

THE MUTANT EPOCH

TM
TABLETOP ADVENTURE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

MULTI-PATH
ADVENTURE MODULE

The Flesh Weavers

Adventure TME-3

For 6 to 8, 2nd to 4th Rank Characters



Created by
William McAusland



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DIP

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Published by Outland Arts

"Putting YOU in the Game"

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*SOE membership is free with purchase of The Mutant Epoch hub rules in print or PDF
Learn more here: <http://www.outlandarts.com/TME-SOE-preview.htm>



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Introduction

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

If you are solo playing *The Flesh Weavers*, then read the Excavator Team Strength below and then skip to the next page, **The Adventure**, grab your pencil and dice and begin!

2nd WARNING! [Adult Content Advisory] Due to mature subject matter, gruesome descriptions, and needlessly offensive language, the following adventure is rated **Mature**.

Excavator Team Strength

This adventure is for a dig team of between 6 to 8 somewhat experienced characters (2nd to 4th ranks). Due to anticipated casualties among player characters, it might be advisable for each player to have two characters. Incidentally, eight pre-generated 3rd rank player characters are available in appendix 3 of this book, pages 73 to 80. These characters are also available as downloadable PDFs*.

'Read to Player' text and GM blurbs on multi-path adventures

'*Read to players*' text in italics can be read as is, but a word of caution, reading to players is an art form, just as presenting prose at an author's book reading or giving a speech from prepared text. It is better to paraphrase the text, referring to it only if you must after previously reading the entry. If reading directly, look up at the players from time to time, use emphasis and if possible add to the description to make it your own.

Sometimes with a passage of 'read to players' text, also seen as **read:** or **read on:** the game master will notice sections of normal text in parentheses, usually numbers or facts for the GM's eyes only that are tied to the proceeding

text. Examples of this GM info might be quantities or types of creatures or people present in a description, distances, amount of ammo, game statistics for speeding up game play, and other highly useful information that the player characters either don't need to know or wouldn't know. Most often however, when the 'read to players' text ends, the abbreviation '**GM:**' will appear and simply mean that the following text is meant strictly for the game master.

Game Master Summery

This adventure takes place in the town of Pitford with most of the action and investigation occurring in the upper floors of the Quest Path Apartments. While no further products or supplements are needed other than the Hub Rules, players and game masters might find a more solid visualization and understanding of the layout and nature of this fortified, totally enclosed community if a copy of either *The Crossroads Region* book, or *Pitford: Gateway To The Ruins* where available.

Should the GM or owner of the Hub Rules be a member of the Society of Excavators, (membership is free to those who purchase the Hub Rules, see www.mutantepoch.com for details), then he or she can download a free copy of *Pitford Lite*, an abbreviated edition of the *Pitford: Gateway to the Ruins* book. Within the 61 page *Pitford Lite* book is a brief description of the major areas and structures within Pitford, a map of each floor level, and encounter tables for various areas of towns, including a saloon. The full version of the book is 200 pages long and comes with numerous, maps, loads of artwork, more encounter tables and a detailed look at this fascinating and dangerous fortress on the edge of the Great Ruins.

All player handouts, NPCs, PCs, new creatures and maps are available as downloadable PDFs for Society of Excavator Members. Go to <http://www.outlandarts.com/membersonly/TME-SOE-fleshweavers.htm> to grab all the downloads.



The Adventure

Gamemaster, as a sort of cinematic establishing scene, hand over Player Handout 1, from page 81, which shows the Quest Path Apartments from the outside during the sandstorm. Another view and full description of the building is included on page 60 of the Pitford Gateway to the Ruins book.

Then give them Player Handout 2 (page 82), showing the interior view of the character's rented room. These will give them something to look at while you dive into the intro text.

Remember, if you're a SOE member, you can download these, and other PDFs, for free from the Mutant Epoch website. If you're not a member, you can either hold up and show the images from your book or tablet, or photocopy the handouts as needed.

Read to players: Pounded by the annual September sandstorms, the mighty timbers, canvas sheathing, poly-glass, wire meshwork and sturdy scrap metal which incase Pitford, rattle outside your quarters. It is dusk on the third day of the terrible storm, the initial excitement of the winds has given way to boredom and cabin fever; the occupants of the fortress-town impatient and prone to venting their energies on brawls, whoring and drunken debauchery.

The suite your team has rented costs 150 silvers per month. It's a fair enough price as long as an excavation team can get into the nearby Great Ruins and find something of value to trade for food, water and silver to pay the rent. Unfortunately, folks will need even more money the way things are going. With each day of the sandstorm, the price of food and drink has gone way up, and with all the dust blowing in the roof grids, holes in the wall and poorly sealed doors, everybody is getting pretty thirsty.

You've heard that the usual water caravan from the south never made it yesterday, so of course water doubled in price. Somebody said that the wagons turned back due to the storm, others insisted that skullocks butchered everybody and stole the water for themselves. One way or another, your team is going to run out of drinks within a few days unless something is done.

The suite your team occupies within the Quest Path Apartments, room 503, is a basic wood and scrap metal common room, the entire structure

built into the outer walls on the west side of the fort. The quarters contain six bunks along one wall, each bunk being two beds tall. Over by the sand-blasted, poly-glass window there is a small pot-bellied wood stove, a bench for preparing meals with four ancient bar stools along it, and a bucket of rust colored water for washing up. In a curtained-off alcove, near the door, is a latrine. Here, a hand carved wooden toilet seat opens and closes over a scrap metal box. Within the box is a drain hole leading to a flush pipe that leads outside someplace. An animal skin curtain offers some privacy to those using this lavatory.

A simple wood door, held together with twine, a few iron cross braces and rusty nails seals out the sordid world of the frontier citadel. Your adventure and traveling gear is either hanging on hooks, leaning on the couch, or stacked along the wall opposite the beds, weapons sitting at the ready on each team member's kit.

All at once, a horrendous blast of wind shakes the wall outside and spews in a plume of dust from the many cracks, holes and loose flaps in the outer sheathing. The powder and grit further cloud the already stale air. You then hear a metallic crash and a ripping of fabric, and glancing out the small kitchen area window you can see part of the wall in the neighboring suite to the south has been torn open. The materials fall away to the bare, rock and concrete strewn ground eight meters below. Somebody is swearing next door. Soon, a man's angry voice can be heard out in the hall.

"Call the fricken' landlord up here! The bloody wall just fell out and my shit is blowing all over the God Damn place! What kind of construction do you people call this! I demand my money back! I am sick of this hell hole! How can you people live in this place!?"

"Calm down, sir," replies a much more patient person, this of a woman. You recognize the voice of Gina, one of the housekeepers. "We will get you another room. These storms are getting worse of late, and it's beyond our control. We will fix the wall when it ends. Come this way."

The storm does seem to ease up as darkness falls and the town settles down for the night.

Sometime around 3 a.m., the teams' posted guard hears the wind pick up again, howling and moaning, especially next door, as something therein loose rattles and then crashes. There is a scrape, a me-

tallic snap and the sounds of fabric ribbing as something else tears away from the structure. Your quarters seem solid enough.

Another hour passes and in a moment of calm you hear a woman's blood curdling scream from the hall outside. There is a hiss and a crash, a gunshot sounds and then another scream from a man. "What the Fu-!" Calls the panicky voice before his words are silenced.

Your door takes a hammering blow, cracks in a few places but holds. There is another scream and then an inhuman, deep moaning just outside your door. Soon after, you hear what can only be described as a wheezing-sucking sound, as if somebody is having trouble breathing.

GM: Faced with this calamity, the characters can either stay put and wait it out, arming themselves, (see entry 1), or arm themselves and open their door to see what is going on, (see entry 2).

Entry 1, Waiting it out:

Read to players: Clutching your weapons, taking cover behind the couch, your packs or the corner of the room's bathroom, you observe the doorway and continue to hear the wheezing-sucking noise. After a minute, you see a spreading pool of blood oozing under your door.

GM: Roll to establish a random character. This character is allowed a type B perception based hazard check, if successful, see entry 3, if unsuccessful, see entry 5 on page 7.

Entry 2, Open the door:

Read to players: One of you throws open the door and you all see a grisly scene: a cloaked dust covered figure is hunched in the middle of the hallway floor, crouched over the mangled, twisted figure of a half naked, young, pure stock woman. Assaulting the woman's torso are four reddish purple tubes, which seem to be tipped with toothy mouths that are busy twisting, chewing, and sucking at the open wounds on the woman. The crouched figure looks up with a blank look on its distorted, partially bearded face. The face is that of a man, whose eyes are staring in different directions, his mouth open and leaking a streamer of slime, one ear only half grown, and the other normal.

As you take in this horrible scene, you also discern that beyond this feeding, crouched figure and his victim, is another rag clad person, doing the same thing to the naked body of a bald headed, gray skinned mutant. The mutant lays face down, his neck clearly broken, one arm bent awkwardly and pointing down the hall, still holding a nickel plated automatic pistol. His grotesque assailant peers up at you as well, also with a slack, dead expression, mouth half open and drooling, but the face clearly

that of a once beautiful woman with flowing white hair. She too has several snake-like tendrils pressed to the dead man, sucking body fluids. The door leading to the suite across the hall lies open, shattered as if kicked inward.

GM: Pass out Player Handout 3, from page 83, showing a gene splicer, then read on:

Upon seeing the door open, and your team peering back at them, the two cloaked figures detach themselves from their victims and leap up and face you. You see that under their cloaks they wear shredded rags, their bodies bloated, as well as bulging and sinking in places as if gas bags were attached to their frames. Besides having two somewhat normal human arms and legs, you see the nearest monster has four of the red, mouth-tipped tentacles, while the other, with the female head, has six of the appendages.



GM: Roll initiative, with the awful mutant things getting -2, and see entry 4, page 7.

Entry 3, The shape: Read to players:

You just happen to catch movement behind you, out the dust coated, sand-blasted poly-glass window (which is 30cm wide by 50cm tall and doesn't open). There, peering in at you is what you vaguely recognize as a man's face. The expression is remote, dispassionate and somehow serene, as if the watcher is looking through you! All at once you see something move out the corner of your eye and creeping through a hole in the wall where the dust had blown in earlier, is a red tendril. The meaty tube is a couple of meters long, as thick as a wrist

and tipped with a perfectly round, goo dribbling mouth. The lam-prey-like orifice, lined with rows of tiny, shark-like teeth, darts for your neck!

GM: The creature's tentacle is SV 01-60. If it strikes the character it inflicts d6 damage per round automatically, sucking blood and chewing flesh, unless the appendage is hacked or shot off (DV -10/ END 7), or, the character grabs the tendril and tries to pull it off and away by successfully making a type C STR based hazard check.

If the appendage misses the character, it will attack repeatedly; however, if somebody hacks it off, the face outside disappears from view. Should one of the PCs decide to take a shot at the face through the 5 cm thick relic window, see entry 3A, next page. If the character is unable to hack off or pull free the appendage, the hideous tentacle will continue to feed, bulging along its length as it swallows precious lifeblood and flesh. If it manages to eat more than its quota, 3d10+10 endurance worth

of the PC, somehow without the other PCs in the room doing anything, then the tendril will let go, retract back outside and the face in the window will vanish.

If the PCs drive off the face in the window, they must decide to again do nothing but wait in their room, see entry 6, or investigate beyond the door to what is out in the hall, see entry 2 on page 6, above, if this is the case.

Entry 3A, Shoot or stab through window: Any relic ballistic or beam weapon, musket ball, or projectile from a compound bow or crossbow will shatter the window, however it will not seem to impact the face beyond as the portal is blown out and the face darts out of view. Peering out, for just a second or two, the characters see a hunched, cloaked figure scampering down the wall with incredible ease and vanishing amid the sandstorm which once more rages outside.

The PCs can either wait in their room, entry 6, or open the door and see what is going on out in the hall, entry 2, page 6.

Entry 4, Rolling initiative:

These creatures are somewhat slow to react to the unexpected, and under these circumstances they roll initiative at -2. If they lose, up to four PCs may fire out from their room at the beings, see Entry 4A, below. If the Critters win the toss, see entry 4B, below.

Entry 4A, Shoot 'em:

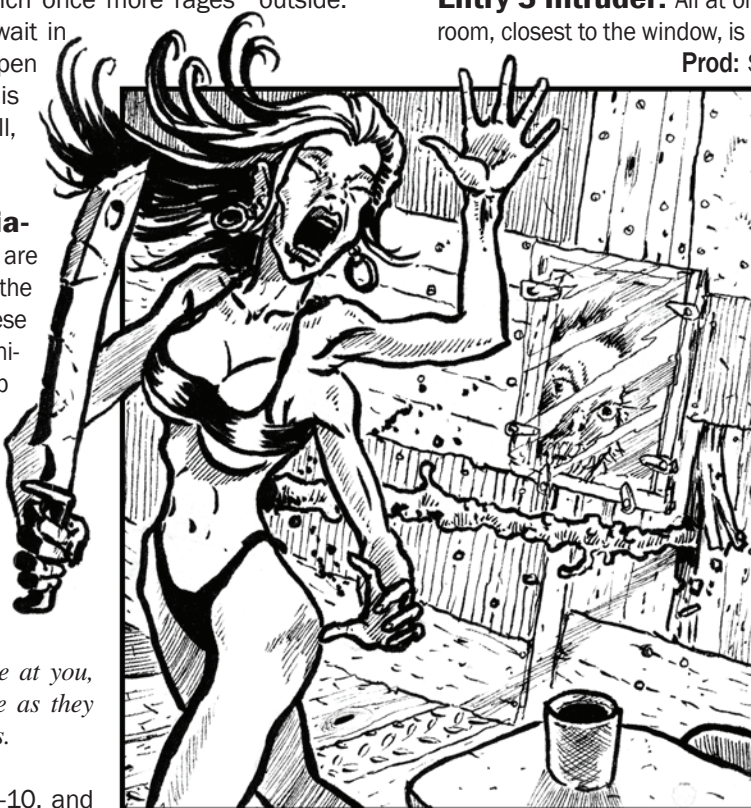
Read to players: *The beasties hiss as they stare at you, and look ready to pounce as they take your incoming rounds.*

GM: The things are DV -10, and each has 23+2d20 Endurance. If not killed in the first round, they do not stick around, see entry 4B, below. If, however, the PCs manage to drop one or both of these things, see entry 4C, below.)

Entry 4B, Stinky: **Read to players:** *They seem to erupt with a hissing sound. Holes along their repulsive torsos open and emit a stream of putrid smelling yellow mist even as these creatures simultaneously leap off their victims and out of sight down the corridor. The gas fills the opening of your room and smells like rotting meat, vomit, and pig droppings all at once.*

GM see entry 8, page 8.

Entry 4C, Dropped: **Read to players:** *The revolting mutants emit a puff of yellowish mist from multiple openings, and*



then begin to sag, their flesh seeming to unfasten from the underlying human skeleton.

A moment later, a door opens from the down the hall and out peers a man in scrap armor, holding a pump shotgun at the ready in shaking hands. "What in da' hell is that thing!?" He declares, opening the door a bit wider to see that whatever your team has dispatched isn't moving. "You kill it?"

Next to your room, on the left side at suite 501, another door opens and out peers a scantily clad woman wrapped in a blanket. Behind her, a huge muscular pure stock also peers out, wide eyed, holding a crossbow in hand. "Whoa," He says. "What a friggin' mess!"

GM: If only one of the critters was slain, and the other fled down the hall, the PCs can give chase, see entry 8, page 8.

Entry 5 Intruder: All at once, the character at the rear of the room, closest to the window, is prodded by something from behind!

Prod: SV 01-60 normally, however as the character is unsuspecting of an attack within the room and from the rear, the first attack attempt is made as SV 01-100, damage on a strike is d6 automatically per round thereafter. The character thus turns and sees the face in the window see entry 3, above on page 6 for the details thereafter.

Entry 6, Do nothing again:

Read to players: *The sucking noise continues, as does the spread of blood. After a few minutes, the sounds stops, there is a faint hiss and then foot falls as a person or group of people walk along the hall, and descend the creaky stairs to the left, leaving this 5th level of the apartment complex. You must decide to either open the door and peer out, (see entry 7, below), otherwise,*

stay put and wait until something else happens, including morning, (see entry 9, page 8).

Entry 7, Opening you door, finally: **Read to players:**

You see the shrivelled remains of a near naked male mutant with gray skin and beside him, a pure stock woman, their bodies torn and punctured, blood pooled about their limp forms. In the hand of the bald mutant man is a nickel plated automatic pistol.

GM: The ancient weapon has 3d6 rounds in its magazine.

If a character steps out, he or she can retrieve the pistol, likewise, characters can either go investigate the hall and stairs leading from this floor, (see entry 10, page 8) or stay where they are and wait for help, (entry 11, page 8).