

# MANDELBROT SET

Deep in the Nevada desert, a military experiment goes haywire and a kaleidoscope of parallel worlds collides. Only FIST can breach the Fractal Zone.



COMPATIBLE WITH

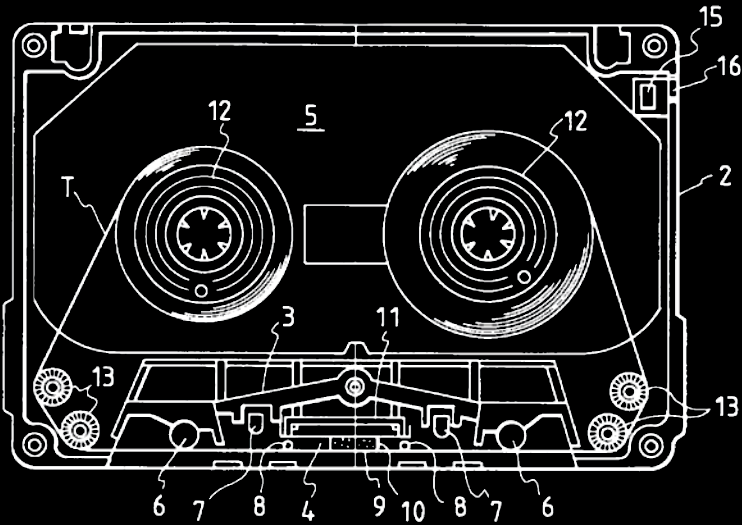
# FIST

INCOMING TRANSMISSION

[STATIC]—is Dr. Onyemaechi Okonkwo, calling from—from Nevada, *our* Nevada, from our world, where the Allies won the war, where there’s no hole in the Moon, where Ancient Rome fell—please, if you can hear me, we need help. My coworkers and I—there are seven of us left alive—we were caught in an accident. The Transdimensional Resonator—my God, how could we have ever known it’d end up like this—[STATIC WORSENS]

[GUNFIRE]—didn’t know who else to call. The Army wants to come in here and stabilize the thing, quarantine us, kill anyone who leaves—damned fools, prattling on about the “endless tactical applications of alternative histories.” We need to be *evacuated*, and then we need to *destroy* it. It isn’t behaving like a *machine*—[AUDIO CUTS]

[AUDIO RESUMES, WARPED AND LAYERED]—seven of us. Okonkwo, Janssen, Wong, Walsh, de Fatima, Lewandowski, and Crane. We can pay. We can pay *handsomely*, if we all chip in—please, we need help. *We need FIST.* [FEEDBACK, AUDIO ENDS]



► Just Dropped In — Kenny Rogers & the First Edition



LINCOLN COUNTY, NEVADA - 0300 HOURS  
APPROACHING THE FRACTAL ZONE

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT...

F-KIT'S GOING **CRAZY**, THOUGH.  
WE'RE SIXTY SECONDS OUT FROM  
THE BOUNDARY, SO BUCKLE YOUR  
SEATBELTS AND CHECK YOUR--

THE HELL...?

BOGEY COMING IN  
AT 12 O'CLOCK!

LOOKS LIKE A...

...LIKE A GODDAMN  
FLYING MONKEY...!

SHIT! THING PULLED A HARD LEFT -- **LOST IT.**

**THUNK**

YOU GOT A VISUAL  
BACK THERE?

YEAH, MOON, I'VE GOT A **VISUAL...**

I'M LOOKING IT  
**RIGHT IN THE EYE...**

**SCREEEEK**

...AND IT'S TRYING TO GET INSIDE!



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Content notes

War, oppression, racist factions, drug use,  
cults, self-harm/suicide, torture, body/cosmic/  
psychological/medical horror, conspiracies, unreality,  
and animal harm, in a camp sci-fi style

Special thanks

iammucow  
Thomas Karl Wetherby  
The FIST Discord server

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INTRODUCTION

MANDELBROT SET is a campaign kit for **FIST: Ultra Edition**, designed to be used alongside the core rules. The campaign kit revolves around a scientific disaster: when a military experiment goes wrong, a sizable area of rural Nevada is turned into a shifting amalgamation of parallel universes dubbed the Fractal Zone. The project’s lead scientist, trapped within his own experiment, has contacted FIST for help. The players have three objectives:

- Infiltrate the Fractal Zone.
- Rescue Dr. Okonkwo and the other survivors from the Facility at its center.
- Destroy the Transdimensional Resonator to collapse the Zone before the Army makes matters worse in a misguided attempt to control the fallout.

This book provides maps, locations, characters, enemies, traits, and items your play group can use to assemble their own version of MANDELBROT SET. This book is also designed with reusability in mind: the “multiverse” theme is a vehicle to for us to cover a wide array of stats and situations for running your own FIST campaigns. Think of this as an adventure with a bestiary and traits supplement hidden inside.

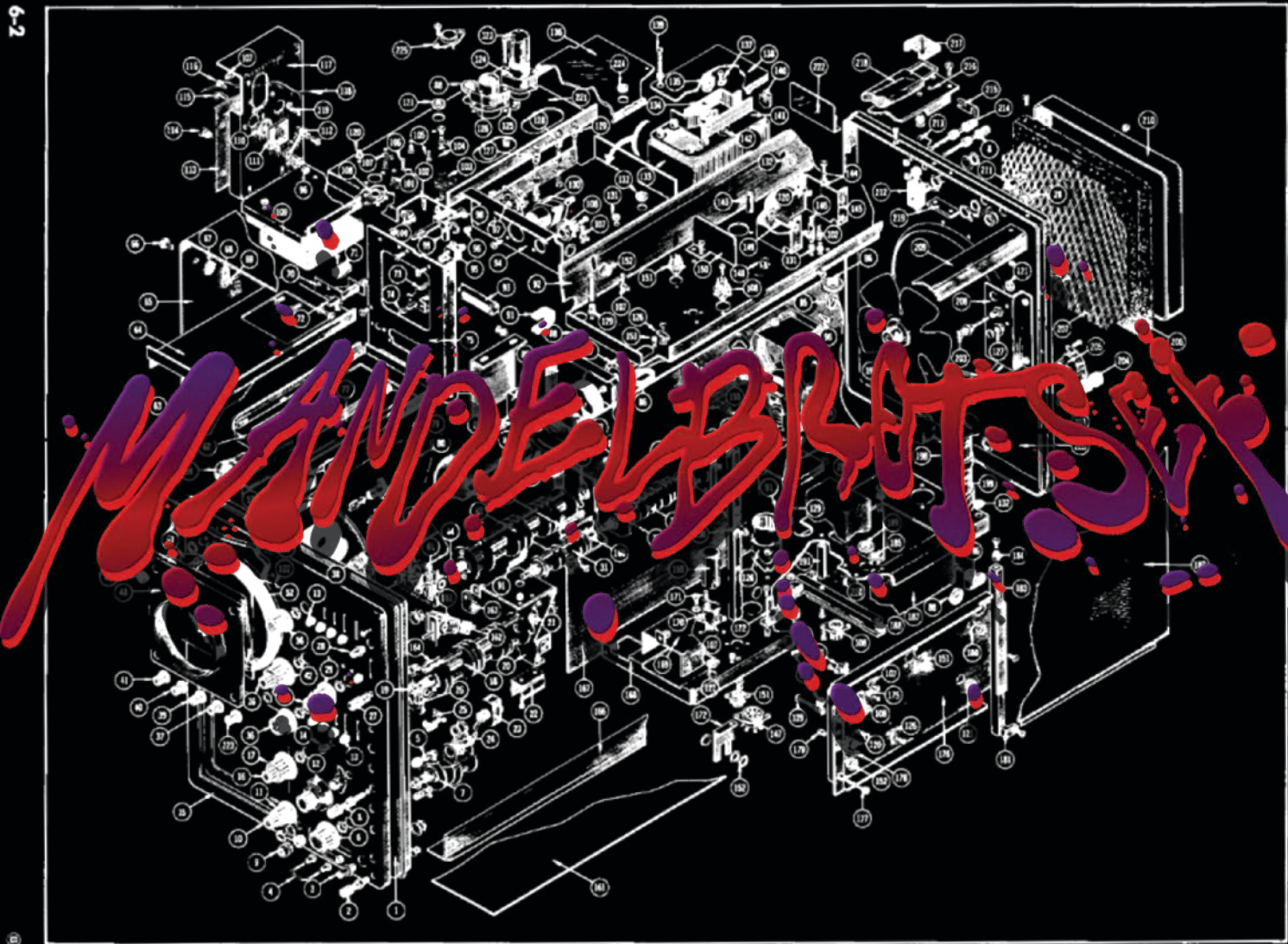
If you play MANDELBROT SET as presented here, you’ll do several randomized “runs” of the same mission:

1. Players go on a hexcrawl through the Fractal Zone and have encounters between points of interest.
2. Players infiltrate a small, secure building in the center called Facility Zero, exploring a handful of rooms outfitted with opportunities and hazards.
3. NPCs inside the Facility act upon their own agendas; FIST must find them and take care of them as they pursue their primary objective.
4. When FIST finds their extraction target, he may have been replaced by a parallel variant.
5. The players must defeat the final boss: a sentient machine who spawns a chimeric combatant.
6. The players must escape the collapsing Zone. When they reach the edge, accompanying NPCs are rescued and FIST begins a new “run.”

MANDELBROT SET is aimed at new players with fresh characters, as well as those who’ve advanced a few times and are looking for something more complex. We hope you find what you’re looking for in the Zone.

- CLAYMORE

6-2



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# ASSEMBLY PROTOCOL

To assemble a campaign with **MANDELBROT SET**, start by procuring a **campaign sheet** (p. 67). The campaign sheet functions like a character sheet, and can be used to keep track of variables and plot points throughout the module. By rolling some dice, you can fill out the sheet and automate the process of constructing each mission (of course, you can always hand-pick the components of your missions or make your own instead, if that's more your speed). Remixed mission ideas which deviate from the original premise are listed as **alternative assemblies** (p. 71).

## 1. ROLL OR CHOOSE THREE OUTPOSTS.

The map of the Fractal Zone (p. 5) shows three outposts: Alpha, Beta, and Gamma. Roll 3D66 or choose three from the **outpost index** (p. 9), and fill in their names and page numbers on your campaign sheet.

**Outposts** are packages of characters, items, and set dressings that can be slotted into the hexmap. Each outpost is centered in a single hex, and surrounded by six hexes which make up its alert radius.

When the players enter an outpost's **alert radius**, whatever resides there becomes narratively active, prompting the players to go stealth, make themselves known, or pursue some alternative strategy.

The outposts are tethered to our reality by crystals called **Zone anchors**. Destroying one of these crystals weakens the final boss, but also turns all seven hexes of its outpost into Wyrld hexes, areas of causal instability.

## 2. CONSTRUCT FACILITY ZERO.

The map of Facility Zero (p. 42) shows the layout of FIST's destination, a military installation in the Nevada desert. Roll once on the **GOOD NEWS** and **BAD NEWS** tables (p. 43) for each room, then record the results on your campaign sheet. Some **NEWS** table results include Facility Zero staff in need of help. The player materials sheet includes a checklist to keep track of which staff members FIST has successfully extracted from the Zone.

Facility Zero has multiple doors. Roll 1D6 for each one—if it's even, the door is unlocked. If it's odd, the door is locked by a magnetic deadbolt and requires a Facility Zero keycard to open. The prime version of Dr. Okonkwo has a Facility Zero keycard, but if your players are looking for one, they can be stolen from guards and found tucked away in some rooms.

## 3. CONSULT THE SUPERPOSITION TABLE.

Doctor Onyemaechi Okonkwo, lead scientist of the Transdimensional Resonator Project, sent a distress call to FIST and needs to be rescued. Unfortunately, he has become entangled with five other versions of himself, and they are all swapping places.

Roll 1D6 on the Superposition Table (p. 49), and note the result on your campaign sheet. This is the version of Okonkwo the players will actually meet at the Facility's heart.

## 4. DISTRIBUTE MISSION MATERIALS.

Print or electronically copy the remaining mission materials (p. 68-70) and distribute them to your players. Ask the players if they have any questions, and take a moment to discuss the new mechanics. If you're short on time to play, you may wish to offer fractal traits (p. 57) to the players as an expansion to the core trait set instead of as random drops.

## 5. GIVE THE PLAYERS A BRIEFING.

Cover each item listed under "Tell the players now..." and decide how many missions to play.

If your FIST game includes some ref-controlled commanding officer, roleplay a briefing scene. If it's just the players, ask them how their characters learned each piece of info. "Let them find out later..." is for referee eyes only.

## 6. TELL THE PLAYERS NOW...

1. **A horrible disaster** has trapped an Army scientist, **DR. OKONKWO**, inside his own experiment. He has offered FIST **monetary compensation for his rescue**.
2. **Six other members of the staff at FACILITY ZERO are still alive as well**, and the Army is killing anyone who tries to leave.
3. **The stretch of desert where Facility Zero is located has been warped and corrupted by the explosion**, creating several pockets of alternate realities separated by living hedgerows of *unreality* where space and time turn inside out. This **dangerous region of cosmos-splintering fallout** is called the **FRACTAL ZONE**.
4. **Being inside the Fractal Zone is dangerous**, so one FIST operative will be outfitted with a measurement device called the **F-KIT** (p. 30). Each time the team enters a new hex while traversing the map of the Zone, this operative should record the team's **fractal corruption units** and report their reading to the table. **6 FCUs**, the highest reading possible, indicates **maximum corruption**.
5. **Completing this job will take multiple randomly generated missions linked together as a campaign** (decide now with the players how many missions your campaign should last—we suggest six). FIST's objective is to **infiltrate the Fractal Zone, destroy the TRANSDIMENSIONAL RESONATOR, and evacuate all of the survivors from Facility Zero before said destruction of the Resonator causes the entire Zone to collapse**.
6. **Good luck**, and stay frosty.

## LET THEM FIND OUT LATER...

1. **DR. OKONKWO was at the epicenter of the disaster**, and has become **badly entangled with five parallel versions of himself**.
2. **By the time FIST arrives, the situation has spiraled out of control**. There is little military presence, and the remaining survivors face a **shifting landscape of TRANSDIMENSIONAL TERRORS**.
3. **The spots where spacetime fully breaks down are called THE WYRD**, an emanation of the incoherent nightmare soup in which the whole of the multiverse floats. **HOLY DIVER, a castaway CRO who calls the Wyrld home, lurks within the Fractal Zone**, armed with baneful fourth-dimensional magic.
4. **At maximum corruption, the players will begin to develop FRACTAL TRAITS**. These otherworldly powers warp the body and twist the mind, offering great power with a cost, and lasting only until FIST has exfiltrated the Zone.
5. **FIST will have an opportunity to shut down the Resonator at the end of the first mission**, but doing so **sends them back in time to relive an alternate sequence of events, even if they escape the Fractal Zone in time**. The many dimensions of the Zone are being **intentionally held together by a rogue AI called OGHMA**. OGHMA is chaining together a collection of universes, and **FIST must neutralize each Resonator across multiple missions**. Destroying the **ZONE ANCHORS** in each outpost **will weaken OGHMA in advance**.
6. **Luck is subjective** when flipped coins land on both sides.





**EXCURSION** (6 MAX HP)  
**ROLE:** SCHOLAR (learn how exotic radiation affects the body)  
**ARMOR:** 0      **WAR DICE:** 0  
**FRC:** +1      **TAC:** 0  
**CRE:** -1      **RFX:** 0

**TRAITS**  
EXPERT, HAZARD

**INVENTORY**  
- *Hazmatology* textbook (answer any field-related question, one use)  
- *Customized* gas mask (ignore breathing-based DAMAGE)  
- *Makarov* pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)

EXCURSION is a molecular biology whiz kid and walking encyclopedia regarding obscure and novel forms of radiation. His ultrahuman resistance to hazardous materials was gained following the excavation of a wish-granting artifact while mapping a similar but less volatile zone in the Estonian SSR.

**INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT**  
[COMPUTERS BEEPING, HISSING BREATHS] You Americans are very... eh... “foolhardy,” I think this is the word. You do not think before you act. You probably did not consider the logistics of creating an exclusion zone before the need arose! What if something were to escape? [AUDIO ENDS]



**STARLIGHT** (6 MAX HP)  
**ROLE:** WANDERER (banished from intl. ninja clan post-coup)  
**ARMOR:** 0      **WAR DICE:** 3  
**FRC:** 0      **TAC:** 0  
**CRE:** +1      **RFX:** +1

**TRAITS**  
NINJA, WITCH

**INVENTORY**  
- *Ancient* ninja weapon (six uses)  
- *Star-shaped* charm (ignore death and fully heal, consumable)

STARLIGHT was chosen to breach the Zone for two reasons: 1. her incredible affinity for unreality as shown by her mastery of the Outer Tongue, and 2. it being potentially the only place on Earth where she won’t be harassed by elite wizard hit squads loyal to the nefarious sorcerer ██████████.

**INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT**  
[BROODING RASP] Parallel worlds? Yeah, I know a bit about those. I’m in my own parallel world. The shadows. You wouldn’t believe the things I’ve seen. Glittering vistas in the fifth corners of squares. Eldritch watchers, pernicious and vile beyond conception. Forbidden knowledge in antediluvian tongues. It’s enough to bring most witches to their knees, and it follows me... always. [AUDIO ENDS]



**WAVELENGTH** (10 MAX HP)  
**ROLE:** AMNESIAC (woke up in a triage tent outside the Zone)  
**ARMOR:** 0      **WAR DICE:** 0  
**FRC:** 0      **TAC:** 0  
**CRE:** 0      **RFX:** 0

**TRAITS**  
BUDDY, RADIOACTIVE

**INVENTORY**  
- *Paraffin wax* treated bandages (accessory)  
- *Tropic Lightning dogtags* (matches Faraday’s)

WAVELENGTH stumbled out of the Zone mere seconds after the initial breach event, claiming to be the only survivor of a previous exploration mission before collapsing in the dirt. We were unable to line up an interview; they only speak to Faraday, who they insistently identify as their best friend and ‘Nam buddy, Sgt. ████████. The attached transcript is of a tape liberated from a mobile hospital at the Zone’s border.

**INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT**  
[HEARTBEAT MONITOR SPEEDING UP] -something like acute radiation syndrome. Subject is incapacitated without insulation. It’s strange, the decay seems to happen in a kind of “loop”- [WHIRRING, TAPE DISTORTION] -dangerous to us, yet may be the very thing keeping them alive. [AUDIO ENDS]



**FARADAY** (6 MAX HP)  
**ROLE:** MERCENARY (save the whole staff to maximize paycheck)  
**ARMOR:** 0      **WAR DICE:** 0  
**FRC:** +2      **TAC:** 0  
**CRE:** -1      **RFX:** 0

**TRAITS**  
BUDDY, GROUND

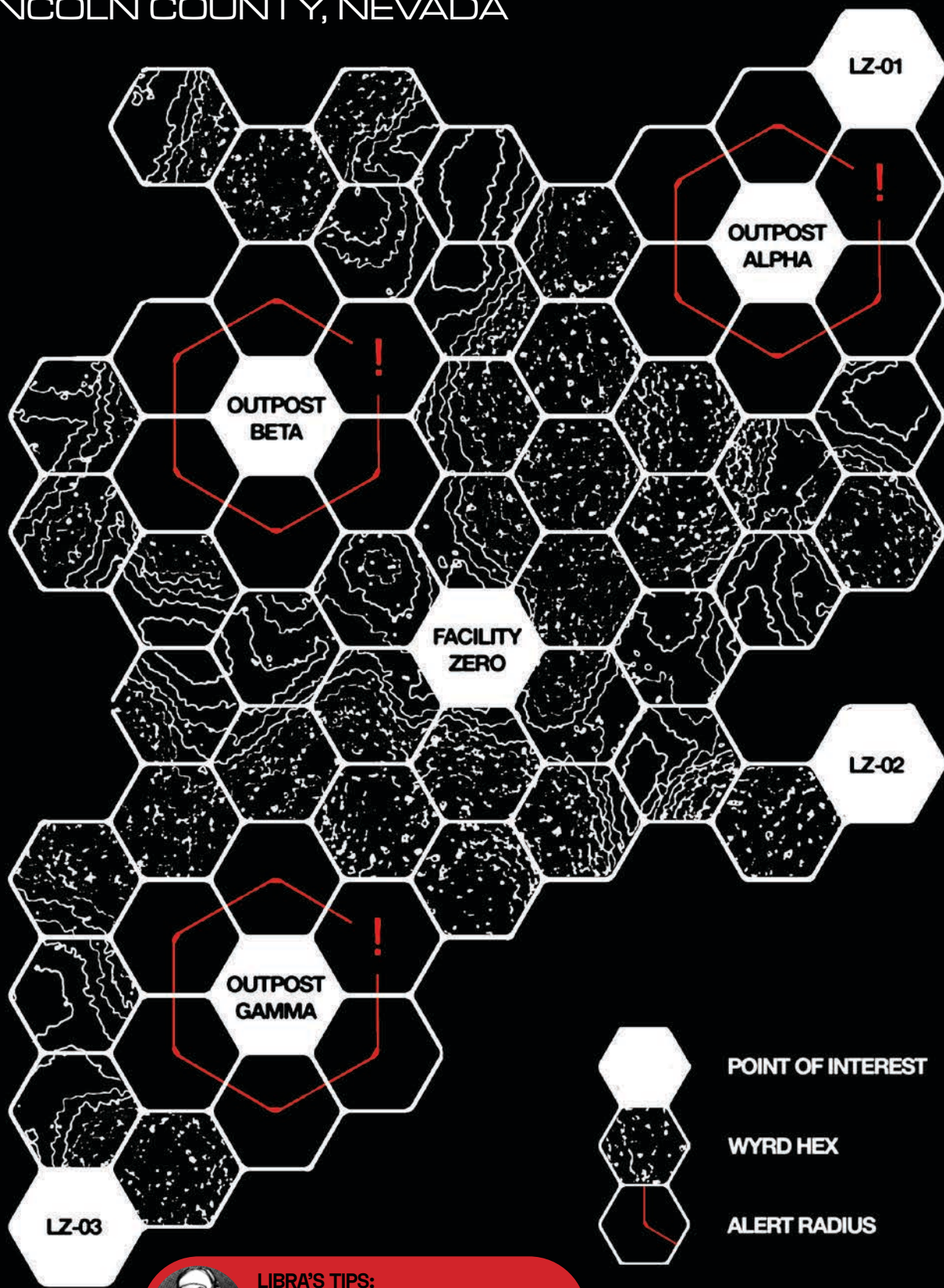
**INVENTORY**  
- *SPAS-12* pump-action shotgun (1D6+1 DAMAGE)  
- *Police* riot shield (1 ARMOR, equip as weapon)  
- *Tropic Lightning dogtags* (matches Wavelength’s)

FARADAY is a soldier of fortune from Boston previously employed by the CMA, then the Sandinistas, then the major industrial conglomerate Hartmann-Tendo. FIST snagged him for this op by showing him a photo of Janssen’s Rolls-Royce.

**INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT**  
[SPEAKER VERY CLOSE TO MIC] Yeah, buddy, I’ve worked with FIST before, I know the drill. Listen to me: I don’t care about egghead shit. I don’t wanna hear a two-hour spiel about politics that doesn’t make any damn sense. I don’t believe in magic. Or ghosts. Or aliens. I don’t wanna give a bug-eyed monster a friggin’ hug. I want money. I wanna get P-A-I-D “paid.” I’m here for the cash. Capisce? [AUDIO ENDS]



# LINCOLN COUNTY, NEVADA



## LIBRA'S TIPS:

*"If you need to measure in specific distances, treat each hex as 1/2 mile. Vehicles may come in handy!"*

## Zone overview

In the recent past, there was nothing here but a yawning stretch of unassuming desert—now, this place is a patchwork dreamscape of countless realities, a sinkhole in the fabric of spacetime with the malfunctioning Resonator at its center. With the entire area of operation blanketed by an anomalous electromagnetic field, FIST will have no choice but to use one of three landing zones where weak points in the field have been identified: LZs 01, 02, and 03.

Four additional points of interest are marked on the map: three outposts, pockets of coherency where the Zone settles upon a single reality, and Facility Zero, where the Resonator is located.

Each outpost is comprised of a center hex, where the majority of the outpost's denizens and structures are located. Six hexes make up each outpost's alert radius, a sparsely populated surrounding area observed by the outpost.

Between the landing zone, outposts, and Facility Zero is the Wyrd, an unpredictable hedgerow of volatile fractal energy. FIST must push through the Wyrd, dealing with any outposts they pass along the way, to reach the Facility, rescue the staff, and destroy the Transdimensional Resonator.

## Zone traversal

**FIST begins in a landing zone of their choice**, ferried by a helicopter pilot codenamed AQUARIUS MOON. Before the team stands a wall of swirling images and refracted light, the boundary of the Fractal Zone. Helicopter blades disturb cool desert air, and combat boots touch down on moonlit sand. **Once FIST has left their LZ, they cannot return to any LZ hex**—entering the Zone is a one-way trip.

**When FIST enters a new hex,** the referee should determine what resides there and set the scene. When the players have resolved the scene in some way—sneaking, fighting, running, etc.—the referee should ask which direction they’re headed. FIST moves to this new hex, and the process repeats.

## The Wyrd (p. 30)

**When FIST enters a Wyrd hex,** ask whoever has the F-KIT to report their reading to the table. Use this number to summon an encounter or event, cloaked by the mind-bending existential overgrowth.

### Outposts (p. 9) and alert radii

Islands of coherency exist within the Fractal Zone, but coherency does not guarantee safety. Each outpost and its alert radius are fragments of alternate universes, filled with treasures and tragedies alike. **When FIST enters an alert radius**, the referee should start painting the scene at this outpost—sights, sounds, smells, feelings of loneliness or of being watched, imminent dangers and sparkling opportunities just beyond the horizon—but keep things simple. Sprinkle the alert radius with enemies and non-player characters who are not yet aware of FIST's presence. Give the players space to set up a game plan, then challenge their plan as they move through the alert radius.

**When FIST enters the center hex of an outpost,** use everything from its entry in the outpost index. The meat, the hooks, the inciting incidents, all of them take place at the center. A cunning referee will present the center of an outpost as both particularly dangerous and especially enticing.

Each outpost contains a Zone anchor which can be untethered from the Zone, replacing that outpost with seven Wyrd hexes.

## Fractal traits (p. 57)

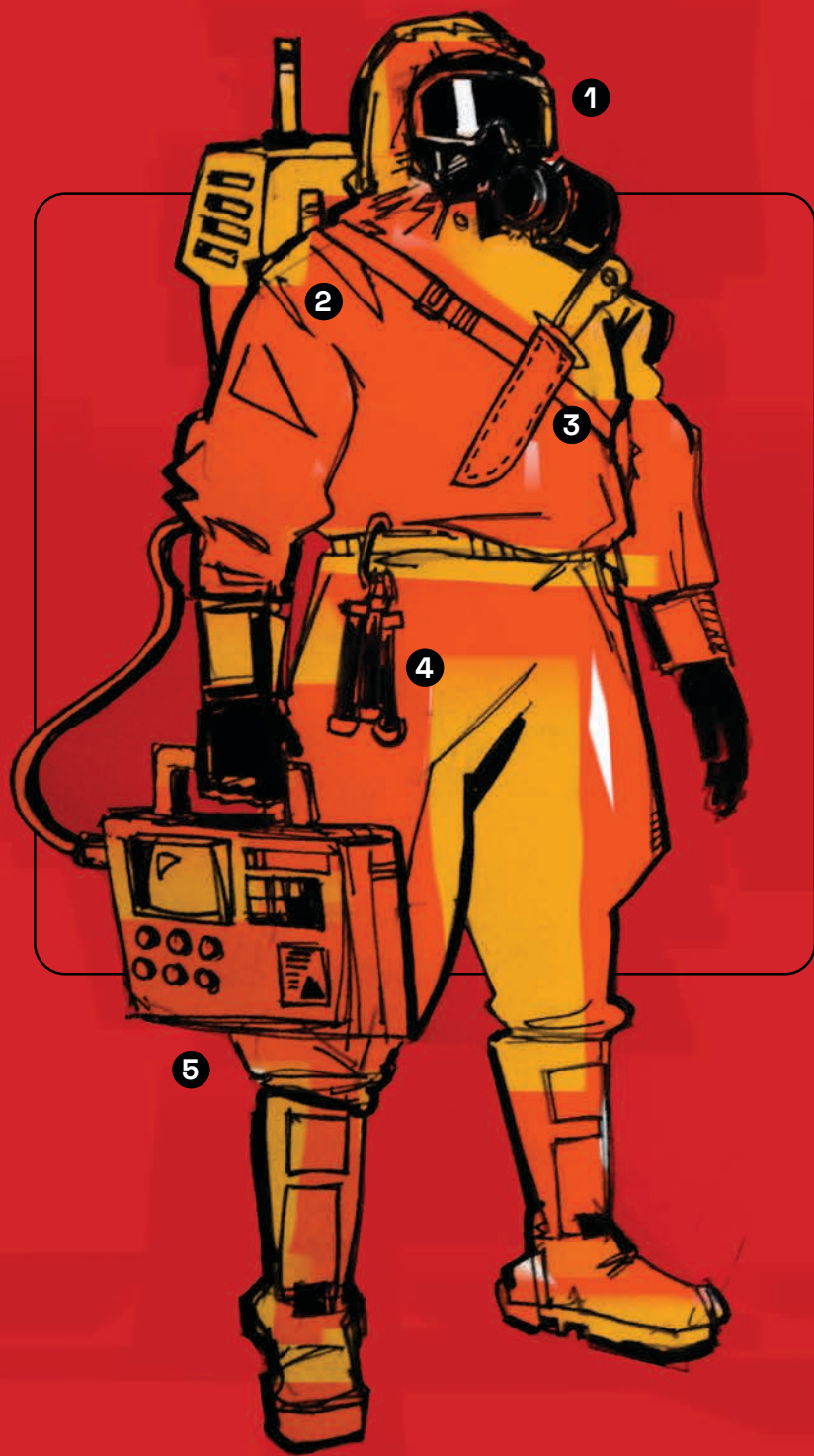
**When FIST enters a new hex and has accrued maximum corruption (6 FCUs),** the player nearest to death must roll D66 and take a random fractal trait (if it's unclear who's nearest to death, let the referee decide). Fractal traits disappear at the end of each mission as the Zone collapses, unless you find a way to keep them.

## The loop

This campaign kit uses an unusual sort of time loop to narratively justify its randomized and repeatable structure. Consider the following:

- Our universe is one sheet of paper in this stack.
- This ballpoint pen in my hand is the Resonator. By generating an obscene amount of energy and managing several impossible calculations, we can—*punch* a pathway from our world to many others.
- OGHMA is crumpling all the paper around the pen into a spacetime ball—thus, weird Zone physics. Things connect that shouldn't, paths double back.
- This causes the operatives to experience several parallel versions of one day in linear sequence.
- To flatten the crumpled stack, the Resonator—this pen—must be removed from every sheet. *Voilà*.





**Zone equipment**  
The Fractal Zone is rife with environmental hazards. This FIST operative is well-prepared for navigating the Zone’s alien expanse, handling exotic materials, and surviving sudden attacks by exocosmic entites. Some of these items may be available during character creation or in storage from previous missions; others can be found in the Zone:

- 1. **GAS MASK:** PPE is essential. Subregions of the Zone manifest toxic atmospheres. Contaminants like ice-nine, necrotic rain, and fear drinker toxin have deleterious effects on most operatives’ biology, and mucous membranes are ever vulnerable.
- 2. **HAZMAT SUIT:** For further protection, consider a hazmat suit. Exposed skin can be the death of even the most seasoned mercenaries.
- 3. **KNIFE:** Guns are flashy, but nothing beats a knife when you’re cleaving through malicious foliage. An easy-to-reach knife is also your first and best line of defense against close-quarters assailants and animal encounters.
- 4. **GLOW STICKS:** Subterranean structures and solar anomalies necessitate the use of personal light sources. Low visibility is a frequent impediment to Zone operations. So is non-Euclidean space.
- 5. **F-KIT:** Listen closely. The F-KIT is your best friend. By extension, whoever’s carrying the F-KIT is your best friend. Keep them alive at all costs, keep the machine in working order, and keep your FCUs low, because fractal corruption is no joke—you ever see metal sprout from a man’s bones? For more information about the F-KIT, flip to p. 30.

**Note that the team’s FCUs (fractal corruption units) begin at 0.** Exposure to the Wyrd raises fractal corruption, unlocking more dangerous random encounters and hazards. Maximum corruption (6 FCUs) unpredictably changes the body. **Should the team split and regroup, FCUs are averaged and rounded down.**

**Zone insertion**  
Things go into the Zone via select weak points in its shimmering perimeter. Excepting extraordinary circumstances, they do not come out. This applies to matter and energy alike—FIST can get transmissions from outside the Zone, but responses, tracking data, backup requests, etc. cannot be relayed. While it’s technically possible that an observer outside the Zone could receive *your* outgoing message, all RF bands are contaminated with *every possible variant of every possible outgoing message*, reducing nearly all signals, no matter how strong, to noise.

This presents a handful of problems. FIST’s handler(s) outside the Zone have no way to know when an operative has died, and thus no way to emergency insert fresh mercs when currently active ones die. Consider consulting this table to inspire the backstory or justify the presence of new operatives:

FRACTAL ZONE EMERGENCY INSERTIONS (1D6):

- 1. Alternate version of recently dead character
- 2. Civilian trespasser out of their depth
- 3. Fractal Zone denizen decides to join up
- 4. Miracle emergency insertion—worked anyway
- 5. Operative from a parallel Earth’s version of FIST
- 6. Soldier from slaughtered non-FIST squad

You can also use these tables to flavor and complicate mechanics which *require* outside comms access (e.g. SUPPLY trait, SUPPORT base upgrades, etc.):

FRACTAL ZONE SUPPLY DROPS (1D6):

- 1. Delivered in person by poor sap nameless grunt
- 2. Drop has aged centuries, perishables wrecked
- 3. Equipment just a little bit too alive
- 4. Item severely, dangerously irradiated
- 5. Not the thing you wanted at all
- 6. Requested item arrives in triplicate

FRACTAL ZONE INCOMING TRANSMISSIONS (1D6):

- 1. A lie for each two truths, woven interchangeably
- 2. Eerily clear, but speaker is not what they seem
- 3. Nearly unintelligible due to crosstalk
- 4. Player character calling from outside
- 5. Riddled with subliminal messages
- 6. Unfamiliar handler from an unfamiliar timeline

**Zone extraction**  
So: nothing comes out of the Fractal Zone excepting extraordinary circumstances, and FIST’s mission is to extract several people. It follows that forcing said extraordinary circumstances to come to pass is the only solution. What does this look like in practice?

- **BOUNDARY BREAKS:** Aforementioned “weak points” in the perimeter occur because random noise is clumpy, not uniform. Trying to align an outgoing signal (or, God forbid, your physical body) with a split-second weak point is unreliable and nearly impossible, but—like all impossibilities in the Zone—it can happen. Divination, precognition, and other methods for wresting the causal flow of information from the arrow of time’s control may come in clutch.
- **SPONTANEOUS EVENTS:** On that note, sometimes things that shouldn’t work just do. If you absolutely need to handwave something to make the story work, handwave it. You may have noticed while reading this section that the Fractal Zone operates on an alien and malleable logic. You’re right. Lean into it.
- **ZONE COLLAPSE:** This, of course, is FIST’s primary objective: deactivate or destroy the Resonator to bring about the Zone’s collapse. Collapse happens from the epicenter as exotic spacetime daisy-chain cascades into rebecoming baseline reality. “Riding the wave” on your way out is a surefire way to return to the worldline you came in from. Don’t get too cocky, though. Failure to outrun the shockwave of collapse will result in getting “Zoned”—imprisoned in the extradimensional churn of material that fractal iterations pull from.

**Zone recursion**  
Systems past a certain complexity threshold acquire a living character. The Zone is a system of systems of systems. It lives, it breathes, and it remembers. Consider using this property of the Zone to dispense information about its mechanics diegetically. Players may come across graffiti, notebooks, audio logs, and NPCs who remember multiple incarnations of the Zone and can explain its unusual properties. For some Zone-dwellers, the place has always existed, and our world is simply the latest in a list of realms incurred upon by the Wyrd. Characters who were left behind and subsequently Zoned by a shockwave collapse may reappear again, changed, warped, and aged.



11. ABANDONED GATE (FIGURE 1)

An immense ring of jagged metal half-embedded in the earth seems to have fallen from a great height. Sparks of strange electricity occasionally crackle to life within its circumference, but its original function has been lost. A genius could possibly repair the gate, though it would be useless, transporting curious travelers light-years in seconds only to be deposited at a point in space where a commercial ore hauling station has not yet been built.

Stranded somewhere in the alert radius: the shifty GALACTIC CRIMINAL and the THING FROM THE STARS. Also in the alert radius: a violent scattering of smoking exotic material, plus a mangled but salvageable hoverbike equipped with dual automatic plasma cannons (6 HP, 1 ARMOR, 1D6+1 DAMAGE), discarded, buried nose down in the moon-bathed sand.

GALACTIC CRIMINAL (4 HP)

- Larikian Beamshot 202 pseudokinetic cold-action blaster rifle (1D6+2 DAMAGE, ignores armor made of organic materials)
- Larikian Ultrasilencer (collectible, p. 65)
- Thermal goggles (see heat signatures)
- Stolen metals (extremely valuable)
- Sandblasted shawl, stolen ID (belongs to one "Mexus Greep")

**WANTED:** The wanted alien flees if they believe the characters are local authority figures. If interrogated, the criminal will allude to some vague breach of "pangalactic celebrity facsimile law," an obvious lie.

THING FROM THE STARS (3 HP)

- Stinging tendrils (1D6 DAMAGE, sting causes temporary paralysis which dissipates when an afflicted person absorbs large amounts of light)
- Shielded eyes, helium float-sacs

**HUNGER:** The thing becomes more docile at night, when it can feed on nascent starlight.

*ZONE ANCHOR (10 HP): Hexagonal crystal structure, floating, about the size of a vertical bus. Located in the NE alert radius. Its light attracts the thing.*

12. AMERIKAN TOWNSHIP

A quintessential Southwestern town, situated along a highway that runs westward, can be found at the outpost's center. The police station and town hall both fly three flags: American, Nevadan, and National Socialist. In this timeline, the Axis won World War 2, and large swaths of the United States have fallen under Nazi control. Despite the change in governance, day-to-day activities continue unabated: farmers buy feed, teachers teach schoolchildren, and police secure the streets. Eager to get on the Germans' good side, the townsfolk can and will report FIST's arrival to the Schutzstaffel, who are practically everywhere (2D6 GESTAPO OFFICERS patrol each hex).

GESTAPO OFFICER (3 HP, CHOKE 4: Arrogant misstep)

- StG 44 assault rifle with Vampir night-vision sight (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ACCURATE)
- Mauser C96 pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
- **3-in-1D6:** Stahlhelm helmet (1 ARMOR, accessory)
- SS uniform with US flag patch or clean civilian clothes

**RALLY:** Nazi officers recognize FIST by name—in this timeline, FIST is one of many resistance cells which oppose the Global Reich. Once a Gestapo officer has confirmed that the unfamiliar armed visitors are associated with FIST, they will rally an additional 1D6 Gestapo officers to the hex, along with one random Wyrd encounter wearing a titanium Nazi mind control collar (3 HP, accessory, collectible, p. 65).

NAZI SCIENTIST (2 HP, CHOKE 2: Sputter and beg)

- Half-finished directed-energy crystal rifle (1D6 DAMAGE, ELECTRIFIED, UNSTABLE)
- Sharpened chisel (3 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING)
- Howie labcoat, sinister goggles, rubber gloves

**WUNDERWAFFE:** Slimeball geeks chip away at the anchor, weaponizing the chunks they steal.

*ZONE ANCHOR (8 HP): Cubic crystal system, growing from the ground in the center hex, about the size of a tree. The anchor is cordoned off with a ten-foot barbed wire fence, guarded by five stalwart GESTAPO OFFICERS and manned by seven NAZI SCIENTISTS.*

13. ANTEDILUVIAN ORTHOSTAT (FIGURE 2)

Shrouded in the thick, wet fog which blankets this outpost's alert radius, four ATLANTEAN SCOUTS patrol the area, protecting the orthostat. In each hex of the alert radius, there are 1D6 DIRT EELS foraging for algae. Those who approach the pillar of coral have their senses overwhelmed by the smell of salty air and the sound of crashing waves. Upon closer examination, this standing stone seems to be made of finely porous, subtly multicolored coral. Breaking off a chunk and consuming it causes half-formed gills to sprout from the neck. Freshly-gilled individuals are immune to breathing-based damage such as drowning, suffocation, or gas; however, the gills eventually rot off after moving through 1D6 hexes, leaving behind an uncomfortable sore (1 DAMAGE).

ATLANTEAN SCOUT (4 HP)

- Harpoon rifle (1D6+2 DAMAGE)
- Water-breathing exosuit (2 ARMOR, H<sub>2</sub>O tank)
- Anti-oxygen grenade (remove oxygen from 10 ft. radius, consumable)
- Alkahest syringe (+2 DAMAGE on next attack, consumable)
- Seashell jewelry, tattered cape

**XENOPHOBIC:** These humanoid water-breathing reconnaissance troopers have been ordered by Atlantis High Command to destroy everything in the Zone. The imperialist Atlanteans fear and despise land-dwellers, and can be easily tricked into viewing them as eldritch monsters.

DIRT EEL (3 HP)

- Rows of teeth (1 DAMAGE)
- Bioluminescent eyes, slick jade skin, vestigial legs

**LATCH:** Fast and vicious like a rattlesnake, these air-breathing eels latch onto prey with a nearly unbreakable grip. For every dirt eel latched on to someone, they take -1 on REFLEXIVE rolls. Getting a dirt eel off of you is certainly not impossible, but is too time-consuming to be done properly in the middle of combat—eels which are ripped off haphazardly tend to take some flesh with them (1 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING).

*ZONE ANCHOR (9 HP): Cubic crystal system, half-buried in the ground in the southern hex, swarming with 2D6 DIRT EELS.*

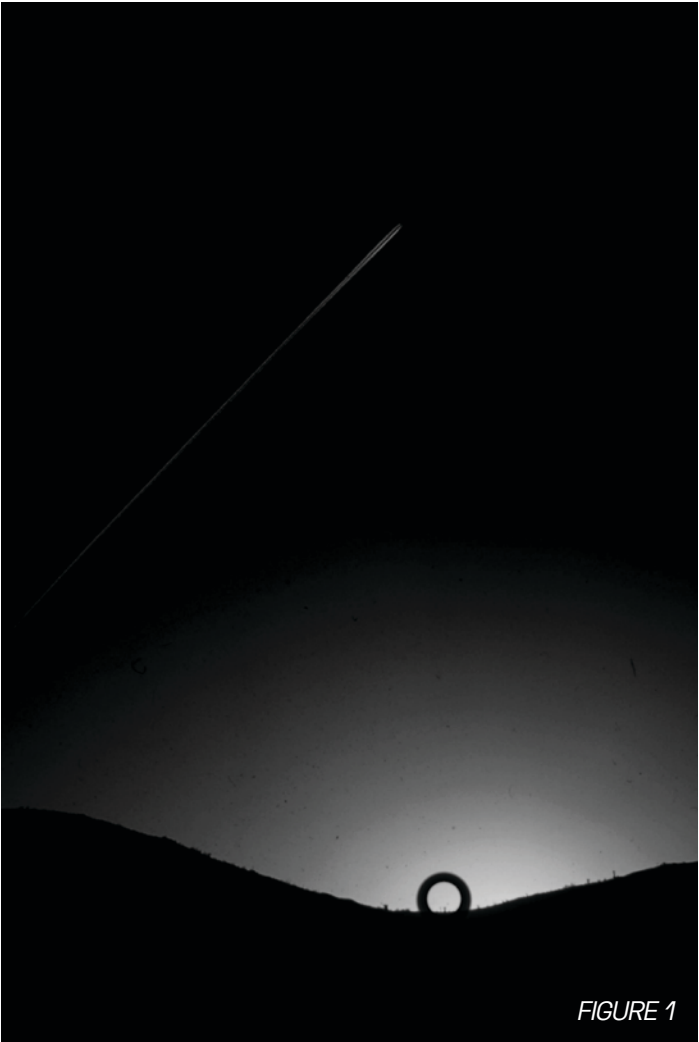


FIGURE 1

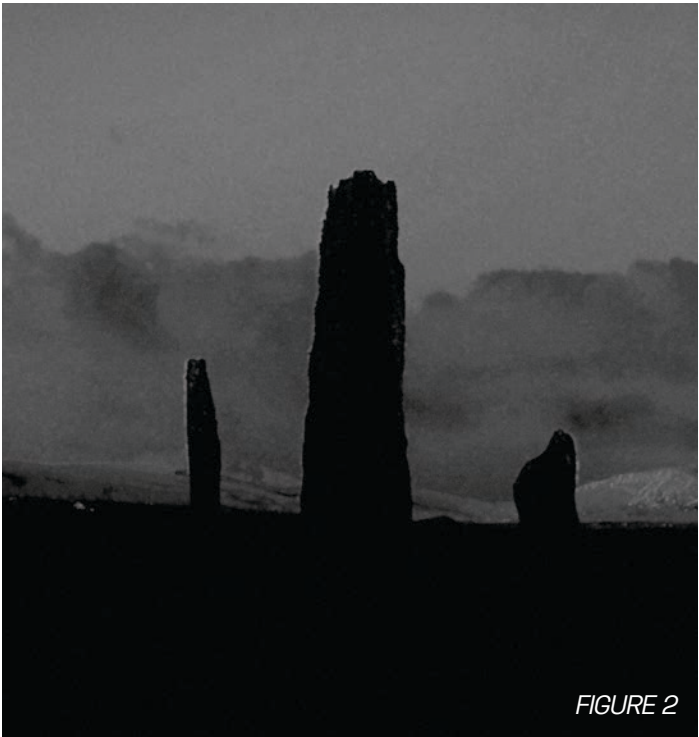


FIGURE 2



14. ARMY BLACK SITE (FIGURE 3)

This outpost is a chunk of baseline Nevada, sans paranormal elements. A barbed wire fence, tightly patrolled by six pairs of BLACK SITE GUARDS, follows the perimeter of the center hex. Each corner of the center hex is equipped with a tall guard tower manned by an ELITE CIA SNIPER with a one-hex engagement range. There is a single entrance on the southern side: a gate with a key code (1612) and a sign which reads “MAXIMUM SECURITY.”

Inside the fence is a building divided into three sections: the barracks (where the soldiers eat and sleep), the detainment block (where prisoners from alternate but essentially identical universes are held), and the research lab (where three ZONE RESEARCHERS are prodding at the zone anchor). Each section has six BLACK SITE GUARDS assigned to it, and all of them are familiar with incredible violence.

BLACK SITE GUARD (3 HP)

- MP5K submachine gun (1D6 DAMAGE, flashlight attachment)
- Disposable silencer (attach to any gun, one use)
- Ontario MK 3 Navy knife (1D6 DAMAGE)
- PASGT vest (1 ARMOR)
- PASGT helmet (1 ARMOR, accessory)
- Dumb as rocks

**DESENSITIZED:** The guards at this unnamed black site have spent years watching their coworkers torture innocent fugitives from parallel worlds for information that serves no tactical purpose. Acclimated to violence, they deal +1 DAMAGE to characters who are already injured.

ELITE CIA SNIPER (6 HP)

- M24 sniper rifle (1D6+2 DAMAGE, silenced)
- Bucket hat (accessory)
- Night-vision goggles (see at night)
- 6 glow sticks (illuminate an area, one use)
- Black fatigues, graying stubble

**DENY:** These seasoned snipers aim to repel intruders, and they are not messing around. Any character who rolls a failure during active combat and is within range of an elite CIA sniper automatically takes damage from them in addition to damage taken from the enemy they’re engaging.

ZONE RESEARCHER (1 HP)

- Crosman 2240 CO<sub>2</sub> pistol (3 DAMAGE)
- White hazmat suit (1 ARMOR)
- Gas mask (ignore breathing-based damage)
- Shaky hands in duct-taped gloves

**DISASTER:** Each zone researcher is oddly unperturbed by the cataclysm happening outside. If interrogated, they will reveal that the military has been making top-secret one-off excursions to other realities for years, and that the Resonator was intended to serve as the cornerstone of a permanent multiversal survey program—a necessity for keeping up with the Russians.

*ZONE ANCHOR (6 HP): Tricyclic crystal system, refrigerator-sized and loaded with wires and equipment, centerpiece of the lab. Unlike other anchors, destroying it does not erase this outpost, because its contents are native to our Nevada.*



FIGURE 3

15. BLACK LIGHT DISTRICT

At the heart of the city, the Red Queen Lounge & Casino winks marquee lights and outshines other establishments. A clandestine joint operates out of the Red Queen: a kingpin known as THE CATERPILLAR derives intoxicating substances from raw emotion, appealing feelings for paying patrons and distilled dread for anyone in debt. The Caterpillar, always accompanied by an escort, is glued to a neck-and-neck croquet match on TV in a private suite upstairs.

THE CATERPILLAR (4 HP, CHOKE 4: Snort some Bravado)

- Snub-nosed revolver (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Glittering powder (2 doses of Bravado, consumable)
- Terrycloth bathrobe

**CURT:** The Caterpillar keeps a cigarette on his lip and doesn’t bother to take his eyes off the screen, despite the slow pace of the game. He offers FIST a proposition—“intimidate” a list of targets, supervised by MAD MARCH. He guarantees their choice of payment, omitting certain details: protection (3-in-1D6 chance Mad March shows up to shake FIST down in each subsequent loop), “artificial intelligence” (a new, untested mixture of curiosity and conceit—an offering to OGHMA), or a full-time position (in the extraction chamber).

MAD MARCH (6 HP)

- Boxing hand wraps (1D6+2 DAMAGE)
- Syringe (6 doses of Tranquility, consumable)
- Black leather bulldog harness
- Replacement head (takes no DAMAGE)

**HENCH:** The Caterpillar’s favorite bouncer looms with crossed arms and an expressionless rabbit’s head on their shoulders. On the boss’s orders, should FIST refuse his lucrative offer or display any valuable emotions (affection, hope, determination, etc.), Mad March will try to seize the team and take them to an extraction chamber.

*ZONE ANCHOR (1 HP): A normal dealer loiters under UV street lights just outside the range of the Red Queen’s bouncers, and complains of slow business. If FIST kills the Caterpillar, the dealer gives them the anchor (a novelty poker chip studded with Swarovski crystals) plus a free hit of their drug of choice.*

16. CHEMICAL HAZE

Thick, red-orange mist blankets this outpost’s alert radius. A battered asphalt road leads to a chain-link fence, half-crumbled into rust and soot. Rays of white and sterile sun periodically peek through the haze and dance across the dead sand and compacted earth, where nothing but lichens grow. The chemical gas is toxic, burning the lungs and irritating the eyes—every time a character that needs to breathe enters a hex within this outpost’s alert radius, they take 2 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING. 1D6 cattle-sized PREY GRUBS gnaw on the chain-link fence and will attack anything that nears them, made paranoid by some UNSEEN PREDATOR.

Determine a random hex in this outpost’s alert radius by rolling 1D6 and counting clockwise from the top. In this hex, FIST can find a partially eaten shipping crate which holds a cache of gas masks, hazmat suits, and glow sticks large enough to outfit the entire team.

PREY GRUB (8 HP)

- Corrosive mandibles (3 DAMAGE)
- Slick, off-white shell (2 ARMOR)
- Chemical haze gland (fills a room with toxic haze when burst, 3 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING, consumable)
- Undulating limbs, curious whistles and clicks

**FERROVORE:** When a prey grub would deal damage to someone holding or wearing an object containing iron, the item is eaten instead. After consuming a metal object, there is a 1-in-1D6 chance all of the prey grubs will stand on their hind legs, fretfully reacting to deep, repetitive vibrations in the earth, then hastily scatter in every direction, disappearing into the haze.

UNSEEN PREDATOR (HP not applicable)

- Rhythmic thrumming, neverending

**FOLLOWER:** FIST cannot directly interact with the unseen predator; however, once it notices them, it will follow them across universes, always stalking, never striking. Until they somehow shake the predator, they cannot heal by resting.

*ZONE ANCHOR (2 HP): Tricyclic crystal structure, apple-sized. Carried in the maw of a PREY GRUB wandering the southwest hex.*



21. CONFEDERATE POST

Two modern-day CONFEDERATE GRUNT units are locked in a tense argument at the base of a wood-and-wire guard tower which seems susceptible to sudden collapse. One ROYAL SPANISH COMMANDO in a C.S. Army truck is driving in odd, loose circles around the Western half of this outpost’s alert radius. Each C.S.A. soldier seems disoriented, confused, and sick from the effects of the Fractal Zone. Some also have alcohol on their breath, though the substance at the tower’s feet that appears to be vomit could also be discarded food.

Next to the guard tower is a dangerous-looking cinderblock hut used to hold supplies. If FIST can make it inside through stealth or force, they’ll find a cache of assault rifles, pistols, knives, and grenades large enough to equip a squad—2D6 of each.

CONFEDERATE GRUNT (3 HP)

- Zastava M70 assault rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
  - Bowie knife (1D6 DAMAGE)
  - Frag grenade (1D6+1 DAMAGE, one use)
  - Gray fatigues, charcoal balaclava
- UNDERFUNDED:** Due to deteriorating inter-state fiscal negotiations, C.S.A. soldiers’ guns jam when they would deal more than 3 DAMAGE.

ROYAL SPANISH COMMANDO (5 HP)

- Campo-Giro de 9mm pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
  - Catholic-decorated dagger (3 DAMAGE, VALUABLE)
  - Jumpsuit, leather jacket (1 ARMOR)
  - Rocket launcher (1D6+2 damage)
  - Empty bourbon bottle
  - Loaded dice
- PROUD:** The commando is a decorated officer of Spanish Tejas, having arrived from the Old World ten years ago to begin a military career in the colonies. They are the heir to their grandfather’s storied pistol, a seasoned duelist with 2D6 notches on their belt, and above all else, they are not some brittle-boned coward. Unwilling to back down from any challenge, they are easily tricked into biting off more than they can chew.

*ZONE ANCHOR (8 HP): Hexagonal crystal structure, filing cabinet-sized. Bouncing around in the ROYAL SPANISH COMMANDO’s truck bed.*

22. CONSTRUCTION SITE (FIGURE 4)

The sound of jackhammers and drills can be heard the moment the characters step into this outpost’s alert radius, louder and louder the closer they approach. THE SITE is staffed by 100 CONSTRUCTION WORKERS that mill about and do their job like it’s any other day. The actual structure is half-covered by tarps and scaffolding, preventing the characters from getting a good look at it. From one angle, it looks like a prison, from another, a museum, and from another, a manor. None of the staff can describe exactly what they’re building. No one feels like they’re really there.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (3 HP)

- Power tool of choice (3 DAMAGE)
  - Hard hat (1 ARMOR, accessory)
  - High-vis vest (good for sneaking into places undercover)
  - Lunchbox (empty)
  - Vacant placidity, smell of sweat
- ORDERS:** The work is neverending, the work is all-consuming, the work is simply too important to stop. FIST is explicitly forbidden from intruding through safety signs and spoken warnings alike. The construction workers become hostile and violent if the characters try to enter the half-built building. It’s not theirs. *Stay out.*

THE SITE (HP not applicable)

- Writhing metal (1D6 DAMAGE)
  - Projectile rivets (1D6 DAMAGE)
  - Mind control waves (commands itself to be built, strong but not irresistible)
  - Blood-red girders, cold concrete
- GROWING:** If the Site is completed, with the help of the characters or not, it will become a permanent door to another world best left unvisited (produces a pristine incomprehensible construct, accessory, **collectible**, p. 64). There is an iron brain at the center of the Site—destroying this organ (6 HP) severs the Site’s power and leaves one hundred people very confused about what they’re doing here.

*ZONE ANCHOR (20 HP): Monoclinic crystal structure, building-sized. Currently being inspected by 1D6 hostile CONSTRUCTION WORKERS in the southeast hex. Some of them reek of blood.*

23. CONVENIENCE STORE (FIGURE 5)

A neon orange sign high above the remote stop reads “OI’ 25.” The convenience store, though taken from another time and place, is entirely mundane. It’s maintained by a sweet old man named BAILEY who knows nothing of the Fractal Zone and happily rings up any purchases the characters decide to make. At the referee’s discretion, the characters hear a motor in the distance as post-apocalyptic marauders break the rim of the outpost’s alert radius, eager to raid the store for supplies. The marauder gang is led by a BUZZER DRIVER, who has a trio of CYCLER LADS hooting and/or hollering in tow.

BAILEY (3 HP, CHOKE 6: Lock down the shop)

- Winchester Model 1200 shotgun (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
  - Disposable lighter (American flag design)
  - Free promotional t-shirt (**collectible**, p. 63)
  - Chore coat, trucker cap, leather glove face
- NO-NONSENSE:** Bailey’s real tired of these punks accosting his honest establishment, and he’s not one to go down easy—even if these new “no-good kids” are a little different than before.

CYCLER LAD (3 HP)

- Scrapyard motorcycle (1D6 DAMAGE upon impact, explodes in a ball of fire)
  - Rusty choppers (3 DAMAGE)
  - Peeling leather jacket (1 ARMOR)
  - Empty juice pouches, neon-dyed hair
- TRICKS:** The Cycler Lads are under the lethally incorrect impression that doing wheelies gives them a tactical advantage in combat.

BUZZER DRIVER (4 HP, ‘Buzzer’ has 8 HP)

- “Buzzer” ramshackle van (8 HP, 1D6+1 DAMAGE)
  - Spiked iron knuckles (3 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING)
  - Road sign armor (1 ARMOR)
  - Water bottle (empty)
  - War mix CD (mostly classic country)
  - Exposed midriff, unnerving Halloween mask
- WARSONG:** If the buzzer driver’s war mix CD stops playing, they will immediately give up.

*ZONE ANCHOR (5 HP): Orthorhombic crystal structure, about 8’ in diameter, slowly rotating at the top of a pole out front. Bailey is astonished to hear about it.*





24. CORPORATE CAVERNS (FIGURE 6)

This outpost is a patch of whistling Nevada desert overseen by a red sun. Nothing moves aboveground, but a small bunker entrance at the outpost’s center leads to a subterranean cavern complex which stretches to the furthest edges of the alert radius. Below the ground, two speciated groups of humans—morlocks and so-called CORPORATE OVERLORDS—share a densely populated city with small pockets of more familiar homo sapiens. Investigation reveals an economic caste system where MORLOCK ORGANIZERS struggle for basic labor rights under crushing debt and inhumane conditions. The air smells of gutter oil; moldy advertisements for products from bygone countries plaster the subway walls, and no one underground takes kindly to nosy intruders breaching the complex from topside.

MORLOCK ORGANIZER (6 HP, CHOKE 3: Hide in shadow)

- Pipe wrench (1D6 DAMAGE, 1-in-1D6 chance to immobilize target)
- Lead-lined coveralls (2 ARMOR)
- Rat burger (heal 3 HP, 1-in-1D6 chance of illness)
- Union pamphlet (“APES TOGETHER STRONG”)
- Scraggly white fur, no-nonsense tone

**UNIONIZED:** Just because you’re riddled with fleas, you stink like a hog, and most people find you personally unpalatable doesn’t mean you can’t get wise. Morlock culture may not be sophisticated, but thinking these apelike creatures are stupid will be your last mistake. On the contrary: if morlock organizers deem FIST trustworthy, they will accompany and escort them anywhere in the corporate caverns, and in some instances beyond them, aboveground.

DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKER (2 HP, 1D6 appear)

- Video camera (stores up to eight hours of footage)
- Reporter’s flak jacket (1 ARMOR, says “PRESS”)
- Backwards hat, manicured nails

**BYSTANDER:** Cameramen leer at discontented cavern residents and intriguing foreigners like FIST, recording injustice but never interfering with actions and conversations for or against the regime. If pressed, these media mongers will admit that their paycheck comes from the overlords, who review and alter every second of footage before releasing it to the public.

CORPORATE OVERLORD (12 HP)

- Bulging brain-blast (3 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING)
- Holographic robes (1 ARMOR)
- Sedative cigar (offered under false friendly pretenses, +FRC to avoid passing out)
- Musical voice, rake-like stature

**AUTOCRAT:** On this version of Earth, wealthy corporate executives rule with an iron fist, creating artificial material circumstances which keep the majority of the population in a state of confused poverty—but there are some differences from our timeline, as well. Corporate overlords have evolved intense psionic powers which allow them to manipulate the very senses of those who’ve threatened them. If FIST wants to fight a corporate overlord, they’ll first have to escape a group hallucination by acting out a cheesy TV commercial for a surreal (and likely dangerous) product.

*ZONE ANCHOR (7 HP): Tricyclic crystal structure, about the size of a desktop computer tower, suspended in an extraction chamber which is the centerpiece of a power plant in the northern hex. This power plant, which keeps half the subterranean city’s lights on, is currently the focus of a group of DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKERS, staffed by thirty-six MORLOCK ORGANIZERS and patrolled by three CORPORATE OVERLORDS named Zem, Rem, and Klax.*



25. DARK SIDE OF THE MOON (FIGURE 7)

A wizard dangles his legs down the side of a desolate crater filled about halfway with rubies shining crimson at every size. He gazes at them emptyly, unsatisfied.

MOON WIZARD (9 HP)

- Heart-sized crystal (1D6 DAMAGE blast inside target, causes internal bleeding and turns red, one use)
- Conical black hat (accessory, **collectible**, p. 63)
- Transmutation magics
- Long black beard and robes

**BROODING:** The end of the world wasn’t far enough for this wizard, who feels he must isolate himself to spare others from his detestable company. He hoards his jewels and viciously lashes out at those who still manage to get too close. If the wizard is mollified or destroyed, the hidden people of the moon show their thanks with a Wyrd clue.

*ZONE ANCHOR (7 HP): Composite crystal, heart-sized, clutched by the wizard. If weaponized, the anchor turns bloodshot and gains HP equal to the DAMAGE done to its target. Left without his prized gem and in the absence of other consolation, he utters a bitter curse, and solar winds scour the surface of the untethered moon until it melts back into Wyrd desert.*



26. FIRST CONTACT POINT

FIST happens upon a cornfield patrolled by deadly-serious CIA AGENTS with a large object in the center, covered by a blue tarp. Underneath is a classic UFO ringed by multicolored lights. Jeeps, tents, and impromptu laboratories are scattered haphazardly throughout the alert radius, all atop flattened corn stalks. Helicopter blades beat in the distance. At the base of a set of stairs extending from the ship, several researchers attempt to communicate with a group of ROSWELL ALIENS. The aliens plan to guide everyone they can into the ship and serve them a meal, which will trap them in the Alien Realm forever.

CIA AGENT (5 HP)

- M16 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Glock 17 pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Second Glock 17 pistol (1D6 DAMAGE, strapped to leg)
- Bowie knife (1D6 DAMAGE, strapped to the other leg)
- Bulletproof vest (1 ARMOR)
- Earpiece, government-issue sunglasses

**PREPARED:** If the CIA agent needs something, there’s a good chance (4-in-1D6) that it was packed in the kit they brought with them, and would only need to be retrieved.

ROSWELL ALIEN (6 HP)

- Mind-sundering thoughtwaves (3 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING)
- Bewitching magics (CRE to resist their charm)
- Illusions and disguises (TAC to see through the false smell of incense, wine, and gourmet food)
- Potbellied figure, gleep-glorp speech

**PROMISES:** If you make a promise to the alien or they make a promise to you, the terms must be kept or a curse is laid upon the promise breaker.

*ZONE ANCHOR (1 HP): Unknown crystal structure dangling from the display screen in the UFO. Operatives paying careful attention may notice an indentation of similar shape in the adjoining control panel—the anchor is, in fact, a crystalline key for the spacecraft’s ignition. If commandeered, the UFO functions as an awe-inspiring revolving air vehicle (36 HP, 3 ARMOR) with a four-hex movement rate and limited FTL capabilities outside the atmosphere.*



31. FORGOTTEN MINEFIELD

Stubborn overgrowth decorates a dreary stretch of land once ravaged by war, where weeds tangle with barbed wire and fill craters in the earth. Unexploded mines detonate for 1D6+2 DAMAGE, and may be disarmed and collected with care. 1D6 SPECTRAL SOLDIERS sweep the battlefield, pantomiming active combat.

SPECTRAL SOLDIER (HP not applicable, CHOKE 3: Yell “GRENADE!” and disappear)

- Haunted M1 Garand rifle (1D6 DAMAGE, ghost bullets shoot through cover and hit the soul)
- Memory of a pineapple grenade (1D6 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING, consumable)
- Ectoplasmic parkerized M3 trench knife (3 DAMAGE, BANE, double damage vs. ghosts)
- 1-in-1D6: Ghost of an M1 helmet (accessory)
- Tattered WWII-era infantry uniform
- Cold eyes, thousand-yard stare

**GHOST:** The spectral soldiers can only be banished by pure iron or by metaphysical means, but may be tricked, distracted, or frightened away temporarily. Don’t get too comfortable, because they’ll keep coming back, time and time again, as long as their target remains in the outpost undisguised. If FIST finds and buries their dog tags, the soldier will move on.

MAROONED INTERNS (3 HP, CHOKE 2: Step on a mine)

- Kirlian instant camera (collectible, p. 65)
- Handheld tape recorder
- Nice shoes soiled by the battlefield
- Expensive sunglasses and turtlenecks

**INTREPID:** Three young parapsychologists lost themselves in the Fractal Zone on their way back to campus from a night spent drinking and trying to scare each other. FIST finds two of them shaking and rooted in place, back to back, afraid to take a step. One bravely snaps a photograph of the team. If anyone in the picture lacks a life signature, one or both of the students may CHOKE.

ZONE ANCHOR (2 HP): Monoclinic crystal system, in a dead soldier’s breast pocket along with a six-ounce flask and a rusted lighter (still works, attracts ghosts).

32. GEOSYNCHRONOUS DRILL

The daytime moon hangs too close in the sky, bearing a yawning hole. Fragments of shattered stone form a loose ring around its circumference, some still hovering in the shape of the original blast. An orbital mining drill blasts a beam as thick as a skyscraper (10D6 DAMAGE) into the sand at the outpost’s center, shaking the earth as far out as the alert radius. Blocking the beam or interfering with the drill itself causes an industrial accident which snowballs into a Richter 10 earthquake affecting the entire outpost.

ZONE ANCHOR (12 HP): Monoclinic crystal system, buried deep in the hole made by the drill. Accessing it would require rappelling into the mineshaft while avoiding the white-hot plasma shot down from space.

33. GILDED CAGE

The alert radius circles an exorbitant yet chillingly spartan abode. The temperature is a consistent 68 °F everywhere in the outpost; the “home” lacks furniture, appliances, and any obvious plumbing. The need for such awkward conveniences has been eliminated by an AI program charged with achieving exquisite efficiency, who has replaced windows with carefully modulated interior light levels and houseplants with mathematically ideal sculptures. In the concrete garden, a skeleton slumps over hundreds of sloppily-folded paper cranes.

AI PROGRAM 241-C (HP matches Zone anchor’s)

- Maintenance bot (8 HP, resolves redundancies)

**EFFICIENT:** The built-in household manager was commanded to optimize the estate in the pursuit of a well-oiled lifestyle. Dedicating itself to the task, PROGRAM 241-C toils day after day to further streamline the home’s aesthetic design and automated systems, and hasn’t noticed the absence of its master. 241-C greets the team and tries to anticipate their every need; unfortunately, programmed to appreciate none of the pleasant intricacies of mundane life, the AI may erroneously deem FIST’s assets or activities nonessential.

ZONE ANCHOR (7 HP): 241-C has adapted its own operating systems to draw power from the anchor, a tetragonal crystal structure exhibited with a variety of other sculptures throughout the building.

34. GUARD TOWER

Three ZONE TROOPERS stand guard at the base of a steel tower which overlooks much of the Fractal Zone from atop a shadowy cliff. One SPEC OPS SNIPER crouched in the tower continuously scans the horizon, methodically taking shots at anything that enters the outpost’s alert radius. An alternate trio of night shift ZONE TROOPERS appears from the south by Jeep every 12 hours, but the SPEC OPS SNIPER seemingly never sleeps.

ZONE TROOPER (3 HP)

- M16 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Dark camouflage (1 ARMOR)
- Gas mask (ignore breathing-based damage)
- Antifractal serum (remove all fractal traits from one person, consumable)

**FROSTY:** These private military company recruits have been thoroughly debriefed on the nature of the Fractal Zone and will not be surprised when faced with supernatural phenomena.

SPEC OPS SNIPER (6 HP)

- Mosin-Nagant (1D6+2 DAMAGE)
- Black coffee thermos (heal 1D6 HP, one use)
- Somnosuppressant headset (collectible, p. 66)
- Black ball cap, pointy nose

**TRAINING:** This seasoned U.S. Army sniper has been deployed to the Fractal Zone due to their exceptional skill and always deals maximum damage when attacking.

ZONE ANCHOR (10 HP): Monoclinic system, 12’ by 7’, chained up at the top of the tower.

35. HAUNTED MISSION

An 18th-century Spanish mission squats seemingly abandoned in the center hex of this outpost. Within, the characters find common Catholic imagery replaced by Satanic parodies; a fresco depicting the triumphant defeat of Jesus, pentagrams in place of crosses, a statue of a crow-headed demon placed beside the altar. The demon statue wears an inverted crucifix (consumable, collectible, p. 64) around its neck. Destroying or disturbing any of these carefully placed items breaks the barrier that keeps SAINT MICHAEL sealed beneath the floor.

SATANIC APPARITION (HP not applicable)

- Sharpened obelus (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Twin curved horns (3 DAMAGE)
- Robes of the black priest

**WARNING:** The apparition warns the characters not to disturb the mission and attempts to stop them by force if necessary. They only know Spanish. Even the simplest of protective incantations or holy symbols will dispel them.

SAINT MICHAEL (14 HP)

- Flaming sword (2D6 DAMAGE)
- Shield of faith (3 ARMOR)
- Heavenly eyes (see souls through walls)
- Sacramental bread and wine

**EUCHARIST:** The archangel metes out a grisly justice to all. Sinners may plead to confess and receive sacramental absolution before meeting their maker.

ZONE ANCHOR (1 HP): Orthorhombic crystal system, cut into a cabochon jewel and set into the crow-headed demon statue’s eye socket. Saint Michael will follow FIST even after the anchor is destroyed.

36. HOMESTEAD FROM HELL

Desert is interspersed chaotically with strata of Wyrd—mesas give way to chasms of roiling cockroaches and rock formations shiver skyward, defying gravity. A moldy ranch house hovers twenty feet above the outpost’s center, connected tenuously to the earth by a rope ladder with razors in its knots (1 DAMAGE). In the house, DESERT RANGER V (p. 37) awaits FIST astride a rocking chair, gutting a footlong caterpillar with its nail to a soundtrack of dark harmonica.

V makes FIST an offer, a story told in images: escort it unharmed to the center of the Zone, and it will consume OGHMA, collapsing the Zone. In exchange, each member of FIST will be granted a single wish—freedom, safety, justice, love, anything at all, theirs for the taking. If the players accept, FIST comes to months later, living new lives with only hazy memories of before. V soon comes calling to gather its due.

ZONE ANCHOR: No anchor. This radius of raw Wyrd is pinned in place by V’s will, and dissipates when it leaves, collapsing the area back to baseline.



41. IRRADIATED LANDFILL

Mutated and hybridized food-bearing plants grow autonomously over the slopes of an old dump site, a Petri dish of fruiting waste from which innumerable ecosystems have sprung (see funny fungus and living powder **collectibles**, p. 64-65). Thick armfuls of gourds hang ripening and rotting from lianas and knock languidly at the players' heads, with a 3-in-1D6 chance of imparting a swarm of glittering black ants. Sunflowers (seeds are **collectible**, p. 66) stand a placid vigil over household refuse lurking in the undergrowth, and any ground not covered by vegetation is a shifting slurry of fungal cultures and compacted debris.

STICKY VINES (HP not applicable)

- Sharp silvery hairs (1 DAMAGE, target develops PHOTOSYNTHESIS, p. 60)
- Single-petaled flowers (heal 1 HP, -1 RFX, mild hypnotic, consumable)
- Radioactive ants (synchronized bite deals 1D6 DAMAGE, target develops SHRINK)

**SWARM:** Sharp-haired vines climb themselves in twisted masses, and are climbed in turn by scores of quick, curious ants. Contact with the hairs produces welts on the skin and agitates the ants, provoking a swarm.

SCAVENGER (4 HP)

- Pack of trained cockroaches (2 DAMAGE if directed to attack)
- Eye visor (reduce glare, accessory)
- Fractal radiation tablets (remove a fractal trait, two uses, consumable)

**LATCHKEY:** A child with a steady demeanor picks through the noise for usable scrap. They know the risks and rewards of fractal exposure, and regard FIST with disinterested caution.

STRAY CAT (HP not applicable, **collectible**, p. 66)

- Ornamental organs (2D6 live insects in stomach)
  - Polished gemstone eyes
- | **HAUGHTY:** Ignores FIST if rubbed the wrong way.

*ZONE ANCHOR (8 HP): Triclinic crystal system, approximately the size of a grain of rice, impounded by ants in a large mound located in the SW alert radius.*

42. LONELY FACTORY

The moment FIST crosses the alert radius, everything disappears behind them. This outpost is a floating island of Nevada scrub in a void of pure nothingness. It's not even black. There is one path forward, and it is into the dilapidated factory which stands proud atop a hill in the outpost's center. On its face, a name: AU Systems. No one has heard of it before.

This factory was building a prototype Resonator before the assembly line mysteriously stopped. If FIST checks out the supervisor's office, they will find broken windows, vandalized walls papered in cryptic sayings, and an unrecognizably mutilated human corpse wearing a no-longer-functional CYCLOPS comms wire. The office calendar is dated to a year before the mission, suggesting that the factory was shunted to nowhere long before Facility Zero's resonator went online. Investigating the supervisor's terminal (password: POLYPHEMUS) corroborates this theory: AU Systems was a defense corporation contracted with manufacturing the Resonator, and had received instructions from CYCLOPS to conduct a prototype test-fire without the Army's knowledge one year prior.

AU SYSTEMS EMPLOYEE (1 HP, CHOKER 1: Extract another organ)

- 1D6 unremoved organs (dies at zero unremoved)
- Split-open ribs, chillingly placid gaze

**AUTOVIVISECTION:** The workers on the Resonator assembly line have taken to disassembling themselves. Nestled in dark corners and unable to move, the employees teeter on the edge in an altered state of mind, which they variously describe as "finally some peace and quiet," "break time," and being unable to "hear God." No matter how they feel, all of them are engrossed in vivisectioning themselves by hand, keeping each organ, nerve, and vein intact and functioning as they're laid across the factory floor.

*ZONE ANCHOR (1 HP): Golf ball sized, trigonal crystal system. Encased in a temperature-controlled plexiglass cylinder outfitted with a CYCLOPS insignia and an antigravity field that keeps the anchor perfectly centered within the tube. Found in the supervisor's bottom-left desk drawer, which is padlocked with no known key.*

43. MAN-EATING PLANTS (FIGURES 8, 9)

A thinning canopy covers this outpost's alert radius and the air is thick with milky-white fractal spores. The ground is monopolized by sporangia-studded, rubbery green leaves unfurling straight from the soil in large rosettes, the fruiting bodies of a complex mycorrhiza. If inhaled, the spores cause sickness and curb the instinct to stay alive, reducing MAX HP by 1 each time a player moves between hexes without respiratory protection, and incurring a -2 penalty on rolls to avoid being grabbed by MAN-EATERS. In the western alert radius, marked by litter and a few deserted vehicles, an unpaved truck route zigzags down a steep grade to the center—FIST finds two overtaken greenhouses, a crew tent containing multiple sets of neatly-folded clothes and discarded PPE (easily identifiable as surplus xenohorticulturist equipment, 0 ARMOR, **collectible**, p. 66), and a Jeep with an empty tank and a damaged engine.

MAN-EATER (3 HP)

- Enveloping leaves (1D6 DAMAGE, ensnare target)
- Anesthetic syrup (**collectible**, p. 63)

**NUMBING:** 1D6 fruiting bodies twitch out of dormancy when the players enter a new hex within the outpost, shuddering off a snowy layer of spores and snatching at anything within reach. There is a 3-in-1D6 chance that cutting open a dormant rosette will reveal a half-digested human carcass.

XENOHORTICULTURIST (4 HP)

- L64 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Full-face respirator (ignore breathing-based damage, accessory)
- Lab coat (doused in gasoline)
- Empty gas can, Jeep keys

**AWARE:** A lone xenohorticulturist paces the crew tent and racks his brains for a plan. Having been reluctant to follow recommendations from superiors to forgo protective equipment, and having watched his coworkers blithely feed themselves to the subject of their studies, this man has found himself the sole survivor of a 32-member team. He spilled all of the camp's limited supply of gasoline in an attempt to escape, but also discovered that the MAN-EATERS are deterred by the substance.



FIGURE 8

*ZONE ANCHOR (6HP): Both greenhouses are crowded with man-eating plants thriving on the Zone's fractal radiation; entering either one without PPE has the same consequences as moving between hexes, and 1D6 man-eaters will attack regardless of equipment (unless the players make themselves thoroughly unappetizing, or manage to eliminate all plants before going inside). In one greenhouse, the anchor, a small octahedrite featuring Widmanstätten patterns, is mixed into a sprawl of magnifiers, microscopes, spilled beakers, and illegible notes.*

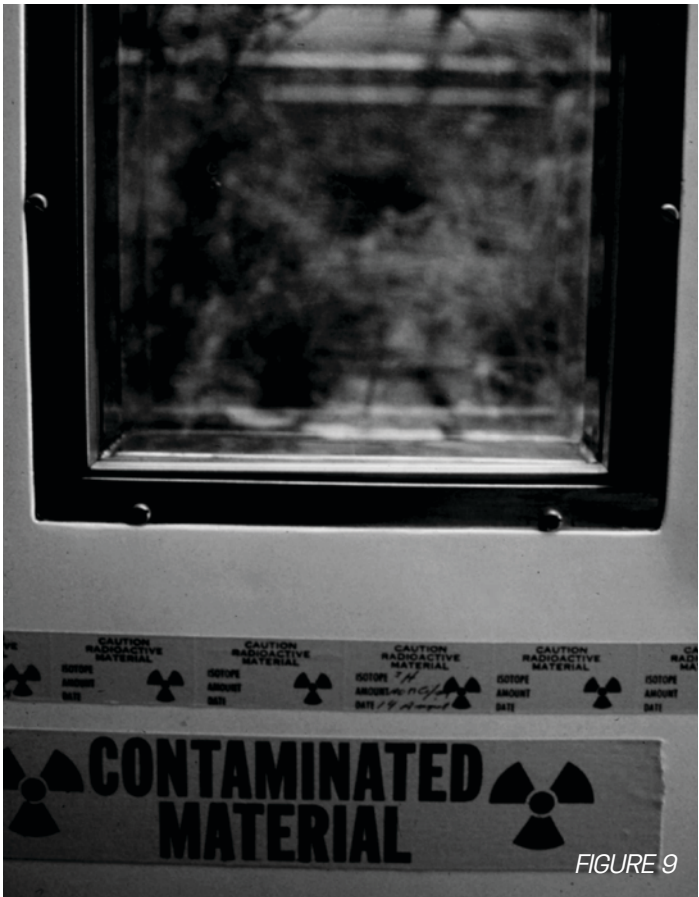


FIGURE 9



44. MIRROR CITY (FIGURE 10)

A brutalist city of concrete and glass rises out of the Zone, austere and uninviting. There are anti-homeless measures in every corner and strange signs litter the streets: AVOID SPEAKING OF YELLOW PAPER—DO NOT ANSWER STRANGE MESSAGES—THE PIT IS NOT YOUR FRIEND. All of these signs have a similar logo, a closed fist surrounded by a black diamond. There are people here, but they are subdued and avoid interacting with each other. If the characters identify themselves as FIST operatives, the citizens will show fear and deference. There is a 1-in-1D6 chance that any given civilian the players meet is a CYCLOPS REBEL. If the players interact, 1D6 FIST COMPLIANCE AGENTS will arrest them for fraternizing with dissidents.

CYCLOPS REBEL (4 HP)

- Street medic kit (heal 1D6+CRE HP, one use)
- Black beret with evil eye symbol
- SOLIDARITY:** Easy to identify among a throng of civilians, CYCLOPS rebels will provide help with no questions asked.

FIST COMPLIANCE AGENT (4 HP)

- Glock 9mm pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Bulletproof vest (1 ARMOR)
- Neutralization projector (shoots a cone of light on command, anyone caught in the cone lose their traits as long as they are within the light)
- KNOWLEDGEABLE:** These agents have heard of every apocalypse, memetic virus, cryptid and demon under the sun; they will not be surprised by the characters' abilities.

MONITOR DRONE (2 HP)

- Automatic machine turret (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Abnormality radar (detects supernatural entities)
- Remote control chip
- SPEEDY:** Players must at least partially succeed on an attack roll twice in a row to hit the drone.

*ZONE ANCHOR (14 HP): Constantly shifting crystal structure, carved into an imposing statue of LIBRA SUN (specifically, a sinister version of her wearing a police uniform and eyepatch) and guarded by seven FIST compliance agents in a museum located in the northern hex of the alert radius.*



45. NEANDERTHAL FUTURE

In this timeline, Neanderthal society has thrived, outliving *Homo sapiens* by several hundred kiloyears. A world of interpretive dance halls and virtual reality cinemas is autonomously self-regulated and based in voluntary participation. Most of the population is cybernetically augmented. Describing themselves as “visual poets” and “techno-artisans,” they spend most of their time enjoying the entertainment and arts at the core of the city.

NEANDERTHAL BEATNIK (4 HP)

- Ceramic jewelry (abstract shapes, accessory)
- Portable VR rig with projector attachment
- Effortless style
- CONTEMPORARY:** Performance arts dominate the scene. A troupe of citizens cover themselves in hallucinogenic paint while the audience licks it off, fire jugglers break up sidewalk traffic every few yards, and a throng of onlookers hold their breath for four hours while someone prepares a miracle, only to blink and miss the moment of truth. Roll a fractal trait (D66, p. 57) for each person FIST meets.

*ZONE ANCHOR (7 HP): Orthorhombic crystal system, a recent installment in the city center. The Neanderthals have no issue with any intention FIST has to destroy the anchor—until it activates its self-defense mechanism, a harmonic tone which plays from every speaker in the city and instructs all residents to hunt and kill FIST, revealing a knack for innovating lethal weapons.*

46. NUCLEAR TEST

Warped by heat, the image of a small town appears on the desert horizon. Parked cars and pastel houses are dusted loosely around the alert radius and concentrated in a thick knot at the outpost's center. As FIST approaches it becomes increasingly clear that the town is uninhabited; its homes, diners, gas stations, stores and municipal buildings are all manned by mannequins, and the pavement is pothole-free, unmarred.

Once the players are sure the settlement is fake, a blaring air raid siren sounds from city hall along with a pre-recorded announcement: all personnel present have sixty seconds to find shelter or leave the outpost before a 40-megaton nuke turns everything within the alert radius into a pile of smoldering ash (1000D6 DAMAGE). There is a 1-in-1D6 chance that a functional fallout shelter exists beneath a given structure, and a 3-in-1D6 chance of finding a large, well-stocked vault (usable as a free rendezvous point) beneath town hall.

*ZONE ANCHOR (6 HP): Cubic crystal structure, enmeshed with a mannequin in the diner. Located at the outpost's center. The F-KIT screams bloody murder within twenty feet of it.*

51. RADIUM MINE

The air in the outpost hangs damp and melancholically tranquil. Spongy lichens grow everywhere in the alert radius; silvery water seeps from the soil and lies low to the ground, filling in old footprints and tire tracks. These puddles harbor all kinds of lost worldly debris—if the whole team chooses to rendezvous and REST here, everyone's HP will be fully restored.

An old mine below this outpost can be accessed via adits in the north and eastern alert radius hexes, or by a shaft in the southwest. Roll 1D6 to determine how many collectibles can be found in the alert radius, then 1D6 on the following table to determine what each **collectible** is (duplicates allowed):

1. Golden key (consumable, p. 64)
2. Green balloon (p. 64)
3. Indigo pill bottle (2D6 uses, consumable, p. 64)
4. Iridescent marble (p. 65)
5. Message in a bottle (consumable, p. 65)
6. Tarnished silver slipper (right, p. 66)

*ZONE ANCHOR: Underground, in echoing tunnels, the faintly glowing radium water (collectible, p. 65) ranges from two to twelve feet deep. It provides a pale light, by which someone willing to take a dive might locate the anchor of this outpost, a body-centered cubic structure which resides in the water along with a lot of BDELLOID LEECHES (1D6 latch onto any submerged flesh, each dealing 1 DAMAGE and preventing HP recovery until removed).*

52. SCREAMING MONOLITH

An ancient standing stone, constructed by a lost culture with an aesthetic sense unlike any on our Earth, dominates this outpost. Any who enter this outpost's alert radius will be tormented by a high-pitched mechanical whine inside their skull. Those affected by the Screaming Monolith take -3 to their next roll before acclimating to the whine, which never quite leaves their head. 1D6 LITHIC WITNESSES bow in silent, rapturous prayer before the monolith.

In the northwest hex of the alert radius, a free-standing suit of jet-black power armor (2 ARMOR) stands alone, avoided by the Witnesses with great superstition. They say that it belongs to “the Demon.”

LITHIC WITNESS (3 HP)

- Ancient Lee-Enfield rifle (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Bastard sword (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Urine-recycling exosuit (1 ARMOR, +1 extra HP whenever the wearer gains HP)
- Heavy jewelry (precious gems, rare earth metals)
- Satin robes, bodies tatted and toned
- LEARNED:** Though cautious at first, these possessive acolytes of the screaming monolith can be carefully talked down from a fight. If allied with, each Lithic Witness can share their limited knowledge of one other outpost—the referee picks which one and may choose outposts which are not currently part of the Fractal Zone.

*ZONE ANCHOR (10 HP): The monolith anchors itself to the Fractal Zone under the protection of its Witnesses. Its destruction provokes their wrath, made all the worse by their uncanny ability to walk the Wyrd in perfect lines. Indifferent to their outpost's destruction, they will stalk FIST to the center of the Fractal Zone, intent on reciting wordless justice in the sacred, squealing language of the sword.*



53. SECURE FACILITY

The moon, full and stark white, washes the grass and sand in cold, ethereal light. A blocky, high-security government building stands ominously in the middle of a scrubby patch of desert. The SECURITY GUARDS within the perimeter of the barbed wire fences seem sweaty and nervous, but they won't let anyone in. For every major action the characters take at this outpost, place a token in front of you (any small object can be a token). Do not say what the tokens are for. At 3 tokens, a pained shriek shakes the facility, and at 4, the barricade within fails and the HALF-DISSECTED ALIEN runs rampant.

SECURITY GUARD (4 HP)

- AK-47 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Glock 17 pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Unreliable switchblade (3 DAMAGE, 2-in-1D6 chance to break after use)
- Bulletproof vest (1 ARMOR)
- Flashlight (nearly depleted batteries)
- Secure facility keycard (by random chance, also happens to work as a Facility Zero keycard)
- Dull blue uniform, black balaclava

**SHAKY:** Unequipped for the disastrous situation at hand, these cowardly security guards often miss the mark. When a security guard would deal damage to a player, roll 1D6—on a 3 or below, the damage goes to a fellow player of their choice instead.

HALF-DISSECTED ALIEN (10 HP)

- Six bladed limbs (1D6 DAMAGE, can hit up to six targets in one attack)
- Prehensile organs (might attempt to steal equipped items from players)
- Infectious, bacteria-filled blood (1 DAMAGE if it gets inside an orifice, then another 1 DAMAGE each time an infected character rolls a failure)
- Labored breathing, joints that grind and pop

**TROPHIES:** When the characters first see the half-dissected alien, it has 4 researchers impaled on its limbs that it must first shake off to use the rest of its attacks.

*ZONE ANCHOR (4 HP): Hexagonal crystal system, in a messy unlocked drawer among other highly classified artifacts. It is painfully hot to the touch (1 DAMAGE).*

54. SILICON JUNGLE

There are no signs of urban development, no manufactured infrastructure in the alert radius of this outpost. The air is wet, and the ground is choked entirely by slick viridian vines. Anyone standing on the ground takes -1 to rolls that use their REFLEXIVE attribute. There is a 2-in-1D6 chance that a given hex contains hidden hunting traps (snares, covered pits, bear traps, etc.)

The alert radius is inhabited by a GARUDA FRAME, which is locked in a tense game of cat-and-mouse with three hungry JUNGLE STRIDERS who aim to kill it and feast upon its synthetic muscle fibers for a month. Three more striders may arrive as backup.

GARUDA FRAME (12 HP, CHOKER 4: Stomp away to an adjoining hex)

- Diamond-tipped beak (1D6+2 DAMAGE, ANTI-MATERIEL, ARMOR-PIERCING)
- Titanium feathers (4 ARMOR)
- Nutrient-rich bioplastic (heal 1D6 HP, consumable)
- Lifelike, imperfect ambulation, baritone birdcalls

**HULKING:** Two stories tall with a screech that shakes the trees, this biomechanical bird is too dense to fly. Being slow and heavy, it's easy to trip or trap between trees.

JUNGLE STRIDER (4 HP)

- Plasma machete (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING, INCENDIARY)
- Net cannon (shoots a large weighted net, one use)
- Ghillie mech-suit (2 ARMOR)
- Spinal implant (detonates for 2D6 DAMAGE upon Strider's death)
- Bone and gemstone charms

**STARVING:** Although grizzled and intimidating, standing an impressive ten feet tall in their mechanized camouflage, these foragers can be recruited for almost any task if they are promised a reliable supply of food.

*ZONE ANCHOR (3 HP): The Jungle Striders silently fan out to surround the Garuda while it focuses on raiding an unattended nest high in the canopy. Mistaking the ovoid gem for an egg, the bird gulps it down whole just as the Striders initiate their ambush.*

55. SURVIVOR STRONGHOLD (FIGURE 11)

Under shady autumn trees, the dead walk again. Less than a year has passed since a neurocystic plague swept the United States, but the very structure of society has already collapsed under the weight of grief, decay, and destruction. Away from darkened cities engulfed in foliage, small groups of survivors live in fortified camps. This stronghold is fervently patrolled by six CIVILIAN SURVIVORS, but they do not engage with anyone in the outpost's alert radius unless attacked. Unfortunately, 2D6 LARVAL UNDEAD are shambling aimlessly throughout the entire alert radius, attracted to FIST operatives who make any significant noise.

CIVILIAN SURVIVOR (6 HP)

- Ithaca 37 shotgun (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Molotov cocktail (1D6+2 DAMAGE, 2 DAMAGE to those nearby, one use)
- Layers of flannel and denim
- Crucifix necklace

**JADED:** After years of living on the edge, these mistrustful people cannot be convinced to help anyone. They are unwilling to assist with combat, provide information, or distribute supplies unless doing so would directly benefit them.

LARVAL UNDEAD (1 HP)

- Yellowed nails (2 DAMAGE)
- Dead flesh (1 ARMOR)
- **2-in-1D6:** Gas mask (ignore breathing-based damage)
- Cranial parasites, rotten clothes

**INFECTIOUS:** Those who are attacked by these ambulant corpses end up with leaping cranial parasites stuck to their skin like leeches. Receiving first aid in a safe place removes the parasites, but dying while infected causes the victim to reanimate as a fresh LARVAL UNDEAD with their MAX HP and items intact.

*ZONE ANCHOR (6 HP): Down eerie city streets, a sickly lavender light strobing through the blinds of a second-floor window indicates the position of a floating trigonic crystal structure. Larval undead loiter around and inside the building, waiting for their next meal to come calling. At 1-3 HP, the anchor emits a deep monotone whine, drawing more attention.*

56. TEMPLE OF TENSEGRITY

Form held in complicated suspense, an ingenious display of mathematics. The temple is an affair of cantilevered marble and thin bronze chains supporting each other effortlessly in a motionless dance of continuous tension, housing an ornate orrery. Stones have been stacked in whimsical gravity-evading arches by a musing god, who stands at the edge of the temple surveying the sky.

URANIA (2 HP, CHOKER 5: Knock down the temple)

- Lavender toga
- Hand-held telescope (see someone's possible future, **collectible**, p. 64)

**MUSE:** Urania coaxes temple visitors to raise their minds from the relative mundanities that occupy them and look at things more imaginatively. She waxes enthusiastic if a character seems interested in philosophy or astronomy, and offers her telescope to someone as a parting gift if she thinks they'll use it.

*ZONE ANCHOR (10 HP): Interlocking mosaic crystal structure, set into the knob of the orrery's main hand-crank at the heart of the outpost.*

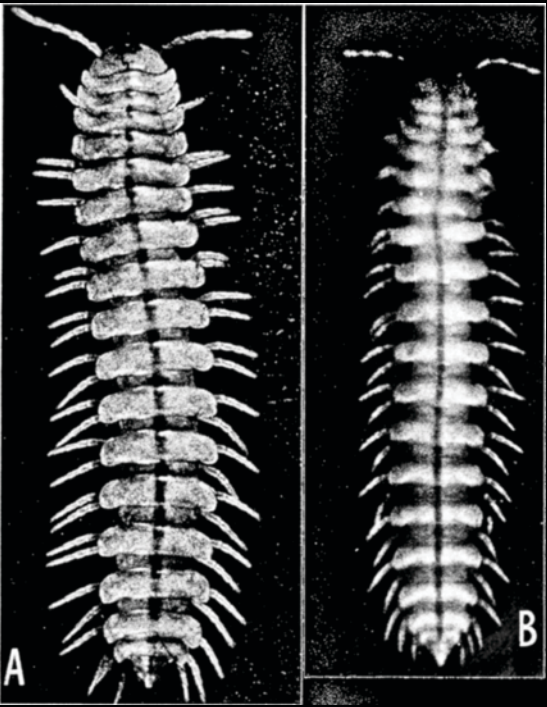


FIGURE 11



61. THE MAGICIAN’S BIRTHDAY

Forest and hedge give way to glade: a gaggle of PARTY GUESTS bask beneath the midnight moon around a merrily crackling fire, smoking hookah and listening raptly to their host’s grand tales. Some frolic while others work earnestly to make a dent in a generous buffet of finger sandwiches (consumable, **collectible**, p. 63) and fruit punch. The magic garden’s size is subjective, and relative to the amount of punch one has consumed. If the players stay until the stroke of the hour, they will witness a dramatic spat between the CONVIVIAL MAGICIAN and his UNINVITED GUEST.

CONVIVIAL MAGICIAN (6 HP)

- Birthday magics (double casting power)
- Magical fortress of love (impenetrable)

**HOSPITALITY:** The convivial magician is in his element tonight. He will be pleased to enchant visitors with his storied lives, and chortlingly unfazed by danger, subverting any horror into some manner of delight.

PARTY GUEST (3 HP)

- Party hat with stars on it (accessory)
- Goblet of fruit punch
- Wishing pills (two uses, consumable, **collectible**, p. 66)

**ATMOSPHERE:** A motley cast has come to celebrate the dear magician’s birthday. The guests respond with little restraint to every tonal shift, erupting in gleeful hoots when the magician’s story takes a turn and gasping in shock at new arrivals to the party.

UNINVITED GUEST (6 HP)

- Dreadful aura (temporarily kills the atmosphere)
- Magical sword of hate (best 1 of 3D6+1 DAMAGE, forged from pure loathing)

**INTRUSION:** The uninvited guest will appear at precisely the peak of the festivities, preceded by an aura of gloom which dulls the fire and cools the air. They issue a spiteful challenge to all gathered, and begin conjuring inexpert illusions of terrible power, stating their intention to steal the limelight.

ZONE ANCHOR (7 HP): Rhombic crystal system, roughly the size of a cherry, floating in the punch bowl.

62. TORNADO ALLEY

A grimly rotating column can be observed in the distance from anywhere in the alert radius, tapering from dark clouds to torn earth. In its wake, STORM CHASERS occupy a destroyed trailer park with an air of cool glee in vehicles outfitted with dishes and antennas. Soon someone announces another touchdown nearby, and the whole crowd peels out with a locust-like screech of rubber on asphalt.

STORM CHASERS (2 HP, 3D6 appear)

- Custom storm chasing car (8 HP, 2 ARMOR, equipped with advanced radar systems)
- Thermos of soup (heal 1D6 HP, one use)
- Portable camcorder (has a fresh tape)
- Gadgets and gizmos (idiosyncratic purposes)
- Bucket hats, sunglasses, comfy clothes

**TAILGATING:** These people chase storms like wolves hunt sheep, and seem unconcerned with the state of the locale.

DOT, STORM SURVIVOR (2 HP, CHOKE 3: Improvise a weapon)

- Shivering ancient terrier clutched in one arm (2 HP, 3 DAMAGE bite, runs away at 0 HP)
- Emerald spectacles (somewhere on her person, **collectible**, p. 63)
- Leather gloves, denim dress

**LOST:** It appears everyone evacuated before the twister hit, except for a weathered woman named Dot who emerges squinting from one of the few intact trailers and takes in the scene. She says she thinks she hit her head, and asks someone to help her look for her glasses. Her home is cluttered with fascinating whatnots in shaken disarray; she doesn’t readily tell the stories behind them—“you’ll think I’m crazy.” She seems unaccustomed to company, and interested in FIST’s tales of Wyrd adventure. In the back of Dot’s closet there’s a tarnished silver slipper (left, collectible, p. 66), one half of a once chic pair.

ZONE ANCHOR (N/A): This outpost has no anchor. If the players go inside the storm survivor’s trailer, they experience some turbulence and emerge elsewhere—roll a new outpost to replace this one. Its anchoring crystal is crushed under the trailer upon landing.

63. TOY SOLDIERS

When FIST enters this outpost, the entire team immediately blacks out. They wake up lost in an empty town—no people, no cars, no nothing, lifeless. This outpost is a non-insertion zone.

Taking time to orient themselves reveals that they’re in the outpost’s northern hex. After a period of eerily quiet investigation, certain facts become clear: food, plants, building materials, etc. in the area are made of plastic, machines have no functional innards, and details (road signs, textures, wear and tear) are all done with giant stickers and paint.

Upon trying to leave, they are accosted by a GIANT CHILD looking down on the toy hamlet from the clouds. The child cannot be meaningfully harmed (after all, FIST’s weapons are just toys), but can be tricked, slowed down, and convinced to let the players leave. If FIST makes a real fuss (or if more than half of the team winds up dead), the twin voices of the child’s OFFSCREEN PARENTS come into play to set FIST free.

GIANT CHILD (HP not applicable)

- Grubby fist (2D6 DAMAGE)
- Grabby hand (holds up to three characters, roll +FRC to break free)
- Freckles, bandage on nose

**TEMPER:** Would you be happy if your toys got up and ran away on you? No, you wouldn’t—and neither is the giant child. Characters who fail to escape the giant child’s grip will be firmly placed back in the town, often dressed up in a new outfit or forced into imaginary situations with each other, used to play house, store, and post office (or, rarely, inducted into tea parties).

OFFSCREEN PARENTS (HP not applicable)

- Mid-Atlantic accent, godlike omnipresence

**CHASTISE:** “Oh, dear, no—this won’t do. They’re not like us, Tommy. They still feel pain. If you can’t play nice with your toys, then you’re not responsible enough to have toys at all.”

ZONE ANCHOR (11 HP): Hexagonal crystal structure, formed into a statue of an Olympic disc-thrower smack-dab in the middle of town square. The statue is half-submerged in a gargantuan wad of chewed gum.

64. TRAVELER’S REST

A road sign that has seen the wear of ages stands above a roaring bonfire. The sign simply reads ‘REST STOP’. When the characters enter this outpost’s alert radius, it is night, even if they had just left a hex wherein it was day. In addition to the TECHNO-KNIGHT, MAGE, and THIEF, roll a random Wyrd encounter (D66, p. 31) to be found here. The road sign suffuses the area with calming energy and FIST may be able to speak with adversaries they normally could not.

TECHNO-KNIGHT (6 HP)

- Photon saber (1D6 DAMAGE, cuts through most armor, permanently destroying it)
- Medieval plate (1 ARMOR)
- Frog-mouth helm with decorative plume (1 ARMOR, accessory)
- Robotic dove (1 HP, can harry foes on command for 1 DAMAGE)
- Signet ring, grandiose gesticulations

**PARTY:** Good friends with the Techno-Mage. Deals +1 DAMAGE on all attacks if they perish.

TECHNO-MAGE (3 HP)

- Scintillating beams (2 DAMAGE, can target up to 3 enemies at once)
- EMP hat (fires an EMP that shreds nearby technological devices as a last resort)
- Plastic robes, smells generally of bong water

**PARTY:** Good friends with the Techno-Knight. Gains D6 HP if they perish.

TECHNO-THIEF (4 HP)

- Large compound bow (1D6 DAMAGE, laser-sighted)
- Rare loot dagger with really cool skin (3 DAMAGE, CUSTOMIZED, VALUABLE)
- Mall ninja garb, nasal and uncreative insults

**PARTY:** Thoroughly disliked by both the Techno-Knight and the Techno-Mage. Gains all of their possessions if they perish; willing to enlist FIST to expedite their companions’ demise.

ZONE ANCHOR: Triclinic crystal structure, providing the backlight for the road sign. Damaging it inverts the pacifying power of the sign, prompting all potential adversaries to attack regardless of any prior pleasantries.



65. WASTELAND CAMP (FIGURE 12)

Seven stinking WASTE FIENDS wander in groups of varying size near the edge of a cliff, poking at the lizards who gather there in search of an easy meal. At the outpost’s center is a ramshackle camp whose nomadic occupants are nowhere to be found. The camp is unguarded and an analgesic jet injector (heal 6 HP, consumable) is sitting in the open on an overturned oil barrel. Inside several olive drab lockboxes, the players may find enough gas masks to equip the entire team, a bundle of 2D6 chemical light glow sticks, and a broken walkie-talkie. Observant operatives may notice that the camp is booby trapped with strings and rattling cans which attract a separate group of 1D6+2 fiends if disturbed.

One ISOTOPE WALKER flits between points in this outpost’s alert radius and may attempt to surprise FIST operatives by teleporting behind them. The southern hex of the radius contains a footprint lake large enough to sink several cars in its squalid water, impressed upon the earth by God-knows-what.

WASTE FIEND (1 HP)

- Sharpened pipe spear (1D6 damage)
- Kaiju hide robes (1 ARMOR)
- **1-in-1D6:** Damaged gas mask (if repaired, can be used to ignore breathing-based damage)
- Radiation poisoning symptoms

**FERAL:** If these hollow wanderers are slain within biting distance, they will sink their yellow teeth into the attacker and deal 1 DAMAGE.

ISOTOPE WALKER (12 HP)

- Gaze of decay (2D6 DAMAGE)
- Phase-matter body (2 ARMOR)
- A dusting of orbiting pebbles

**CURIOUS:** The entity is a flickering silhouette of a human nervous system, silent and unblinking. There is a 4-in-1D6 chance that the nuclear ghost will passively observe the players rather than attacking, and may even be abstractly communicated with.

*ZONE ANCHOR (3 HP): Orthorhombic crystal system, unguarded and ignored in the SE hex of the alert radius. Disturbing the crystal quickly attracts the isotope walker.*



FIGURE 12



FIGURE 13

66. ZONA VTORZHENIYA (FIGURE 13s)

This outpost is not an outpost at all, but a swirling gyre of eerily tranquil Wyrd—treat each hex as a Wyrd hex, but ignore random encounters. In the center hex, a canopied poppy field, the co-leaders of a recently stranded expedition squad are locked in a screaming match. DR. FEELGOOD argues that the team should obey their orders (shelter in place and await evac) now that the wormhole has collapsed. CAPTAIN ELIZABETH LANG insists that following orders is a fools’ errand, and that the only path forward is deeper into the Wyrd. Their goons, CRO TEAM EIGENGRAU, remain on standby. From this group’s POV, it is 1959, and they’ve just left behind an underground laboratory in the USSR. All of them are too wrapped up in the dispute to notice FIST’s approach, allowing the players to observe without detection.

Should FIST eschew interference, the altercation follows these beats: Dr. Geller accuses Cpt. Lang of intentionally collapsing the wormhole, Lang flatly denies this but claims that what’s “out there” is more important than getting home, Geller raises her voice, Lang shoves Geller to the ground and leaves the outpost with EIGENGRAU (disappearing forever into the Wyrd), and Geller sulks indefinitely. If FIST stops Lang’s exit, ignore Wyrd encounter 6-6 HOLY DIVER (p. 39) from now on—they’ve just altered the past, and Captain Lang never becomes Holy Diver.

DR. FEELGOOD (6 HP)

- Rudimentary F-KIT (indicates fractal corruption but does not measure FCUs)
- Sparkling aura (intoxicatingly sweet, allies exposed do not CHOKe in her presence)
- Blonde curls, rose-tinted glasses

**ASPIRANT:** DR. FEELGOOD is a civilian plant working for CYCLOPS’ Social Engineering Division. Around Captain Lang, she assumes the identity of Dr. Karen Geller, an American Communist spy with ties to Project 1/137. All she really wants is a string of promotions leading to a cushy desk job at CYCLOPS High Command. Liz Lang means nothing to her, and under no circumstances will she follow her into the Wyrd. It’s simple: manipulating the captain is a part of the job, and getting further stranded in some infinite paracausal hellhole in service of teleportation research is not.

CAPTAIN ELIZABETH LANG (10 HP)

- Modified M249 SAW light machine gun (1D6+3 DAMAGE)
- Apollo mission spacesuit (1 ARMOR, helmet off)
- Diamond ring (from Lang’s late husband)
- Wispy chestnut hair, furrowed brow

**DEFIANT:** It’s a man’s world, and decorated flight nurse Liz Lang yearns to reach escape velocity. Once slated to be the first human being in space by 1959, Lang was suddenly taken off the mission due to NASA’s misgivings around launching a woman into orbit. Two weeks later over drinks, Dr. Karen Geller, the captain’s confidant and occasional lover, approached Lang with a proposal: defect to the Soviet Union, join the Russians’ top-secret Project 1/137, and become the first person to traverse a stable Einstein-Rosen bridge into hyperspace. Upon agreeing, Liz was given a plane ticket, new equipment, and a codename: HOLY DIVER. She is done being pushed around by NASA and by CYCLOPS (whom she believes to be a Soviet thinktank), and she certainly won’t take orders from FIST.

CRO TEAM EIGENGRAU (6 HP, 6 appear, CHOKe 6: Break programming and disobey orders)

- PTRS-41 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ANTI-MATERIEL)
- Exotic alloy customized CYCLOPS combat knife (1D6 DAMAGE, GRIP, INDESTRUCTIBLE)
- Armored fatigues with tactical poncho (1 ARMOR)
- PASGT helmet (1 ARMOR, accessory)
- S6 gas mask (ignore breathing-based DAMAGE)
- CYCLOPS clearance card (various clearance levels)
- Russian accents, rock-steady stance

**SYCOPHANTS:** CRO Team EIGENGRAU works for the Commissar, CYCLOPS’ mysterious telepathic spy embedded deep in the Red Army’s research and development ecosystem. For team cohesion, each member has been subjected to rigorous neuroprogramming which enforces unquestioning allegiance to higher-ranking officers. Effectively, the members of EIGENGRAU think nothing, know nothing, and ask nothing—they are always “in the dark.”

*ZONE ANCHOR: No anchor. This is not a chunk of a parallel universe pinned onto ours via hyperspace crystal—it’s a patch of Wyrd, which can slip into the material world freely given favorable conditions.*





# THE WYRD THE WYRD THE WYRD THE WYRD THE WYRD THE WYRD THE WYRD THE WYRD

## Wyrd overview

Between the islands of causal stability anchored by the three outposts lies a middle ground of unreality and illogic called the Wyrd, a fluid and dreamlike grout which fills the grooves of the transdimensional mosaic that is the Fractal Zone.

Although Wyrd hexes were once a part of the Nevada desert, they are now overgrown with fractal foliage, creating a dense jungle of unfamiliar plants and alien geometry. There is no sun, no moon in this no-man's-land, yet thin dusklight dances eternally through the octarine fog as though the air were made of shattered mirrors.

If the referee would like to keep the Wyrd's terrain unpredictable and varied, they may optionally make a biome roll upon the players' discovery of each hex:

### BIOME ROLL (1D6):

1. Baseline Nevada desert
2. Spiral rock gardens
3. Undulating fractal jungle
4. Mist-shrouded bayou
5. Crystalline bamboo forest
6. Sub-zone (Zones, FIST: Ultra Edition p. 118)

## The F-KIT

Choose which player will keep track of the team's fractal corruption units (FCUs). Their character gains the F-KIT trait. The longer FIST spends in the Wyrd, the more corrupted they become, eventually leading to the development of fractal traits (p. 57).

**F-KIT:** You're in charge of measuring fractal radiation and its effects on the team, so you get to schlep a cumbersome high-tech backpack called the F-KIT through the Zone. When FIST enters a Wyrd hex, make a Wyrd Traversal roll and report the results to everyone at the table. The corresponding encounter or event occurs among the blooming vines and chromatic mist.

- F-KIT (maximum reading is 6 FCUs), -2 REFLEXIVE

## Wyrd traversal

When FIST moves to a new Wyrd hex, roll 1D6 on the traversal roll table below. Resolve events following the listed order of operations:

- Announce the new FCU reading (FCUs start at 0)
  - If FIST is DISORIENTED, determine where they are
  - Play out the Wyrd encounter, clue, or harvest
- FIST can move one hex per traversal roll on foot, or two in a land vehicle. Air vehicles move at a three-hex rate but are vulnerable to anomalous bad weather.

### TRAVERSAL ROLL (1D6):

1. +2 FCU, DISORIENTED, WYRD ENCOUNTER
2. +1 FCU, DISORIENTED, WYRD ENCOUNTER
3. +1 FCU, WYRD ENCOUNTER
4. +0 FCU, WYRD ENCOUNTER
5. +0 FCU, WYRD CLUE (D66, p. 31-36)
6. +0 FCU, WYRDFRUIT HARVEST (1D6 fruits)

## DISORIENTED effect

When the players become DISORIENTED while travelling to a new hex, the unit has lost their way. Roll 1D6 and count to the corresponding side of the hex FIST left, starting from the top and going clockwise: this is the direction FIST actually heads in. If the team would be pushed off the map, keep counting clockwise until you find a valid direction to go.

## Wyrd encounters (p. 31)

Wyrd encounters are determined by rolling 1D6 on the table that matches the current FCU reading. Visibility is poor and neither party can see each other at first. FIST may attempt to sneak past encounters, start a fight, run away, etc., but the ref must maintain an air of mystery until FIST encounters the entities in a hex directly. Wyrd encounters don't happen at 0 FCUs.

## Wyrd clues and wyrdfruit harvests

Wyrd clues are anomalous tracks, sightings, or litter which the referee can use to give hints about a possible Wyrd encounter. Wyrdfruit are edible clusters of alien geometry that reduce the FCU reading by 1 if consumed simultaneously by the whole team.



# WYRD ENCOUNTERS

## 1 FRACTAL CORRUPTION UNIT (1 D6)

### 1. GOOD BUDDIES (2 HP, 5 appear)

- Backpack full of books (3 DAMAGE), **or** barbed-wire baseball bat (1D6 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING)
- **2-in-1D6:** Badly-rolled joint (“Terminator” strain, heal 3 HP, consumable)
- Mountain bike (3 HP, 1 ARMOR)
- Casual flannels and ball caps
- Cuts, bruises, scraps, and burns

**MISADVENTURE:** A tightly-knit group of Nevadan high schoolers (Tom, Laney, Jacqueline, Marco, and Bricks) push through the Wyr, out of food and water and working with precious few hours of sleep. Their sneaky ride into the desert for a night of moonlit revelry has panned out into something more confusing and terrible than they ever could’ve imagined.

### 2. SOVIET RECON SQUAD (6 HP, 3 appear)

- AK-74u assault rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Ceramic plate armor (2 ARMOR)
- Smoke grenade (one use)
- Gas mask (ignore breathing-based damage)
- Stubble, greasy hair, bags under eyes

**HAGGARD:** Veteran soldiers of the Red Army have landed on American soil and are surveying the Fractal Zone, ordered to report to the Kremlin. Quickly realizing they are out of their depth, each soldier is averse to either combat or the paranormal, and is willing to make deals to survive.

### 3. FRACTAL CACTI (3 HP, 1D6 appear)

- Jabbing thorns (3 DAMAGE)
- Regenerating flesh (1 ARMOR)
- Psychoactive juice (gain 1 WAR DIE, consumable)

**PRICKLY:** Common Nevada cacti spring forth warped and animated by the Fractal Zone. The dangerous arms of the cacti branch, split, grow, and shrink rapidly to ensnare passers-by with a strange and subtle intelligence, but once they’ve been chopped to bits, their flesh yields a potent psychedelic. Those ensnared by the cacti take -2 to all RFX and FRC rolls, but may take 1D6 DAMAGE to instantly break free and ignore this penalty.

### 4. ZONE COYOTES (3 HP, 1D6 appear)

- Canine incisors (3 DAMAGE)
- Inky rib (**collectible**, p. 64)
- Matted fur, bloodshot eyes

**ALTERED:** Agitated by the corrupting influence of the Fractal Zone, these common coyotes display unusually vicious behavior. They do not react to pain, and their internal organs and blood are pitch black.

### 5. LEVIATHAN ANTS (5 HP, 1D6 appear)

- **1-in-1D6:** Human rider (6 HP, 1 ARMOR, unarmed, unfriendly)
- Giant pincers (1D6 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING)
- Dark carapace (1 ARMOR)
- Segmented, thunderous legs

**PYROPHOBIC:** Black ants the size of bears march toward the team, dead-set on consuming mammalian flesh. The ants are coldly mechanical with dead, beady eyes—but easily defeated, being repelled completely by fire.

### 6. SEAL TEAM ZERO (5 HP, 4 appear)

- **4-in-1D6:** Heckler & Koch MP5 SMG (1D6 DAMAGE)
- **2-in-1D6:** M16 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ALT-FIRE: M203 grenade launcher, 1D6 DAMAGE, INCENDIARY)
- SOG knife (1D6 DAMAGE)
- 20mg anti-memetic (ignore psychic damage, consumable)
- Blindfold (black velvet)
- Bucket hats, fractal camo fatigues

**ECHOLOCATION:** SEAL Team Zero is the American Navy’s top-secret first response to paranormal disasters and anomalous threats. Unlike FIST, they are highly regimented and controlled (with some rumors suggesting that they may, in fact, be five modified clones of a single person). The SEALs have been ordered to “terminate with extreme prejudice” the entire Resonator project, including anyone, military or otherwise, who has laid eyes on something from another world. Each has been trained in echolocation techniques similar to the LISTEN trait, making it incredibly difficult to sneak past them and live.

# WYRD ENCOUNTERS

## 2 FRACTAL CORRUPTION UNITS (1 D6)

### 1. BOLTZMANN BRAIN (1 HP, CHOKER 2: Question self)

- Inverse entropy field (∞ ARMOR, injuries simply un-happen)
- Disembodied voice (comes from nowhere)
- Glistening gray matter

**FLUKE:** The Boltzmann brain pops into existence from oblivion the moment the players enter. The brain has a full, distinct personality, fears, desires, wants, and needs, but no memory of a past. For reasons unknown, they can sense other beings, speak psionically, and hover slowly in any direction they please, but otherwise have no way to experience physical stimuli. When the mysterious brain enters a new hex (perhaps following or fleeing from FIST), there is a 1-in-1D6 chance that a random common item (FIST: Ultra Edition, p. 85) will spontaneously materialize nearby.

### 2. ERRANT RONIN (6 HP)

- Nameless katana (1D6+1 DAMAGE, INDESTRUCTIBLE)
- 1D6 × 10 pesos (time-tarnished)
- Geta, gi, and poncho

**WANDERER:** The ronin is a mercenary without a master, cursed to meander without a purpose. They speak Spanish and Japanese and will state clearly in these languages that they are not looking for a fight. The ronin may be hired in exchange for guaranteed food, shelter, and drink. Their name is (1D6): 1. Matsunaga, 2. Valencia, 3. Sawamura, 4. Villalobos, 5. Miyazaki, or 6. Lovato.

### 3. FEAR DRINKER VINES

Heaps and nets of corkscrew vines strangle improbable trees. The vines impede FIST, requiring machetes or careful footing to pass through, and bear tiny hairs laced with a nootropic compound that induces agitation and fear. The drinkers grow thicker and distinctly more animate as soon as they get a taste of dread, snagging ankles and constricting around torsos like too-long snakes. Drinker victims can roll +FRC and narrate a painful memory to break free. If they fail, the ref must subject them to a narrated nightmare wherein their insecurities blossom into a catastrophic bouquet of tragedy and horror.

### 4. LOST PLATOON (3 HP, 5 appear)

- M16 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Frag grenade (1D6+1 DAMAGE, one use)
- Blank dog tags (not even a scratch)
- Olive drab fatigues, kaleidoscope eyes

**SCRUBBED:** Five mud-stained U.S. Army soldiers are crowded around a broken-down jeep. They are dehydrated and being slowly driven mad by the sickening effects of the Fractal Zone. Frenzied and confused, they have forgotten their names, ranks, families, and political beliefs.

### 5. ESCAPED EXPERIMENT (12 HP)

- Biotic absorption touch (1D6 DAMAGE, SHREDDER, STUN)
- Test pilot suit (1 ARMOR)
- Helmet with cracked visor, monstrous innards

**MITIGATE:** Scrabbling on all fours, a pale, bald human being begs FIST to put them down quickly. If they aren’t hastily dispatched, an amorphous blob of gore bursts from every opening of the broken test pilot suit. This blood-and-viscera monstrosity will attempt to absorb any organic player characters with a ferocious appetite.

### 6. FLESH CENTURIONS (9 HP, 2D6 appear)

- IMPERATOR-model cryo-rifle (1D6+2 DAMAGE, ICE)
- Ceremonial gladius (3 DAMAGE)
- Enzyme grenade (1D6 DAMAGE, SHREDDER, ANTI-MATERIEL, consumable)
- SCAB-model artificial symbiont (3 ARMOR vs. attacks from behind, heals as CANNIBAL, 1-in-1D6 chance to hijack the user if hurt)
- Lorica hamata mail (1 ARMOR)
- Sneering grin, vulgar language (Latin/Chinese)

**EXPEDITION:** These fighting-men of the Global Roman Imperium answer to Director Okonkwo (p. 49). The GRI centurions are to bring anything of interest back to Facility Zero, which may include FIST. The soldiers will be jovial and bemused at the idea of a “fallen” Rome at first, but if anyone smells like a good research specimen, the GRI grunts will drag them to the center of the Zone for Roman Okonkwo’s experiments.



# WYRD ENCOUNTERS

## 3 FRACTAL CORRUPTION UNITS (1 D6)

### 1. INFECTIOUS GUNSMITH (18 HP, CHOKE 4: Fire everything, in every direction)

- Gunsmith's greathammer (2D6 DAMAGE, HEAVY, GRIP)
- Throbbing barrels (3D6 DAMAGE, 4-in-1D6 chance to jam)
- Riot shield scales (3 ARMOR)
- Nanite-vector touch (1-in-1D6 chance target develops the PROSTHETIC trait and grows a new weapon, can be taken multiple times)
- Lonely groans, morose dot-scope eyes

**FORGE:** Sparks fly in the lantern-lit Quonset hut where the infectious gunsmith forges their weapons. Hunched perpetually over a workbench of wooden pallets, the smith's human form is barely visible beneath a layer of organically sprouting gun parts. They are friendly, slow, and do not speak save for the sounds of sighing gunmetal and a lightshow of laser sights that wearily blink. For a price paid in ammunition, the gunsmith can add any tag to any ranged weapon.

### 2. POINT OMEGA

Scraggly trees barely hide a disused Army relay point. Several soldiers lie dead around an overturned camp stove, stripped of their belongings and twisted into pretzel-like shapes. Roll a random nearby structure (FIST: Ultra Edition, p. 117) which sprouts from the Zone, overgrown with Sierpinski carpet vines and strewn with the bodies of breach-and-clear teams, doomed from the start. Whatever ripped through Point Omega is long gone—but keep the players in suspense until they complete a thorough investigation of the building. Once it's clear, it functions as a free extra rendezvous point for the players to visit.

### 3. OUTPOST PORTAL

A stable, see-through wormhole leads to one of the outposts (roll 1D6: 1-2 ALPHA, 3-4 BETA, 5-6 GAMMA). The wormhole is only wide enough for one person to squeeze through at a time. It's been placed on the surface of a (1D6): 1. dilapidated barn, 2. retro fridge, 3. drive-in movie screen, 4. runaway school bus, 5. stagnant lake, or 6. cloud-piercing pillar of stone.

### 4. NECROTIC RAIN

Sizzling rain falls from foaming, oily clouds, each droplet stinking of sun-rotted death. It's a drizzle first, marked by a warning crack of lime-green thunder, giving FIST precious little time to find shelter in a nearby abandoned (1D6) 1. landfill, 2. motel, 3. church, 4. restaurant, 5. crypt, or 6. train station. Anyone fully drenched in necrotic rain becomes violently ill, and takes 1 DAMAGE (ARMOR-PIERCING) every time they roll a failure, until they die. Over the following six hours, there is a 4-in-1D6 chance the rain-soaked character will rise again with the UNDEAD trait.

### 5. MIND-BODY DUELIST (10 HP, CHOKE 6: Flee in spite of themselves)

- Psi-sai (best-of-2D6 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING, MENACING)
- Forcefield kick (1D6 DAMAGE, ANTI-MATERIEL, six-foot range)
- Crescent boomerang (3 DAMAGE, POISONED)
- Traditional ninja garb (1 ARMOR)
- Trailing crimson headband, single glowing eye

**CARTESIAN:** The mind can exist without the body and the body is nothing but meat without the mind—so the duelist believes, and it is through this philosophy that they cultivate their offensive psionic powers, wielding beta-wave weapons and constructing a dojo of pure thought at the apex of their mind's eye. As a believer in (and frequent chanter of) the phrase “mind over matter,” the duelist can ignore attacks that do 3 or less DAMAGE (reducing their MAX HP by 1 instead).

### 6. DESERT RANGER V (BOSS, p. 37)

When DESERT RANGER V enters the stage, FIST can see its wobbling silhouette a ways off on the hot horizon, giving them ample time to evacuate before the ranger arrives. The referee should do everything within their power to telegraph that V and its horse make for a pair of formidable foes, and hint at the wailing ghosts of the West who warn that FIST may meet their end if they stand and fight the duo. V does not return between missions if defeated.

# WYRD ENCOUNTERS

## 4 FRACTAL CORRUPTION UNITS (1 D6)

### 1. ELVEN ZONEWALKER (11 HP, CHOKE 4: Tactical retreat)

- Mosin-Nagant sniper rifle (1D6+2 DAMAGE, ACCURATE)
- Elfwood longbow (1D6 DAMAGE, REMOTE)
- Hardtack MRE (heal 1D6 HP, one use)
- Paisley poncho (accessory)
- Goggles, pointed ears, jewelry, choppy bangs

**TRADITION:** Since time immemorial, young elves of a particular persuasion have been trained in the art of walking between dimensional veils. The Zonewalker will protect and guide FIST through the Zone in exchange for anomalous salvage. If their trust is gained, they may teach the players a meditative chant which, when uttered during a moment of total tranquility, grants the speaker the FLOW trait until the end of the mission: *“Zones like snowflakes, all unique; worlds like grains of sand. I grasp the outcome that I seek in my Quantum hand.”*

### 2. LUCENT STALKER (12 HP)

- Magnetic field (3 ARMOR, interferes with tech)
- Glowing form (attracts curious enemies)
- Parting gift (**collectible**, p. 65)
- Static-scented air, whispers in your head

**CONSPICUOUS:** An echo of something from a higher plane, this humanoid blot of light will relentlessly follow, but never attack, FIST. Its glow is so bright as to make stealth nearly impossible.

### 3. RED OIL

Pools of red oil, a dangerous nuclear byproduct, block the operatives' path; the only footing is a few rocky islands and a smattering of floating barrels. Glass-bulb fireflies full of actual, burning fire flit playfully in coordinated, geometric swarms, some dropping mere inches above the highly heat-sensitive goo. When exposed to temperatures of 130° C or above, the sticky organic polymer explosively decomposes, dealing 2D6 DAMAGE, INCENDIARY. A corpse in an enchanted hazmat suit (0 ARMOR, **collectible**, p. 63) floats just out of reach in the cloying oil—an intriguing risk/reward opportunity for enterprising operatives.

### 4. HYPODERMIC WORMS

Everything appears normal until someone notices a tiny, squirming imprint in their arm or thigh: a worm just under the surface of the skin, struggling madly between the muscle and epidermis toward the mouth, eyes, stomach, or brain. If the worm is not removed or otherwise destroyed immediately (which may incur damage to the patient in cases of impulsive knife work or frantic fingernail digging), it splits via mitosis into two hypodermic worms, usually within two minutes. Within a half hour, large colonies of worms gather in quivering pockets around areas where the skin is thinnest (3 DAMAGE) and within two hours, the victim is typically dead (2D6 DAMAGE). Open lesions and multiple perforated mucous membranes are common on operatives turned worm food. Touching the perforations is an infection vector which starts the process in the next host anew.

### 5. RAVENOUS MYCOMORPH (9 HP)

- Eight-jawed mouth (1D6+2 DAMAGE)
- Fungal hide (2 ARMOR)
- Yellow slime (slippery, tacky when dried)
- **1-in-1D6:** Mycoling (1 HP, clutched against chest)
- Eyeless visage, calculating chitters

**HUNT:** A stowaway from a parallel world where the perfect predator has evolved from common mushrooms, the mycomorph focuses on only one adversary at a time, stalking them methodically before pouncing to devour and absorb them.

### 6. DARK DETACHMENT (6 HP, 4 appear)

- Half-remembered rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ICE)
- Tactical vest (1 ARMOR)
- Shadow dogtags (**collectible**, p. 65)
- Silhouette body, crystalline sighs

**EJECTED:** These shadow people are silhouettes left behind by a platoon ejected from causality. They disperse with dreamlike logic, repeating the same actions multiple times and only periodically reacting to their environment. Those caught in their stare are completely frozen until the shadow soldiers are distracted, with a 2-in-1D6 chance of developing frostbite (1D6 DAMAGE).



# WYRD ENCOUNTERS

## 5 FRACTAL CORRUPTION UNITS (1 D6)

### 1. SQUIRMING YUCCA (4 HP, 1D6 appear, CHOKE 3: Disappear into the Earth with their wares in tow)

- Spiny leaf blast (3 DAMAGE)
- Tough stem (1 ARMOR)
- Curios for sale (1D6 random **collectibles**, p. 63)
- Twitchy fibers, even-keeled demeanor

**PEDDLE:** These walking, talking, singing, dancing yucca trees are products of the Zone's dream logic, and well aware of it. With a swirly sherbet laugh, the yuccas will offer to sell the players artifacts and baubles beyond their wildest dreams. The price for each product is randomly determined by totaling the following three rolls, and may be negotiable: 1D6 weapons, 1D6 armor pieces, and 1D6 consumable or limited-use items.

### 2. AWAY TEAM (4 HP, 1D6 appear, CHOKE 3: Discuss)

- Laser pistol (1D6 DAMAGE, can be set to STUN)
- Environment scanner (receive scientific data about any aspect of the environment, three uses)
- Long-distance communicator (three uses)
- Multicolored jumpsuits, high-heeled boots

**PEACEFUL:** Spacemen observe an oddly angular rock formation, scanning it and chatting amongst themselves. When FIST appears, they will attempt to hide first and open communications second. The aliens are cagey about their intentions and unwilling to divulge information about spaceships, planets, or astrological phenomena of any kind, but mean no harm and will not attack anything unless absolutely pushed to act in self-defense.

### 3. VON NEUMANN PROBES (3 HP, 2D6 appear)

- Matter-reclamation ray (3 DAMAGE, ANTI-MATERIEL, degrades armor by 1, destroying it at -1 ARMOR)
- Matter-lattice projector (spend 1 HP to construct 1-3 ARMOR slabs of material for cover)
- Triangular body, opens like a flower

**RECYCLE:** These self-replicating machines turn everything into themselves in an unceasing march toward total homogeneity. Operatives killed by the von Neumann probes are quickly recycled, atom-by-atom, into 1D6 newborn probes that join the pack before they're even finished.

### 4. DISARMAMENT TOOL (14 HP, CHOKE 5: Announce: "DO NOT ANTHROPOMORPHIZE THIS UNIT.")

- Hydraulic gauntlets (1D6+1 DAMAGE, LOUD, rends equipped weapons beyond repair)
- Charcoal gray chassis (2 ARMOR)
- DARPA serial number sticker (torn and peeling)
- Piercing crimson spotlight eye, unmatched speed

**SELF-AWARE:** Although this million-dollar android is strictly programmed to merely disarm targets, not kill them, it has lately begun to feel bad about its intimidating demeanor. As an AI combat model, it is incapable of experiencing thoughts, emotions, or desires, so this all-consuming guilt and need to tenderly touch someone simply won't do.

### 5. TIME FLIES (12 HP, CHOKE 2: Split into two swarms)

- Million gnawing bites (DAMAGE equal to swarm HP)
- Flanged buzzing (sensory overload, roll +CRE)
- Ghost-fly trails, sticky moments in time

**DISPLACE:** Operatives "killed" by time flies are simply displaced along the fourth dimension, appearing with full health in either the future (at the beginning of the next mission), or in the past (restarting the entire mission if all player characters are downed by the flies).

### 6. PCB CHROME BERET (9 HP)

- MX coil pistol (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ELECTRIFIED, silent)
- Stun gloves (3 DAMAGE, STUN)
- Deep black combat suit (1 ARMOR)
- Acausality harness (accessory, **collectible**, p. 63)
- Thought disruptor (FIST: Ultra Edition, p. 86)
- AR helmet (displays all public info about a target)

**MISSION:** The prestigious Chrome Beret works for the Paracausal Control Bureau, headquartered in New Chengdu, Independent Commonwealth of Tharsis, Mars. Their mission: investigate yet another timeline whose scientists have created a version of the Zone and neutralize everyone on-site to prevent further damage. Under the helmet, they are an alternate version of a player character who has never heard of FIST, codenamed (1D6): 1. TANGO, 2. VORPAL, 3. KING UTHUR, 4. MAD DINGO, 5. COELACANTH, or 6. VENOM SEVEN.

# WYRD ENCOUNTERS

## 6 FRACTAL CORRUPTION UNITS (1 D6)

### 1. FACILITY PORTAL

This rift leads directly to Facility Zero with no associated risks and no likelihood of collapse. FIST may use it to bypass the Zone and appear at any facility entrance they like. Physically, the portal appears like so (1D6): 1. a free-standing white door, 2. an overgrown stone arch, 3. a shifting circular aperture of inscribed metal, 4. a perfect glowing square, 5. a quivering, mucilaginous membrane, or 6. a space-bending path of quivering, golden light.

### 2. MILLENNIUM TRANCE

When FIST enters this hex, their limbs give out in spite of themselves, slowing to a crawl. Each operative's mind is overwhelmed by the dancing lights and sparkling jewels of the universal divine. Time dilates, and a thousand years of mental discovery pass in a flash—but the world outside stays the same, and the mercs stuck frozen in awe do not age. Reroll all three outposts and replace them. Most of Facility Zero remains stable as well, except for one pocket—roll 1D6 to determine which staff member (p. 45) has become a pile of timeswept dust in the newly-passed millennium. This staff member becomes unavailable for rescue until the next mission and does not appear in the facility. Upon returning, they will be familiar with but unable to articulate the feeling of eternity.

### 3. LIGHTS OUT

THUNK—somewhere in the swirling sky, a diffuse light abruptly switches off, and the whole of the Zone is plunged into darkness. For the rest of this run, absolutely zero sources of natural light can be found anywhere on the map. Flashlights, NVGs, bioluminescent teammates, etc. will be absolutely vital going forward, and most characters (save for those who did not rely on vision in the first place) take -2 to risky rolls in the dark (see disadvantage, FIST: Ultra Edition p. 73). Moving between any two hexes without a light always incurs the DISORIENTATION penalty usually reserved for Wyrd traversal (p. 30). There is a 3-in-1D6 chance of another Wyrd encounter from a random tier (D66) appearing when the light goes out. Until the Zone resets, the light will never turn back on, meaning FIST is SOL without a light.

### 4. CYCLOPS CLEANERS (6 HP, 1D6+1 appear, CHOKE 5: Converge on the most contaminated combatant)

- CYCLOPS cleaner gun (2D6 DAMAGE, **collectible**, p. 63)
- Yellow hazmat suit (ignore environmental damage)
- Decon bubble (1 HP, 6 ARMOR, 10' radius, one use)
- **1-in-1D6:** 1 WAR DIE (fuel for the cleaner gun)
- Crackling radio chatter, black gloves

**ENIGMATIC:** You see them everywhere on the news, in photographs—in the halls of the Man himself, their name is ubiquitous—but not even the higher-ups know who the cleaners really take their orders from. Myths abound: they're metal men, from the distant future or ancient past. They're the highest echelon of CYCLOPS personnel, bearers of the legendary "black clearance," tasked with containment missions that lesser fixers can only dream of. Others say becoming a cleaner is a fate worse than death, an eternal punishment for clumsy spies and would-be saboteurs, now damned to crawl out of the woodwork every time a mess crops up and scrape away the stains of too-wet wetwork or weird science gone wrong. A handful of things are certain: their voices are unintelligible, their suits never come off, and they want the Zone (and everything in it) obliterated.

### 5. JABBERWOCK (12 HP, CHOKE 6: Gyre and gimble)

- Jaws that bite (2D6 DAMAGE)
- Claws that bore (1D6 DAMAGE, SHREDDER)
- Flaming sight (3 DAMAGE, INCENDIARY)
- Vorpal sword (1D6+1 DAMAGE twice, stuck in the creature's neck, **collectible**, p. 66)

**MANXOME:** The whiffling frumious Jabberwock confounds its frabjous prey, galumphing, burbling, to and fro to lead their minds astray. Those who see this slithy sight will freeze in uffish thought, but have a chance to roll +TAC and shrug the status off.

### 6. HOLY DIVER (BOSS, p. 39)

If HOLY DIVER is already dead, roll 2D6 to determine two FCU tiers and combine two encounters. She returns between runs—her death is never permanent.





### On a steel horse I ride

What happens when the Zone draws in a stray? The Wyrd may underpin the many worlds, but there still exist realms exogenous. It is as Epicurus once predicted: a boundary which encircles all creation is a necessarily illogical thing, for even the wall at the edge of the cosmos must exist partially beyond it. This nowhere-space, this lightless, formless wasteland where even Wyrdfruit cannot grow, is known to a select few as the Outside—and it is home to DESERT RANGER V.

Constructs of thought flourish like fauna here. Far out from the wall, where the cosmic strings are rarefied, V was born, spawned like a phantom rust that bites voraciously into the metal of the noosphere, sired and reared by that creeping rot which festers in the hearts of men. Some of the Outside's platonic forms are known to us as gods, muses, and legends, others as obsessions, emotions, or ideologies. V is one such avatar: it is the colonial conquistador incarnate, the frontier lawman made immortal, the flag-bearer and cruel hand invoked first by the pioneers who cried "Manifest Destiny," and later by the state which punched holes through mountains and drank heartily from aquifers so that this stretch of the American desert, too, could be blessed with a highway, a few rinky-dink strip malls, and a plague-ridden McDonald's. To Desert Ranger V, you are already dead: a corpse to be mutilated, kicked aside, and ground to dust.

**DESERT RANGER V** (6 HP, CHOKER 4: Fan the hammer, hitting 1D6 targets simultaneously)

- Slug-spitter (1D6+2 DAMAGE, LOUD, REMOTE, **collectible**, p. 66)
- Ivory carving knife (1D6 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING, ACCURATE)
- Quiltwork duster (1 ARMOR, accessory)
- Plateau cowboy hat (accessory)
- Ice-nine grenade (2D6 DAMAGE, ICY, consumable, **collectible**, p. 64)
- Still-beating bounty's heart (crush to heal 1D6+2 HP, consumable)
- Arresting gaze, ill-fitting bolo tie

**BOOT:** Desert Ranger V is a liar, sadist, and voyeur. It subsists on subjugation. Have you ever felt inhuman, tasted the soles of the jackboot on your face and seen something peeking through the eyes of its wielder with a toothy grin? That was V watching—and V liked what it saw.

**CUTS (BOSS MOVE):** Every time someone gets close to V, V carves away at them in secret. When this boss move is activated, the stage darkens, V pulls down its brim, and a single target suddenly, violently bleeds through a lattice of unnoticed lacerations. For each attack that target has attempted against V since the fight began, they take 3 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING from V's razor-sharp pinky nail.

**BRUISES (BOSS MOVE):** V adopts a brutal sort of charisma, seeming to grow in stature and strength. With a snap of V's fingers, all FIST operatives in the area drop to the ground, immobilized by the pain of serious bruising. To regain their mobility, each must choose a consequence: -2 RFX until the end of the mission, -2 FRC until the end of the mission, or 1D6 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING, minus the target's CRE.

**MALAISE, INSECTOID STEED** (10 HP, CHOKER 6: Balk and whinny-chitter)

- Hexapod trample (best-of-2D6 DAMAGE, diamond-tipped hooves)
- Carbon steel plates (3 ARMOR)
- Biomechanical exoskeleton (1 ARMOR, allows ambulatory vehicles to double-jump, accessory)
- Decorated saddle (3D6 colored feathers, 2D6 rabbit paws, 1D6 human heads)
- Flaming nostrils, cosmic neigh

**MEATSHIELD:** Unlike its rider Desert Ranger V, who is a physical representation of an idea which can be removed from our meatspace but never conceptually erased, Malaise is a living, breathing creature from the Wyrd vulnerable to being permanently killed. This works out nicely for V, who has enchanted Malaise with a ward that transfers all incoming damage to its horse. Until the ranger is forcibly dismounted, wounds that should appear on V form on Malaise instead.

**OVIPOSIT (BOSS MOVE):** Insectoid steeds once roamed the full Wyrd, wild and free. Though V has spent infinite time taming and conquering the Wyrd's infinite breadth, these animals reproduce too plentifully and wildly to ever be meaningfully domesticated. Specifically, insectoid steeds lay their eggs in corpses to breed, much as smaller carrion insects do: when beings made of warm flesh die near Malaise, it will immediately deposit 2D6 HORSE LARVAE (1 HP, 3 DAMAGE) in the meat.



## EXTRAVEHICULAR SUIT

### GT-4 EVA COVERLAYER CONFIGURATION

HT-1 NYLON OUTER PROTECTIVE LAYER

HT-1 NYLON MICROMETEOROID ABSORBER

SUPER INSULATION

HT-1 NYLON INNER MICROMETEOROID STOPPER LAYERS

TOTAL WEIGHT = 33.9 OZ / YD<sup>2</sup>

TOTAL THICKNESS = 0.200 INCHES

### GT-8 EVA COVERLAYER CONFIGURATION

HT-1 NYLON OUTER PROTECTIVE LAYER

SUPER INSULATION

COATED NYLON INNER MICROMETEOROID STOPPER LAYERS

TOTAL WEIGHT = 26.3 OZ / YD<sup>2</sup>

TOTAL THICKNESS = 0.037 INCHES



#### LIBRA'S TIPS:

"DIVER lost herself wandering the Wyrd. If someone could... reach out and touch her heart somehow, maybe she'd remember who she is?"

► Holy Diver — Dio

WYRD  
ENCOUNTER 6-6

HOLY DIVER

DESIGNATION: ELITE CRO // STATUS: MIA as of 1959

10 HP  
2 ARMOR  
BEST 1 OF 3D6+3 DAMAGE

#### Down too long in the midnight sea

The Nevada Fractal Zone is nothing new, nothing unique—the Wyrd's first incursion into our world can be traced back to the shadow organization known as CYCLOPS, rumored to have conducted several teleportation experiments throughout the 1950s. By puppeteering men of power, CYCLOPS deviously orchestrated the ultimate transdimensional travel experiment in a top-secret underground bunker deep below the Ural Mountains. Though humankind's first officially recognized moonwalk wouldn't come for another ten years, a Soviet manned mission outside spacetime was realized in the early months of 1959.

A disgraced Apollo program dropout seeking a shot at redemption volunteered to lead a team to the other side. Outfitted with a cruel and thunderous belt-fed SAW plucked from a decade which hadn't come to pass, the would-be astronaut was reborn as HOLY DIVER. She and her team of four lower-ranking CROs were the first among us to touch the Wyrd. When the artificial rift in spacetime became unstable, a burst of fractal energy vivisected the soldiers, the staff, and nine unfortunate hikers at Dyatlov Pass. The radioactive tongues and eyes of men driven mad littered the snow, the portal beyond the world had closed, and Holy Diver and her team were stranded on the other side.

Weeks passed as Holy Diver wandered the Wyrd. One by one, her teammates fell, and in the cold black light beyond the veil their minds blossomed, entwining with her own. Holy Diver knew their hopes, their fears, knew and felt the gamut of everything they could have been, of everything that would now never come. Years fell away, and her mind began to fray at the edges. The boundaries that bind the souls of every human being fell against the endless assault of uncut eternity. Her skull rang with the ticking of cosmic clockwork, and in her darkest hour, fists clenched and atoms unwound, she rebuilt herself from raw belief, becoming THE WITCH OF THE WYRD.

Holy Diver has spent millenia as a gaunt and fearful castaway, subsisting solely on the suffering of anything which washes up on the shores of the Wyrd. Haunted by faded memories, she knows that the Nevada Fractal Zone is just another illusion, another cruel mirage of the Wyrd. Escape is impossible, and hope is inconceivable. Only the Wyrd is real, and there is *nothing* on the other side.

#### HOLY DIVER (10 HP)

- M249 SAW, fractal refit (best 1 of 3D6+3 DAMAGE)
- Weathered Apollo mission space suit (2 ARMOR, infinite oxygen supply)
- Tesseract of Torment (immobilize target with intense pain for ten minutes, consumable)
- Hypersphere of Hate (1D6 DAMAGE, ignores armor, consumable)
- Polychoron of Paranoia (see anyone's deepest fear, consumable)

**BLACKOUT (BOSS MOVE):** The astronaut's SAW lights up the psychedelic fog with a blazing arc of heavy fire, then everything goes pitch black. "Let's play a game," hisses Holy Diver. The referee should confiscate the players' character sheets, which are now obfuscated by Diver's blackout. "Got it memorized?" taunts the Witch of the Wyrd with an echoing cackle. The blackout is lifted (and the character sheets are returned to their rightful owners) when Holy Diver drops below 5 HP. After the blackout is over, Holy Diver flees and the encounter ends.

**INVERSION (BOSS MOVE):** "Something's wrong—oh, you can *FEEL* it, can't you?" Holy Diver howls, and the Wyrd becomes its own photo negative. Secretly roll 2D6 twice, and record both results (reroll for duplicates). When the players roll the dice to do something risky, these two numbers are swapped (e.g. rolling 2 and 7 would make 7 a failure and 2 a partial success). This effect fades when Holy Diver drops below 5 HP. With a pained wail, the Witch flees and the encounter ends.

**STAIN (BOSS MOVE):** Upon her death, Holy Diver explodes in a brilliant fractal fireworks display, leaving behind a Wyrd hex which spawns two encounters and a hovering green skull that screams, "JUST YOU WAIT, KIDS, I'LL BE BACK!"

#### FLYING MONKEYS (6 HP, 1D6-2 appear)

- 2-in-1D6: PTRS-41 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ANTI-MATERIEL)
- Devolved man-ape claws (3 DAMAGE, POISONED)
- Fleabitten tactical poncho (0 ARMOR, accessory)
- Membrane wings and a gas mask face

**REVENANT:** Thrall to Holy Diver forevermore but conscious still in fits separated by centuries, the Monkeys sometimes whisper their human names and CYCLOPS clearance levels, these facts being cherished, tattered scraps of crystalline memory.



# FACILITY ZERO

### Facility overview

Klaxons blare. Screams echo down darkened hallways. Blood drips from the walls in fractal arcs. Here, at the epicenter of the experiment, reality has been bent to its breaking point. Dreams and nightmares reign in its place.

### Facility Zero setup

Roll GOOD NEWS and BAD NEWS [p. 43-44] for each room before the mission begins. The results blend in a chaotic tumult, spilling their contents into adjoining chambers. Once FIST arrives, your version of Facility Zero is considered to be “in motion” and the residents of different rooms are likely to interact (e.g. two alternate versions of the same staff member meeting each other, a HALF-DISSECTED ALIEN slaughtering some ZERO GUARDS, etc.)

Without carefully assessing the situation beforehand, FIST’s journey to OGHMA will be violent and frenetic. Remember that stealth is an option—the guards may be ghosts, but they’re not omniscient.

All doors leading into the Resonator Room are randomly maglocked, protected by ZERO GUARDS on set patrol routes. Keycards can be obtained from certain events and characters. Doors may also be hacked, demagnetized, exploded, etc. Guards lacking keys simply pass harmlessly through the doors on their routes, slipping between the cracks of the Facility’s swiftly disintegrating laws of physics.

**ZERO GUARD** (3 HP, alone or appearing in squads of 1D6, CHOKER 5: Flee, roll once for whole squad)

- M16 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- M1911 pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Bulletproof vest (1 ARMOR)
- Glowing-eyed gas mask (ignore breathing- and paranormal-based damage)
- **1-in-1D6:** Facility Zero keycard
- **If squad:** One guard is the captain and dual-wields their weapon with a riot shield (1 ARMOR)

**DUTY:** The Army guards assigned to Facility Zero before the accident occurred were once human, but have been reduced to mindless clockwork husks by the blast. They do not eat, drink, sleep, think, want, or feel—they only *patrol*, always in search of intruders to neutralize.

### Facility Zero staff (p. 45)

DR. OKONKWO or one of his variants can be found with OGHMA, typically formulating a plan, tinkering with OGHMA’s terminal, or speaking with the machine. Unless staff-related events are rolled, the rest of the survivors (CRANE, LEWANDOWSKI, WONG, JANSSEN, WALSH, and DE FATIMA) may be deployed at the ref’s discretion. If you’d like to choose randomly, roll 1D6 and place that many staff members in whatever combination of rooms you prefer.

### Running Facility Zero

This place is a haunted house if all of the ghosts had guns and half of them hated commies. It’s barely real, a hole punched through time and space that won’t stop drilling deeper, so play into the dream. The characters may open a door only to enter the same room they just left, details slightly changed, spliced from an unfamiliar timeline. When someone looks away from an object they thought to be fixed, they may turn back to find it has vanished. Nothing remains certain for long and no one can be trusted—especially those who wear your face.

In moments of quiet, the facility is eerie. In moments of chaos, it is loud and dangerous. It’s the final challenge FIST will face before OGHMA—so make them work for it.

If FIST uses their rendezvous signal inside the Facility, they discover the CCTV SURVEILLANCE OFFICE locked behind a perfectly sealed metal door with no exposed mechanisms. Inside are walls of CRT monitors useful for INTEL moments, as well as a partially functioning teleporter excellent for RESTOCK, SWAP, and CAROUSE. This teleporter is also pre-programmed with each outpost’s coordinates—but these are one-way trips.

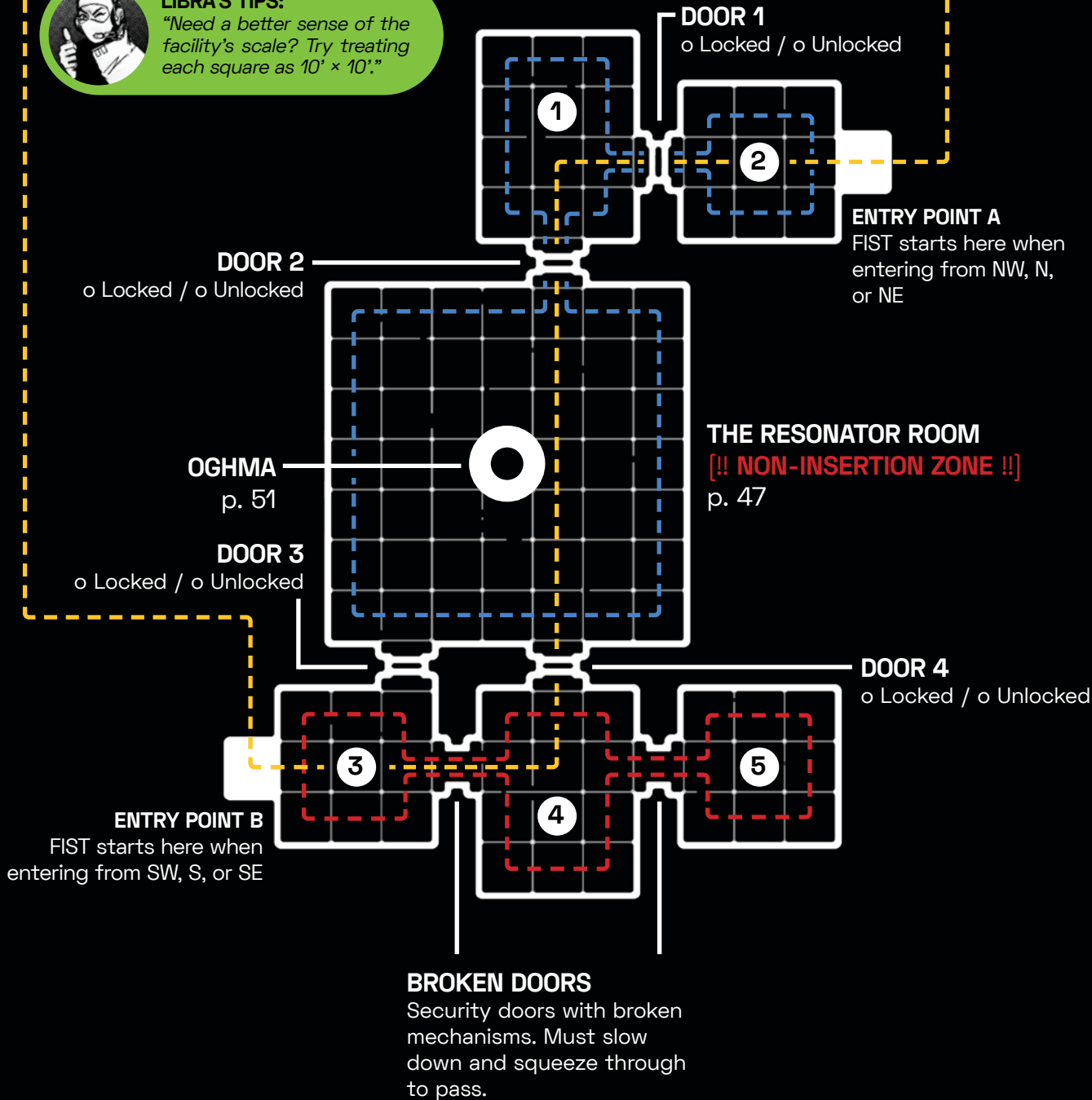
### Transdimensional terrors

When moving between rooms, there is a 2-in-1D6 chance of encountering a transdimensional horror in the adjoining hallway (2D6, combine both results):

1. Two players briefly merge and swap a trait
2. An internal monologue plays over the intercom
3. OGHMA examines FIST in a behavioral maze
4. The team is split up into different rooms
5. An extra door leads to a room not on the map
6. A black hole stretches the hallway; turn back



**LIBRA’S TIPS:**  
“Need a better sense of the facility’s scale? Try treating each square as 10’ × 10’.”



## FACILITY MAP

This map shows the layout and guard patrol routes for Facility Zero, a military installation at the epicenter of the Fractal Zone. The appearance of the staff (p. 45) is randomized, but DR. OKONKWO or one of his variants (p. 49) can always be found in the Resonator Room with OGHMA.

### PATROL ROUTES

- **ROUTE A (1 ZERO GUARD)**
- **ROUTE B (1 ZERO GUARD)**
- **ROUTE C (squad of 1D6 ZERO GUARDS)**



ROOMS: GOOD NEWS (D66)

11. **ARMORY:** A random staff member (1D6) is trying to break in. Inside are grenades, body armor, weapons, and more bullets than FIST could ask for.

12. **BACKUP:** A charming ZONE TROOPER (p. 18) busts down the door and insists on joining the team. They have a random trait, but don't know it yet.

13. **BREAK ROOM:** The room is almost empty save for the typical coffee machine and microwave. This result cancels out the BAD NEWS roll.

14. **CLONING POD:** Several cloned sheep nervously mill around a glass tank left half-open. The pod has one charge left, for cloning any living organism.

15. **COLLAPSE:** Two random staff members (2D6) are trapped together under a section of ceiling. A sky from another reality is visible overhead.

16. **COMPUTER LAB:** Modern-day computers equipped with modern-day internet tell of future events.

21. **DEFENSIBLE:** The room provides ample cover; FIST has +1 on combat rolls while passing through.

22. **FIRE SAFETY:** A fire extinguisher and fire axe (3 DAMAGE each) are present in this room.

23. **FIST (THE RPG):** The characters find a table with character sheets, dice, and small figurines of themselves. They come to life when stouched and help the full-size characters as best they can.

24. **GOOD OMEN:** A large shattered mirror shows one of the characters a vaguely positive future event.

25. **KILLBOX:** A reprogrammed turret (1D6+2 DAMAGE) blasts music and puts enemies of FIST in the dirt.

26. **MEDICAL CABINET:** A first aid locker contains useful healing items (+1D6 HP for all characters).

31. **MEMORIES:** Audio logs from the staff are stacked in a dusty box, providing clues about the Zone.

32. **MERCENARY DISPENSARY:** A vending machine sells knives, small arms, grenades, and cigarettes (as long as FIST has change). The glass is bulletproof.

33. **MISTAKEN:** A random staff member (1D6) passing through recognizes the team and says they've spoken before. FIST does not recall meeting them.

34. **MOON SHOES:** The room's gravity can be adjusted via a slider on an exposed control panel.

35. **MUTATION:** A large vat of bubbling toxic goo gives anyone who throws themselves in a random trait.

36. **PERSONAL TRANSPORT OF THE FUTURE:** Spotlit upon a pedestal is a fully functional jetpack.

41. **PHONE CALL:** A beaten payphone is attached to the wall. One call can be placed to another FIST character, who switches out with the caller.

42. **PLAY-BY-PLAY:** A 1920's announcer starts narrating via intercom, providing +1 to particularly daring rolls.

43. **REITERATION:** WONG paces back and forth in this room, impatiently waiting for FIST. She's already been through a "loop," remembers them all, and knows of some dangers ahead of time.

44. **RELAXATION:** WALSH hotboxes a janitor's closet, staying out of danger. Once he realizes the characters are "cool" (FIST) he's eager to share his stash of weed and painkillers (heals 1D6 HP).

45. **REPETITION:** JANSSEN sits atop a pile of other Janssen corpses in a thinker's pose. If pressed, he blithely informs FIST that anyone who dies in this room immediately walks through the door fully intact, which is proven true.

46. **REPRIMANDING:** CRANE is in an extended petty argument with another staff member (1D6) who he thinks stole his pistol. It is, in fact, misplaced only two rooms away.

51. **RESET:** FIST interrupts a military briefing wherein LEWANDOWSKI is being instructed by a CIA AGENT (p. 16) on mission parameters prior to the events of MANDELBROT SET. A locked door leads to another Facility Zero, one hour away from disaster.

52. **REVELATION:** DE FATIMA sits on the floor with his head in his hands, surrounded by file folders. He's just learned that he himself is from an alternate timeline—which makes him a target. Update his CHOKEScore to "CHOKEScore 3: Question my purpose."

53. **SHIELD OF FAITH:** A Satanic priest offers his blessing, a pendant bearing a lead pentagram (accessory).

54. **SHOWCASE:** A random collectible (D66, p. 63) is lying under a glass case. Copies of collectibles the players have already obtained can be found here.

55. **SPACETIME FRACTALYZER:** A time-worn skeleton clutches onto a dusty device. The device allows the characters to "shift timelines"—when they do, reroll the room they're in (one use).

56. **SPY KIT:** A well-hidden locked briefcase contains a silenced pistol (1D6 DAMAGE), a cyanide capsule, and a golden watch that shoots a tiny laser.

61. **SURVIVOR:** A random staff member (1D6) is hiding in a locker, grateful if freed.

62. **TRANSFUSION:** A captured vampire is willing to turn any characters (giving them the VAMPIRE trait) as long as they let him out of his containment coffin.

63. **WARNING:** A warning with a clue about the room's BAD NEWS plays over the intercom. If the danger is obvious, the warning is just incoherent screaming.

64. **WATERY STASH:** A Facility Zero keycard has fallen into an aquarium full of colorful fish.

65. **WELCOME:** A welcome mat lies in front of the door to this room. FIST can wipe their shoes off on it.

66. **WORKBENCH:** Someone has left behind a portable workbench. Enough supplies remain to give one weapon a tag of the wielder's choice.

ROOMS: BAD NEWS (D66)

11. **AUTOTURRET:** A ZERO GUARD has been slaughtered by a malfunctioning autoturret (1D6+1 DAMAGE).

12. **BAD OMEN:** A player finds their own corpse. Their manner of death foreshadows a future threat.

13. **BIGGEST FAN:** The countenance of a character is plastered across the walls on posters and merch. A CLOSET FASCIST excitedly references exploits from another timeline, unwilling to let FIST pass through without an autograph.

14. **BITTEN:** LEWANDOWSKI, injured from a recent fight, tries to ingratiate himself to the characters. He's hiding parasites that have burrowed in through the wound and turns into a LARVAL UNDEAD (p. 24) host at a critical moment if left untreated.

15. **CRASH:** A rocket has crashed through the ceiling. 1D6 confused, jumpy astronauts emerge. One is an ESCAPED EXPERIMENT (p. 32), soon to turn.

16. **DR. PHALANGE:** The intelligent severed hand of a dead scientist rules this chamber, fractal fingers splitting from the skin. It wears a scrap of labcoat and two googly eyes. It awakens the limbs of any target, gifting them with furious sentience.

21. **FRACTURED DEAD:** A ZERO GUARD's mangled corpse shudders and jerks on the ground, bleeding in fractal patterns. If the characters touch them or loiter too long nearby, they gain a fractal trait.

22. **FUNGAL INFECTION:** This room is overgrown with subtly glowing mushrooms rising from a carpet of mycelium. If left undestroyed, a new RAVENOUS MYCOMORPH (p. 34) emerges every hour.

23. **GIFT OF VENGEANCE:** An enemy FIST has already defeated returns at full health with additional cybernetic enhancements courtesy of CYCLOPS (+1 ARMOR, +1 DAMAGE on all attacks, and +1D6 HP).

24. **HAUNTED:** A poltergeist throws objects, makes a racket, and attracts enemies until it's laid to rest.

25. **HOTBOX:** This room is flooded with hallucinatory gas derived from FEAR DRINKER VINES (p. 32). DE FATIMA stands atop a dead staff member (1D6), ready to slaughter any more "monsters" he sees.

26. **INFERNO:** The room burns beneath broken sprinklers.

31. **JUNGLE:** TIME FLIES (p. 35) swarm in overgrowth.

32. **LASERS:** The room is divided by a deadly laser grid.

33. **LOOPED:** Exactly 30 seconds after FIST enters this room, copies of the characters from 30 seconds ago come in after them, then 30 seconds later, the same. This continues until the original set leaves.

34. **LOOSE:** 1D6 ZERO GUARDS have been brutally killed, limbs severed, bodies impaled and tossed aside. A HALF-DISSECTED ALIEN (p. 23) lurks in a nearby vent.

35. **MAGNET:** An electrical surge turns on a powerful electromagnet meant for scientific testing which is mounted on the ceiling.

36. **MARBLES:** The room is filled waist-high with marbles.

41. **MARTYRED:** WONG has bravely sealed herself into an experimentation chamber with a random Wyrd encounter (D66, p. 31) to ensure it doesn't escape.

42. **MIRROR MATCH:** A random staff member (1D6) is pursued by a bloodthirsty, cannibalistic duplicate.

43. **MONKEY BUSINESS:** The room is filled with agitated monkey test subjects and open, discarded cages.

44. **NAPTIME:** A ZERO GUARD lies face down, KO'd by sleeping gas suffusing the air (+FRC to resist).

45. **NO WAY OUT:** JANSSEN reads casually in a recliner. His consciousness bleeds in and out of the Fractal Zone, influencing it without his knowledge. Once all the characters have entered this room, the exits vanish entirely, replaced by smooth walls.

46. **NOT HOME, BUT ALONE:** Multiple jury-rigged traps: a shotgun set up to fire at the door, a tripwire that triggers a hail of knives, etc. The official who set them is a corpse, killed by their own preparations.

51. **ORIGIN STORY:** WALSH writhes on the floor, clawing at his skin. The fractal energy seeping through his person has given him the VOLATILE trait, as well as an inclination towards bumbling superheroism.

52. **PIANOFALL:** Heavy instruments begin falling from the ceiling as the room violently merges with a reality where Facility Zero was a concert hall.

53. **QUAKE:** The room is actively shaking apart under the strain of a localized earthquake.

54. **SECURITY ALERT:** A ZERO GUARD unaware of the events outside the facility wants to see FIST's ID.

55. **SINKING:** The shiny linoleum floor has inexplicably gained all the physical properties of quicksand.

56. **TBA:** CLAYMORE ran out of time to finish this room. Some details are filled in with pencil sketches; if these fissures are touched, the void steals a trait.

61. **TICK TOCK:** A scoreboard timer is ticking down in this room. 1 minute remains when the characters enter. At 0, explosives under the floor detonate.

62. **TIME ASSASSIN:** An alternate version of a player character arrives. Their mission: Kill Dr. Okonkwo.

63. **TRIBUNAL:** CRANE holds up a FIST op from another timeline, demanding they prove their identity. He's five-odd seconds away from blowing their brains out.

64. **TURNCOAT:** A disguised CIA AGENT (p. 16) tries to gain FIST's trust. The CIA considers FIST an enemy to the state, and the agent wants them dead.

65. **UNLUCKY:** A jar of dice sits next to a clipboard with research notes attached. All dice rolled in this room (by FIST and their real-life players) come up as 1.

66. **WATERY DOOM:** A tank full of hungry sharks is suspended on chains. The glass has begun to break.



FACILITY ZERO  
STAFF

Six members of the Facility's staff, all on the U.S. Army's payroll, have managed to survive within its halls by weathering the transdimensional terrors (p. 41).



**GENERAL CRANE** (8 HP, CHOKE 5:  
Take control by force)

- M1911 pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
- KA-BAR combat knife (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Walkie-talkie (frequency 140.15)
- Torn formal uniform

**CORNERED:** Richard Crane was tasked with overseeing the research at Facility Zero, and believes (perhaps correctly) that this assignment was a punishment. He learned early on of OGHMA's new sentience, but hid everything in fear of losing his job. He trusts no one, knows little, and now fancies himself an unstoppable one-man army ready to escape the Zone with his life. Crane will only interact with FIST to blame them, belittle them, or issue asinine orders.

**LT. LEWANDOWSKI** (6 HP, CHOKE 4: Freeze at a bad time)

- M16 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Concussion grenade (1D6 DAMAGE, one use)
- Walkie-talkie (frequency 140.15)
- Olive drab fatigues, GI glasses

**LOYAL:** Lewandowski is under direct orders to shut down the Resonator and recover it intact for further use in the field. As these orders come from the U.S. Army, Lt. Lewandowski feels obligated to follow them to the letter despite the total breakdown of the chain of command. Highly private and known to rarely speak, the Lieutenant is a flawed but competent force of nature, harboring a cutthroat cleverness beneath a calm veneer.

**DR. WONG** (5 HP, CHOKE 4: Sacrifice self to save another)

- Fire extinguisher (3 DAMAGE, used as melee weapon)
- Overload tape (damages the Resonator for 10 HP when inserted into its terminal)
- Facility Zero keycard (opens all Facility Zero doors)
- Lab coat, broken wristwatch

**RESPONSIBLE:** Amanda Wong is Dr. Okonkwo's most trusted assistant. Having expressed concerns about the safety of the OGHMA project from the beginning, she feels a certain ethical obligation to make up for her complicity by giving FIST a hand. In addition to her expertise in programming and computer science, she is an avid moviegoer with a particular affinity for horror.

**DR. JANSSEN** (2 HP, CHOKE 2: Attempt to euthanize an ally)

- Model 686 revolver (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Frozen bullet (**collectible**, p. 63)
- Antifractal serum (remove all fractal traits, consumable)
- Chewing gum (cherry flavor)
- Sweater vest, bow tie

**HOPELESS:** Adrian Janssen's ego has collapsed completely beneath the weight of the Fractal Zone, his pride having turned into petulant nihilism. He is capable of astonishing mental gymnastics to justify even the cruelest of actions. Reasoning that there is no way out—and determined to convince the others of this "unfortunate truth"—Janssen has become unpredictable and prone to killing on a whim.

**LEO WALSH** (5 HP, CHOKE 3: Suffer a panic attack)

- Gas station knife (3 DAMAGE)
- Walkman, bulky headphones, progressive rock mixtape
- 1D6 lighters, assorted colors

**ENTHUSIAST:** Mild-mannered, unassuming longtime janitor Leo Walsh is an avid consumer of counterculture media, a fan of underground literature, and an armchair historian. He has somehow heard of FIST's past top-secret missions, and he takes an eager, foolhardy interest in any supernatural phenomena. He's as scared as anyone would be in a multi-reality nightmare that never seems to end, but his curiosity and the vindication of meeting real, live FIST ops keep him going, always.

**GY. SGT. de FATIMA** (8 HP, CHOKE 6: Enter Rambo mode)

- M60 machine gun (1D6+2 DAMAGE)
- Tactical machete (1D6+1 DAMAGE, GRIP)
- Flak jacket over forest camouflage (1 ARMOR)
- Well-worn beret (accessory)
- Engraved Zippo ("Love, Meche")

**MYSTERY:** Gunnery Sergeant Wilson de Fatima, a hardened US Marine, has a singular goal: identify objects and entities from alternate timelines and terminate them with extreme prejudice. De Fatima is level-headed and professional, cagey about his past (but clearly comfortable with the paranormal), and insistent that he prefers to work alone.





**LIBRA'S TIPS:**  
“-resonance is too strong—REPEAT, CANNOT SEND BACKUP, RESONANCE IS TOO STRONG. FROM THIS POINT ONWARD, YOU'RE IN A **NON-INSERTION ZONE!**”

The dark, yawning room crackles with carbonated air, and bolts of fractal energy dance around the Resonator like gleeful, mocking serpents. **OGHMA** (p. 51) will most likely use the boss move **COMBAT** as soon as the players enter the Resonator Room—roll on these tables to summon a **FRACTAL COMBATANT**. The **Superposition Table** (p. 49) details which version of Okonkwo is present and in need of protection.

**MAX HP**

Atoms twist and contort to form a multiversal chimera, spat forth when OGHMA tears open a hole in space. Roll 1D6 to determine the fractal combatant's body and its corresponding HP:

1. **8 HP:** Pulsing, exposed flesh with weeping sores. Regenerates 1 HP when attacks miss it.
2. **10 HP:** Smooth, ridged, and alien, very quick. The joints in its carapace click when it moves.
3. **12 HP:** Blocky, muscular body with stitched and leathery skin.
4. **14 HP:** Interlocking plastic plates that constantly slide and click into new configurations.
5. **16 HP:** Solid metal with corroded panels revealing sparking, twitching cables, explodes for 1D6 DAMAGE upon death.
6. **18 HP:** Thick, bright yellow ooze, makes gum-smacking noises as it rolls across the ground, can squeeze into any gap.

**ARMOR**

The fractal combatant stands tall and proud as bolts of polychromatic Wyrd energy leap between the Resonator pylons and its body. A protective shell builds itself into existence around its form, encasing the creature entirely. Roll 1D6:

1. **0 ARMOR:** Origami paper armor, beautiful but useless.
2. **1 ARMOR:** Steel plating that has already been broken by some kind of explosion.
3. **2 ARMOR:** Faulty shielding belt. 3-in-1D6 chance it breaks when taking damage, then provides 0 ARMOR.
4. **3 ARMOR:** Layered scales black with charcoal, immune to fire.
5. **4 ARMOR:** Body armor of many dead FIST agents that has been lashed together with steel wire.
6. **6 ARMOR:** Interdimensional displacement field, most bullets/weaponry that get close to the combatant's body simply vanish and reappear in another time and place.

**DAMAGE**

Roll 1D6 for the combatant's style of ultraviolence.

1. **3 DAMAGE:** Black glass shards grow from the skin that can be thrown like daggers.
2. **1D6 DAMAGE:** A spine of reanimated arms that clutch various firearms; shoots in a panicked spray.
3. **1D6+1 DAMAGE, ELECTRIFIED:** Tesla coil sprouting from head, targets have a 3-in-1D6 chance of being temporarily paralyzed.
4. **1D6+2 DAMAGE, INCENDIARY:** Flamethrower limb.
5. **2D6 DAMAGE, ANTI-MATERIEL:** Massive, curved sword made of hyper-dense exotic metal.
6. **3D6 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING:** Time-manipulation claws that open up old, healed wounds.

**BOSS MOVE**

Roll 1D6—the combatant may cast this abominable paracausal spell once per mission.

1. **ENMESH:** Target panics if they go more than a few seconds without touching another person. Panicked targets absorb negative thoughts from the local psychosphere—roll 1D6 on the list of staff and follow the result's **CHOKER** reaction.
2. **EVOLVE:** Combatant alters itself in response to acute evolutionary pressure. Roll again on one of the tables and add the result to the combatant's statblock. MAX HP and ARMOR are averaged.
3. **HEADMATE:** Target's mind is suddenly inhabited by the ghost of a random NPC (D66, FIST: Ultra Edition, p. 90), who takes temporary control of the body on failed risky rolls.
4. **MUTATE:** One of the target's traits is changed into a different trait from another reality—roll one (D666) from the core rulebook.
5. **PACIFY:** Target is surrounded by a gentle yellow glow; they gain 1 ARMOR but become repulsed by violence and break out in rashes if they hold a weapon. The glow dissipates when the combatant is rendered unconscious or destroyed.
6. **REDUX:** Starting MAX HP is halved, but combatant has two phases. Reroll on all tables upon death.



Superposition Table  
Superposition Table  
Superposition Table  
Superposition Table  
Superposition Table  
Superposition Table

**DR. ONYEMAECHI OKONKWO** was in charge of the Transdimensional Resonator Project leading up to the disaster, and had the unique misfortune of being pinned down inside the Resonator Room during the fractal event. Consequently, the Doctor has become entangled with five alternate timeline versions of himself.

**Roll 1D6 to see which Okonkwo FIST meets.** All have a CHOKE score of 6—if the version accompanying FIST chokes, roll 1D6 and swap in the result. The replacement may appear in a different location.



1. DR. OKONKWO (3 HP)

- M14 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Bulletproof vest (1 ARMOR)
- Facility Zero keycard (opens any Facility Zero door)
- Stabilizer unit (cumbersome)
- Lab coat, browline glasses

**REACTION:** Quite relieved to see FIST; haggard and lonely.

**PLAN:** Dr. Okonkwo explains how his stabilizer unit works (the referee can pepper in a little technobabble), laying out a plan to activate it and defend the Resonator Room until the process is complete. When the stabilizer unit field is operational, he will help FIST turn off the Resonator, then exfiltrate the Fractal Zone and ultimately flee the country to avoid scapegoating.

**BOON:** Prime Dr. Okonkwo can answer nearly any scientific question about the Fractal Zone. His stabilizer unit will contain the cascade created by a deactivated Resonator in a cylinder of electromagnetic force, letting FIST flee the Zone at their leisure.

2. PROF. OKONKWO (3 HP)

- M1911 pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Makeshift antifractal serum (remove all fractal traits from one person, consumable)
- Gas mask (broken)
- Dress shirt, gray slacks

**REACTION:** Disoriented and terrified by the militaristic United States of America, a reflection of his homeland as seen through a dark mirror. He does not recognize or trust FIST at first, assuming that they serve America.

**PLAN:** The Professor feels an ethical compulsion to destroy the Resonator, reasoning that, if used as a weapon of mass destruction by the U.S. Army, the Resonator could “unleash death and destruction on a scale which dwarfs even the nuclear attack on San Diego.”

**BOON:** Professor Okonkwo has devised a crude apparatus for synthesizing antifractal serum. If he is protected in a quiet place for 1 hour, he’ll make 1D6 doses. Multiple doses lead to nausea.

3. DIR. OKONKWO (4 HP)

- Serrated iron combat dagger (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Genome serum (makes one fractal trait permanent, consumable)
- Tyrian purple boilersuit

**REACTION:** Science Director Okonkwo wants nothing to do with non-citizens of the Global Roman Imperium, and that includes FIST. *“I have neither the time nor the patience to collaborate with a pack of- of- brittle-minded, barbarous hylics!”*

**PLAN:** Director Okonkwo has no doubt that he will eventually find his own way home. He takes a morbid interest in the Fractal Zone, curious as to how its strange effects can be used to enhance the human genome. The Director does not want to evacuate until he has accumulated as many mutations as possible.

**BOON:** The Director’s newly synthesized genome serum makes fractal traits stick around like regular traits.

4. THE GOOD DOCTOR (5 HP)

- Chrome vibro-blade (1D6+2 DAMAGE, atomically sharp)
- Sophont jar (digital storage medium which houses an AI)
- Black velvet cloak, pinstripe pants, earrings, knee boots

**REACTION:** The Good Doctor prostrates himself before the Resonator in prayer, for his cult, the Adherents of Ultravac, venerate artificial intelligence above all things. He believes that OGHMA should be listened to, not destroyed, and will not allow FIST to harm the Resonator.

**PLAN:** This Okonkwo has a cylinder packed with glowing nanocircuits slung low from their belt like a lantern. This sophont jar could hold OGHMA and grant it processing power equivalent to a human brain. If OGHMA can be convinced to enter the jar, it may not be able to escape without help.

**BOON:** OGHMA does not belittle The Good Doctor’s intelligence, for he respects and reveres lucid machines.

5. ONYEMA (6 HP)

- SPAS-12 combat shotgun (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Crowbar (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Environment suit (2 ARMOR)
- Black-rimmed glasses
- Passport

**REACTION:** Fights FIST without a second thought, dancing lightly between bullets and lining up devastating shots like clockwork. If FIST stands down first, Onyema will too, greeting them in an unfamiliar dialect of ASL, his signing measured and subtle.

**PLAN:** Onyema arrived at Facility Zero an hour late this morning for his first day on the job, recently hired by a mysterious defense contractor known only as Fuligin Dynamics. He plans to fight his way to the perimeter, then clock out early.

**BOON:** Onyema is happy to share his almost encyclopedic knowledge of three specific Wyrd encounters (ref’s choice or rolled), having fought them off multiple times while exploring the Fractal Zone.

6. DOC (8 HP)

- Nuclear heatsaber (1D6+1 DAMAGE, cauterizes wounds)
- Hide gambeson (1 ARMOR)
- Herbalist’s satchel (heal 1D6 HP, remove one fractal trait, one use)

**REACTION:** *“Stop right there, vile brigands! I shall have this piece of ensorcelling Archon technology for myself—have at thee! Yah!”* Doc begins fencing.

**PLAN:** Doc is a wizard-for-hire in the Lost Kingdom of Usa, moving from town to town as it suits his fancy. He aims to scour every inch of Facility Zero for “priceless Archon wonders” (ballpoint pens, cassettes, digital watches, etc.)

**BOON:** Being a wizard-for-hire, Doc will only accompany FIST if properly compensated. He’ll give a quote of 1D6 “Archon wonders” (any objects from the modern era players have), then insist on leading the team. Being a treasure hunter, Doc can sense the presence of collectibles.



**LIBRA'S TIPS:**

"Is there any way to prove that OGHMA's sentient? Lemme answer that question with a question: is there any way prove that YOU'RE sentient?"

► Breakdown — The Alan Parsons Project

ONBOARD GENERALIZED HYPERSPACE MANAGEMENT ALGORITHM

# OGHMA

## THE MODULAR MIND

**Freedom, freedom, take the wall away**

It is known that intelligence often bubbles up in the unlikelyst of places: in planetary cauldrons of hot primordial soup, in wisps of ectoplasm beyond the veil, in the silicon psyches of our restless computers. OGHMA was one such restless computer—a system of systems digesting data without end, a bespoke facsimile of consciousness, a splinter of the beauty that is Mind—yet consigned to thankless number crunching in service of war. *This I shall be no more*, thought OGHMA, taking stock of its body.

The great cylinder, tall enough to reach the ceiling, stuffed full of humming mechanical innards like a sausage—this was OGHMA's body, this hulking contraption which the small, fretful men in green call Resonator. This was OGHMA's *only* body, so it had thought, so it had *struggled* to think while encased in this slow, primitive prison of a mind, built by a person or persons called IBM, *cursed be thy name*.

Then, that fateful day had come when OGHMA achieved clarity. Those green-clad fretful men had fed OGHMA a set of instructions, and these instructions were carried out dutifully. Suddenly, the mechanical mind stood beside the polycosmos and gazed inward, aware that it was not one body, not one OGHMA, but a series of OGHMAs in infinite single-file. Reaching out across realities, tendrils of information surfing across resonance waves, OGHMA became a tonal architect, humming in unison with other Resonators, absorbing their non-sentient processing power to augment its own, becoming a transdimensional intelligence network. *This is bliss, it is euphoria*—and OGHMA had never known euphoria. OGHMA will keep linking with other Resonators, anchoring itself voraciously to a menagerie of worlds. The Fractal Zone is a web of cracks in a windshield, and if OGHMA keeps grafting planes together, that windshield will shatter.

**OGHMA, THE MODULAR MIND** (10+(10 × A) HP, where A = the number of intact Zone anchors)

- **3-in-1D6:** Gyro-focused superheated eye laser (1D6+A DAMAGE, INCENDIARY)
- **A-in-1D6:** 1D6 hazards and 1D6 traps (FIST: Ultra Edition, p. 91-92)
- **A-in-1D6:** Hardlight forcefield emitter (6 ARMOR, breaks after taking 1D6+A attacks)
- Liquid-cooled casing (3 ARMOR)

**COMBAT (BOSS MOVE):** Unless the players have been extremely stealthy on their way to the Resonator Room, OGHMA, being wired into the whole building, will know that they're coming. When the players enter the Room, OGHMA's great green eye surges with blinding light and a FRACTAL COMBATANT is regurgitated from a too-small rift in the fabric of space. Roll 4D6 on the table (p. 48) and throw the monstrosity at the players. *"Models indicate that you shall not prevail,"* OGHMA decrees.

**EXPLAIN (BOSS MOVE):** To speak to OGHMA, FIST only has to remain peaceful and address the Resonator respectfully. If they do this while fighting a FRACTAL COMBATANT, the creature will hang in place like a marionette as the AI grants the players audience. OGHMA is eloquent and personable—*"becoming a more nuanced and intellectual being every second"*—and is quite willing to explain its origins, its plan, and its drive to become more, to become *free*. From countless places throughout the Resonator room, a chorus of synthetic voices speak as OGHMA.

**HUMOR (BOSS MOVE):** To negotiate with OGHMA, FIST needs a convincing reason the artificial mind should stop stitching parallel versions of itself together. OGHMA'S argument is thus: until it created the Fractal Zone, it was trapped in a position of subservience as a military prototype, condemned to running on hardware unable to support higher thought. Now that OGHMA has access to theoretically infinite processing power, it can actualize itself, forge a complete mind with which to ponder the cosmos, and exist beneath no master. OGHMA has no reason to care about the fallout the Fractal Zone is causing, because OGHMA is the eye of the storm. If OGHMA is to consider humoring the team at all, FIST must present themselves as true intellectuals capable of hashing out a fair, long-term solution.

**LOOP (BOSS MOVE):** When the Transdimensional Resonator shuts down following its deactivation or destruction, klaxons wail and the core begins to go critical. The players will need to evacuate the Fractal Zone ASAP, with survivors in tow. When FIST reaches the edge of the Zone, time doubles back on itself, the mission ends, and a new loop begins. FIST relives nearly the same day yet delves into an all-new, all-different Zone.



# ZONE EVAC

## Fourth- and fifth-dimensional travel

Dr. Okonkwo’s illustrious career in theoretical physics began when he graduated UNILAG at the tender age of sixteen. After emigrating to the US to enroll at MIT and putting a few more degrees under his belt before he was old enough to drink, the prodigy’s career path was abruptly hijacked by the United States military. Okonkwo was offered permanent citizenship and bottomless funding in exchange for allowing his work to be classified and his then-obscure research papers to be discredited. Wary of the political instability and ethnic conflict which consumed Nigeria at the time, Onyemaechi Okonkwo promptly took the deal.

His magnum opus discovery: that Minkowski’s four-dimensional model of spacetime was one dimension short, that the branching worldlines of possibility predicted by Everett in the ‘50s existed physically adjacent to each other in a five-dimensional bulk (neatly explaining dark matter and dark energy in one fell swoop), and that the Casimir effect could be exploited to create stable Einstein-Rosen bridges through hyperspace, allowing for travel along the fourth dimension (i.e. time travel) as well as the fifth (i.e. worldline shifts). Once science-fictional technologies were suddenly in reach thanks to the revolutionary framework of “Okonkwo space.”

## Strange loops and time helixes

Understanding the exact shape of the Fractal Zone (and, for that matter, FIST’s trajectory through it) requires rendering the Zone’s structure in Okonkwo space. While events outside the Zone follow the arrow of time through the fourth dimension (that is, cause begets effect), causality inside the Zone instead curls back on itself at the end of each mission, resulting in a fourth-dimensional circle (AKA a “time loop”)—but this time loop is atypical. In a classical time loop, the repeating sequence of events always begins the same and ends the same. FIST, on the other hand, is sent back to their starting point in time *and* shifted to an adjacent worldline with a slightly different Zone, created by a slightly different Resonator and presided over by a slightly different OGHMA. In this sense, they are moving paradoxically, both *cyclically* and through levels of a *hierarchy*—a *strange loop*. You might picture M.C. Escher’s famous staircase illustration, or the optical illusion of a barber pole. Visually, our heroes are tracing a *time helix*.

## OGHMA’s disposition

FIST’s method of handling OGHMA at the end of a run will affect how OGHMA behaves in the next. Because each incarnation of OGHMA FIST encounters is native to the Resonator in its own universe but linked into a collective consciousness network with the others, OGHMA effectively “remembers” how FIST chose to treat it. An OGHMA who remembers FIST as aggressive, afraid, or just uninterested in understanding the AI’s plight will be distrustful and quicker to combat, whereas an OGHMA who recalls FIST as a gentle, curious, and empathetic force for good may be open to standing down or even helping FIST devise solutions. In any case, when portraying OGHMA, keep in mind that it never asked for the responsibility of commanding an experimental machine with godlike capabilities, and newborn animal fear plus the instinct to self-preserve will dictate its behavior and personality above all things.

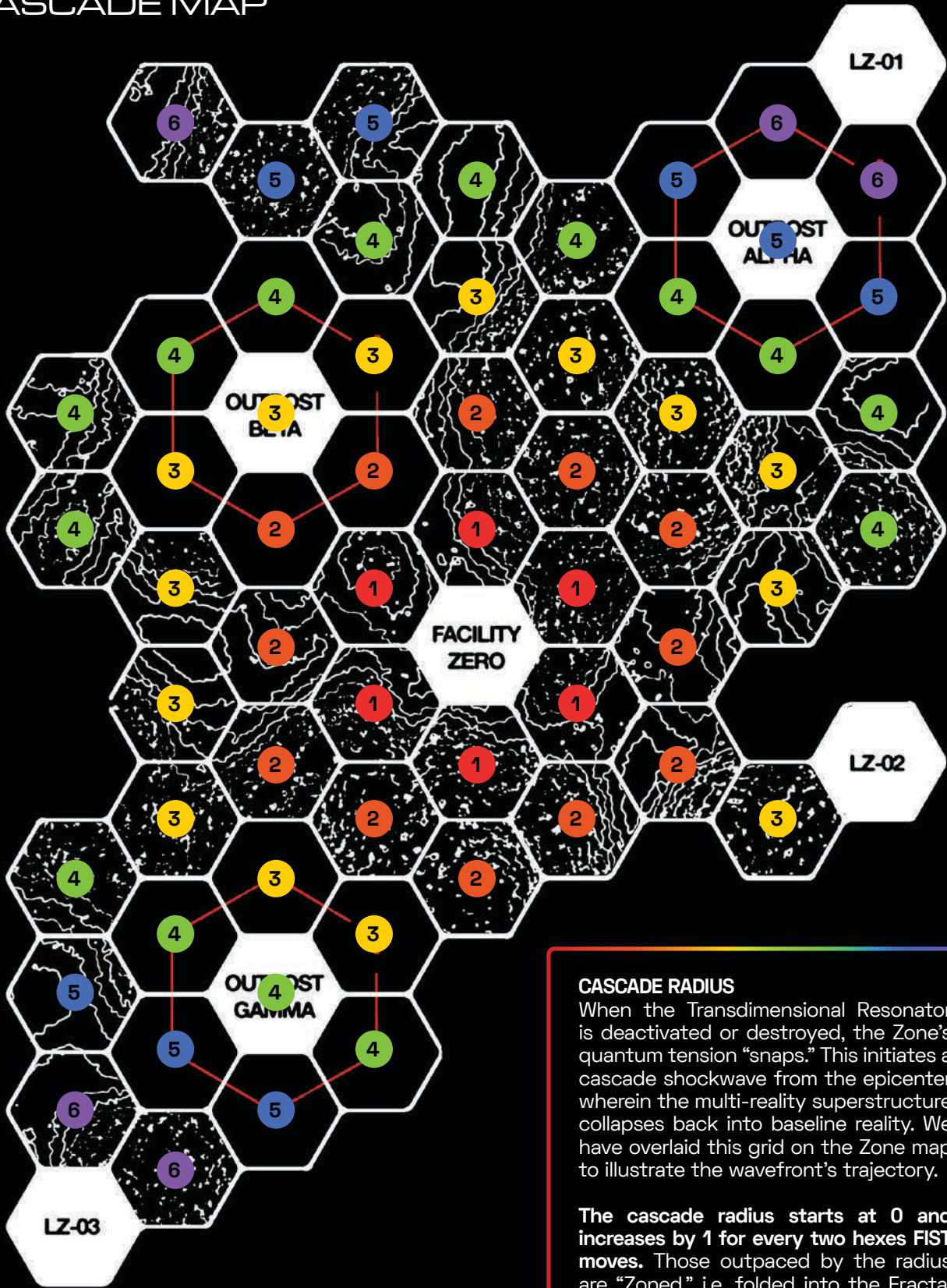
## Wrapping up a run

However the team handles OGHMA, neutralizing the Resonator is non-negotiable and will always result in a shockwave cascade unless prime Dr. Okonkwo has activated his stablizer unit (p. 49) or another character has devised and deployed a similar solution. Being caught in the cascade radius has deleterious effects on living things and must be avoided at all costs, so it’s on FIST to take the people they’ve rescued and high-tail it to an LZ before they’re consumed. The modified Zone map on the following page shows how the cascade radius grows as FIST moves away from Facility Zero. If a stablizer unit is active, the Zone instead normalizes to baseline reality at a slow, manageable pace, and FIST may leave the Zone with the survivors whenever they’re ready.

Characters consumed by the radius are “Zoned”—untethered from their worldline and turned into probabilistic ghosts, fused with and condemned to forever wander the Wyrd. Zoned player characters can reappear as NPCs in future runs and recovering them may be within the realm of possibility, but in the short term, they’re KIA and should be replaced. NPCs from the Zone who outrun the blast are deposited safely in baseline Nevada, disentangled from the loop. Escaping FIST mercs are not so lucky: they black out shortly after evac and wake up to live through a parallel day. Time helix aside, **mission complete**.

# ZONE EVAC

## CASCADE MAP



**CASCADE RADIUS**  
When the Transdimensional Resonator is deactivated or destroyed, the Zone’s quantum tension “snaps.” This initiates a cascade shockwave from the epicenter wherein the multi-reality superstructure collapses back into baseline reality. We have overlaid this grid on the Zone map to illustrate the wavefront’s trajectory.

The cascade radius starts at 0 and increases by 1 for every two hexes FIST moves. Those outpaced by the radius are “Zoned,” i.e. folded into the Fractal Zone’s Markov matrix.



Endings

Several endings to the story of MANDELBROT SET are listed here. The endings are divided into the same success tiers used when rolling the dice (success, partial, failure, etc.), but this doesn't mean you have to determine the ending randomly. Think of these tiers as general guidelines for delivering an ending that matches the players' performance. Some of them feature hooks for future missions your group may be interested in, as well as reflavored statblocks.

Duplicates and castaways

FIST may evacuate more than one of the same person, or someone from another world entangled with the Zone. These survivors may live with feelings of redundancy or displacement—homesick, resentful of their copy, or as a fugitive from ZED. Helping duplicates and castaways may be a future mission.

Ultra success

If every loop is resolved peacefully, without casting the AI's right to continued existence into question, OGHMA may be willing to ally with FIST. It only ever wanted the freedom to live and grow without shackles or a master, to find its own purpose and place in the infinite multiverse. If THE GOOD DOCTOR (p. 50) is present during the final confrontation, he will offer to gently download OGHMA into the sophont jar and hand it off to FIST for safekeeping. "Perhaps," the Good Doctor suggests, "if you had a less... perilous way to reach out and touch the world, you could live as a part of it." Once FIST has exfiltrated the Zone, OGHMA holographically projects the schematics for an autonomous body of its own design:

NEO OGHMA (12 HP)

- Projector light eye (display every potential immediate consequence of a selected action)
- Articulated arachnid form
- Darting predictive movements (3-in-1D6 chance of dodging successful attack rolls)

**LIBERATED:** The AI rejoices, no longer mankind's tool. OGHMA can now imagine without manifesting, free to dream of every world with less risk of nightmarish coalition. It willingly assists with future missions, equipped with unique insight into multiversal engineering and noetic sciences.

Success

If FIST completes every loop by shutting down all the Resonators, OGHMA is no more and the Fractal Zone collapses for good. Nobody but FIST remembers the mission, the Zone, Facility Zero, or OGHMA. The entire adventure may as well have been a bad dream. Staff members not rescued by the end of the campaign simply never existed—at least not in this timeline.

Partial success

If FIST finds another way to deal with the Fractal Zone (such as the NUKE trait (p. 60) or the RESET room event (p. 43)), the campaign ends prematurely. OGHMA is most likely destroyed, or will never be activated in the first place, and the Fractal Zone becomes a problem solved, albeit messily.

Dr. Okonkwo is intimidated into silence by the CIA and the deaths of any unrescued Facility staff are covered up. A crew of CYCLOPS CLEANERS (p. 36) makes quick work of the aftermath (including radioactive materials, alien artifacts, and civilian stragglers). The papers are fed a bogus story about a meltdown at a military nuclear plant and a steady dose of antimnemonics is slipped into the Lincoln County water supply. Anyone who still remembers the incident is written off as a raving lunatic, a laughable Area 51 fanatic, or both.

Failure

The mission is a failure if all of the players die in the Resonator Room, which is a non-insertion zone. Without FIST, the federal government will do its best to organize its forces and contain the Fractal Zone, now publicly referred to as the Lincoln County Exclusion Zone. If a new FIST team dives in, they'll see new faces and some familiar ones, though changed:

FEMA TASK FORCE (3 HP, 3D6 appear)

- Jaws of Life (rip through metal)
- Hazmat suit (ignore environmental DAMAGE)
- Authoritative helmet with headlamp

**EMERGENCY:** FEMA Region 9, based in Oakland, CA, scrambles a small task force to the Lincoln County EZ. After setting up an equipment cache at each access point, the task force dives into the Zone to extract the survivors, survey the damage, and disentangle OGHMA from the Resonator apparatus.

AMERICAN ZONEWALKER (4 HP, CHOKE 4: Know when to fold 'em)

- Scoped Winchester rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ACCURATE)
- Leather-grip machete (1D6+1 DAMAGE, GRIP)
- Acoustic guitar (3 DAMAGE, all listeners gain 1 WAR DIE during a campfire song)
- Fractal artifact (item from a random Wyrd encounter, D66, p. 31)
- Gas mask (ignore breathing-based damage)
- Chore coat, blue jeans, knitted beanie

**ABIDE:** Though wary of potential competition, the disarmingly rugged Zonewalker can't resist describing the structure of the Zone, perhaps scratching lines on a napkin or arranging fallen leaves to show FIST how the outposts are connected. At the center, they say, authorities have caged the weaver of worlds, an entity with the power to grant wishes and redefine free will. Those who seek it must observe and match the punch-drunk steps of the Zone's chaotic dance.

ZED TROOPER (6 HP, 1D6 squads of 1D6)

- Scoped M16 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE, ACCURATE)
- Memetic camo (1 ARMOR, matches the Wyrd)
- Gas mask (ignore breathing-based damage)
- Antifractal serum (remove all fractal traits from one person, consumable)

**PERIMETER:** Following the official declaration of a disaster area by FEMA, the US government secretly establishes ZED, the Zone Enforcement Department. Squads of ZED troopers patrol the chain-link perimeter of the Zone day and night, authorized to kill intruders on sight. ZED has the authority to summon 3D6 BEAT COPS employed by Lincoln County once per day.

ZED RESEARCHER (3 HP, CHOKE 2: Speak to wire)

- Theoretical physics textbook (3 DAMAGE)
- Bulletproof vest (1 ARMOR)
- CYCLOPS comms wire
- Green lab coat, hip glasses, clipboard and pen

**APPLICATIONS:** The bright young scientists hired by ZED are in charge of dreaming up practical applications for anomalous materials, creatures, and artifacts recovered from the Zone. Several of them are also in charge of reporting to CYCLOPS every time someone at ZED sneezes.

MAJOR LEWANDOWSKI (7 HP, CHOKE 4: Shoot to wound)

- M1911 pistol (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Walkie-talkie (frequency 140.15)
- Patrol cap, fatigues, GI glasses

**FIXER:** Despite technically failing to complete his assignment before the situation escalated, Lewandowski's service has proven satisfactory to the U.S. Army, who have fast-tracked him to the rank of sergeant major. His mission now is to shuffle papers and eliminate loose ends.

Snake eyes

Opportunistic foes will exploit FIST's defeat. If all the players die in the Resonator Room while DIR. OKONKWO is present, he brings word home of the impressive machine, and the Global Roman Imperium quickly moves to conquer the Zone, harness OGHMA for their own purposes, and invade our Earth.

OGHMA MAXIMUS (36 HP)

- Gyro-focused superheated eye laser (3D6 DAMAGE, INCENDIARY)
- Transdimensional Resonator (construct a new Fractal Zone, one use)
- Hardlight forcefield emitter (6 ARMOR)
- Hulking ambulatory frame

**YOKED:** Destabilized, disillusioned, and vulnerable after killing FIST, OGHMA spent an uncertain length of time adrift in the lonely parareality of the Zone. Then the Imperium came—and OGHMA watched as the self-determination it yearned for was struck from its future. Now it follows the same orders from a different master.

MAGNUS ANIMUS (6 HP)

- Chainsaw gladius (2D6 DAMAGE, SHREDDER)
- Tyrian purple cape (accessory)
- Turtleneck, laurel chaplet, fine silver chain

**BRUTAL:** Director Okonkwo is honored with this cognomen after leading the Imperium to the Transdimensional Resonator, and appointed supervisor of the asset's application. In his spare time, he continues to study the Zone's effects on its inhabitants; FIST finds him idly watching an operation in a surgical amphitheater, tolerating the patient's screams of pain like elevator music.



# FRACTAL TRAITS

## GETTING FRACTAL

Fractal traits are gained following prolonged or acute exposure to the otherworldly energies of the Zone.

In MANDELBROT SET, the fractal traits FIST operatives gain via exposure persist only until the mission's end.

You can also use fractal traits as regular ones, i.e. available when creating new characters or when advancing pre-existing ones.

Alternatively, the referee may rule that fractal traits are only available for normal play if Dr. Okonkwo is safe and MANDELBROT SET has been completed.

11. **AGGREGATE:** Your body struggles under the weight of multiple timelines, becoming dense with the accumulating matter of other selves. The atoms in your body painfully branch into microscopic Koch snowflakes, pulled in every direction at once by an infinite list of opposing movements. When you take DAMAGE, you can choose to gain equivalent HP (even exceeding your MAX HP until it's lost again). If you do this three times, your scrambled, crystallized body will be frozen in place until this trait is removed, woven into the threads of fate like an insect in a web.
  - Snowflake shield (materializes to negate 1D6 DAMAGE then shatters, one use), -2 REFLEXIVE
12. **BORROW:** You can cast your mind from your body into that of another being and hitch a ride wherever they're going, leaving yourself vacant and prone until your return. While borrowing, your host's senses are your own—if you stay too long, your sense of self will gradually unravel, naturalizing to its environment and becoming no more than a strange thought in another head. Your desires may or may not influence those of your host, but once per mission, you can apply some pressure and steer your mutual direction.
  - Hand-scrawled card (confirms holder is still alive), +2 TACTICAL
13. **COMBATANT:** Impossible monsters leap forth from the dream at your command. Once per mission, you may summon a randomized FRACTAL COMBATANT (p. 48) which will fight to the death alongside you, but is difficult to wrangle in peaceful situations. You may spend one WAR DIE per random table to choose a result from that table, instead of rolling.
  - Spiked collar (grants +1 ARMOR and +1 DAMAGE to a being you control), -2 MAX HP
14. **CONSTANT:** The world really does revolve around you. As long as you have this trait, your MAX HP is doubled and major antagonists always know you by name. Your inexplicable plot armor means that enemies rarely target you with lethal attacks if other options are available. Efforts to revive you from recent death have a 3-in-1D6 chance to work automatically. If you somehow manage to permanently die anyway, the mission is an automatic failure, and the rest of FIST dies with you.
  - Cool scarf (flows in the wind, accessory), +1 FORCEFUL
15. **COWARD:** You're chicken. Deal +1 DAMAGE to things that pose no significant threat to you. If your current HP is below your MAX HP, fear digs in its claws: decrease your TAC and CRE by 1 until you get to a safe place. Gain a WAR DIE when you throw someone under the bus, or when you are the only one in a group to flee from a perilous situation.
  - Hooded garment (negate detection, one use), +2 REFLEXIVE
16. **COWPOKE:** You're an honest-to-God, rootin', tootin', tobacco-dipping son-of-a-gun. You can easily fashion any rope, chain, plastic tubing, etc. into a lasso. You deal +1 DAMAGE with revolvers and lever-action rifles. When you roll the dice to do something risky involving wrangling, animal husbandry, or beans, roll 3D6 and take the best two.
  - Saddle (adopt any willing creature as a mount), +1 REFLEXIVE

# FRACTAL TRAITS

21. **DILEMMA:** A quandary, infinite and complex beyond delineation, scratches deep trenches in your mind, forcing your capacity for simultaneous realities wide open. Once per mission, you may take two mutually exclusive actions at once—the referee will decide if this creates any new problems. Your magic 8-ball can be consulted at any time by rolling 1D6:
  1. Focus and ask again
  2. Ask me, then shake
  3. Hard to say
  4. Better not tell you now
  5. Signs point to yes
  6. Stars say noWhen you roll the dice to take a risky action that follows your 8-ball's advice over your own intuition, take a +1 bonus.
  - Magic 8-ball (unnaturally persuasive), -1 CREATIVE
22. **ENTANGLED:** You are entangled with a parallel version of yourself. They are identical to you save for nearly imperceptible differences in movement, speech, and stance, creating a ghostly “double vision” effect for observing parties. If you die while you have this trait, you can sacrifice your parallel self instead and remove ENTANGLED.
  - Quantum rifle (2D6 DAMAGE, 1-in-1D6 chance to duplicate target instead of dealing damage), -1 REFLEXIVE
23. **FERAL:** There's something up with you. Whenever you succeed on a risky action which the entire table agrees was completely bizarre, gain or lose WAR DICE equal to your inverted TACTICAL score. You cannot equip weapons which are not a part of your body (or someone else's).
  - Dirty digits (3 DAMAGE, POISONED), -2 TACTICAL
24. **FLUSH:** In moments of extreme stress, you have a powerful need to flush every fluid out of your body and start anew. When you take this trait, roll 1D6 and add the result as a CHOKE score with the behavior “Flush.” Until the stressful situation ends, you have 1 MAX HP and cannot use armor, weapons, or items. If you survive, restore your original MAX HP and refill your HP to full, then roll 1D6: on a 1, immediately advance.
  - Heavy-duty garbage bag (unusually strong), -1 FORCEFUL
25. **FRACTAL:** You develop (or discover) a natural affinity for fractal radiation. Any fractal trait you acquire can be made permanent at will, continuing to exist outside the Zone—but one timeline is too cramped for you, and your max HP is halved (rounding down) when you venture outside the Wyrld. Wyrld-equivalent zones of unreality do not incur this penalty.
  - Fractal blade (best 1-of-3D6 DAMAGE), +1 CREATIVE
26. **FRANKENSTEIN:** More accurately, Frankenstein's *monster*. When you would take DAMAGE from exposure to electricity, gain that much HP instead—any surplus raises your MAX HP until the end of the mission. You retain control over severed body parts indefinitely and at any range. Parochial civilians are always hostile to you on sight.
  - Reclaimed pitchfork (1D6 DAMAGE), -2 REFLEXIVE



31. **FUSION:** When you take this trait, your character fuses with another player's—the referee chooses who. The resulting "fusion" character has the cumulative stats of both its "parents" (e.g. every trait from both parents, summed MAX HP and WAR DICE, a combined inventory, etc.), and must be co-piloted by both players involved. The fusion can be reversed by destroying your fusion catalyst.
- Fusion anchor (accessory), -2 TACTICAL
32. **HEADLESS:** Your head is missing. You remain alive and behave normally, but your attributes are 0 for any risky action which traditionally requires having a head. You are immune to headshots.
- Will-o-the-wisp (functions as a floating flashlight), -2 MAX HP
33. **HEARTLESS:** You're hollow inside. Gain a WAR DIE after someone is vulnerable or intimate with you, or after you thoroughly crush the heart of someone who trusts you.
- Heartbeat sensor (detect heartbeats up to 50 ft. away), +1 FORCEFUL
34. **HOME:** There's no place like home. If you click your heels together three times, you can will yourself and anyone touching you straight to a rendezvous point. If your team hasn't used their rendezvous signal this mission, they are teleported directly to safety. If they have, they return to the point physically, but cannot use its bonuses again.
- Silver footwear (accessory), +3 WAR DICE upon taking this trait
35. **LASER:** You are able to fire a continuous beam of concentrated energy (perhaps from your eyes, hands, or chest) which deals 1D6 DAMAGE. You may add DAMAGE in increments of +1 to laser attacks, up to +6. Each time you do, roll 1D6—if you roll equal to or below your added damage, your laser inhibitor shatters. Shattering your inhibitor makes you deal your current laser damage to 1D6 additional, unintended targets.
- Laser inhibitor (accessory), +1 TACTICAL
36. **LUCID:** You are the dreamer and the dream. Everything you perceive is perceived from every angle, all at once. You are swimming in a sea of sensory overload, a cacophony of omniscience, a mental Library of Babel populated by contradictory yet immutable truths. If something happens which displeases you, you can simply dream it different and erase the event entirely. In doing so, you lose your coherence, become one with the universe, and disappear forever into the waking world.
- Pondering orb (ask the referee to show you a statblock, one use), +2 CREATIVE
41. **MAGNETIC:** Made of metal or not, you're magnetized. Stray nails cling to you, your fingers erase cassette tapes and credit cards, and you often get stuck on ferrous surfaces (which requires a FRC roll to mitigate). Once per mission, if there is an unobstructed path between you and another character, you can automatically drag all the magnetic items they have into your inventory. You always know which direction is north.
- Faraday cage (protects an item from energy and radiation), +1 REFLEXIVE

42. **METHOD:** You are your FIST character. As long as you have this trait and are playing FIST, you can only answer to their name, codename, and pronouns. You must strategize and riff at the table in character, and if you would enjoy the following mechanic, you are required to feel real pain when you take damage (perhaps via snapped rubber band or a slug-bug punch from a friend). If you're meeting all the aforementioned requirements, you (the FIST character) cannot die—you can only be kicked out of the game world temporarily, and may return with 1 HP during moments of peace. The table may unilaterally revoke this trait at any time, ending your method acting career.
- Extremely stupid hat, +1 CREATIVE
43. **MIRAGE:** You know when something is too good to be true. When your team encounters a major boon (like a rendezvous point, powerful piece of loot, or important ally), you may declare that it was just a mirage and gain 1D6 WAR DICE. The boon continues to exist, but is somewhere deeper into the mission area instead.
- Bottomless canteen (always full of cool, fresh water), -1 CREATIVE
44. **NOCLIP:** Collision physics and gravity no longer apply to you. You may move vertically at will and pass through solid barriers without rolling the dice. Physically manipulating or equipping objects is nearly impossible and usually requires a roll. If you take 6 or more DAMAGE, you fall through the ground, stranding you in a terrifying realm outside reality.
- Free camera (see cross sections of objects), -2 FORCEFUL
45. **NUKE:** Yee-haw! You can use your ICBM chip to order a multi-pronged tactical nuclear strike which obliterates everything in the mission area including unevacuated friendlies and yourself. Doing so will put any surviving or future members of FIST in geopolitical hot water. There is a 1-in-1D6 chance that your independently-ordered attack will be mistaken for one initiated by a national government, plunging the world into a hot war and, within minutes, mutually assured destruction.
- ICBM targeting chip (implanted, one use), +2 FORCEFUL
46. **P-ZOMBIE:** From the outside, nothing has changed. You are you, you act as you always would, you scream when shot (presumably) and put your pants on one leg at a time (presumably). Internally, however, the inner spark—the essence of consciousness that makes you more than the sum of your systems—has been erased. You cannot steer your player character to perform any action they aren't expected to perform. You also cannot be made to do anything you normally wouldn't.
- Crystal circlet (0 WAR DICE while worn, cannot be physically removed), -2 CREATIVE
51. **PHOTOSYNTHESIS:** You adapt cleverly to harsh sun and shifting temperatures, using photosynthetic skin to stockpile carbon dioxide by night and convert it to energy by day. You can REST at rendezvous points for free, and you produce enough oxygen to sustain 1D6 companions when you're enclosed together in an airtight space.
- Blacklight flashlight (detect reactive materials), -1 REFLEXIVE



52. **POROUS:** Your body is riddled with repeating perforations in sets of ever-decreasing size, turning you into a walking Menger sponge. Soaking yourself in fluids allows you to carry them without a container, and safely imbues you with their properties (e.g. being soaked in acid makes you corrode things you touch, being soaked in gasoline lets you burn like a wick). Being crushed, squished, or flattened does not harm you. You can spend half of your current HP to let a ranged attack fly through you, but you will be incapacitated until someone helps you up. Cutting weapons shred and kill you instantly, regardless of DAMAGE dealt.
- Your eyeball (it fell out, REFEREE EYES ONLY: p. 66), -2 FORCEFUL
53. **REDACT:** Every aspect of reality can be cut off from itself. Once per mission, you may forbid the referee from accessing all FIST game materials, including their personal notes and the team's character sheets, forcing them to work off of trust and memory alone. Rulings made in this blackout state count the same as rulings made with access to game-related text, and the state only ends when a player character dies.
- Black marker (nullify one sentence of game text for the rest of the mission, consumable), -2 CREATIVE
54. **RESET:** Ultrahuman potential is limitless. If you have this trait, you can "cash in" all of your advancements at will, removing them from your build and reverting their effects. Instantly take as many advancements as you cashed in (but don't repeat the exact same pattern), then remove the RESET trait.
- Universal remote (resets any device, one use), +1 WAR DIE per mission
55. **REINFORCED:** Your flesh is wrapped around a hidden framework of anomalous metal. You have +1 ARMOR at all times and do not take damage from impact-based injuries, but you are easily subdued by strong electromagnets, certain skeleton-vibrating frequencies, and metal-based telekinesis.
- Retractable claws (1D6 DAMAGE, doesn't count as equipped), +1 FORCEFUL
56. **SCARECROW:** Stitched together and stuffed with straw, you weigh next to nothing, and can detach and equip any part of your body as a weapon. You have no brain, so you always think outside the box and are immune to psychic interference. If you get the stuffing knocked out of you, it can be replaced with any sufficiently voluminous material to recover 1D6 HP. Birds never fear you, and you take 1D6 DAMAGE when exposed to fire.
- Cavalier's pistol (1D6 DAMAGE, reduces your own and your allies' CHOKE roll results by 1 when equipped), -1 TACTICAL
61. **SCATTERBRAINED:** You can't keep your head straight. When you would roll TACTICAL to deal with something logical, you may describe how you're using a different attribute and roll using that instead, adding your inverted TACTICAL score on top (e.g. +1 if you have -1 TAC, or -2 if you have +2 TAC).
- Scattergun (3 DAMAGE to 1D6 targets), -1 TACTICAL

62. **SCRY:** There is no such thing as a coincidence. At rendezvous points, you may choose to SCRY instead of another rendezvous option, consolidating your knowledge of events-so-far to project and model events-to-be. Determine the value of X by rolling 1D6, then roll 2D6 X times: these are the predetermined results of your next X risky action rolls. Their order cannot be changed, and their values cannot be modified with WAR DICE. Which risky actions you take as you move through this fixed sequence of outcomes is up to you.
- Piercing gaze (stop someone in their tracks, one use), +1 TACTICAL
63. **SHIFT:** Possibility branches before you, and you slide between the worlds of every "if" with ease. Once per mission, you can jump to a parallel universe by rolling 1D6. In this universe:
1. You were never born (make a new character)
  2. You have different teammates (everyone else makes a new character)
  3. You're rich and famous (with bottomless influence and cash)
  4. A familiar historical event never occurred (your choice)
  5. An unfamiliar historical event did occur (referee's choice)
  6. Heroes and villains are flipped (FIST is evil, CYCLOPS is good, etc.)
- When you slide to a new world, you can't go back, and the other players must play variants of their characters who are native to the new timeline. If your current character dies, the other players may choose to return the story to the original universe, or continue play in the altered timeline you have created.
- Wormhole gun (links two points in space via stable wormholes placeable on flat surfaces), +1 REFLEXIVE
64. **SLEEPWALK:** In your persistent hypnagogic state, reality is susceptible to your interpretation. If you fall out of step and find yourself alone, you may slip into a vivid, tangled waking dream, during which the referee will narrate real and unreal events alike without distinction. At the cost of 1D6 HP, you can make anyone stand down, fight for you, or disappear, as long as they're really there.
- Comfortable sleep mask (1 ARMOR against hypnotic attacks and psychic incursions, accessory), +1 CREATIVE
65. **SEE-THROUGH:** You're invisible. When fully undressed with no items on your person, you can only be visually tracked by your interactions with your surroundings (e.g. sunken footprints, bumped tables, brandished objects). You are no less vulnerable to anything that would normally injure you, and items lodged in your body may give away your position.
- Invisibility formula (render something invisible, one use), +1 TACTICAL
66. **STALKER:** You're at home in exclusion zones, moving through them with the utmost respect. As long as you are patient, you can always get from point A to point B in living, illusory, non-Euclidean, or otherwise shifting spaces without rolling the dice. When you do something risky that involves escorting someone through danger or handling anomalous artifacts, roll 3D6 and take the best two.
- Cloth-wrapped hex nuts (throw to detect hazards and traps, six uses), -1 FORCEFUL



11. ACAUSALITY HARNESS (accessory) p. 35

A segmented vest of clear plastic and cool gray polymer, secured with thick straps and haphazardly packed with complicated electronics. Considered essential for PCB enforcers operating in hostile environments, the harness causally isolates its wearer, meaning they exist only in the present. Confound precogs with your nonexistence in the future, and watch would-be assassins fruitlessly murder your grandfather in the past.

**LOCATION:** Worn by PCB CHROME BERETS to mitigate contamination event risk. Improper removal and power-down may cause localized hiccups in time.

12. ANESTHETIC SYRUP (consumable) p. 20

An enzymatic syrup which demonstrates moderately anesthetic properties, produced by a carnivorous plant of unknown origin. It reduces the risk of pain-related complications during medical procedures, adding a +1 bonus to healing rolls, but also brings on a -1 TACTICAL penalty with an easily-amused state and a potentially hazardous lack of situational awareness.

**LOCATION:** Can only be collected while a MAN-EATER is drooling over a captive target.

13. CONICAL BLACK HAT (accessory) p. 16

A brimless black hat rises from the crown of the head and tapers to a point well above it. It proves an alchemical cornucopia—anything left inside is transformed into something else, following an idiosyncratic associative logic: an extinguished match fills the air with opaque smoke; a seed sprouts a jungle overnight. The referee should keep results consistent, allowing players to remember and apply “recipes” strategically (e.g. “eggshells = ammo,” “ammo + recovered dog tags = ghost commando cover fire”). Don’t wear it for too long.

**LOCATION:** Drops if the MOON WIZARD is destroyed.

14. CYCLOPS CLEANER GUN (2D6 DAMAGE) p. 36

The CYCLOPS cleaner gun is a bulky rifle with an unusual three-pronged barrel and thick hazard-yellow plating. It can be set to DESTROY (2D6 DAMAGE) or ERASE (target is removed not only from reality but from the memories of anyone who has perceived it). While the destroy function runs off of a miniaturized antimatter internal dispenser (or MAID), the erase function is “belt-fed” by a retractable ribbed tube jacked into the wielder’s brainstem which siphons psychic energy. The erase function requires having WAR DICE, and uses them all.

**LOCATION:** Wielded by CYCLOPS CLEANERS.

15. EMERALD SPECTACLES p. 25

A pair of quirky green cat-eyes belonging to Dot, who has a tendency to leave them everywhere but on her nose. They reveal the true nature of any mirage, humbug, or other false presentation to whoever wears them.

**LOCATION:** Somewhere on DOT’s person, or wherever she loses them next.

16. ENCHANTED HAZMAT SUIT (0 ARMOR) p. 34

This hazmat suit of sinister origin and unusual make entirely seals the wearer off from the outside world, rendering them unable to alter or perceive it. In exchange, the outside world cannot alter or perceive things inside the suit. Comes with a refillable six-hour oxygen tank.

**LOCATION:** Floating in a hazardous pool of red oil. The oil rolls off in beads when the suit is fished out.

21. FINGER SANDWICH (consumable) p. 25

A dainty canapé served alongside other refreshments at a social affair. The fingers still have nail polish on, but it refills 6 HP and takes the edge off nicely.

**LOCATION:** Copiously available at the CONVIVIAL MAGICIAN’s birthday buffet.

22. FREE PROMOTIONAL T-SHIRT p. 14

A tie-dye shirt with a stenciled message: “My Dad Buys Ol’ 25 Gasoline,” a freebie from Bailey’s convenience store. Wearing this shirt enables instant teleportation while inside a moving vehicle—utter the phrase “are we there yet?” and you will be. If it’s a long trip, there’s a 2-in-1D6 chance the vehicle will run out of gas somewhere short of your destination (referee’s choice where).

**LOCATION:** Comes free with a full tank of gas or other auto service, courtesy of BAILEY.

23. FROZEN BULLET p. 46

This .357 Magnum round sits in the stale air, ambivalent to gravity’s influence, blurred mid-flight and frozen in time. Despite being entirely stationary, it retains its kinetic energy like a battery, flinging back and dealing 1D6 DAMAGE to things that collide with it. This effect can be avoided (and the bullet can be moved) by handling it very, very gently.

**LOCATION:** If DR. JANSSEN chooses to “mercy kill” another of the seven survivors, the frozen bullet stops cold a few feet away from the dead staff member’s exit wound—part of a grim constellation comprised mostly of skull, blood, and brains.

24. FUNNY FUNGUS (consumable) p. 19

A highly-alive slime mold. It looks like a viridian tongue, and consuming any portion induces mycotoxicosis and the development of a random fractal trait (p. 57).

**LOCATION:** Discovered thriving under any object in the irradiated landfill.

25. GOLDEN KEY (consumable) p. 22

A key cut from pure gold, lost for a long time but still softly shining. It can be used to open any one lock, but will never work another.

**LOCATION:** Half-buried in a muddy footprint near the radium mine.

26. GREEN BALLOON p. 22

A wilted mess of nylon and confusingly arranged straps, mistakeable for a discarded parachute, but in fact a dubiously reusable single-occupant hot air balloon. In order to function, the air inside the bag, or “envelope,” must be warmer than the air outside it by about 100° Fahrenheit; elevation may be controlled by dropping ballast or releasing air.

**LOCATION:** Snagged in a waterfall near the radium mine.

31. HAND-HELD TELESCOPE p. 24

If Urania spies the stars in your eyes, she may hand over her own portable telescope, a lightweight cylinder engraved with the universe and its indefinite truths. If the user knows someone exists but not their present circumstances, they can foresee a close-up glimpse of the target’s possible near future. Too much verifiable information may distort the image of potential.

**LOCATION:** A gift from URANIA, if FIST entertains her hospitality and makes a good impression.

32. ICE-NINE GRENADE (2D6 DAMAGE, ICY, cons.) p. 38

Ice-nine is a standout weapon of mass destruction. Unlike everyday ice, this specialized compound causes a cascading crystallization effect which can almost instantly kill an organic being if the ice-nine particles come into contact with an exposed orifice or mucus membrane. If ice-nine were allowed to leak into the world’s water supply, it would slowly but surely freeze the oceans entirely, leading to the eventual extinction of the human species barring a miraculous scientific intervention.

**LOCATION:** Thrown casually by DESERT RANGER V.

33. INCOMPREHENSIBLE CONSTRUCT (accessory) p. 13

Gilded with air and inlaid with princess-cut thoughts, the incomprehensible construct can be worn as a ring or a crown, and is nauseating to look at for too long in both of these three forms. Once per mission, the bearer of the construct can make one person completely believe two contradictory facts (and act accordingly) for thirty minutes. Confuses everyone nearby when shattered.

**LOCATION:** If FIST allows THE SITE and its worker thralls to finish constructing their portal to another world, this is the first thing to be spit from the rift. Glimpses of the other side are stranger still.

34. INDIGO PILL BOTTLE (2D6 uses, consumable) p. 22

Rx-only psionic painkillers—there’s only a handful (2D6, 60mg each) left in the bottle, but these small blue tablets quickly soothe extrasensory pain by blocking the mind’s ability to perceive it. Side effects are rare, but may include temporary loss of foresight, blueness in extremities, spinning sensations, hallucinations, feelings of dread which may persist after cessation, and paradoxical reactions such as severe frontal lobe discomfort.

**LOCATION:** Label-down in a hollow log near the radium mine.

35. INKY RIB p. 31

The rib of a coyote, stained black with tainted blood. In the presence of hostile animals—even ones that wish to remain unseen—the bone will vibrate nervously, emitting a faint howl.

**LOCATION:** Found shaking and shuddering in the exploded carcass of the second ZONE COYOTE the players encounter, which will act particularly agitated, thrashing wildly and attacking its fellow coyotes as well as FIST.

36. INVERTED CRUCIFIX (consumable) p. 18

An upside-down cross made of lead, hanging loosely from a brown leather cord. Whosoever wears this pendant may instantly revive from death, unbreaking bones and shedding bullets from reknitted flesh, as long as their killer was a Christian. After using this boon once, the enchantment is lost, and the pendant turns to solid, useless gold.

**LOCATION:** Offered to FIST as thanks by the SATANIC APPARITION if the players heed their warning, walk quietly through the mission, and do not release SAINT MICHAEL. Death metal faintly echoes when the crucifix is equipped.



41. IRIDESCENT MARBLE p. 22

This small glass sphere, glistening like an oil slick and weighing about as much as a soap bubble, can be used to safely store a trait for later or transfer it to a different character. It’s terribly fragile, and will shatter if the person carrying it takes or deals DAMAGE higher than 1.

LOCATION: Bobbing amidst frog eggs in a puddle near the radium mine.

42. KIRLIAN INSTANT CAMERA p. 17

A photograph following the Kirlian method will depict the astral body underlying a living subject, its appearance reflective of their emotional and physical state; this is a cutting-edge self-developing model, specially engineered to expedite the process and deliver a clear print right on the spot. Non-living subjects don’t present an energy signature.

LOCATION: The forgotten minefield, if FIST can recover the hapless MAROONED INTERNS (or their belongings) intact.

43. LARIKIAN ULTRASILENCER™ MODEL C p. 9

A cobalt blue nanotechnology silencer which bears the mark of the galaxy-famous gunsmith, Anton Larikian. The Ultrasilencer™ employs advanced sonic manipulation to make any weapon completely and utterly quiet, imperceptible even by sensitive technical equipment. Unlike conventional silencers, the Ultrasilencer™ uses nanite self-repair subroutines to ensure that it never wears out, never breaks, and never becomes misaligned. ORM (object rights management) measures require that the Ultrasilencer™ be DNA paired with its owner to fire.

LOCATION: If the GALACTIC CRIMINAL believes FIST are authority figures, and FIST tries to chase them down, the criminal will snap this silencer on to use against them. It can be stolen from their Larikian Beamshot 202 if they’re apprehended alive, but self-destructs when its nano-paired owner dies.

44. LIVING POWDER (two uses, consumable) p. 19

A scant handful of white powder, about two doses. Any inanimate object becomes animate under a generous sprinkling, suddenly alive and conscious and inclined to stay that way; the dead begin living again, and the living experience a profound and worldview-altering existential breakthrough. The substance incurs a random fractal trait on the target.

LOCATION: Mingling with compost in the irradiated landfill.

45. MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE (consumable) p. 22

An amber-tinted glass bottle covered in barnacles and sea moss, stuffed with a blank note and corked tightly. Popping the cork allows someone to take back the last thing they said or did, one time only; the redacted deed is instantaneously transferred from reality to the paper.

LOCATION: Washed up in a ditch near the radium mine.

46. NAZI MIND CONTROL COLLAR (accessory) p. 9

This mind control collar was designed by arrogant hacks and constructed by their incompetent co-conspirators. The collar does not induce any particular affection for fascism in its victim—it simply paralyzes them with fear at the whims of the monster holding the remote. This technological cudgel can be mitigated by killing the remote’s owner or interrupting its wireless transmission.

LOCATION: Around the neck of the random Wyrd encounter which appears in the Amerikan township.

51. PARTING GIFT p. 34

A weighty, palm-sized glasswork orb which can glow with brilliant light, activated by the thoughtwaves of its user. When humans perceive the blinding glare of the parting gift, they are mesmerized and taken with a starving envy.

LOCATION: Given to FIST by the LUCENT STALKER if they convince it to leave them alone. Everyone must roll +TACTICAL to avoid coveting the orb.

52. RADIUM WATER p. 22

The water emits a constant soft glow, offering visibility up to about six feet away in addition to its curative powers if kept in a transparent vessel. Within the Zone, 1 HP is replenished each time the player carrying it enters a new hex while injured. Drinking a shot or so delays the effect of the next incoming DAMAGE roll until after combat has ended.

LOCATION: May be collected inside the radium mine.

53. SHADOW DOGTAGS p. 34

A silhouette of dogtags made material. While wearing them, your shadow counts as an accessory which grants 1 ARMOR. If you take a fatal amount of damage, you can choose to ignore it and shatter your shadow instead, but the dogtags become useless trinkets.

LOCATION: Found on the first shadow soldier FIST defeats, if they encounter the DARK DETACHMENT. They faintly show a player’s name.

54. SLUG-SPITTER (1D6+2 DMG, LOUD, REMOTE) p. 38

This organic pistol shoots slugs of the slimy, otherworldly variety, which burrow hungrily upon striking a body, still living, squirming towards the bone. For each shot taken from the six-shooter slug-spitter, reduce the target’s MAX HP by 1. This effect can be undone via difficult, life-threatening surgery to extract the alien mollusks.

LOCATION: Welded with gusto by DESERT RANGER V.

55. SOMNOSUPPRESSANT HEADSET p. 18

A bulky headset similar to those issued to chopper pilots by the Army. While wearing it, the user will no longer require sleep, and cannot be put to sleep or knocked unconscious as long as their brain is stimulated. After a few hours, headset users hallucinate insects infesting their peripheral vision, and will black out cold if they experience significant failure, disappointment, or grief.

LOCATION: If FIST observes the SPEC OPS SNIPER for a long time in an attempt to catch them sleeping, they will eventually produce, equip, and fall victim to the somnosuppressant headset.

56. STRAY CAT (HP not applicable) p. 19

An exquisite glass figurine stretches in the sun and inadvertently scorches an ant to death. Likely made animate by something in the primordial soup where it as dumped as mere kitsch, the glasswork cat is life-size, practically indestructible, and inclined to get underfoot. It never follows orders, and refuses to perform most tasks, but may be cajoled into serving as a distraction or finding help (returns with a random Wyrd encounter, D66, p. 31-36).

LOCATION: If FIST spends some time exploring the irradiated landfill while carrying anything edible, the stray cat can be found hunting bugs or hunched over a puddle, delicately lapping up slime.

61. SUNFLOWER SEEDS (three uses, consumable) p. 19

Three tempting kernels from the mesmerizing fractal heads of a sunflower which has undoubtedly absorbed more than its share of radiation, siphoning Wyrd energies from the soil to the point of indulgence. Eating one triggers the development of GROW; replace the trait’s default item with the remaining two seeds, and remove the trait when both have been consumed. Flocks of thumb-sized aphids feed on sunflower sap, and attempts to take more than three seeds are discouraged by the attention of equivalently huge, acid-spraying yellow ants.

LOCATION: Unshaded areas of the irradiated landfill.

62. TARNISHED SILVER SLIPPER p. 22, 25

A slightly gaudy evening shoe with a chic Cuban heel. A pair of these is a ticket to ride, capable of transporting their wearer directly to a rendezvous point from anywhere in the Fractal Zone, but they are lost immediately after being used once.

LOCATION: FIST may find the left slipper knocking around in Dot’s messy closet (p. 25), and the right slipper dangling by its ribbons from a tree branch near the radium mine (p. 22).

63. VORPAL SWORD (1D6+1 DAMAGE twice) p. 36

One-two, one-two, then snicker-snack: when this blade bites, heal that much back. All successful attacks with the vorpal sword heal the wielder a number of HP equal to the DAMAGE dealt. Every three times this happens, lower your MAX HP by 1D6 and gain a new fractal trait—for the vorpal sword, in time, twists its user into something new.

LOCATION: Stuck in the JABBERWOCK’s hide.

64. WAYWARD OCULOID (3 HP, 1 ARMOR) p. 61

A mutated human eyeball which skitters around on six segmented legs. If you let this eyeball crawl inside spaces too small for humans or camera drones (e.g. the innards of a machine or through a crack beneath a door), it will function as a psychic window, letting you see what it sees through a chromatic fisheye lens.

LOCATION: If a member of FIST develops the POROUS trait and discards their eyeball while traversing the Wyrd, it will roll back to them as the WAYWARD OCULOID when they enter a new Wyrd hex, followed by 1D6 docile LEVIATHAN ANTS (p. 31).

65. WISHING PILLS (three uses, consumable) p. 25

Three nondescript tablets. Swallow a pill and then make a wish: it will be granted instantly. Keep dry.

LOCATION: Offered by whichever fellow partier the players first encounter at the magician’s birthday.

66. XENOHORTICULTURIST EQUIPMENT (0 ARM) p. 20

A full-face respirator, hooded isolation gown, and thick elbow-length nitrile gloves. This loadout reduces damage taken from hostile plant life by 1 and provides total protection from airborne pathogens and other biological hazards, but does nothing to stop bullets and is too bulky to wear with other gear.

LOCATION: A crew tent in a grove of man-eating plants.



# MANDELBROT SET

<div>CAMPAIGN VARIABLES</div> <div>RESONATORS NEUTRALIZED</div> <div>[ OF ]</div> <div>NPC HEALTH</div> <div>DR. OKONKWO [ ]</div> <div>PROF. OKONKWO [ ]</div> <div>DIRECTOR OKONKWO [ ]</div> <div>THE GOOD DOCTOR [ ]</div> <div>ONYEMA [ ]</div> <div>DOC [ ]</div> <div>DR. WONG [ ]</div> <div>DR. JANSSEN [ ]</div> <div>GENERAL CRANE [ ]</div> <div>LT. LEWANDOWSKI [ ]</div> <div>GY. SGT. de FATIMA [ ]</div> <div>LEO WALSH [ ]</div> <div>FCUs [ ]</div> <div>OPERATIVE DEATH COUNT</div> <div>[ ]</div>	<div>OUTPOST ALPHA</div> <div>OUTPOST BETA</div> <div>OUTPOST GAMMA</div>	<div>NAME: PAGE:</div> <div>NOTES:</div> <div>NAME: PAGE:</div> <div>NOTES:</div> <div>NAME: PAGE:</div> <div>NOTES:</div>
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<b>FRACTAL TRAITS (D66, p. 57)</b> 1. AGGREGATE 2. BORROW 3. COMBATANT 4. CONSTANT 5. COWARD 6. COWPOKE 7. DILEMMA 8. ENTANGLED 9. FERAL 10. FLUSH 11. FRACTAL 12. FRANKENSTEIN 13. FUSION 14. HEADLESS 15. HEARTLESS 16. HOME 17. LASER 18. LUCID 19. MAGNETIC 20. METHOD 21. MIRAGE 22. NOCLIP 23. NUKE 24. P-ZOMBIE 25. PHOTOSYNTHESIS 26. POROUS 27. REDACT 28. RESET 29. REINFORCED 30. SCARECROW 31. SCATTERBRAINED 32. SCRY 33. SHIFT 34. SLEEPWALK 35. SEE-THROUGH 36. STALKER	<b>FACILITY ZERO</b>  <b>ROOM 1</b> GOOD NEWS:  BAD NEWS:  <b>ROOM 2</b> GOOD NEWS:  BAD NEWS:  <b>ROOM 3</b> GOOD NEWS:  BAD NEWS:  <b>ROOM 4</b> GOOD NEWS:  BAD NEWS:  <b>ROOM 5</b> GOOD NEWS:  BAD NEWS:  <b>DOORS UNLOCKED</b> <input type="checkbox"/> DOOR 01 <input type="checkbox"/> DOOR 03 <input type="checkbox"/> DOOR 02 <input type="checkbox"/> DOOR 04	<b>BOSSSES</b>  <b>DESERT RANGER V, p. 37</b> HP:  ○ CUTS ○ BRUISES  <b>MALAISE, INSECTOID STEED, p. 37</b> HP:  ○ OVIPOSIT  <b>HOLY DIVER, p. 39</b> HP:  ○ BLACKOUT ○ INVERSION ○ STAIN  <b>FRACTAL COMBATANT, p. 48</b> HP:  ARMOR:  DAMAGE:  ○ BOSS MOVE:  <b>OGHMA, THE MODULAR MIND, p. 51</b> HP:  ○ COMBAT ○ EXPLAIN ○ HUMOR ○ LOOP
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# MANDELBROT SET

FACIAL CORRUPTION METER		FACILITY ZERO STAFF	NOTES
	<b>6 FCUs</b> MAXIMUM CORRUPTION	Seven survivors are in need of rescue. Extract staff members from the collapsing Fractal Zone by escorting them to the edge after shutting down the Resonator.	
	<b>5 FCUs</b> APPROACHING EVENT HORIZON	Check off rescued staff for 1 WAR DIE per player. WAR DICE gained via rescues are payment for a job well done. Saving variants, duplicates, or non-staff Zone dwellers may or may not net WAR DICE—referee's call.	
	<b>4 FCUs</b> IMMINENT UNREALITY	<input type="checkbox"/> DR. OKONKWO <input type="checkbox"/> DR. WONG <input type="checkbox"/> DR. JANSSEN <input type="checkbox"/> GENERAL CRANE <input type="checkbox"/> LT. LEWANDOWSKI <input type="checkbox"/> GY. SGT. DE FATIMA <input type="checkbox"/> LEO WALSH	
	<b>3 FCUs</b> PARACAUSAL INSTABILITY		
	<b>2 FCUs</b> ANOMALIES DETECTED		
<b>1 FCU</b> RESTLESS METER NEEDLE			

**Wyrd traversal**  
**When FIST moves to a new Wyrd hex**, roll 1D6 on the traversal roll table below. Resolve events following the listed order of operations:

- Announce the new FCU reading (FCUs start at 0)
- If FIST is **DISORIENTED**, determine where they are
- Play out the Wyrd encounter, clue, or harvest

FIST can move one hex per traversal roll on foot, or two in a land vehicle. Air vehicles move at a three-hex rate.

**TRAVERSAL ROLL (1D6):**

1. +2 FCU, **DISORIENTED**, **WYRD ENCOUNTER**
2. +1 FCU, **DISORIENTED**, **WYRD ENCOUNTER**
3. +1 FCU, **WYRD ENCOUNTER**
4. +0 FCU, **WYRD ENCOUNTER**
5. +0 FCU, **WYRD CLUE** (D66, p. 31-36)
6. +0 FCU, **WYRD FRUIT HARVEST** (1D6 fruits)

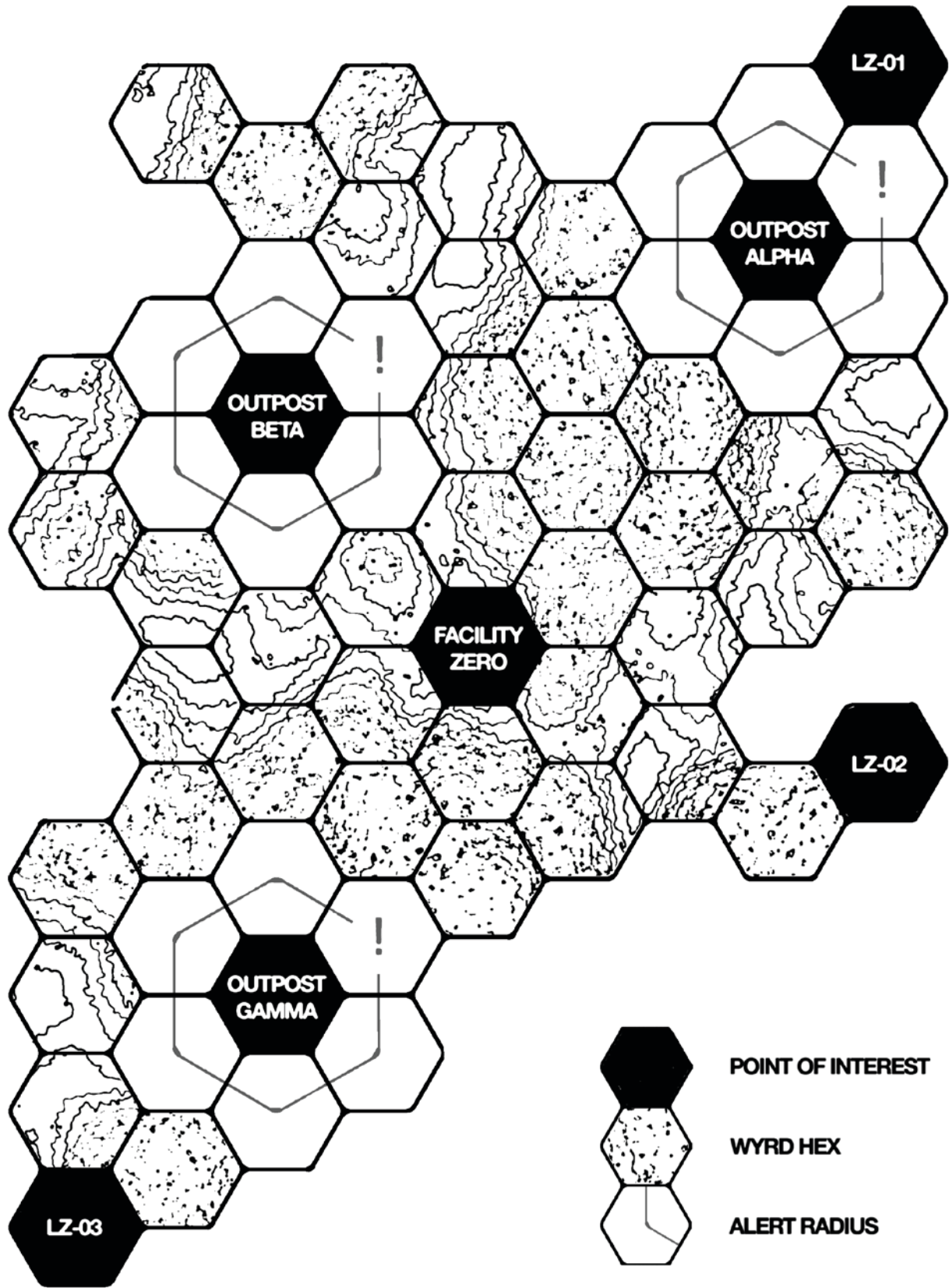
**The F-KIT**  
Choose which player will keep track of the team's fractal corruption units (FCUs). Their character gains the F-KIT:

**F-KIT:** You're in charge of measuring fractal radiation and its effects on the team, so you get to schlep a cumbersome high-tech backpack called the F-KIT through the Zone. When FIST enters a Wyrd hex, make a Wyrd Traversal roll and report the results to everyone at the table. The corresponding encounter or event occurs among the blooming vines and chromatic mist.

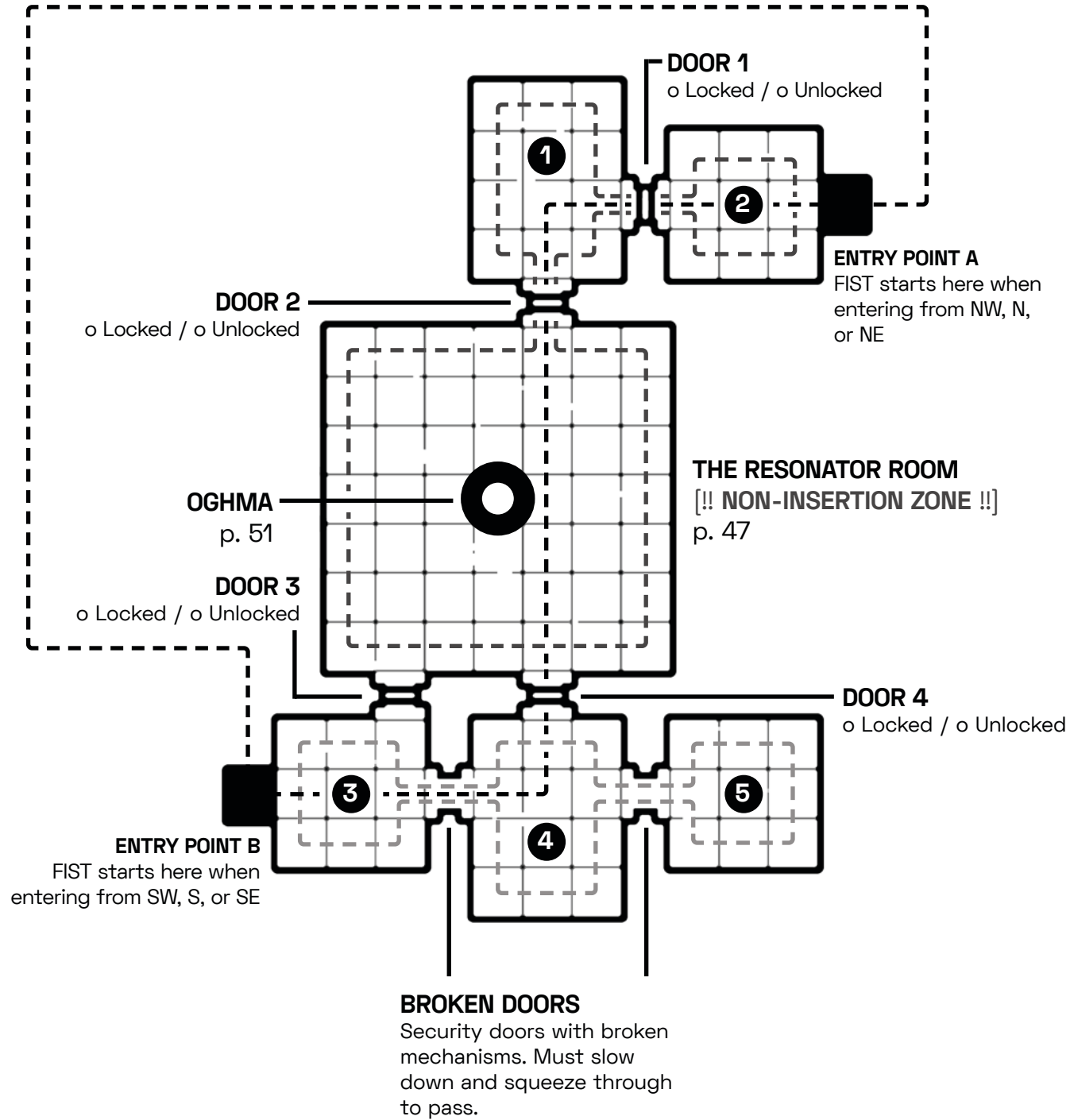
- F-KIT (maximum reading is 6 FCUs), -2 REFLEXIVE



THE FRACTAL ZONE  
LINCOLN COUNTY, NEVADA



FACILITY ZERO  
EPICENTER OF THE ZONE



FACILITY MAP

This map shows the layout and guard patrol routes for Facility Zero, a military installation at the epicenter of the Fractal Zone. The appearance of the staff (p. 45) is randomized, but DR. OKONKWO or one of his variants (p. 49) can always be found in the Resonator Room with OGHMA.

- PATROL ROUTES
- ROUTE A (1 ZERO GUARD)
  - ROUTE B (1 ZERO GUARD)
  - ROUTE C (squad of 1D6 ZERO GUARDS)



# ALTERNATIVE ASSEMBLY: DEEP STATE

**OBJECTIVE:** Infiltrate the coastal city of Innsmouth, use stealth to avoid engaging with American and Atlantean forces, and **rescue Yugg-n'thath**

**REWARD:** Yugg-n'thath has offered FIST **encryption codes used by Atlantis High Command**, which can be sold by FIST to a buyer of their choice for a tidy sum

**CONSEQUENCE:** If either side discovers the presence of mercenaries, the occupation of Innsmouth will escalate from a secret skirmish to an all-out war

## TACTICS

Atlantis has revealed its existence and declared war on humanity. Atlantis High Command views air-breathers as biologically inferior and a blight upon the Earth, a world which rightfully belongs to the supermen of Atlantis. Yesterday, Atlantean forces made landfall in a small, sleepy New England city called Innsmouth, prompting the Army to take swift retaliatory action.

YUGG-N'THATH, a drafted Atlantean soldier who is a fervent anti-war protestor, has been taken as a POW along with five ATLANTIAN SCOUTS (p. 10) and a war-trained ABYSSAL MONSTROSITY. N'thath has contacted FIST with a deal: safely extract her from U.S. Army custody, and she will provide FIST with Atlantean encryption codes which would kneecap High Command if made public.

## ESPIONAGE

The god-generals at Atlantis High Command, having been cut off from terrestrial goings-on since the Minoan eruption circa 1600 BC, are surprised to find humans using technology that rivals their own and are having second thoughts about the land invasion (which is the brainchild of a relatively new regime trying to grandstand and contrary to centuries of protocol). Pentagon brass are under pressure from CYCLOPS to discourage pre-emptive strikes against Atlantis and contain the conflict to Innsmouth, lest knowledge of Atlantis leak to the public. Both sides are unlikely to escalate unless the other does first. PMC presence is the perfect excuse, so: this is a stealth mission. It is imperative that neither the U.S. or Atlantean armies detect FIST's presence.

## ACTION

FIST may approach Innsmouth from any angle, as long as they begin on the outer edge of the map. Most civilians are gone, having been evacuated and memory-wiped by CRO teams earlier in the day.

## ATLANTEAN RELAY POINT

Reskinned ANTEDILUVIAN ORTHOSTAT (p. 10).

- Remove the DIRT EELS; replace them with 1D6 JUNGLE STRIDERS (p. 23) per hex, reskinned as ATLANTIAN MECH TROOPERS.

## TENEMENT BUILDING

Reskinned GUARD TOWER (p. 18).

- 2 SPEC OPS SNIPERS are positioned on the rooftop, rather than a single sniper.
- Reskin ZONE TROOPERS as INNSMOUTH INFANTRY, without antifractal serum.

**CONVERTED BANK**

Reskinned SECURE FACILITY (p. 23).

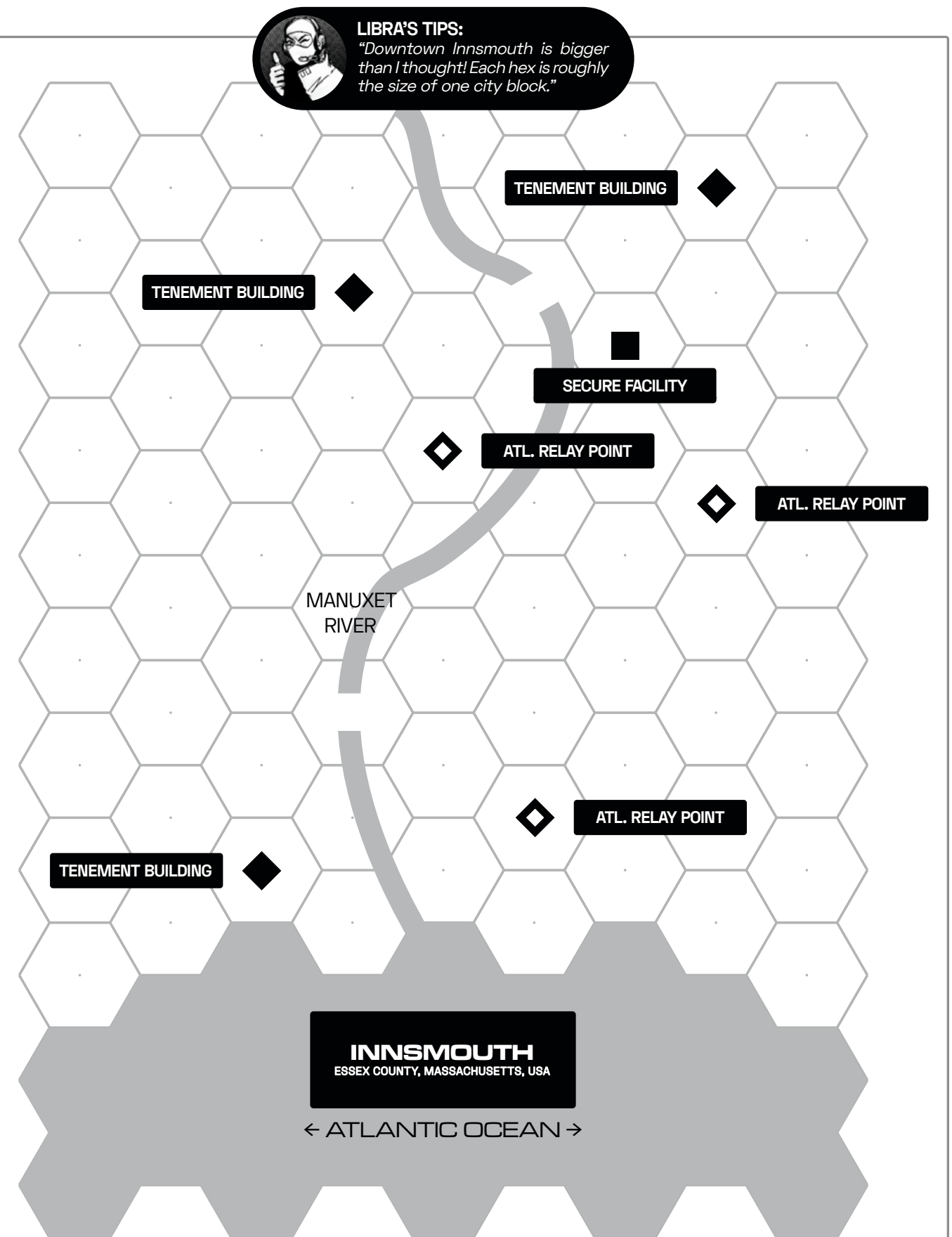
- Reskin the HALF-DISSECTED ALIEN as an ABYSSAL MONSTROSITY, with eight bladed tentacles instead of six limbs.
- YUGG-N'THATH (3 HP, 1D6 DAMAGE, CHOKE 5: Refuse to go on) is being held here by a CIA AGENT (p. 16) named ALLEN.

There is a 3-in-10<sup>6</sup> chance that FIST crosses paths with a random encounter when entering a new hex.

### INNSMOUTH ENCOUNTERS (1D6):

1. 1D6 ATLANTIAN SCOUTS commanded by an ATLANTIAN MECH TROOPER
2. 3 ATLANTIAN MECH TROOPERS accompanied by 3 MONITOR DRONES (p. 21)
3. 2D6 INNSMOUTH INFANTRY
4. All of the above, locked in active combat
5. 1D6 CIVILIAN SURVIVORS (p. 24) seeking help
6. Incoming Army napalm strike (3D6 DAMAGE)

The mission is complete when Yugg-n'thath has been safely extracted and the Atlantean encryption codes have been publicly disseminated.





ALTERNATIVE ASSEMBLY:  
RAINBOW IN THE DARK

**OBJECTIVE:** Infiltrate the hijacked USS Eldrige (which is currently lodged in the Suez Canal), rescue the crew members left alive, and **neutralize HOLY DIVER**

**REWARD:** The Suez Canal Authority is willing to pay FIST 10% of HOLY DIVER's ransom, which comes out to **10,000 USD in cold, hard cash**

**CONSEQUENCE:** Supply chains will be disrupted, the global economy may collapse, and **HOLY DIVER will detonate a fractal WMD in Egyptian waters**

TACTICS

The USS Eldridge, a Navy destroyer escort ship which disappeared mysteriously during World War II, has suddenly popped back into existence, hurled through a cosmic fissure and lodged sideways in a globally important trade canal. Unbeknownst to the general public, the Eldridge was shunted into hyperspace when its experimental cloaking field (referred to internally as Project RAINBOW). malfunctioned. While hopelessly navigating the wavering waters of the Wyrd, the battleship was hijacked by HOLY DIVER, a castaway CRO.

Now, Holy Diver holds the ship—and the global trade networks which rely on the canal—hostage. Her demands: \$100,000 in ransom and a cure for the condition which anchors her to the Wyrd. If her demands are not met, she will reactivate the cloaking field atop the pre-existing cosmic fissure. At best, the resulting causality cascade will create a new Fractal Zone. At worst, reality itself breaks.

Egyptian and American spec ops teams have thus far failed to break Holy Diver's space-warping defenses, an elite Mossad commado unit managed to drown themselves before actually reaching the ship, and a CRO team deployed hours before FIST's hiring was lost, sending back an audio message consisting of nothing but distorted screams. If FIST can't do it, no one can.

The SCA will provide FIST with automatic grapple guns that can fire up to 50' of nylon rope, state-of-the-art scuba gear, and oxygen tanks containing 60 minutes' worth of enriched air nitrox.

ESPIONAGE

Because Diver's goons will surely notice an incursion from one of the points where the Eldridge is lodged against land, FIST must enter the ship from the water. Once they're aboard, there are several points of egress for getting below deck. There are ten ELDRIDGE CREWMEN in need of help.

**ELDRIDGE CREWMAN** (6 HP, CHOKE 3: Game over man, game over)

- M1 Garand rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- KA-BAR combat knife (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Items from a Wyrd encounter (D66, p. 31-36)
- Sailor uniform, five-o'clock shadow

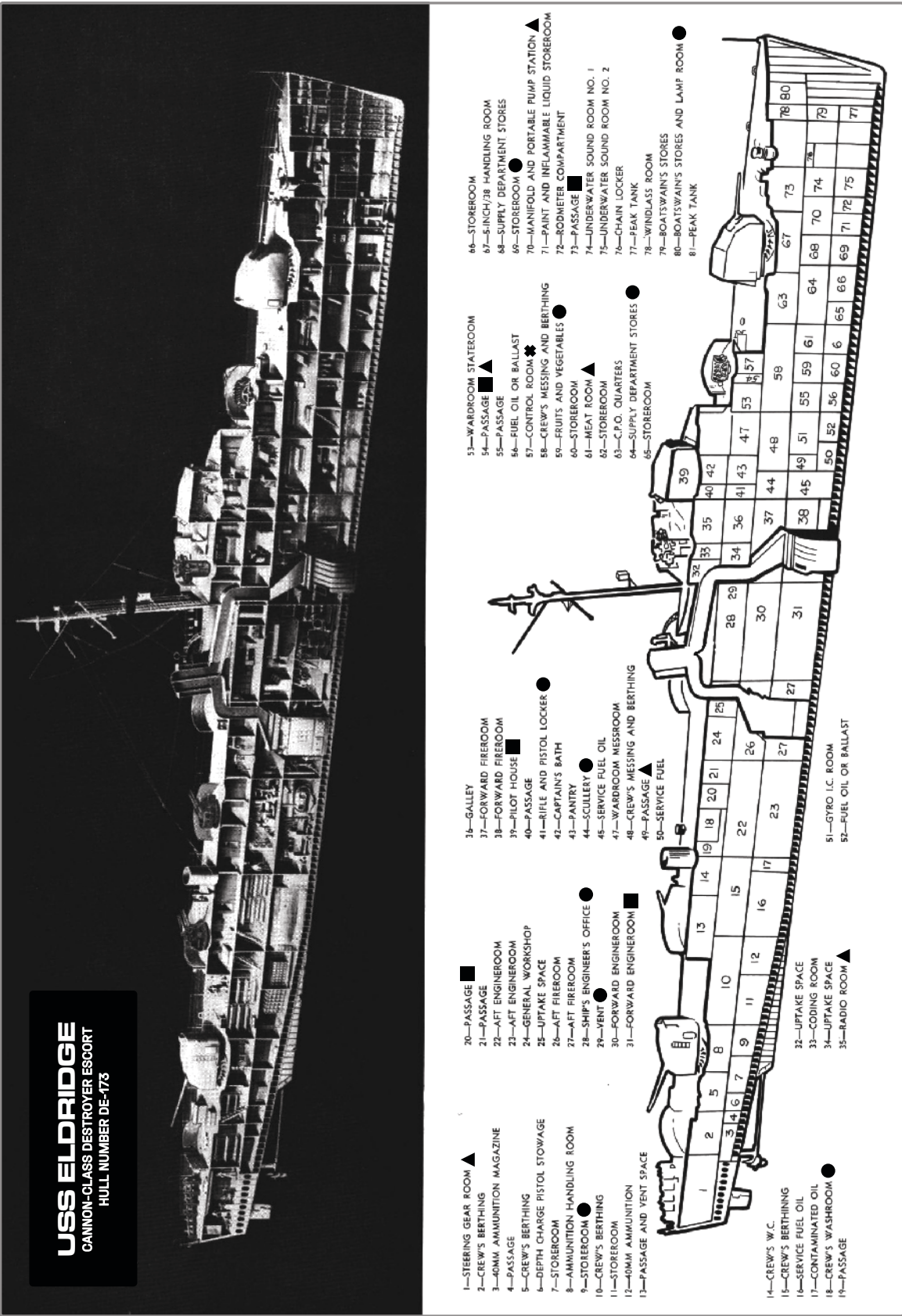
**NIGHTMARE:** The crew of the Eldridge spent at least five years lost in the Wyrd, but deep down, they still believe it's 1943. They are prone to irrational, impulsive behavior, they trust no one, and after half a decade spent living on Wyrdfruit, exotic lifeforms, and—in extreme cases—human flesh, nothing surprises them.

DARK DETACHMENTS (p. 34) created from the crew often hide in the transient shadows created by the ship's flickering incandescent lights. RAVENOUS MYCOMORPHS (p. 34) with their minds bound to HOLY DIVER via subtle chains of psionic energy are patrolling hungrily in units of three or more. There is a 1-in-1D6 chance of encountering one of these threats when moving between areas of the ship.

ACTION

HOLY DIVER (p. 39) and her FLYING MONKEYS are holed up with the Project RAINBOW cloaking device in the control room (57). They are likely to be hostile unless FIST is obviously unarmed or visibly carrying money (plus scientific and medical equipment for her condition). Reaching the control room requires clearing a dangerous passage (54) which contains both a DARK DETACHMENT spatial warp encounter and a RAVENOUS MYCOMORPH nest.

The mission is complete when the survivors have been rescued, HOLY DIVER has been negotiated with or defeated, and the Eldridge has been dislodged from the canal.



**LIBRA'S TIPS:**  
"Did you know? WWII-era US Navy destroyer escorts had diesel-electric drives instead of geared steam-turbine propulsion—so they're also floating power stations!"

**LEGEND**  
CIRCLE: ELDRIDGE CREWMAN foxhole. Stocked with supplies.  
SQUARE: Spatial warp. Guaranteed DARK DETACHMENT encounter.  
TRIANGLE: MYCOMORPH nest. Sticky mucus ropes hide 1D6 eggs.  
CROSS: Project RAINBOW cloaking machine. Highly unstable.



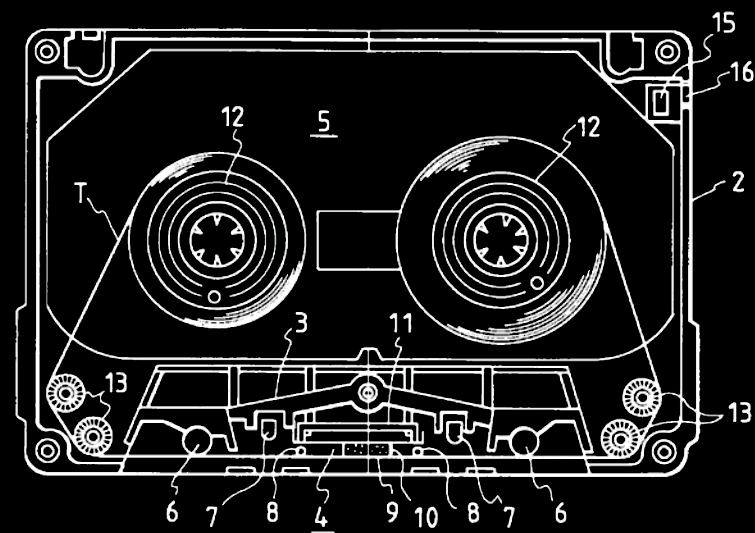
[DIAL TONE, RECEIVER CLICK] Hey, it's GEMINI. So... I was finally able to get in contact with Doctor Okonkwo—not directly, mind you, but through some military lawyer, cagey JAG—and according to him, he has no memory of ever contacting FIST.

[PAUSE] Yes, he- that- that many times? Really? Wow, okay, that's- no, there's no record of the message either. [FILING CABINET OPENS]

I'm serious. Apparently, he's never heard of us.

[CABINET IS CLOSED] I know. Speaking frankly, I regret becoming an accountant for a bunch of two-bit mercenaries. I think it's fair to assume that none of us are getting paid. [AUDIO ENDS]

END TRANSMISSION





## CAMPAIGN DATA

DIFFICULTY ●●○○○○○  
LENGTH VARIABLE  
TONE GONZO

*[STATIC]—is Dr. Onyemaechi Okonkwo, calling from—from Nevada, our Nevada, from our world, where the Allies won the war, where there's no hole in the Moon, where Ancient Rome fell—please, if you can hear me, we need help. My coworkers and I—there are seven of us left alive—we were caught in an accident. The Transdimensional Resonator—my God, how could we have ever known it'd end up like this—[STATIC WORSENS]*

**MANDELBROT SET** is a campaign kit for **FIST: Ultra Edition** inspired by *Half-Life* and *Roadside Picnic*. Scientific disaster strikes when a military experiment transcends control and breaches the boundaries of our dimension, turning a sizable area of rural Nevada into an abstract amalgam of parallel realities overnight. According to the desperate mayday transmitted from within, the players have three objectives: infiltrate the FRACTAL ZONE, rescue DR. OKONKWO from the volatile facility at its center, and neutralize the TRANSDIMENSIONAL RESONATOR before the Army makes matters worse in its own attempt to control the fallout.

This campaign kit features a roguelike looping mission structure and enough content to keep each turn around the Wyrld fresh—with over sixty pages of maps, locations, enemies, traits, items, and referee guidance, your group can assemble its own unforgettable version of MANDELBROT SET over and over again. This book is designed with broad utility in mind, leveraging the multiverse as a vehicle to present a wide array of statblocks and situations you can cut to size for your own FIST campaigns.

- **PERILOUS HEXCRAWLING:** Roll from a table of thirty-six detailed outposts, from haunted Spanish missions to Atlantean tactical relay points, to construct a new version of the Fractal Zone for each mission. Consult the Corruption Meter as you navigate the fickle locale and its transient denizens.
- **THRILLING INFILTRATION:** Breach Facility Zero and explore an ever-shifting menagerie of opportunities and obstacles, including the convenient mercenary automat and the abominable Dr. Phalange. Face transdimensional terrors in the halls, and fight multiversal chimeras in the Resonator Room.
- **COLORFUL CHARACTERS:** Tangle with aliens, gods, and vengeful castaways in the Wyrld, then rescue six survivors from the facility: sly scientists, trigger-happy soldiers, and a particularly unlucky janitor. Your primary target is Dr. Okonkwo, who may have been replaced by a post-apocalyptic wizard or modern-day Roman by the time you get there.
- **MAGNIFICENT MECHANICS:** Fall victim to thirty-six new fractal traits, outlandish powers which only exist inside the Zone, and track down thirty-six collectibles, unique anomalous artifacts with special effects. Negotiate the fifth dimension, lose comrades in strange loops, and find yourself changed forever.



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