protestant caliphate and old school, secret police dictatorship, with the

rabid support of the masses. Their undoing may have been their rabid fear of government, as with insanely low taxes, it was impossible to maintain much of a semblance of a government or defense force. While they are in a peaceful phase, it is an uneasy peace, and the CSA's population is all too ready to go back to war.

Major Cities and Territory

The existing Confederacy consists of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, a large swathe of southern Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, western parts of Tennessee, and Arkansas. Major cities include Richmond, Jackson, Raleigh, Charlotte, and Montgomery. The CSA's capitol is in Birmingham.

Economics

Part of the problem with hating central government is that there's no one to enforce a currency system. The Confederate dollar has risen again with the return of the Confederacy, but with a rickety governmental structure more obsessed with hunting liberals than building a functioning economy, the Confederate dollar is worth about as much now as it was then. Barter is the major way of doing business in the CSA. Or simply declaring your opponent a Liberal and taking what you want of his, if you're in a spot. The Confederate Dollar is treated as toilet paper outside of the CSA. Carry all the paper you want, but always, always have something to offer when your trading partner laughs at you.

Infrastructure

Rickety, at best. A Southern fixation on low taxes and pickup trucks means there's very little incentive to keep the roads operating. Most like it when they bounce from pothole to pothole, claiming they love to test their shocks. Government owned and operated Jesus-Marts provide basic necessities, otherwise it's up to the individual to buy, trade, or steal what he or she might need from his neighbors. Some get the impression of a society slowly starving, picking over the remains of a great state that was, taking comfort in their giant TVs as they trade for meager handfuls of food. And some call those people liberals.

Politics

Politics in the Confederate States of America centers around three major themes. The first, and overarching, theme is the persecution of the conservative white males. Despite being the majority of citizens and controlling the mechanics of government—and even though they have their own state—all the years of hatemongering and talk radio have convinced the white males of the South that they are surrounded and in danger from all sides. Which is, at this point, basically true, though that's largely due to the military adventurism and political idiocy of those very same white Southern males.

This lead to a number of governmental measures, from the armed militarism—every male over 14 most own a rifle and 2000 rounds of ammunition—to the use of “truth-telling” talk radio

for guidance, as you can't trust the liberal newspapers, and reading is looked upon with great suspicion anyway. Perhaps the most charming feature of Confederate political life is the Liberal Inquisition. Liberals are hunted with dogs and guns, much like witches or communists were at one point, only this serves as the Confederacy's second great sport. The Hunt is televised and there are all manner of debates about hunters and who is, actually, a liberal. Surviving the Inquisition is just about impossible. Southerners are tenacious and the land area they control is huge.

Legally speaking, a Liberal is defined in the Confederate Constitution as Someone Who Hates the Confederacy. However, the large network of informants that out liberals on radio shows make it, more practically, "Anyone who disagrees with me or has something that I want."

The second leg of this Confederate Triad is based on Upholding the Southern Way of Life. While this also serves as an incentive to out Liberals on the radio shows for a hunting and a lynching, it mainly provides southerners excuses to hate black people, hit women, and not read. Reading for pleasure is just about unheard of, though apocalyptic literature about Jesus and the Holy Bible (New Revised Confederate Yeehaw Version) are best sellers. Education and literacy rates are somewhere around the floor, though measures of "book learnin'" are almost unheard of. Other components of the Southern Way of Life include pickup trucks, NASCAR, gun ownership, drinking cheap beer, and making your woman work out of the home.

Finally, don't forget Jesus, or "Jaysus" as it is properly pronounce. Church attendance in the new CSA is one step short of a competitive sport, though all Churches bow to Birmingham when large spiritual and governmental decisions are made. Marathon services are not unheard of, and a small Church League has sprung up, with televised competitive events dotting the TV networks, except when NASCAR or the Inquisition is on.

Walking this thin line—upholding the Southern way of life, making your nods to Jaysus, and making sure to represent the oppressed Southern middle class—is the challenge for all politicians, and the lifespan of one can be measured in the single digits.

Important Figures

The spiritual leader of the Confederacy is Jerry Limbaugh. Rush Limbaugh and Jerry Falwell were fused together in a forbidden act of manlove—some say they got so close trying to suck each other's dicks that the heat from their corpulent bodies fused them together. However, their programmed masses don't seem to mind it, perhaps because they were told not to, and the Hutt-like entity that exists today rules with an iron fist from the Church of Our Jesus Can Beat Up Your Jesus in Birmingham Alabama. An angry, fleshy mass of quivering flesh, Jerry Limbaugh rules like a medieval monarch, shouting down all voices of opposition before sending them off to be executed before cheering crowds. He also serves as the Church's spiritual leader, blessing whatever atrocities he commits in the political arena. The extraordinary cognitive dissonance of the Southern masses allows them to accept the lynching of anyone that is not a conservative white male and swear it's what Jesus himself would want them to do, and it's well cultivated by the CSA's religious and political leader.

Allies and Military

The Confederate States of America has a firm alliance with Texas and engages in constant warfare with the Papal States. Confederates also despise the Turnerites, though the loathing is mutual.

Confederate forces are armed primarily with civilian weapons or old military gear looted from the many Southern military bases after the assassination of President Clinton. Although numerous and armed, Southern forces follow no coherent military strategy, as Confederates have a strong aversion to the “gubmint” telling them what to do. A Confederate offensive may consist of a guy and a few of his friends in a pickup truck with a machine gun bolted in the bed. Where the Catholics use technology and training, the Confederacy relies on numbers, land mass, and a dwindling stock of decaying last generation hardware to keep their military machine going.

While they make for a merely adequate offensive force, their large numbers, backwoods ingenuity, and tremendous, wooded territory make them absolutely hellacious when they’re on the defensive. Booby traps, mines, ambushes, and dirty tricks are staples of Southern defensive tactics. They will never, ever fight fair. Would be invaders are advised to consider the example of the German and French invasions of Russia, with heat substituting for the cold.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: Hates

Papal States: Hates

The Turnerites: Hates

Texas: Likes

Burning Man Commune: Hates

California: “Man, those guys are weird.”

Greater Seattle: “Man, those guys are weird.”

United States of Nugent: Likes

Republic of Cleveland: Hates

The People: Values and Fears

Southerners are heavily Protestant and, consequently, regard the Papal States as their mortal enemies. They combine a fanatical hatred of government with a fanatical devotion to that same government, so long as that government toes the Southern line and stays out of their way. They

are possibly the easiest population to distract with bread and circuses, though an angry Southern mob is something to be feared. As a people, they are fiercely independent, and think everyone else should be independent, too.

Their fear is simple and can be summed up thusly: Change. Still clinging to an ideology that was out of date in 1861, they will agitate violently against anything that seeks to change that ideology. The CSA is one of the few nations that has actually moved backwards by any reasonable measure: Literacy is down, freedom is down, the roads are filled with potholes, and children are uneducated. However, their taxes are low. This paradox may confuse the outside observer, but makes perfect sense to the true Confederate.

The People: A Day in the Life

A Southerner will go to church at least once a day, barring a medical excuse. It's not mandatory in a legal sense, but the social pressures and ever-present threat of being called before the Liberal Inquisition mean that 99% of the population toes the line. Southern women tend to be in the home, tending to massive broods of squalling children, though some are permitted to travel to the local Jesus-mart with their massive broods of squalling children.

The Southern suspicion of learning has led to a complete collapse of the white collar economy. Southerners work either some form of manual labor or low-paid retail job or they are independently wealthy. Wealth is viewed with suspicion in the Confederacy, but also with a burning desire: jealous of those that have, and they'd take what they have in a New York minute. Evenings may be spent watching television or one of the numerous sporting events, or in a church-sponsored or approved activity. Military service is compulsory, and any given night will find a significant chunk of the male population parked down by the firing range.

The People: A Typical Confederate

Physical Appearance: Most CSA citizens have a farmer's tan, though the women might be pale considering how seldom they are permitted to leave their homes and trailers. Confederates prefer hunter's-style camo and BDUs when they're out in the field, but standard uniform at home is usually a t-shirt with either a late-70s rock band logo, a wolf looking soulfully into the distance, or a "witty" racially offensive slogan printed on it. The men tend to be very strong, as physical labor is the standard way of making a living and there's very little toil of the intellectual or creative sort. Even the obese tend to be on the "farmer's fat" side, where solid muscle lurks beneath that big, jovial belly. The women tend to be either large, homebound mothers, those frosted, tanned, and groomed late 40s Southern ladies you'd secretly like to rail, or those young, vaguely slutty, vaguely dirty girls you'd really like to rail if it wouldn't give you herpes or a face-first look at Daddy's shotgun.

Personality: CSA citizens are friendly and outgoing with other white males, though those wearing obvious indications of other factions may be treated with suspicion or outright hostility based on the CSA's current military operations. Tread lightly, as they may turn on you in an instant if you have something they particularly want or if you manifest "liberal" political attitudes. Still, when your cargo truck breaks down on the side of the road in the middle of

nowhere, someone from the Confederacy is who you want to see coming down the road, as they're the most likely to actually stop and help you.

Attitudes: Women tend to be deferential towards males, though some are willing to stand up to them. Just about all of them have mastered the uniquely Southern art of remaining perfectly cool and collected while delivering a politely worded, but nevertheless devastating put-down. Think the power in the family is the blustering male? Think again.

Confederate men tend to value the South, their friends, and their homes and families above all other things. They will be friendly with other white males that aren't obviously from another faction or an obvious liberal, but there is an undercurrent of backstabbing and a definite honor and revenge culture among them. Southerners will carry grudges for a long, long time, so it's unwise to make one angry. They're also very religious, devoted to their own particular church and flavor of bizarre future Christianity, in addition to being rabid consumers of television and radio shows that reinforce their own particular world view.

Those from the lower-classes (i.e. not white) tend to defer to everyone and keep their heads down.

Dealings: Don't look down on them. They can tell when you're doing that, and nothing pisses them off more. Be friendly, but respectful and cautious. Southern codes of behavior can be mysterious to the outsider, but there is a certain twisted logic to most of them. Make sure the women are deferential and keep the minorities quiet, and everything should go smoothly.

Quick summary: Everything you think about the South now, evolved. Not that they believe in evolution, and they'd shoot me for saying so, but you get my drift.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

The CSA presents a number of possibilities for adventuring, be it a factionmember out scouting or out on patrol, or one who has left in search of a new life. Female characters may be dutifully following a husband, leaving the CSA to get out of a bad situation, or striking out on their own. Southerners ultimately have a practicality beneath their ideology. They'll work with someone if it gets them what they want.

The Turnerites

Introduction

The power of the enemy is growing. Jerry Limbaugh will use his puppet Confederates to destroy the people of Turner. The yokels have been unleashed. The Eye of Conservatism now turns towards Atlanta, the last free city of our kingdom of men. Their war on this country will come swiftly.

--The Ted Towers

Summary

Not followers of Ike or Tina, these people follow eccentric billionaire Ted Turner with a cultlike fervor.

History

When the nation was splitting itself apart, he managed to hold together a small section of North Georgia with pure will and that funny accent. When the war's dust settled, the Turnerite forces embarked on armed land takeovers, claiming a greater empire for Ted. However, the territorial ambitions of the Confederacy soon meant they were in a war for their lives, and this war is still ongoing, technically speaking. Being under assault radicalized the Braves and they vigorously patrol the borders of their empire with everything from guns to old-style Indian bows and arrows. Ted himself frequently joined them. While age had caught up with his human form, dangerous experimental cybernetic surgery put his mind in a brand new body, a sleek silver cyborg body. He now rides a buffalo throughout his empire, truly the master of his domain.

Major Cities and Territory

The Turnerites are based in Atlanta, operating out of the Temple of Ted, a thousand story skyscraper of steel at the very heart of the empire. A giant red ball of light, the Eye of Turner, gazes down from the top of the tower, keeping an eye on his subjects as they go about doing his will. The Turnerites control northern Georgia, eastern Tennessee, and parts of Eastern Alabama.

Economics

The Ted is the local currency. No one knows what backs it, but the picture of Ted Turner on it makes it an almost religious artifact among the local Turnerites. Consequently, a barter economy is used for most small transactions, a trading culture much like the Burning Man Commune centered around doing everything For The Good of Ted. Still, the economy is remarkably stable, and the big cash reserves mean citizens can spend when they need to. Outside of the buffalo rider's domain, Teds are souvenirs and objects of curiosity.

Infrastructure

Atlanta was a constant traffic jam before the wars, so nothing has really changed, it's just fewer of the cars move now. Most people use the interstates for walking or biking around town, and those that need to drive can take the back roads. The MARTA train system runs remarkably well and on time, providing access to the heart of Atlanta for those living on the outskirts, with all lines now terminating at The Tower of Ted.

Politics

Turnerites follow whatever Ted says and some say after the cybernetic surgery—as well as the psychic link with Jane Fonda, who was turned into a buffalo—that Ted Turner has gone completely irrational, demanding one thing, then the opposite, then a pet penguin. The easiest way to understand living under Ted is to watch *The Madness of King George*, which you should watch anyway because it is a great movie. Turnerites follow Ted Turner as a cultlike religious figure, asking themselves “What would Ted do?” or following their irrational whims “as the will of the Ted moves with the wind.” Turnerites are erratic and unpredictable as a result, and no one knows what they’ll do next. Not even them.

Important Figures

Ted Turner is a godlike figure among the Turnerites and distributes his wacky proclamations from the Tower of Ted. He commands ferocious devotion from his followers.

Jane Fonda, now a buffalo, communicates with Ted via a psychic link. It’s said she has considerable influence over him.

Allies and Military

The Turnerites have no allies, as they are surrounded by enemies on three sides and Cleveland on the fourth. The United States of Nugent tries desperately to destroy arch-nemesis Ted Turner, but finds that increasingly difficult as he grows in power. Ironically, the two would-be-Indian tribes cancel each other out when it comes to assassination attempts and other sneakiness.

Turnerite forces wield an eclectic mix of weapons, from modern assault rifles to spears and swords. An organized army may contain everything from captured battle tanks to Braves on horseback in loincloths and warpaint. They are, nevertheless, dangerous, making up for their lack of armament and training with sheer tenacity.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: “Man those guys are weird.”

Papal States: “Man, those guys are weird.”

Confederate States of America: Hates

Texas: Hates

Burning Man Commune: Likes

California: Hates

Greater Seattle: “Man, those guys are weird.”

United States of Nugent: Hates

Republic of Cleveland: “Man, those guys are weird.”

The People: Values and Fears

The Turnerites fear nothing save the wrath of Ted Turner. They are a remarkably serene people, as is the case with the deeply spiritual, and probably have more in common with the hippies of the Burning Man Commune than any other faction.

The People: A Day in the Life

Turnerites don't have much of a schedule or anything they do regularly. They have a Zen-like existence, doing things on impulse, just roaming, meditating, trying to get in touch with the will of Ted, sometimes doing work out of their home to trade for items they might need. It's a serene culture, if a little bit disorienting to those who prefer their radicalism louder and more violent.

The People: A Typical Turnerite

Physical Appearance: Turnerites are a motley bunch, but they tend to a neo-tribal appearance based around The Cult of the Brave. Consequently, they tend to dress like modern-day versions of old Western movie Indians. Feathers, buckskin, warpaint, the whole nine.

Personality: You know that spacy teacher you had in school, the one who always seemed to have one foot in the classroom and one foot somewhere else? Pretty much like that.

Attitudes: Ted Turner is basically the leader of a cult. Turnerites can be infuriating to the Type A citizens of Amerikkka, as they are whimsical and prone to spacing out for minutes or hours on end, waiting for The Will of the Ted to be communicated to them. It may just be the voices in their heads. Turnerites aren't so much accepting as they are dronelike. They may not even notice you if you don't draw attention to yourself. All things are secondary to their devotion to Ted Turner.

Dealings: First, you have to get their attention. Second, you have to keep their attention. Third, you have to have patience. Turnerites tend to be good people, a little on the spacy side, but good people nonetheless.

Quick summary: Zen-like cult members with a hippy sensibility and a weird devotion to Ted Turner.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

If you've ever wanted to wander the Earth like Kane from Kung Fu, play a Turnerite. With relative military peace, they feel the need to explore, and have been drifting into Cleveland (the only safe place to be an obvious Turnerite) as a jumping-off point for the rest of their explorations.

Texas

Introduction

Well, there were a lot of Texans
And they had a lot of guns
And they looked at one another
And said, "Well, boys, let's have some fun!"
--*The Ballad of Texas*

Summary

Not even Texas wants to mess with Texas.

History

Texas is remarkable for its initial peacefulness. The state was content to remain as it was as fighting broke out, though incursions from Mexican forces across the border finally drove them to military action. Most of the states that joined it did so willingly, and it's one of the few nations united (mostly) out of shared self interest rather than conquered territory.

Major Cities and Territory

Texas has retained all of its territory and Austin remains the capitol. While Mexican forces raid the border, the oil and pollution-filled Rio Grande makes for a formidable obstacle. Texan forces defend Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, and New Mexico and make incursions into Utah and Arizona to explore. Major Cities include Dallas, Denver, Houston, and Santa Fe.

Economics

The government of Texas enforces the use of a currency called the *Dinero* and it's backed by a large number of the wealthy white men who call Texas home. If they use it, pretty much everyone has to. Texas' economic system may be dubious, but it's the only choice many living in the area have, so it is widely accepted.

Infrastructure

As is the case with all of Texas, the stores and roads the rich use, and their heavily fortified enclaves, are taken care of by the state government. The rest has been left to rot, and some border towns closely resemble Third World slums. The relaxation of every environmental law mean some entire regions should be avoided by anyone not seeking a disease or genetic disorder, though some live there out of necessity.

Politics

Texans prize their own brand of rugged independence. “Don’t mess with Texas” is no longer just a cutesy bumper sticker, it’s the guiding principle of the new country. Texans value doubletalk in their leaders, preferring those who claim to love Jesus and care about the everyman, while banging their secretaries and firing thousands of people so their oil company buddies can have a little more money for cocaine to snort off of dead hookers. Charity is almost unheard-of, since “The Good Lord helps them that helps themselves,” though it is rather difficult to help oneself when one’s job keeps disappearing to finance dead hooker habits.

Texas’ politics closely mirror the Confederacy’s, though Texas favors less religion and more classic Republicanism, centered around classic conservative themes of mom, apple pie, and the perfect life of the 1950s.

Important Figures

The Bush family continues its reign of power, consolidating their hold on Texas and reigning as kings while spouting off clichés about loving democracy and America. Family scion Reagan Bush IV, an oil billionaire, now runs Texas as an “oil”garchy, spouting off dramatic defenses of democracy while keeping the oil industry rolling in cash and government contracts. Vice President Dick Cheney continues spreading his own unique brand of evil, though his brain now lives in an undisclosed location and manages its affairs remotely via an electronic network.

Allies and Military

Texas is closely allied with the Confederate States of America, and its major enemy is Mexico to the south. It is content to ignore the rest of the former United States, though Nugent forces have been probing along the border as of late.

Texas’ military forces are heavily armed and highly motivated. While they are far more organized than Confederate forces, Texan troops follow Reagan Bush IV with the same near-religious zeal the Confederates bring to their work. “Texas” is more than a state. It is a mythologized golden land where the men are men and the women do what they are told. If Texas forces are fighting, they believe they are fighting for their way of life and can be incredibly hard to beat. It’s fortunate for the other factions that Texas seldom has ambitions outside of the perpetual conflict with Mexico.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: “Man, those guys are weird.”

Papal States: Hates

Confederate States of America: Likes

The Turnerites: Hates

Burning Man Commune: Hates

California: “Man, those guys are weird.”

Greater Seattle: Hates

United States of Nugent: Likes

Republic of Cleveland: Hates

The People: Values and Fears

The Texans value Texas above all else. They are nervous about the incursions from the Mexican troops to the South and the raids by Nugent forces along the north, but otherwise, they are very secure. Their values are very material: big houses, big cars, big burgers, everything big. Culturally, they share a lot with the Confederacy, which is partly the reason for their alliance. The people themselves value a very American version of hard work: endless toil for a “Maybe I’ll be CEO one day” payday that never comes. Their biggest fear is someone raising their taxes, though the oil money does pay for a reasonable defense force for the common good.

The People: A Day in the Life

The poor in Texas lead a shoddy life full of black lung, religion, and deluding themselves into thinking hard work will gain them something in the end. The poor in Texas wake up in smog and pollution choked suburbs and go to toil in one of Texas’ many dangerous factories or oil fields. They are heavily religious, and well trained in the ascetic American capitalism that promises a big payday at the end of a long rainbow.

On the other hand, Texas is a rich man’s paradise. Oilmen cruise around regularly in heavily armored SUVs, their 300 pound children snapping pictures of the slum dwellers. While the smog-blackened skies of Texan heavy industry make asthma and breathing disorders serious problems, the rich have access to exclusive medical care at private clinics, while the poor simply cough into bloody handkerchiefs and hope for the best.

The People: A Typical Texan

Texas

Physical Appearance: Citizens of Texas tend to resemble citizens of the CSA, but with more cowboy hats and boots. The upper class will be better dressed, of course, favoring nicer cowboy hats and boots and suits, but they’ll still look the same.

Personality: Texans are like CSA citizens, but bigger, bolder, and louder. They’re very friendly and outgoing, almost too much so, but they’re also much meaner when they’re riled up and

angry. They don't have the same religious streak as Confederates, and tend to treat their women a little better.

Attitudes: Texans are more fair than their Southern brethren. They're much more a meritocracy than a theocracy, at least in their personal opinion, though there is a very entrenched, very rich class of oilmen ruling over it the entire country and living in gated communities with high fences and armed guards to keep the usual riffraff out. The richer Texans tend to regard poor people as oddities, like interesting-looking insects you shouldn't let get too close.

Dealings: Lower-class Texans tend to be friendly, accepting folk. So long as you're nice to them and don't mess with Texas, they shouldn't have a problem with you. The upper-crust is different, of course, distrustful of outsiders and anyone who looks too poor. You'll need someone on the inside to even get introduced into the best social circles, and even then, you'll face years of distrust before people start accepting you. Not that you're likely to run into the upper crust, because if you go looking for them, the Texas Legislature has decreed their armed guards can shoot to kill.

Quick summary: Nice people, except for the rich ones, who might just shoot you where you stand.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

The obvious one here is the lower-class Texan in search of a better life. Another possibility is the rich Texan exploring new markets. A third possibility is sort of a blend of the two, an enterprising Han Solo type running shady deals across the various borders.

The Burning Man Commune

Introduction

"Oh, god, it burns!"

--The First Words of the Burning Man

Summary

Some freakish pagan magic conjured up by the crowds at the Burning Man festival enabled a freelance photographer pushed into the giant burning man statue to stay alive...but burning forever. Now the hippies and artistic outsiders follow him as a great, mystic leader, when he's really just some poor bastard burning alive forever. That cloud that hangs over the commune isn't smog, by the way.

History

Burning Man was not, actually, an ideology. It was more of an avant-garde festival for artists,

hippies, and weirdos of all sorts, held in Black Rock Desert in Nevada. It happened to be ongoing as the country fell apart and when a freelance photographer was pushed into the giant, burning effigy at the end of it, some bizarre pagan magic kept him alive, but burning forever in the pyre. This was taken as a sign and, as the United States fell apart, the denizens of the Burning Man Festival found themselves stuck in the middle of the Nevada desert and unable to get home. Consequently, the Burning Man Commune is an eclectic mix of people with rather bizarre sensibilities. But they're also one of the few factions not in a constant state of war with the rest.

Major Cities and Territory

The Burning Man Commune has its headquarters in Black Rock City, site of the Burning Man Festival, which is a few hours outside Reno, Nevada. Territory controlled by the commune seems to cover sizable chunks of the former states of Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Oregon. However, they do not take by military conquest, thus their borders are fluid and undefined. Not even the Burning Man himself can think clearly in the haze of marijuana smoke and patchouli oil that covers anywhere the commune spreads.

Economics

Like...money, man? Nawww, fuck that system, man. My lady bakes cookies, right, and they've got a special ingredient...

We're going with No. The BMC relies mainly on communal trading or gifting and the quiet funding of The Free City of Las Vegas, which ensures the BMC keeps on not bothering them.

Infrastructure

Burners don't tend to create huge skyscrapers and buildings, though they are capable of building incredibly whimsical structures. You'll find whatever you need given enough persistence, though it may take some looking. However, Burners seldom destroy, and as their lands have largely been peaceful, so the cities, roads, and so forth are still largely intact.

Politics

Though some gripe about it, the Burning Man Commune functions largely as a commune. They tend to trade, take care of each other, and otherwise work together to achieve the goals they set—eccentric though they may be. Infighting is taken care of by Black Rock Rangers, but they're a peaceful police force, more inclined to talking out problems than the armed displays of force common elsewhere. The Burning Man Commune is actually one of the better places to live in Amerikkka, though that cloud that hangs over their lands is not smog. Their politics emphasize a mixture of peace and love with a respect for each other and all property is communal.

Important Figures

The Burning Man is the Commune's leader and spiritual adviser. The pagan spell that kept him

alive as he plunged into the fire of the Burning Man also provided him with a certain mystic insight, mostly about how much he hates himself and his followers. The Burning Man does not want to be in charge, openly despises his “hippie punk” followers, and only provides guidance and advice when the smell overcomes him and he gives in. He prays for death numerous times a day.

Allies and Military

The Burning Man Commune is a curious accident. Most of their members are unarmed, yet they control a goodly amount of territory, largely because nobody has decided to take it from them. No one is quite sure what they’ll do if they’re attacked. They may defend the commune, or they may not. Their numbers are unknown, as are their attitudes. With California busy, Seattle looking inward, and the protection of the Free City of Las Vegas, the BMC remains unmolested and peaceful.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: “Man, those guys are weird.”

Papal States: “Man, those guys are weird.”

Confederate States of America: “Man, those guys are weird.”

The Turnerites: Likes

Texas: “Man, those guys are weird.”

California: “FUCKING FASCISTS”

Greater Seattle: Likes

United States of Nugent: “Man, those guys are weird.”

Republic of Cleveland: Likes

The People: Values and Fears

Burners value freedom and collective good will above all else. They live without fear, trusting in the Burning Man’s guidance to guide their Commune, whether he likes it or not. They value artistic talent or a willingness to work and help each other above brute strength, and creative people will find themselves with admirers and help a-plenty in the Commune.

The People: A Day in the Life

Burners will frequently be working on homes or large-scale art projects for themselves or each other. Some may engage in farming or scrounging. Some may wander the Commune, gathering

up items that nobody wants. It's a very childlike existence—doing wherever your whims take you—and most of them enjoy it.

The People: A Typical Burner

Physical Appearance: As the Burning Man Festival was ongoing when the hippies decided to form their own commune, the dress ranges from shorts and tie-dyed t-shirts to giant, bizarre costumes. They tend to be thin, as good food is hard to come by in the rather vague boundaries of the Burning Man Commune.

Personality: Burning Manners are all very open and accepting, certainly a little stoned, but as long as you don't cause trouble

Attitudes: Whatever, man, it's cool.

Dealings: The Commune is a true Commune. Everyone shares everything, nobody in need truly goes without. Trading and bartering is liable to get you farther than cash ever will, as no one has much use for money in the commune. Don't get too angry or harsh with them, just relax and be cool, and you can probably get whatever you want.

Quick summary: Probably the most accepting of any faction, assuming you can stand the smell.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

Artists, free spirits, and wanderers are the major exports of the Burning Man Commune. Some enterprising individuals may keep themselves busy bringing goods in or out, but most of them tend to be free spirits. Exiles may also wander here, be they shell-shocked war veterans, poor refugees, or simply those in need of a change.

California

Introduction

“Ein Reich! Ein Suburbs! Ein Sport Ute!”

--Unofficial motto of California

Summary

America's love of the suburbs, xenophobia, and quiet yearning for fascist dictatorship all come together in one golden state.

History

The inner suburbanite longing for a while, male leader to tell them what to do and keep the

brown people away manifested itself in the person of California governor Arnold, Schwarzenegger, Junior. While Republicanism was atypical in California, the people rallied around him when the Mexican Army began raiding along the border. The brown people really were out to get them. They fell into lockstep quickly, fanatical soccer moms plowing factory sport utility vehicles into Mexican formations. They managed to win a few victories, since even armed men couldn't stand before twelve tons of American horsepower with a name like "Wanderer" stamped on it to make it sound vaguely noble. The heroic Charge of the Chevy Brigade stopped the Mexican advance and the two sides have been locked in an uneasy stalemate ever since, eyeing each other across a white picket border.

Major Cities and Territory

The government of California is still run from Sacramento, though it now resembles an armed camp more than the boring town it was once. San Jose and San Francisco are still in Californian hands, though they've been ravaged by years of fighting and no longer function as anything more than fortified points on the San Andreas Defense Line. What's left of the former state of California is all the territory the new country controls.

Economics

The Governor 2000 has seized everything of value and California functions as a huge armed camp fighting for survival. Goods are available via barter and the black market, but most people rely on the government for guns, ammunition, and food, and the government provides it, running in supplies from The Free City of Las Vegas and distributing it to people in regimental fashion. The government also controls trade and manages exports and imports. Just about everything is under its control, and it gets cranky when that control is usurped.

Infrastructure

Just about everything shows the effects of combat and heavy use. The roads are still there, but they're bomb crated or covered with burned military vehicles or something else. Most of the still-standing buildings have craters or burn marks on them, and everything that could possibly be used in the war effort has been seized by the government.

Politics

California is a military dictatorship with Arnold at the top and legions of overpriced-coffee-powered soccer moms in heavily armored vehicles. His following is fanatical, as his constituents' worst nightmare has come true. The brown people of Mexico really are coming to get them. Consequently, the shining white face of a vaguely German-sounding American is a beacon of hope to them and they cling to him with a religious zeal. Political decisions are made either by Arnold or the military, and there's little tolerance for dissent.

Important Figures

Arnold Schwarzenegger, Junior is the current dictator of California. With the split of the United States and the surprise attack by Mexico, he mobilized his white, affluent supporters and their heavily armored Urban Assault Vehicles and fought back. While California and Mexico maintain a fragile peace, Arnold continues to consolidate power behind a veneer of rich white man respectability.

Allies and Military

California has no allies and claims it needs none.

Weapons were initially banned in the state of California to appease the suburban voters. However, the threat of Mexican forces on the border has made California a huge consumer of all things gun. The Free City of Las Vegas, knowing profit potential when it sees it, has a good number of gunrunners making a speedy trip to te California border to offload the latest rifles and gadgets. The backbone of Californian military might is her Urban Assault Vehicles, testosterone-packed giant trucks filled with leather seats and electronics, covered in sheet metal and armor. Popular at the end of the 20th century, the primary purchaser of these was the short suburban soccer mom. These suburban death machines clogged the highways in untold numbers, protecting one child in a space wide enough for eight. Their military use (or re-use) was only a matter of time.

These vehicles have been beefed up with extra armor and whatever guns Californians have around. They are piloted by the latte-drinking soccer moms that make up the backbone of Arnold's followers. These caffeinated harpies are fanatical in their devotion to him, and they are also formidable battlefield warriors with twelve tons of steel and firepower at their disposal.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: Hates

Papal States: Hates

Confederate States of America: Hates

The Turnerites: Hates

Texas: Hates

Burning Man Commune: Hates

Greater Seattle: Hates

United States of Nugent: Hates

Republic of Cleveland: Hates

The People: Values and Fears

Californians value their security above all else. They are on the lookout for anyone not sharing this value, and are rigorous in reporting “suspicious activity” to the secret police. They fear anyone with dark skin, especially given the attacks to their South. Don’t expect much more than a near-robotic desire to serve the Governor and smite his enemies.

The People: A Day in the Life

Watch any war movie where they’re in combat or under siege all the time. *Enemy at the Gates* would be a good start.

The People: A Typical Californian

Physical Appearance: Angry. Californians tend to be tanned and very angry. They may also be dirty from the siege warfare, and tend to wear practical, comfortable mommy clothes in tiger stripe camo. Just about all remaining Californians have that glint in their eye, the steely resolve of a soccer mom on the edge of finally snapping and beating the shit out of her whining child in the middle of Target.

Personality: Antsy, on edge, prone to breaking out into screaming rages. Californians tend to be snappy, faux-nice and willing to work with you to a point, then seething and raging their way into an outright meltdown. This is every soccer mom in an SUV careening around the interstate ever, only now they’re under siege from their worst nightmare: Mexicans.

Attitudes: The zeal of living in a fascist society, added to the paranoia of being in a state under siege. The latent racism doesn’t help, either. Imagine a society of soccer moms on the edge. Yeah.

Dealings: Californians are like a mine field. Try to avoid it and, if you can’t tread carefully or an explosion will kill you in swift and hilarious fashion. Californians value only two things: weapons, and their “babies”, which might be actual children or might be an assault rifle named Vera. If you’re trying to buy or sell from a Californian, be prepared to sacrifice your favorite gun or a significant portion of your ammunition reserves.

Quick summary: Militaristic soccer moms freakishly devoted to the large, white, vaguely German man telling them what to do.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

You might be an oppressed husband escaping from the dictatorship. Enterprising gunrunners or businessmen can make a killing by staying out of the line of combat. Perhaps a shell-shocked war veteran might be more your style. Or a highly decorated soldier questioning her duties for the first time.

Greater Seattle

Introduction

This is what it sounds like when Gaia cries.

--From Blood Tears of the Earth Goddess

Summary

Seattle had two things going for it: environmental nutballs and people that think they're vampires. Although these two groups had little in common, they united and formed their own little country, since both factions could agree that nobody really understood them.

History

Greater Settle formed from a single shared belief: Goths and environmental nutjobs believed nobody understood them. California was busy fighting Mexico and the rest of the country was otherwise occupied, so Seattle turned inward. Before anyone really knew what happened, the nation of Greater Seattle formed in the Northwest, and a strange belt of trees was growing up around it. The history of the region after that is murky. Expeditions and patrols going into the forest are seldom seen again, and those that do return swear they saw nothing but trees. No one knows who they are...or...what they are doing.

Major Cities and Territory

Greater Seattle is made up of the former states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. The capitol is Seattle, and Portland is another major city.

Economics

Seattle doesn't really have enough organization to have any kind of currency. The Vampire Pope is too busy moping and chasing the pale ladies of the night, while the environmentalists claim Gaia will provide. She seems to, too. Most people are doing fine, though nobody is really sure why.

Infrastructure

It's decaying. The environmentalists see most concrete and steel structures as evil and the Goths think decaying buildings are cool. Greens tend to work on sustainable building and form of life, while Goths prefer to find ruins they can call "castles" to live in.

Politics

Christians are despised and subject to long, angry rants if the locals find out about their religious orientation, though nothing is actually done to them. Otherwise a faux-Victorian aesthetic of

writing poetry and drinking absinthe predominates. The ELF and other environmental loonies enforce a rigid respect for Gaia, which is just fine with the Goths and vampires. While neither faction particularly likes the other, they also don't cross paths a lot. It's a case of two separate worlds that so happen to fit together reasonable well.

Important Figures

The Vampire Pope. A former Catholic priest bitten by one of the faux-vampires during a particularly heated session of "confession," the Vampire Pope rose to prominence during the struggles in the aftermath of the Clinton assassination. He opened his own church devoted to blood drinking, writing bad poetry, and posing in faux-Victorian outfits. The Vampire Pope has pegged Pope Kennedy as his archnemesis, which works well for both of them, as their militaries and territories are separated by several thousand miles.

Allies and Military

Greater Seattle is in a poor position to make allies. The fascist state of California lurks to the South, while the meat-eating right wing hordes of the United States of Nugent menace her to the east.

The country is also not a great military power, at least, not in the traditional sense. The woods around Greater Seattle are filled with radical environmentalists that fight guerilla-style against any encroachment from the East or South. Though they are not the best warriors, they have enthusiasm that outshines their skills, and there are whispers that the forest itself is alive and claims unwary souls that enter it. Their numbers are great, but a third of them think guns are evil for killing bunny rabbits and half of them pretend they don't know what guns are because *they haven't been human for two hundred years*.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: Hates

Papal States: Hates

Confederate States of America: Hates

The Turnerites: "Man, those guys are weird."

Texas: Hates

Burning Man Commune: "Man, those guys are weird."

California: Hates

United States of Nugent: Hates

Republic of Cleveland: "Man, those guys are weird."

The People: Values and Fears

The vampires value corsets, absinthe, and arguing over what a true goth is. They fear sunlight, though it doesn't kill them so much as make them whine. The environmentalists fear very little, believing Gaia will provide. They value their weapons, mother earth, and the green fields and forests surrounding Greater Seattle.

The People: A Day in the Life

Vampires will wake up sometime after dusk (or lay around in their coffins until then) and roam the streets, looking for night clubs, decent parties, or good places to mope and write poetry. They will retire sometime around dawn, or go to Denny's for coffee sometime around 4am and go to bed whenever.

Environmentalists live a military-style life out in the woods, always patrolling for some new incursion. They may garden or make clothing or otherwise take care of themselves in any downtime from their patrolling.

The People: A Typical Seattleite

Physical Appearance: The vampires tend to wear lots of black and dress as if they were in the 1700s or late 20th century Goths. The environmentalists tend to wear lots of hemp and sandals, though they're also quite fond of the BDUs favored by the other military-oriented factions.

Personality: The vampires tend to be dramatic and prone to rapid emotional swings, though they value old poetry, horror movies, and other features of late 20th century goth culture. The environmentalists tend to be very militant about protecting Gaia, with an intense focus on that.

Attitudes: The vampires feel like they're misunderstood, and tend to be mopey and dramatic and weepy. They'll be very hostile towards those from highly religious areas, as they are known to send missionaries up towards Greater Seattle. Devoted Christians will face long harangues about their chosen religion. The environmentalists tend to be suspicious, but approachable, so long as (god help you) you're not wearing leather.

Dealings: Bring absinthe or black clothing. Or hemp sandals and clothing.

Quick summary: Robert Smith sitting in a rubber Greenpeace boat.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

You've got two choices: A goth or an environmentalist. An armed environmentalist will probably be easier to play, as they may leave the area to go scouting, fetch supplies, or follow "spirit quests of Gaia." Goths are not likely to leave Greater Seattle, unless they hear about a cool new goth club in one of the other areas. They will leave once it gets popular enough to have

“conformists” in it (i.e. more than three people).

The United States of Nugent

Introduction

I am awesome!

Yeah!

I am awesome!

Yeah!

Michael Moore tried to eat me!

But his digestion couldn't beat me!

I am awesome!

Yeah!

--*I Am Awesome*, Ted Nugent, Nugent Records, 2010

Summary

Crazy cockrocker Ted Nugent found the secret to immortality in the middle of a T-Bone steak. This enabled him to survive when obese monster and filmmaker Michael Moore attempted to consume him in a desperate bid to save Michigan from his insanity. The Nuge fought his way out, his wild-eyed head bursting through the filmmaker's shoulder. However, layers and layers of former Big Macs made escape impossible. The Nuge still managed to drive his hand into Michael Moore's brain, where he can occasionally manipulate the filmmaker into doing his will. The Nuge-Moore beast, their will enforced by Michigan Milita members, reign over a huge chunk of the frozen north.

History

As the United States fragmented, rock star and conservative radio host Ted Nugent lead a group of militant Michigan Militas in taking over their state. His eventual consumption and rebirth at the hands (and big, jiggly belly) of Michael Moore only made him mad, and Michigan struck out as the United States collapsed, her forces charging into Ohio and Indiana, then spreading out as Nugent adopted a faux-Indian ideology that involved killing a lot of things and eating a lot of meat. The fighting eventually stalemated along the USN's current borders, but the peace is a fragile one that may break at any time.

Major Cities and Territory

The United States of Nugent controls the former state of Michigan, a small swath of northern and western Indiana, most of Missouri, all of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming. Ted Nugent-Michael Moore are based in Detroit. Other major cities include Lansing, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, and Des Moines.

Economics

USN residents have no need for currency and no interest in one. They trade meat, guns, and supplies for all their needs, following the “Indian Way”, which can be loosely translated as “Whatever Ted Nugent says based on his hazy recollection of too many Westerns as a kid.” Red meat is considered prime (rib) for trading, and a man with many steaks is a rich man indeed.

Infrastructure

The USN doesn't keep up its infrastructure. Oh, the roads are still there, and the buildings are still there, but Nugent likes to keep everyone living in more traditional housing. However, pudgy white guys wear out easily, so in practice, everyone lives where they did before.

Politics

The central ideology of the United States of Nugent is “Don't be a left-wing liberal namby pamby.” It's right there in the Constitution as a capital crime. While the USN is another country that pays lip service to democratic ideals, it is another country that doesn't allow those ideals to interfere with white males doing whatever they want to do.

Important Figures

The guiding spirit of the United States of Nugent is Ted Nugent-Michael Moore. The 70s cockrocker adopted a right-wing ideology based around guns, red meat, and self-glorification. Michael Moore was a left-wing filmmaker and another self-glorifier. The state of Michigan was not big enough for both of them.

Michael Moore, in a desperate bid to save humanity from Ted Nugent's right wing ego, unhinged his jaw and swallowed the rock star whole. Unfortunately, the Nuge had long ago discovered the secret to eternal life was hidden in red meat, and even the tremendous acids in the huge filmmakers digestive system could not dissolve him.

With a mighty scream of rage, Ted Nugent's head burst through Michael Moore's shoulder. Unfortunaely, even the powerful will of a right-wing egomaniac could not overcome a history of too many Big Macs, and the Nuge was stuck. He was alive, but stuck inside the body of his liberal archnemesis. With another great shout of rage, he drove his hand through Michael Moore's neck and into his brain. Years of guitar playing left his fingers nimble enough to stroke Moore's pleasure centers, allowing him some measure over control of his archnemesis and, now, body.

While the white, overweight suburban men of the Michigan militias aren't a particularly skilled fighting force, their Angry White Men Right Wing Ideology, carefully stoked by the Nugebeast's radio show into a raging fire of Flabby Man Outrage, made them effective enough to seize control of wide swaths of the Midwest.

Allies and Military

The USN is close to no faction and is quite happy that way. It, like all factions, has designs on the Republic of Cleveland.

The majority of USN military power is based around the Michigan Militias, small bands of pudgy white men who thought store-bought rifles would allow them to resist the government when the government did whatever vaguely evil things they thought it was going to do. While shebeast Janet Reno never did come knocking on their doors, these small groups of pudgy white men played soldier in the woods long enough to gain some actual skill. Consequently, they are not to be underestimated, especially not in the rising tide of militarism coming from the Nugebeast. They are currently a step below Professional, but they are getting better. While the white, overweight suburban men of the Michigan militias aren't a particularly skilled fighting force, their Angry White Men Right Wing Ideology, carefully stoked by the Nugebeast's radio show into a raging fire of Flabby Man Outrage, made them effective enough to seize control of wide swaths of the Midwest.

The USN is a power on the rise and will only get stronger without intervention.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: Hates

Papal States: Hates

Confederate States of America: Likes

The Turnerites: Hates

Texas: Likes

Burning Man Commune: Hates

California: "Man, those guys are weird."

Greater Seattle: Hates

Republic of Cleveland: Hates

The People: Values and Fears

Citizens of the United States of Nugent follow a classic right wing ideology that promotes the white man, wrapped up in a pseudo-Indian ideology of hunting, skinning, and self-reliance that Ted Nugent remembers from all those old Western movies he watched as a kid. They fear the Liberals, who they see operating out of Burning Man, Seattle, Cleveland, and Turner's Atlanta.

Consequently, they are spoiling for a fight.

The People: A Day in the Life

The ideal day in the life of a Nuge-man is spent in the woods, hunting deer. Now, most don't actually do this, because it's really fucking cold in Michigan. Most of them stay inside, buy some venison, and talk very loudly about how they went out in the woods and hunted deer. Some may work on building out their homes or smokehouses, and there will be some troops patrolling the borders at all times.

The People: A Typical Nuge-man

Physical Appearance: You know those men's groups in the late 90s that used to meet in the woods and beat drums and howl and cry about how they missed their daddies? Most of them dress like that. Some favor bright orange hunting vests and RealTree camo, at least when they're hunting animals or other faction members.

Personality: Woooo! YEA! The United States of Nugent values a roll-with-ya-dicks-out masculinity. USN citizens tend to be very aggressively masculine, not completely unapproachable, but very uncomfortable for those from more laid-back factions. Most tend to value a pseudo-Indian culture based around eating lots of meat and being pretty generous. They're not mean, persay, but those coming from less sausage-fest cultures will definitely be uncomfortable with the balls-out masculinity favored in territories controlled by the United States of Nugent.

Attitudes: WOOOOOOOOOOOOO YEAH!

Dealings: Trade them meat, guns, ammo, or camo. Black market goods or books might work, too, but might just get you scalped.

Quick summary: Put on a Ted Nugent CD for an hour. If you survive, you'll understand.

Character Ideas and Suggestions

Perhaps your character is a comfortable hunter forced out on his own for the first time. Maybe he's more aggressive, one of the soldiers patrolling the border regions. Maybe he's a wanderer seeking to spread the Gospel of Nugent to other regions, or to gather information on the citizens of Turner. There can be only one Ted.

The Republic of Cleveland

Introduction

“The Path Is Gray”
--Official Motto of the Republic of Cleveland

Summary

Even in a land torn apart by competing ideologies, there is a place for those who just don't care. The city—soon, Republic—of Cleveland became that place for thousands of refugees of factional fighting. While the Rock 'N Roll Hall of Fame is their capitol, Clevelanders are a sedate bunch, trying to live peaceful lives under their grey flag. They are a shrug at the warring factions around them, too centrist to live, and too boring to die.

History

As the country ripped itself apart, those who did not wish to fight, those who could not fight, and those driven out by their faction all looked for a place to stay. As Cleveland happened to be close to most of the battlefields, refugees began to drift there. The Republic was also a haven for intellectuals and scientists persecuted in the Confederacy, and serves as the last remains of the United States That Was.

Major Cities and Territory

The Republic of Cleveland encompasses most of Ohio, western Pennsylvania, eastern Indiana, and parts of Northern Tennessee.

Economics

Cleveland is the last bastion of stability and the Cleveland Dollars are its government's attempt at ensuring a safe, stable economic system. And, usually, it works. Cleveland dollars have the full faith and credit of the government, and a nice reserve of gold and other precious items accumulated through years of trading. Everyone in Cleveland is required by law to take them, and even most people around the former United States can be talked into taking a Dollar, since they're good just about everywhere. Even countries fighting against her usually have pallets of hoarded Cleveland Dollars stashed away.

Infrastructure

The government manages to keep most of the roads repaired, and a steady influx of talented people and goods means Cleveland is—irony of ironies—actually a nice place to live, with a functioning government, plenty of businesses, and so on. The lights are always on, and the trains run on time, which is more than can be said for most of the other factions.

Politics

While the rest of the factions are busy drowning in their own ideologies, Cleveland's citizens stick to a practical, small-r republican form of government that allows all citizens to participate.

Clevelanders prize peace and stability. While they may not greet everyone with open arms, a quiet acceptance and willingness to allow everyone a private life makes for a very progressive society, especially considering the company they're in.

Important Figures

None, which is probably why Cleveland manages to be so boring.

Allies and Military

Having a political system and ideology that could offend no one manages to offend everyone. Cleveland's location is prime real estate in a strategic position, and her population is among the largest of the current countries. Consequently, the Republic of Cleveland is swarming with recruiters and members of all factions seeking to add to their ranks and convince everyone else to join the True Believers.

However, the Republic is home to a number of leading scientists, experts, and learned people of all kinds. Their brilliance leads to all sorts of interesting, if eccentric, new weapons systems. The military forces are well-paid, as the ROC has the highest per-capita income outside of some small fortified neighborhoods in Texas. Military service is an honor in the Republic and, as more and more troublemakers cross the border seeking recruits, the leaders are considering closing and fortifying the border.

Some have learned, at considerable cost, that the Republic is peaceful, but that doesn't mean they are pacifists.

How They View the Other Factions

Free State Collective: Hates

Papal States: "Man, those guys are weird."

Confederate States of America: Hates

The Turnerites: "Man, those guys are weird."

Texas: Hates

Burning Man Commune: "Man, those guys are weird."

California: Hates

Greater Seattle: "Man, those guys are weird."

United States of Nugent: Hates.

The People: Values and Fears

The people of Cleveland value stability, learning, and republican democracy. They are one of the few factions trying to build a better world for all of their citizens, rather than just a select few. They aren't tolerant of armed radicalism, and those attempting to overthrow the order by force of arms will soon find themselves taken down.

The People: A Day in the Life

A day in the life of someone from Cleveland is probably indistinguishable from someone at the turn of the 20th century. Sure, there are gunrunners and traders, but there's also a prosperous middle class of researchers, teachers, and other white collar jobs. Generous welfare programs aid the lower classes, so even the worst-off citizen isn't too bad off. The occasional outbreaks of fighting make the city lock down, but otherwise it's serene, almost boring, compared to other Amerikkkan cities.

The People: A Typical Clevelander

Physical Appearance: Tall and prosperous, well fed, usually. Clevelanders can look like anybody and feel free to dress in their chosen faction.

Personality: As varied as the people that live there, though most tend to be reserved, but quietly accepting.

Attitudes: Clevelanders tend to be socially liberal and fiscally conservative, though a generous welfare state helps those who can't help themselves. Most tend to be accepting, a necessary trait in a country as diverse as this one.

Dealings: Keep your Extremism in check and you'll be fine.

Quick Summary: The last bastion of sanity in a country gone mad is Cleveland. How fucked up is THAT?

Character Ideas and Suggestions

As long as you keep your extremism down, you can be anyone you want in Cleveland, be it a gunrunner or scientist, a bitter war veteran or a wide-eyed new recruit, or anything else you can imagine.

Other Important Cities and Regions

The Free City of Las Vegas

Summary

The more things change, the more things stay the same.

History

Without the need to worry about federal or state authority anymore, the swirling sleazepit of Las Vegas blossomed into the Free City of Las Vegas, a much deeper, more nuanced pit of sleaze than before. Gambling and prostitution were the City of Sin's big draw before, but now anything can be bought and sold in Vegas. Slave auctions, gladiatorial combat, murdergames, anything and everything is happening in Vegas, baby!

In the days after the first battle between North and South, Las Vegas declared itself a free city, open to anyone with a handful of cash. That's not to say there wasn't fighting over Las Vegas, but the city never made a move to defend itself. Occupying forces quickly found their soldiers managed to lose every bit of their pay. Along with uniforms, guns, valuables, and everything else they had. Entire divisions came down with hideous diseases as the dons ruling the city deployed their "very special girls" to walk the streets.

They learned an important lesson: Las Vegas doesn't need an army. It is an organism unto itself, one that sucks you in, strips you of everything valuable, and tosses you back out.

Major Cities and Territory

The Free City sprawls outside the confines of the 20th century era Las Vegas, but not too far. If a new building needs to go in, an old building is blown up and cleared away.

Economics

The Free City of Las Vegas is an economic boomtown, if you're in one of the crime families or working for them. If you're one of the "clients" coming to her neon embrace, your economic prospects don't look too good.

The Free City's official currency is poker chips, usable in all the casinos and just about everywhere else. Those approaching Vegas will find pawn shops at all the border crossings, offering decent rates and plenty of chips for the suckers. Poker chips buy everything from poker to hookers at ridiculously inflated prices, much like a theme park. They're also eagerly sought by those who have been to the City and are hoping for one more shot at gambling glory, though that assumes you can make it out of Vegas with money, which is slightly less ridiculous a prospect than a cybernetic Ted Turner riding a robotic buffalo.

The official motto—like it says on the poker chips—is “Money Talks.” Those with cash can find whatever they may want for sale. Those who run out of money are thrown out of town onto the major highway, known as the Walk of Shame. The Free City has been known to drive people mad, as it’s hard to go back to the world after having your every desire granted. Consequently, about fifty percent of those shuffling down the Walk of Shame muttering to themselves were sane once. The rest, well, local color.

Politics

The Free City is ruled by the Five Family Council, the heads of the five most powerful crime families in the city. These change often and, the bookies in Vegas being who they are, betting on who will be next to join the Council is fast-paced and furious. Shootouts in the street are common and laying out bets during the shooting is more common. Don’t get involved with the Mafia.

Important Figures

Tom Jones. He’s Tom fucking Jones!

The Five Family Council. They are ever-changing and betting on the new “lineup” is a popular pastime most Vegas citizens take seriously.

Allies and Military

At present, the Free City of Las Vegas is an oasis of neon surrounded by the Burning Man Commune. As both parties are uninterested in what the others have to offer—hippies have no money, after all—they are at peace. The Families recognize the Commune as an asset. Other factions have tried to take the city, whereas the hippies have no interest in military conquest. Thus, the Free City has extended its protection to the commune, and they share an oddly symbiotic existence. Whereas others who fall prey to the neon tentacles of Vegas are fleeced for all they’re worth, lost Burning Man citizens find themselves shunted away by men in nice suits and driven away in plush cars to Burning Man territory. It’s an odd couple alliance, but Vegas is a practical town.

Besides, the dons have artillery that give generals wet dreams, should the shit ever really hit the fan.

Salt Lake City

Summary

No one knows who they are...or...what they are doing.

History

After the fall of the United States government, Salt Lake City declared itself independent and severed all links with the outside world. A towering wall went up around the city proper and shortly thereafter, all non-Mormons were expelled. No one has been in or out since. Rumors about about experimentation or strange craft they've taken from Area 51 in Nevada, but no one knows for sure. Men with guns are occasionally seen patrolling the walls or on expeditions, but they answer questions with rifle fire.

Spanish Florida

Summary

Even the extremist citizens of the former United States could agree on one thing: Florida sucks. It was traded back to Spain for about \$23 worth of Mardi Gras beads.

Occupied Regions

Summary

Entire swaths of California and Arizona are occupied by Mexican forces. Gringos trying to cross Mexican lines are almost certain to be shot on sight.

Equipment

There is an appendix full of equipment in the back, if you would like to get picky. What we're presenting here is several examples. Or think of them as "packs," if you prefer. These represent what your average citizen of each faction would be carrying. Obviously, your GM may give/revoke equipment at his leisure, and GMs should consider the unique circumstances in this. For example, someone from the Burning Man Commune who strolled across Texas and the Confederate States of America with no weapons and no gear would probably turn up in the Republic of Cleveland with his head shaved, his pachouli oil washed off, his tie-dye gone, and so on.

Systems

Basic System Overview

These basic rules apply to any sort of action, be it a fire fight, a race down Hollywood Blvd, or a game of Ping Pong. Your characters are living in a world where giant papal mechs and buffalo-

riding cyborgs rule their daily thoughts; as a game master, it's up to you to decide how intricate or silly actions should be.

Amerikkka uses a d20 system for all rolls. Players declare their actions, add their stat score to a specific skill score, and add that sum to the result of a die roll for a total score. The base difficulty for any action is 20. Game masters can modify the difficulty for any roll at their discretion. As a rule of thumb, fudging the difficulty of a roll by more than five in any direction would make the action Absurd (more on this later).

Once a difficulty is surpassed, the remaining “excess” score can be used to determine the degree of success. If a player happens to exceed the difficulty by more than 15, or naturally rolling a 20, the success is a critical success, and he has the option to perform an additional action. Failing the action by a factor of 15, or rolling a 1, results in a critical failure; the results of the action are at the game master’s whim.

For instance, Tony the Catholic wishes to climb a ten-foot chain link fence. The difficulty would be a standard 20 to make his ascent. He’s a pretty fit guy, with a Body of 5, and his Athletics score is 3. His bonus to his die roll is 8. If Tony rolls a 12 or higher, he’ll be able to scale the fence. He rolls a 15 for a total of 23, which surpasses the difficulty by 3. The game master congratulates Tony on his roll, as he manages to lift himself over the fence without ripping a hole in his jeans.

Were Richard the Free-Stater to attempt to jump out of the way of Tony’s rapidly descending body, he’d need to roll. He would add his Quickness (6) and his Dodge (4) to his d20 roll. His difficulty is 18, since Tony is pretty tough to miss, but Richard rolls a 1, critically failing. Richard’s game master snickers (or in many cases, cackles with glee), and informs him that he was, in fact, able to avoid Tony, but his rapid jump out of the way caused him to stumble into the street and be hit by a quickly moving bus; the Free States have no speed limits. He releases his bowels explosively, and he dies. He would also receive an Absurdity point posthumously.

Richard’s Free-Stater buddy, Charles, having witnessed Richard’s untimely demise under the wheels of the speeding bus, decides his only chances of surviving the wrath of the descending Tony is to run away along the sidewalk. As Tony lands, Charles makes a motion to sprint away. Tony is recovering from his fall, so the difficulty would be 18. Charles adds his Body (4) to his Athletics (2) to his d20 roll. Fate smiles upon Charles, and he rolls a 20. The action is a rousing success, and Charles’s game master informs him that, much like Brave Sir Robin, he runs away with enough pizzazz and flare to stun Tony with a fit of laughter, ultimately resulting in their mutual safety.

Character Growth and Advancement

Wait, you want to play this long term? What in the world is wrong with you?

As veteran MMOG players, we’ve grown to dislike the leveling system. The whole point of Amerikkka is not to gain five hundred more experience so you can upgrade Shoot Gun to Shoot Gun II. And we hate powerlevellers, stats junkies, and guys obsessing on building an uber

character. Amerikkka is about Role Playing. It is the antithesis of Roll Playing. But we have worked out a few suggestions.

Experience

While we recommend you play Amerikkka in a single session resulting in the explosive, bowel-releasing end of your players, players are able to progress and grow.

Amerikkka is skill based. In order to raise a particular skill, a player **must have used the skill** during the play session. If a player wishes to raise a skill, he must accumulate ten times his current skill. To raise a stat, he must accumulate 20 times his current stat.

Experience is use-based, but also based on roleplaying. Any time a character uses a skill, he's awarded one point per success, up to 10 experience points per session. At the end of every play session, a player can also be awarded roleplaying experience. There's no upper limit, here, and it'd be a good idea to let your players know that. We recommend no more than 10 or 20 points, but if you want to create a fast game, or really reward someone for making you implicitly believe he was an extreme Catholic, go nuts.

Death

Amerikkka is a brutal world with brutal consequences. (Brutal enough to suggest your players roll a second character when they're creating their first, but hey, it works for *Paranoia*.) A well-placed punch from a big guy can kill anyone on a bad day. But luckily, death isn't absolute. Because hey, what is?

When a character "dies," he's transported to an ethereal plane, whereupon he meets the Grim Reaper, none other than Richard M. Nixon. Because really, who else would enjoy that job? Once he's there, Tricky Dick will evaluate the character's action, and ultimately make him roll a d10. If the result is below his Extremism/Absurdity score, Richard informs him he still has deeds to accomplish, and throws his soul back into his body. He'll still need to heal according to health care rules.

The higher a player's Extremism or Absurdity, the harder it is for him to die. It's not hard to imagine. How many normal people croak on a daily basis? But what about Castro? He'll never die; he sold his soul to communism. And shit, Reagan took a bullet **to the lung** and walked into the hospital. That alone is pretty damn Absurd. Take a point for reading that.

Bullshit, and the art of piling it higher and deeper

While Bullshit can be rolled on its own during business-related scenarios, it also acts as a wildcard at the game master's discretion. As previously mentioned, Bullshit can be added to any roll if the game master decides the character should benefit from the surrealism of a specific event. This is referred to as Situational Bullshit.

Situational Bullshit can be applied in situations thought of as "too good to be true," "too bad to be true," or "too anything to be true." It's advised to not overuse this concept, and if at all possible, tear out this section of the book and eat it before your players ever get a chance to read of its wonderful process. It's on its own page in the book to make destroying the evidence easy.

Shenanigans

Shenanigans, while a statistic, can also be used in lieu of lacking skills. For instance, in our previous example, since Richard didn't have an Intimidation skill, he could have opted to use points from his Shenanigans pool to fudge the roll a bit. He could use any amount of his current pool, which starts off equal to his Shenanigans score. Once he uses all of his Shenanigans, he's unable to utilize any skill from the Shenanigans family. Shenanigans points replenish at the end of every play session, or after a long rest, at the game master's discretion.

Rolling and Combat

Combat

Two extremists enter. One extremist leaves. Amerikkans are a volatile breed, and don't hesitate to throw the gauntlet when someone has the audacity to disagree with their vaulted principles. Since the game has no true armor class, fighting is done in a "roll off" style of play. Much like normal actions, characters add a statistic score and a skill score to a d20, and attempt to outscore their opponent(s). Critical rules apply, and as always, Absurdity is lurking in every corner.

Before combat can start, players must determine their initiative score. Rolling a d20 and adding the character's Quickness score yields the player's total initiative. The player with the lower initiative declares his action first, but his action actually occurs last. The player with the higher initiative score declares his action last, but it occurs first. A tie is decided by yielding to the player with the higher Quickness score. If the scores are the same, a second roll is conducted without adding the Quickness score to the roll until a victor is determined.

As players vie their rolls against each other, the degree in which one roll surpasses another determines the degree of success. For instance, a player swinging a bat at someone would roll his Quickness+Light Melee+d20 against the person's Quickness+ d20. If the attacker were to surpass the defender's score by any number greater than five, the weapon would do full damage to the defender. Conversely, should a defender's score be five higher than the attacker's, he has the ability to inflict a counterattack in addition to his normal action during the round. Any discrepancy lower than five is up to the game master's discretion to determine the exact effect.

Players may also specify a target location at a -5 penalty to their roll.

Damage

If a player successfully hits another player, damage is dealt to a specific body part. After an attack roll, a player rolls a d20 and the game master will consult the following chart to specify hit location:

Roll	Location
1	Head
2 – 3	Right arm
4	Right hand
5 – 6	Left arm
7	Left hand
8 – 10	Chest
11 – 13	Stomach or abdomen
14 – 15	Right leg
16 - 17	Left leg
18	Right foot
19	Left foot
20	Groin (Absurdity point)

To deal damage, a player will roll weapon damage+any specific bonus the game master would decide+d20. The total of that roll is then vied against the Endurance+any specific bonus the game master would decide+d20. The resulting discrepancy is the total damage dealt to the region. A player cannot completely negate damage: one point of damage **must** be dealt at all

times.

If a player takes a total of damage greater than his Body rating to any specific area, he permanently loses the use of that region. Note that if the player sustains full damage to his head, chest, or abdomen, he dies. If a male player loses the use of his groin, his Cojones score is automatically reduced to zero. Additionally, the damage total a character has taken to any body part will equal the negative modifier to any action taken using that specific appendage. If the damage is cranial, this applies to mental rolls and initiative rolls.

Remaining conscious (or alive) requires specific difficulty rolls after taking damage to a region. Certain areas have higher thresholds against death than others; it's very easy to die if brained by a large stone, but the chances of bleeding to death after getting knifed in the foot are relatively low. In the following table, the "Percentages" column shows the percentile roll a player must roll **above** to stave off unconsciousness or death (the number on the left is unconsciousness, the right death). When the total damage to a specific region is less than half of a player's Body rating (round up), he rolls to remain conscious. Once the total damage surpasses half of his Body rating, he rolls against death.

A player adds his Body rating to the percentile total he rolls.

Location	Percentages
Head	50/95
Right arm	15/55
Right hand	5/15
Left arm	15/55
Left hand	5/15
Chest	25/90
Stomach or abdomen	50/80
Right leg	5/65

Left leg	5/65
Right foot	5/15
Left foot	5/15
Groin	75/35

Subduing Damage

In many situations, a character may wish only to subdue his opponent rather than outright kill him. While never recommended in Amerikkka, such scenarios do occur. Should a player decide to use non-lethal damage, such as a pistol whip or a purple nurple, he would roll his normal attack (Quickness+Firearms+d20 in the case of a pistol whip-style attack, Body+Brawl+d20 for the devastating tittie-twister), and assuming he were to hit his mark, damage would be rolled as usual (note: when striking with a firearm, see the weapons table in the appendix and match the size of the firearm with the damage dealt by a blunt weapon of the same size). Critical failures apply. The following chart lists the percentages a player must roll **above** upon taking damage to remain conscious – note there is no death roll unless the defender critically fails a dodge roll, or the damage is dealt to his head and deals more than half his Body rating in a single round (to see rolls against death, consult the previous chart).

Location	Percentages
Head	45
Right arm	10
Right hand	5
Left arm	10

Left hand	5
Chest	25
Stomach or abdomen	30
Right leg	5
Left leg	5
Right foot	5
Left foot	5
Groin	25

Every succeeding round, the incapacitated player may roll Body+Endurance+d20 (difficulty 30-1 for each additional round) to regain consciousness. A critical failure results in sustained unconsciousness for the remainder of the scene.

Engagement and Movement

Players can determine how far they're able to move in a given round by adding their Body and Athletics score and multiplying by 10. The resulting number is how many feet he's able to move.

Should a player wish to break out of combat, he and his enemy must roll Quickness+Dodge+d20. If the player running's score is higher, he's able to turn to start running freely. If the enemy's score is higher, he's able to make a free attack on the player trying to run (normal contested rolls apply), but the player is free to continue running if the attack doesn't subdue or slow him.

Dodging/Parrying

Players can choose to actively dodge an attack, which allows them to add their Dodge/Parry skill to their Quickness+d20 roll when battling an aggressor. They can add any number of points up to and including their Dodge/Parry skill. However, any other action they wish to take in that round

is decreased by that same value. So, if a player with a 5 in Dodge were to try to scramble away from a falling axe, the next action he attempts would suffer a penalty of 5.

Combat Example

Let us assume Tony finally stops laughing at Charles's cowardice and is able to catch up to him. They briefly stare one another down, adrenaline pumping with a fury only true Extremism and grit can provide. They both draw for their guns. The game master stops play and asks for initiative rolls from both Tony and Charles. Tony adds his Quickness (4) to his roll, and comes up with a 17. Charles does the same (Quickness 5) and comes up with an 18. Since Tony scored lower, he will declare his action before Charles, but Charles's declared action will occur first once game play resumes.

Tony decides to make a jump out of the way, seeing that Charles's draw is a bit quicker than his own, but he wants to fire his gun at Charles while doing so, which results in a penalty to his accuracy. Charles, seeing Tony's effort to get out of the way, decides to fire at Tony without dodging, so he receives no penalty to his roll.

Since Charles's initiative was higher, he begins the round by shooting at Tony. He draws his trusty Liberator .45 and levels it at Tony's rapidly moving form. He rolls his Quickness+Firearms+d20, against Tony's defensive roll (Quickness+Dodge+d20). Tony is able to add his dodge score to his roll since he actively was attempting to remove himself from harm's way. Charles comes up with a 25, and Tony manages a 23. Charles successfully hits Tony with the gun, which has a rate of fire of three bullets per round. Since he only surpassed Tony's roll by two, the game master decides two bullets of the three hit Tony.

He rolls a d20 for the first location and comes up with a 10, the stomach or abdomen, and his second d20 roll comes up a 4, the right hand. The damage on a Liberator is 5, which Charles would add to each damage roll (Firearms+modifier+d20). His first roll is a 10, and his second is a 15. Tony would then roll his Endurance+d20 twice to offset Charles's damage. His first roll is an 11, and his second is a 10. He manages to avoid the brunt of the gut shot, only taking one point of damage there. His right hand isn't so lucky, and it suffers five points of damage.

Now, we need to decipher whether or not Tony will survive the damage he's taken. He will roll a percentile for his stomach first. Since his Body rating is 7, he will only roll to remain conscious. He rolls a d100+7, difficulty 50. His result is an 83, and he's able to grit his teeth and resist falling into a coma. However, he's taken a particularly nasty shot to his hand, five damage, and he'll need to roll to see if he's able to keep from going into shock and effectively dying. He rolls a d100+7 against a difficulty of 15 and comes up with a 53. While another shot to the hand will probably take it completely off, this shot doesn't kill Tony.

If this were to kill Tony, his actions would not be able to occur, unless something miraculous and Absurd were to happen.

Now, Tony's in midair, suffering some damage, but he's still able to keep his composure, and he trains his POPE-issue .38 onto Charles. He rolls his Quickness+Firearms+d20-5(for the damage

to his shooting hand)-2 (since his Dodge score is 2) to shoot at Charles. Charles rolls his Quickness+d20. Tony comes up with a total of 20, and Charles manages a 17. The rate of fire on the POPE-issue is 4, and the game master determines that the discrepancy of 3 will cause three of Tony's bullets to hit Charles. The damage on the .38 is 3. Tony rolls hit locations of the head, right arm, and left leg. Tony's rolls for the head, right arm, and left leg are 23, 15, and 7 respectively. Charles rolls against Tony's three rolls and comes up with 13, 15, and 10. Charles is dead due to the damage to his head totaling more than his Body score.

Assuming Charles hadn't taken one in the noodle, initiative would be re-rolled at the beginning of every round, and combat will continue until a victor is determined.

Coup de Grace

When a character is incapacitated or otherwise oblivious to an oncoming attack, a coup de grace becomes an optional means of attack. A coup de grace is only available during moments of extreme surprise; flanking doesn't count, but a series of successful stealth rolls do. A player may take a full action to automatically kill or knock out an opponent: he rolls a d20. A result of 10-20 immediately kills/incapacitates the target, 5-9 doubles the damage dealt, 2-4 deals normal damage, and a 1 is a critical failure, rendering the attacker stunned at his own ineptitude for one round.

Battle of Wills

If you can't beat them, convert them! While many extremists are prone to violent outbursts, the great majority still understand the virtues of solving problems with words (words such as "Launch the ICBMs, Johnny" sometimes apply).

Trying to break someone's mind is very similar to trying to break his arm: rolls are weighed against the results of other rolls. Intellect and Shenanigans are king when it comes to battles of will, and the game master is at liberty to apply sub skills as he sees fit.

Players engaged in a battle of wits with an NPC first declare their action or say a phrase, and the game master decides which skill to apply toward the roll.

For instance, let's say Richard the Turnerite manages to beat Larry the Hippie into unconsciousness after shooting him in combat. When Larry finally wakes up, he's bound to a chair, and Richard is very interested to know exactly why Larry felt the need to jump a fence and attempt to sneak into the Turner-controlled South. Richard's player announces he wants to glare at Larry maliciously, just to remind him he's in a terrible situation. The game master would decide this is an Intimidation roll, so he would ask Richard's player to roll Intellect+Intimidation+d20. Richard has no Intimidation skill, so he only rolls his Intellect+d20, and he receives a 17. Larry would then roll Intellect+Willpower (+Bullshit, if the game master decides Richard's lack of any Intimidation skill could make it easier for Larry to pick up on a ruse)+d20; he rolls a 15. Larry is clearly unnerved in his present situation, and will receive a -2 modifier on all of his rolls until he's able to outscore Richard. The largest allowable discrepancy

in most circumstances is +/-5. The only situation where the number can scale higher is when Brainwashing/torture is attempted, as momentum can build up far more easily when a victim is connected to a car battery. A critical failure or success immediately puts the roller at the maximum negative or positive advantage, respectively.

Stealth

Behind enemy lines, players will have to rely on subterfuge and streetwise to blend in with members of other factions. However, when they really need to disappear, they will utilize Stealth.

Should a player decide to enter Stealth, he would roll his Quickness+Stealth+d20, and the game master would then roll for NPCs and PCs, using their Quickness+Stealth+d20 to detect him. If the player's roll is below a given enemy's, that specific enemy sees him.

Mechanical devices like security cameras and motion detectors have a Quickness of 0, but a Stealth score of 10.

Health Care

Getting banged up in Amerikkka is a pretty common occurrence, and receiving extensive health care is an extensive process. Hey, this is Amerikkka, not some communist Euro country. Are you a commie? Didn't think so; so, pay for your band-aids like a good capitalist. Ahem.

A player is able to naturally heal a point total equal to their Extremism/Absurdity score every day, across their entire body. This only applies to minor wounds, or when a body part has less than half (round up) of a player's Body score in damage dealt to it. Damage higher than half a player's Body score to a body part requires actual medical attention.

Health care in Amerikkka was pretty spotty by the time the factions split, and it's only gotten worse. Actual doctors are reserved for only the upper crust, and it's likely a player will only hear of a doctor's existence, wherever they may be traveling. Nowadays, medical attention usually comes from the back room of heavily guarded pharmacies and town midwives. Healers are able to heal serious wounds at the rate of one point per day until they're minor, whereupon the minor wound rules apply.

The amount of qualified medical aid available to your players is ultimately up to you, but when the federal government collapsed, so did public hospitals. Even Cleveland can't keep one running for very long, as the Free Staters have taken to firebombing public buildings in other provinces, near and far.

Now, for an example. Let's say, for example Sam's Extremism score is 9 (whoa, good luck getting laid at a party, Sam!), and his Body score is 7. Sam's arm is pretty banged up - he took 3 points of damage from a guy with a baseball bat. He'd be able to apply his Extremism to those 3 points and be right as rain the next day. However, his hand isn't so lucky. That same bat nailed his hand for 6 points of damage. In order to get it back up to snuff, he's going to need to find

someone skilled in the art of medicine to heal two points of that serious damage, whereupon he'll be able to start healing naturally.

Absurdity and Extremism

Amerikkka is a world of extremism, intolerance, and tongue-in-cheek humor. As such, many things that happen occur beyond the realm of human acceptance, and they are deemed Absurd or Extreme.

Absurd situations are those which occur beyond the belief paradigm of the player. For instance, if a Baptist sees the Pope in his true angelic form, the concept would be so absurd to him, his Absurdity would raise. However, if Falwell the Great were to wield a poisonous snake as a weapon against an unrepentant black woman, his Extremism score would increase. All players begin the game with 3 Extremism points in their chosen faction (unless they're from Cleveland, in which case they start off with 0 Absurdity/Extremism), but as they progress through the world, they will experience events so amazingly stupid that they have no choice but to believe them. Once a player reaches an Absurdity or Extremism score of 10, he loses his ability to function normally, and is no longer able to play the character. In some circles, this is considered a plus.

As the ratings grow, your tolerance for them increases as well. Only the most incredibly stupid moments can really push someone over the edge. A player with an Absurdity/Extremism score of 5 cannot have his Absurdity/Extremism raised by something that would be considered a 4 by the game master. The following table is an example of what events would cause a player's Absurdity/Extremism score to reach its respective level.

Score	Event
1	Player witnesses a hypocritical action by a member of a religious sect.
2	Player succeeds on a difficulty roll increased by five or more.
3	Player fails on a difficulty roll reduced by five or more.
4	Player is forced to betray a member of his own organization for the gain of said organization.
5	Player is promoted to middle management within his organization because his

	boss liked “the cut of his jib.”
6	Player discovers a truly disturbing truth about an organizational leader.
7	Player is inadvertently the root of said disturbing truth.
8	Player is told the story of Ted Turner’s rise to glory.
9	Player is told the true story of Ted Turner’s rise to glory.
10	Player is told the true story of Ted Turner’s rise to glory by Ted Turner.

Obviously, these are examples, and any strange event can be deemed Absurd by the game master.

Absurdity and Extremism work on a sliding scale, each end of the spectrum at opposite ends of the number line. A character with a 6 in Extremism can easily have his score lowered by something only deemed to be slightly Absurd (a 1 on the chart). Experiencing something equally or more Absurd than his extremism can shake his beliefs to his very core, causing him to lose large amounts of Extremism. This acts a means of grounding players, and increases the chances of them remaining sane for longer periods of time, provided they share their time equally between lands domestic and abroad.

Adventure Seeds

Vegas, Baby!

Your group meets up in Cleveland and plan an expedition to the Free City of Las Vegas. Crossing most of the major Amerikkkan factions along the way allows for zany hijinks to ensue.

LRRP

Your players are all soldiers/fighters for one faction, conducting deep reconnaissance inside the territory of another faction. They are discovered shortly after the adventure begins, and must escape with everyone, as leaving one person behind may lead to a war between the two factions.

An Offer They Can’t Refuse

Your players have all come to the Free City for reasons of their own. However, as they experience all the joys of the city, they are contacted by men in nice suits, and brought to see the Five Family Council. The mobsters make them an offer: Bangor, the arms hub of the Free State

Collective, is undercutting their arms business. They would be extremely grateful if the arms factories of Bangor should suffer terrible calamities. Naturally, everything will be provided, but refusing this most-generous offer and/or screwing it up will result in angry mobsters.

Gun Runners

Your crew works for Liberty Arms in Bangor. There's a shipment that's headed to South Carolina, deep in the heart of the CSA. You just have to get it there. At your disposal is a heavily armored semi that would make Mad Max proud and the finest guns and ammo Maine can manufacture. Standing in your way are the Free State nutjobs, Massholes, and denizens of the CSA who don't think the gubmint should get the good toys.

The Ted Towers

Your crew of CSA players is chasing a noted Liberal and Turnerite through the Tennessee hills. When you finally catch him, he reveals that Ted Turner is building another tower and this one could make him more powerful than he has ever been. Your superiors refuse to investigate. Do you go off on your own for the good of the Confederacy? Or wait for the terrible wrath of Ted to fall upon you?

A Forest

You've been chosen by Ted Nugent-Michael Moore himself for a very important mission. Break through the huge forest on the edge of Greater Seattle and see what's become of the city. Important: Do not get caught. The Nuge will deny any knowledge of your actions. This mission will also require crossing the Burning Man Commune. Pack plenty of meat.

Cleveland Rocks! Cleveland Rocks!

Your motley crew of players has turned up in Cleveland for reasons of their own (consider this the "You're sitting in a tavern" entry) and happen to overhear a plot to overthrow the Republic, the last bastion of sanity in a country gone mad. Do they assist the plotters? Try and stop them? Or just fight amongst themselves?

Swamp Gas Off A Weather Balloon

Strange lights have been spotted over the Burning Man Commune. While some are ready to build large, burning sculptures that say "WELCOME ALIENS! LAND HERE!" The Burning Man himself has asked you to investigate. They seem to be coming from somewhere near Salt Lake City...

That Thing's Operational!

The Governor is developing a new superweapon to defend California once and for all. Unfortunately, the initial test firing vaporized Hawaii. While the invaders from Mexico consider their situation, your players hear that the Doomsday Device may destroy the entire world. And Arnold's been looking a little crazed as of late....

Sunshine in Seattle

The perpetual gloom of the City By The Oh God It's Raining Again seems to be lifting. The vampires are planning to fill the sky with smoke from giant pyres—though it's probably just because they like spelling things with gratuitous ys. The environmentalists are bitching because

their goth brethren are scorning “Gaia’s Gift of Sunlight.” Can your players bring the two sides together? Or exploit both of them for profit?

Here We Go Again On Our Own

Rumblings from the Free State Collective suggest they’ve gotten their shit together and are moving on the Papal States. Your band of Massholes and mercenaries is on the front lines, waiting for the attack.

Disclaimer

Amerikkka is a work of parody and is in no way affiliated with or authorized by General Motors Corporation, as far as we know. Also, any resemblances or similarities between this aforementioned work of parody and real life are either a) crafted with satiric intent or b) complete and utter coincidence.

Developers' Note

Amerikkka was put together by two twenty-somethings who knew they were onto something when the post-nouveau map they doodled half-heartedly offended everyone they came across. They both come from a heavy roleplaying background; one even spent some time under tutelage at White Wolf. We, as weathered game masters, would like to give Amerikkkan game masters the following advice: don't let your players dick you around. Amerikkka is very light on rules, and is designed to be a throwaway campaign when you didn't have enough time to put together an adventure for your group. However, that doesn't mean you have to budge when you're actually, you know, stupid enough to try to make the setting interesting. Everything in this book is open to one person's interpretation: yours. Throw things out if you know Bobby is going to exploit it. Add things if you think they're lacking (and contact us so we can toss it in the revision!). Amerikkka is yours, and in closing, please invite your rules lawyers to read the following paragraph.

Dear sir,

Stop being a jerk. The game is supposed to be fun, get it? Just because the writers were too short-sighted to plan for your misinterpretation of the word "is" on page 15 doesn't mean you're allowed to ride your wondermech down the streets of New Orleans while crowds throw flowers at your feet. You tried. That's valiant. Now shut up and listen to your game master. If you were smart, you'd be running things. But you're not, so take your +1 sword of geekery with a smile. As the gods you worship, we officially tell you to suck a nut and quit ruining the game.

Yours,
The Designers

Credits

Designers: Joe Blancato, Shannon Drake

Special thanks: Sharon Nee, Alex Macris, Joe's Scandinavian buddy Marek (for reading the original design and laughing at the U.S. system of government), Jerry Godwin (for trying to get us to pitch this as an MMOG), and everyone else gracious enough to offer us support and feedback throughout this long project.

Contact: athegame08 – at – gmail.com

Appendix 1 – Weapons and Armor

Herein you'll find a rudimentary list of weapons Amerikkkans have been known to use in ages past, and they might someday use in the future. You're encouraged to create your own spectacular weaponry. These are more of a guide. Each faction has a basic type of each weapon and armor. It's up to you to decide what will be standard issue, though we suggest giving a basic weapon in the category most beneficial to the character, \$50 cash, and a bus ride to the edge of their territory.

Note that armor is able to absorb its given absorption rate every time it's hit.

Lexicon: F (Firearms), H (Heavy Melee), L (Light Melee), B (Brawl)

Name	Damage/Absorption	Rate of Fire/Area of Protection	Size/Conceal
Liberator .45 (F)	5	3	Small/Pocket
P.O.P.E.-issue .38 (F)	3	4	Small/Pocket
Sawed-off Shotgun (F)	8	1	Medium/Trenchcoat
Spitfire assault-pistol .357(F)	4	3	Small/Pocket
Lone-Star Shotgun (F)	6	2	Medium/Trenchcoat
Home Defender .22 (F)	2	5	Small/Pocket
Deer Destroyer .30-06 (F)	10	1	Large/Non.
Non Offensive Bunker Buster .50 pistol (F)	5	3	Small/Pocket

Name	Damage/Absorption	Rate of Fire/Area of Protection	Size/Conceal
Muzzle-Loading Conquistador Musket (F)	4	1	Large/Non.
Baseball Bat (L)	2	2	Medium/Trenchcoat
Sledgehammer (H)	4	1	Large/Non.
Tire Iron (L)	3	2	Medium/Non
Manhole Cover (H)	5	1	Large/Non.
Human body (H)	1	1	Large/Non.
Pool cue (L)	2	2	Medium/Non.
Kickass samurai sword (L)	4	2	Medium/Trenchcoat
Kickass medieval battle axe (H)	5	1	Large/Non.
Bar stool (L)	1	1	Large/Non.
Black jack (L)	1(sub)	1	Small/Pocket
Brass knuckles (M)	3	2	Small/Pocket
Punch Knife (M)	4	1	Small/Pocket
Machete (H)	5	1	Medium/Trenchcoat
Hunting Knife (L)	3	1	Small/Pocket

Name	Damage/Absorption	Rate of Fire/Area of Protection	Size/Conceal
Punch (B)	1	2	
Kick (B)	2	2	
Elbow smack (B)	2	1	
Knee (B)	3	1	
Atomic Leg Drop (B)	4	1	
Roundhouse (B)	3	1	
Haymaker (B)	4(sub)	1	
Leather Jacket	1(L/B)	Chest/Abdomen/ Arms	
Kevlar Jacket	2(F) 1(L/H)	Chest/Abdomen	
Kevlar Helmet	2(F) 1(L)	Head	
Motorcycle Helmet	2(L) 1(H) 5(B)	Head	
Athletic supporter	1(L) 1(B)	Groin	
SWAT Suit	5(L) 5(H) 5(F) 5(B)	All	
Rocket Launcher (F)	20	1	Large/Non.
Molotov Cocktail (B)	8	1	Small/Pocket
Grenade (B)	10	1	Small/Pocket

Name	Damage/Absorption	Rate of Fire/Area of Protection	Size/Conceal
Throwing stars (B)	2	4	Small/Pocket

Appendix 2: Starting Kits

While these should not be considered requirements, we thought we'd attempt to give you the average loadout for any given member of each faction.

Free State Collective

- 3 sets of normal clothes
- 1 copy of *Atlas Shrugged*
- 1 starter firearm
- 1 week of rations

The Papal States

- 3 sets of normal clothes
- 1 copy of the Chilton guide for their favorite vehicle
- 1 rosary
- 1 starter firearm
- 1 week of rations

The Confederate States of America

- 3 sets of normal clothes
- 1 Klan uniform
- 1 copy of The Confederate Bible
- 1 starter firearm
- 1 week of rations

The Turnerites

1 loin cloth

1 headdress

50 Turner Bucks

1 Lil' Brave Bow And Arrow

Texas

1 Big Ol' Hat

3 sets of normal clothes

1 copy of *Texas* by James A. Mischner

1 starter firearm

1 week of rations

The Burning Man Commune

Bodypaint.

Whatever.

California

1 set of keys to an enormous urban assault vehicle

3 sets of BDUs

1 Starbuck's membership card

1 pair of army boots

1 starter firearm

Greater Seattle

1 cape/1 set of Earth-friendly BDUs
1 pair of dramatic boots/1 pair of hemp sandals
1 puffy shirt/1 Greenpeace shirt
1 Sisters of Mercy ticket stub/1 "Save the Whales" bumper sticker
1 razor blade for wrist cutting/1 starter firearm

United States of Nugent

1 loincloth
50 pounds of meat
1 machete

Republic of Cleveland

3 gray jumpsuits
Constant refusal to commit. Those *bastards!*