

# The Legacy of Justice

## Introduction

Legacy of Justice is a post-apocalyptic superhero roleplaying game setting. It is not designed specifically for any particular RPG game system at this point, although the author highly recommends Mutants & Masterminds.

In Legacy, superheroes arose in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, creating a "Golden Age" of four-color style heroes. Their superhero tradition very much reflects comic books of the 40's, 50's, and 60's.

Then, in 1969, tragedy fell. One of Dr. Apocalypse's doomsday devices was actually unleashed, and Fluxstorms were unleashed upon the world. Their aftermath left a shattered world that looked much like a post-nuclear holocaust landscape.

And so people set about rebuilding the world from scratch, but with the constant danger of flux surges, roving mutant gangs, bandits, anarchy, etc. Super powered beings become key leaders in this new society, both as benevolent protectors and as cruel despots. Feifdoms ruled by superhero warlords battle for survival on the flux-shattered Earth.

Legacy of Justice has been a group project, and many people have contributed to the entries you will see below. Anyone wishing to know more or help us develop this world, should visit our discussion forums at <http://www.animalball.com/forums/>

## The Entries

What follows then are descriptions of various people, groups, and places to be found in Legacy of Justice. So far, the authors have made no judgements on what does or does not belong, so a few of these may need to be altered or eliminated in any final draft.

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## Grandville!

*Population* : 12,500

*Description* : Grandville is a small city that is rebuilding after the disaster. Strict ordinances and a small police force keep its citizens safe from the every day humdrum of life. Mayor William Patrick, now in his record sixth six year term!, is working hard with his citizens to make Grandville a nice place to live.

Grandville has an excellent power grid, and in the last two years has managed to get running water back to nearly ninety percent of the community. Grandville's major industry is metal, with two forges online, a machine shop, and skilled metal workers. Grandville also does a teeming business in cold goods with their ability to refrigerate.

Grandville requires all mutants and super powered beings (SPB's) to register with the town Sheriff.

Grandville has one hospital, and two clinics, all are staffed full time. Grandville has five elementary schools, one middle school, and one high school. There also three private schools.

**Game Master Notes** : Grandville is a relatively even keeled town, that tries especially hard to recognize the rights of others, but not at the jeopardy of their safety. there is a subtle bias against mutants and SPB's, hence the requirement all SPB's register.

The Sheriff of Grandville is a SPB whose powers are super strength and super "invulnerabilty". He attempts to recruit worthwhile SPB's and mutants into his "posse", but will run any violent or insane SPB's out of town.

Generally the whole town has an early sixties feel to it. there is an ice cream jerk, a drive in theater (That only plays billionth run PG movies and stuff.)

## Hell's Scourge

The super-powered version of a post-apocalyptic biker gang. Six or eight SPB with a small posse of low-grade and mundane tagalongs. They are mean and evil. Pure Bad Guy. They roam the wastelands, taking whatever they need from whomever they find. Drugs, booze, women and food are all they care

about (and a little violence mixed in for fun). When they come across a real community of any sort, they dispatch with any authority they can find, and then they sit around and terrorize the inhabitants until the supplies run out or until they get bored. Then they move on and do it again. They have a reputation, and most communities without the super power to defend themselves hope only to placate the Scourge long enough for them to get bored and finally leave without killing anyone (usually 2 or 3 days).

### **The Kennedy Compound**

I don't know anything else about it except that it exists. JFK was never assassinated in this world, and RFK was elected to the office right after (and then killed in the apocalypse). The Kennedies are the stuff of legend. They are synonymous with "the good old days." Somewhere in New England, there must be a Kennedy Compound, where the surviving clan resides and works to restore at least some small part of America to its former glory. I don't know if they have (or are) super powered beings. I don't know if they are a cult or have been driven to some group madness. I don't know. Anyone can help fill this in, if they want.

### **The Codicer**

Already seen as the narrator of much of the introduction. The Codicer is immortal. He is over 100 years old. His passion in life has always been stories--especially true stories. Before the fall, he was an amateur historian who traveled to re-enactments and Renaissance Fairs and whatnot. His photographic memory and phenomenal gift for storytelling were renowned. One odd fact though: his physical age seems frozen in his early 20's, but the Codicer has never stopped growing. He gets taller very slowly--less than a quarter inch a year, but when you are immortal, that adds up. Now, in 2004, the Codicer is right around eight feet tall--hugely tall, but thin and gangly.

Only after the Apocalypse did the Codicer find his true calling: he is a preserver of history. He travels from town to town with whatever caravan will take him, spending a week or two in any given place, living off the coin he gets from his storytelling and odd jobs. But his main purpose is to learn, to gather new stories and new bits of history from any source he can find, and then to pass these tales on to others.

### **The College**

No one quite remembers what college, but they remember it was one once, its stately entrance and isolated campus stand proud against the surrounding desolation. Visitors are welcome, even encouraged at times, but many find it eerie or are unable to deal with the complete lack of organization in the place.

Within the campus, there are no rules. The flux affected outnumber the normals but everyone is free to do as they wish, regardless of power, ability, age or and other factor. This impossibility is overseen and enforced by an entity simply referred to as The Engine. No one claims to have ever seen The Engine, but everyone accepts it as a way of life and completely normal. Within the campus people have a decent to prosperous way of life, though within yards of leaving the campus even residents will start to be suspicious and uncooperative of each other.

The population is small at roughly 3,000 people but far more people seem to have visited the city for a time and profess to being missionaries sent to spread news of the true freedom to others.

### **The Pack Rats *insane***

These demonlings slipped the shackles of Pholeach's control years ago, drawn irresistably to the shiny trinkets so many humans seemed to wear. Scores of them fled into the flux-ravaged sprawls of the east coast. There, they contested and bred with the common rats, becoming a permanent part of this world. Pholeach had his claws full with Shagroth's winged dragoons and the fight to control central New York state, so overlooked his miniature assistants.

Now, teams of quarter-height beings with sharp teeth and beetle-black eyes skulk through the shadows, intent on depriving normal people of treasured possessions. They have had generations to perfect the craft of thievery to an art form. Many shops and merchants on the east coast live in constant dread of an 'Infestation' of Pack Rats, given their rapaciousness. They are all driven to steal, and return the stolen objects back to central temples within the earth.

A handful of the Pack Rats have powers, lingering effects of demon-energy. Many of their powers have to do with silence, stealth, or the acquisition of the all important 'shinys'.

## Greenville

*Population* : 1.500

*Description* : This midsize village runs a thriving wood cutting and lumber business. After the disaster affected the worlds natural order many populated areas were retaken by nature, and mutant trees abound! But the hardy folk of Greenville work day after day to fight back the growth, and steward the land properly.

*Game masters Notes* : Greenville is a town with a terrible secret. The head of the saw mill runs the town, owning most of everything and having a heavy hand thanks to his super powered mutant overseers. He also worships an unholy god of darkness, using his super powered henchmen to rule the towns people with an iron fist

## Manhattan

The whole of old New York City is a constant roiling mass of petty warlords and turf warfare. It is a mostly unchecked chaos, with only a rare few lawful elements (like The Commish and his new NYPD) trying to rein in the madness.

But the island of Manhattan is a whole 'nother ballgame. Sometime in the late 70's, after everyone thought the worst of the flux storms were past, a cabal of witches and sorcerers calling themselves the Dogs of New Amsterdam summoned up a storm of epic proportions, apparently with the intent of removing a huge chunk of NYC to the safety of a distant dimension. Instead however, the isle of Manhattan found itself floating ten feet above New York Harbor and creeping slowly out to sea.

After fifteen long minutes, the Dogs had spent all of their power, and Manhattan dropped unceremoniously into the harbor with a splash, not altogether too far from its original position. It was much worse for the wear, though, and was now sitting under twelve feet of water.

Nowadays, there are some large dry patches of ground in Manhattan, but for the most part, everything is submerged up to the second floor.

In the last 25 years, the island has slowly been taken over by mutants, as the other inhabitants all fled to more hospitable environs. Accompanied by a diverse array of mutant flora and fauna which have overtaken

the crumbling towers of the old city, Manhattan has truly earned the name "concrete jungle".

## Orlando

*Population*: ?

*Description*: After the disaster most of Florida south of Orlando was destroyed and sunk into the Caribbean, with the exception of Miami and the Dade county area. Orlando was to be the home of Disney World, Walt Disney's gift to the children of the world, but construction was never completed. As the battle between Gigantor and the evil Armageddon raged onward, people fled north, some making it to Orlando before the rest of the state was destroyed, and eventually sunk with the burning bodies of Gigantor and Armageddon.

*Game Masters Notes*: Orlando is a haven for both Super Powered beings and mundane's. Run by a loose coalition of radical green parties, neoanarchist's and hero wannabe's. It's a chaotic mess, a port town where almost anything can be had, and any cause can find a voice. I just wanted to wipe out Sarasota. Really.

## Jersey Devil *misguided*

Even before the events that destroyed Washington, there were rumors and hints of strange things lurking in the pollution and corruption of New Jersey. But now, now... there's *something* stalking the unwary, hunting the helpless. A few frightened villagers say it's a cloud with teeth, others saw a long, loping form with spiralling horns. The stories are outlandish and grow with each retelling, but so many stories mean there must be a kernel of truth.

The Jersey Devil is real, he (or she) is empathic and transubstantial. The Devil cannot see or hear, depending solely on the 'power' of emotions to light it's way. Bad emotions, like sorrow, frustration and the like are decent, but good emotions are far better.

## Here There Be Monsters - Community, Good

*Population* : ~2,000

*Description* : Named for a notation on an old map that happened to indicate more or less where the town was situated, this is a growing community of Mutants too ugly, too weird or just plain unwanted in other places. Kermit, a giant frogman, is the nominal leader

of the group. He wasn't elected, no one swears fealty to him, but whenever a big decision needs to be made he somehow ends up being the one who makes it. He and his fellow Muppets (see below) keep order and more or less run the town, which functions as an agrarian commune for the most part. They export some medicines and food to other places in exchange for crafted goods they don't have the means to produce. Not that many traders are willing to come, but those who do usually find their efforts well rewarded.

**Game Master's Notes :** The town has a deep dark secret. The Muppets keep it and don't let on and most of the community has no idea, though. See Below.

#### **Muppets - Misguided**

These mutants have a bit more power than the rest of the community. They act as police and minuteman militia. They also manufacture a drug, called PIS (Pigs In Space!), which infuses those who imbibe it with more Flux, leading to more mutants and SPBs being born, generally more on the mutant end. They believe that they are helping humanity to evolve to a new level. Unfortunately the drug has the side effect of also dulling the mind's defenses, allowing even a weak telepath to invade and control one's thoughts. The group secretly puts PIS into all the food and medicine exported from Here There Be Monsters.

#### **Kermit - Insane**

Kermit is a giant mutant frogman with weak telepathic powers. However, his skin secretes an oil which dulls the mind and allows his power to take full effect. He harvests this oil and concentrates it into PIS with the help of the other Muppets. He is absolutely convinced that everyone would be better off if only they were mutants like him. He also secretly (even from the Muppets) doses the food served within the compound with PIS, which is why he always seems to make the decisions. Whereas the other Muppets might be convinced of the error of their ways, Kermit has been warped by his transformation and subsequent banishment from ordinary society. When attacked, he will call upon the entire community to defend him, and unless previously strongly convinced otherwise, the entire community will respond.]]

#### **Yorba Linda, California : Misguided**

**Population :** ~5,000, much greater with neighboring communities figured in.

Description: When he said, "You won't have Dick

Nixon to kick around anymore," he was lying. But we didn't know to what extent until he seized control of Orange County using eldritch magicks combined with a promise to return law and order to the land. If you're an honest, hardworking citizen in Yorba Linda, you have nothing to fear. But anyone who crosses the "president" (made even more powerful and paranoid by exposure to Flux) must watch out for the million pound shithammer he's sure to bring down. Nixon's battles with Oscar Zeta Acosta (aka Doctor Gonzo, aka The Brown Buffalo, whose story would be outlined in a description of East LA) are legendary, culminating in the Battle of Interstate 5 in the early eighties. The town itself is an orderly, clean little community. It's fairly nondescript, concentrating mostly on agriculture and administration of the territory.

Notes:Nixon is still alive in this world, though he is thinner and paler, sorta like those long-lived sorcerors that Conan always battled. He believes that what he is doing is good, and that they really are all out to get him. For inspiration, read some Hunter S. Thompson.

#### **The Sandpit *bad guys***

The Sandpit is a community of one or two hundred mostly permanent residents, and any number of thrill seekers passing in and out on any given day. The Sandpit offers visitors any sort of debauchery they may desire--booze, drug dens, whores, gambling--but the showpiece of the Sandpit is the Pit itself, where all sorts of gladiatorial type competitions take place: supers vs. supers, mutants vs. mutants, hapless mundanes thrown in to fend for themselves against vicious mutants or bloodthirsty flux-altered animals. All competitions are quite bloody, and many of them are to the death.

The Sandpit provides employment opportunities for several "recruitment teams" that find new willing and unwilling participants for competitions in the Pit.

#### **Panthra *bad guy***

A villain from the old days, Panthra was once the arch-nemesis of the Crimson Crusader. After the apocalypse, Panthra found herself in a world desperately in need of her particular talents. Her unearthly charisma and mystical talent for eliciting the darkest fantasies of her victims enabled her to build the Sandpit in the middle of the flux-shattered wastelands. Even now, in her 70's, Panthra is still quite active in the hands-on activities of the Sandpit.

She is more the patron and proprietor of the small community than any official leader, but in times of crisis, the various parties that make up the community know who the true power is and will follow her lead.

### **Ironwood** *Misguided*

To the hungry traveler in the wasteland, Ironwood is truly a sight for sore eyes. A large stand of trees, thick enough to be called a forest. As one draws closer, they can hear the babbling of a fresh-water stream. They can see the huge ripe fruit trees...

But naturally, not all is as it seems. Ironwood is the result of powerful spirits of the land who banded together after the fall to create this miniature paradise, and they jealously guard their forest from mankind, whom they see as the ultimate enemy. Anyone who eats from the trees, drinks from the stream or damages the woods in any way without first seeking out its owners and asking permission will be dealt with harshly. And even if one could find the proprietors of the forest, it is unlikely that they will be inclined to kindness in any case.

Who exactly these spirits are, no one can say. Some have said that massive centaurs with magical spears and swords drive away all intruders, or that the trees move about to confuse and attack travelers. Some say the earth itself rises up to swallow men and use their remains to nourish itself. There are rumors that SPB's with earth and plant based powers are sometimes welcomed, but those are only rumors.

### **The Sandmen** *misguided*

The Sandmen have taken their name from old world garbagemen. The Sandmen feel it is their job to clean up the towns and communities they come to. Literally. They are a band of around 15, some with super powers, but some without. Although they all have some nifty "collection" equipment. They drive a massive truck into which they load all the refuse they recover. What they do with it ultimately is a mystery, as the truck is always empty when they pull into a new place. They do their work without being asked, but then typically expect a tribute or repayment of some sort for their labor. Occasionally, they come into conflict with communities over the exact definition of what is trash. Sometimes, they have had forcible confrontations with trash code violators.

All of the Sandmen tend to be tough-talking badasses who don't like to take shit from anybody.

### **Roadapes** *flux mutants*

They have their own name for themselves in their barking language, but travelers just call them roadapes. On average, they stand right around five feet tall and appear slightly built, but wiry--one can tell they have serious muscle under that greenish fur. Their faces are quite simian in appearance, but they walk upright and seem to be as intelligent as the average human. Quite a few of them speak English. They have very long prehensile tails which they can use as an extra (albeit clumsy) hand. They are fast and agile and extremely adept at sneaking and hiding.

Roadapes are typically brigands, travelling in bands of 10 to 30. They prefer to work by ambush and subterfuge, and will avoid a fair fight if at all possible. However, if they are directly engaged, they are freakishly strong compared to humans (super-strength x3 is a standard trait of all roadapes, making them eight times as strong as humans). They are good with hand-to-hand combat and typically have combat feats that allow them to use their phenomenal strength and agility to great advantage.

### **Mercy Gypsies** *good guys*

Rumor has it the travelling caravan of healers and doctors originated with the Sisters of Mercy and the Red Cross dealing with disaster stricken areas, but no one has really bothered to ask. The roving band never stays in any one place long enough to settle down, though they openly welcome any healers or doctors and their families who wish to join them. They offer their services to any who need it, both good and bad, in exchange for a place to camp for a few days and permission to hunt and forage in the area. They have become about as close to neutral as you can get in the world, for even super villains have accidents and sick children.

### **The Toreth**

The Toreth were merchants, traveling between planets in their great voidships, buying and selling and moving on to the next planet in the circuit. Then without warning, the Toreth voidship Il-Ka was plucked from the ether and deposited 6 miles up over a Kansas cornfield. Fortunately, the stasis fields worked for a few minutes more and saved the crew

from the ensuing crash, but the Il-Ka was ruined along with half its wares. The Toreth salvaged what they could of their equipment, but most was ruined. But they are ever a resourceful lot. Salvaging the few things of any value from the ship (spices, xeno-flora, art, textiles, some others), the Toreth did what they knew best... they traded. They travel from city to city around North America finding the highest profit margin. The Toreth resemble nothing so much as rhino-headed dwarves, and are quite unique in that there are all of 80 of them on the entire planet... so far. Presumably, their homeworld/dimension is still out there, but they have no way to return and no interest in doing so.

### **The Aquarians of the Seventh House** *good*

Population: 550

Dozens of free-love communes and egalitarian hippie settlements were active in the months before Armageddon. Tune in, turn on, drop out was an enticing chant when the Cape and Cowl Brigade seemed to be running the show, and leaving precious little for the average person to do.

But as the flux storms tore out of Washington DC, heralding an assault by legions of demonic creatures, most of these places crumbled and burned, like poetry on a bonfire. A bare handful survived the initial attacks, protected by desperate heroics, favorable terrain or just plain good luck. The Seventh House is one of those places.

Sheltered in a valley in the Catskills, the five hundred or so people live simply, but well. Like everywhere else, there are mutants and SPB's, but here, they are encouraged to use their powers for the common good. Peace is the goal, but it is tempered with reason.

### **Flux Dogs** *flux altered beast*

The first flux dog must have been just some random mongrel, but the trait is inheritable, and now, large wild dog packs are likely to have one or two flux dogs mixed in. For whatever reason though--genetics, competition, whatever--it is rare to find more than that one or two in a single pack.

Flux dogs are larger and stronger and faster than the stock they come from; and some say smarter, too, as flux dogs tend to be the alpha dog of their pack. Their most disturbing trait is their ability to manipulate space-time. Some use the ability to fold themselves

into side dimensions, remaining visible as a ghostly form but completely intangible until ready to strike. Others use the ability to fold the space around them, effectively letting them teleport over short distances. Lastly, some have been known to alter the flow of time, giving the hounds short bursts of super speed. Observation of the very rare domesticated flux dogs indicates that they are all capable of all of these feats, it is merely a matter of training and experience as to which capabilities they actually use.

Flux dogs are very aggressive and don't deal well with being submissive--thus the difficulty in taming them.

### **Sea Ghouls** *flux altered beast*

Huge birds, capable of only limited flight, seaghouls are a constant threat and annoyance along shipping lanes. Their cacophonous cries disorient and confuse mariners long enough for them to swoop in for attacks. Dozens of the filthy creatures will stoop in for an attack run, slashing with their jagged beaks and clawing at any exposed flesh.

They are most dangerous because they are diseased. Wounds inflicted by SeaGhouls fester at nearly supernatural speeds, and leak a black oily filth. Victims lose higher mental function, but gain an amphibious talent. They can breathe water as well as air. Animalistic, they lurk in the margins, adapting to a feral life with frightening speed.

Worst of all, it seems that the oilslicked victims are under the SeaGhouls control. There are reports of coordinated attacks between the flapping horrors and the wretched victims of their disease.

### **Forest of Silence** *flux altered place*

It is said there are inhabitants in the Forest of Silence, but well, it would be nearly impossible to find out. Within the transformed remains of the vast Redwood forest, sound simply ceases to exist. One can intend to yell at the top of their lungs and simply nothing will come out. Birds sing no songs, dry leaves don't crunch, nothing disturbs the utter silence.

It seems to be a property of the combination of the soil and the trees. Green wood cut from the Forest and transported elsewhere has a muffling effect that lessens as the wood dries, but neither seedlings taken from the forest and grown or other plants grown in soil from the Forest seem capable of reproducing the

silent effect. A few enterprising people have gathered both soil and seedlings but the lifespans of the trees outside the Forest are less than 5 years and any impurity to the soil ruins the silence effect permanently.

The Forest is usually skirted around, crossed only by the desperate, deaf, or insane as several days with no sound tends to drive people mad. The belief in mythical inhabitants of the Forest is due to all attempts to harvest more than a few trees from the woods meeting with accident or disappearance.

**The Church of Mark-** *Misguided, and boy-howdy are they misguided.*

The Church of Mark (or Teeners as they are also known), are a group of a dozen snake-handling prosthelitzers who base their fundamental christian beliefs on the biblical passage Mark 16:17-18 which says, "And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." The surviving sect of the Church of Mark was originally based in rural, hardworking Kentucky. Mostly farmers and devout family. Prior to the apocolypse, they were like any strange, misunderstood religion that relied on swallowing strychnine, speaking in tongues when the spirit hit them, and (most importantly) handling snakes in their efforts to cast out demons and sin. When the apocalypse hit, most of the Church of Mark was decimated (like the rest of the human population) but several survived and accredited this amazing feat to their accumulated resistance to "sin" (aka flux). In other words, they think the poison and the snakes and the snake bites are what saw them through it. The Church of Mark actually takes advantage of the new found world by attempting to tame flux-affected snakes. But their true calling became apparent when the King Cobra ran into their ranks. King Cobra was a run of the mill, not very powerful villain prior to the apocalypse, who had the ability to communicate with and control snakes telepathically and was immune to all poisons including snake venom (the Union encountered him several times - never a problem). The Teeners knew of King Cobra before the end of the world, but he ignored their pleas and efforts to convert his wicked self to the Church of Mark. Having nowhere else to go, and no instincts to survive on his own after the fall, King Cobra quested to Kentucky and found the Teeners. He originally thought he would take advantage of them just to get food, but quickly fell

under the spell and intrigue of the Teener's philosophies. After only several weeks King Cobra fully converted and, in a sincere effort to rid himself of his previous sinful like, converted to the Church of Mark and simply took on the name Mark. Now, the Church of Mark travels the countryside in a neverending fight to rid the world of sin and wickedness. This normally involves subjecting people to "tests" to see if they are too far gone, e.g., making them drink large amounts of poison or having them handle flux snakes. No one truly knows who is the brains behind the Teeners. The one thing everyone does know is that it is not Mark, who was always "touched in the head" even prior to his conversion.

**Graceland** *good?*

Elvis wanted to be a cop. He wanted to be a karate master. He wanted to be a secret agent. Elvis Presley wanted to be a superhero. And with his fame, money and influence, he became one... sort of.

Elvis bought up all sorts of techno-gadgets and consulted with scientists of every stripe for ways to gain super abilities. Ultimately, he met with disappointment at every turn. But his luck changed when he pursued the mystic arts. Somewhere in eastern Europe, Elvis parted with a very large sum of money and returned to Graceland with the Cloak of Shandu--a floor length dark silver cape that endowed Elvis with the amazing powers he had searched for. Calling himself the Silver Streak, Elvis played at being a superhero and even applied several times for membership in the American Union of Justice, but he was denied.

Elvis slowly became more eccentric and given to excess, but all of that changed after the fall. The apocalypse refocused and re-energized Elvis. He turned Graceland into a veritable fortress to protect his family and friends. His Memphis Mafia, now armed with many of the techno-items Elvis had collected over the years, served as his loyal footsoldiers. Graceland expanded slowly, as children were born or as Elvis admitted very occasional new citizens, especially those with super powers. However, Elvis's paranoia was such that he was always careful to never allow admittance to anyone who might be a threat to his power.

In 1974, Elvis and Priscilla welcomed the birth of their second child, a son, Aron Jesse.

Always paranoid and eccentric, Elvis became much

more so when, in 1982, Priscilla and Lisa Marie were killed when one of Graceland's tractors rolled into a ditch while bringing them back from the stables. It appeared to be a random accident, but Elvis was convinced it was arranged by one of his many enemies. Elvis put on the face of a good father and benevolent ruler for his people, but beneath the surface, he was increasingly unstable. Those closest to him bore the brunt of his increasing madness.

It was almost a mercy then when in 1991, the King finally died of a heart attack. Political infighting was immediate over what was to become of Graceland, but the previously quiet and reserved Aron surprised everyone when he, at only 17 years old, took up his father's magic cloak and assumed the title of Elvis.

Elvis Aron rules with an iron hand and has a reputation of being grim but fair. He has since married and fathered three children--2 girls and a boy. He is grooming his oldest, 10 year old Lisa, for leadership, and he has made it clear that when he is no longer able to rule, Lisa will become Elvis .

### **Firebugs** *mostly insane*

Three minds, three bodies, but with a single purpose. Firefly, Cherry Bomb, and Salamander are all pyrokinetics, immune to heat and flame and able to generate and manipulate fire. Alone, they wandered the wasteland, looking for things to burn, reveling in the destruction they created. But then they found each other, and together, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. The three of them feed off of each other, travelling from place to place looking for ways to create newer and bigger conflagrations. They compete with one another and can spend days at a time playing their game, starting and dousing fires around each other, destroying all they find without heed for what or who might be in their way.

### **Orion & Artemis** *bad*

A brother and sister, Orion and Artemis live together in a large lavishly appointed mansion on a hilltop in the center of a ruined ghost town. Visitors are welcome and will be treated to every comfort available. Once inside, a guest will immediately note the vast number of hunting trophies mounted on every available wall. There are animals and beasts of the normal variety as well as plenty of mutated and flux-enhanced creatures. Some of them, though, are disturbingly human in appearance--creatures like the roadapes who are known to be intelligent despite

being mean and despicable creatures.

The truth is that Orion and Artemis are both world class super powered hunters, and they compete regularly to see who can bag the toughest and/or most exotic game. This includes superbeings of all types (although they keep those trophies in back rooms where guests are not welcome).

## An Unfinished Introduction

I am the Seer. It is my... job, if you will, to observe your Earths—to chronicle your histories and to preserve their details and glories for future ages. In eons past, my people found remnants of whole civilizations come and gone in mere heartbeats of the age of the multiverse. Entire cultures flowering and vanishing without record. Thus, we set forth the Seers to ensure such people would no longer be forgotten to the ravages of time.

And so I watch. I watch a near infinity of Earths and see the unfoldings of every possible action, rejoicing in those that take full flower, creating separate Earthlines and new sets of possibility. Some are magnificent, and some are tragic, and all are valuable. But none is so unique and none holds my fascination so much as the lone Flux-Shattered Earth.

The Shattered Earth was a world much like your own, but that centuries ago, Flux slowly seeped in through the crevices of their reality. As is always the case, the presence of Flux allowed occasional amazing occurrences, rare extraordinary supernatural beings and strange magicks and technologies. But the Flux was weak, and their history still proceeded in parallel to your own—differing in minor details, but not in substance until the turn of the last century by your modern reckoning of years. The Flux was amplified, and great superbeings arose, slowly but surely nudging their history away from yours. But it wasn't until after World War II that... well, perhaps it is best if I let one of their own tell the story. See through my eyes, and watch:

\* \* \*

It is late, and the sky has long since grown dark. The Codicer does not speak yet. Instead, he merely stands before the fire, his incredibly long frame standing a full two heads taller than any of the nearby revelers. His cup is held before him in both hands, downturned to nourish the memories of those gone before. Gathered across the mirror-like flux-polished ground where the New Jersey statehouse once stood, the revelers slowly take notice of this tall still man in their midst. It is the last night of the Feast of Justice, and everyone knows what comes next. One by one people find their own cups and pull together stools and boxes and other makeshift seating, others merely sitting on the glassy ground around the fire when seats become scarce. Firelight makes every face

hauntingly unfamiliar as a whispered hush finds its way through the crowd.

“Are there any here” the Codicer asks into the silence, “who do not know how this world was created?”

With smiles, most of the assembled crowd raises a hand. They are lying; every child knows the story of Major Justice from the moment they can speak. But this is an old game, and everyone is eager to play their part—especially with so renowned a teller as the Codicer himself.

“Shall I tell you then of the Legacy of Justice, and how the Hand of Apocalypse brought ruin to the earth?”

The murmurs of encouragement are immediate, with even a few cheers mixed in, but of course, it's not quite enough. The Codicer rights his cup, “But I am weary, and such a story requires refreshment.” And with good-natured laughter, his cup is soon filled and even a few coins are thrown at his feet.

The Codicer pulls himself up to his full height—nearly eight feet. He unclasps his cloak and allows it to form a bilious black puddle around his feet. He takes a long pull at his drink—a rough whisky backed by some sort of cola flavor—and with one hand on his worn leather satchel of props, he runs his steady gaze across the eyes of his audience and begins:

“Major Justice! He was more than merely human—he was a hero. The mightiest of the super heroes of this earth, he was the defender of America and the protector of the peoples of the world.” As the Codicer speaks, a poster sized rendering of Major Justice, a well-preserved relic of a world lost, raises slowly on a pole behind him until the Major's feet are directly behind the Codicer's head. The mechanism for raising the poster is not visible, only increasing the wonder of the listeners. Appreciative noises rise softly from the crowd. In the poster, Major Justice is in one of his classic poses; he is flying with his arms out to his sides and angled back along his muscular flanks, blue-gloved fists clenched, steely jaw set with determination below the blue hooded mask, and the silver star on his thick muscled chest thrust forward at the audience.

“Stronger than a thousand men and faster than a fighter jet. Major Justice could catch missiles in mid air and hold entire battalions of men at bay. He vigilantly protected this nation that he loved so well. He led the Allies to victory in World War II, and

established his American Union of Justice help him defend the nation against Communism and other threats to freedom for more than two decades. Ageless and unwavering, Major Justice was the scourge of evildoers and the guardian of liberty for forty-eight years, never failing in his endless duties. Never failing but for once.”

The Codicer takes another drink, and as he does so, a small figure seems to rise from his bag of props of its own accord. It is a doll—an action figure—a sinister thing almost a foot tall and clad in crimson armor and a long black cloak. A surprised and worried murmur rises, and several children squeal in mock-terror. Or at least... almost mock-terror. All of them recognize this bogeyman, and one of them finally squeaks out a name for it: “Doctor Apocalypse!”

That is the cue the Codicer has been waiting for. He sets his cup quickly aside and grins a wickedly hungry grin in the direction of the child who spoke. He is half-crouched now and leans well forward towards his audience, letting the firelight play madly across his features, his absurdly long limbs jutting away at dangerous angles. He pauses and savors the tension—they are all hooked, every one of them. “That’s right, child,” he hisses, scooping up the crimson doll in both hands from the top of his bag and proffering it boldly to the crowd for all to view, “Doctor Apocalypse!” The crowd gasps appropriately.

“The epitome of evil, with armor the color of blood, Doctor Apocalypse had but one goal: total world domination. He imagined all the nations of the world bowing before a crimson throne of his own making, and all the people on earth enslaved to his evil will. But one by one, his schemes were foiled by the vigilance and awesome might of Major Justice and his American Union of Justice.” He lets the

Apocalypse doll tumble from his grasp, and it clatters to the ground at his feet. Another poster rises behind the Codicer to cover Major Justice’s square jawed visage. This new image is hand-drawn and not as realistic as the first, but the colors are bold and dramatic and the uniforms recognizable: Major Justice standing front and center, flanked by the other members of his Union—Nighthawk, Silver Sorceress, Gantron, the White Mouse, Apollo, and Avenger. All of these names are familiar to every listener, and a small cheer almost goes up, but is quickly stifled when no one echoes it.

The Codicer holds his position for several long moments. Not even his eyes move as the spectators wait breathless for his words. Now his voice comes down to a more conventional narrative, only a few notches above a whisper at first. But it slowly rises in volume and drama as the story continues.

“It was a day like any other, when the Justice Signal sounded. Always first among heroes, Major Justice rushed to answer the call. In a government office high above Washington DC, the Dispatcher gave the Major the grave news: ‘Major Justice,’ he said, ‘the Doctor has returned.’ Nothing more needed to be said.” The Codicer’s voice changes to the clipped deep-chested tones of the Major himself, “‘Doctor Apocalypse—I knew it.’ The Major wasted no time, ‘Where is the villain hiding?’ And the truth was more horrible than he could have guessed—Doctor Apocalypse had commandeered the office of the no less than the president of the United States. Having only recently assumed the reins of power from his brother, President Kennedy was now a hostage in his own Oval Office, while the evil Doctor set up his newest Doomsday device in an effort to ransom the nation’s capitol to gain the power and resources he so desperately desired.”