

SAVAGED FALLOUT



One Sheet

Showdown at Scrapheap

The lowdown: The tiny community of Scrapheap is being harrassed by raiders. The destitute townsfolk turn to the PCs for deliverance.

Hired: A scraggy cowpoke called Jim will appear in whichever NCR town the party happens to be at. He will be scouring the bars and markets, looking for a few mercenaries or seasoned wastelanders. The party will find him talking to a few toughs, who after a while laugh him down and leave. The man will turn to the PCs next and explain to them his predicament. His home, Scrapheap, has for the past few years regularly been extorted by the Rattlesnakes, a small gang of raiders. So far the raiders have refrained from wanton violence and destruction, but a long spell of hot, dry weather has made Scrapheap's measly crops fail and thinned out the Brahmin herd. The townsfolk will not have enough to pay off the raiders this season, and fear their retribution. Only a month remains, and Scrapheap has decided fighting is their only option. Unfortunately they have no money to pay for hired guns either. All Jim can offer is to keep the party fed until the situation is resolved. The town is located due east of Junktown and Necropolis, near the Long 15 leading to New Vegas. The journey itself is rather safe, though mutated critters and raiders can be found roaming the countryside near Scrapheap once the party leaves the borders of NCR territory.

The town: Scrapheap is a tiny community out in the wastes east of NCR, consisting of a few dozen shacks of corrugated iron and plastic sheets, housing less than a hundred haggard people. Ancient car wrecks and other debris form a rudimentary barrier around the town. A small Brahmin pasture and several vegetable and crop patches are located around a well in the center of the community. Housed in large shack is a pre-War generator, which long ago has been modified to run on biofuel, for which the townsfolk use Brahmin dung. The generator is in a sorry state, providing only enough electricity to power the settlement for a few hours each day. Scrapheap is run by its three foremost occupants: Ally McPherson, no-nonsense bar proprietor and storekeeper; Smiling Nick, the good-natured, lumbering hulk of a man in charge of the communal fields; and "OI" Franklin Williamson, the near-sighted, aging mechanic keeping the generator up and running.

The job: Either the town has to withstand and repel the raiders' attack, or the raiders have to be confronted in their hideout. The party will have a few days to prepare, erecting defences, giving the townsfolk rudimentary training, scouting the surroundings etc. Repairing/improving the generator will allow for continual lighting during the night, making an unseen approach impossible. The townfolk only have a few firearms between them, but plenty of materials for improvised weapons and explosives can be scrounged from the car wrecks surrounding the settlement.

The hideout: About two days travel from Scrapheap, among a few hills in the otherwise flat countryside, the Rattlesnakes keep their lair. The raiders (**Stats:** Raider) are two dozen strong, though several will at all times be out raiding or scouting. They wear leather/metal raider armor, with many of them attaching strings of small bones to their outfit, which mimics a rattlesnake's telltale sound. At the foot of the hill, guarding the way up, ten of them camp out in two rickety caravans, where they cook their own chems; a few hundred caps worth can be stolen or bartered for. During the night about half

of them are usually drunk or flying on Jet. Their leader, the taciturn, skilled melee fighter Krash (**Stats:** Raider Wild Card, with St d10, Sm d8, Sp d8, Fighting d12, Small Guns d8. He wields a large wooden club topped with a Super Mutant skull, St+d6.), can be found in a furnished cave higher up in the side of the hill, with 1D4+1 raiders and at least one female about him at all times.

Dealing with the raiders: The unsuspecting raiders will send a group of twelve lightly armed men and women to pillage Scrapheap. If they are defeated and no one lives to tell the tale, the raiders will lie low afterwards, for the time being. If any of the attackers escape, the remainder of the raider force will come down on the settlement a few days later during the night, more heavily armed this time, using Molotov cocktails to set Scrapheap on fire from a safe distance.

Alternatively the party can seek out the raiders, kill them in their hideout or try and negotiate with them. Krash will ask for ten thousand caps in cash, weapons or chems in return for sparing Scrapheap. If the party successfully deals with the raider threat, the town inhabitants will be so grateful as to offer one of them the mayorship of the community.

The end:

Failed/neglected to stop the first raider attack: sometimes travellers to and from New Vegas pass by a small ghost town, the name of the place forgotten. Stories say its inhabitants were killed one terrible night, trying to stand up against a band of raiders. It's rumoured that those who survived were sold as slaves, and they all had a snake-like scar on their right cheeks.

Stopped the first raider attack, leave before the second/don't deal with the remaining raiders: to the Rattlesnakes' surprise, Scrapheap did not prove such an easy prey after all. Their vengeance was swift and merciless; Scrapheap was burned to the ground, its inhabitants gruesomely killed and their bodies put on display; a grim reminder to the wasteland that might makes right.

Stopped the first and second raider attack, majority of raiders survive: after inexplicably losing many good warriors in raiding Scrapheap, the Rattlesnakes lie low for most of a year, gathering new men and women, to strike again and terrorize the area without mercy in the years to come.

Bargained with Krash: those wise in the ways of the wasteland will tell you never to trust a raider any farther than you can spit. Krash however proved himself an honorable sort, as far as raiders go. Scrapheap was spared the raiders' seasonal visits during the following years, for which other settlements in the area had to pay the unfortunate price.

Killed all raiders: the Rattlesnake's teeth were pulled, its back broken and tail crushed. One of the scourges of the western Mojave was no more, and though there came soon others to take its place, for a while the wasteland was a bit safer thanks to the heroes of Scrapheap.