



THE **MUTANT EPOCH**™  
TABLETOP ADVENTURE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

**SOLO-PLAY  
ADVENTURE**

# DOG DAZE

Adventure TME-5 For One 1st Rank Character



Created by  
**William McAusland**

*William  
McAusland*  
WMA



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Published by Outland Arts

"Putting YOU in the Game"

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# DOG DAZE

Written and Illustrated by William McAusland

Solo-Play or Multi-Path GM + 1 player Adventure  
The Mutant Epoch Role Playing Game  
For one low rank character

## Using this solo-Play Multi-path adventure for a Group Game

Although designed as a solo-play adventure, there are a few notes to the GM described during certain circumstances or encounters. These are both for the solo-player when he or she puts on the game master's hat, but also for a traditional game master when running this module for either one player or when Dog Daze is converted to a standard group adventure.

## Check Box Usage

The use of the ☐ check box icon is included in most entry listings for when this adventure is played as a print book or a printed out PDF variant. The solo-player, or GM, can check the box with a different colored pen each time they play this adventure to record the choices the character makes each time this module is run.

It is also possible to jot down in the margins or a notebook, what random result, encounter, or bad outcome occurred at a certain point. The purpose to this exercise is to identify previous choices, and either have the next PC make different ones to see how the adventure plays out, or learn from past screw ups that led to the last character's death.

## Character rank, number, and ideal features

Like anyone who has played plenty of The Mutant Epoch RPG, and rolled up a lot of characters of various types and castes, you know full well that sometimes you can make a devastatingly powerful freak that is more like a 5th rank PC than a newbie 1st ranker. Likewise, you can have a higher ranked, technician based character who might be a tremendous asset to a team, but simply can't stand up to the sort of repeated bouts of combat or environmental perils that the new era can throw at them.

That said, I wrote Dog Daze to accommodate a 1st rank PC to whom you, the player, are not very attached — a character who will face repeated adversaries and pitfalls. Given this, perhaps roll up several, number them, and roll a die to see which PC you subject this module to first.

If after several unsuccessful tries at this adventure with a solitary novice character, you can increase your character's odds, explore the adventure more fully and take more chances as you go if you try a 2nd or third rank PC or even 2 first rank diggers.

In addition, there are options, paths and outcomes in this adventure that will force the character to endure long periods away from civilization, with the potential for one or more nights out in the wilds. Because of this, and the option to sleep at various locations, your character might get the chance to heal their daily healing rate in trait points if getting between 6 and 10 hours sleep. Likewise, by sleeping a 'night' your PC will

recover any daily uses of mutations, and should they have gained enough experience factors, will probably go up in rank. For this reason, be sure to record the EFs of creatures defeated as you go. Without going up in rank, it is unlikely that a PC will complete one of this adventure's major areas and see the gates of Pitford.

The ideal character for this challenging adventure is a physically robust, adequately outfitted individual with decent archaic weapons and armor, and somebody who either has a relic weapon, implanted weapon, fighting or dodging skills, or several mutations useful in a prolonged fight. This adventure is combat heavy, involving life or death choices, the ability to move fairly fast, climb, leap clear of danger, and fight off multiple attackers.

Other than fighting with NPCs, there are only a few possible interactions with non-hostile beings. However, for any character who survives this perilous adventure, the rewards will be substantial.

Unlike other adventures for The Mutant Epoch, this one doesn't start with a background or any details that might spoil the module for anyone who sits down to run this as a solo-play game. If you're running this for





yourself, then let the dice fall where they might, do not flip ahead to see maps, artwork, or text passages, and if your character dies, then start the adventure again from the top with a new PC.

It's easy enough for the Game Master to run this adventure for multiple characters. However, the amount of loot and adversaries encountered may need to be increased to make it a real challenge. As a guided session, the beginning of this adventure may involve overmuch reading to the players, however, it might be workable if the text for entry one is read while players are setting up their character sheets and dice, opening their drinks and snacks and getting settled in. Another option is to photograph and attach or copy and paste Entry 1 and email or text it to your players ahead of game night.

Should your new character have been lucky enough to start game play with a dog or horse, have these animals noted for future use, yet these are left behind with friends and family back in Overpass.

#### Note to gamers new to the metric system

If you're not comfortable using meters in your game, just treat every meter mentioned as a yard which for 'theater of the mind' calculations, is pretty damn close. 1 meter is equivalent to 1.0936 yards, (39.370 inches)

#### There is always somebody bigger than you

As with a walk through a remote Alaskan wilderness, not every beast you meet is something you're meant to face and fight, nor is every outcome with an adversary or peril something a solitary, low rank character is expected to survive. Often, running away or else hiding is an excavator's only chance at survival.

### Using Dog Daze to Learn the Outland System

As a final pre-play note, this adventure is a great resource for those new to The Mutant Epoch RPG and the Outland System Game Mechanic, especially those who want to become a game master. Wherever possible, I've inserted the page number or table ID in the Hub Rules book.

### Like what you see? Want to Tell others about Dog Daze?

If you like what you see here, please leave a review or rating at where you purchased it. Likewise, we encourage you to post about this vast, multi-path ruin crawl on RPG forums, blogs and other online outlets to help spread the word about The Mutant Epoch RPG and the game's growing line-up of content. When

posting about The Mutant Epoch, use the hashtags #mutantepoch #TME #outlandarts #outlandsystem and #dogdaze.



### The Dead Do Tell Tales #DogDazeKIA

As already mentioned, this is a challenging solo-play adventure, and you can expect over half of the characters to die before the halfway point, and of the rest, perhaps one in three to gain a few ranks and make it safely to Pitford. Our condolences, gentle gamer.

Please post screen shots or scans of your dead character to social media with the hashtag #DogDazeKIA and tell the Epochian community a little about the poor soul, hint at their bad ending, and the entry code where they met their doom, but

omit the specifics of their death since future players have yet to try their luck at this gauntlet.

Check out the hashtag #DogDazeKIA now on Instagram or twitter to see the author's own PC tragedies.

Happy Gaming and Goodluck!

WM





# The Adventure Begins

## Entry 1, A Ride to Remember

It is just after noon on a hot, dusty day. You are riding as a passenger in the back of a canvas covered, well-constructed wagon along a bumpy road between the great New Era city of Overpass, and your destination to the north; Pitford.

You're on your way to meet and hopefully enlist with a group of ruin excavators, or 'diggers' as they are often called. The fortified, totally enclosed town of Pitford is on the westernmost limits of the Great Ruins, a magnet for those seeking glory, relic treasures, and adventure amid the vast, largely unexplored metropolis of the ancient ones.

You sit on the right-hand bench, like the others passengers, are alone, and try to enjoy the ride as best you can. The seat is uncomfortable, the view outside bleak, and the company tiresome. You expect to reach the fort well before the town's great doors close at sunset.

The trade caravan in which you travel includes seven scrap built, canvas covered freight wagons, pulled by mutated oxen and escorted by a detachment sixteen of armed outriders on saddle horse. Besides passengers, the wagon train carries precious commodities destined for Pitford, such as water, foodstuffs, plenty of beer and wine, weapons and armor, and timber for the ongoing construction and endless repairs of the growing outpost.

Like you, the other two dozen caravan passengers each paid a ten silver piece fare to ride on the one-way journey. In your particular wagon are a two leather clad young men seated beside you—one a lanky, skinny mutant with rust red skin, the other a squat, cheerless pure stock with a forked beard—who seem to be laborers. On the far bench is a tired looking young woman dressed in a revealing red top, tight skirt, and sandals.

She smirks at you whenever you look her way. She's a mutant and has pale, olive green colored skin, and a generously exposed chest. Her hair is bright pink, although whether she was born with hair that color or dyed it, you aren't sure.

The only other passenger is a loud-mouthed, pot bellied town-based trader who sits next to the flirty woman on the tailgate side of the cargo laden box. He clutches a tattered relic knapsack with one chubby hand, and a wine skin with another, and continues to complain just as he has the many hours you've been stuck together.

### Trader's Comment Table

### Roll d6

**1,2.** "I tell yeah, if we left any later this morning, we'd surely sleep out beyond the walls of damn Pitford tonight. Just pray that we don't break a wheel."

**3,4.** "I dunno' chums, maybe I should've stayed in the filthy city after all. Those fricken clouds to the east look like a junk storm is comin'.

If we don't reach Pitford by dark, we probably won't survive 'til dawn."

**5,6.** "You fancy yourself a digger, huh?" he says, and reaches across and taps your knee. "New to the profession? I've met a few of your caste before. They all ended up either dead, or missing. Good luck, friend, you'll need it."



Your wagon is made of wood, scrap metal and fitted with authentic relic tires, which gives it a smoother ride than wooden wheels, but the whole damn rig is bouncier. The box is enclosed in canvas and skins, stitched over a frame of wood and rusty metal. A wire grate

is stitched over a window on either side but has an open back above the tailgate.

You are the last wagon in line so the view behind you is of a broken, weed dotted, pothole riddled ancient highway, while to either side the bunch grass, chaparral, thorn bushes, towering mutant cactus and stunted trees all grow on rolling mounds. From time to time you see the concrete remains of some once magnificent building that extends up from the silt soil like a giant gravestone.



As you try to shut your eyes and get some sleep, the brightly dressed mutant woman across from you reaches over and puts a hand on your knee, leans forward so that her low cut top is right before your eyes, and says something to you:

**Mutant Woman Statement Table****Roll 1d6**

**1,2.** "This my first time to Pitford. I heard a girl can make a lot more from you diggers there instead of back in the slum city. They got a spot for an experienced courtesan at Cleopatra's Brothel and Bath service. You should come pay me a visit there."

**3,4.** "Hey, I thought I saw a dog out there on a stack of that old rubble," she points to the tiny rope covered window next to our head. "Oh, it's a nasty thing... with spikes I think... its gone now. I wonder if its lost."

**5,6.** "I sure hope we get their soon. This bumpy ass bench is killer! And I gotta pee."

All at once you hear the crack of a musket from up the line, panicked shouts, oxen bellowing and the boom of a few more muskets. Commotion takes the whole caravan as the wagon train picks up its pace.

"What now!?" Asks the corpulent, sweaty faced trader, as he peers worriedly to the front of the wagon, yet on account of the barrels of beer, sacks of grain, dried meat, and other cargo, all that any of you can see is the back of the wagon driver and that of his young assistant. "Hey, fella's what's going on?" calls the trader.

The youthful assistant, a mutant boy with a larger than normal mouth and copper colored skin, peers back. The brim of his scrap metal helmet conceals much of his face. "Not sure... but, could be anything along this old road. Warmorts raid travelers here from time to time... but it looks like animals today. We're going to get going pretty fast, so hold on!"

The trader looks across at you. "Animals, dear god, they could be anything, right? Great, and we're the last wagon in line!"

The pink-haired muteness grips the sides of the bench, turns and sneers at the man. "I thought you wanted to get there fast."

He nods. "Yes, whore... but I'd prefer to arrive in one piece and my clothing clean for my meeting. Fox Blender is an important man... and this deal is —."

You hear gun fire from wagons just ahead, the shouts and screams of people and then a very distinct barking and snarling.

"Shoot it!" orders the driver of your wagon to his assistant, his normally deep voice a few octaves higher. "If it gets their oxen, they'll have to stop and block us!"

The youth aims at something you can't see and fires his crude musket rifle, swears and immediately goes for his powder horn, wad, and shot to reload; a tricky thing to do while on a jostling wagon moving at full speed.

Your wagon hits a bump to the left and gets some air for a second, and lifts all of you — and the two laborers beside you — off your rumps for a second only to slam down hard.

An instant later, the rear left tire dips into a hole and causes the wagon to lurch to one side. The passengers and cargo mix with you as you slam about, get badly bruised and disorientated. Glancing back, you alone see the sagebrush on the eastern, left side of the road shake violently and part as a pack of hideous mutant dogs burst onto the scene.

The canines are of all shapes and sizes, deformed and deviated. Some are armored, others spiked, all with their teeth bared as they snarl and their mouths drip with streamers of saliva. They pour out in such numbers and speed that you can't count how many there are. At once, they split up into three groups, one going along your wagon's right side behind where you sit, the second group along the left, and the third, follows right behind you.

In this last group are five of the hellish beasts, each about as heavy as a man.

The caravan races off in a panic, every wagon for itself, the driver of your wagon roars over his shoulder to you. "They're on us! Use whatever you got! Kill those dogs!"





All at once, the young assistant is pulled right off the front seat. There is a yelp, crunch and a bump as the wagon drives over something.

Behind, you see both the crushed body of a helmet clad young man and a mutant dog lying in the road. Three dogs from the right side of the wagon go back to devour the crushed forms, the rest of the enormous pack continue the chase, gain on the wagons and seem focused on the oxen.

The dogs who follow you bark and then take runs at the raised, half meter tall tail gate. One jumps, hits the wooden barrier and falls back before it recovers and rejoins the pack. Another seems to gather itself to make its try.

"They mean to jump in and tear us apart!" hollers the trader across from you. "You're a warrior! Do something!"

You can fire on them, but not easily, at -10 SV (Strike Value) because of the motion of the wagon as it races over bumpy ground.



Just as you are about to fire on or slash at the group of dogs directly behind the wagon, with two dogs at range 3m (meters\*), and the other three 6m back, the nearest two leap for the back of the wagon. You win initiative automatically, but before you can actually slash or shoot, **roll d6**:

*\*A meter equals 3.28 feet, but for those who use the imperial measurement system, simply consider a meter as a yard or three feet for in-game quick distancing purposes.*

**1,2.** The woman in the wagon with you grabs your arm and screams at the top of her lungs. "Do something!" You are -20 SV to strike at the leaping dogs for 2 rounds while wrestling free of the hysterical passenger. The surviving dogs will try to leap into the wagon in the next round. See 'Follow-up', next column.

**3,4.** The wagon hits a deep pothole and dips violently to the right. The character's aim is off this first attack by between -11 to -30 SV (-10+d20). If neither of the nearest two dogs are killed from this attack, both will try to leap into the back of the wagon on their next turn and attack the character, see 'Follow-up'.

**5,6.** As the wagon bumps and jolts along, a barrel of water breaks free of its ropes behind you and rolls passed, smashes away the rear tailgate and tumbles out the back, strikes one of the nearest dogs in the head and seriously damages it (inflicting d12 damage to it and it falls back 9m before catching up to the pack). No dogs try to leap into the wagon this round.

**Mutant Dogs** (5): DV -10 / END 15+d10 each / Move 9m/ Init: normal/ SV 01-60/ DMG d12/ Trait stats: STR 23, AG 38, ACC 48, INT 7, WILL 38, PER 39/ EF 18/ Morale Firm/ Size 1.6m

long/ 30kg weight/ 1 mutation each from the list in Appendix 1, page 226.

**Follow-Up:** Immediately after rolling on the above random event list, read here:

If one or two of the nearest dogs can attempt to leap into the wagon, they each do so now with a 3 in 6 chance of success. One will always attack the player character, however if there is a second dog in the wagon, it will attack the trader. If attacked right away, Maximilian only has time to draw his dagger.

**Rules Note:** If the PC kills any dog he or she has engaged, and the trader is still fighting another, the PC can elect to make an attack on the unsuspecting dog and gains a strike value bonus of +30 SV on the first attack only.

If either of these two nearest dogs fail to leap into the wagon, they will make repeated attempts on each of their turns.

The other passengers, including the trader, if he isn't also being attacked, will not help you in any initial combat here, and instead recoil and scream.

### Trader Maximilian Eva-Fresh the Third

**Trader, Town** (detail on page TME-141) DV -7/ END 36 / MV 5.75m / Init. +0 / Attacks: dagger or automatic pistol (rate 2, range 250m) / SV dagger 01-50 ,auto-pistol 01-62 / DMG Dagger d10, pistol d20 / STR 32 / AG 22 / ACC 26 / INT 58 / WL 48 / PER 30 / APP 14 / Valuables: W / EFs 23 / Morale: poor / Size 1.6m / 112kg / Skills: barter, Forgery / Gear: Sheathed dagger with gold inlay worth 30+d20sp, Chainmail vest worn beneath robes. Plastic baggy with 2d6 spare pistol cartridges, 3d6 .22 caliber cartridges, 2d6 standard rifle rounds, and 1d4 shotgun shells. Leather pouch containing 100+d100 silver coins, 2d12 gold coins, d20 bits of colorful currency plastic, each worth 10sp. About his neck and under his shirt he wears a relic gold chain worth 300+d100sp.

Should one or more of the dogs that jumped into the wagon be dispatched, or zero dogs have thus far entered, read on here:

All at once, the overweight trader pulls out a relic automatic pistol, cocks it and crawls passed you and back deeper into the wagon to get away from the lunging dogs, horrified. "Protect me!" he pleads to you and the workers and tosses you each a silver coin. "I'm no warrior! I'm too important to die like this, killed by filthy animals! Save me, and I will pay you more--will give you a proper job!"

The workers merely hang onto the wagon's frame for dear life and make no move for their machetes.

You hear the oxen which pull your wagon bellow pitifully as the snarling dogs tear into them from either side. Suddenly, one hound that follows your vehicle leaps up and into the wagon's rear and snaps off the tailgate. As it falls back, it grabs onto the tall mutant laborer's legs, pulls him free and outside as the wagon bounces and sends both man and animal off the end of the wagon to somersault in a plume of dust behind.

All the dogs that had been following directly behind the wagon cease their pursuit and turn their attention to tearing apart, then feasting on the screaming, doomed man, who is now nine meters back and being rapidly left behind.

In a moment, the grisly scene is lost from sight as the whole procession turns a corner. Other mutant dogs continue to harass your oxen, out of your line of sight. You peer forward and see that the rest of the caravan has pulled well ahead of your transport. Worse, it seems the terrible hounds are now focusing solely on your oxen!



# DOG DAZE

## THE MUTANT EPOCH

TABLETOP ADVENTURE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

**Mayhem on the road • A subterranean escape • An epic solitaire saga**

You're on the run in the weeds and wreckage... and you aren't alone, traveller. You're being tracked, being surrounded, and likely the next meal for the hounds of the wastes. Your goal is to get to the excavator support town of Pittford, but the coming night, impending junk storm, and bizarre beasts of the scrub-land make the odds of that very remote. Getting off the surface might be your only hope.

### Challenge Yourself

Grab your dice, a pencil, and your character sheets and immerse yourself in hours of unpredictable, epic adventure.

This fast-paced, highly re-playable module can be used as a training ground for those new to the Outland System. Likewise, sections of this book can be inserted into a game master's own dig sites and encounters, or slid into other published TME adventures. Only minor, on the fly tweaks are needed to convert Dog Daze into a GM directed quest.

• 204 Illustrations • 3 GM's only Maps also inserted as 100 mini-maps • 240 Pages  
• 5 New Creatures • 3 New Relics • Plus, SOE (Society of Excavator) members  
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