

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.

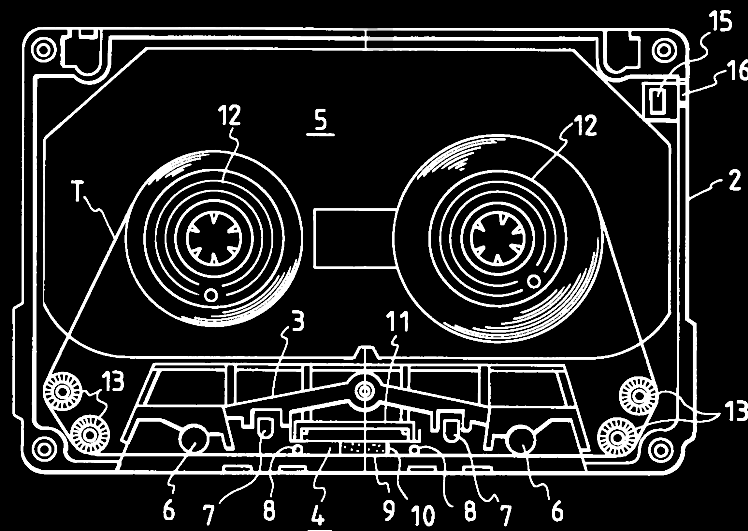


INCOMING TRANSMISSION

[**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]



CREDITS INTRODUCTION

TYPEFACES

Evolventa, Marvin Visions, Michroma, Microgramma,
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PUBLIC DOMAIN ART

Flickr
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NASA Archives
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INSPIRATIONS

Anthem, Neal Stephenson
Annihilation, Jeff VanderMeer
Half-Life, Valve
The Melting of West Harrison, Knighthouse Co.
Roadside Picnic, Arkady & Boris Strugatsky
Stalker, Andrei Tarkovsky
Stranger Things, the Duffer Brothers
A Time Odyssey, Arthur C. Clarke & Stephen Baxter

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SPECIAL THANKS

iammucow
Thomas Karl Wetherby
The FIST Discord server

MANDELBROT SET is a campaign kit for **FIST: Ultra Edition**, designed to be used alongside the core rules. This 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 from the Facility at its center, and destroy the Transdimensional Resonator before the Army makes matters worse in a misguided attempt to control the fallout.

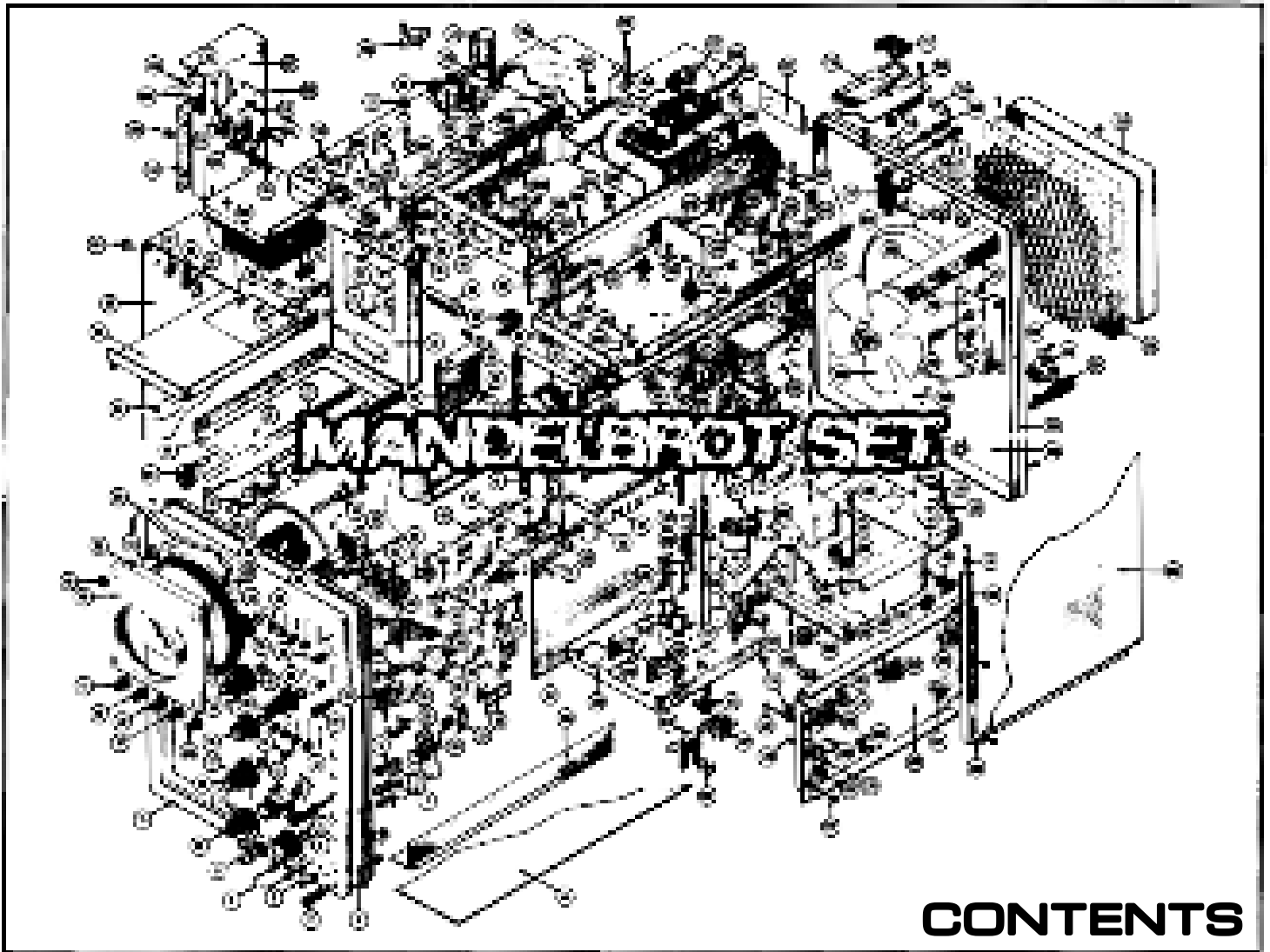
This book provides maps, locations, characters, enemies, traits, and items your play group can use to assemble their own version of Mandelbrot Set. This book is also designed with reusability in mind, using the multiverse as a vehicle to cover a wide array of stats and situations for running your own FIST campaigns.

If you play Mandelbrot Set as presented in the book, your campaign will consist of several "runs" of the same mission:

1. Players go on a hexcrawl through the Fractal Zone with random encounters, points of interest, and a roaming boss.
2. Players infiltrate a small, secure building in the center, 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 other objective.
4. When FIST finds their primary objective, he may have been replaced by someone else.
5. The players must defeat the final boss: a sentient machine and a randomly generated 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 designed for new players with fresh characters, as well as those who have advanced a few times and are looking for something more complex. We hope you have fun, and thanks for playing!

- CLAYMORE



ASSEMBLY PROTOCOL

EXAMPLE CHARACTERS

THE FRACTAL ZONE

THE WYRD

Wyrd Encounters

Wyrd Encounter 6-6: HOLY DIVER

OUTPOST INDEX

FACILITY ZERO

Facility Zero Rooms

Facility Zero Staff

THE RESONATOR ROOM

Superposition Table

OGHMA, the Modular Mind

ENDING THE LOOP (missing, all you need to do is finish every run, story endings forthcoming)

FRACTAL TRAITS

Fractal Traits are incorrectly numbered and some are missing. Have the ref choose instead of rolling

COLLECTIBLES

Collectibles are unavailable for now (still in development)

SUPPLIES

Player materials

Campaign sheet

(Missing, substitute Classic versions and tweak)

Printable maps

ALTERNATIVE ASSEMBLIES

Shadows from the Deep

Rainbow in the Dark

ASSEMBLY PROTOCOL

To assemble a campaign with **Mandelbrot Set**, start by procuring a **campaign sheet** (p. xx). 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 fun). Remixed mission ideas which deviate from the default premise are listed as **alternative assemblies** (p. xx).

ROLL OR CHOOSE THREE OUTPOSTS.

The map of the Fractal Zone (p. xx) shows three outposts: Alpha, Beta, and Gamma. Roll 3D66 or choose three from the **outpost index** (p. xx), 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 **Wyrd Anchors**. Destroying one of these anchors weakens the final boss, but also makes all seven hexes of its outpost inaccessible for the rest of the mission.

CONSTRUCT FACILITY ZERO.

The map of Facility Zero (p. xx) shows the layout of FIST's destination, a military installation in the Nevada desert. Roll once on the GOOD NEWS and BAD NEWS tables for each room, then record the results on your campaign sheet. Some GOOD NEWS results include Facility Zero staff. 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 found elsewhere as well.

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. xx), and note the result on your campaign sheet. This is the version of Okonkwo the players will actually meet at the Facility's heart.

DISTRIBUTE MISSION MATERIALS.

Print or electronically copy the remaining mission materials (p. xx-xx) 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. xx) to the players during character creation (although we recommend you don't).

GIVE THE PLAYERS A BRIEFING.

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

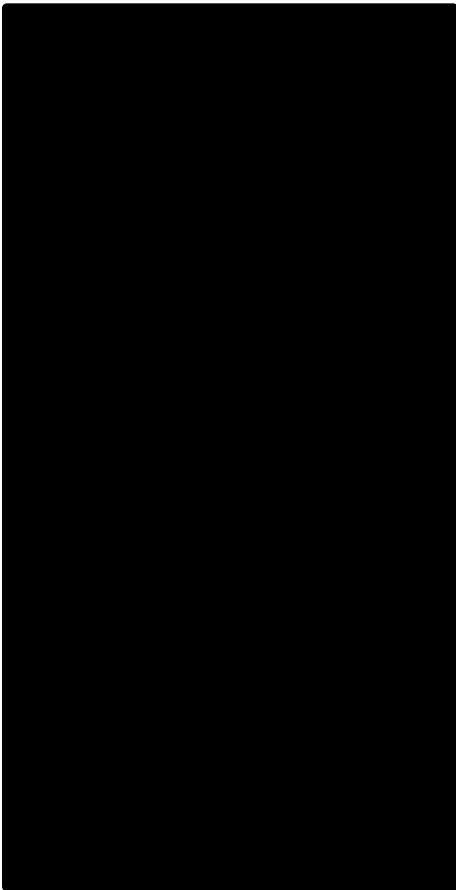
If your FIST game includes some ref-controlled commanding officer, roleplay a briefing scene. If it's just the players, ask them how their characters learned each piece of info. "Let them find out later..." is for referee eyes only.

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. xx). 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 in-game missions put together as a campaign** (decide with the players how many missions your campaign should last—we suggest six). Your 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 **menagerie of transdimensional horrors**.
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 Wyrd 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 destroy 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 destroy each Resonator across multiple missions**. Destroying the **FRACTAL 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)
- *Soviet GP-5* 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

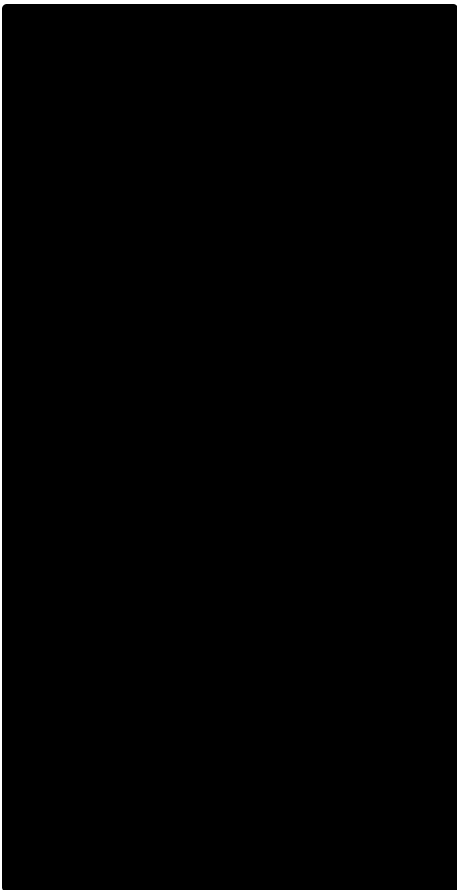
INVENTORY

- *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 = maximum 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)

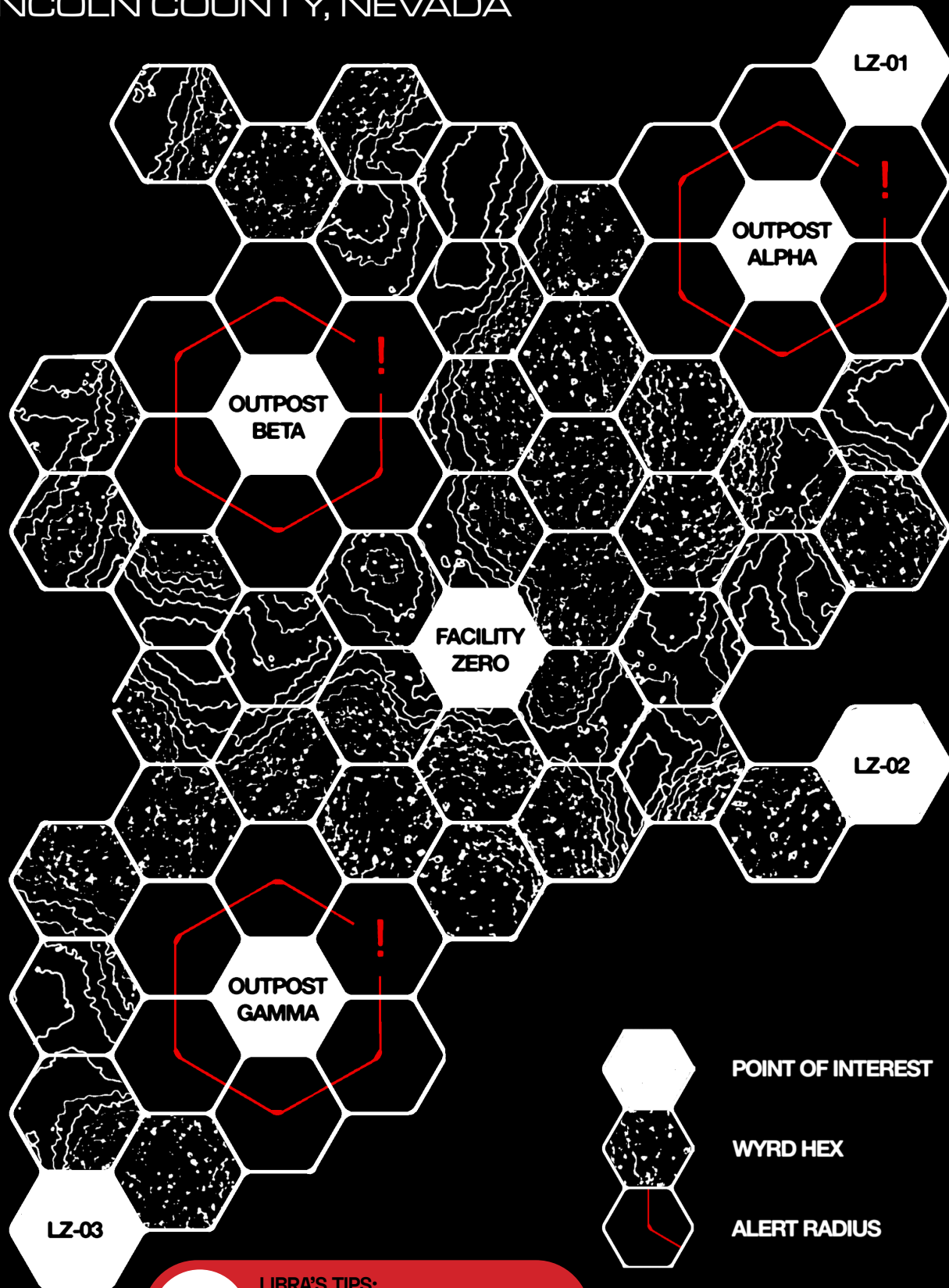
FARADAY is a soldier of fortune from Boston previously employed by the CMA, then the Sandinistas, then the major industrial conglomerate Hartmann-Tendo. FIST snagged him for this op by showing him a photo of Janssen's Rolls-Royce.

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]

THE FRACTAL ZONE

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 Wyrld, an unpredictable hedgerow of volatile Fractal energy. FIST must push through the Wyrld, 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. xx)

When FIST enters a Wyrld 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. xx) 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 Wyrld Hexes.

FRACTAL TRAITS (p.xx)

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*.

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. xx)

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. xx).

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 table below. Resolve events following the listed order of operations:

- Handle disorientation gained from a previous hex if it occurs
- Play out the Wyrd encounter or Wyrdfruit harvest
- Increase FCUs if instructed and announce the new reading

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. DISORIENTATION, WYRD ENCOUNTER, +2 FCUs
2. DISORIENTATION, WYRD ENCOUNTER, +1 FCU
3. WYRD ENCOUNTER, +1 FCU
4. WYRD ENCOUNTER
5. WYRD CLUE
6. WYRDFRUIT (1D6 pieces, consumable)

DISORIENTATION

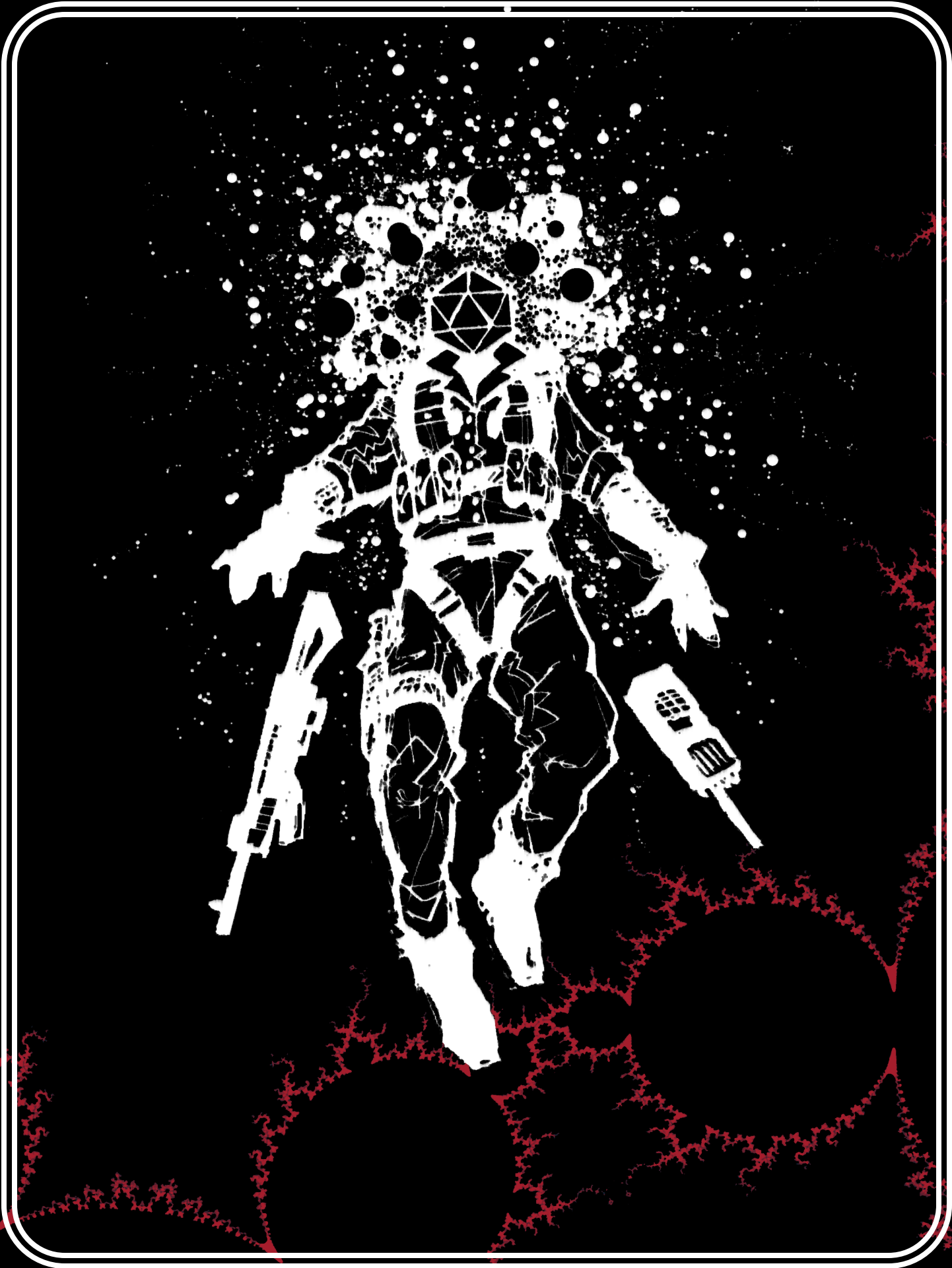
When the players try moving on to the next hex after becoming disoriented, roll 1D6—if the result is under the current FCU reading, the unit loses their way. Roll another 1D6 and count to the corresponding side of the hex, starting from the top and going clockwise. This is the direction FIST actually heads in. If FIST would be pushed off the map, go the opposite way.

WYRD ENCOUNTERS (p. xx)

Neither FIST nor the Wyrd-wanderers listed here can see each other at first. The players may attempt to sneak past encounters, start a fight, run away, etc., but the referee must maintain an air of mystery until FIST encounters the entities in a Hex directly.

WYRD CLUES and WYRDFRUIT

Wyrd clues are anomalous tracks, sightings, or litter which the referee can use to give hints about possible upcoming encounters. **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. 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 Wyrd, 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 (COLLECTABLE, p. xx)
- 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, one use)
- Blindfold (black velvet)
- Bucket hats, fractal camo fatigues

ECHOLOCAION: 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. BOLTZMANN BRAIN (1 HP, CHOKE 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, district 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. xx) 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. xx). 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. 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. xx) 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.

4. 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.

3. 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. xx)

[PLACEHOLDER]

WYRD ENCOUNTERS

4 FRACTAL CORRUPTION UNITS

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 and guns)
- Glowing form (attracts curious enemies)
- 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 (Collectables, p. xx) floats just out of reach in the cloying oil, creating 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)
- Ice cold stare (1 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING, ICE)
- Tactical vest (1 ARMOR)
- 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. 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 Collectables, p. xx)
- 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 grey 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 +GRE)
- 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)

- Walther PPK pistol (1D6 DAMAGE, REMOTE, silenced)
- Stun gloves (3 DAMAGE, STUN)
- Deep black combat suit (1 ARMOR)
- Schrödinger disruptor (target is made temporarily unable to perceive anything, consumable)
- 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. 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 pinpoint halo of refracted 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. xx) has become a pile of timeswept dust in the newly-passed millennium. This staff member becomes unavailable for rescue until the next mission. 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. xx). Moving between any two hexes without a light always incurs the DISORIENTATION penalty usually reserved for Wyrd Traversal (p. xx). There is a 3-in-1D6 chance of another Wyrd Encounter from a random tier (1D6) 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, COLLECTABLE, p. xx)
- Yellow hazmat suit (ignore environmental damage)
- Decon bubble shield generator (1 HP, 6 ARMOR, 10 foot radius, one use)
- 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, COLLECTABLE (p. xx))

MANXOME: The whiffling frabjous Jabberwock confounds its frumious 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. xx)

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.

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 / YD²

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 / YD²

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?"

WYRD ENCOUNTER 6-6

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

HOLY DIVER

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

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. After letting out 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)

- Devolved man-ape claws (3 DAMAGE, POISONED)
- Fleabitten tactical poncho (0 ARMOR, accessory)
- Membrane wings and a gas mask face

REVENANT: Thrilled 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.

OUTPOST INDEX

[PLACEHOLDER]

This section of the book is still under construction. A placeholder copy of the original Outpost Index (from the Classic version of MANDELBROT SET) is on the following pages. You'll need a D20 to roll Outposts. When this version is complete, the roll will be D66.

The Classic version does not have a Zone Anchor in each Outpost. Zone Anchors can be destroyed to reduce OGHMA's difficulty and spawn more Wyrd Hexes. If you're running this version, we recommend treating natural "completion" moments as Wyrd Anchors, like helping someone in need, defeating a powerful enemy, getting a good item, etc.

Alternatively just throw in a big floating crystal they have to destroy and call it done. Depends on what plays better

Ximin re prerem inus et ullo eosam aspelent, occumquid ea que officid eum aut qui ut eum est, voles rera perit modi re quis molenem que od quate experum volorrupta porem aborept atiasiniam, sitis ant. Harupta temque rest, net ut lautatat acerepro berio. Ga.



1. 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 any moving thing 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 (+1D6 HP, one use)
- Black ball cap

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

2. 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.

CONFEDERATE GRUNT (3 HP)

- Zastava M70 (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Frag grenade (1D6+2 DAMAGE, one use)
- Grey fatigues
- 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 (1D6 DAMAGE)
- 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.

3. SURVIVOR STRONGHOLD

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 this 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)
- 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.

4. WASTELAND CAMP

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. The camp is unguarded and an Analgesic Jet Injector (+6 HP, consumable) is sitting in the open on an overturned

oil barrel. The camp is booby trapped with strings and rattling cans. One ISOTOPE WALKER flits between points in this Outpost's Alert Radius, and may attempt to surprise FIST operatives by teleporting behind them.

WASTE FIEND (1 HP)

- Sharpened pipe spear (1D6 damage)
- Kaiju hide robes (1 ARMOR)
- 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. Roll 1D6: On a 4 or lower, the nuclear ghost will passively observe the players rather than attacking, and may even be abstractly communicated with.



5. ANTEDILUVIAN ORTHOSTAT

Upon closer examination, this standing stone seems to be made of finely porous, subtly multicolored coral. 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 growing on rocks. Those who approach the pillar of coral have their senses overwhelmed by the smell of salty air and the sound of crashing waves. Though it's not immediately apparent that the coral can be easily damaged, 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 poison gas; however, the gills eventually rot off after moving through 1D6 hexes, leaving nothing behind but an uncomfortable sore.

ATLANTEAN SCOUT (4 HP)



- Harpoon rifle (1D6+2 DAMAGE)
- Anti-oxygen grenade (remove oxygen from 10 ft. radius, one use)
- Water-breathing exosuit (2 ARMOR, cannot be used by air-breathers)
- Alkahest syringe (+2 DAMAGE on next attack, consumable)
- Seashell jewelry
- Tattered cape

PARANOID: These humanoid water-breathing reconnaissance troopers have been ordered by Atlantis High Command to destroy everything within the Fractal Zone. Xenophobic and imperialistic, Atlanteans both fear and despise land-dwellers and can be easily tricked into viewing them as maddening, unknowable monsters.

DIRT EEL (3 HP)

- Rows of teeth (2 DAMAGE)
- Slick, jade colored skin
- Semi-formed legs
- Bioluminescent eyes

QUICK: Fast and vicious like a rattlesnake, these air-breathing eels latch onto prey after biting 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 tend to take some flesh with them.

6. 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.

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)
- Satin robes

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.

7. CONSTRUCTION SITE

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.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (3 HP)

- Power tool of choice (2 DAMAGE)
- Hard hat (1 ARMOR)
- High-vis vest (good for sneaking into places undercover)
- Lunchbox

ORDERS: The construction workers become hostile and violent if the characters try to enter the half-built building.

THE SITE (HP NOT APPLICABLE)

- Mind control waves (commands itself to be built, strong but not irresistible)
- Writhing metal (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Projectile rivets (1D6 DAMAGE)
- 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. 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.

8. FIRST CONTACT POINT

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, atop flattened cornstalks. 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)
- 9mm (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Second 9mm (1D6 DAMAGE, strapped to leg)
- Bowie knife (3 DAMAGE, strapped to the other leg)
- Body armor (1 ARMOR)
- Earpiece
- Government-issue sunglasses

PREPARED: If the Operative needs something, there's a good chance it was packed in the kit they brought with them and would just need to be retrieved.

ROSWELL ALIEN (6 HP)

- Mind-sundering thoughtwaves (3 DAMAGE)
- Bewitching magics
- Illusions and disguises
- Potbellied figure

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.

9. CONVENIENCE STORE

A neon orange sign high above the remote stop reads "O' 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 your 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 in tow.

CYCLER LAD (3 HP)

- Scrapyard motorcycle (1D6 DAMAGE upon impact, explodes)
- Rusty choppers (3 DAMAGE)
- Peeling leather jacket
- Empty juice pouches

TRICKZ: The Cyclers 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 (shoddily repaired van, 1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Iron knuckles (2 DAMAGE)
- Road sign armor (1 ARMOR)
- Water bottle (empty)
- War mix CD (mostly classic country)

WARSONG: If the Buzzer Driver's war mix stops playing, they will immediately give up.

10. 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. Along with both of the following options, roll a random Wyrd Encounter to be found here; the road sign suffuses the surrounding area with calming energy and the characters may be able to speak with adversaries they normally could not.

TECHNO-KNIGHT (6 HP)

- Photon saber (1D6 DAMAGE, cuts through most armor)

- Medieval plate (1 ARMOR)
- Robotic dove (Can deal 1 DAMAGE as a command and harry foes)
- Signet ring

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 (Can fire an EMP that shreds nearby technological devices as a last resort)
- Plastic robes

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

11. GILDED RUINS

A decrepit office building formed entirely out of gold. Carved computers, stacks of incredibly detailed filigreed paperwork, 15 pound calculators. If the characters begin searching the cubicles, they find one completely filled with haphazardly stacked, golden statues of terrified office workers.

AI PROGRAM 241-C, AKA "MIDAS"

A rogue AI program intent on spreading the gold virus to whoever it can and examining its effect. Trapped inside a gold computer, though the hardware is intact and sealed. Knows how to make an antidote. Takes an exaggeratedly sarcastic tone.

MAINTENANCE BOT (8 HP)

- Golden gas blower (begins to turn any characters or objects touched by the gas into gold, starting at affected areas and working inwards)
- Gold virus-immune plating (1 ARMOR)
- Broom and mop attachments

VESSEL: Midas can see and speak through the maintenance bot. The bot sometimes manages to take hold in an attempt to perform simple cleaning and repair tasks.

12. HAUNTED MISSION

A 1700's-era Spanish mission, seemingly abandoned. Within, the characters find common Christian imag-

ery 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. Destroying or disturbing any of these carefully placed items breaks the barrier that keeps the Angel sealed beneath the floor.

SATANIC APPARITION (HP NOT APPLICABLE)

- Curved dagger (3 DAMAGE)
- Robes of the black priest
- Twin curved horns

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

ANGEL (14 HP)

- Twelve divine blades (2D6 DAMAGE)
- Shield of God (3 ARMOR)
- Rings of living light
- Eyes that can see every soul on Earth
- Shivering wings

JUDGEMENT: Every creature that walks on God's soil is a sinner.

13. 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 experiment runs rampant.

SECURITY GUARD (4 HP)

- AK-47 rifle (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Dull blue uniform, black balaclava
- Secure Facility keycard (by random chance, also happens to work as a Facility Zero Keycard)

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)

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

14. ABANDONED GATE

An immense ring of jagged metal half-embedded in the earth that 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 lightyears in seconds only to be deposited at a point in space where a station has not yet been built.

GALACTIC CRIMINAL (4 HP)

- Larikian Beamshot 202 (1D6 DAMAGE, ignores armor made of organic materials)
- Sandblasted shawl
- Stolen metals
- Stolen ID (belongs to one "Mexus Greep")
- Red-lens goggles (used to pick out heat signatures)

WANTED: Runs if they believe the characters are local authority figures. If interrogated, the Criminal will allude to some vague breach of "pangalactic celebrity fascimile law", an obvious lie.

THING FROM THE STARS (8 HP)

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

HUNGER: Becomes more docile at night, when it can feed on nascent starlight.



15. MUTANT TANGLES

Lush foliage completely covers this Outpost's Alert Radius and the air is thick with milky-white spores. Anyone that enters a new hex within the Alert Radius and breathes the spores begins to grow new fingers. The fingers are painful and grow in inconvenient spots (-1 REFLEXIVE). If they aren't cut off (3 DAMAGE, lots of bleeding), each one steadily grows into a limp, debilitating arm. Those afflicted with Fractal Traits are immune.

HEADLESS CHEF (4 HP)

- Red-hot spatula (1 DAMAGE)
- Pan of fried fruit
- Bandaged arm
- Vividly stained apron

GENEROUS: The chef, who has been afflicted by a Fractal Trait and is thus immune to the spores, attempts to get the characters to eat his irradiated meal (which will give them a Fractal Trait of their own). They know the dangers of the Mutant Tangles and earnestly attempt to save the characters from it.

FRACTAL FLIES (3 HP)

- Many proboscises (2 DAMAGE, causes painful crystals to grow out of flesh that attract the attention of other beasts, those with Fractal Traits are immune)

SWARM: This swarm of mosquitoes fly in a dizzying fractal pattern. They take a maximum of 1 DAMAGE per attack.

16. 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. 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.

GARUDA FRAME (12 HP)

- Diamond-tipped beak (1D6+2 DAMAGE)

- Titanium feathers (4 ARMOR)
 - Nutrient-rich bioplastic (+1D6 HP, consumable)
- 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)
- 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 hunter-gatherers can be recruited for almost any task if they are promised a reliable supply of food.

17. FORGOTTEN MINEFIELD

Stubborn overgrowth decorates a dreary stretch of land once ravaged by war: vines entwined with barbed wire, abandoned trenches that act as flowerbeds, and craters full of flowers. The lovely scenery hides hidden dangers; characters that cross recklessly quickly discover the unexploded mines in the soil that detonate for 1D6+2 DAMAGE. The mines could be retrieved for re-use... but you'd have to be very, very careful. 1D6 SPECTRAL SOLDIERS sweep the battlefield, pantomiming active combat.

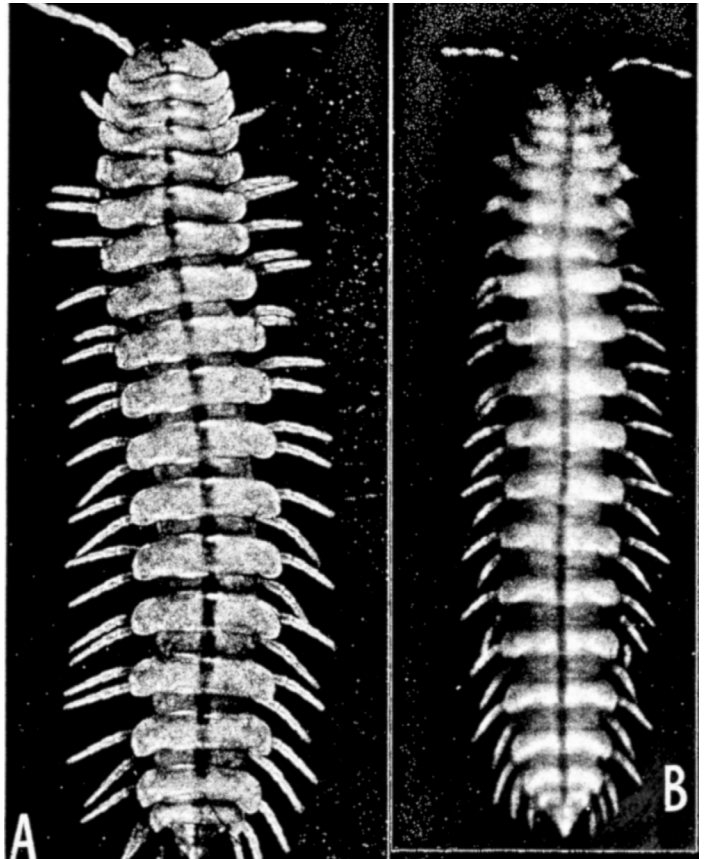
SPECTRAL SOLDIER (N/A HP)

- M1 Garande (1D6 DAMAGE, ghost bullets shoot through cover and hit the soul)
- Tattered WWII-era infantry uniform
- Cold light eyes

GHOST: Can be harmed only by blessed bullets or rock salt shells. If the characters find and bury their decayed body, the soldier will move on.

GHOST HUNTER (3 HP)

- Camera
- EMF reader



- Tank top and jeans
- Expensive sunglasses

INTREPID: Surveying the scene. Prone to getting themselves blown up by mines.

18. 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 4 DAMAGE, ignoring ARMOR. 1D6 cattle-sized PREY GRUBS gnaw on the chain-link fence and will attack anything that nears them, made paranoid by some UNSEEN PREDATOR.

PREY GRUB (8 HP)

- Corrosive mandibles (2 DAMAGE)
- Slick, off-white shell (2 ARMOR)
- Chemical haze gland (fills a room with toxic haze when burst, consumable)

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, and then scatter in every direction.

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.

19. CITY BLOCK

A futuristic city of concrete and glass rises out of the Fractal 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 a civilian the players meet is a CYCLOPS REBEL. If the players interact, FIST COMPLIANCE AGENTS will arrest them for fraternizing with dissidents.

CYCLOPS REBEL (4 HP)

- Street medic kit (heal 1D6+CREATIVE HP)
- Black beret with evil eye symbol

SOLIDARITY: Easy to identify among a throng of civilians, 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 character's abilities.

MONITOR DRONE (2 HP)

- Automatic machine turret (1d6+1 DAMAGE)
- Abnormality radar (blips where spikes of supernatural energy are present)
- Remote control chip

SPEEDY: Players must at least partially succeed on an attack roll twice in a row to hit the drone.

20. HOME?

The approach to this Outpost gives the characters a deeply uncomfortable but familiar feeling in their stomach, a diseased sort of nostalgia. As they break through the fractal fog, they see a house on a hill. The grass around it is the same grass they ran through as a child. They sat in that tire swing and ran their hands along that fence, getting splinters from the chipped paint. Ask the players about their character's childhoods; the House fuses them together into a dreamlike amalgamation of memory. There may be useful supplies or food in the cupboards; their mother's pistol, an unused box of fireworks in the garage, or something stranger- but always familiar. A sound emanates from the basement. Underneath the house, the characters will find their parents. All of them.

THE PARENTAGE (10 HP)

- Piercing tongues (1D6 DAMAGE)
- Doting hands
- Childhood trinkets

STORGE: If any character has a good relationship with their parents, their armor does not protect them from the kiss of the Parentage.

Ximin re prerem inus et ullo eosam aspelent, occumquid ea que officid eum aut qui ut eum est, voles rera perit modi re quis molenem que od quate experum volorrupta porem aborept atiasiniam, sitis ant. Harupta temque rest, net ut lautatat acerepro berio. Ga.

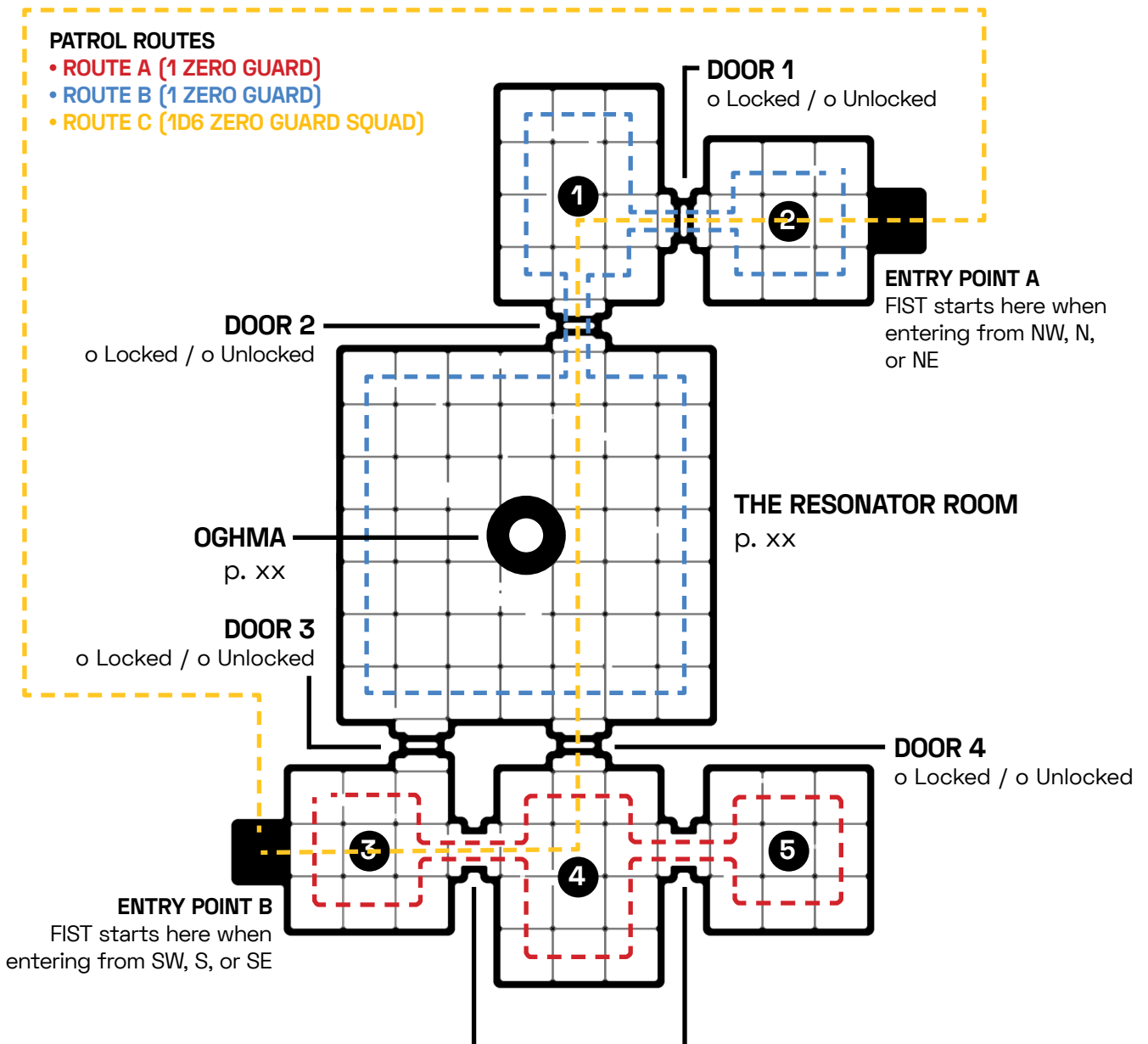
ZERO GUARD (3 HP, alone or appearing in squads of 1D6, CHOKE 5: Flee, roll once for whole squad)

- 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.

PATROL ROUTES

- ROUTE A (1 ZERO GUARD)
- ROUTE B (1 ZERO GUARD)
- ROUTE C (1D6 ZERO GUARD SQUAD)



ENTRY POINT A
FIST starts here when entering from NW, N, or NE

ENTRY POINT B
FIST starts here when entering from SW, S, or SE

BROKEN DOORS
Security doors with broken mechanisms. Must slow down and squeeze through to pass.

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. xx) 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. **DEFENSABLE:** 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 touched and help the full-size characters the 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. xx) 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 CHOKE score to "CHOKE 3: Question my purpose."
53. **SHIELD OF FAITH:** A Satanic priest offers his blessing, a pendant bearing an inverted cross (accessory).
54. **SHOWCASE:** A random Collectible (p. xx) 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.

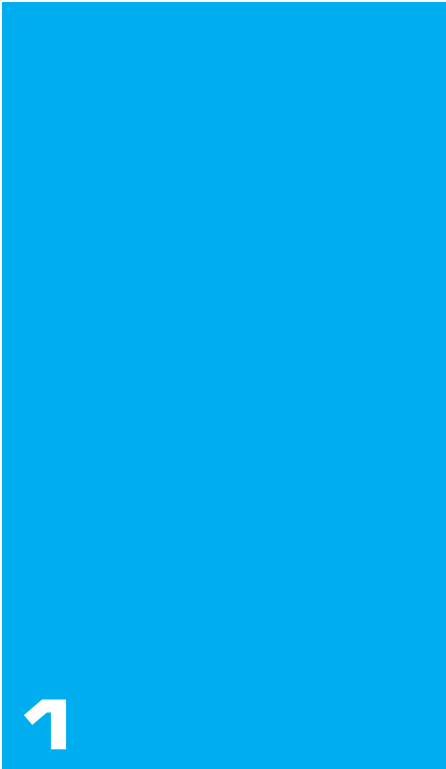
Some rooms may be duplicates of others, or contain conflicting GOOD NEWS and BAD NEWS results. Play up the unreality factor by committing to these rolls and extrapolating the interplay between the things you roll.

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. xx) 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. xx), 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. xx) 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. xx). 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:** FRACTAL FLIES (p. xx) 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. xx) 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 (p. xx) 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 invisible sleep 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 stumbling 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. xx) 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

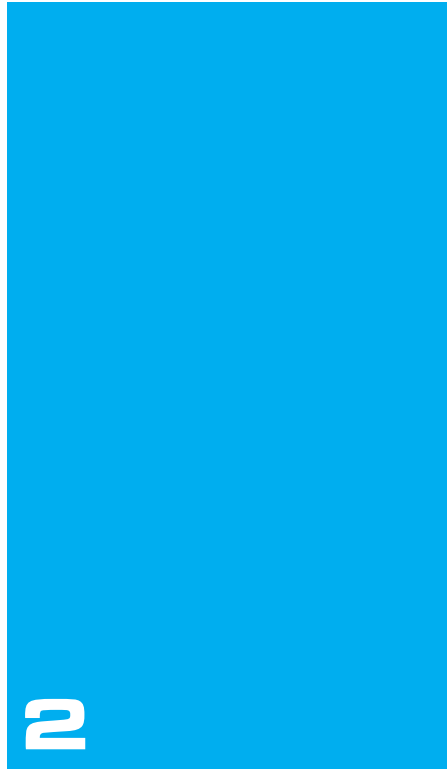
Six members of the Facility's staff, all on the US Army's payroll, have managed to survive within its halls by fighting off the FRACTAL HORRORS.



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 US 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.

If **FIST** escorts these staff members out of the **Fractal Zone**, the referee should mark them off as rescued on the campaign sheet. It's likely that FIST will meet someone they've already saved during subsequent runs through the Zone, or even two copies of the same person within the Facility. "Who's the real one?" has no easy answer.

4

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

- Model 686 revolver (1D6+1 DAMAGE)
- Antifractal serum (remove all Fractal Traits from one person, 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.

5

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.

6

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.

The dark, yawning room crackles with carbonated air, and bolts of fractal energy dance around the Resonator like gleeful, mocking serpents. OGHMA (p. xx) will most likely use the boss move **COMBAT** as soon as the players enter the Resonator Room—roll 4D6 on these tables to summon a **FRACTAL COMBATANT**. Roll 1D6 on the **Superposition Table** (p. xx) to determine which version of Okonkwo is present and in need of protection.

BODY

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 their 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 their 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.

ATTACK

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 arms.
5. **2D6 DAMAGE, ANTI-MATERIEL:** Literal pirate-ship cannons fused into chest.
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. **GASTROPODAL EXPRESSION:** One of the target's facial features painfully morphs into a living, highly intelligent snail who can communicate telepathically with its host. 1 DAMAGE.
2. **PACIFICATION:** Target is surrounded by a gentle yellow glow; they gain 1 ARMOR but become repulsed by weaponry and break out in rashes if they hold a weapon. The glow dissipates when the Combatant is defeated.
3. **SPECTRAL PASSENGER:** The target's mind becomes fused with the ghost of an ornery 18th century American Revolutionary who takes control of the host body on failed dice rolls.
4. **MUTATE TIMELINE:** One of the target's traits is changed into a different trait from another reality—roll one (D666) from the core rulebook.
5. **SONGBIRD:** Target grows weak, painful wings and can only communicate in bird noises. Symptoms dissipate if the target gets first aid.
6. **TOUCH STARVATION:** Target panics if they go more than a few seconds without touching another person. If you panic, roll 1D6 on the list of staff and follow the result's CHOKE reaction.

Superposition Table

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 his Stabilizer Unit and defend the Resonator Room until the process is complete. When the Stabilizer field is ready, he will help FIST destroy the machine, then exfiltrate the 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 explosion created by a destroyed 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, grey 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- 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 accumulating 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 (+1D6 HP, removes 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?"*

COGITO ERGO SUM

It is known that intelligence often bubbles up in the unlikeliest 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 (Resonator has HP equal to $2D6 \times$ the number of intact Anchors (#A))

- **3-in-1D6:** Gyro-focused superheated eye laser (1D6+#A DAMAGE, INCENDIARY)
- **#A-in-1D6:** 1D6 hazards and 1D6 traps (FIST: Ultra Edition, p. xx-xx)
- **#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 on the table (p. xx) 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.

TETHER (BOSS MOVE): If the Resonator is destroyed, klaxons sound as the core begins to melt down. The players will need to evacuate the Zone ASAP, with survivors in tow. Due to the Fractal Shockwave, FIST can only move in a straight line of Hexes away from Facility Zero. When they reach the edge of the Zone, OGHMA's grip on FIST tightens, the mission ends, and a new loop begins as OGHMA resets the clock.

[PLACEHOLDER]
[PLACEHOLDER]

FRACTAL TRAITS

FRACTAL TRAITS

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. You can choose to gain equivalent HP when you take damage (even temporarily increasing your MAX HP). If you do this three times, your scrambled, crystallized body will be frozen in place, woven into the threads of fate like an insect in a web. You can only be freed if this trait is removed.
- Snowflake shield (ignore 1D6 DAMAGE, consumable), -2 REFLEXIVE
12. | **BLACKOUT:** 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. Rulings made in this blackout state count the same as rulings made with access to game-related text. The state only ends when a player character dies.
- Black marker (permanently nullify one word of game text, one use), -2 CREATIVE
13. | **COMBATANT:** Impossible monsters leap forth from the dream at your command. Once per mission, you may summon a randomized FRACTAL COMBATANT (p. xx) 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 (+1 ARMOR and +1 DAMAGE to any being you control), -1 TACTICAL
13. | **DEMON:** You're a being of elemental wrongness, born on (or altered by) the Other Side. When you do something risky which the table views as a necessary evil, roll 3D6 and take the best two. Nobody, not even characters who trust you, will ever believe you're capable of good intentions.
- Phantom horns (3 DAMAGE, ARMOR-PIERCING, one use), +1 TACTICAL
13. | **FLUSH:** You have a powerful need to flush every fluid (or equivalent material) out of your body in moments of stress and start anew. // choke score-adding language like breakdown trait - you're vulnerable until the stress ends, others have to cover you while you recharge - if you survive, full heal with 1/6 chance to advance right there //
- Heavy duty garbage bag (unusually strong), -1 FORCEFUL
13. | **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 spawned via other means do not incur this penalty.
- Vorpall blade (best-1-of-3D6+1 DAMAGE), +1 CREATIVE
13. | **HEADLESS:** You have met with a grim, if straightforward fate: the

Zone has left you without a head, putting in its place an ever-shifting polyhedron made from thought and light. You remain alive and behave normally, but you cannot communicate verbally. 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), -6 MAX HP

13. HORSEMEN: You are close friends with Pestilence, War, and Famine (if you want the full set, you'll need to take MORBID and meet with the head honcho). You may summon each horseman once per mission to help you with a relevant risky action and roll 3D6, taking the best two. When you do, reduce your MAX HP by 1. // not fun? //

- Saddle (adopt any animal as a mount, one use), -2 MAX HP

13. 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.

- Portable Faraday cage (protects an item from energy and radiation), -2 RFX

13. 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 out-of-context in character, and if you would enjoy the following mechanic, you are required to feel real pain (perhaps via snapped rubberband or a slug-bug punch from a friend) when you take damage. If you're meeting all the aforementioned character 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. // too much like truth //

- (?), +2 CRE

13. 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 objects is nearly impossible and usually requires a roll. If you take 6 or more DAMAGE, you fall through the ground, stranding you forever in the depths of the Wyrd.

- Free camera (see cross sections of objects), -2 FORCEFUL

13. NUKE: Once per mission, you may order a multi-pronged tactical nuclear strike which obliterates everything in the mission area (1D6 × 1000 DAMAGE), including friendlies and yourself. Doing so will put any surviving or future members of FIST in geopolitical hot water.

- ICBM targeting chip (implanted, psionic activation), +2 FORCEFUL

13. 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

Zone has suppressed the inner spark, the essence of consciousness that makes you more than a collection of systems. You cannot perform any action without being explicitly told to (but you also cannot be commanded to do anything you normally wouldn't).

- Crystal circlet (0 WAR DICE while worn, cannot be removed), -2 CREATIVE

13. POROUS: Your body is riddled with repeating perforations in sets of ever-decreasing size, turning you into a walking Menger sponge. You can spend 2 HP to let a ranged attack fly through you, but will be incapacitated until you receive medical care.

- Your eyeball (it fell out, better hold onto it), -2 FORCEFUL

13. 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 (controls any TV), -2 TACTICAL

13. REFRACTION: You emanate a stable light-bending field which shapes roughly to the contours of your body. This active camouflage makes you almost invisible save for a thin silhouette of rippled air, and you can avoid detection without rolling the dice. Your active camo falters, revealing your position, when you move at high speeds, attack, or take damage.

- Light-refraction field (accessory), -1 REFLEXIVE

13. 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, hicertain skeleton-vibrating frequencies, and metal-based telekinesis.

- Retractable claws (1D6 DAMAGE, doesn't count as equipped), +1 FORCEFUL

13. VISITOR: You're not really a FIST operative at all: you're in deep cover, and you work for an exploratory union of peaceful worlds which hides its existence from pre-FTL societies. You may not employ violence unless absolutely necessary for self-defense. Your role is irrelevant—you can only advance if you keep everyone in the dark about your origins, and report an Earth-shattering discovery you made to the referee at the end of the session.

- 4D scanner (receive quantitative scientific data about a target, three uses), +2 TACTICAL

FRACTAL TRAITS

FRACTAL TRAITS

FRACTAL TRAITS

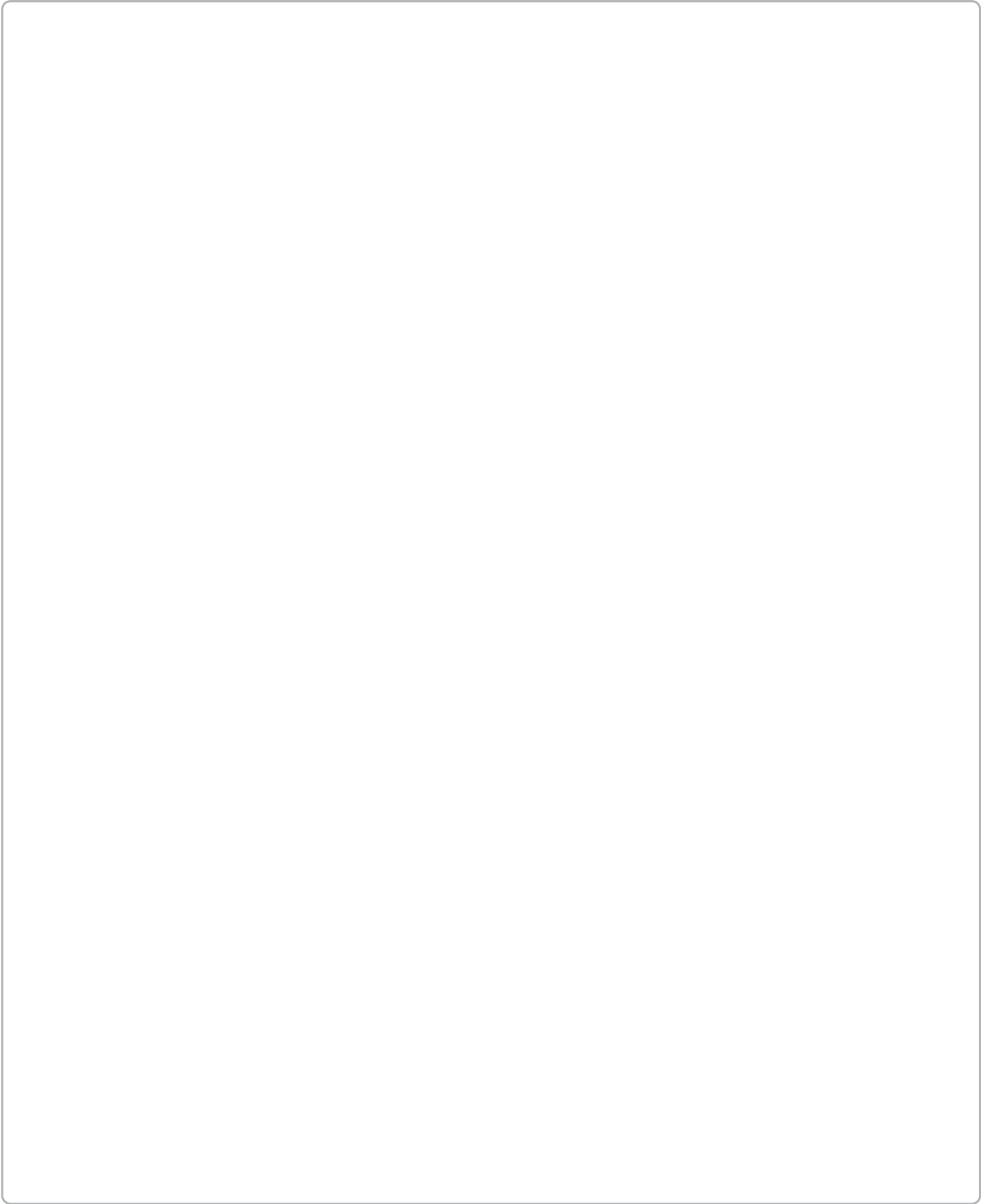
PLAYER MATERIALS

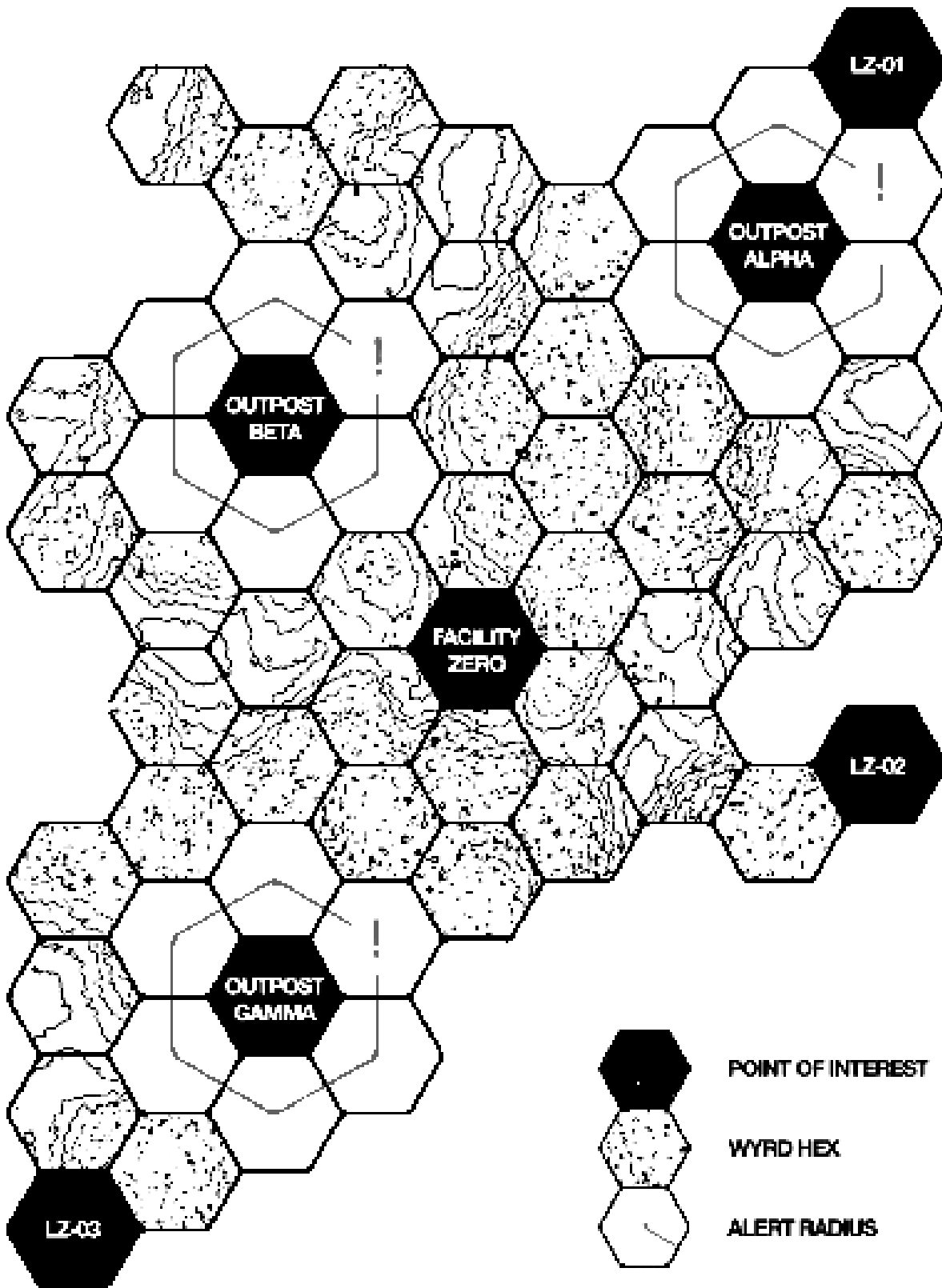
[PLACEHOLDER]

[PLACEHOLDER]
[PLACEHOLDER]

CAMPAIGN SHEET

[PLACEHOLDER]



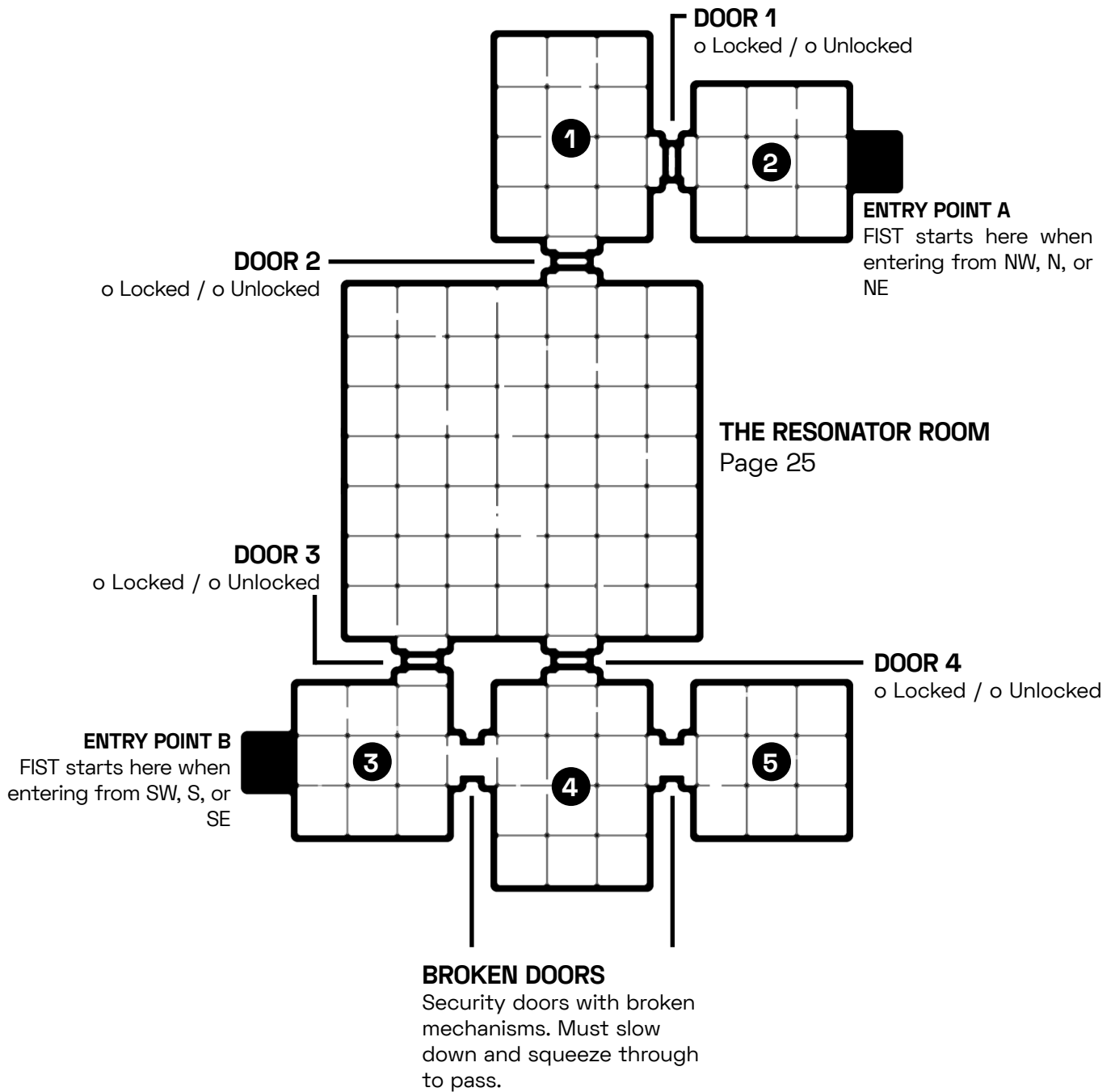


MANDELBROT SET

FACILITY ZERO

Distribute to FIST operatives via print or electronic trans-

GUARD ROUTES MISSING!!



SHADOWS FROM THE DEEP

ALTERNATIVE ASSEMBLY

ALTERNATIVE ASSEMBLIES

The storyline of Mandelbrot Set is provided if you'd like to use it, but the content in this book is designed to be easily remixed into other stories as well. Two example missions are provided here as possible inspiration.

SHADOW FROM THE DEEP

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 sleepy New England town called Innsmouth, prompting the Army to take swift retaliatory action. Yugg-n'thath, a drafted Atlantean anti-war protestor, has been taken as a POW along with five other soldiers and a war-trained Abyssal Monstrosity. N'thath has contacted FIST with a deal: safely extract her from Army custody, and she will provide FIST with Atlantean encryption codes which would kneecap High Command if made public. Place the following Hexes on a blank map:

- 3 Antediluvian Orthostats, reskinned as Atlantean Relay Points. Remove the Dirt Eels; replace them with 1D6 Jungle Striders per Hex, reskinned as Atlantean Mech Troopers.
- 3 Guard Towers, reskinned as Tenement Buildings. Spec Ops snipers are positioned on the rooftops. Reskin Zone Troopers as Innsmouth Infantry, without Antifractal Serum.
- 1 Secure Facility. 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.
- Hexes in between are City Hexes. When FIST enters a City Hex, roll 1D6 for a random encounter.

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

1. 1D6 Atlantean Scouts commanded by an Atlantean Mech Trooper
2. 3 Atlantean Mech Troopers, 3 Security Drones
3. 2D6 Innsmouth Infantry, barking orders at FIST to get out of the way
4. Incoming Army napalm strike (3D6 DAMAGE if cover isn't found)
5. 1D6 Civilian Survivors who seek assistance from FIST. Reskin as New England Remnants
6. 5 Atlantean Scouts locked in combat with 7 Innsmouth Infantry

RAINBOW IN THE DARK

ALTERNATIVE ASSEMBLY

RAINBOW IN THE DARK

The USS Eldridge, a Navy Destroyer Escort ship which disappeared mysteriously during World War 2, 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 outside of reality when its experimental cloaking field malfunctioned. While traversing the Wyrld, the battleship was hijacked by Holy Diver, the castaway CRO. Now, 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 Wyrld. If her demands are not met, she will reactivate the cloaking field atop the cosmic fissure and create a new Fractal Zone. Place the following items on a map of a battleship:

- 10 Eldridge crew members held hostage (6 HP, 1 ARMOR, 1D6+1 DAMAGE, CHOKED 3: Game over man, game over) who still believe it's 1943.
- 4 Dark Detachments, created from the crew. They often hide in the transient shadows created by the ship's flickering incandescent lights.
- 9 Ravenous Mycomorphs, their minds bound to Diver via chains of psionic energy, patrolling hungrily in units of three or more.

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.

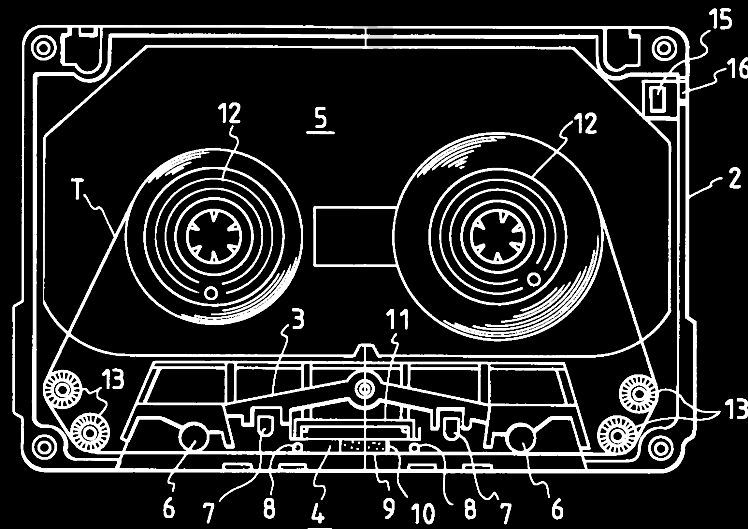
[DIAL TONE, RECEIVER CLICK] Hey, it's Gemini. So... I was finally able to get in contact with Doctor Okonkwo—not directly, mind you, but through some military lawyer, cagey JAG—and according to him, he has no memory of ever contacting FIST.

[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. Actually, he hasn't even 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



[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**, designed to be used alongside the core rules. The story 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 from the Facility at its center, and destroy the TRANSDIMENSIONAL RESONATOR before the Army makes matters worse in a misguided attempt to control the fallout.

This campaign kit 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, using the multiverse as a vehicle to cover a wide array of stats and situations for running your own FIST campaigns.

- **PERILOUS HEXCRAWLING** - Use thirty-six distinct locations, from haunted Spanish missions to Atlantean tactical relay points, to construct multiple versions of the Fractal Zone. Consult the Corruption Meter as you navigate a dangerous hexmap locale which changes each time you play.
- **THRILLING INFILTRATION** - Breach Facility Zero and explore an ever-shifting menagerie of opportunities and obstacles, including the convenient Mercenary Dispensary vending machine and the abominable Doctor Phalange. Once you're inside, use the Fractal Combatant tables to summon horrible multiversal chimeras and pit them against your players.
- **COLORFUL CHARACTERS** - Rescue six survivors from the Facility: mad scientists, uncooperative 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, nightmarish status effects/superpowers which only exist inside the Zone. Manage NPCs who CHOKe when exposed to mortal danger, each with a unique reaction to no-win situations. Track down all ten Collectibles, unique anomalous artifacts which only appear in response to specific narrative triggers. Keep it all together with a campaign sheet, a character sheet for the story itself.