warnUnhappy\_title= Unhappy survivors

warnUnhappy\_1= I'll admit times have been tough lately in [CityName], but I'd wish the others were a bit more optimistic about it.\n\nSure, we've all got the runs from [Name's] terrible cooking and haven't had a [cigarette|beer|good night's sleep|bath] in over a month, but look on the bright side: we're alive! Most of the city's residents can't say that, can they?

warnUnhappy\_2= [Name's] been down in the dumps since [his] pet [rat|mouse|weasel] died. I had a talk with [him] and explained that we're all mourning little [Splinter|Ben|Ratty|Mr.Wiggles], but there's just no consoling the [guy].\n\nI guess it's one tragedy too many on top of everything we've been through lately. Wish we had something to keep our minds off it all.

warnUnhappy\_3= Living with the constant threat of the [teeth-filled death|brain-eaters|decomposing dead] from outside the walls is beginning to wear on everyone's nerves. Not even [Name's] [shadow puppet|sing-along|interpretive dance|slam poetry] shows are helping anymore.\n\nHopefully things pick up soon or the zed are going to be the least of our worries.

warnUnhappy\_4= [Name's] been getting broody lately. Hiding in the shadows. Sulking on roof tops. I understand everyone is getting stressed, but I'm having trouble telling if [he]'s just depressed or if we've got the makings of a [masked vigilante|serial killer] on our hands.\n\nMaybe things will improve if we can find some way to raise everyone's spirits.

warnUnhappy\_5= Someone has been covering our bulletin board with pieces of [emo|goth|dark] poetry. There's so much it's hard to see past it to the flyers for the next [rat bowling night|flea race|pick up-sticks tournament].\n\nI suppose it's understandable given how bleak everything is, but I wish whoever it was would find another way to express their angst.

warnUnhappy\_6= A bunch of us were sitting round the fire when I got the sudden horrible urge to take a face-plant straight into the flames. It was like they were just calling to me, and anything would be better than this [miserable existence|urine-infested hell hole|never-ending purgatory] we've been forced to live in.\n\nI shook myself out of it, but you could see the same despair on everyone's faces. Things are getting bad here.

suicide\_title= Suicide

suicide\_1= [Name] climbed up to top of the wall surrounding out base and just threw [himself] off it into the waiting hands of the zed at the bottom.\n\nI can understand things look bleak, but that was an ugly way to go.

suicide\_2= When we got up this morning we found someone had broken into our medical supplies and stolen all of the sleeping pills we had in there.\n\nAfter doing a thorough search of the base we found [Name] lying on a rooftop, [his] body cold and rigid. It looked like [he] had been watching the sunrise as [he] took his last breaths.

suicide\_3= I found [Name] [in empty bathtub|behind an old shed|by the main gate] few hours ago, with a [switchblade|butterfly knife|razor blade] sitting nearby [his] lifeless hand. The blood on [his] wrists still damp.

suicide\_4= I should have been watching [FormalName] more closely. Life has been bleak for all of us lately, but when [Name] started withdrawing I should have seen the signs. If I'd realized what [he] was planning to do, maybe I could have stopped it.\n\nWe found [him] hanging from a ceiling beam in [his] bedroom this morning. No suicide note, but I guess what is there left to say?

fightInjury\_title= Fight

fightInjury\_1= [Name] and [Name2] got in a fight yesterday. Some sort of lovers quarrel apparently, but no one was willing to give me details. It was over quick, but [Name2] got pretty badly hurt in the whole thing. We've all got hot tempers due to the crappy conditions here, and this is bound to happen again if people don't get some joy back in their lives soon.\n\nLooks like [Name] feels terrible about the ordeal, but have the option to punish [him].

fightInjury\_2= [FormalName2] nearly got [his2] skull caved in when [FormalName] suddenly hit [him2] in the back of the head with a [folding chair|beer bottle] yesterday. Apparently [Name2] had been cheating at cards, but I have a nagging feeling [Name] is just a sore loser.\n\nThe stress is getting to everyone. If we don't find some way for people to decompress things are just going to get worse. Should we punish [Name]?

fightInjury\_3= [FormalName2] is going need some dental work. Seems [he2] had been [teasing|insulting|berating] [Name] and [Name] went and broke [his2] jaw. These things should never be solved with violence, but everyone is so on edge I'm not that surprised it happened. We could all use a little R&R, or whatever passes for that nowadays.\n\nHow should we deal with [Name]?

fightInjury\_option1= A few days of jail time

fightInjury\_option2= Kick [him] out of the fort

fightInjury\_option3= Let it pass

fightInjury\_outcome1= [Name] will spend the next few days locked up, so [he] can contemplate [his] crime. I think [he] really is repentant, and we just can't spare the resources to keep someone locked up any longer than that. Hopefully we'll be sending the right message to the rest of the fort.

fightInjury\_outcome2= [Name] was a bad seed. [He] was miserable here, and unlike the rest of us [he] wasn't able to deal with [his] emotions. We gave [him] a week's worth of food and supplies and a car with half a tank of gas, and asked [him] to get the heck out of town and never come back.\n\nI think [he] took it pretty well, just gave me the finger, spat, and drove off. Hopefully that's the last we'll see of the [guy], but I'm going to be watching my back out there, let me tell you.

fightInjury\_outcome3= Some people are upset that [Name's] just walking around now as if nothing happened, but we need every available hand here. Hopefully [Name] won't cause any more trouble, but if conditions don't improve around here you never know.

fightDeath\_title= Death from a Fight

fightDeath\_1= [FormalName2] "accidentally" fell out a third story window yesterday, just hours after [he2] and [Name] got in a heated argument. I'm worried more of these "accidents" are going to start happening if we can't get people to calm down.\n\nWe don't have any proof [Name] did it, but might want to punish [him] just to send a message.

fightDeath\_2= We never should have let [FormalName2] keep that [huge hunting knife|rusty machete|oversized prop sword] [he2] found. [He2] and [FormalName] got into a brawl yesterday, and [Name2] ended up dead with the thing sticking out of [his2] chest.\n\nThey're obviously both at fault, but [Name2] already paid for it. What should we do with [Name]?

fightDeath\_3= The problem with trying to make sure everyone has a gun to protect themselves is that when tempers flare, things can get ugly fast.\n\nThough [FormalName] says the gun went off by accident, but it doesn't change the fact that [FormalName2] is now a corpse. We don't know for sure what happened, but might want to punish [Name] just to send a message and stop this from happening again.

fightAverted\_title= Fight Averted

fightAverted\_1= [FormalName] interrupted an argument today at just the right time to stop what might have become an ugly fight. Tempers are flaring lately and I don't blame people for being pissed about the conditions here, but we can't tolerate fighting here.

fightAverted\_2= We're lucky that [FormalName] can spot when a disagreement is about to become a nasty brawl. [He] quietly stepped in between the two who were arguing, removed the broken bottle and chair leg from their grasps, and then got them to sit down and have a honest-to-god talk about what's really been bugging them.

fightAverted\_3= Night watch is always stressful, just waiting in the dark for someone to make a grab for you. When someone does, even if it just is meant to tell you your shift is over, your fight or flight instinct can kick in and before you know it you're in a scrap with one of your own buddies.\n\nLuckily, when that happened last night, [FormalName] was close enough to pull them apart. [He] even ended up taking their shift so the two of them could calm down and get a proper night's sleep.

deserter\_title= Deserter

deserter\_1= [FormalName] just walked out into the empty streets of [CityName] last night. [He] didn't even take any supplies, just the clothes on [his] back. I knew [he] wasn't happy but [he] could have at least said '[Goodbye|Sayonara|Hasta La Vista|Au Revoir]'.

deserter\_2= I was going to have a conversation with [FormalName] after I heard [he] [got in a fight with someone|was the one who stole my dinner|left the main gate open] last night, but found [his] bed made and all [his] stuff missing.\n\nEverybody's been pretty bummed out lately so I guess I shouldn't be surprised that people are leaving, but I'm worried at who might be next.

deserter\_3= [FormalName] ran out on us this morning. Said [he] just couldn't take [being trapped in here with us|the dreadful food|my horrible singing] anymore and left.\n\nI didn't think it was as bad as all that... I wonder who else feels this way?

riots\_title= Riots!

riots\_1= I woke up this morning to find a sign on my door that said: "[Remember comrades, every 8 hours of work is another 8 hours off your life!|The bosses need you, you don't need them!|Workers, feed yourselves, not the Zed!|Proletariat of the world, unite!|Eat your pheasant. Drink your wine. Your days are numbered, bourgeois swine]"\n\nI think someone has been reading a little too much [Trotsky|Mother Jones] and we're not going to get much work done today.

riots\_2= Things have hit a new low. I had people throwing [rotten fruit|dead rats|rotten eggs|toilet rolls] whenever I tried to step out my door today. I can't even get close enough to say "Hi", let alone tell them what to do. Hopefully they get this out their systems by tomorrow.

riots\_3= Despite my orders, everyone blew off their chores last night and spent the night having a massive [rave|kegger|piss up]. I can't get anything more than a dejected groan from anyone today.\n\nHopefully they're willing to do some work tomorrow. The smell of [old beer|stale vomit] is getting to be a bit much.

riotsAverted\_title= Riots Averted

riotsAverted\_1= Today [FormalName] diffused a nasty situation that could have well gotten ugly. It started as a scheduling mix-up - my fault - and the confusion, coupled with the general low morale around here almost led to a total riot. It's a good thing we've got peacekeepers like [Name] around to help keep people calm.

riotsAverted\_2= I will always be grateful for [FormalName]'s calming presence. [He] can stand in the middle of a pack of growling dogs, or in this case a group of angry survivors on the verge of rioting, and come out with everyone smiling and wagging their tails. Although, that last bit might just be because of the fleas we've all got.

riotsAverted\_3= I know some people haven't been too happy with the way I've been running things, but I didn't think things were so bad that I deserved to have an angry mob on my doorstep when I got up this morning.\n\nThe only thing that kept it from blowing into a full-on riot was [FormalName]'s peacekeeping skill. [He] convinced the crowd that as bad as we've got it, we could have it so much worse.

theft\_title= Food Theft

theft\_1= Someone's been raiding the hen house. A couple of eggs we might have overlooked, but the [whole chicken|rooster] is going to be hard to replace. If it'd been a dog, there would be a mess of feathers as evidence, so I'm thinking it must have been one of us.\n\nWith the way morale has been lately, I could name three or four people angry enough to steal from the group like this. But we have no evidence of who did it, so there isn't much we can do.

theft\_2= A [crate of peanut butter|flat of turnips|bushel of dressed pigeon carcasses] seems to have walked out of our food stores. I'm not even sure what one person would do with all that, but this is evidence plain and pure that we've got disgruntled survivors in our midst.\n\nWe've got to cheer people up quick, or this kind of antisocial behavior is bound to put us all at risk.

theft\_3= Someone's been stealing from our farms. They're digging [turnips|carrots|cabbages] straight out of the fields at night when no one's around. There are no signs of forced entry anywhere on the base, so it must be one of our people.\n\nI was halfway to organizing an investigation, when I realized it could have been any one of us. We're all stressed and too upset to do anything but look out for ourselves these days.

theft\_4= We did the storeroom tally today and found another barrel of food missing. Whoever's stealing it, they must be planning to leave soon. It's such a shame that in a world with so many dangers and hardships, we still can't trust our own.\n\nPeople are just so unhappy lately, can we really blame them for wanting to grab supplies and get out of here while they still can?

depression\_title= Depression

depression\_1= [FormalName's] been real down in the dumps lately. Life is hard for all of us, but [he] seems to have reached [his] breaking point and hardly has the energy to get up in the morning anymore. I've seen this happen so many times in the last few years, what should we do?

depression\_2= [FormalName's] been taking things a lot harder than the rest of us recently. [He] doesn't show up to meetings anymore and has been eating dinner alone in [his] bedroom. I'm really worried about [him]. What should we do?

depression\_3= We found [FormalName] literally beating [his] head against a wall today. It took a few minutes just to snap the [guy] out of it. [He]'s frustrated and worn down from constant fear and pressure, but at least [he]'s still willing to talk about it.\n\nWe're going to sit [him] down this afternoon... what should we tell [him]?

depression\_4= [FormalName] was at the top of the wall at dawn this morning, screaming insults at the Zed on the other side. Worrying behavior if you ask me, not to mention dangerous to attract their attention like that.\n\nI'm thinking [Name] might need some time off to pull [himself] together.

depression\_5= I'm not sure I should say anything, but [FormalName's] drawn away from the group lately and is spending a lot of time by [himself]. Everyone's depressed - what's new, right? - but I'm worried [he] might do something drastic if things don't get better around here.

depression\_6= I'm getting concerned about [FormalName]. [He] isn't eating anymore and just spends most of the day curled up under the flea-filled blankets in [his] room. [He] won't be hurting anyone but [himself] in there, but [he] is going to waste away if we can't get [his] spirits up.

depression\_7= I caught [FormalName] sitting in puddle just crying [his] eyes out. [He] wouldn't tell me what was wrong, just hunched there as sobs wracked [his] body.\n\nI eventually got [him] to head to bed, but I'm getting worried that [he] could hurt himself if things don't change around here soon.

depression\_8= One of the mess-hall's knives went missing last night and [Name] showed up today with fresh cuts on [his] arms. I tried to get [him] to tell me what happened, but [he] just [flipped out of me and stormed out of the room|broke into tears|wouldn't even acknowledge my presence].\n\nI had a couple of guys go through [his] stuff and remove anything they found that they thought could be dangerous, but we can't afford to watch [him] 24/7.

depression\_option1= Talk to [him] (need lvl 7 leader)

depression\_option2= Give [him] some time off

depression\_option3= Leave [him] alone

depression\_outcome1\_1= We listened and stroked [Name's] ego for hours. It's pretty exhausting, playing psychiatrist to someone who's seen the horrors [he] has. But mostly [he] seemed upset about the current conditions in the fort, how everyone's just kind of surviving but not really \_living\_.\n\nI promised we'd do our best to change things, and [he] seemed happy with that.

depression\_outcome1\_2= It seems [Name] just needed someone to listen to [him]. [He] told some pretty awful stories of [his] survival over the last few years. I mean, I thought \_I\_ had it bad, but this [guy]... let's just say I'm impressed [he] hasn't given up completely.\n\nThe talk seemed to cheer [him] up at least.

depression\_outcome2= [Name's] going to take a few days off. [He]'s already looking a lot cheerier. If I didn't know better, I'd wonder if [he] was faking it just to take a break from work.

depression\_outcome2\_2= I told [Name] to take it easy for a few days and [he] agreed that might be for the best. I gave [him] a pile of books to read, some of the classics like Robinson Crusoe and Atlas Shrugged.\n\nSeemed to think I was giving [him] homework, but [he] perked up at the thought of getting a few days off.

depression\_outcome3= I told [Name] to keep up the good work and gave [him] a gentle punch on the shoulder. If anything, [he] looks even more miserable than before.

depression\_outcome3\_2= I ordered [Name] to stop moping and get on with [his] work, but that seemed to make the [guy] even more depressed. I'm a bit I'm putting others at risk having [him] out there working, but we need everybody we can get. Hopefully [he]'ll snap out of it soon.

wantsToLeave\_title= Survivor wants to leave

wantsToLeave\_1= [FormalName] says he wants to leave us and join [faction]. I guess [he] thinks they'd feed [him] better than we can. I don't really blame [him] for wanting to leave, but [faction]? Really?\n\nShould we let [him] go?

wantsToLeave\_3= [FormalName] has been getting really friendly with [faction]. I think [he] may be looking to switch teams. The grass is always greener on the other side I suppose. And by greener grass I guess I mean higher walls and better food.\n\nShould we talk to [him]?

wantsToLeave\_4= I got a message from [faction] this morning saying [FormalName] is asking to join up with them. I'm miffed [he] didn't come to me first with this, but I guess I understand. It's true, things have been going to hell around here, even more so than usual.\n\nIt might be good to have one of our guys put in the good word for us with [faction], so we could let [him] leave with our blessing. On the other hand, we really need [his] skills here.

wantsToLeave\_option1= Talk to [him] (need lvl 7 leader)

wantsToLeave\_option2= Bribe [him] with extra food rations

wantsToLeave\_option3= Let [him] go

wantsToLeave\_outcome1= We convinced [him] our fort wasn't such a bad place to be. We've got Fiesta Fridays now... although we're out of tequila and so far I'm the only one who shows up to them. Come to think of it, we could probably use some better facilities for throwing parties. Maybe a new bar?

wantsToLeave\_outcome1\_2= I had a long talk with [Name] and promised that things are going to change around here very soon. I may have been lying, but I just couldn't stand the thought of the [guy] going over to those [faction].\n\nAnyway, we're going to do our best to improve happiness around here from now on.

wantsToLeave\_outcome2= I think [Name's] just trading [his] extra rations to the others, but it seems to have made [him] much happier. I just hope he keeps quiet about it, because if the others find out they're all going to be threatening to leave.

wantsToLeave\_outcome3= I gave [Name] my blessing and sent [him] on his way. This could be a good move overall: one less mouth to feed, and hopefully [he]'ll put in a good word for us with [faction].

gateBreakdown\_title= Nervous Breakdown

gateBreakdown\_1= [Name's] having some kind of breakdown. [He]'s waving a gun and threatening to open the gates beside the [square]. The zed on the other side are all riled up, maybe two dozen of them ready to pile through the instant [he] raises that latch. What do we do?

gateBreakdown\_2= We've got a pack of wild dogs prowling around at the gate and [Name] seems convinced that one of them is [his] old dog [Rover|Mister Bigglesworth|Yappers]. We've tried to convince [him] that there's no way the little guy is still alive, but [he] pulled a gun on us and started scrabbling at the gate.

gateBreakdown\_3= I think [FormalName] has been self-medicating. [He] got a shotgun from somewhere and is hanging around one of our gates yelling about taking on all the zed by [himself]. We need to stop [him] before he gets it open and we're up to our necks in undead.

gateBreakdown\_4= [FormalName's] lost it. [He] is at the gate next to our [square], screaming about how [he] just wants to open it and let the zed put us out of our misery. We tried to get [him] away from there and [he] pulled a gun on us.

gateBreakdown\_option1= Talk [him] down (need lvl 7 leader)

gateBreakdown\_option2= Shoot [him] first

gateBreakdown\_option3= Beg [him] to calm down

gateBreakdown\_outcome1= I managed to convince [him] to put the gun down. Hopefully we can keep [him] calm from here on out.\n\nI think the stress of living here just got to the [guy]. It's been eating away at all of us for the past month, and we could all desperately use something to be happy about.

gateBreakdown\_outcome2= I shot [Name] in the chest. [He] died instantly. What else was there to do? [He] was clearly out of control and could have opened that gate any moment. It was either [him] or us. For the greater good of the people of [CityName], I acted quickly and without hesitation.\n\nSo why do I feel so terrible?

gateBreakdown\_outcome3Gates= I tried to reason with [Name] but [he] was just too far gone. Before I could react, [he]'d opened the gates and zed came pouring through them. They pounced on [him] immediately, which bought the rest of us enough time to get out of there and seal off the [square].\n\nI'll have to watch the others for signs of this kind of breakdown. We've all been feeling a lot of stress lately and this kind of thing's likely to happen again if conditions don't improve.

gateBreakdown\_outcome3Suicide= I convinced [Name] to leave the gate alone and walk towards me, but [he] wouldn't drop the gun. Then [he] got this crazy smile on his face, and all of a sudden I knew what [he] was going to do. [He] put the muzzle to his own temple and pulled the trigger.\n\nWe buried [FormalName] in a little garden at that same [square]. I know morale has been bad here and that's partly to blame for [Name's] death, so I hope we can turn things around soon.

needCityhall\_title= We demand a city hall

needCityhall\_1= [Name] is leading a small rally at the gates today to protest the lack of representation in [CityName].\n\n"We need a city hall, and we need a real government, " [he] says, "If we wait any longer, it may be too late."\n\nOther protesters who showed up seemed only mildly interested and were mostly there to pass the time. They declined to comment on the event, saying only: "what else is there to do anyway?"

starveWarn\_title= Starvation

starveWarn\_1= Broth made from a single boiled anchovy is as tasty and nutritious as it sounds. If we don't find a new source for food soon we're in trouble.

starveWarn\_2= The survivors need food - badly! I wish real life was like a video game where we could find roast turkeys by smashing walls, but we don't have such luck.

starveWarn\_3= I know we're mostly city folk here, but we're going to need to figure out how this "farming" thing works soon or we aren't going to have the energy to lift a trowel, let alone defend ourselves from the undead.

starveWarn\_4= We're all suffering from malnutrition here. We need protein, fat, vitamins. My gums are bleeding from the scurvy and my teeth are starting to feel wiggly. I'd give anything for an orange or a lemon right now. Even one of those chalky Flintstones chewable vitamins that I dreaded every day of my childhood.

starveInjury\_title= Starvation

starveInjury\_1= [FormalName] is too weak to continue [missioning]... and I'm not sure [he] should even be allowed out of bed.\n\nWe found [him] leaning against the wall this morning, staring through a crack at the zombies on the other side. [He] said [he]'d watched them eat a live rabbit they'd caught, and wondered if they might let [him] share some of the next one.

starveInjury\_2= [FormalName] collapsed on the job today and is going to take a few days off for some bedrest. I'm worried... how is [he] ever going to get [his] strength back if we can't feed [him]?

starveInjury\_3= [FormalName] just came in with a twisted ankle and bad bruises down [his] legs. [He] was out foraging for fruit trees in the suburbs when it happened, but [he] wouldn't say more.\n\nWhen I admonished [him] for leaving the fort without telling anybody, [he] told me he'd rather be killed out there than die of slow starvation in here with us.

starveInjury\_4= [FormalName] is very very sick. We think it's some kind of food poisoning from eating wild plants, but can't narrow it down.

starveAutoeat\_title= Death from starvation

starveAutoeat\_1= [FormalName] collapsed today of what we think was a brain hemorrhage. It was probably caused by the severe malnutrition we're all suffering from. The good news is, [he] still had a fair bit of fat left on [his] bones. We're so sad to see [him] go, but [his] body will feed us and hopefully we won't succumb to the same fate.

starveAutoeat\_2= I used to tell [FormalName] [he] was so cute I could just eat [him] up. Now... it looks like that's going to come true. [Name] was killed today while out scrounging for edible weeds outside our walls. If we hadn't been so desperate for food, [he] wouldn't have taken such a risk.\n\nLuckily we were able to recover [his] body. After a few words of parting to our old friend, we dressed and butchered [his] body like a deer.

starveDeath\_title= Death from starvation

starveDeath\_1= [FormalName] was so hungry [he] tried to make stone soup last night. You know, like the old fairy tale? What the story doesn't talk about is the internal hemorrhaging that arises from trying to suck back a couple of liters of water and gravel.

starveDeath\_2= [FormalName] collapsed while trying to shore up a wall today. We tried to resuscitate [him] but it was too late. If we don't get some food soon, there's going to be a lot more like that.

starveDeath\_3= We're so hungry we barely have the energy to take a crap nowadays. Last time I did I found [FormalName] sitting on the toilet, [his] lifeless eyes staring at the ceiling and [his] pants sitting around [his] emaciated ankles. It looks like even that was too much for [him].

starveDeath\_4= What they don't tell you about starving to death, is how long it actually takes. A healthy adult can last a month without a bite of food, but if you eat grass and tree bark and the occasional rat, you can drag it out much, much longer.\n\nEventually though, everyone has their breaking point, and [FormalName] found [his] today.

starveDeath\_5= You remember those ads about starving kids in Africa, how they all had those swollen stomachs? That's called "kwashiorkor". It means "the sickness the baby gets when the new baby comes".\n\nIt's pretty rare in adults, but [FormalName] had all the symptoms when [he] died, including that horrible distended stomach.

starveDeath\_6= We're so desperate for food, [FormalName] started trying to trap crows on top of one of the buildings. It seemed like a good idea until [he] got mobbed by a murder of crows and fell to his death.

starveDeathNoEat\_1= [FormalName] lost it. Said [he] was sure that the zed outside were keeping all the food to themselves and decided to try and bring them down by [himself].\n\nYou can guess how well that went. I suppose it means we've got one less mouth to feed.

starveDeathNoEat\_2= The lack of food is getting to everyone. [FormalName] got into a shouting match with someone and stormed out of the fort. Not sure if [he] decided to leave us for good or got caught by something out there, but we haven't seen [him] since.

starveDeathEatMe\_1= [FormalName] died today of pneumonia, probably a complication of the malnutrition we've all been suffering lately. It happened so fast, we haven't really had time to react. I played poker with [him] just a few days ago...\n\n[His] last wish was that we don't bury [his] body for the worms, or burn it like we burn Zed. [He] wants us to eat [him]. [He] wants us to live... should we do it?

starveDeathEatMe\_2= By the time we heard the shot from [FormalName's] room, it was too late. I guess it shouldn't come as a surprise that [he] would put a bullet through [his] own head, though we're all deeply saddened by it. But here's the weird thing:\n\n[He] did it while lying in a tub of cold water, and left a note saying "I couldn't keep going, but you can. This body is a shell. Don't let this meat go to waste.".\n\n[He]'s implying we... eat [him]. Should we?

starveDeathEatMe\_3= [FormalName's] been too weak to get out of bed for days. It's clear [he]'s given up fighting malnutrition and illness and the stress of it all, and [he]'ll be dead soon.\n\n[He]'s demanding that we eat [his] body when [he] goes. Yes, we're starving, and yes, it could save lives, but there might be some among us who object to doing... that.\n\nShould we?

starveDeath\_option1= Bury [Name]

starveDeath\_option2= Eat [his] body

starveDeath\_outcome1\_1= How shameful that we even considered the idea. We may be hungry, but keeping our humanity is more important than mere survival.

starveDeath\_outcome1\_2= [Name] must have been delirious to ask such a thing. We honored [him] with a funeral pyre, and if the smell of cooking meat wafted by our noses at any point, nobody said a thing.

starveDeath\_outcome1\_3= Who are we kidding. There wasn't really enough meat left on [his] bones to do us much good anyway.

starveDeath\_outcome1NoEatOption\_1= We buried [Name] under that [pine|fir|sycamore] tree [he] used to sit under. I hope [he]'s in a better place now.

starveDeath\_outcome1NoEatOption\_2= We added [Name] to our local graveyard and we all said a few words. I'm going to miss the [guy].

starveDeath\_outcome2\_1= I tell myself we had no choice but to eat [Name]. Our stomachs are a little more full, but did we lose some of our humanity in the bargain?

staveBadFood\_title= Don't Eat That

staveBadFood\_1= Did you ever hear the old joke: "My sister had an accident in the kitchen, and I ate it"? This time "it" was cupcakes. I know we're low on food, but what were those things made from? Mud? Urinal cakes? Wallpaper?\n\nWhatever it was, I'm not going to be good for anything for a few days. If you'll excuse me, I have a date with porcelain god for the first time since I stopped drinking.

staveBadFood\_2= Did you know there are things swimming in the sewer? We're not sure what what they are but they're covered in mud and have [three eyes|hundreds of tiny little legs|teeth as long as my hand].\n\nI should have known better than to eat the one I caught, but I figured protein is protein, and we're all just so hungry. Of course, protein doesn't mean help when it comes from something that gives you stomach cramps and turns you bright green. I'm going to be out of commission for a few days while this thing passes through my system.

staveBadFood\_3= With all the preservatives in their food, I always assumed anything from McNoodles would last for years. Unfortunately it seems their "food" can still go off, even if was made with 50% cardboard.\n\nTo be fair, the fact that the stuff I ate came from a dumpster probably didn't help matters, but I was desperate. It was days since I had last eaten a solid meal. Now I'm so sick I can barely stand.

foodDiane\_title= Running out of Food

foodDiane= Our survivors have been looking at me with puppy dog eyes at dinner, pleading for another helping. Just a few table scraps, they say, pleeeease?\n\nDiane noticed too. She has some suggestions for how to get us more food.

foodDiane\_option1= Scavenging

foodDiane\_option2= Farming

foodDiane\_option3= Hunting

foodDiane\_option4= Trading

foodDiane\_outcome1= She took me into the city, to a corner store with bars on the windows and a huge padlock chained across the door. It might have deterred others, but not us.\n\nWe found a much flimsier wooden door around back and broke in that way. Chocolate bars, cheezies and energy drinks: all ours!\n\nI'll have to remember this trick for later...

foodDiane\_outcome2= Diane and I checked out one of our farms. We had some turnips planted, but they were small and sickly looking. According to diane, the soil was too dry and hard-packed, and probably low on nitrogen. We'll still grow \_some\_ food, but we could get more by actively farming.\n\nThe two of us spent the afternoon plowing the field and found some hidden potatoes while we were at it.

foodDiane\_outcome3= Diane took me out to a nearby field to hunt. We moved carefully to avoid alerting zombies, and set traps instead of hunting with a rifle.\n\nTraps are reusable, whereas bullets are a precious commodity. We checked back the next morning and found two plump rabbits and a grouse in ours.

foodDiane\_outcome4= Diane explained that usually traders will find their way to us, but sometimes you have to go to them.\n\nShe's dealt with Gustav before and says his prices are high but at least he's reliable. We found his camp and traded him a few trinkets for some food.\n\nNext time, he says, he won't give us such a good deal.

madmanAttack\_title= Madman Attacks

madmanAttack\_1= The end of the world hasn't been kind to most. Some guy covered in rags dug under the fence last night and started running around yelling at everyone to "Beware the Duck!".\n\nHe started to get a little too rough with [FormalName] and we had to put him down.

madmanAttackHospital\_1= [FormalName] caught someone trying to break into our store room today. The man was seriously unhinged, yelling gibberish and brandishing a rusty piece of iron. [Name] was stabbed pretty deeply, but we rushed [him] to our hospital, cleaned out the wound then sewed [him] back up good as new.\n\nWe haven't seen the attacker since... I can only hope he isn't still lurking around our fort somewhere.

madmanAttackHospital\_2= It's a good thing we've got a hospital... I don't know if [FormalName] would have survived that stab wound otherwise.\n\nThankfully it wasn't one of our own. [Name] says the stranger lept on [him] from the top a building yelling "You did this! You did this!". [Name] managed to overpower him and killed the guy with his own knife. We're still trying to figure out how this madman got in.

madmanAttackInjured\_1= Some nutbar slipped through the gate when one of our scouting parties came back and went after [Name] as if he had some sort of personal vendetta.\n\nWe managed to bring the guy down, but [Name] got pretty banged up during the fight. Hopefully [he]'ll be better after a few days rest.

madmanAttackKilled\_2= [Name] was investigating some strange noises on the roof of one of our buildings when [he] found a weird woman wearing nothing but her underwear. She was crowched over drawing strange symbols on the roof with a stick of charcoal and gibbering nonsense.\n\nWhen she noticed [Name], she luged at [him] with a sharp piece of roof tile and put a deep gash in [his] leg. The madwoman lost her balance in the attack and careened past [him] and feel off the roof... of the 5 storey building. We've got a couple of guys cleaning up the road pizza now.

dogAttack\_title= Dogs Attack

dogAttack\_1= A pack of stray dogs dug their way under the wall last night and ran amok in the fort. Those mongrels could have torn up half our supplies, but [Name] was ready for them. [He] shot the pack leader dead and wounded another, then the rest of them ran off.\n\nWe patched the hole in the fence.

dogAttackChased= A pack of wild dogs dug their way under our walls today and were halfway done digging into our food supplies shed, but our own pup {1} chased them off. I'm so proud of that little bugger right now. Good boy {1}, good boy.

dogAttackDeserted= Some half-starved and ownerless dogs dug their way under our walls today. We chased them off, but our own dog {1} ran off with them. I guess he figured he'd be better off with those strays than here in our miserable fort. Good riddance, I suppose.

dogAttackInjured\_1= [CityName] was beset by a pack of stray dogs last night. They got under the walls somehow and made a real mess of things, knocking stuff over and getting into the food supplies. Luckily they didn't get anything before [FormalName] confronted them, but [he] got a nasty bite in the arm for [his] efforts. At least [he] managed to chase them off.\n\nDoesn't look like the bite carried any disease, but [he]'ll need a few days to recover.

illness\_title= Illness Strikes

illness\_1= It's hard to take advantage of the benefits of modern medicine without a hospital. [Name's] starting to turn a nasty shade of green, but without the proper facilities to take care of [him], [he]'s just going to waste away in that bed of [hiss].\n\nAll we can do is cross our fingers and hope [he] recovers...

illness\_2= Is bleeding from the eyes normal? [Name's] started doing it recently, but without a hospital we've got no way of treating it. [He]'s complaining of really bad headaches too so I told [him] to take a few days off work.\n\nUh... I hope whatever it is isn't catching.

illness\_3= [Name] suddenly dropped to the ground holding [his] chest and made a sound like a snake in a blender. We think it was [his] heart, but without a hospital we had no way of confirming it. Miraculously [he] didn't die though... seems like [he]'s recovered, though [he]'s really wheezy now.\n\nWe're giving [him] bedrest, the only thing we can do.

illness\_4= [Name] was digging through old dumpster when a raccoon went after him. Think the thing must have been sick, 'cause within a couple of days [he] was hallucinating and yelling at the walls. [He]'s confined to bed... and quarantined for good measure.\n\nIf we had a hospital we might have been able to avoid this. All I can say is I hope it's not rabies, because you don't recover from rabies.

illnessCuredHospital\_title= Illness Cured

illnessCuredHospital\_1= It's amazing what bed rest will do in a properly sterile room without all those rat droppings covering the floor. [Name] was looking a little peaky, but after a couple of days in the hospital [he]'s all better.

illnessCuredHospital\_2= We all found out today that [Name] is really really allergic to bee stings. [He] went into anaphylactic shock and stopped breathing, but [we] managed to get [him] to the hospital in time.\n\nHad to stick a tube down [his] throat to help [him] breathe, and pumped [his] heart full of adrenaline. Good thing we had a sterile environment and the right tools to do it.

illnessCuredDoctor\_title= Illness Cured

illnessCuredDoctor= I used to be a doctor, so I recognized the symptoms of [FormalName's] infected wound right away. Thankfully it wasn't a zombie bite, just your run-of-the-mill bacteria. But it could just as easily been fatal if I hadn't seen [him] limping and cleaned that wound properly. Even the slightest scratch needs to be looked at these days.

illnessCuredDoctor\_2= [FormalName] had a fever for the last couple nights that seemed to be getting worse. I had to dig way back in my brain to my medical school training to recognize it as Coccidioidomycosis, a fungal lung infection that usually affects farm workers. Coccidioidomycosis... I can't believe I still remember how to spell it!\n\nA little athlete's foot medicine in an ashma sprayer and voila: cured.

zombieBite\_title= Zombie Bite

zombieBite\_1= [FormalName] really should have known better than to wander outside the wall. Now [he]'s got a nasty new bite and we've got a bad problem.\n\n[He] says it was just a dog, but nobody believes [him].

zombieBite\_2= Turns out [FormalName] got bit in the last zombie attack and was trying to hide it from us. [He]'s not showing any symptoms yet, but the rest of the guys aren't too happy with having [him] walk around the camp like this. [He] says [he] feels fine and just wants us to leave [him] alone.

zombieBite\_3= So [FormalName's] been getting really big on eating raw meat recently. I can't remember a time [he] might have got bit by the brain eaters, but I don't like the way [he]'s been eyeing [his] fellow survivors recently.\n\nI approached [him] and asked to do a routine check for bites, but [he] refused to let anyone look. What should we do?

zombieBiteImmune= [FormalName] has been bitten by a zombie. Big chunk taken out of [his] arm, teeth marks clear as day. But [he] says [he] knows [he]'s immune to the disease, so it won't be a problem. How should we approach this?

zombieBite\_option1= Forcibly quarantine [him]

zombieBite\_option2= Wait and keep an eye on [him]

zombieBite\_option3= Treat [him] with antivenom

zombieBite\_outcome1= [Name] was pretty angry at having been locked up all night, and more so because we didn't believe [him]. Hopefully [he]'ll understand that we did what we had to do. There's no telling how people will react when they've been bit.

zombieBite\_outcome1Death= Good thing we locked [him] up, because by the next morning [he] was all dead and angry. We shot [him] through a crack in the door.

zombieBite\_outcome2= The next morning I went to check on [Name] and found [him] reading in bed and looking perfectly healthy. [He] thanked me for believing [him] about the bite. Looks like we took a risk, but everything worked out this time.

zombieBite\_outcome2Death= [Name] turned zombie overnight and the [bastard] almost took [Name2] with [him]. Wasn't life threatening but [Name2]'ll need a day or two to recover.

zombieBite\_outcome3= The antivenom worked like a charm. Well either that or [Name] was telling the truth the whole time.

zombieBitePrevented= Zombie Bite Prevented

zombieBitePrevented\_1= It's a good thing we know how to recognize the signs of the disease and the vectors it spreads by now. [FormalName] found this sad, mangy little cat just outside the walls and was trying to entice it with a bit of salted fish. Then [he] saw the signs: the stiff-legged walk, the oddly dazed dead looking eyes.\n\nHad to kill the poor thing, but then I guess it was already dead.

zombieBitePrevented\_2= [FormalName] might have gotten infected today if [he] hadn't remembered what we learned about the way the disease spreads by different vectors.\n\n[His] face was sprayed by zombie gore during a routine nightly "cleanup" of the ones we can easily reach through the walls. Luckily [he] was wearing [his] safety goggles, and had an emergency wet-nap to clean and sterilize [his] face. If that crap gets in your eyes, you're a goner.

farmBlight\_title= Farm Infestation

farmBlight= Our crops are failing. Some kind of bug is eating the buds and leaving a sticky white trail behind. Weevils? Slugs? Maybe we could research a solution to prevent this next time.\n\nOur farms are going to produce less for awhile.

farmBlight\_2= The farms aren't producing as much food this season, and we don't know why. Might be some kind of fungus or insect in the roots that we can't see. We should research a solution so prevent this next time.\n\nWe will only get part of the regular food output from our farms for awhile.

farmBlight\_3= Our entire corn crop is ruined! Other vegetables seem to be doing okay, but the corn ears just wither and turn brown, and they're riddled with little holes like something's been eating them. I suspect some kind of bug is doing this, but we'll need to do some research to find out.\n\nIn the meantime, our crops won't be producing as well for awhile.

farmBlight\_4= Locusts! Like some biblical end times prophecy, they're swarming our fields. There must be some kind of pesticide or something we could use to deter them, but without the right knowledge all we can do is run around waving our hands trying to scare them off. It's not working very well.\n\nOur farms will produce less food for awhile.

farmBlightPrevented\_title= Farm Infestation Prevented

farmBlightPrevented\_1= Microscopic mites were attacking the crops in our farms this month, but the pesticides we developed worked like a charm against them. Disaster averted!

farmBlightPrevented\_2= Caterpillars make some of the most interesting nests, but we really don't need them setting up shop in our gardens. Fortunately they don't seem to like the taste of our leafy greens after we sprayed them with our new pesticides.

foodRots\_title= Food Goes Bad

foodRots\_1= We lost some food to mold today. No sense in collecting fresh fruit from the trees if nobody eats it. We need to research how people preserved things back when.

foodRots\_2= Some of our supplies went bad this week, though I think someone would have been pretty desperate to eat that cat food anyway. We should research better preservation techniques.

foodRots\_3= I used to know a couple of people who would do a whole bunch of canning whenever harvest season came around. Wish they were still with us because we're losing a heck of a lot of food to rot nowadays.

foodRots\_4= I'm guessing we shouldn't be eating the nuts with the green fuzz on them. They probably wouldn't have gotten into such a state if knew a bit more about keeping things fresh.

diggingZombies\_title= Terror Underground

diggingZombies\_1= [Name] was out picking cabbages when one of the heads tried to take a bite out of [him]. It looks like the zombies have found some tunnels that take them right under our farms.\n\nWe can probably collapse the tunnels the zombies are using, but it might destroy the farm in the process.

diggingZombies\_2= [Name] was taking a midnight stroll through one of our farms when a hand suddenly burst out of the ground and grabbed [his] leg. [He] managed to get away, but it looks like we've got something worse than your standard garden pest on our hands.\n\nWe did some digging and found that the zombies have been tunneling under the wall. We can probably collapse the tunnels, but may need to rebuild our farms afterwards.

diggingZombies\_3= You know that plant, the mandrake, that supposedly lets out a dying cry when you dig it up? Well, zed make a similar sound when you pull off a foot or hand sticking out of your vegetable patch.\n\nZombies have been burrowing under our walls and have gotten into this farm. We should be able to collapse their tunnels, but the farm may be wrecked in the process.

diggingZombies\_option1= Collapse the tunnels completely

diggingZombies\_option2= Just plug up the exits

diggingZombies\_outcome1Success= It was easier than I expected to collapse those tunnels, burying the undead deep underground where they belong. They're never getting out of there, but I keep imagining them still alive down there, trapped and scraping at the dirt for all eternity.\n\nLuckily our farm didn't take much damage in the process.

diggingZombies\_outcome1Fail= I've got to admit, the squishy sound of those zed getting buried in their own tunnels was satisfying. Unfortunately our farm is filled with rocks and rubble and lumpy uneven earth now. We will need to plow it back into a farm before we can start planting again.

diggingZombies\_outcome2= We did our best to patch up the openings we could find, but the tunnels are still down there and our walls won't do much good if a zombie can crawl right under it. Hopefully this won't come back to haunt us.

diggingZombies2\_title= Terror Underground II

diggingZombies2\_1= We should have collapsed those tunnels under that farm back when we had the chance. Turns out they run right under the walls and all over our fort, and the zombies found another exit. They're pouring out of our farm like termites from a rotten log.\n\nWe managed to wall off that area so at least the rest of our fort is safe for now, but I'm not sure how long we can hold them in there for.

cloggedSewers\_title= Backed Up Sewers

cloggedSewers\_1= You know, it was the little things that we used to take for granted before all undead business started going down. Things like clean towels, hot coffee, and the regular sewer maintenance.\n\nBetween the rains and the clogged drains the sewers are backing up something fierce and parts of the city are being flooded. It's going to be hard for our scavengers to find anything dry, let alone usable for the next week until the water recedes.

cloggedSewers\_2= At first we thought the horrible gurgling coming from the sewer drains around the city was because the zed had gotten down there, but it turns out it was just good old fashioned water getting backed up because no one has done any cleaning down there in months.\n\nWith all the rain recently the drains have started to overflow and large parts of the city are now foot deep in water. It's going to make it tricky for our scavengers to find anything useful until the water clears out.

cloggedSewers\_3= Have you seen the muck that comes out of a sewer drain when it hasn't been serviced for months and then decides to flood? It almost makes a zombie's face pretty by comparison.\n\nWith all the water in the streets our scavengers are going to have a rough time keeping out of the zed's way and finding anything useful until things dry up.

fallingApart\_title= Things Falling Apart

fallingApart\_1= The wall alongside our [square] isn't looking so good. It's not like we had much to work with, but in retrospect, we probably should have used something a little more robust than [shopping carts|old mattresses|volleyball netting] as its basis.\n\nIf we've got an expert builder on hand we could probably fortify what we've got, otherwise we're going to need to get some building materials together to build a new one.

fallingApart\_2= I knew we were rushing things when we reclaimed the [square] but I hadn't realized how slapdash a job we'd done until that undead creeper punched a new hole in it. We almost found ourselves neck-deep in zed.\n\nIt's either going to take serious building know-how to repair the wall we've currently got. Otherwise we're going to have to build ourselves a new one and hope the old one holds long enough for us to get something up.

fallingApart\_3= As much as I would like to claim that the chunk of wall falling off and crushing those zed that were trying to force their way through was intentional... it's fairly obvious that that section of wall was falling apart long before they got there.\n\nIf we want to keep the zed out of our [square] we're going to need to do some repair work fast. A really good builder might be able to fix the wall we've currently got, but it would be easier if we used some of our precious building materials to put together a new one.

fallingApart\_option1= Build a new wall (3 materials)

fallingApart\_option2= Fix the wall (lvl 7 builder)

fallingApart\_option3= Leave it alone

fallingApart\_outcome1= We managed to finish getting the new wall up just as the old one caved in.\n\nI'll admit, it was almost worth it to see the looks on those zed's faces as they tore through breach only to come face-to-face with a second wall blocking their path, this one made of of 2 x 4s, barbed wire and duct tape.

fallingApart\_outcome2= [Name's] work is nothing short of extraordinary. Using some old thumbtacks, twine and a bit of chewing gum [he]'s managed to lash the bits of the old wall together to make an all new zombieproof barrier.\n\nIf I had to put money on a meeting between a Mack Truck and that barricade, I'd be going with the wall, all the way.

fallingApart\_outcome3= We left the wall as it is, keeping the terrors at bay for now. Hopefully the zed on the other side of it won't be able to get through it in its weakened state.

fallingApart2\_title= Things Fell Apart

fallingApart2\_1= The zed may not be smart, but with the strength to rip a man in two, they don't need to be. And against that kind of unnatural strength our rickety old wall didn't stand a chance. It's too bad we couldn't fix it up when we first noticed it was weakened.\n\nWe managed to get everyone out of there, but the [square] is a loss. At least until we can kick the zed out of there again.

zombieHenHouse\_title= Zombie in the Hen House

zombieHenHouse\_1= One of the zed snuck through our defenses this morning. We spent the whole day playing cat and mouse trying to find the thing and not get bit. None of our people in the fort got any work done today.

zombieHenHouse\_2= Dammit! I told them that wall of [park benches|port-a-potties|store mannequins] wasn't secure enough. One of the zed slipped through and spent the day chasing our workers around the fields before we were able to bring the thing down. I don't think anyone in the fort got a lick of work done because of it.

zombieHenHouse\_3= I think our lookouts must have fallen asleep on the job. One of those brain-eaters slipped through the defenses and was chasing the lot of us round the base like a wolf going after the sheep.\n\nI managed to shoot the thing between the eyes but not before we'd lost a days work to the chaos.

banshee\_title= The Banshee

banshee\_1= Normally when a person is turned all the undead husk is able to do is moan and occasionally growl. Unfortunately we got one of the rare occasions outside the fort where the thing still remembers how to scream.\n\nThe creature has been doing it non-stop for days and it's affecting everyone's morale. I hope it finds somewhere else to do this soon, or somebody kills it. I'd like to be able to sleep again.

banshee\_2= You know the story of the Irish undead, the Banshee? They say when you hear it's mournful cry you've been marked for death.\n\nI sure hope that's not the case because we've got a zombie screaming it's lungs out (how does that work anyway?) outside the walls of the fort. I don't think it's going to kill anyone if we don't let it in, but it's not doing good things for morale to hear that day-in and day-out.

banshee\_3= I've never been one for death metal. It's always sounded like incoherent screaming to me. Kind of like what's going on outside the fort right now.\n\nI think it's one of the zed, but whatever it is no one has been able to get a lick of sleep in days and it's hurting morale.

banshee\_4= One of the zed seems to have discovered it can still scream after death and now it's sitting somewhere outside the fort singing us the songs of its people.\n\nI hope someone kills that thing soon 'cause it's driving the lot of us 'round the bend. Happiness is plummeting like a stone.

bansheeKilled\_title= The Banshee

bansheeKilled\_1= We found that goddamn howling zombie in the [square] and put an end to it. It was in an odd condition: it seems somebody had attacked it with a sword at some point, and the poor thing was now walking around with the blade going right through its eye and passing through part of its brain. I suppose that might explain the constant wailing.\n\nIt didn't even defend itself or try to attack us, just stood there screaming until we finally put it down. We cleared out the rest of the [square] while we were at it, and kept the sword.

banshee2\_title= The Banshee

banshee2\_1= The wailing zombie seems to have either wandered off or mercifully died. We can finally sleep at night again.

traumatized\_title= Traumatized

traumatized\_1= [Name] saw something in that [square] that [he]'ll probably never forget. [His] nerves are just shattered, but [he] won't talk about it with anyone. All [he] would say is "God I need a drink" before [he] retreated to [his] home.\n\nToo bad we don't have a bar for the [guy]... but [he]'ll come out when [he]'s hungry.

traumatized\_2= I'm not sure if was the threat of the undead or that cloud of bats that got in [his] hair, but something shook [him] up during that mission at the [square]. [He]'s probably going to need a couple of days to recover.\n\nWhat [he] really needs is a good, stiff drink or two, but since we can't oblige some time off will have to do.

traumatizedDrink\_1= [Name] was white as a sheet when [he] got back from the [square]. [He] headed straight for our bar for a couple stiff drinks before [he] started to calm down. [He] still won't talk about what happened there, but it seems like [he]'ll be able to put it behind [him].\n\nI tell you there is a time and place for alcohol, and this is it: to make your brain stop thinking when it's better not to.

traumatizedDrink\_2= [Name] saw something in that [square] that [he]'ll probably never forget. [His] nerves are just shattered, but [he] won't talk about it with anyone. All [he] would say is "God I need a drink" before [he] headed to the bar.\n\nAfter more shots of moonshine than I could personally stomach, [he]'s drifted into a more relaxed haze. Looks like the booze took the edge off whatever happened in there... and hopefully [he] won't pay too much for it in the morning.

slavers\_title= Slavers!

slavers\_1= Zombies aren't the only threat in this lawless world. A group of frighteningly armed men kidnapped [FormalName] while [he] was out [missioning]. They seemed trustworthy at first, then snatched [him] so fast, we didn't know what had happened. Now they're demanding ransom and threatening to sell [Name] as a slave if we don't pay.\n\nHonestly, I think these slavers are going to get more than they bargained for if they try to hold onto [Name], but we could buy [him] back for 20 food.

slavers\_2= [FormalName] never should have trusted those travelers when they invited [him] over to their camp to play cards. Turns out they're some kind of slave traders and they've taken [Name] hostage. Maybe [he] got a bit too nosy, or maybe they'd planned to kidnap [him] all along, we're not sure.\n\nThey're offering to return [him] in exchange for 20 food. If we don't pay up, according to these men this may be the last we'll ever see of our friend.

slavers\_option1= Pay 20 food

slavers\_option2= Try to fight the slavers

slavers\_option3= Let them take [him]

slavers\_outcome1= We handed over the food and got [Name] back. [He]'s exhausted, and ready to murder [his] former captors given half the chance, but otherwise none the worse for wear.\n\nI feel bad having given in to these terrible people. I'm not sure whether to take their threats of "selling" [Name] seriously. Are there really people out there who \_own slaves\_? If so, it may be worse out there than I could have possibly imagined.

slavers\_outcome2\_success= I stalled, pretending to negotiate the price while the others snuck into position. We laid into the slavers mercilessly, cutting them down where they stood. After we put a couple in the ground, the rest ran off.\n\n[Name] was grateful for being saved, but assured us [he] could have taken them all with one hand tied behind [his] back. I admire [his] spirit, but I'm not so sure it would have ended well if we hadn't stood up and fought back.

slavers\_outcome2\_fail= Our attack went terribly wrong. The slavers slit [Name's] throat before we could even get close to [him] and, to add injury to insult, put a bullet in [Name2's] knee as they left.\n\nNo human should never be the property of another, not ever, ever again. Slavery is one horror that I'm willing to fight to the death to oppose. I just hope [FormalName] would have agreed.

slavers\_outcome3= It hurt to say goodbye to [Name] but we didn't have the food or the manpower to get [him] out of there. Perhaps [he]'ll find a way to escape on [his] own, but I don't expect to see [him] again either way.\n\nI wonder if we should adjust our policy on trusting strangers... if there are others out there like these slave traders, maybe we should just shoot first and ask questions later.

slaversAverted\_title= Attempted Kidnapping

slaversAverted\_1= We thwarted a couple thugs today who tried to grab [FormalName] while [he] was out [missioning]. At least, I think they were trying to hurt [him].\n\nThings happened so fast, I just reacted as we'd agreed in our policy: don't trust anyone until they prove they can be trusted. These guys had guns, and their hands on [Name]. Whatever their intentions, they're dead now.

naturalDisaster\_title= Natural Disaster

naturalDisaster\_1= Some gale force winds hit [CityName] last night. While most of the fort is ok, we now have a pile of rubble where our {1} used to be.\n\nSomeone tried to make a joke about a wolf and three little piggies, but it kind of fell flat. Just like our {1}.\n\nAt least we managed to rescue some building materials from it.

naturalDisaster\_2= After months without service, an old sewer main overflowed last night and flooded our {1}, destroying the supports and leaving the building pretty much unusable. We salvaged some building materials from it but that's it.\n\nWe're going to need to send some builders to clean up the area and put up something new if we want to use that space again. I really wish we had some hazmat suits to give them. Three year old sewage is a special brand of toxic.\n\n

naturalDisaster\_3= I'm beginning to wonder if [CityName] was built over a mine or something. Our first hint was when that massive sinkhole opened up in the middle of our fort, split our {1} in two and reduced most of the building to rubble.\n\nWe ain't seen nothin' try to climb out of the hole yet, but I ain't taking no chances. We're gonna plug up the hole with any ol' junk we can find and then the builders can put something new on top of it. Might 'a got some building materials out of it at least.

graveyardHaunted\_title= Haunted

graveyardHaunted\_1= Yeah, it was creepy to repurpose the graveyard, but when the undead walk the earth I tend to be less worried about offending the deceased and more interested in putting barriers between us and them.\n\nUnfortunately, [FormalName] is more "sensitive" than the rest of us, and [he] now believes [he]'s possessed by one of the spirits. [He] doesn't actually seem upset by this, but [his] behavior is creeping everyone else out. Last night [he] ate twelve ration's worth of pea soup and projectile vomited all over the place. [He] needs some bedrest.

graveyardHaunted\_2= The old country never leaves you, or at the very least it refuses to go away when asked. Since we converted the old graveyard to something more likely to keep us alive, some of the more superstitious among us have been declaring that the buried will rise from their graves to take their vengeance.\n\nSeriously? I thought they already have. Still, [FormalName] is convinced that [his] sprained ankle is all because the spirits are angry. Personally, I think [he] is just clumsy.

graveyardHaunted\_3= Since we demolished the graveyard in the name of progress and survival all sorts of spooky noises have been coming from the [square]. To prove that there was nothing to be afraid of, [FormalName] decided to show us up and camp outside in the area overnight.\n\nThe good news is there was nothing supernatural to worry about. The bad news is [he] violated the territory of a local raccoon, who thrashed [him] something good. [Name] will need a few days to recover.

fireBad\_title= Fire Bad!

fireBad\_1= The thunderstorms have been really bad tonight. [Name] was out doing [his] best King Lear impression when [he] saw a lightning bolt strike inside our fort and the set the [square] on fire.\n\nWe don't have a lot of time if we want to save the building. We may be able to find some tools that can help if we've got a fire station, or if we've got the city's water running there's probably a fire hydrant in the area we could use.

fireBad\_2= I'm not sure how that zed set itself on fire. Or how it managed to slip past our defenses and get into our [square]. Either way it did and now the place is going up like a [\*roman candle|tinder box|matchstick factory].\n\nWe might be able to save the building if we've got a fire station near by, or if we've got the city's water flowing. Otherwise it's going to be all we can do to stop the fire from spreading to other buildings.

fireBad\_3= Our [square] has caught fire! [Name] says that [he] saw someone [he] didn't recognize skulking around there and the next thing [he] knew smoke and flames were pouring out the building's windows.\n\nWe'll have time for investigations and the inevitable baseless finger pointing later, for now we need to do something to save the [square]. We might be able to find something to use in one of our local fire stations. Or if we've got running water, we could try the old fashioned method of using buckets and plenty of manpower.

fireBad\_option1= Use our fire station

fireBad\_option2= Use water from the mains

fireBad\_option3= Let the fire burn out on its own

fireBad\_outcome1= We're in luck! Our fire station had [\*a water truck and the thing was still full. We used the pressurized hoses to get|enough fire blankets to cover a football field. After a fair bit smothering we got|a 5 gallon can of fire retardant foam. The building looks like it was dumped in a bubble bath, but we got] the blaze under control.

fireBad\_outcome2= Hauling water from the hydrant took time and every container we could get our hands on, but we did it. I never would have thought about filling a [construction helmet|backpack|picture frame] with water before now, but when you're desperate, you get creative.

fireBad\_outcome3= We managed to evacuate everyone safely and contain the damage but the building is now a smoldering ruin.\n\nSomeone tried to brighten things up with a marshmallow joke which was modestly amusing until we realized that a good portion of our stash went up in the flames.

epidemic\_title= Epidemic!

epidemic\_1= I knew that [Name's] spots were more than just bad acne. Turns out [his] parents were part of the anti-vaccination brigade and now we've got the measles running rampant through the fort. Two others are starting to show symptoms already. Without a hospital, we're having trouble diagnosing and containing it.\n\nWe can get this under control if we use some of our valuable medicine, though with the proper training our doctors might be able to make do without.

epidemic\_2= At first I thought [Name] had been been infected by the zed by the way [his] face was deforming, but it looks like [he]'s just come down with a case of the mumps. Unfortunately it's spreading through the fort like wildfire, because we don't have a hospital to help diagnose or quarantine it. Two others are complaining of symptoms.\n\nWe can use our medical supplies to get people up and about again. Trained doctors might have better luck.

epidemicHospital\_1= Did you know people can still get the Bubonic Plague? I thought it had died out years ago but it seems when you're trapped into a tight unsanitary space full of rats and fleas, it can show up again. Good thing we have a hospital and were able to contain it! Only one other survivor, [Name2], is starting to look green around the gills.\n\nWe can probably cure them with medicine, though having trained Doctors might be just as effective.

epidemic\_option1= Treat them ({2} medicine)

epidemic\_option2= Have our trained doctors handle it

epidemic\_option3= Do nothing

epidemic\_option4= Use my own expertise

epidemic\_outcome1= It used up a whole whack of our medical supplies, but I think we got this thing nipped in the bud. We got the worst of the boils and fevers under control at least.\n\nEverybody else should be back to work tomorrow, but we're keeping [Name] under quarantine for a few more days.

epidemic\_outcome2= With our proper doctor trailing, we were able to diagnose everyone's diseases and treat everyone's ills, all the while offering the fort-mandated convivial bedside manner.\n\nEveryone should be back to work tomorrow, with the exception of [Name] who we're keeping quarantined a little longer.

epidemic\_outcome3= We've quarantined {1} sick people as best we can, but we're going to be pretty short-handed until this thing runs its course.\n\nWe also need to work out how to get food to the diseased without anyone else getting sick. Someone suggested making pizzas to slide under the door, but that would require us to have the makings of dough, tomato sauce and/or cheese.

epidemic\_outcome4= It's a good thing I used to be a doctor! I've seen this sort of disease before, back in Somalia during my stint with the Doctors Without Borders. I'd hoped I would never see such suffering again in my life, but here we are now.\n\nLuckily I knew just what to do and we managed to catch this disease before it rampaged out of control. Even [Name] should be back to work tomorrow.

dangerousZed\_title= They're Coming to Get You Barbara

dangerousZed\_1= I'm not sure what the local zed have been crawling through recently but going from the chemical smell it's something fairly noxious. What's worse is it has made the zed volatile. In other words, they now have a bad habit of exploding when shot, stabbed, or hit with too much force.\n\nYou might think this is a good thing, but having the creature in your face explode when you stick a knife it is just as bad as it getting its teeth in you. It's going to be extra dangerous to send people outside the fort until this chemical dissipates.

dangerousZed\_2= [Name] says we're in the middle of some rare astrological event. The [Occultation of Regulus|Draconids Meteor Shower|Conjunction of Venus and Jupiter] or something like that. While I don't really put much stock in that whole "stars controlling your destiny" nonsense, something sure has the zed riled up.\n\nThey've been way more vicious than usual, howling at the moon and actively prowling the city, looking for victims. We're going to have to be extra careful going outside the fort until they get back to normal. Or at least as normal as man-eating walking corpses ever get.

dangerousZed\_3= Some of the zed have gotten strangely clever lately. They seem to have figured out how door handles work. One of our scouts reported what looked like someone ordering them around, but I'm not sure how much stock to put into that.\n\nEither way, we're going to need to be extra careful when going outside the walls while this bout of creativity lasts. Last thing I need is a zed opening whatever [\*locker|kitchen cupboard|steamer trunk] I've made my latest hiding spot.

dangerousZed\_4= You know how old video games filled the background with thick fog when they wanted to hide the draw distance? Well, that fog can get really creepy when you have to deal with it in real life. Especially when there actually are vicious monsters hunting you the mists.\n\nWe've been trapped in fog for the past day and it isn't going away soon. The zed still have their keen hearing and sense of smell to track us, but we can't see them coming. It'll be more dangerous than usual for people going outside the fort while this stuff sticks around.

dangerousZed\_5= I didn't think it was possible, but the zed virus has infected the old corpses from a [local civil-war era cemetery|museum exhibit on ancient Egyptian culture|visiting Body Worlds exhibit]. They're slow-moving and falling apart rapidly, but these ancient zombies are swelling the ranks of the zombies out there.\n\nUntil those things have either decomposed or moved on, we're going to have to be really careful going outside the fort for any reason. The last thing I want to do is to run into [an undead red-coat soldier|a withered Egyptian mummy|a skinless plasticized corpse] in some dark alley somewhere.

gangCrossfire\_title= Crossfire

gangCrossfire\_1= [Name] was out of the fort on a mission when a few goons from {1} showed up. That made [him] nervous until, out of nowhere, a bunch of {2} started shooting at them.\n\n[Name] dove for cover as the bullets flew from both sides.

gangCrossfire\_option1= Throw a brick at {1}

gangCrossfire\_option2= Yell out {2}'s location

gangCrossfire\_option3= Stay out of it

gangCrossfire\_outcome1= [Name] took a few pot-shots at {1}, much to the delight of {2}.\n\nEventually {1} ran off and {2} gave [Name] a friendly little nod as they went on their way.

gangCrossfire\_outcome1\_injured= [Name] started throwing bricks and any sharp garbage to-hand at {1}. Seemed like a great idea at the time until {1} started throwing it back. They got him pretty good with a rusty carburetor and [he]'ll take a few days to recover.\n\nAfter {1} ran off {2} helped bandage up [Name] before going their own way.

gangCrossfire\_outcome2= [Name] helped {1} to get around behind {2}. I think {2} saw it coming and ran off but {1} were pretty happy with the help [Name] gave them.

gangCrossfire\_outcome2\_injured= [Name] tried to help {1} to get around behind {2} but they saw it coming and escaped by running right past [Name].\n\nThey gave [him] a bit of a beating on the run-by so [he]'ll be out of commission for a few days. At least {1} appreciated the help.

gangCrossfire\_outcome3= [Name] managed to duck out of the way and didn't get hurt.\n\nYou'd think with so few people left in the world we wouldn't be shooting at eachother.

gangCrossfire\_outcome3\_injured= [Name] made a dive for the ground but one of the bullets shot by {1} smashed into a nearby wall and [he] got a piece of shrapnel in the leg.\n\nThe fight broke up on its own and [Name] limped home for some bed rest.

badVigilante\_title= Inside Threat

badVigilante\_1= [FormalName] is fuming mad. Somebody stole [his] {1} from right under [his] nose... just walked right into [his] room and took it while [Name] was [\*in the shower|on guard duty|taking a nap].\n\n[He] didn't see the thief, but [he]'s sure it must have been one of our own people. [He] wants our help in tracking them down and getting [his] {1} back.

badVigilante\_2= Apparently [FormalName's] {1} has gone missing and [he]'s convinced somebody in our fort stole it. [He]'s furious... I'm worried about what [he] might do if left do [his] own devices here. Assuming [he] can find the thief without our help that is.

badVigilante\_option1= Let [Name] go all vigilante

badVigilante\_option2= Set a trap for the thief

badVigilante\_option3= Talk to everyone (leadership roll)

badVigilante\_outcome1Injury= [Name] went around to everyone and threatened [he] would "either break your stuff, or your face; your choice" if they didn't tell [him] who stole the {1}. Eventually someone talked: it was [FormalName2].\n\n[Name] came down on [him2] with a vengence, beat [him2] up and took the {1} back.\n\n[Name2] surprised everyone by apologizing. [He2] said [he2] had been a moment of impulsive greed and it won't happen again.

badVigilante\_outcome1Rebellious= [Name] broke into people's homes until [he] found [his] {1} lying on [FormalName2's] kitchen table. [He] proceeded to take it back, break all four legs off the table, put them in the kitchen sink, then set fire to it.\n\n[FormalName2's] the furious one now. [He2] says [Name] promised [him2] the {1} weeks ago, and they should have settled the misunderstanding without resorting to violence and table mutilation. Justice, [he2] says, was way overboard. [He2] has less faith in our fort's leadership now.

badVigilante\_outcome1Rebellious\_effect= Gained Rebellious perk

badVigilante\_outcome2= We left more of [Name's] things in plain sight then sat there for days waiting for the thief to strike again, but they never did.\n\nI guess [Name] won't be getting [his] {1} back. [He]'s miffed that justice was not served.

badVigilante\_outcome3Success= I got everyone together and did the old "We're all going to close our eyes now, and if someone has something they want to return, they can just put it on the floor and we'll forget this happened."\n\n[FormalName2] interrupted me. [He2] stepped forward, mumbled an apology, and handed [Name] [his] {1} back. Wow, that was easy.

badVigilante\_outcome3Fail= I lectured to the fort for an hour about personal posessions and messing with the assignment of equipment, but nobody came forward to admit they'd stolen the {1}. Can't say I didn't try.\n\nWell, [Name's] still unhappy; [he] thinks [he] could have gotten it back if we did things [his] way.

badTrail\_title= Hell Broke Loose

badTrail= I'm starting to think we should never have come to [CityName]. The zombie to human ratio here is unbelievable. For every one we kill, five more seem to take its place at our walls. Wherever they're coming from, whatever caused them to be here, the infestation is out of control and we have little hope of containing it.\n\nI vote we get the heck out of here as soon as we can...

badTrail2\_title= Heller than Hell

badTrail2= They're coming from the hills! We're surrounded! The zed here in [CityName] are swarming like I've never seen before. I don't know how much longer we can hold them off for. We have to go!

carrion\_title= Crash

carrion\_1= We just spotted a transport helicopter flying above [CityName's] skyline like some sort of camo-colored angel coming to lift us out of this nightmare. And then it sputtered, spiraled, and came crashing down to earth just like all of our dreams.\n\nIt demolished the {1} it landed on, but there might be something to salvage from the crash site. Maybe even survivors? And definitely zombies attracted by the noise.\n\nNot sure if we should send a scavenger, a leader, or a soldier. Or all three.

carrion\_2= An armor-plated school bus just went tearing down [CityName's] main street. Not sure why they were going so fast, but when they hit that [\*fire hydrant|pile of corpses|newspaper stand] the thing really went flying.\n\nWe could see the explosion from here; looks like it took the entire {1} with it. Might be something to scavenge there, or survivors. Lots of zed in that area though. Not sure who we should send to take a look but they better be prepared for anything.

carrionFinished\_title= Salvaged the wreck

carrionFinished= [We] picked [our] way through the rubble to the site of the crash. There are a lot of dead here... seven in all. Wait, one of them is moving and moaning. So, six dead, one survivor. Or possibly six dead, one zombie. What should we do?

carrionFinished\_option1= Check if it's a zombie (danger)

carrionFinished\_option2= Search the area (scavenging)

carrionFinished\_outcome1= Okay, yes, one living human. [He] didn't really appreciate being poked at with a stick like that though.\n\nThe [man] seems to have something wrong with [his] legs. [He]'s wiggling and making a lot of pain noises. It doesn't look good.

carrionFinished\_outcome1\_option1= Patch the survivor up (medkit)

carrionFinished\_outcome1\_option2= Talk to the survivor

carrionFinished\_outcome1\_option3= Search the area (scavenge)

carrionFinished\_outcome1\_outcome1= The [man]'s legs were crushed by the wreckage, but once we got [him] out of there and stopped the bleeding it didn't look so bad... just very, very painful. Barely holding on to consciousness, the [man], [Name], begged us to take [him] with us. We agreed.\n\n[He] directed us to a crate of medicine they'd been carrying when they crashed including a replacement medkit. Might as well take this with us, since [Name's] deceased friends have no more use for it.

carrionFinished\_outcome1\_outcome2= Barely gripping to consciousness, the [man] said [he]'d come to look for [his] daughter who'd lived here before the infection. These strangers had kindly given [him] a lift, but one of them was bitten and very sick. She'd turned during transit and caused the crash.\n\nI told [him] to hold on, but at that moment [he]... let go. [He] died.\n\n[We] searched the rest of the wreckage and found a medkit. Tragic... we could have used that an hour ago.

carrionFinished\_outcome1\_outcome3= Looking around for something that might help, all [we] could find were bits of jagged, blasted metal and useless scrap. Looks like they'd been transporting a lot of fuel, but it all went up in the flames.\n\nOh wait! A full medkit with everything we'd need... to... oh damn. Looks like the [guy] died while [we] were scavenging.\n\nI put a hole in [his] head to make sure [he] wouldn't come back, and said said a few words, mostly "sorry".

carrionFinished\_outcome2\_success= [We] jumped to it quickly, rummaging through the wreck for anything useful. Most of what they'd transporting must have been fuel, all now burned up in the explosion. But [we] also found a couple crates of medical supplies including a fully stocked medkit.\n\nHmm, the injured survivor might need that. [He]'s graduated from crawling and moaning to yelling at us to stop scavenging like vultures and get over there to help [him].

carrionFinished\_outcome2\_success\_option1= Patch the survivor up (medkit)

carrionFinished\_outcome2\_success\_option2= Talk to the survivor

carrionFinished\_outcome2\_success\_outcome1= The [man]'s legs were crushed by the wreckage, but once we got [him] out of there and stopped the bleeding it didn't look so bad... just very, very painful. Barely holding on to consciousness, the [man], [Name], begged us to take [him] with us. We agreed.

carrionFinished\_outcome2\_success\_outcome2= Barely gripping to consciousness, the [man] said [he]'d come to look for his daughter who'd lived here before the infection. These strangers had kindly given [him] a lift, but one of them was bitten and very sick. She'd turned during transit and caused the crash.\n\nI told [him] to hold on, but at that moment [he]... let go. [He] died.

carrionFinished\_outcome2\_fail= It took [us] the better part of an hour to dig through the wreckage, mostly just a bunch of useless burned junk, then [we] finally happened on a medkit.\n\nUnfortunately it looks like the survivor died while [we] were rummaging around... [he] probably could have used that medkit.

hiddenDoor\_title= Hidden Door

hiddenDoor\_1= [Name] just found something odd. [He] was taking some quiet time in our [square], [\*playing jacks with an old tennis ball and some rusty nails|reading a weathered newspaper of days gone by], when [he] stumbled on some hidden steps covered by debris.\n\nThe steps lead underground to a massive vault-like door. We're not sure what's down there, but [Name] thinks [he] heard scratching from other side. Do we want to open it to see what's inside, or just seal it up so no one accidentally lets out whatever's in there?

hiddenDoor\_2= [Name] got into a bit of an accident today. [He] found a [\*huge SUV|cruiser motorbike|rusted jeep] that still had some gas left in the tank and decided to take it for a joyride. [His] crash in the [square] was fairly spectacular. I'm still amazed [he] was able to walk away from it. The vehicle wasn't so lucky.\n\nThe weird thing is the crash revealed this bricked up door we hadn't seen before. While I'd like to see what's behind it, I could've sworn I heard something moving on the other side. Should we open it, or seal it back up?

hiddenDoor\_3= [Name] was poking around our [square] to see if we missed anything in our initial scavenging sweep when [he] found an old-fashioned trap door that doesn't look like it's been touched in ages.\n\nWe've got no idea where it leads, but the few legible words scrawled on it ("[Danger... Man Eating...|Warning... Lethal Contaminants...|Abandon all hope... enter here...|Trespassers... Shot...]") don't inspire confidence. Do we want to investigate or seal the thing up?

hiddenDoor\_option1= Open the door

hiddenDoor\_option2= Seal the door shut

hiddenDoor\_outcome1\_success= The door led, somewhat anti-climatically, to a musty old store room. Aside from a few cockroaches, it didn't look like anyone had been down there in months, if not years.\n\nWhat we did find were crates of canned goods, medical supplies and ammo. We're going to be celebrating tonight! [Anchovies|SPAM|Canned spaghetti] for all!

hiddenDoor\_outcome1\_fail= The instant we cracked open the door, a hand that was more bone than flesh shot out and tried to grab [Name] by the collar. It was all we could to get everyone out of there and barricade off the area as the undead came pouring out of the hole.\n\nNow we've got a small horde of zed trapped in the middle of our fort and nothing to show for it. Just another Tuesday I guess.

hiddenDoor\_outcome2= "Discretion is the better part of valor" as they say. I'm not actually sure how true that statement is, but the people who say it are generally the ones who survive, and that's what's important.\n\nWe spent a couple hours piling rocks and concrete in front of it, just in case. No one is going to be opening that door any time soon.

distrust\_title= Distrust

distrust\_1= On our way to [missioning], [we] passed an utterly wretched, twisted [man] lying in the road. I took [him] for a corpse at first, then [he] stirred and begged [us] for some food and water. I guess [he]'d just keeled over from exhaustion.\n\nThere is something odd about [him]. [He]'s got a big old shopping cart with a blanket over it. Plenty of room for food in there. Maybe [he]'s planning to rob us...\n\n{1}

distrustOpen= But [we]'ve got to take this [guy] at [his] word... that's why we've got a policy of being open to strangers, right?

distrustHostility= This is why we have a policy of staying away from strangers. I'm not going to spend food on what is likely a trap.

distrust\_option1= Help [him] (2 food)

distrust\_option2= Rob [him] before [he] robs us

distrust\_option3= Leave [him] there

distrust\_outcome1\_success= [He] ate eagerly. The shopping cart turned out to be full of propane tanks, which [he]'d been on [his] way to deliver to the rest of [his] group. They'd found a car that could run on propane and were planning to head north, where the cold made the dead sluggish and easier to run from.\n\n[He] gave [us] one of the tanks to thank us, then [he] and [his] shopping cart trundled on down the road together.

distrust\_outcome1\_fail= As I reached down to help the [man], a teenager in a trenchcoat popped out of the shopping cart and pointed a shotgun at my head. The [man] on the ground stood up easily, smiling, and pulled out a pistol. Oops.\n\nThey stole [our] food and equipment and ran off. At least nobody was hurt... just [our] pride.

distrust\_outcome2= The [man] protested and tried to get up, but I kicked [him] down. I pulled the blanket off the shopping cart. Some propane tanks, much heavier than it looks.\n\nWhile my back was turned the [man] scrambled up and ran away. [We] didn't follow [him]. I'm still not sure if [he] was planning to rob us or not... I mean [he] did run pretty fast for someone who'd been collapsed on the ground a moment before. But I guess this fuel is ours now.

distrust\_outcome3= [He] called after [us], begging [us] to not leave [him] there for the zombies. It echoed in [our] [p|mind|minds] long after [he] was out of earshot.

berries\_title= Berry Berry Good?

berries\_1= If you go out in the woods today, you might get... well you might get a poison ivy rash, but [FormalName] managed to avoid that. [He] did come back with a huge sack of {1} berries though... the thing is, we don't know what kind of berries they are, and whether they'd be good to eat.\n\nWhat should we do with them?

berries\_2= It's amazing how quickly our parking lots and empty spaces are being reclaimed by nature. Anywhere a bit of dirt settles, or a crack forms in the pavement, life can take root. Before long those roots are ripping up the cement and asphalt and making way for more plant life.\n\n[FormalName] was foraging in one of these reclaimed spaces when [he] came across a variety of {1} berry we don't recognize. What should we do with it?

berriesAgain\_1= If you go out in the woods today, you might get... well you might get a poison ivy rash, but [FormalName] managed to avoid that. [He] did come back with a huge sack of {1} berries though... and we've seen these before, we know they're {2}.\n\nWhat should we do with them?

berriesAgain\_2= It's amazing how quickly our parking lots and empty spaces are being reclaimed by nature. Anywhere a bit of dirt settles, or a crack forms in the pavement, life can take root. Before long those roots are ripping up the cement and asphalt and making way for more plantlife.\n\n[FormalName] was foraging in one of these reclaimed spaces when [he] came across a variety of {1} berry we've seen before. We know it's {2}. What should we do with them?

berries\_option1= Eat the {2} {1} berries

berries\_option2= Throw them out

berries\_option3= Use them for medicine

berries\_option4= Research them first (engineering)

berries\_outcome1Success= Hmm, well, we tried a few and they didn't seem to have any bad side effects. [FormalName] ate a whole handful - either brave or [he] was just really hungry. Seems like they're good.

berries\_outcome1Fail= [FormalName] tried one. Well, it tasted good, and that's nature's way of saying something is good to eat, right? So [he] ate a couple more handfuls ([he] was hungry).\n\nThen suddenly [he] couldn't feel [his] tongue. Uh-oh...\n\nYeah, [Name] is really really sick now. Shaking, vomiting, seeing visions of {1} gnomes dancing around the room. [He]'ll be lucky if [he] even lives through it. That was a terrible idea.

berries\_outcome2= We chucked them out. Not worth risking our lives for a tasty snack.

berries\_outcome3= Our best engineer [Name2] crushed the berries up and mixed them with some chemical lime from the ground up shell of a sea snail. Then [he2] either boiled it or boiled something else to add to it. I kind of lost track and it all seemed a little like alchemy.\n\nThe resulting powder, [he2] said, should be an excellent supressant for fevers and inflammation. Sounds good.

berries\_outcome4Success= [Name2], our best engineer, thought [he2]'d seen them on a book of local species once. Sure enough [he2] managed to find the reference - these {1} berries are {2}.

berries\_outcome4Fail= We sent a sample to our top researcher, [Name2], but [he2] didn't manage to identify them. I guess there's one sure way to find out if these are edible...

survivorArrives\_title= Survivor Arrives

survivorArrives\_1= We found a [man] not far from our gates, where [he]'d been hiding out from the zombies for days. We suggested our fort might be a bit a safer than the garbage bin [he] was crouched inside when we found [him]. [He] seemed a little skeptical.

survivorArrives\_2= We were roasting some coyote meat over the fire when we heard someone knocking at our front gate. Turned out a passing survivor had smelled our dinner and wanted to know if we'd share.

survivorArrives\_3= We heard a noise from the other side of our wall today and found a [man] in the extended process of removing a zombie's head with a shovel. When [he] was done we waved [him] over.

survivorArrivesRadio\_1= Guess that radio's working, because some [guy] heard the signal and showed up today to see what all the fuss was about.

survivorArrivesRadio\_2= It may not be as fancy as a cellphone tower, but our radio's doing its job. A new [guy] showed up at the fort this morning after picking up the signal.

survivorArrives\_option1= Invite [him] to stay (50 happiness)

survivorArrives\_option2= Offer [him] 5 food if [he] stays

survivorArrives\_option3= Tell [him] to leave

survivorArrives\_option4= Kill and eat [him]

survivorArrives\_outcome1\_1= [FormalName] will be a welcome addition to our happy clan. [He] says [he]'d like to settle here for awhile in [CityName]. The weather's nice, the walls look strong, and it beats running for your life alone in a city filled with the undead.

survivorArrives\_outcome1\_2= [FormalName's] going to put up [his] feet and stay awhile. And why not? We humans have to stick together these days. We're social creatures; it's what we're designed to do.

survivorArrives\_outcome1\_3= [He] introduced [himself] as [FormalName] and agreed to join us. Sounds like [he]'s not a bad [job], which we can always use more of around here.

survivorArrives\_outcome1\_4= In this world we're living in, you've got to trust someone. I was alone out there for a long time so I know how it is. You'll go mad on your own... if you even survive. We've got to trust [FormalName] as much as [he]'s got to trust us.

survivorArrives\_outcome1\_5= [FormalName's] one of the team now. [He] says [he]'s a decent [job], but will do any job that we need [him] for. [He] seemed pretty desperate to be inside sturdy walls for the first time in months.

survivorArrives\_outcome2\_1= [FormalName] will be a welcome addition to our happy clan. [He] says [he]'d like to settle here for awhile in [CityName]. The weather's nice, the walls look strong, and it beats running for your life alone in a city filled with the undead.

survivorArrives\_outcome2\_2= [FormalName's] going to put up [his] feet and stay awhile. And why not? We humans have to stick together these days. We're social creatures; it's what we're designed to do.

survivorArrives\_outcome2\_3= [He] introduced [himself] as [FormalName] and agreed to join us. Sounds like [he]'s not a bad [job], which we can always use more of around here.

survivorArrives\_outcome2\_4= In this world we're living in, you've got to trust someone. I was alone out there for a long time so I know how it is. You'll go mad on your own... if you even survive. We've got to trust [FormalName] as much as [he]'s got to trust us.

survivorArrives\_outcome2\_5= [FormalName's] one of the team now. [He] says [he]'s a decent [job], but will do any job that we need [him] for. [He] seemed pretty desperate to be inside sturdy walls for the first time in months.

survivorArrives\_outcome3\_1= I told the [guy] we just don't have room for another mouth to feed. [He] seemed disappointed but nodded in understanding. "Sure," [he] said, "I get it."

survivorArrives\_outcome3\_2= Honestly, [he] didn't really seem to know what [he] was doing. No supplies, no plan... how had this [guy] survived so far? Well hope [he] finds someone else to latch on to, because it won't be us.

survivorArrives\_outcome3\_3= I felt terrible turning [him] away, but we just don't need another [job] here.

survivorArrives\_outcome4\_1= The [man] never saw it coming. I told [him] we'd start the grand tour in our kitchens, where [Name2] was waiting with a meat cleaver to do the job. Quick work.

survivorArrives\_outcome4\_2= [He] didn't seem like a bad [man], but the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. And [his] body will feed many mouths and keep our children alive for one more month.\n\nWe must survive.\n\nAt any price.

survivorArrives\_outcome4\_3= The [man]'s screams will haunt my dreams tonight, but we did what needed to be done to survive. Some of the others don't know... but I think they're starting to suspect.

sawSign\_title= [He] saw the signs

sawSign\_1= A [man] named [FormalName] showed up today. [He] says [he] followed the murals pointing the way to our fort from the edge of the city. I didn't even know we had them out that far, but it's a good thing. We could use more [job]s like [Name].

sawSign\_2= This [job] named [FormalName] arrived at the gates and asked to join us today. [He] says [he]'d been admiring our murals all around town for a couple days and figured we must be pretty organized to advertise like that.

sawSign\_option1= Accept [him]

sawSign\_option2= Reject [him]

sawSign\_option3= Kill and eat [him]

sawSign\_outcome1= Welcome to the team, [Name].

sawSign\_outcome1\_2= Glad to have another [job] aboard.

sawSign\_outcome2= [Name] was upset that we didn't have a place for [him] here. [He] complained of false advertising, saying our murals claimed we were an "open community" with "space for everyone". I explained that times had changed, and [he] better get a move on before somebody got hurt.

sawSign\_outcome3\_1= The [man] never saw it coming. I told [him] we'd start the grand tour in our kitchens, where [Name2] was waiting with a meat cleaver to do the job. Quick work.

sawSign\_outcome3\_2= [He] didn't seem like a bad [man], but the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. And [his] body will feed many mouths and keep our children alive for one more month.\n\nWe must survive.\n\nAt any price.

sawSign\_outcome3\_3= The [man]'s screams will haunt my dreams tonight, but we did what needed to be done to survive. Some of the others don't know... but I think they're starting to suspect.

sawSearchlight\_title= They saw the light

sawSearchlight\_1= A couple bedraggled looking survivors are begging to join our fort. They look like they've been living on the edge of starvation for a long time.\n\nOne of them said [he] saw our searchlights last night from the edge of town and thought it was a sign from heaven.

sawSearchlight\_2= Two very cheery people are at the gates asking if they can join us. They say they saw our searchlights lighting up the sky last night and thought [CityName] looked like a pretty happening place to live.\n\nIt guess it is... if by "happening" they mean "still scraping by and holding on for dear life despite the odds."

sawSearchlight\_option1= Accept them

sawSearchlight\_option2= Reject them

sawSearchlight\_outcome1= [Name] and [Name2] have joined our fort.

sawSearchlight\_outcome1\_2= Those searchlights really were a good idea I guess. I told [Name] and [Name2] they're welcome to stay with us as long as they like.

sawSearchlight\_outcome2= They were pretty bummed out that we had to turn them away, but after seeing the state of things here they weren't too surprised.

dayLaborers\_title= The day laborers

dayLaborers\_1= There are three men at the gates asking for help. One of them is limping and holding a bloody rag to his neck, but he won't let us look at the wound. They want to patch him up with some of our medicine and stay the night. In exchange, they'll teach us a few things about construction.\n\nThese are quiet, honest looking men, but I suspect the one with the wound has been bitten. Should we help them?

dayLaborers\_option1= Let them stay the night

dayLaborers\_option2= Turn them away

dayLaborers\_outcome1= The two healthy ones, Rory and Diego, gave us welcome advice on putting up basic buildings the old fashioned way, without modern power tools. We should be able to build bars, churches, workshops and laboratories now.\n\nTheir friend David died during the night, though the medicine eased his pain. They bundled up his body and left with it, intending to bury him with his wife.

dayLaborers\_outcome1fail= The two healthy ones, Rory and Diego, gave us welcome advice on putting up basic buildings the old fashioned way, without modern power tools. We should be able to build bars, churches, workshops and laboratories now.\n\nDuring the night I woke to screams and gunfire, as their friend had quietly died then returned and attacked them. [Name] put him down before anyone was hurt, but it cost us valuable ammunition.\n\nThe remaining two left at dawn without a word.

dayLaborers\_outcome2= They nodded somberly and left. You could see in their eyes that they knew their friend was doomed. Medicine could have made him more comfortable, but it couldn't have saved him.

nationalismSurvivorArrives\_title= Open Immigration

nationalismSurvivorArrives\_1= I guess word of our open minded ideas on Nationalism is spreading. [FormalName] showed up at the fort today saying [he]'s been looking for a group like us for a long time. Our policy is to accept anyone and everyone who comes by, so we welcomed [him] with open arms.

nationalismSurvivorArrives\_2= Back before the infection, it seemed like all the world's borders were getting tighter and tighter. We feared for our security and our jobs, and tried so hard to keep out the tired, the poor huddled masses yearning to breathe free (and work hard labor for low pay).\n\nI'm happy we've rethought those ideas and opted for a policy of inclusiveness and open immigration. [FormalName] heard about it and came to join up. We're welcome to have [him]!

prioritySurvivorArrives\_title= Repopulation

prioritySurvivorArrives\_1= Our focus on repopulating the world is bringing people in! [FormalName] and [his] {1} have joined us and are both very happy about our policy to embrace families and children.\n\nHow many empty towns and abandoned homes did they walk past to get here? Together we'll fill up all that empty space.

foundRabbits\_title= Bunny Wunnies

foundRabbits= I found some rabbits out in the [square] while [we] [were] [missioning]. Somebody must have opened their hatch to let them go free when the infection first started, and there are like dozens of the little critters now. Should we eat them or what?

foundRabbits\_2= [We] found a whole bunch of rabbits digging through one of our farms the other day. They must have been somebody's pets at one point 'cause they're surprisingly tame. We could just pick them up and throw them in a pot of stew soooo easily...

foundRabbits\_3= [We] [were] out [missioning] when we found a an abandoned pet store. The only survivors were a family of rabbits who had obviously figured out where the owners had kept the sacks of food and had done a fine job of keeping themselves fed, and multiplying very quickly.\n\nWhat should we do with them?

foundRabbits\_option1= Keep them as pets

foundRabbits\_option2= Eat them all

foundRabbits\_option3= Half and half

foundRabbits\_outcome1= Rabbits for everyone!\n\nWhile not providing any real material benefits, it's hard to beat the feel of soft rabbit fur against your face. Nuzzle wuzzle little wabby-wabbits, I wuv you...

foundRabbits\_outcome2= Rabbit stew for everyone!\n\nSuch a lean meat, low in fat and cholesterol but high in protein, this should keep us going for awhile. We didn't manage to catch all of them, so there are still some of the little guys out there to keep breeding.

foundRabbits\_outcome3= Rabbits for some, rabbit stew for others. Everybody wins!\n\nAlthough it's a little disturbing to eat rabbit meat while you pet one sitting in your lap...

materialsGift\_title= Bill the Woodcutter

materialsGift\_1= We're desperate for building materials and can't reclaim any buildings until we get more.\n\nSo I wonder if it's just a coincidence that someone just pulled up with a pickup truck full of lumber. His name's Bill and he's got a family waiting for him out in the hills somewhere. He's not interested in joining us, but maybe he can help.

materialsGift\_option1= Ask for free materials

materialsGift\_option2= Find out where he got the lumber

materialsGift\_option3= Invite him for lunch (-2 food)

materialsGift\_outcome1= Bill took pity on us and gave us a few boards, a sack of bent nails and some old fence posts.\n\nHe explained that he gets building materials from scavenging, demolishing buildings, or cutting down trees out at the edge of the city. Sounds like he and his family have a real stronghold out there.

materialsGift\_outcome2= Bill said he gets materials from demolishing buildings, cutting them out of the woods and sometimes he finds good stuff while scavenging for supplies.\n\nHe gave some tips to our scavengers on where to find the lightest, strongest building materials. Something flimsy like a chain link fence won't keep zed out for long, but powdered cement is one of the most useful substances if we can get our hands on it.\n\nWe better get our scavengers out there to start looking right away.

materialsGift\_outcome2\_effect= Scavengers gained +1 level

materialsGift\_outcome3= Bill sat down and relished the simple meal we prepared him. He said he gets materials from demolishing buildings, cutting them out of the woods and sometimes he finds good stuff while scavenging for supplies.\n\nBefore he left, he told us about a nearby cache of materials we could have.

loner\_title= Lone Traveler

loner= A hardy looking woman's at the gates with her wolf-dog, her shotgun, and a big backpack. She doesn't want to join us, just asked if she could stay the night and move on in the morning.\n\nI'm not sure if we can trust her, but she sure as hell doesn't look like she trusts us, either.

loner\_2= A woman with a nasty looking scar and a nastier looking wolf-dog are at the gates. Says she and her dog are just looking for a place to bed down for the night before they continue on.\n\nShe's got a steady, cold gaze that tells me she's seen some things out there, and may have lost some love for humanity along the way.

loner\_option1= Let her stay the night

loner\_option2= Feed her dinner and invite her to stay

loner\_option3= Turn her away

loner\_outcome1= She camped out just inside the walls and kept to herself all night. I tried to approach her at one point but that wolf of hers started growling and showing its teeth.\n\nWith a fierce beast like that I can see why she doesn't think she need anyone else, but even dogs can catch the disease. I've seen it happen.

loner\_outcome2= Over dinner the traveler shared stories of the world to the south. It doesn't sound like they're faring much better down there than we are, and a lot of cities were completely leveled in the fighting.\n\nShe and her dog are headed north in the hopes that colder winters will slow the Zed down.

loner\_outcome3= The traveler nodded curtly and left, heading north. She seemed to appreciate our distrust, maybe even approve of it.

lonerReturned\_title= Lone Traveler Returns

lonerReturned= [We] [were] out [missioning] at the [square] when Zed jumped us and things went bad fast. Then this woman showed up out of nowhere with her wolf-dog and saved our bacon.\n\nI remember seeing them at the fort a while back when she stayed the night. Good thing she seemed to remember us.

lonerReturned\_2= A group of zed tried to crash our mission at the [square] yesterday. Things would have gotten pretty ugly for [us] if that traveler with the wolf-dog hadn't showed back up.\n\nAfter she and her dog made short work of the undead she saluted to us and left.

bonusFoodFertilizer\_title= Fertilizer Bonus

bonusFoodFertilizer\_1= We're thinking of having a contest of who can find the most amusing vegetable That new fertilizer of ours sure makes the things grow into some interesting shapes.

bonusFoodFertilizer\_2= I hope everyone likes salad because that new fertilizer we cooked up is working like a charm.

bonusFoodMorale\_title= Bonus Food

bonusFoodMorale\_1= A couple of the guys were joking around when they found someone's old earthquake supply kit in one of our buildings today and the thing was packed with dry goods. We're going to have a feast of oatmeal tonight!

bonusFoodMorale\_2= All this good will makes for hard workers. I don't think we'd be getting anywhere near this much food brought in if we were still having those daily knife fights.

bonusFoodFarm\_title= Farm Bonus

bonusFoodFarm\_1= That swarm of bees that setup in one of the old barns has been doing great things for our farm's plants. I guess they've been having a great time getting fertilized regularly.

bonusFoodFarm\_2= That scarecrow making competition we held sure paid off, 'cause we've got more food than we know what to do with now that we don't have ravens stealing our carrots every night..

bonusFoodFarm\_3= I'm not sure where they came from, but a whole bunch of new plants have sprouted in our farms. So long as they don't suddenly start drinking blood and singing show tunes, I'm not complaining.

littlestHobo\_title= Little Hobo

littlestHobo= I met a strange dog digging outside the walls today, a handsome German Shepherd with a blue bandanna. When I approached him, he gave me a friendly bark, wagged his tail, then barked again like he wanted me to come over. I took a look at the hole he was digging. Turned out it found a whole bunch of [potato|turnip] plants we'd never noticed.\n\nAfter he showed me his find, the fella wandered off. I think I'll call him London if I ever see him again.

littlestHoboReturns= No idea how that wandering German Shepherd London got through the walls, but we found him today, barking at this little shed we were smoking meat in. We barged in there ready to shoot whatever it was, and damned if we didn't catch [FormalName] scarfing down our half-smoked meat.\n\nI was ready to beat the tar out of [him], but the dog jumped between us like he was defending [Name]. Boy was that [man] repentant. [He] and the dog went off hunting, and [Name] came back with a fresh deer, more than enough to replace what [he]'d stolen.

littlestHoboReturns\_2= London the dog turned up again. Managed to slip through a pack of zed with a whole rabbit in his mouth. Dropped the thing at my feet and simply left. Strange dog.

littlestHoboReturns\_3= I made a rookie mistake today. Saw a body with what looked like a backpack lying in the middle of the road and went to investigate, only to find the the corpse spring to life and try take my head off.\n\nI probably would have been a goner if that wandering dog London hadn't showed up and tackled the thing off of me. Between the two of us we managed to finish it off and I got to keep the pack full of food.

frostypeg\_title= Blood and Ice Cream

frostypeg\_1= A pair of guys showed up at our gate today, one a hefty guy with a shotgun on his back, the other a wiry balding guy with a cricket bat. They said they were a couple former cops who'd taken to travelling the world after it ended, killing zed and meeting interesting folks along the way.\n\nThey cracked jokes like there was nothing wrong out there, no apocalypse, no end of the world. It was refreshing.\n\nThey said they'd kill for one of those old pre-packaged ice cream cones if we had any. Was that a joke too?

frostypeg\_option1= Offer them a beer instead (need bar)

frostypeg\_option2= Dig up an ice cream cone (need 8-12 mart)

frostypeg\_option3= Offer them water

frostypeg\_outcome1= We took them to the bar and spent the night pounding back pint after pint of homebrew. I made myself sick trying to keep up with them, but it was worth it to forget things for awhile and just have a laugh with some friendly guys like the old days.\n\nThey were gone by the time I woke up (it was afternoon, admittedly). Looks like they killed a bunch of zombies around our walls when they went. Thanks, strangers.

frostypeg\_outcome2= Uh... they do know this city had no power for years, right? They said yes, of course, but they just wanted to see the wrapper for nostalgia's sake. I took them to our 8-12 and we dug a Cornetto out of the soupy, slimy mess that used to be an ice cream freezer.\n\n"I can almost taste it." breathed one, and the other agreed. In thanks, the skinny one gave me his cricket bat. I joked that they must have some damn big crickets where he comes from to need such a heavy piece of wood to beat them down. He said man, you have no idea.

frostypeg\_outcome3= I got the feeling they had been looking for something stronger, but they still chugged down what we handed out. They said it was better than the stagnant puddles they'd drank from in the past while.\n\nAfter they finished up their drinks they thanked us and headed out.

evilDarkness\_title= Evil Darkness

evilDarkness= [We] [were] passing a dilapidated Allmart when [we] heard the sound of gunfire and swearing coming from it.\n\n[We] snuck in and found this guy with slicked black hair and a a chin you could break rocks on fending off a small horde of zed. With each one he dropped, he let off a "Hail to the king, baby", or "I'll see you in Hades, yah scum-sucking deader!" He wasn't doing so bad for a guy with only one hand and a book under the other arm, but they'll get him sooner or later. Should [we] help?\n\n

evilDarkness\_option1= Attack the undead (danger)

evilDarkness\_option2= Leave

evilDarkness\_outcome1\_success= I tore into the undead and between the two of us the store aisle was soon a sea of dismembered body parts and shattered zombie skulls.\n\nThe fella gave me his chainsaw as way of thanks for the the help. It was so coated with gore I'd be surprised if it still starts.\n\nI asked him about the book he was carrying but he told me to mind my own business and get lost... so [we] did.

evilDarkness\_outcome1\_fail= [We] tried to help as best [we] could, but there were way more dead than [we] could handle. Fortunately [our] bumbling gave the guy time to pull out his chainsaw and make short work of them.\n\nHe gave a nod as way of thanks for distracting them, and told [us] to be on [our] way. I'm pretty sure I heard him making derogatory remarks about [our] competence as [we] left the building.

evilDarkness\_outcome2= [We] left the guy to it. He seemed to be having fun after all.\n\nAs [we] headed away, [we] heard a strange noise like a rush of air and an implosion, then everything suddenly went silent. [We] went back to check and found the place completely deserted...

everyoneGone\_title= But is it Art?

everyoneGone\_1= One of the advantages of post-apocalyptic burglary is the chance to own things that were well out of your price range before the zed showed up. And we've now gathered enough non-pretentious fine art that some of the citizenry decided to open up a museum.\n\nWe boast a Picasso, a Hopper, a Magritte, dogs playing poker, and my favorite, three-year-old Jenny's crayon and paper interpretation of a rabbit. Or maybe a dog. Or perhaps a rabbog.

everyoneGone\_2= We've been collecting paintings from the local abandoned art galleries to try and spruce up the fort. Now our walls are covered with some of the most expensive rivers and trees ever put to canvas.\n\nI just wish the guys would stop trying to "improve" them. The last thing we need cresting over one of [\*Emily Carr|Tom Thomson|Franklin Carmichael|Lawren Harris|A. Y. Jackson|Frank Johnston|Arthur Lismer|J. E. H. MacDonald|Frederick Varley]'s pastel-colored hills is another [\*robot dinosaur|rolling ball of junk|fleet of flying saucers].

everyoneGone\_3= Back before all this hell started, I only used to have posters of [\*sports teams|rock stars|movies|anime characters] on my walls. Now that we've got an empty city full of fine art to loot, I have a [\*Rembrandt|van Gogh|Degas].\n\nAs for the red square on canvas stuff, a couple of guys put one up on the outside wall and it appeared to confuse the zed for a few minutes. If only we had a Jackson Pollack, they'd be paralyzed.

houseCall\_title= The house call

houseCall\_1= I remember those "Doctors Without Borders" from before everything went to hell. True heroes. There's a group visiting [CityName] who are doing something similar to help those people struggling against the zed. These traveling doctors are offering to treat our injured, or leave us some of their spare medicine.\n\nThere's also a third option... we could try to steal all their medicine for ourselves. After all, they're here to help the needy, and who else is more needy than us?

houseCall\_2= A little [woman|man] showed up at our fort today wearing [\*a long white coat with a red cross crudely sewn onto it|a stethoscope and one of those old-fashioned head-mirrors|some rubber gloves and an unsettling grin]. [She|He]'s part of a group of traveling doctors trying to help people in this godforsaken country we now find ourselves in.\n\n[She|He]'s offered to treat our injured, or leave us some of [her|his] spare medicine in case something goes wrong in future.\n\nOr... we could just take all [her|his] medicine and throw [her|him] out on [her|his] ear. It doesn't look like [she|he]'d put up much of a fight...

houseCall\_3= A heavily armored ambulance [covered in barbed wire, with spikes on it's wheels|with gun barrels sticking out of every door and window|with a flame thrower mounted on its roof] just barreled through the zed and into our compound. It belongs to a group of benevolent doctors traveling the ruins of civilization.\n\nThey're offering to help our sick or leave us some of their spare medicine in case of emergencies. But... well... if they have so many medical supplies that they're just giving the stuff away, how much more do they have crammed in that ambulance of theirs?

houseCall\_option1= Heal all injured survivors

houseCall\_option2= Accept 5 spare medicine

houseCall\_option3= Steal all their medicine (danger)

houseCall\_outcome1= Those doctors flew through our medical ward like a hurricane of gauze, pills, and spray-on skin. Before long every one of our injured was right as rain. Or at least good enough that we can put them back to work.\n\nYou can still work with your leg in a cast, right?

houseCall\_outcome2= The docs left us some bandages, antiseptics, and syringes full of a strange green "cure-all". I just hope we don't need to use that stuff anytime soon.

houseCall\_outcome3\_success= We beat up those doctors and took all their stuff. That'll teach them to work towards the betterment of mankind with no thought as to their own reward.

houseCall\_outcome3\_fail= I thought doctors were supposed to have some kind of "hypocritical oath" to not do harm or something... but they sure can get mean when riled up.\n\nWe tried to take all of their medicine for ourselves, but what we ended up with is 2 new bloody noses and broken bones. Now who is going to heal this lot?

bigOne\_title= Big game hunting

bigOne\_1= I just caught sight of the biggest wild boar we've ever seen wandering around the [square]. It's hide is a roadmap of scars and patches of fur, and it probably weighs as much as a small car.\n\nWhat should [we] do? [We're] out here to hunt, and there'd be plenty of good meat on a beast like that, but that thing looks bloody dangerous. Boars can be seriously nasty when backed into a corner.\n\nOr when they back you into a corner. It all depends on how the hunt goes.

bigOne\_2= I used to hear stories about grizzly bears coming down from the mountains and picking through people's garbage, but most have the good sense to stay away from the remains of civilization now that it's swarming with undead.\n\nThe one [we] saw in the [square] today obviously doesn't have that good sense, but I guess when you're that big you might not need it.\n\nShould [we] go after it? There'd be good eating on a bear like that, but it's dangerous game. If [we] don't kill it on the first shot... well, [we'll] wish [we] had.

bigOne\_3= In a battle between a speeding car and a moose I'd put my money on the moose 9 times out of 10. Those things are huge, irritable walls of horn and meat. And the one [we] spotted in the [square] [we're] hunting on is even bigger than most.\n\nShould [we] try to bring it down? We'd be able to get plenty of food off something like that, but I've heard moose can fight back fiercely when wounded. Is it worth the risk?

bigOne\_option1= Attack it fiercely (defense)

bigOne\_option2= Track and ambush it (scavenging)

bigOne\_option3= Leave it be

bigOne\_outcome1\_success= [We] flew at the beast and gave it everything [we] had. As I'd feared, the first hit didn't kill it, and it turned to fight back.\n\nAfter a terrifying few minutes, I stood heaving over the thing's bloody corpse, the joy of death coursing through my veins, and I delivered the death blow.

bigOne\_outcome1\_fail\_1= [We] ran at the beast hooting and waving our weapons like animals ourselves. It was not a good tactic. The creature ran me over in its panic, and kept on running until [we] lost sight of it.

bigOne\_outcome2\_success= Success! [We] tracked the creature to its lair, cornered it, and managed to kill it. Now all we need is few dozen pounds of salt and a good smoking shed and we'll have enough jerky to last us for months!

bigOne\_outcome2\_fail= I've no idea how something that big could be so stealthy, but it heard [us] coming and bolted. [We] tried to follow it, but not many tracks get left in these concrete roads of ours.

bigOne\_outcome3= [We] decided to leave the beast alone for now. Maybe [we'll] meet it again some day when [we're] better prepared.\n\nNormally I'd be worried about the zed taking it down, but given the size of that thing I think the zed have more to worry about than that creature does.

dogSaves\_title= Man's best friend

dogSaves\_1= [FormalName] was on a brief break from [missioning], just taking a slash behind a dumpster and minding [his] own business, when armed men appeared at either end of the alley. [He] knew this was a dangerous mission, but thought if something was going to get [him], it'd be the zed.\n\n[Name's] dog {1} went nuts, barking and stretching at the end of [his] chain. Not sure what these guys want, but from the way they're grinning it sure isn't good...

dogSaves\_2= [FormalName] knew [missioning] would be dangerous when we sent [him], but [he] agreed to go anyway. And... it was bad. The zed where everywhere, thick like dandruff, filling the streets and popping out of every possible hidey-hole in the [square].\n\nYou can only roll the dice so many times before they come up snake eyes. Luckily for [Name], [he] had [his] dog {1} with [him] when a zombie finally got the better of [him].

dogSaves\_option1= Let {1} attack

dogSaves\_option2= Hold {1} back

dogSaves\_outcome1= The dog fought like a hero, more viciously than [Name] had ever seen him before. But the dog wasn't doing it to same himself, he was saving his master.\n\nSadly {1} was killed in the fight, but it gave [Name] time to escape. [He] swears that mission was just too dangerous to begin with, and [he] wouldn't even be alive right now if the dog hadn't been there.

dogSaves\_outcome2= [Name] ordered the dog to get out of there, then stood to fight alone.\n\nWe found {1} scratching urgently at our gate some hours later. He wanted to lead us somewhere so we followed... he led us back to the [square] where his master, [Name], lay dead.\n\nI know we should never have sent [Name] on such a dangerous mission in the first place. But can it be helped?

equipmentSaves\_title= Helmets Save Lives

equipmentSaves\_1= It's a damn good thing [FormalName] was wearing [his] {1} today. [He] was out [missioning] when some sniper decided to have a go at [him]. Embedded a bullet right above [his] eyes, but thanks to [his] brain bucket it was nothing but a bruise.\n\nUnfortunately those things are one use. I'm a little worried about leaving [Name] out there now without it... it's still pretty damn dangerous at that [square].

equipmentSaves\_2= [FormalName] escaped death today while [missioning] in [a] [square]. There's a zombie out there somewhere now with [his] {1} stuck in it's mouth like some cartoon character.\n\nHopefully one close call was enough for [Name] and [he]'ll be more careful next time... and yes there's likely to be a next time if we keep sending [him] on dangerous missions like that one.

resourceAmmo\_title= Weapons Live

resourceAmmo\_1= [FormalName's] been getting really bloodthirsty recently. Just now [he]'s asking for some extra ammo so [he] can spend the evening taking pot shots at the zombies in the [square] next to our fort.\n\nI hate zed as much next person, but if we use up all our ammo blowing off steam, what are we going to do next some unfriendly gang decides we look like a easy target?

resourceAmmo\_2= Ah jeez. [FormalName's] running around the fort pretending to blow away imaginary zed with [his] {1} today. What is [he], five?\n\nIt won't be long before [he] requests some ammo to go out and shoot zed from the walls. Maybe it'll do some good... or maybe just piss the rest of them off if [he] doesn't do it carefully. What should I tell [him] when [he] comes asking?

resourceAmmo\_3= [FormalName]'s been in a dark place recently. [He] spends all [his] time muttering to [himself] and cradling that {1} of [his].\n\nI suppose we could give [him] the extra ammo [he]'s been asking for and let [him] vent [his] frustrations on the zed in the old [square] outside. I'm pretty sure [he]'d go after them... and not us.

resourceAmmo\_option1= Give [him] 3 boxes of ammo

resourceAmmo\_option2= Give [him] 6 boxes of ammo

resourceAmmo\_option3= Say no

resourceAmmo\_outcome1= [Name] spent the evening sitting up on the wall, drinking moonshine from a flask and shooting at anything that shuffled out there in the dark. The [square] is now totally free of zed, and I think it helped [Name] clear [his] mind a little.

resourceAmmo\_outcome2= [Name] went... ahem... a little nuts with all that ammunition. [He] sprayed down all the zed in the [square], then started shooting cans, trees, birds, whatever. Nearly blew a hole in [Name2] who was coming back home late. Made an enemy there, for sure.

resourceAmmo\_outcome3= We decided to keep our precious ammo for when we really need it. [Name] wasn't pleased.

medicineStranger\_title= Lily

medicineStranger\_1= [Name2] heard crying behind a [square] today and found a little girl hiding in a parked car, her tears streaking the dirt on her face.\n\nHer name is Lily. Her dad had been keeping her safe since the zed started to rise, but a few days ago he came down with a fever that left him bedridden and useless. Lily had set out on her own to find antibiotics.\n\nShe's cagey and refuses to say where they're staying. I'm worried her father might not even be alive anymore.

medicineStranger\_2= We met a young girl named Lily today when she crashed a car into our wall. She must be about 8 years old, so small her feet couldn't reach the pedals. But she was trying, she said, to find medicine for her dad, who was delirious and coughing up blood back at their safehouse.\n\nThat was a week ago. We might have some medicine that could help, but from the sound of it her dad could already be gone. It might be better for Lily if we can convince her to stay with us.

medicineStranger\_3= We found a little girl picking through garbage outside our wall this morning. Her hair was black with grime and I'm not sure when she last ate. She told me her name was Lily.\n\nI asked her how she had survived this long and she told me her dad had been keeping her safe, but now that he's come down with a fever, Lily's out searching for some way to make him better.\n It looks like she might have been on her own for awhile. We could give her some medicine, but is her father even still alive out there?

medicineStranger\_option1= Give her 5 medicine

medicineStranger\_option2= Convince her to stay (lvl 5 leader)

medicineStranger\_option3= Turn her away

medicineStranger\_outcome1= Lily's eyes widened when I handed her the package of antibiotics and before I could offer to go with her, she turned and disappeared into [CityName]'s ruined streets.

medicineStranger\_outcome2= During a long, difficult talk, we explained to Lily that her father had sent her away not to find medicine, but because he didn't want her to watch him die. Going back would be too dangerous now, and no use to him. Staying with us, where it is safe, is what her father would have wanted.\n\nAfter a long cry and some hot soup, Lily agreed to stay. She hasn't said much since then, but I think this is for the best.

medicineStranger\_outcome3= I apologized to Lily and told her that we couldn't help her. She choked back her tears as best she could and told me it was OK.\n\nShe put her small hands on mine, thanked me for my time and then turned and wandered dejectedly back into [CityName's] dark streets.

medicineStrangerReturn\_title= Lily returns

medicineStrangerReturn\_1= Lily and her guardian came by the fort today to thank us for the medicine we gave her. They're both doing a lot better and have asked to join us. It means another couple of mouths to feed, but how could I say "No" to that face?

resourceMedicineFaction\_title= A case of bad air

resourceMedicineFaction\_1= [FactionLeader] says one of [factionHis] people has come down with a bad case of the [mumps|measles|chicken pox]. Diseases like this should have been eradicated long ago using vaccines, but some people refused to get their shots for superstitious reasons. We could have eradicated [mumps|measles|chicken pox]... instead now it's coming back to hurt the next generation.\n\n[FactionLeader]'s asking if we have medicine to spare. Do we?

resourceMedicineFaction\_2= [FactionLeader's] always been so cocky, it's kind of gratifying to see [factionHim] brought low by a simple flu bug. [FactionHe] came by with some of [factionHis] crew to ask if we have any [stomach medicine|antibiotics|nausea medication] to spare.\n\nNow I'm kind of wishing I hadn't shaken [factionHis] hand just now.

resourceMedicineFaction\_3= [FactionLeader] stopped by to request some antibiotics from us. [FactionHe] claims [factionHe] [stepped on a rusty nail|walked into some barbed wire|got a nasty splinter] and the wound has gotten infected.\n\nI'm not sure I buy it. [FactionLeader] didn't become the leader of [faction] by being that careless. Of course, if [factionHe] does really need it, the gratitude could be worth it. We need all the friends we can get out here.

resourceMedicineFaction\_option1= Give [factionHim] 5 medicine

resourceMedicineFaction\_option2= Offer to treat the patient

resourceMedicineFaction\_option3= Say no

resourceMedicineFaction\_outcome1= [Faction] are a little stronger now, whether they actually needed the medicine or not. I just hope [FactionLeader] remembers where [factionHe] got it from.

resourceMedicineFaction\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] got really defensive when I suggested our people might be able to help... [factionHe] seems to think we don't believe [factionHim], and says their doctors are perfectly capable of treating patients without our help.\n\nI guess we either give [factionHim] the medicine, or we don't.

resourceMedicineFaction\_outcome3= I told [factionHim] we didn't have any to spare. [FactionLeader's] just going to have to find someone else to mooch off of.

measureOfCharacter\_title= Measure of Character

measureOfCharacter\_1= [FormalName] was out in the city digging the ruins of an old [fruit cart|travel trunk|tool box], looking for [any seeds that might have survived|a serviceable pair of pants|a set of pliers that wasn't just a ball of rust and plastic] when [he] heard a cry for help.\n\nOutside on the street [he] saw a ragged figure lying in the middle of the street, zombies approaching from all sides. This was bad situation, but [Name] knew exactly what [he] had to do.

measureOfCharacter\_2= [FormalName] went out to investigate some noise near the [square] where [he] was [missioning]. The scene [he] found hit [him] really hard.\n\nA [group of bandits, wearing matching bandannas and way too much leather|pack of mangy coyotes|collection of zed in bedraggled McNoodles uniforms] had stumbled on a caravan of survivors. They'd been slaughtered... all except a small bundle wrapped in swaddling cloth that the [bandits|drooling animals|minimum wage zombies] were [poking at with stick|sniffing around|picking at].

measureOfCharacter\_3= [FormalName] was out taking a quiet break from [missioning] when [he] heard a commotion inside a nearby house.\n\nDeciding to take a poke around, he found a [horde of vicious rats|pack of rabid terriers|flock of black ravens] tearing at the remains of a an old sleeping bag. Guessing from the high-pitched cries coming from inside, the [vermin|dogs|birds] had something trapped in there and were trying to make a meal of it.

measureOfCharacter\_option1= Run to the rescue!

measureOfCharacter\_option2= Run away!

measureOfCharacter\_option3= Watch in horror

measureOfCharacter\_outcome1= To hear [Name] tell the story, it was an epic fight. The attackers came at [him] from all sides but, despite their number, none proved [his] equal.\n\nUnfortunately the "victim" [he] saved turned out to be [\*an angry raccoon that hissed and ran off|a headless 'Weeping Amy' doll with a malfunctioning voice circuit|a strange collection of wind-chimes and springs that sounded disturbingly like a fussy baby]. Still, if we ever need to find a brave person to charge into danger, we know who to call.

measureOfCharacter\_outcome1\_effect= Gained Brave perk

measureOfCharacter\_outcome2= Some might call [Name] a coward, but I say [he] was just being smart. Sure, [he] may have left an innocent [\*man|woman|child] to be mauled to death back there... but at least [he] saved [his] own sorry hide and is still here to tell the story.

measureOfCharacter\_outcome2\_effect= Gained Coward perk

measureOfCharacter\_outcome3= It was... pretty gruesome. Well, [he] couldn't actually see much from where [he] was watching, unable to move. But [he] thought there might have been some blood. After a few minutes, the noise eventually stopped.\n\nA long time later, [Name] crept away in shame.

measureOfCharacter\_outcome3\_effect= Gained Coward perk

witnessMiracle\_title= It's a Miracle!

witnessMiracle\_1= It was [FormalName]'s bad luck to be patrolling the south wall when half a dozen zed breached a weak spot we thought the [\*duct tape|chewing gum|packed mud] had sealed off.\n\nThey came at [him] so fast [he] didn't have time to cry for help. It was the crash of the [\*sink hole suddenly opening up under the zed, dropping them into a 20 foot pit|nearby tree toppling over, burying the zed in it's branches|nearby building giving way, catching the zed in an avalanche of bricks and broken glass] that saved [him].

witnessMiracle\_2= Disposal detail. The least pleasant part of guard duty; cleaning up the bodies of the undead that pile up against our outer walls. That's what [FormalName] was doing when [he] found [himself] in the path of a [horde of slavering undead|stampede of elk in rut|sea of zombie rats], with no cover to speak of.\n\nWhen it looked like all was lost, [\*something under the city streets exploded, scattering|a building toppled over, burying|a bus of hopped-up gangsters came flying out one of the alleys, crashing straight into] the [horde|herd|swarm]. The chaos swept past [Name] and left [him] completely unharmed.

witnessMiracle\_3= [FormalName] was [\*taking a little siesta from guard duty in an old industrial exhaust pipe|poking around in the sewers to make sure they were sealed off] when [he] was struck with a vision.\n\nWe're talking glowing lights and angelic chorus here. Sounds amazing. I kind of wish the rest of us could have seen it.\n\nWe're not sure how long it lasted, but [Name] was seriously dazed afterwards and couldn't focus on anything for hours.

witnessMiracle\_option1= It must have been a miracle

witnessMiracle\_option2= Try to figure what happened

witnessMiracle\_outcome1= I think that may have been one of those "born again" moments, 'cause we found [Name] on [his] knees, devoutly thanking the almighty for [his] deliverance.\n\nI guess we've got another church-goer. Not that I'm complaining, of course. It should at least keep [him] out of trouble.

witnessMiracle\_outcome1\_effect= Gained Devout perk

witnessMiracle\_outcome2= We found [name] still poking around the area trying to figure out some logical explanation behind what happened.\n\nI suggested maybe there was someone looking out for [him], you know, \_up there\_... but [he] wasn't buying it.\n\nGuess [he]'s more the skeptical sort than we gave [him] credit for.

witnessMiracle\_outcome2\_effect= Gained Skeptic perk

thornInPaw\_title= Thorn in the Paw

thornInPaw\_1= I think [FormalName] needs bigger traps. The [\*raccoon cub|little duck|young coyote] [he] caught in [his] snare would barely make full meal. Plus, the way it was looking at [him] with those big soulful eyes made [him] feel like a bit of heel.\n\nShould we let the critter go free?

thornInPaw\_2= [FormalName] was out hunting today when [he] heard the most pitiful cries coming from behind a set of shrubs. Seems [his] trap had caught the leg of a [bear cub|moose calf|wolverine pup] that was calling for help.\n\nThankfully the mother didn't seem to be anywhere in sight. Still, there's not going to be much meat on a little thing like that. Should we let it go?

thornInPaw\_3= [FormalName] knew from the sound of the snap that one of [his] traps had a new occupant. Unfortunately, all [he] found inside was a [\*skunk kit|snake hatchling|rat pup] that hissed at [him] from its tiny mouth.\n\nI'm not sure I'd want to eat that, even if there was any real meat on it. Should we let it go?

thornInPaw\_option1= Let it go free

thornInPaw\_option2= Butcher it for food

thornInPaw\_outcome1\_success= We could have used that meager amount of food, but [Name] is too much of an animal lover. The way that little creature frolicked off like it didn't have a care in the world, I kind of envy it.

thornInPaw\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Gained Animal Lover perk

thornInPaw\_outcome1\_fail= After [he] got the little fella out of that bind, [Name] let it have a quick sniff of [his] hand. Awwww... so cute. [His] eyes started to water, but not with emotion. It was a- aah- aaaahlergies. [He] sneezed loudly, making the little creature jump and bolt out of there.\n\nSeems the critter triggered [Name's] allergies something fierce. Guess we're going to have to try to keep animals away from [him] from now on.

thornInPaw\_outcome1\_fail\_effect= Gained Allergic to Pets perk

thornInPaw\_outcome2= You know how it goes: the cuter they look, the better they taste. Sure, it's not a lot of food, but every little bit helps.

ostracized\_title= In the doghouse

ostracized\_1= I'm not sure what [he] ate, but [FormalName] has had the worst gas recently. It's like [\*a couple zed crawled up his ass and started a cat-fight|a motor-bike run on rotten eggs run through a dorm|skunk's belching every 5 minutes].\n\n[His] bowels are making it really hard for [his] roommates to get any sleep at all. Do we want to force [him] to stay outside while this works its way through [his] system?

ostracized\_2= You know the expression "Sawing wood?" [FormalName's] snoring's sounds like [he]'s using a [\*gas-powered belt-grinder|double-bladed chainsaw|army of asthmatic beavers] to saw [his] logs.\n\n[He] must have caught a sinus infection or something, and [his] housemates are complaining. Do we force [him] to sleep outside while this thing clears up?

ostracized\_3= I've heard of people talking in their sleep, but [FormalName's] been having full-on debates recently.\n\nThis might be entertaining if it was just an occasional thing, but the repeated midnight arguments [he] about [\*custard-flavored hair gel|giant eel fighting|what brand of tea the undead prefer] is making it hard for [his] roommates to get any shut-eye. Do we force [him] to sleep outside for a bit?

ostracized\_option1= Make [him] sleep outside

ostracized\_option2= Tough it out

ostracized\_outcome1\_success= Turns out [Name] really likes sleeping outside. Can't get enough of it, in fact. I guess if [he]'s going to stay out there permanently, we've got another bed going free.

ostracized\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Gained Camper perk

ostracized\_outcome1\_fail= [Name's] unhappy about being forced to sleep outside. As some kind of revenge [he] also stopped showering, and has embraced a kind of pungent wildness. Now [he] smells worse than ever and [his] roommates are no happier than before.

ostracized\_outcome1\_fail\_effect= Gained Stinky perk

ostracized\_outcome2= The lack of sleep is going to hurt overall morale for a little while, at least for whoever draws the short straw and has to sleep within a hundred feet of the [guy].\n\nBut [Name] is one of us. Doesn't matter how many of us want to smother [him] with a pillow at 4 in the morning, [he] still has [his] right to a warm bed indoors.

stopThief\_title= Stop! Thief!

stopThief\_1= [FormalName] just caught a stranger poking through our stores; an older man with wiry hair, a face smeared with grime and a stench coming off him like you wouldn't believe. When [Name] confronted the thief, the man grabbed {1} and bolted out of the fort.\n\nShould [Name] follow him? It might take a while to catch up with him.

stopThief\_2= When [FormalName] went to check out the noises coming from our storage shed, [he] made sure to bring a weapon.\n\nTurns out what [he] really needed was a good pair of running shoes. [He] interrupted [\*an indignant-looking raccoon|an angry escaped monkey|a mangy-looking retriever] that was rummaging through our stuff. It growled at [him] in surprise then bolted through a gap in our wall with {1} in its mouth!\n\nShould [Name] try to run it down and get our stuff back?

stopThief\_3= A strange child was the last thing [FormalName] expected to find playing in our storage closet, but there she was, [\*gap-teeth|backwards baseball cap|snotty nose] and all.\n\n[Name] tried to talk to the little girl, but she just screamed and ran out, still clasping our {1} tightly in her hands.\n\nThe last [Name] saw of her, the kid was disappearing into [CityName's] dark streets.\n\nShould [he] try to track her down?

stopThief\_option1= Give chase!

stopThief\_option2= Forget it

stopThief\_outcome1\_success= We expected [Name] back by sundown, but [he] wasn't. Then another day passed with no word.\n\nWhen [he] finally strode back through our gate that evening, [he] was tired and a little skinnier than when [he] left, but had our {1} safely in hand.\n\n[He] said the experience was cleansing, that [he] had fasted and focused.\n\nNot sure exactly what [he] meant by that, but I suppose that's more rations for the rest of us.

stopThief\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Gained Half Rations perk

stopThief\_outcome1\_fail= We expected [Name] back by sundown, but [he] wasn't. Then another day passed.\n\nWhen [he] finally strode back through our gate that evening with {1}, [he] was exhausted and ravenous. Seems the running all over [CityName] really took it out of [him].\n\nThe way [he] was going for third course at dinner, I think the experience may have changed [him], or certainly [his] appetite at least.

stopThief\_outcome1\_fail\_effect= Gained Double Rations perk

stopThief\_outcome2= It sucks to lose {1}, but I can't blame [Name] for not going after the thief. Not when they're charging headlong into the zed-filled streets of [CityName].

quietTooQuiet\_title= It's Quiet... Too Quiet

quietTooQuiet\_1= [FormalName] was [missioning] out in the [square] earlier today when the hairs on the back of [his] neck suddenly stood on end. Looking around [he] realized [he] was just feet away from [\*tripping over a length of fishing line that had been stretched across the road|stepping into a hole hidden by leaves and old fitness magazines]. This place is booby-trapped!\n\nShould [Name] stay and try to complete the mission? Chances are this isn't the only trap here.

quietTooQuiet\_2= It wasn't so much the [\*poorly concealed sniper's nest|shadows of people hidden just around the corner] that told [FormalName] [he] was walking into a trap, as it was the [\*incessant giggling|whispered comments of "Closer... Just a little closer"] coming from behind a large pile of rubble a few feet away.\n\nShould [Name] continue [missioning] in the square? It could be dangerous... Scratch that, it will be dangerous.

quietTooQuiet\_option1= Sneak through

quietTooQuiet\_option2= Get out of there

quietTooQuiet\_outcome1\_succeed= [Name] slipped in and out of there like a total ninja. I don't even think whoever set the trap ever knew [he] was even there. Nicely done [Name]!

quietTooQuiet\_outcome1\_succeed\_effect= Gained Ninja perk

quietTooQuiet\_outcome1\_fail= When it looks like a trap and smells like a trap, it's probably a trap. [Name] barely made it out of there in one piece, and [his] leg looks bad enough that [he]'s going to have a permanent limp once [he] recovers. We better be careful what missions we send [him] on from here on out. [His] clumsiness has already got [him] in trouble once.

quietTooQuiet\_outcome1\_fail\_effect= Gained Clumsy perk

quietTooQuiet\_outcome2= It's too bad that [Name] wasted [his] time, but better safe than sorry. We'll have other chances to go [missioning], and come more prepared next time.

reallyBadDay\_title= The Dreadful, Disappointing, Really Bad Day

reallyBadDay\_1= [FormalName] is not having a good week. We ran out of [his] favourite [\*raisins|oatmeal|wheat grass], every time [he] goes outside it [\*rains|hails], and [he] hasn't got a wink of sleep since that family of [\*possums|owls|squirrels] set up their nest outside [his] bedroom window.\n\nMaybe he could use a day off.

reallyBadDay\_2= [FormalName] is having a bad morning. [He] missed breakfast, someone stole [his] only bar of soap and the [\*goose|squirrel|raccoon] living in the outhouse attacked [him] when [he] tried to use it.\n\n[He]'s been a funk ever since. We could try and talk [him] out of it, or we could just give [him] some time off.

reallyBadDay\_3= [FormalName] has had better days. [He] managed to set [his] [\*jacket|pants|hair] on fire while trying to cook lunch, lunch ran off while [he] was putting out the fire and the zed almost caught [him] twice while [he] was running after it.\n\n[He]'s now off in a corner, sulking. Do we want to try and cheer [him] up? Or should we just give [him] some time off to get this out of [his] system.

reallyBadDay\_option1= Give [him] some life advice

reallyBadDay\_option2= Give [him] some time off

reallyBadDay\_outcome1\_success= Life hasn't gotten any better for [Name], but [he] seems to be taking it in stride. I mean, these annoyances are just little things, and in the big picture... well let's not think too hard about the big picture. Let's just focus on the good parts of today: we're alive, aren't we?\n\nI like easygoing people. They'll put up with a lot more of my crap.

reallyBadDay\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Gained Easygoing perk

reallyBadDay\_outcome1\_fail= The little things that are bugging [Name] today are obviously just symptoms of a bigger problem. The constant stress, the horror, lost loved ones... We talked about that for awhile, and [he] realized I was right.\n\nUnfortunately, this only made [him] far more depressed. [He]'s becoming a real downer to be around.

reallyBadDay\_outcome1\_fail\_effect= Gained Downer perk

reallyBadDay\_outcome2= It's going to hurt to be down another survivor for a couple days, but it sure beats [him] having a mental break down during the next zombie attack.

groupActivities\_title= All For One and One For All

groupActivities\_1= I know [FormalName] wants to be self-sufficient, but trying to [\*cook a vegan dinner for the entire fort|build an outdoor shower complex|pigeon-proof the dorms] all by [himself] is kind of crazy.\n\nShould we assign someone else to help [him]?

groupActivities\_2= [FormalName's] complaining that the team [\*patching up the canteen roof|boarding up the raccoon holes in the storehouse|clearing poison ivy out of our fields] is doing a terrible job. [He] wants to step in and show them all how it's done.\n\nShould we let [him] take over?

groupActivities\_3= [FormalName's] been trying to [\*build a scale model of the city|put together a newsletter] in [his] spare time, just for fun. But it's going to take [him] ages to get that together all by [himself]. Should we find some people to help [him] out?

groupActivities\_option1= Let [him] do it [himself]

groupActivities\_option2= Get [him] to work with a team

groupActivities\_outcome1= I'll give [Name] this, [he] did an amazing job. Unfortunately [he] now thinks [he] can do everything by [himself].\n\nI'm not saying being a loner's a bad thing, but sometimes it helps to have someone watching your back. Especially when you find yourself surrounded by zed.

groupActivities\_outcome1\_effect= Gained Loner perk

groupActivities\_outcome2\_success= I assigned [FormalName2] to help with the project, and the two of them seemed to hit it off. In fact I think [Name] learned something about the value of working with a team, and will be more of a team-player from now on.

groupActivities\_outcome2\_success\_effect= Gained Team Player perk

groupActivities\_outcome2\_fail= Well, that didn't work out. [Name] eventually chased everyone else off the project with [his] insistence on perfection. [FormalName2] took it personally and now refuses to work with [him]. We better keep the two of them apart from now on.

groupActivities\_outcome2\_fail\_effect= [Name] and [Name2] are now enemies

riggedTrial\_title= Rigged Trial

riggedTrial\_1= [FormalName] was just grabbed by [faction]. They claim [he] [\*set fire to their flag|shot at one their scouts|stole one of their trucks].\n\nI'm sure [Name] wasn't involved, but it sounds like they're looking to deal out some frontier justice unless [he] promises "never to take up arms against [faction] or anyone else, ever again."

riggedTrial\_2= We just got word that [FormalName] has been captured by [faction]. They're putting [him] on trial for, of all things, [\*cattle rustling|public indecency|insulting [FactionLeader]].\n\nIt sounds like [he]'s going to get a taste of the lash unless [he] swears some sort of vow of nonviolence.

riggedTrial\_3= [Faction] has arrested [FormalName] and is trying [him] in some sort of kangaroo court. I know [he]'s a little rough around the edges but [he]'d never [\*assault one of their engineers|throw zombie heads over their wall|sabotage their water pipes].\n\nIt's a trumped up charge, but they say [he]'s due for a stiff caning unless [he] promises to never pick up a weapon again.

riggedTrial\_option1= Take the punishment

riggedTrial\_option2= Vow to be a pacifist

riggedTrial\_option3= Talk them out of it (respect 75%)

riggedTrial\_outcome1= [Name] is a tough one, I'll give [him] that. [He] was black and blue by the time [faction] was done with [him], but [he] still strode back into the fort without any help, head held high.\n\n[He] collapsed not long after and needs a couple days off. We're drawing straws to see who has to be the one to tell [him] that.

riggedTrial\_outcome1\_effect= Gained Toughness

riggedTrial\_outcome2= [Name] has sworn never again pick up a weapon again and [he] seems to mean it. [He]'ll still do guard duty, but only to warn others of impending danger.\n\nOn the plus side, [Faction] seem really pleased about this and with our attitude of nonviolence. Might just be because they think they're stronger than we are now.

riggedTrial\_outcome2\_effect= Gained Pacifism perk

riggedTrial\_outcome3= [Name] has been let go after a long discussion with [FactionLeader]. It seems they didn't really think [he]'d done it in the first place, but have a policy of publicly punishing someone at least once a month to maintain order.

hobbyCar\_title= Hobby Car

hobbyCar\_1= I'm not sure what to do with [FormalName]. I found [him] shoving the remains of some old [\*hot rod|muscle car|gas guzzler] through the front gate this morning. Seems the thing caught [his] eye and [he]'s determined to try to get it going again.\n\nI suppose it could be a good learning experience for [him]. Should we give [him] time off to try to get it working? Or ask [him] to take the piece of junk apart and see what makes it tick? Maybe get some useful scrap out of it at least.

hobbyCar\_2= Everyone remembers their first love. Their [\*curves|strength|fiery passion]. How [\*they lit up the night sky|they moved you]. The way they could [\*transport half-a-ton of construction equipment|ford a foot-deep stream without getting a speck of rust on their cab|grip tight to the road, even in the iciest of conditions]...\n\nLooks like [FormalName] has found [himself] one such love. An [\*El Camino|old SUV] that looks like it's seen better days. I don't know if [he]'ll be able to get the thing working, but [he] might learn a thing or two if [he] takes it apart.

hobbyCar\_3= I never took [FormalName] for a car person, but [he]'s had [his] head stuffed into the hood of an old [\*Ferrari|Lotus|Tesla] for a couple of days now.\n\nThe thing was hot stuff back in the day, but I don't know how much use it'll be now with the roads so full of zed. That's assuming [he] can even get the thing working. Maybe we should just get [him] to take it apart for scrap.

hobbyCar\_option1= Let [him] fix it

hobbyCar\_option2= Take the car apart

hobbyCar\_outcome1\_success= I can't believe [Name] actually got that hunk of junk running. It made it easier that we had a proper workshop for [him] to use I suppose. [He]'s happy as a clam now in [his] new car.

hobbyCar\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Gained Driver perk

hobbyCar\_outcome1\_fail= [Name] got it to run, once, for about two blocks before [\*the front axle cracked right in two|engine burst into flames|gas tank fell out of the bottom of the car], taking the rest of the car with it. Too bad we didn't have a proper workshop for [him] to use.\n\nOn the bright side [he] had a great time working on it. That's what really matters.

hobbyCar\_outcome2= [Name] was sad to pull [his] beauty to pieces, but [he] really got in to the experience, learning as much as [he] could about every piece [he] dismantled.\n\n[He] even [\*started to write a book about the experience|put together a presentation describing the process]. We may just have a scholar on our hands here.

hobbyCar\_outcome2\_effect= Gained Scholar perk

badDreams\_title= Bad Dreams

badDreams\_1= [FormalName] has always suffered from insomnia, and it's been especially bad lately. Though, to be fair, that whole affair with the zombie hiding [under [his] bed|in [his] closet] probably didn't help.\n\nMy granny taught me an old herbal remedy we could try. Sure, it [\*also used to made her giggle uncontrollably|might have been what finally killed her|was also her solution for cleaning blocked drains], but at this point I'm not it could make things worse.

badDreams\_2= This is the fifth night in a row [FormalName] has woken up screaming at the top of [his] lungs. Aside from waking everyone else up, [he]'s going to [\*bring the zombies down on our heads|destroy [his] vocal cords|crack the window pane] if [he] keeps this up.\n\nI read an article once about a relaxation tonic made from [snake mucus|duck tears|rabbit's toenails]. I admit, I'm not sure about the author's credentials, but the placebo effect might help. Just tell [him] [snakes|ducks|rabbits] don't have nightmares.

badDreams\_3= I woke up early this morning to find [FormalName] [\*playing connect the dots on [his] ceiling tiles|carving snowmen out of bars of homemade soap|talking to the mold growing on the walls of [his] room]. I think this is the fourth night [he]'s gone without sleep.\n\nIt's not healthy, and [he] could hurt someone if [he]'s too sleep deprived to shoot straight. I know an old First Nations remedy I could whip up that's supposed to help you sleep. I'm just not sure of the side effects...

badDreams\_option1= Give [him] the tonic

badDreams\_option2= Use real prescription (-2 medicine)

badDreams\_option3= Do nothing

badDreams\_outcome1= Well, the concoction got [him] to sleep, but [he]'s been acting a little weird since. Not the creepy "[\*I'm going to stab you in your sleep|watch you in the shower|sit and stare at you]" sort of weird. More... the "[\*climbing onto the rooftops and cawing like a rooster every morning|organizing all of the forts cutlery by weight|picking the fourth leaf off of every sunflower]" sort of weird.\n\nEccentric, but happy.

badDreams\_outcome1\_effect= Gained Eccentric perk

badDreams\_outcome2= Better to go with actual scientifically tested medicine than some weird home remedy. Unfortunately some of these pills are expired, so they've probably lost some potency. I didn't tell [Name] that though; I figure it's better than nothing.\n\nLooks like they worked. [He]'s sleeping much better now that [he]'s taking them.

badDreams\_outcome3= [Name] still isn't sleeping, but at least [he]'s learned to sleep lightly and not to wake the rest of us up anymore. Having another light sleeper to keep watch at night never hurts.

badDreams\_outcome3\_effect= Gained Light Sleeper perk

expertTeacher\_title= Those Who Can't, Teach

expertTeacher\_1= Gustav brought [an elderly woman in a wheelchair|a very fragile looking old lady|a tough and sun-wrinkled woman in her 80's] by today with his caravan. She was a little hard to understand with her [\*having no teeth|muttering all the time|thick accent] but Gustav says she's a master {1} and looking to sell her training skills.\n\n\_"Ees worth any price"\_ he says, but her price is indeed high: {2}. She's picked out three survivors who she says are eligible.

expertTeacher\_2= You know how in fantasy stories there's always some [wizard|sage|witch|crone] that's looking to pass on esoteric life advice to the hero? Well we've met the perfect modern day example of that today.\n\nGustav brought the elderly {1} by with his caravan, and set her up in a house nearby. She identified three of our survivors who she'd be willing to teach, but it's going to cost us {2}.

expertTeacher\_3= Gustav introduced us to an elderly woman today who claims to be a master {1}. She's certainly frail enough that you've got to wonder how she survived so long.\n\n\_"Dis woman,"\_ said Gustav, getting into salesman mode, \_"she livink for two years alone, no problem. She only come when I tell her she can be rich woman."\_\n\nRich indeed; she wants {2} in exchange for training one of our survivors. She's very particular with who she'll teach.

expertTeacher\_option1= Teach [FormalName]

expertTeacher\_option2= Teach [FormalName2]

expertTeacher\_option3= Teach {3}

expertTeacher\_option4= No thank you

expertTeacher\_teach= I'll give the old {1} this, she did really know her stuff. By the time [Name] returned, [his] head was so stuffed with knowledge [he] [was in a bit of a daze|had to rush to write it all down].

expertTeacher\_teach\_effect= +1 level and gained {2} perk

expertTeacher\_outcome2= I told Gustav this is the kind of classicism we'd like to eradicate, where knowledge is only available to those who can afford higher education. Knowledge should be free.\n\nHe and the {1} didn't seem to agree, and Gustav was particularly annoyed at us. I'm guessing he was supposed to get a hefty cut of the woman's fee too.

perkPreacher\_title= Preach it [Brother]

perkPreacher\_1= [FormalName's] been proselytizing up a storm at that little church. [Name2] heard the good word and has become a devout follower.

perkPreacher\_2= I've never held too much with religious stuff myself, but I understand that people need something to believe in, and [FormalName's] doing a fine job of getting people believin' from that pulpit of [hiss].\n\n[Name2's] even come round to [his] way of thinkin' and has been helping out round the church. Cleaning pews, polishing windows, and making sure the vestry is properly stocked with armaments should the dead come a-callin'.

perkPreacher\_3= I always thought that [FormalName] was the quiet sort, but you put [him] in a church and [he] starts speaking with the fiery passion that well and true inspires others.\n\n[Name2] one of the latest [he]'s inspired and, I have to say, is doing a lot better for it. Leastwise we haven't caught [him2] [crying in bathroom|screaming at the seagulls|scratching those weird signs in the walls] for almost a week now.

perkEntertainer\_title= That's Entertainment

perkEntertainer\_1= [FormalName] brought a guitar along while we were [missioning] at the [square]. It didn't seem appropriate at first, but then we got into it. Before we knew it we were all singing along to [Sweet Home Alabama|American Pie|Hotel California|Home For A Rest].\n\nGod I hate that song.

perkEntertainer\_2= It was all we could do to keep things together when the undead showed up while we were out [missioning] at the square. I probably would have lost it if hadn't been for [FormalName's] wisecracks.\n\nWatching [him] call the creatures names, crack jokes, and generally make a fool of [himself] as we gunned the zed down almost makes the zombie killing business fun.

perkEntertainer\_3= Given how edgy everyone's been, I've been avoiding [FormalName] what with [his] habit of yappin' away to everyone and I got to say, that was probably a mistake.\n\n[Name] was out with us [missioning] the other day and got us all talkin' about near everything. Our hopes, our dreams, even [what color of picket fence we'd have around our dream home|which flavor ice cream we think would work best on pizza|where we were when we met our first zed].\n\nI gotta say, we came back from the [square] feelin' a whole sight better than when we left.

perkHoarder\_title= Bonus Scavenged Materials

perkHoarder\_1= I admit I doubted [Name's] compulsive hoarding would ever be useful, but [his] eye for junk that any sane person would overlook has paid off again.

perkHoarder\_2= Being a pack rat has its uses. Not only does [Name] usually have whatever it is you need on hand, the extra stuff [he] finds when out scavenging is nothing short of amazing.\n\nI just wish [he]'d let us clear all those [stale beer bottles|little horse dolls|soldier's helmets] out of [his] room. You can't see the floor and its starting to smell in there.

perkHoarder\_3= [Name's] obsessive compulsion saves the day again! Leastwise [he] wouldn't leave the area until [he]'d dug through every [dumpster|porta-potty|plastic shopping bag] [he] could find. And we ended up with extra supplies out of it, so I can't really complain.

perkGoodCook\_title= Good Cook

perkGoodCook\_1= They say hunger is the best spice, but I think [cumin|black pepper]'s a close second. For lunch [FormalName] whipped us up a stew so succulent you almost couldn't tell it had no meat in it. I'm happy to be vegetarian with this [guy] in the fort.\n\nI'm so stuffed now I can barely move, I'm skipping dinner.

perkGoodCook\_2= [FormalName] really knows [his] way around a kitchen. Tonight [he] turned some [canned peas|saltine crackers|sprouted potatoes|expired mayo] and [ketchup|weeds|spam|cough medicine|Kraft dinner] into a serious feast. The [guy]'s a magician.\n\nI feel like I won't need to eat again for a week.

perkGoodCook\_3= I'm not sure how [Name] managed to turn those couple of [squirrels|raccoons|seagulls] [he] caught into a meal fit to feed the whole fort, but I ain't complaining about the results.\n\nDon't mind me. I'm just gonna slip into a food coma now. Wake me tomorrow.

perkGreenThumb\_title= Green Thumb

perkGreenThumb\_1= The bigger grocery store tomatoes used to get, the more watery they tasted. Well, [Name's] found some way to grow gigantic tomatoes with all the flavor of a little cherry one. If you don't let the color throw you off... [he] says black is perfectly normal for some varieties.

perkGreenThumb\_2= [FormalName] won't tell me [his] farming secret, but the [guy]'s been sticking [his] green thumb into everything and making it grow like mad. I think that [he] secretly sings to them... but I can't prove it.

perkGreenThumb\_3= The way [FormalName] spends all day out in the field, you'd almost think the [guy] is a plant [himself], but there's no denying the results. [He]'s got [corn coming out the ears|a head for lettuce|an eye for potatoes].

perkRedecorator\_title= Redecorator

perkRedecorator\_1= Somebody turned an old {1} into a brand new [square] last night. Yes, overnight.\n\n[Name] won't admit it was [him], but [he] keeps asking everybody what we think of the new building. Personally, I like the old color scheme better, but this [square] should be more useful.

perkRedecorator\_2= When [Name] said we could make better use of the old {1}, I just blew [him] off, but [he] was determined to prove me wrong. [He] spent almost every night in there for the past week and when we got up this morning the place had been turned into a brand new [square].\n\nI'm not sure how [he] did that all [himself], but there's no denying it, the [boy]'s got talent.

perkRedecorator\_3= I kind of liked the old {1}. We had one just like it back when I was a kid. But even I've got to admit, we weren't getting a lot of use out of that thing.\n\nSeems [Name] felt that way too. [He]'s been working on cleaning the place up in [his] spare time and has managed to turn it into a fully-functional [square].

perkArtist\_title= Beautiful Walls

perkArtist\_1= We all had to take a break today to admire the new wall [FormalName] just put up around the [square]. It's breathtaking... I've never seen something with such a balance of form and function. It's sturdy and utilitarian, yet seems to move with a fluid beauty.\n\n[That wrecked car chassis on the one end nearly brought tears to my eyes.|The set of pink plastic flamingos give it that extra touch of class.|We would put it in a gallery if it wasn't busy keeping the zombies out.]

perkArtist\_2= [FormalName] found a cache of spray paint and went to town on the new wall around the [square]. [He] painted a massive mural in a glorious communist-propaganda style, to commemorate the rebuilding of [CityName].\n\nIt's a shame the zombies will probably tear it down before the year's out, but that just adds an edge of impermanence to [his] work.

perkArtist\_3= I've never seen [paper mache|a kids playground|blackberry brambles] used that way before, but I've got to say the way [FormalName] has incorporated into the wall surrounding our [square] is stunning.\n\nThe whole structure almost looks as if it was alive... though that may just be the zed [he] trapped in there while [he] was working.

perkFirstAid\_title= Saved by First Aid

perkFirstAid\_1= [FormalName's] medical training really saved [Name2's] hide today. [He2] should have been a goner for sure with a hole that big in [his2] gut. [Name] had to stuff all sorts of nasty things back in there before [he] sewed it up.\n\n[Name2] will still need a few days to recover, but that's a lot better than being dead. Considering the danger, I'd say [he2] was damn lucky.

perkFirstAid\_2= Did you know when someone is unexpectedly impaled, you're not supposed to remove the [pitchfork|broken signpost|rusty piece of rebar] until you're sure you've got a way to stop the bleeding?\n\nLuckily [FormalName] has experience with this sort of thing. With [his] help and a few days' bedrest, [Name2] looks like [he2] is going to pull through.\n\n[Name's] miffed that we sent the two of them into such a dangerous situation in the first place. But it's a good thing [he] was there... I probably would have yanked the thing out, like taking out a splinter.

perkFirstAid\_3= [FormalName] should have been a tailor the way [he] stitched up [Name2's] wound out in the field like that. We better make sure to send [him] along on any other dangerous missions. I don't even think [he2]'s going have a scar once [he2]'s had a few days to heal.\n\nI wonder if [Name] would be able to help me with my [spare pair of underwear|old pair of lime green socks|pair of signature post-apocalyptic leather pants]. They've never been the same since I tore that hole in them.

perkBookworm\_title= Bookworm Research Boost

perkBookworm\_1= [Name's] had [his] nose in one book or another since [he] started researching {1}. We thought [he] was just avoiding work, but [he] ran into the lab today yelling "Eureka!" and grinning ear to ear. I think [he]'s always wanted to do that.\n\nAnyway [his] books had the answer we were looking for and we've figured this {1} thing out early.

perkBookworm\_2= You know, I've been getting real sick of dragging books back to the fort for [Name]. \n\nEvery time we find ourselves in a school or a library it's "Could you carry this, the print almost legible" or "I've always wanted a complete set of '[Encyclopedia Americana|Science Now!|The Magic Boarding School for Juvenile Delinquents]'."\n\nStill, it may have just paid off. When we wanted to research {1}, [he] ran off to [his] bookshelves and came back with the perfect reference text for it. Having that thing on hand cut out hours of man-work.

perkBookworm\_3= [FormalName] absorbs writing. Whenever [he] passes any piece of text, be it a book, a sign, or even just [a government paint requisition form|someone's diary|the meeting minutes from a long dead strata organization] that's been left on a desk somewhere, [he]'s got to stop and read it.\n\nWhile it's made for a few close calls with the zed, it does mean that [he]'s a never ending fountain of obscure bits of trivia. And he had just the info we were looking for when it came to the {1} we've been researching recently. With [his] help we were able to finish up the project in record time.

perkCrafter\_title= Crafter Bonus Items

perkCrafter\_1= [FormalName] produced more {1} than we were expecting, while mysteriously using the same number of parts. [He] says when [he] can't sleep, it soothes [him] to make things, and it helps to pass the time in those terrible endless hours between midnight and dawn.

perkCrafter\_2= You remember that old story of the shoe maker who had a bunch of gnomes creep into his shop every night to secretly make shoes for him? I'm sure [FormalName] has one of those gnomes. There's no way [he] could have put together extra {1} without help.\n\n[He] denies it of course, but I know better. Give me time, I'll prove that [he]'s a gnome lover, make no mistake.

perkCrafter\_3= [FormalName] is always saying "Work smarter, not harder". I felt sure [he]'s just parroting some of those old Sunday-morning motivational cartoons, but there may be something to what [he] says.\n\n[He]'s managed to put together more {1} than the rest of us could have managed in the same amount of time, and [he] doesn't even look winded.

perkDowner\_title= A Real Downer

perkDowner\_1= I hate to say it, but [Name] can be a real Eeyore sometimes. Today we were out [missioning], and just chatting about our favorite old movies and TV shows and stuff. And every time [Name's] like: "Bill Murray? He's dead. Ellen Page? She'll never make another movie. Philip Seymour Hoffman? At least he wasn't around to get eaten by zombies like the rest of them. Lucky bastard."\n\nThinking about all those movies that will never be made now really bummed us out.

perkDowner\_2= We were [missioning] today out at [a] [square], and out of nowhere [Name] suddenly sat down and refused to work. [He] said [he] was "feeling down". I tried to tell [him] we all feel like that and you just gotta keep going. But [he] just kept saying "what's the point" and "why bother, we'll probably be dead tomorrow" until I just gave up and sat there beside [him].\n\nI dunno, maybe [he]'s right.

perkDowner\_3= That [Name] is such a buzzkill, you know? We were out [missioning], and I'm trying to take joy in the little things, like I found this funny pink cowboy hat and I'm dancing around wearing it and doing a funny voice. But [Name] says "The person who owned that hat is dead you know." and told me I should have more respect.\n\nI'm seriously just trying to keep from going crazy myself, okay? I just wish [Name] didn't always bring the rest of us down like that.

perkRebellious\_title= Take this job and shove it

perkRebellious\_1= [FormalName's] refusing to work today. [He]'s supposed to be [missioning], but says [he] can't on account of today being an observation of worker's rights in some country or other. I think [he] just made that up to annoy me, and it's working.\n\nFrom the sound of it this "worker's rights" holiday is going to last a few days for [Name]. Not sure what [his] problem us with authority, but it's causing trouble for the rest of us.

perkRebellious\_2= [FormalName's] refusing to do the job we assigned to [him]. Says that [missioning] isn't fun at all, and that [he] isn't getting enough say in controlling [his] own destiny. That we're stifling [his] "creative freedom".\n\nIf [he] keeps this up, just wait until the zed coming a-knocking. Our guards may choose to exercise their own "creative freedom" and [he] can fend off the zombies by [himself].

perkRebellious\_3= I caught [Name] goofing off today. [He] was supposed to be out [missioning] but [he] blew it off, muttering some crap about [his] horoscope telling [him] not to.\n\nI tried to get [him] back out there but [he] accused me of trying to persecute [him] for [his] religious beliefs.\n\nThis is BS, he's just making this up to get out of work! I've never heard of the "12 Starred House of the Moon Rabbit", and I seriously doubt [he] believes the stars control the movements of the zed.

perkDriver\_title= Fast Driver

perkDriver\_1= [Name's] {1} is so fast, [he] finished [missioning] in half the time today. That [guy] has some serious driving skills. The zombies didn't even have time to get excited, [he] was in and out of that [square] so fast.

perkDriver\_2= That [guy] [Name] says [he] watched every Fast & Furious movie at least five times. Until today I couldn't imagine why you would subject yourself to such torture, but I guess [he] learned some tricks from those movies.\n\n[He] finished [missioning] so fast today it made my head spin.

perkAddict\_title= Bath Salts Addiction

perkAddict\_1= [Name] seems to be hooked on those Bath Salts we've been getting from the Pharmacists. We never noticed it before because [he]'s such a high functioning addict, always showing up to work on time, almost obnoxiously cheery and energetic.\n\nBut now that we've run out of the stuff, it's a different story. [He]'s pale and shaky, jumping at the slightest sound. Horrible night terrors keep [him] from sleeping and [he] can barely get out of bed in the morning.\n\nWhat should we do?

perkAddict\_option1= Go cold turkey

perkAddict\_option2= Call our dealers (need 75 respect)

perkAddict\_option3= Rehab treatment (costs 10 medicine)

perkAddict\_option4= Rehab treatment (Doctor profession)

perkAddict\_outcome1Success= I told [Name] to take as much time and bedrest as [he] needs to get through this. We'll bring [him] chicken soup (or the closest we can manage) and walk on eggshells around [him] until then.\n\n[He] seems determined to kick this addiction to bath salts and is already showing progress.

perkAddict\_outcome1Fail= I told [Name] to take as much time and bedrest as [he] needs to get through this. We'll bring [him] chicken soup (or the closest we can manage) and walk on eggshells around [him] until then.\n\nBut to be honest, I'm not sure [he]'s got the willpower to beat this thing. [He] threw the last bowl of soup in my face, saying if I really wanted [him] to feel better, I'd bring [him] some damn bath salts.

perkAddict\_outcome2= The Pharmacists came to our rescue, giving us 10 doses of Bath Salts on the house. "Everybody reacts differently to withdrawal," Tiff explained as she prepared a dose for [Name]. "Some have no symptoms at all. You think \_[he]'s\_ bad, you should see me without my morning coffee."\n\nWait, the Pharmacists have \_coffee\_ over there? We might be buying the wrong drug from them...

perkAddict\_outcome3= We pumped [Name] full of strong painkillers, and though [he]'s a bit woozy [he] should be able to work in this state. A few days on these babies and [he]'ll forget [he] was ever hooked on Bath Salts. Getting [him] off the painkillers will be a hurdle for another day.

perkAddict\_outcome4= We pumped [Name] full of strong painkillers, and though [he]'s a bit woozy [he] should be able to work in this state. A few days on these babies and [he]'ll forget [he] was ever hooked on Bath Salts. Getting [him] off the painkillers will be a hurdle for another day.

perkAddictSteal\_title= Missing Bath Salts

perkAddictSteal\_1= Someone's been stealing Bath Salts from our supplies. I can't prove who it might have been, but I've got my eye on [Name]. Like the others, [he]'s been using them regularly on dangerous missions, to calm the nerves and keep [him] alert out there. But [he] came to me after hours last week asking for an extra dose "to help [him] get to sleep".\n\nI reminded everyone that nobody should be taking Bath Salts unless they actually need them, and [moved the stash to a different location|put a lock on the box we keep them in].

perkAddictHero\_title= Bloody-Eye Drugs

perkAddictHero\_1= I should be dead. I got pinned down by one of them, its putrid death-breath in my face and dripping infected spittle. While I desperately tried to wrestle it away, two others nearly twisted my feet off trying to get through my reinforced boots. It was beyond bad.\n\nUntil suddenly [Name] tore them off me with [his] bare hands. [He] drove [his] fist through one rotted skull, then threw another across the room. [He] was in some kind of frenzy, his eyes wide and bloodshot, looking like one of the undead themselves. He says he had no idea [he] could be so strong, until [he] started taking those Bath Salts. Now [he] swears by them, and won't go on a mission without a noseful of those crystals. I'm alive today because of it.

cannibalStray\_title= Fragrant Meat

cannibalStray\_1= This morning [Name] shot a stray dog that got into our food stores somehow. Damn thing ate [all the saltines|the last of the digestive cookies|that moldy salami I'd been saving].\n\nYou know, I've heard dogs are a delicacy in China, and we are short on supplies - should we eat the dog?

cannibalStray\_2= A stray mutt broke into one of our houses and almost took [Name's] hand off before [he] caved the dog's skull in with [a shovel|a chair leg|a candlestick|a fireplace poker]. It's a shame, three years ago these dogs were somebody's pet, but now they're feral as wolves in the desperation to survive.\n\nWe're awfully short of meat and it's a decent sized dog. Should we eat the stray?

cannibalStray\_3= A feral dog broke into our canteen last night and was attacking anyone who went into get their coffee this morning. Well, we call it coffee, but it's probably more mud than beans at this point.\n\nWe were forced to shoot the thing in the end. Of course, now we find ourselves with 20 pounds of fresh meat that could full plenty of empty bellies. Do we want to eat the dog?

cannibalStray\_option1= Eat the dog

cannibalStray\_option2= Bury the dog

cannibalStray\_outcome1\_1= [Name] got [his] knives out and chopped us up some meat. [He] sliced it into thin strips and hung it out to dry into jerky. Hopefully it'll be harder to identify that way and will taste just like any other meat.

cannibalStray\_outcome1\_2= I don't think that was the healthiest beast and the meat was a little gamey, but at least we'll have still have the strength to stand come tomorrow.

cannibalStray\_outcome2\_1= We buried the dog. When spring comes the body will help fertilize our tomatoes and string beans. That is if we make it that long.

cannibalStray\_outcome2\_2= We through the dog in a pit and covered it with dirt. Part of me thinks it's a shame to waste the meat, but the little guy reminded me too much of [Mr.Fluffles|Samuel|Jackson Pollock], my old retriever.

cannibalDog\_title= {1} Died

cannibalDog\_1= [Name's] dog {1} saved [his] life today while they were out [missioning]. Some zed came shuffling around the corner behind [him], in that eerily quiet way they walk when they've lost their shoes. {1} jumped into action, barking and leading the zed away from [his] master. But there were too many. By the time [Name] killed them all, {1} was gone.

cannibalDog\_2= I wonder what this city must smell like to a dog. Their noses are thousands of times more sensitive than ours; does that mean they can smell each individual composing body out there?\n\nThat canine sense of smell has saved us many times, but today {1} went one step further and jumped between his master and a zombie. He was loyal to the end.

cannibalDogEat\_1= [Name] would have been a goner if it wasn't for that dog {1}, who died valiantly defending [him] today. Now we've got a decision to make though... food is a serious issue these days, and the meat on this dog could be the difference between life and death for us.\n\nDo we eat it?

cannibalDogEat\_2= [Name] is lucky just to be alive after this morning's fiasco at the [square]... let's just say [he] wasn't paying attention and leave it at that. Unfortunately [his] dog {1} didn't make it through the ordeal.\n\nI hear dog meat doesn't taste too bad, kind of like mutton. Having more protein in our diets might make us more clear headed, so mistakes like this one won't happen again. Should we eat it?

cannibalDog\_option1= Bury {1}

cannibalDog\_option2= Eat the dog's body

cannibalDog\_outcome1\_1= We had a proper burial for {1}. We respect those who give their lives to help rebuild this city, human or otherwise.

cannibalDog\_outcome1\_2= We buried {1} along with our own fallen. We aren't so far gone from civilization yet that we'll stoop to eating loyal pets.

cannibalDog\_outcome2\_1= We said a few words, then cooked and ate poor {1}. I'm not saying I don't feel bad about it, but a dog is a dog and we have to eat.

cannibalDog\_outcome2\_2= {1} was a loyal companion. Everybody was a little sad we had to eat him, but he was just a dog after all.

cannibalEatDead\_title= Eat the Dead

cannibalEatDead\_1= [Name] was a good [man], and we're all going to miss [him]. Life would be less hard if we didn't have to mourn with empty bellies though. Should we add [his] body to our food supply?

cannibalEatDead\_2= We managed to recover [FormalName's] body intact. Which means we will have a proper funeral for [him]... but we don't need to bury the \_whole\_ body. It'd be a shame to waste that meat. Should we eat [Name]?

cannibalEatDead\_3= [FormalName] has died. [His] last words were "Please, let me return to the earth." I know [he] was asking to be buried, but we shouldn't let [his] death be for nothing. I mean, [he]'ll return to the earth eventually, [he]'ll just be taking the scenic route.\n\nShould we eat [his] body?

cannibalEatDead\_4= Now that [FormalName] has finally kicked the bucket, shuffled off [his] mortal coil and joined the choir invisible, we have the question of what to do with [his] remains.\n\nDo we want [his] body pushing up daises in the park, or shall we add it to our food stores so [he] can fill our bellies?

cannibalEatDead\_5= [FormalName's] death is a tragedy. [He] was a generous [man], and we'll all remember [his] small kindnesses that made life just a little better.\n\nThere's one more way [he] can improve our lives, even in death: we have the option of adding [his] body to our food stores. We never really talked about it, but I think it's what [he] would have wanted.

cannibalEatDead\_6= With [FormalName's] last breath, he pleaded with us not to eat [him]. "Not like the others," he begged. To comfort [him] we promised it would never happen... but now that [he]'s gone, [he]'ll never know...

cannibalEatDead\_7= Sadly [FormalName] is dead. I know if it was me, I would want the rest of the fort to have my belongings if it helped them to survive. I guess that would include my body, which could feed someone for weeks if it came to that.

cannibalEatDeadDevout\_1= In life, [FormalName] was a very devout [man]. [He] was always trying to steer us on the right moral path. Though [he] and I had our differences and didn't always see eye to eye, I tried to respect [his] wishes.\n\nThe thing is, [he]'s dead now... and [his] body is just dead meat. Edible dead meat. Maybe even delicious dead meat if we prepare it right. Should we eat [him]?

cannibalEatDeadDevout\_2= Sadly [FormalName] is gone, but we managed to recover [his] body. [He] was a religious [man] and would want a proper burial, but the decision should be up to us, the living.\n\nThe thing is, we living need food. And though [Name] would have hated even considering this, we could add [his] body to our larder. Should we eat [him]?

cannibalEatDeadDevout\_3= [FormalName] turned to religion during the last years of [his] life, and was always lecturing us on our poor moral choices. One thing that particularly disgusted [him] was the thought of eating another human being. [He] forbade us from eating [his] body if [he] ever died, no matter how desperate and starving we were.\n\nWell, now [Name's] dead, we're hungry, and guess what: [he] isn't here to stop us anymore. Should we respect [his] wishes, or eat [his] body?

cannibalEatDeadEatMe\_1= Before [he] died, [FormalName] had a brief moment of clarity through all the pain and delirium. [He] asked us to eat [him], so that we could survive.\n\nWe do need the food... but I used to play poker with the [guy]! We can't eat our friend... can we?

cannibalEatDeadEatMe\_2= [FormalName] died shortly after we got [him] back to the fort, but before that kept repeating "Eat me, eat my body".\n\nStarvation is always around the corner in [CityName]... but has it come to this?

cannibalEatDeadEatMe\_3= [FormalName's] last request before [he] died was that we put [his] body to use and eat it. "It's just a shell," [he] said, "I don't need it anymore. Happy Birthday."\n\nI'm not sure if the birthday reference was a joke or just delirium talking, but we have to decide if we should do what [he] asked us to. Should we eat [him]?

cannibalEatDeadEatMe\_4= When it was obvious that [FormalName] wasn't going to make it, [he] said [his] last wish was that we eat [his] body. The loss of blood must have put [him] in a joking mood, because [he] started listing off recipes for human & potato stew, human & apple sausage, human meatloaf...\n\nUntil with one last chuckle [he] closed [his] eyes for the last time.

cannibalEatDead\_option1= Bury [his] remains

cannibalEatDead\_option2= Eat [his] remains

cannibalEatDead\_outcome1\_1= How shameful that we even considered the idea. We may be hungry, but keeping our humanity is more important than mere survival.

cannibalEatDead\_outcome1\_2= Of course we didn't eat [Name]. The ground's too hard to dig a proper grave, but we laid [him] to rest best we could.

cannibalEatDead\_outcome1\_3= My heart feels better for putting [him] to rest properly, but my stomach is starting to eat itself. Is that really any different than what we were thinking?

cannibalEatDead\_outcome1\_4= We honored [Name] with a funeral pyre, and if the smell of cooking meat wafted by our noses at any point, nobody said a thing."

cannibalEatDead\_outcome2\_1= It's not the way I wanted to say goodbye to [Name], but at least the rest of us will be able to keep going long enough to see a few more days.

cannibalEatDead\_outcome2\_2= Survival is what matters here, and [Name] was given one last opportunity to help us survive after death. We are very grateful for this.

cannibalEatDead\_outcome2\_3= [Name] didn't taste as bad as I was expecting. But I'll tell you what, you people aren't eating me when I die, that's for sure.

cannibalEatDead\_outcome2\_4= It's not so bad if you don't think about it. We cooked the meat up into a stew with what little vegetables we had left, and really you could hardly tell.

cannibalEatDead\_outcome2\_5= You know, I think I'm actually starting to like the taste of so called "long pork". Just wish I had a nice Chianti to wash it down with, maybe some fava beans on the side.

cannibalEatDead\_outcome2\_6= The meat in our bellies means we'll live to see another day, but images of [Name] turning on the spit are going to haunt my dreams.

cannibalCrazy\_title= Eating One Another

cannibalCrazy\_1= [FormalName] was always a bit of creepy [dude], and I don't think all the unusual "meat" in [his] diet is helping. Knocking [Name2] out and trying to fit [him2] in an oven is a step too far.\n\nWe managed to stop [Name] in time, but now we need to figure out what to do with [him]. We can either leave [him] to the tender mercies of the zed outside the walls... or we could allow [him] to "serve" his sentence another way.

cannibalCrazy\_2= Everyone's been at one another's throats like a pack of wild dogs since we started eating that "long pork", but it hit [FormalName] the worst. We found [him] in [his] room yesterday, sharpening a collection of knives while [Name2] lay drugged and unconscious not far away.\n\nWe managed to subdue [Name], but no one is going to feel safe so long as [he] has free roam of the fort. We're either going to have to kick [him] out, or we need to find another solution so [he] never hurts anyone again.

cannibalCrazy\_option1= Jail time and vegetarian diet

cannibalCrazy\_option2= Force [him] to leave

cannibalCrazy\_option3= Kill and eat [him]

cannibalCrazy\_outcome1\_1= We put [Name] up in a prison cell and gave [him] a chard salad for dinner. Well it was all we could find that wasn't human flesh. We really do eat a lot of the stuff these days.\n\nSomehow [he] escaped a few hours later, as if someone helped [him] do it. [He] seems to have left the fort, but I'm worried. I hope we're all safe tonight...

cannibalCrazy\_outcome1\_2= We tried to tame [Name] but [his] madness was farther gone than I'd realized. [He] bit my hand when I came to feed [him] dinner. Hungrily, like a zombie.\n\nNo: like a cannibal.\n\nSometime during the night [Name] hung [himself] in [his] prison cell. It's terrible to say but, [his] death may be for the best. I don't think there's any coming back from where [he] was.

cannibalCrazy\_outcome2\_1= It seems like [Name] certainly lost [his] mind. I feel like we had no choice but to kick [him] out, and [he] seemed to understand why we did it. [He] left willingly.\n\nI haven't told the others, but I've been feeling a little weird myself. Sometimes my hands tremble....

cannibalCrazy\_outcome2\_2= We told [Name] to leave [CityName] and never return. [He] rolled [his] eyes crazily and told me I'd be sorry.\n\nOn cold nights I could swear you can still [him] cackling in the distances, though I sometimes I have to wonder if that isn't my own laughter.

cannibalCrazy\_outcome3\_1= It's only fair. [Name] tried to make a meal out of one of us, so we made a meal out of [him]. Waste not, want not.

cannibalCrazy\_outcome3\_2= Justice has been served... in this case with nice white sauce and a handful of brussels sprouts.

cannibalBadMeat\_title= Bad Meat

cannibalBadMeat\_1= I don't think that last fella we ate was as fresh as we thought.\n\n[FormalName] complained the meat tasted funnier than usual. [He] was looking green around the gills when [he] went to bed last night, and when we checked on [him] in the morning [he] had all the symptoms of being bit.\n\n[Name] turned that afternoon. I guess this is a lesson for us: check people thoroughly for bite marks before you sink your teeth into them.

cannibalBadMeat\_2= We're usually really careful about only eating healthy people, but somebody let some zombie-infected meat into our larder. We're just lucky [FormalName] dug into it for a midnight snack... if we'd served it for dinner it might have infected more of us before we realized.\n\nNow [Name] is dead, and 'cause [he] was infected, we can't eat [him].

cannibalBadMeat\_option1= Throw the rest of the bad meat out

cannibalBadMeat\_option2= Take a chance and eat it

cannibalBadMeat\_outcome1= We threw the rest of that batch of human meat out. Honestly I've lost my appetite for any kind of red meat at all. Maybe we could grow some nice veggies instead?

cannibalBadMeat\_outcome2= No need to throw it out; we'll just cook the rest of the meat to a crisp. That should kill any disease in there, from E. coli to zombieism. No more rare hamburgers (or [Name]burgers) for me thanks.

cannibalGourmand\_title= The Gourmand

cannibalGourmand\_1= There's a celebrity at the gates. [FormalName] was a big-time politician back in the day. I remember he was all over the papers that time he [played footsies with his secretary|revoked all those same-sex marriage licenses|got caught on video smoking hash in somebody's basement].\n\nHe used his influence to get into one of those high-tech military bunker as everything was falling apart, but they managed to eat through their 10-year supply of food in less than 5. He's looking for a new home. Should we let him in?

cannibalGourmand\_option1= Invite him in

cannibalGourmand\_option2= Tell him to get lost

cannibalGourmand\_outcome1\_1= [Name] blustered in and took over in our nicest empty house. [He] refuses to work and has already started stealing food and ordering people around. Everybody hates him, and we can barely feed ourselves, let alone this greedy bastard.\n\nHe can't stay, but he could still be useful.... Should we eat him?

cannibalGourmand\_outcome1\_2= We invited [Name] to join us.\n\nAnnoyingly, [he] refuses to do a lick of work and just sits around all day eating. [He]'s barely been here a day and is already eating us out of house and home, and harasses any woman who comes near him. I'm guessing he didn't get told "No" much in his old life.\n\nWe can't let this continue. We need to get rid of him. The question is, what's the best solution for everyone involved?

cannibalGourmand\_outcome1\_option1= Demand that he leave

cannibalGourmand\_outcome1\_option2= Eat [Name]

cannibalGourmand\_outcome1\_outcome1= We sent [Name] packing. There's no room for him here. I hope he finds his place in the world, so long as people hungrier and meaner than us don't find him first.

cannibalGourmand\_outcome1\_outcome2= Bill was a remnant of the old world, and we gave him a hard lesson about the new. We had no real choice. We have to survive today if we're going to make tomorrow a better place.

cannibalGourmand\_outcome2= We sent the guy packing. He could have used his money and influence to help avert this disaster instead of spending it all on a fortified palace for himself. He can find another group to mooch off of.

carBreakdown\_title= Broke Down

carBreakdown\_1= Spike barriers... those evil things that take out your tires if drive over them the wrong way. Turns out they still work even [\*with a pile of corpses on top of them|when they're covered with so much debris you can't even see them].\n\nThat'll teach [FormalName] to plow through gates without looking. Now the bottom of [his] {1} is all torn up and leaking some green fluid.\n\n[Faction] came over to watch. Not sure if they're willing to help, or just want to laugh at our predicament.

carBreakdown\_2= You've got to be careful driving [CityName's] filthy, cracked streets these days. More careful than [FormalName]. To be fair, [\*how was [he] to know that puddle in the middle of the road was actually oil?|[he]'s run over plenty of bodies before. That one was just extra squishy.|if the city had budgeted for a zombie apocalypse we wouldn't be having this problem.]\n\nNow [his] {1} is [\*wrapped around a lamppost|embedded in a McNoddle's wall|stuck in the muck] and I've got a problem. Oh great, and now here come [faction] to witness this embarrassment.

carBreakdown\_3= I knew my {1} wasn't soundin' too good when I left the fort, but I was hoping it would last one more trip. No such luck. Now [\*I've got smoking engine giving away my position|I'm trying to get the engine to turn over in the middle of a zombie-filled wilderness|I'm picking through the other rusted hunks of junk on the street, looking for parts and hoping none of the zed heard that battery explode].\n\nThings don't look good. I'm going to need some parts from the fort if I'm going to get the thing running again. Otherwise I'm going to have to try to push a couple of tons of metal home. It sure would be handy to have some help if I need to do that.

carBreakdown\_4= [FormalName] knew [his] {1} didn't sound too good when [he] left the fort, but we were hoping it'd last one more trip. No such luck. Now [\*its smoking engine is giving away [his] position|the engine won't turn over and [he]'s in the middle of a zombie-filled wilderness].\n\nThings don't look good. [Faction] are nearby and maybe they'd be willing to help... or someone's going to have to push this hunk of junk home.

carBreakdown\_option1= Ask [faction] for help

carBreakdown\_option2= Come on baby, start (driver perk)

carBreakdown\_option3= Push the {1} home (danger)

carBreakdown\_option4= Abandon it

carBreakdown\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] says they're in a hurry, on their way to [rescue one of their members who should have been back from scavenging yesterday|meet with Gustav for some secret business transaction [factionHe] wouldn't mention further]. The rest of them are just standing around laughing at [Name] and the {1}.\n\nWe'll have to entice them to help somehow...

carBreakdown\_outcome1\_option1= Offer 5 fuel if they help

carBreakdown\_outcome1\_option2= Offer 5 materials if they help

carBreakdown\_outcome1\_option3= Call in a favor (80% respect)

carBreakdown\_outcome1\_option4= Never mind

carBreakdown\_outcome1\_outcome1= We may not always get on well with [faction], but I sure was glad to have them keeping the zed off our backs as we pushed the old rust bucket home. Actually it's not in as bad shape as it initially seemed, and we'll be able to fix it.

carBreakdown\_outcome1\_outcome2= We may not always get on well with [faction], but I sure was glad to have them keeping the zed off our backs as we pushed the old rust bucket home. Actually it's not in as bad shape as it initially seemed, and we'll be able to fix it.

carBreakdown\_outcome1\_outcome3= [FactionLeader] rolled [factionHis] eyes, and they helped [Name] push the {1} back to our fort. I don't think any of them were very impressed with us, but they owed us one.

carBreakdown\_outcome1\_outcome4= Well, we can either push it, or leave it. Move it, or lose it. Shove it, or ditch it.

carBreakdown\_outcome2= [Name] just seems to have a way with combustible engines. They respond to [him]. Somehow [he] got it running and drove it back to the fort, leaking fluids and dropping parts the whole way there.\n\nDon't worry, we'll get it fixed up... I think the two of them have formed a real bond.

carBreakdown\_outcome3= We managed to get the {1} home in the end, but it wasn't pretty. After [\*the third hill|the steering wheel fell off|it got stuck in an open manhole], [Name] was ready to abandon it. But they made it home, and we managed to get it running again with a bit of TLC.

carBreakdown\_outcome4= It sucks to leave the {1} behind, but we've got more important things to worry about. Our lives for one.\n\nBesides, it's not like the city isn't full of rusting things with wheels. The trick is finding one that still works.

waterTreatmentReclaimed\_title= Water Treatment Repairs Needed

waterTreatmentReclaimed\_1= I figured as soon as we got a water treatment plant in the fort [\*I could stop collecting rainwater from the gutters every time I wanted a cup of tea|I'd be able revel in the ecstasy of a having a toilet that actually flushes], but no such luck. The plant's busted and it's going to take some effort and a bunch of building materials to get it working again.\n\nIf we've got a clever engineer or two we can spare, we might just be able to experience the joys of indoor plumbing once again.

waterTreatmentReclaimed\_2= Who knew plumbing would be this complicated? Sure, having a water treatment plant in the fort is a good start, but that thing hasn't been running in ages, on account of [\*all the body parts blocking up the pipes|the 'backlog' of waste that built up over the years].\n\nWe need the time of a few engineers and any building materials we've got to spare if we want to get the thing running again.

waterTreatmentReclaimed\_3= I just took a look through the water treatment plant we reclaimed, and things don't look good. The pipes are backed up, the main pump is a solid block of rust and the place is so full of gasses all it would take is a single match to bring it down around our heads.\n\nWe can probably get the thing working again, but it won't be easy. It's going to take our best engineers and plenty of gear before anything liquid flows through those pipes again.

waterTreatmentFixed\_title= Water Treatment Exterminators Needed

waterTreatmentFixed\_1= Good news! The water treatment plant is fixed!\n\nNow we just need to deal with the minor detail of the massive horde of zed that crawled up out of the newly unblocked sewer pipes and have been trying to eat anyone who goes near the building. I'm looking for volunteers...

waterTreatmentFixed\_2= It's taken hours of blood, sweat and tears, but the treatment plant is fixed and ready to start pumping [\*liters|gallons] of fresh water to the parched throats of [CityName].\n\nWell, it's all ready aside from the horde of undead-types who climbed out of the freshly-cleaned sewer pipes and have taken up residence in the building. We just need to clear them out and everything will be perfect.

waterTreatmentFixed\_3= So, it turns out that gurgling we heard coming from the sewer pipes as we fixed up the water treatment plant wasn't just [\*the old runoff|marsh gas escaping|rats digging in the muck]. It looks like there was a horde of Zed packed away in there and now that we've cleared things away, they've climbed out of the pipes and have taken over the plant.\n\nThe good news is we got all the fixes in place before this happened. The bad news is no one had a chance to hit the 'ON' switch, and we'll need to deal with the undead before we can.

waterTreatmentWorking\_title= Running Water

waterTreatmentWorking\_effect= Running water in the city

waterTreatmentWorking= Huzzah! We have running water again and it doesn't smell like rotting corpses! Everyone's feeling great and we're one step closer to rebuilding society.

waterTreatmentNeeded\_title= Tainted Liquid

waterTreatmentNeeded\_1= [FormalName] ain't lookin' so good this evening. We think [he] forgot to boil the water [he] used when making [his] special [\*runny cake|stone soup|brownies] and now [he]'s stuck in the outhouse emptying [his] stomach. [He]'s probably going to need a few days to recover after this.\n\nLooking up [his] symptoms in old medical textbook, we think it's called somethin' fancy like [\*Amoebiasis|Giardia|Cryptosporidia], but in the end a stomach bug is a stomach bug. This wouldn't be an issue if we had a water treatment plant. Until then we're going to have to clean up the water we collect as best we can.

waterTreatmentNeeded\_2= We get enough rainfall that collecting water in the few basins, bathtubs and pools we've spread around the fort isn't usually much of an issue. Making sure the water is safe to drink, on the other hand...\n\nDespite our best efforts with [\*using old camp water filters|our jury-rigged charcoal filters|boiling everything in sight] some stuff still gets through, and now [FormalName] is laid up in bed wishing we had a working stomach pump. I just wish we had had a working water treatment plant. Then we wouldn't have to worry about any of this.

waterTreatmentNeeded\_3= We do what we can to filter the water we collect 'round town, but that only does so much and now [FormalName's] picked up some sort of sickness.\n\nDammit! We never had to worry about gettin' [\*Botulism|Dysentery|Typhoid fever] just from drinkin' the water in these parts 'till those zombies rose up and water treatment plant broke down. Things would be a lot better if we could get it under our control and running again.

waterTreatmentHappy\_title= Clean Water

waterTreatmentHappy\_1= I just poured myself a nice clear glass of water from the tap. It's the small things in life that really make it really worthwhile, and not finding [\*slugs|paint chips|rat hair] in your water definitely counts. I sure am glad we got that treatment plant up and running.

waterTreatmentHappy\_2= [Name] opened one of the fire hydrants this morning and we had a full on water-filled street party to let everyone cool off. Getting that treatment plant working was one of the best ideas we ever had.

waterTreatmentHappy\_3= For me, nothing says Civilization like clean running water. This is a great thing we've done, we should all be proud.

waterTreatmentHappy\_4= Just feels good to have water flowing in and sewage flowing out. We've achieved a level of technology on par with Romans from 2000 years ago.

waterTreatmentHappy\_5= I never thought something as simple as a [\*warm bath|indoor toilet|working bidet] would give me so much pleasure, but there you go. The clean drinking water's pretty nice too.

waterBrokeAgain\_title= So thirsty

waterBrokeAgain= The taps are dry! Just some brown sludge coming out of them today. Our policy of using the water for so many baths and showers and such must have overloaded the water treatment plant. It's getting old, so we'll have to expect this will happen now and then.\n\nWe have to send someone over to fix it up and get it running again.

waterBrokeAgain\_effect= Mission available to Fix the water treatment plant

waterBrokeAgainFixed\_title= Thirst quenched

waterBrokeAgainFixed= We fixed the water treatment plant again. Might want to change our policy on water usage and showering, or we'll have to do this again in a few months.

waterBrokeAgainFixed\_effect= Running water in the city again

powerPlantReclaimed\_title= More Power Needed

powerPlantReclaimed\_1= Well, now that we've got a power plant in our fort walls, all we need to do is get the thing working again. After all, how hard could it be to fix an industrial-sized facility capable generating enough juice to run a whole city?\n\nOh... turns out our engineers think it's going to be pretty hard. Still, if we give them enough time and resources they should be able to get something up and running again.

powerPlantReclaimed\_2= Sometimes I like to play with the light switches. Sure, they don't do nothin' nowadays, but I find the clicking noises kind of soothing. Reminds me of the good old days.\n\nOf course, now that we've got a power plant inside our fort walls, we might just be able to get these things workin' again. Sure it'll probably take our best engineers and plenty of time and resources, but I think the ability to create light on demand would be worth it.

powerPlantReclaimed\_3= The old power plant has seen better days. All the old dials are broken, the walls are covered with dust and grime, and the pile of bodies in the janitor's closet is really beginning to smell.\n\nStill, it would help if we could get the thing running again. It'll take our engineers time and a good chunk of building materials, but if we can spare those we can look forward to having working [\*lights|ovens|fridges] again.

powerPlantFixed\_title= The Principal Power Plant Part

powerPlantFixed\_1= Well, we've got good news and we've got bad news.\n\nThe good news is that our engineers have pretty much got the power plant fixed. The wires are checked, dials are polished, and they even got the smell of rotting corpses out of the building's cafeteria.\n\nThe bad news is we're missing a key mc-gf1n [\*industrial-sized sprocket|circuit board|electro-magnet] that's needed to get the thing running again. We can probably make one ourselves in a workshop, but it's going to take a metric-ton of materials.

powerPlantFixed\_2= We just got word from our engineers. They got most of the power plant in working order, but there's a problem: The main generator is missing an important mc-gf1n [\*woodruff key|armature|field coil] and we don't have any spares on hand.\n\nWe might be able to make one ourselves, but it ain't going to be easy. We're gonna need a workshop and heck of a lot of materials. I don't like pushing our engineers for more after all the work they've been doing, but this is probably worth it.

powerPlantFixed\_3= Despite the lack of [\*spare parts|instructions manuals|proper tools] and the constant [\*zombie attacks|rain seeping through the holes in the roof|yowling from the family of feral cats that has setup in the basement] we've got the power plant fixed... for the most part. It looks like we're short a critical mc-gf1n [\*exhaust pipe|housing unit|isolator kit] and until we get one we aren't going to get so much as single Watt of power out of that thing.\n\nWe may be able to put together a replacement in our workshop, but it's going to take more time and a lot more material.

powerPlantPartMade\_title= Power Plant Part Produced

powerPlantPartMade\_1= I don't really understand why putting together such a tiny part would take so much material, but there you go. Now all we need is a little energon and a lot of luck...\n\nSorry, that was an old movie line from my childhood. I mean we just need to install the mc-gf1n and get together some gas to get things running.

powerPlantPartMade\_2= The problem with not having any power and having to make everything by hand is it takes a lot longer to put things together. Not to mention you're going to burn through materials with all the duds you end up with.\n\nAnyway, the mc-gf1n part is complete and now all we need to do is install it. Oh, and we'll need some gas to get the starter generator running again, but given all the abandoned cars in the city, that shouldn't be too hard to find.

powerPlantPartMade\_3= OK, yeah, I know I should have been more patient with the engineers. And yes, my sticking my head into the workshop every day, asking 'Is it done yet?' probably didn't help. Still, I learned some colorful new language when they got fed up with me.\n\nOh, and the mc-gf1n part is finished. We just need to get it into the plant, along with a bit of fuel to get everything running, and we should be good as gold.

powerPlantPartTrade\_title= Pricey Power Plant Part

powerPlantPartTrade\_1= Seems [FactionLeader] caught wind of our power plant trouble, and it just so happens [faction] have the mc-gf1n part we need to get the plant runnin' again. All [factionHe]'s asking for is a small donation of {1} medicine in return for handing it over.\n\nOf course, we could just take the part from [factionHim] by force. [FactionHe] doesn't have that many guards with [factionHim]...

powerPlantPartTrade\_2= [FactionLeader] from [faction] just pulled up to gate. They need medicine for one of their [men|women] and [factionHe]'d like to trade for some.\n\nAs luck would have it, [factionHe] actually has the mc-gf1n part we need to finish fixing our power plant. [FactionHe] said [factionHe]'d part with it for {1} medicine. That is, unless we want to try and take the mc-gf1n by force.

powerPlantPartTrade\_3= I was chatting with one of the [FactionNoThe] this morning and happened to mention we've kind of hit a brick wall getting our power plant running. As luck would have it, one of their scavengers recently stumbled on the very mc-gf1n part we need to get everything running.\n\nOf course, now that [FactionLeader] knows we need the thing, it ain't gonna be cheap. [FactionHe] wants {1} medicine for it. Honestly, I'm kind of tempted to just try and take it by force.

powerPlantPartTrade\_option1= Pay the {1} medicine

powerPlantPartTrade\_option2= Ask for the part nicely (respect 80)

powerPlantPartTrade\_option3= Threaten [factionHim] with violence

powerPlantPartTrade\_option4= We'll make our own

powerPlantPartTrade\_outcome1= Our medicine stores are a bit lighter and [faction] is gonna be that bit stronger, but at least we've got the part we need. Now, all we have to do is install it and, with a bit of fuel, we should be able to get everything running again.

powerPlantPartTrade\_outcome2= We pulled out the puppy dog eyes and [FactionLeader] caved and handed over the part. It didn't hurt that [factionHe] liked us in the first place.

powerPlantPartTrade\_outcome3\_success= It probably wasn't a bright idea for [FactionLeader] to have brought the part along with [factionHim]. A few short words and couple of guns pointed in [factionHis] direction, and [factionHe] handed it over all meek and mousy-like.\n\nSure, [factionHe]'s not so happy with us after this, but what do we care? All we need to do is install the part, gas up the generators and we'll to be the ones with the power!

powerPlantPartTrade\_outcome3\_fail= We snarled and threaten but [FactionLeader] just sneered at us and walked off. Great. Now we still don't have the part we need, \_and\_ the [factionNoThe] are annoyed with us.

powerPlantPartTrade\_outcome4= [FactionLeader] was surprised that we didn't want to buy the part off [factionHim] after all. I guess now [factionHe]'s wondering what the heck [factionHe]'s going do with such a specific item.

powerPlantWorking\_title= The Power is Mine, ALL MINE!!!

powerPlantWorking\_effect= City now has electricity

powerPlantWorking\_1= I was never a big fan of the emissions these old-style plants belch into the atmosphere, but we've got worse things to worry about right now. The power we get from this thing will make our lives so much easier.\n\nPlus, it's not like the rest of the human race are burning toxic fossil fuels anymore. Not with them mostly being dead, that is.

powerPlantWorking\_2= I never would have thought the hum of a generator starting up would be so soothing, but there you go. I'm actually thinking of setting up a sleeping bag in here tonight. If nothing else, the white noise should drown out the screams of the undead.

powerPlantWorking\_3= We spent the evening dancing through the street lights that flickered to life as the power plant whirred into action. The singing and cheering could be heard throughout the fort.\n\nAnd we weren't the only ones dancing in the lights. I don't know that I've seen that many moths since before the zed rose up. I'd never have thought the cloth-eating bastards would be something I would have missed, but there you go.

powerPlantHappy\_title= The Joys of Power

powerPlantHappy\_1= I stayed up late last night, reading by the light of my bedside lamp. I'd forgotten how much I'd missed that. We're all a lot happier now that the power plant is up and running again.

powerPlantHappy\_2= Electric ovens are amazing things. They cook things evenly, at whatever temperature you like, and you don't need to rub two sticks together every time you want to get one started. Getting power back has been a godsend for everyone in the fort.

powerPlantHappy\_3= You know what's a lot better now that we have power? Our shadow puppet shows. You might not think it, but trying to do a show by the light of the fire makes it really hard to get a defined shape on a wall.\n\nNow that we've got working lights again people are coming with all sorts of new shapes and animals to include in their productions.

powerPlantHappy\_4= Now that we've got electricity running we can have karaoke night again!\n\nSeeing the dead walk is almost as disconcerting as finding out which of your friends is only three hooch-and-sodas away from a Tom Jones medley.

antivenomStart\_title= Antivenom Research

antivenomStart= [FormalName] came to ask for permission to do some independent research. [He] wants to study {1} and {2}, in the hopes of finding some defense against the zombie disease.\n\nIt could take months... can we spare our best engineer and lab for that long?

antivenomStart\_hope= the recipe from Hope's HIVE lab

antivenomStart\_father= Dr. Agbayani's CDC research

antivenomStart\_interwebs= the European research we found on the Government's computers

antivenomStart\_origin= the vial of monkey blood from Dr. van Nooten

antivenomStart\_option1= Let [him] to do [his] research

antivenomStart\_option2= Say No

antivenomStart\_outcome1= [Name's] excited to get to work.

antivenomStart\_outcome2= [Name] pouted about the stiflement of science, but agreed to let the matter drop.

antivenomProgress\_title= Antivenom Progress

antivenomProgress= I visited [FormalName] in [his] lab today to check on [his] progress on that disease research. It doesn't look good... [he] said it took a couple weeks just to start to understand the disease, but [his] first attempts at experimenting with it have failed.\n\n[He] says [he] needs a live subject. I asked if [he] meant one us and [he] laughed. Of course not - [he] wants a live zombie.

antivenomProgress\_option1= Agree to get [him] a live zombie

antivenomProgress\_option2= Refuse.

antivenomProgress\_outcome1= The safest way to catch a live zombie is to set a trap and come collect them at our leisure. We'll have to have an engineer make some in a workshop first, then set them up outside our walls.

antivenomProgress\_outcome2= Having living zombies inside the fort sounds like a bad plan. I told [Name] [he]'d have to find some way to do [his] research without them. [He] gave a few deep, frustrated sighs, then asked me to please leave so [he] could concentrate on [his] work.

antivenomProgress\_outcome2Policy= I'm afraid we have a policy against experimentation on the undead. It's just indecent, doing things to the bodies of people who were once loved, and might still be able to feel in some capacity.\n\n[Name] sighed and ran [his] hands through [his] hair. [He] really isn't sure this research is getting anywhere, but [he]'ll keep trying.

antivenomTrap\_title= Antivenom Trap

antivenomTrap= The trap worked! We caught a nice juicy one in it, just skewered its gut on one of our spike walls and got its intestines all tangled up on it. We got a noose around its neck and attached that to a long pole so we could walk the creature around without fear of getting bit.\n\n[FormalName] was delighed when we showed up at the lab with it. [He] thinks the research will go much faster now.

antivenomDone\_title= Antivenom Lab

antivenomDone= [FormalName]'s been shut in that lab alone for the last month. [He]'s been so intent on [his] research, [he] doesn't even come out to eat with the rest of us anymore, and I gave [him] a hiatus on nightly guard duty.\n\nBut for the past two nights we noticed the lights on the lab have been left on all night. I'm worried something might have happened to [him].

antivenomDone\_option1= Investigate...

antivenomDone\_outcome1= We went in with weapons drawn, fearing the worst. [Name] met us in a frenzy of excitement. "It worked!" [he] yelled, and showed me a fresh bite mark on [his] arm. "The antivenom worked! See? No fever!" [He] grabbed my hand and held it to [his] forehead. True enough, [he] seemed to be healthy.\n\nLike snake antivenom, you need to take it immediately after getting bit, and it will only work the first time you take it. But it's our best defense so far against this disease. We congratulated [FormalName] and welcomed [him] back to society.

remember\_title= I Remember You

remember\_1= When [FormalName] didn't show up for work today, I feared the worst. But it was a false alarm; I found [him] in [his] room, crying uncontrollably.\n\n[He] explained, between sobs, that [he]'d spotted [his] [father|mother|brother|sister] among the undead on the other side of our wall.\n\n[Name] had hoped against hope that [his] [dad|mom|brother|sister] had escaped the horror somehow, but there was no mistaking [him|her|him|her].

remember\_2= I was checking the west wall with [FormalName] when out of nowhere [he] started shouting "[David! David!|Carol! Carol!|Finnegan! Finnegan!|Sophie! Sophie!]" and ran for the gate.\n\nThere was nothing out there but zombies... then I understood. [Name] had recognized one of them. A relative I'd guess, from the way [he] reacted.\n\nI caught up in time and held [him] back so [he] couldn't open the gate and run out there to them.

remember\_3= [FormalName's] [dad|mom|brother|sister] had prepped [his|her|his|her] entire life. The gun stockpile. The years' worth of rations. The bomb shelter that could survive the big one.\n\nTo hear [Name] tell it, [his] [dad|mom|brother|sister] was a born survivor. Yet there [he|she|he|she] is now, clawing at our walls, tearing [his|her|his|her] fingernails off in [his|her|his|her] eagerness to eat our brains.

remember\_option1= Make [Name] kill [him|her|him|her]

remember\_option2= Kill the zombie for [Name]

remember\_option3= Ask [Name] what [he] wants to do

remember\_option4= Ignore it

remember\_outcome1= [Name's] hands shook so hard I was worried the shot would go wide. [He] stood at the wall, aiming the gun at [his] long-lost relative, then bringing [his] arm down again and shaking [his] head.\n\nI decided this was something [Name] had to do alone, so we left [him] there.\n\nThe zombie was gone the next time I checked. Either [Name] killed and buried [him|her|him|her], or [he] gave up and the zombie wandered away on [his|her|his|her] own.

remember\_outcome2= I killed the zombie, quick and clean, a knife through the skull.\n\n[Name] cried out and burst into tears. [He] won't speak to me now, but I know what I did was for [his] own good. That wasn't a person anymore. It was nothing but a shell.

remember\_outcome3= [Name] stammered and tears welled in [his] eyes. Seems like [he] can't decide whether to run out there and embrace the zombie, or to open fire.\n\nLooks like I'll have to decide for [him].

remember\_outcome4= I pulled [Name] away from the wall. Whoever that used to be, I told [him], that isn't [him|her|him|her] anymore. It's just a zombie that looks kind of like [him|her|him|her]. No more or less important than the thousand other undead in this city.\n\n[Name] seemed relieved to put off the confrontation. Hopefully the zombie will wander off on its own.

puppies\_title= Puppies Puppies Puppies

puppies= Huh. So I guess our dog {1} is actually a female. We caught her and {2} in the act a few months ago but didn't think much of it at the time.\n\nNow {1} is fat as a sausage. She's just been lying on her side all day panting. I think we might have some puppies on the way...

puppies\_option1= Get our medical team on it!

puppies\_option2= We have better things to worry about

puppies\_outcome1= We brought {1} to a sterile room and had hot water and blankets ready when the puppies popped out. But something was wrong: two of the three pups lay still and weren't breathing.\n\nWe went to work on those helpless little forms, massaging their chests and breathing little puffs of air into their lungs. After a tense minute, one blew out a snort and started breathing. It was saved!\n\nWelcome to the world, {3}. We're sad your sister didn't make it.

puppies\_outcome2= Dogs are animals. They can take care of themselves.\n\nSure enough, {1} knew what to do. She disappeared to some secret cave she'd chosen and gave birth in private. Eventually she brought one puppy out to meet us. I'm not sure what happened to the rest, if there were any, but we're happy to have little {3} join us.

reclaimHiding\_title= There All Along

reclaimHiding\_1= Reclaiming this [square] is like five jobs in one: disposing the dead, avoiding the undead, hauling materials, constructing the wall, and lunch.\n\nDidn't expect that last step to be the dangerous one. While [we] [were] taking a break, a [man] suddenly stumbled out of a barn and fired two shots over my head. I \_think\_ [he] missed on purpose, but I dove to the ground anyway.

reclaimHiding\_2= [We] [were] nearly finished walling off the [square] when this big cellar door - [we]'d thought it was locked - suddenly popped open.\n\nThis [dude] came charging out with a torch in one hand and a rifle in the other, screaming like a [man] storming the front. I thought [he] was going to kill me.\n\nWell, [he] still might. Now [he]'s pointing that gun at my chest and demanding we leave the farm.

reclaimHiding\_3= While [we] [were] cleaning out the farmhouse and prepping to put that wall in, I felt something whiz past my cheek.\n\nIt took a second to realize someone was shooting at [us] from the farmhouse attic. I guess this place is still inhabited... oops! The [man] up there with the rifle doesn't seem like [he] wants to join us... what do we do?

reclaimHiding\_option1= Agree to leave [him] alone

reclaimHiding\_option2= Confront the [man]

reclaimHiding\_outcome1= I yelled to the [man] - didn't want to get too close - that we didn't mean to intrude and would leave [him] to [his] farm. Then I got the hell out of there.\n\nMaybe a leader could reason with this [guy].

reclaimHiding\_outcome2= That... didn't go so well. I got closer so we could talk face to face. I figured if [he] could just look me in the eyes, you know, [he]'d understand I meant no harm.\n\nBut [he] turned that gun on me and I reacted, grabbing [his] arms and forcing them upwards... and [he] blew [his] own head off.\n\nThis was an accident. I feel terrible, I don't know what to do with myself... I guess I'll finish that wall now.

badRescue\_title= We're In This Together

badRescue\_1= [FormalName] never came back from [missioning] last night. The others think [he]'s dead, but I... I just have a feeling about this one.\n\nWe should send a rescue team to find out what's happened to [him].

badRescue\_2= It's my fault. [FormalName] wasn't feeling well this morning and didn't want to go [missioning], but I gave [him] a pep talk and forced [him] out the door.\n\n[He]'s gone missing. Should have been back five hours ago. I know there's a good chance [he]'s dead, but... I need to know for sure.

badRescueFinish\_title= We're In This Together

badRescueFinish= [We] [were] worried [we] wouldn't find any trace of [FormalName], but at the [square] there was a note in [his] handwriting nailed outside a locked door. It read:\n\n"I've been bitten. If you knock and I don't answer, please know that I never meant for this to happen. I'm so sorry everyone."

badRescueFinish\_option1= Knock

badRescueFinish\_option2= Leave

badRescueFinish\_outcome1= Why did [we] even come here? [We] know [Name] is dead...

badRescueFinish\_outcome2\_alive= My knock was answered by a growl from other side of the door.\n\n"Guuuhaht do you want?" someone mumbled. It was [Name]!\n\nThe lock rattled and the door swung open. [Name] rubbed [his] eyes and blinked at [us]. [He] seems to be healthy, except for a few bruises and a nasty bite on [his] shoulder. The incubation period has passed - [he]'s going to live!

badRescueFinish\_outcome2\_dead= My knock was answered by a growl from other side of the door.\n\nNot a human one.\n\n[We] kicked the door in and put down the creature [Name] had become. It's so sad that [he] died out here alone rather than with us at home. But [he] was trying to protect us. I understand that.

missionCancelled\_title= Mission Cancelled

missionCancelled\_1= We didn't get a chance to finish [missioning] at the [square] before the undead took it from us.

missionCancelled\_2= We were [missioning] at the [square] when Zed just plowed through. We'll have to reclaim it before we can start again.

missionCancelled\_3= Man, and they were almost finished [missioning] too. But there's Zed all over the [square] now so we'll have to cancel the mission and focus on reclaiming the place from them.

missionCancelled\_4= Since we lost the [square], we had to cancel the [missioning] mission there until further notice.

missionCancelled\_5= Those guys [missioning] in the [square] had to put it off because that area's in hostile territory now.

riffsIntro\_title= Granville Riffs

riffsIntro\_1= There used to be a local martial arts school here called the Granville Riffs. They were known for their strict training regime and even stricter code of honor. But this wasn't the kind of self-defense class you'd send your seven year old to. These guys trained to kill with fists, feet, sticks and swords.\n\nThe nice thing about a sword is, it never runs out of bullets.\n\nIt looks like all that training paid off as the Riffs are still alive and kicking. We spotted a group of them set up nearby. Guess we should pay them a visit.

riffsIntro\_2= We ran into these martial artists today called the Granville Riffs. It's like they walked straight out of a 70's kung fu movie with those yellow and black pajamas, but it's tough to be critical of anyone that heavily armed.\n\nThose weapons weren't just for show. While we were chatting a zombie wandered over and one of those Riffs [put a shuriken through it's eye and into it's brain from 30 paces|split it clean in two from head to toe with her sword|stick his clawed-glove things into the zed's head and tear it clean off].\n\nThey said if we've got any "serious" business with them we can find them nearby.

riffsIntro\_3= What do you get when you teach an inner-city street kid the most deadly martial arts known to man? One badass zombie killing machine, that's what.\n\nMultiply that a few hundred times and you've got the Granville Riffs, a martial arts dojo that took in the toughest gang bangers and turned them into a disciplined fighting force. Each one knows half a dozen ways to kill a man, or zed, with one hand held behind their back.\n\nIf what our scouts say is true, a bunch of Riffs survived the apocalypse and are right here in [CityName].

judgmentIntro\_title= Last Judgment Gang

judgmentIntro\_1= We saw a bunch of bikers tearing through a pack of zombies like a hot knife through butter. If the knife was large, ugly and covered in religious symbols, that is.\n\nSeems they're called the Last Judgment Gang. Claim to be following the way of God, but given the way they were dragging that survivor behind them as they drove through city streets I'm guessing "Love thy fellow man" isn't high on their list of priorities.\n\nWe'll probably have to deal with them before long, either by making nice or by clearing them out of town.

judgmentIntro\_2= Figures a bunch of heavily-armed bikers would be tough enough to survive the end of the world. I just wouldn't have expected the biggest group of them to be Bible thumpers too.\n\nThe Last Judgment Gang are nasty bunch. The sort that are convinced that they are always in the right, no matter how violent, underhanded or misogynistic their actions are.\n\nThe idea of making friends with them rubs me the wrong way, but we need all the help we can get out here.

judgmentIntro\_3= I wouldn't have crossed the Last Judgment Gang even back when there were still police to protect us. Now that there isn't much in the way of civilization left... steer clear.\n\nThey're a gang of bikers who follow the word of God... when it suits them. They're quick with Bible quotes on how wives should submit to their husbands, but they ignore the bits about not violently murdering thy neighbor. I'm pretty sure that's in there.\n\nThese guys worry me as much as the zed do, but at least we might be able to cut a deal with the Judgment.

chosenIntro\_title= Church of the Chosen Ones

chosenIntro= this was moved to en\_quests.properties.koolaidMeet and ChosenOneEvents.meet

pigfarmersIntro\_title= The Pig Farmers

pigfarmersIntro\_1= We met some creepy and surprisingly well-fed fellas today. They were chubby, pale and wouldn't stop chuckling to themselves. Reminded me of this one mall Santa who used to look at me kinda funny.\n\nThey're pig farmers. Seems they were able to shore up their farm pretty quickly when the dead started to rise. With plenty of meat on hand they haven't had to scavenge for food like the rest of us.\n\nMaybe they'd be willing to trade for some of that meat? From their waistlines it looks like they've been eating like kings.

pigfarmersIntro\_2= The thing about a meat cleaver is it's already made to go through flesh and bone, so when you turn it into an impromptu weapon half of the work's done for you.\n\nCleavers are the favorite tool of the Pig Farmers. They're a group of butchers who own a sizable farm nearby. With their seemingly endless supply of food, they've done a lot better out here than most of us.\n\nWe should see if they'll trade us some of their tasty meat. I just hope they clean their blades between cutting up zed and carving up pork.

pigfarmersIntro\_3= We've been hearing stories about this group of pig farmers who survived the collapse of civilization with their farm mostly intact.\n\nWord is they're a friendly if strange lot. A passing survivor mentioned being invited into their heavily-walled compound for dinner (mmm pork), but we haven't heard from anyone who's taken them up on it.\n\nMaybe we should visit their farm and see if we get the same offer. I mean, if there's plenty of food to go round in there, maybe they'd be up for sharing a bite?

luddiesIntro\_title= The Luddies

luddiesIntro\_1= We ran into a group of hillbilly farmers today who call themselves the Luddies. They seemed friendly enough, if a little fond of their tinfoil hats. They said they had to make sure we weren't government spies or something called a "reptilian" before they would talk to us.\n\nOnce we'd convinced them that we were an OK sort of people they were happy to chat. They let us know where to find their farm if we ever want to trade for some food.

luddiesIntro\_2= We spotted a heavily fortified farmstead today. It's run by a group called the Luddies, a bunch of hippie farmers who seem friendly, if a little paranoid.\n\nThey refuse to let any electronics on their property and checked us thoroughly for "Illuminati tracking devices" before we could enter. Once we got past that they were happy to share a song, a story, and a nice salad with us. I was careful to stay off the topic of their conspiracy theories.

luddiesIntro\_3= Back when we had things like the Internet and reliable electricity, I never understood people who insisted on living "off the grid". But now that we have to survive without that stuff, those folks don't look so silly anymore.\n\nAfter civilization started to fall apart, a bunch of those technophobe-types got together and started a commune here in [CityName]. They call themselves the Luddies, and you won't find a better bunch of farmers here or in the afterlife.

stmichaelsIntro\_title= St. Michael's School for Boys

stmichaelsIntro\_1= Two of our guys got ambushed by a group of boys in school uniforms today. They had hilarious improvised weapons: socks full of quarters, dull swords made from fan-blades, and modded Nerf guns that shot real darts.\n\nThey were kids from an old-fashioned boarding school called St. Michael's, where they're fending for themselves now that the teachers are gone.\n\nThey let our guys go, but warned us to be careful around their school unless we want a dart or two in the butt. Ouch.

stmichaelsIntro\_2= You know how urban schools have those solid iron-wrought fences for keeping students in? Seems like they're also good at keeping zed out.\n\nWe just got word that St. Michael's School for Boys is still holding out against the hordes. Having sturdy gates, tight passages and some of the wiliest kids this side of the rocky mountains has helped keep their school zombie-free.\n\nNot sure what happened to all the teachers though. Sounds like only the kids are left. We can try asking the boys about that if we send someone to trade.

stmichaelsIntro\_3= The St. Michael's School for Boys is the oldest boarding school in the district and was long known as a place to send your "difficult" child when other private schools refuse to take him.\n\nI guess their prison-like discipline combined with students well-versed in the art of schoolyard violence have done a good job of fending off the undead. Pity none of the teachers survived the experience.

governmentIntro\_title= The Government

governmentIntro\_1= We spotted a military operation today: six soldiers in US army fatigues clearing the streets along with a small tank. I briefly hoped they were here to rescue us, but no such luck.\n\nThey're part of a surviving Government body trying to take [CityName] back for themselves, and cleaning out any "undesirables" in the process. They shoved past us and continued into the city, mowing down any zed in their way.\n\nWe'd better convince them we're not "undesirables", or we might find ourselves be staring down a military firing squad.

governmentIntro\_2= Politicians are like cockroaches. With their pig-headed stubbornness and the brainwashed masses as meat shields, not even the end of the world could finish them off.\n\nA group of them have a fort here in [CityName]. Not sure what branch of the Government they represent, but it's all the same: Pageantry and bureaucracy designed to keep itself running and the people docile.\n\nI just hope they aren't expecting us to pay taxes anytime soon.

governmentIntro\_3= As the world fell apart the Government did what it did best: took care of itself. The military was recalled to protect it's "strategic leaders" and the rest were left to fend for themselves.\n\nNow it seems some of them have come back and are trying to retake [CityName] from their heavily fortified military compound. This time they aren't even trying to keep up the pretense of being here to help the common man. They're only out for themselves.\n\nWe should probably see if they're willing to talk before they label us as enemies.

rottenIntro\_title= Strange Sightings

rottenIntro\_1= We caught sight of some figures moving around one of the subway entrances nearby. They looked kind of slow and sick, but didn't move like zombies.\n\nThey disappeared when they saw us, and we didn't have much luck finding out more. They've surrounded the entrance with a maze of old junk and warning signs. We could investigate further... or maybe just avoid that area.

rottenIntro\_2= Something strange is going on in [CityName]. A couple of our scouts ran into a zombie today that didn't attack them. A zombie. That didn't attack. This is a first!\n\nIt - or she - just kind of hissed like a cat with a lisp and ran off into one of the old subway tunnels. Not sure what we're going to find down there, but if we're feeling brave (or completely crazy) we could poke in and investigate.

rottenIntro\_3= We've been hearing some odd stories from passing survivors. They've run into what look like zombies around a nearby subway station. Except the strange zombies don't attack, they just cry and shuffle off.\n\nWe should probably look into this, but I'm sure as hell not volunteering to go into that subway station alone.

dahliasIntro\_title= The Dahlias

dahliasIntro\_1= I almost bought the farm today. A couple zed had me cornered in an alley and I was trying to remember the words to Hail Mary when suddenly the zombies' heads exploded. Boom! Boom! Scared me more than my imminent death had.\n\nI was still shaking when this group come out of a ruined building nearby, lead by a woman with a smoking rifle. They were part of a group called the Dahlias who live nearby. I'm not sure if they're some military group or what, but they seemed pretty comfortable with those guns. We'll probably be seeing more of them soon.

dahliasIntro\_2= I don't normally get nervous when new survivors show up at our gate, but these people looked like they'd raided a riot squad's armory.\n\nThey were with a group called the Dahlias. The lady leading them said they were there to check on our women. They've been taking it in hand to keep girls and women safe since civilization collapsed.\n\nGiven the number of people who've gone all "Lord of the Flies" since the zed rose, I can't say it's a bad idea. After they were sure no one was being mistreated they thanked us and headed out.

dahliasIntro\_3= We've been hearing about this new group in town called the Dahlias who'll offer safe haven to anyone who's willing to follow their rules and behave.\n\nI heard they were some kind of suburban women's book club back before everything fell apart, but I don't know any book clubs with access to that many guns.\n\nThey must have found a stash or had serious connections, because they're doing a fine job making their safe zone a reality.

leetcrewIntro\_title= 1337cREw

leetcrewIntro\_1= It looks like someone in [CityName] still has electricity. Some of our scouts nearly got themselves fried when they stumbled upon some live electric fencing.\n\nThe area's occupied by a commune of tech-types who called themselves the 1337cREw. They don't look well armed, but I'm guessing with all the traps they've placed around their base they don't need to worry about uninvited guests, living or dead.\n\nMaybe they'd trade for some of that tech if we ask nicely. Or at least let me use their generator to charge my iPad.

leetcrewIntro\_2= For the past couple of weeks we've been seeing nightly spotlights coming from a distant part of the city, but it's been too dangerous to investigate until now.\n\nTurns out the lights belong to a group of basement dwellers called the 1337cREw. After society fell apart, their top priority became finding an alternative power source to keep their computers running. Those generators also run defenses to keep their compound safe from intruders.\n\nThey're a little leery of outsiders, but I think it could be useful to have them as friends.

leetcrewIntro\_3= The 1337cREw was one of the most feared FPS clans and infamous hacking groups, back when we were all still connected to the hive mind that was the Internet.\n\nI wouldn't have expected a group like that to have much in the way of survivals skills, but there's a bunch of them here in [CityName] and they've survived just fine thanks to a collection of jury-rigged defense turrets.\n\nWe should see if they'd be up for trading. It probably takes a lot of fuel to run those generators of theirs.

pharmacistsIntro\_title= The Pharmacists

pharmacistsIntro\_1= I can never tell if those Pharmacists are hipsters or gang bangers. A guy showed up at our fort yesterday and his [\*tweed jacket and thick-rimmed glasses|knitted scarf and skinny jeans|post-boy cap and side burns] were seriously clashing with the [\*machine gun and briefcase full of drugs|large number of anarchy symbols tattooed on his arms|ugly switchblade he kept flicking open and close].\n\nHe came to let us know that if we ever want a pick-me-up, we should talk to them. According to him, you won't find a better supplier of mood-altering chemicals.\n\nWhich is probably true, since most of their competition is long since dead, either at the hands of zombies or another gang.

pharmacistsIntro\_2= Our scouts found a walled-off pharmacy emitting clouds of strange purplish-green smoke. When they got close enough to breathe it in, the effects hit them like a semi-truck and they spent the next half hour giggling uncontrollably.\n\nThe building is owned by the Pharmacists. They're a loose organization of thugs and hipsters with a seriously anarchist streak, and they make some of the most potent drugs you can still get.\n\nThey'd be happy to sell us some of their product should we want any. Our scouts sure enjoyed it.

pharmacistsIntro\_3= I wouldn't have thought a bunch of anarchists would have been able to organize effectively enough to survive the apocalypse, but it seems this group of Pharmacists has done just fine.\n\nThey'd been involved in the drug trade for a long time and used the proceeds to stockpile weapons for the inevitable confrontation with "the man". That was, until "the man" was eaten by "the zombie".\n\nWe should head their way if we're ever need of a little pick-me-up.

gustavIntro\_title= Gustav

gustavIntro\_1= A funny little man with a caravan full of trade goods just pulled up. He has a thick accent and an even thicker mustache.\n\n\_"Greetinks my friends! I am Gustav, peddler of ze strange and exotic. I sell anythink you need... if you can afford it."\_\n\n\_"If you wantink good deal, you come meet me at ze [square]. We will make, how you say, good business transaction."\_

gustavIntro\_2= Can you believe people are still trying to make money these days?\n\nThis funny little trader named Gustav has parked his heavily armored caravan at the [square] just outside our walls and has been calling to us on a bull horn to come over and experience his \_"Amazink deals!"\_\n\nMaybe we should send someone over to trade with him? He might even have some ramen noodles. It's been so long since I had any. I miss the sweet sweet taste of MSG.

gustavIntro\_3= It looks like capitalism is still alive and well even with the undead chewing at what is left of society.\n\nA merchant named Gustav has setup a temporary camp at the [square] just next to our fort. It looks like he has food of all sorts to trade, and even a few more exotic items to boot.\n\nHis bodyguards are a little intimidating though. They're liable to get rough with you if you get too close to any women traveling with the caravan. Well, unless you are willing to pay for the privilege.

gustavIntro\_4= A trader named Gustav stopped by the fort today. Between his accent and his short stature I almost expected him start ranting about trying to capture \_"ze moose und sqvirrel"\_, but it looks like he's more interested in making a profit than going after local wildlife.\n\nHe's pitched his camp at the [square] just by our fort. If we're interested in seeing what deals he has we should send someone over there to trade.

factionShrink\_title= [Faction] Overrun

factionShrink\_1= We spotted [FactionLeader] running around in a panic earlier today as zed broke through into their [square]. I guess the war has weakened their defenses enough that they can't keep both us and the zombies out.

factionShrink\_2= [Faction] lost [a] [square], but not to our soldiers: apparently the zombies are on our side today. It's kind of creepy to be rooting for the undead for once.

factionShrinkAttractor\_title= [Faction] Overrun by Attractor

factionShrinkAttractor= Zombies broke through [FactionAdjective] defenses and took their [square] today. It just might have had something to do with a certain zombie attractor somebody placed at a weak point in their walls. just maybe...

factionShrink\_effect= [Faction] lost [a] [square]

factionSabotageTech\_title= Tech sabotaged

factionSabotageTech\_1= All our research notes on {1}, missing! Books lost, samples smashed, this was obviously the work of a saboteur. My guess is [Faction] either sent someone here to do this, or they paid one of our guys to do it.

factionSabotageTech\_2= We were making good progress researching {1} before some saboteur got in here and wrecked things. The lab is such a mess now, it'd take forever to reconstruct what we were doing. We might as well start over.

factionSabotageTech\_effect= Research mission cancelled

factionSabotageBuild\_title= Building sabotaged

factionSabotageBuild\_1= Listen all y'all... wait, this isn't funny. Someone could have been killed in that explosion, seriously. [Faction] has really gone too far this time with their wretched, cowardly attacks on our property.

factionSabotageBuild\_2= Those maniacs! They blew it up! Damn those [factionAdjective] saboteurs to hell, coming in here at night and setting fire to our buildings. We had to cancel the mission there too now that the site's a mess.

factionSabotageBuild\_effect= Building destroyed, mission cancelled

factionSabotageZombies\_title= Saboteur attracted zombies

factionSabotageZombies\_1= Where did all these zombies around the [square] come from?? Some [factionAdjective] saboteur must have attracted all these zombies somehow, I'm sure of it.

factionSabotageZombies\_2= There's some kind of noise maker just outside the [square], whistling and banging and attracting all the zed for half a mile. Who the hell put that there? It must have been [faction].\n\nWe destroyed it, but now that the zombies aren't distracted by it, they're turning on us...

factionSabotageZombies\_3= Those damn [factionAdjective] sons of pigs! We spotted one of them messing around at the [square] this morning, and now there's zed everywhere. That bastard must have attracted them somehow, though now they're turning on our walls instead.

factionSabotageWall\_title= Wall destroyed by Saboteur

factionSabotageWall\_1= It looks like someone found a weakness in our wall by the [square], and widened it juuuust enough for the zed to claw their way through. To the casual observer, one might assume poor craftsmanship or the zombies themselves were responsible, but a trained eye can see the signs of sabotage! I suspect [Faction] had a hand in this...

factionSabotageWall\_effect= Building lost

factionSabotageWon\_title= Caught saboteur

factionSabotageWon\_1= We saw a [factionAdjective] saboteur skulking around our walls today. Not sure what [she|he] was up to, but we scared [her|him] off before [she|he] got a chance to do it.

factionSabotageWon\_2= [Name] found a suspicious [woman|man] messing with our wall at the [square] today. It looks like [she|he] was trying to plant a kind of simple noise maker that would have attracted zombies. Sneaky, sneaky.\n\n[She|He] slipped around a corner and disappeared before [Name] could question [her|him] further.

factionSabotageWon\_3= "Oh, I was just out for a stroll," is what [she|he] said when we caught [her|him]. As \_if\_! [She|He] was obviously a [factionAdjective] spy, sent to find a weak point in our defenses. I'll bet [she|he] was looking for some way to weaken our wall so the zed could get in and make it look like an accident. Too bad [she|he] gave us the slip.

factionSabotageWon\_4= Someone was messing with the outer wall at [square] last night. It looks like they were trying to cut a hole big enough for zed to navigate through. Good thing we noticed it before the zombies found it.

factionSabotageWon\_5= We found a spy from [faction] in the middle of our fort last night. Not sure what [she|he] was doing there, but when [FormalName] spotted [her|him] [she|he] jumped at [him] with a knife. There was a scuffle, and the next thing [Name] knew [he]'d killed the spy with [her|his] own weapon.\n\nThe [guy]'s pretty choked up about it. It's one thing to shoot zombies from a distance, but killing another human being in close combat... it really makes you wonder what kind of a future we could possibly have ahead of us.

factionSabotageCaught\_1= We caught a suspicious [woman|man] messing with our wall at the [square] today. [She|He] had a backpack full of gadgetry, but won't tell us what it's for, or who sent [her|him]. How should we deal with [her|him]?

factionSabotageCaught\_2= [Name] brought in a [woman|man] [he] found skulking around the [square]. [She|He] won't say what [she|he] was doing there, but everything about this [chick|guy] is suspicious as hell. I think someone may have sent [her|him].

factionSabotageCaught\_3= [FormalName] caught a spy hanging out at the [square]. Well... first the [woman|man] caught [him], springing out of nowhere and pressing a knife against [his] neck. But [Name] was fast, calling on some long-lost childhood martial arts training which uses the attacker's strength against them. In a second [he] had the spy pinned down and the knife at [her|his] neck.\n\nThat's how we found them. Now what do we do with this mysterious stranger?

factionSabotageCaught\_option1= Let [her|him] go

factionSabotageCaught\_option2= Question [her|him]

factionSabotageCaught\_option3= Interrogate [her|him] roughly

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome1\_1= The moment [she|he] was free to leave, the saboteur donned [her|his] backpack and marched out the door towards [faction]... so we can probably assume [she|he] was one of them.\n\nHopefully they'll appreciate that we were decent about it; I'm not sure they would have done the same thing.

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome1\_2= As [she|he] was leaving, the spy thanked us for being so nice, and said [she|he]'d tell the rest of [faction] that we aren't as bad as they think. I guess that means they sent [her|him], and we're probably lucky [she|he] didn't finish [her|his] mission, whatever it was.

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome2\_1= The [woman|man] wouldn't say anything except that [she|he] was a member of [faction]. I guess they've got it in for us for some reason. Maybe it's not too late to make amends.

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome2\_2= The spy was surprisingly talkative once we offered [her|him] a comfy chair and a glass of water. You just have to know how to make people feel comfortable, you know?\n\n"Oh yeah," [she|he] admitted, "they sent me to totally screw up your deal here." [She|He] said that could be anything from attracting zombies to a weak spot in the walls, to sabotaging important missions.\n\nWe took [her|his] stuff and sent [her|him] back empty handed. [She|He] promised not to come back... but I wouldn't count on it.

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome3\_1= Unfortunately the [woman|man] died during [her|his] "interview" with [Name] when [she|he] attacked [him] with a hidden blade. But we discovered that [she|he] was a member of [faction], that they sent [her|him] to plant a noise maker to attract zombies to a weak point in our walls.\n\nI guess that's one less [factionAdjective] spy to worry about.

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome3\_2= [Name] interrogated [her|him] rather roughly (hey, we did catch [her|him] red-handed!) and discovered [she|he]'s a member of [faction].\n\nWe might have gotten more out of [her|him], but [she|he] escaped when [Name] ducked out to take a leak.

handouts\_title= Handouts

handouts\_1= This came at just the right time. We've been low on food and struggling to keep people fed. Then suddenly [faction] show up with like a whole crate of [mixed nuts|juiceboxes|dried ravioli]. I don't know where they found it, but I guess they must really like us or something. Good thing!

handouts\_2= Turns out [faction] has more food than they know what to do with. They decided to share the bounty with us rather than let any of it spoil. It couldn't have come at a better time.

handouts\_3= We found a wheelbarrow full of [cabbages|lettuce] outside the gate with a note:\n\nHope these heads give you the strength to keep yours. - [faction]

handouts\_4= [Faction] must have noticed how skinny we've all gotten lately, because they came by to offer us a bunch of free food. I suspect these are just the leftovers from a big party they threw last night, but I'm not going to say anything. Any food is good food at this point.

deserterArrives\_title= Faction Deserter

deserterArrives\_1= The last time we visited [faction], a [man] [FormalName] pulled me aside. [He] said [he] was interested in coming over to join our fort, but [FactionLeader] forbade [him] from leaving.\n\nToday [he]'s at the gate, asking to be let in. [Faction] will be pissed...

deserterArrives\_2= Someone named [FormalName] stopped by the fort today. Until this morning [he] was one of [faction], but [he] said they'd sent [him] on one dangerous mission too many, and it was time [he] get out of there.\n\nI know [FactionLeader] and [faction] will be annoyed if we poach one of their people though... should we let this [guy] join us?

deserterArrives\_3= Looks like there's some drama going on over at [faction] and a few people have split off. One of them, a [man] named [Name], is here now asking if [he] can join us.\n\nI'd love to invite [him] in, but I'm worried that [FactionLeader] might think we stole the [guy] away from them.

deserterArrives\_4= [Faction] aren't going to be happy about this. One of their [job]s, [FormalName], says [he] heard our fort has better food and cleaner streets, and [he] wants to hook up with us.

deserterArrives\_option1= Talk to [faction] (lvl 5 leader)

deserterArrives\_option2= Invite [him] to join us

deserterArrives\_option3= Turn [him] away

deserterArrives\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] was unhappy to hear about the deserter from us, but agreed there'd be no hard feelings. Welcome to the team, [Name].

deserterArrives\_outcome2= [Faction] won't be thrilled that we're stealing people from them, but screw those guys, they can think whatever they want. We're happy to have [Name] join us and we can seriously use [job]s like [him] on our side.\n\n[He] did have some interesting things to say about the conditions in their fort. [Sounds like they ran out of toilet paper last year and have taken to wiping like they do in India|Their leaders found a big stash of gin last week and have been on a bit of a bender since then|They've got secret escape tunnels under their base, but they're infested with zombified rats|Nobody knows how it started, but they have regular karaoke parties every Friday night].

deserterArrives\_outcome3= [Name] seemed disappointed, but [he] left all the same. Maybe [he]'ll come to [his] senses in a few days and head back to [faction].

needBuilder\_title= Construction tips

needBuilder\_1= [FactionLeader] noticed our sturdy walls and double-gate security system, and came by to ask if we'd show their builders how we did it. They want to recreate the same thing at the [factionAdjective] fort to help keep the zombies (and anyone else...) out.

needBuilder\_2= [FactionLeader] came by today to talk about a construction project. They've got plans to turn one of the [factionAdjective] farms into some sort of death trap for the zed. I've never heard of plants being that effective against zombies, but our builders should be able to help them out.

needBuilder\_3= Someone from [faction] rode up on an old cargo bike today saying [she|he] was looking for bits of metal to make sharpened spikes. Apparently [faction] want to cover the fort in them to make it look more "badass".\n\nOur builders could probably show them how to make those spikes more than just eye candy...

needBuilder\_option1= Offer expert advice (level 7 builder)

needBuilder\_option2= Give them a few tips

needBuilder\_option3= Turn them away

needBuilder\_outcome1= [Faction] were very happy with the help. Their fort should be stronger than ever now. Hopefully we'll never have to face off against them...

needBuilder\_outcome2= The tips we gave [FactionLeader] were mostly just common sense, but should help [faction] finish their project faster. They'll be stronger for it.

needBuilder\_outcome3= [FactionLeader] accused us of being bad neighbors, like the one who always borrows your hedge trimmers but never brings them back.\n\nI always imagined myself more like good-time Larry from Three's Company, or that guy Wilson from Home Improvement who always had his face behind the fence. But this time, well, we're keeping our advice to ourselves.

protectionMoney\_title= Protection money

protectionMoney= Some thuggish looking guys from [faction] are milling around our gates. They say they've been protecting us from zombies since we arrived and it's time for us to pay for their services.\n\nThey hinted that it would be terrible if somehow the zombies got through the walls tonight.

protectionMoney\_2= A "Zedsterminator" from [faction] showed up today with a bunch of goons in tow. He emptied a sack of zombie heads at my feet and demanded compensation for keeping the undead menace at bay.\n\nIf we don't pay them, they implied that the next sack of heads might "accidentally" end up in our water supply...

protectionMoney\_3= A surly looking group of people marched up to the main gate of our fort today. Said they had spent the day putting the undead back in the ground and could do with a meal before heading back to [faction's] base.\n\nThey hinted that if we weren't neighborly enough to pass round some food, they might have to go pick it from our farms themselves.

protectionMoney\_option1= Talk them out of it (need lvl 7 leader)

protectionMoney\_option2= Pay them the 10 rations

protectionMoney\_option3= Tell them to screw off

protectionMoney\_outcome1= We convinced them that we're doing an equal amount of work to kill zombies in [CityName], and if anything they should be paying \_us\_. I think we almost had them there. Anyway they left peacefully.

protectionMoney\_outcome2= [Faction] took our food and left. They'll probably be back in another month to pull the same thing on us again.

protectionMoney\_outcome3Success= We stood our ground and said we wouldn't pay. They'd all turned to leave, when suddenly one of them spun around and started firing shots around, seemingly at random. We reacted quickly, diving out of the way and shooting back at the madman.\n\n[Faction] left, dragging the shooter with them. We'll put an extra watch on in case they come back tonight to make good on their threats.

protectionMoney\_outcome3Fail= We stood our ground and said we wouldn't pay. I thought they were just going to leave, when suddenly one of them drew his gun. We were slow to react and [Name] was hit in the leg.\n\nThen [faction] just took off. We'll put an extra watch on in case they come back tonight to make good on their threats.

killingPayment\_title= Tip your zombie killers

killingPayment= A group of guys from [faction] came by and killed the massing zombies at the [square]. That could have been bad if they hadn't helped out. But now they're standing at the main gates and rubbing their fingers together like they expect us to tip them.

killingPayment\_2= Part of the wall beside the [square] gave way earlier today. We would have found ourselves flooded with zed if a group from [faction] hadn't happened by and bought us the time to shore up the breach. Now their boss is over by our front gate, looking like they're waiting for something.

killingPayment\_3= We heard a commotion outside at the [square] earlier today. I sent a couple of scouts out and they reported that they'd seen a bunch of people from [faction] bringing down some undead monstrosity that was lurking there.\n\nThe group turned up at our main gate a few hours later looking haggard. Maybe we should give them something to eat before they head out.

killingPayment\_option1= Give them 5 rations

killingPayment\_option2= Give them 10 rations

killingPayment\_option3= Say thanks and give nothing

killingPayment\_outcome1= They each took a portion of the food and seemed grimly satisfied.

killingPayment\_outcome2= They bundled the food up to take back to [faction] and thanked us for our donation to their "zombie kill squad".

killingPayment\_outcome3= They seemed confused and disappointed, and hung out at the gates for an awfully long time looking hopeful before they left.

killSquad\_title= Zombie Kill Squad

killSquad\_1= We caught sight of this one gal with a katana wearing [faction's] colors wading through a sea of the undead at the [square] like it was nothing at all. It was impressive, let me tell you.

killSquad\_2= We heard a loud explosion and saw a ton of smoke coming from the [square] earlier today. Turns out [faction] had set a trap for the zed and it worked like a charm. Guess we won't need to worry about any more undead coming from that direction for a while.

killSquad\_3= Those [FactionNoThe] bastards can be pretty bloodthirsty when it comes right down to it. They tore through the nearby [square] and made mincemeat of every undead they came across.

killSquad\_4= Saw a bunch of guys from [faction] killing zed at the [square]. One of them waved to us... using someone else's severed arm.

mugged\_title= Your money or your lives

mugged\_1= [We]'d just finished up [missioning] and were on our way back when [we] suddenly found {1} blocking our path.\n\nThey'd been waiting for [us] to do all the work of collecting everything useful from that [square], and now they're demanding [we] hand it over. If [we] do, they say [we're] free to continue on [our] way.

mugged\_2= You ever have one of those days where nothing goes right?\n\n[We]'d just finished [missioning] at the [square] when [we] heard [\*a polite cough|some shifting rubble|a sharp order to turn around from] behind us. [We]'d let {1} sneak up on [us].\n\nThey want everything we just found, and they aren't going to take 'no' for an answer.

mugged\_3= [We] had [our] [p|eye|eyes] open for the usual dangers while [missioning]: zed, wild animals, maybe a building close to collapse. Suddenly running into {1} just as [we] finished up was an unpleasant surprise.\n\nThey pointed a couple rusty shotguns at [us] and told [us] to hand over anything we'd found in the [square], "nice and easy like."

mugged\_pharmacists= some ugly looking Pharmacist thugs

mugged\_stmichaels= a group of pint-sized punks from St Michael's

mugged\_leetcrew= some of the 1337cREw's more physically active members

mugged\_rotten= a collection of decomposing Rotten

mugged\_option1= Attack them

mugged\_option2= Hand over the spoils

mugged\_outcome1\_success= It was tense for a couple minutes there, but after I broke [\*one guy's nose|one of their wrists|one of their rusty old shotguns], they backed off and let us leave in peace.\n\nHope that teaches those thieves to mind their own business from now on.

mugged\_outcome1\_fail= Well, now we don't have anything from the [square] and I've got a [\*new hole in my foot|black eye|couple cracked ribs].\n\nAfter the thieves gave us good beating, they took everything [we]'d gathered together, thanked us for our 'donation' and left chuckling to themselves.

mugged\_outcome2= We gave them everything we'd found in the [square] and they let us leave as promised.\n\nI hope this doesn't become a regular thing.

thatsMine\_title= Hey, That's Mine!

thatsMine\_1= We were finishing up reclaiming the [square] when [FactionLeader] from [faction] came by, banging at our gate and asking us what the hell we were playing at?\n\n[FactionHe] seems to think the [square] is part of their territory and we're trespassing. Apparently if we don't clear out of there "toot suite" as [factionHe] put it, we're gonna be in a heck of a lot of trouble.

thatsMine\_2= It was bad enough dealing with the [factionAdjective] catcalls coming from over the wall as we were reclaiming the [square] by their base, but now that we've finished walling the area off, [FactionLeader] has come by saying they "own" the land we've cleaned up.\n\nI doubt that they have any legal documents to back up their claim, but [factionHe] isn't going to be happy if we're still there come tomorrow morning.

thatsMine\_3= I would have thought [faction] would have been happy to have the zed cleared away from their walls, but it seems they're all in a lather about us claiming the [square] next to their fort.\n\nI'm half-tempted to just open the gates and let the zombies take it back, but that wouldn't do either of us any good.

thatsMine\_option1= Hand over the [square]

thatsMine\_option2= Keep the [square]

thatsMine\_option3= Convince them it's ok (lvl 8 leader)

thatsMine\_outcome1= I'm not happy about giving up the [square], but I suppose it doesn't hurt to keep [faction] happy. Especially when they're going to be our new neighbours.

thatsMine\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] wasn't pleased when we told [factionHim] to go [suck an egg|kiss a zombie], but that [square] is ours now, and there's nothing [factionHe] can do about it. It doesn't matter how many guns [factionHe]'s lining up on the other side of the wall....

thatsMine\_outcome3= We talked [factionHim] into letting us have the [square], saying we've got their back and all. [FactionLeader] was a tad mistrusting of us as neighbors with good reason, but [factionHe]'ll come around once [factionHe] gets to know us a little better.

factionDisaster\_title= Mother Nature's Wrath

factionDisaster\_1= Thunderstorms visited [CityName] last night. Lightning struck an unprotected [square] in [factionAdjective] fort and burnt the building to the ground.\n\nThey've asked for our help in rebuilding, because, well, that's what we do.

factionDisaster\_2= A small earthquake gave [CityName] a shake yesterday. We're all OK, but a [square] over in [faction's] fort was badly damaged.\n\nThey're asking for help with putting the thing back together. Seems most of their people are too busy fending off the zed. I'm guessing their walls didn't fare that well either.

factionDisaster\_3= A fire broke out in the [factionAdjective] fort last night. You could see the flames dancing all the way from our walls. It was really quite pretty.\n\nThey came by this morning and asked if we could help them put their [square] back together. They're a little short on building supplies and were hoping we might have a few usable 2x4s to spare. Or at least a few nails.

factionDisaster\_option1= Send over a builder (need lvl 5)

factionDisaster\_option2= Provide 10 building materials

factionDisaster\_option3= Send builder and 10 materials

factionDisaster\_option4= Don't help

factionDisaster\_outcome1= The structure was rebuilt so quickly that it was like one of those Amish barn raisings, assuming they used power tools. The building may even be in better shape than it was before. Needless to say, [FactionLeader] is very grateful for our help.

factionDisaster\_outcome2= The building is rebuilt, if you don't mind the leaky roof and having a traffic sign for a door. I don't think it would pass code, but in this day and age I score it a solid B+ effort.

factionDisaster\_outcome3= [FactionLeader] was stunned by our generosity. [Name] helped them rebuild that [square] better than it had been in the first place. That is what we're doing here in [CityName] after all, regardless of who owns or uses a building.

factionDisaster\_outcome4= We do not like them enough to help, and we do not dislike them enough to fix up the building and then seize it from them. Whatever.

factionWeaponize\_title= Weaponization

factionWeaponize\_1= [FactionLeader] is furious with us, and pretending I have no idea what [factionHe]'s talking about isn't getting me anywhere. [FactionHe] demands that we give [faction] some sort of weapon to apologize, and to show that we aren't planning a war with them.

factionWeaponize\_option1= Give them {1}

factionWeaponize\_option2= Give them 5 ammo

factionWeaponize\_option3= Teach them tactics (Needs lvl 8 soldier)

factionWeaponize\_option4= Refuse

factionWeaponize\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] tossed the weapon to a subordinate and growled "find some use for this junk". But [factionHe] couldn't hide [factionHis] pleasure at getting what [factionHe] wanted out of us.\n\nHopefully this will stay off a war between us, though if that day comes they'll have a bit more of an edge now.

factionWeaponize\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] seemed on the verge of refusing such a paltry tithe, then said "it'll have to do" when it was clear that was all they were getting.

factionWeaponize\_outcome3= [Name] went over for the day and gave [faction] some advice on their walls and weakspots. Hopefully we won't be facing these defenses any time in the near future.

factionWeaponize\_outcome4= [FactionLeader] barked threats at me until [factionHe] was blue in the face, but I wouldn't budge. It seems inevitable that we'll be fighting [faction] soon, and we'd be foolish to arm them before that happens.\n\nI told [FactionLeader] [factionHe] could go to hell, and left.

judgmentWord\_title= Spreading the Word

judgmentWord\_1= Father O'Grady and some of his Last Judgment bikers rode up to our gate today. [He got up on a crate and started preaching loudly over our walls.|They seem to be nailing crosses to our outer walls.|Now they're lounging around out there, drinking what looks like sacramental wine.]\n\nI'm not entirely sure, but I think they may be trying to get us convert.

judgmentWord\_2= We got a knock on our gates today and opened it to find Father O'Grady with [some bored-looking men with ugly mustaches and biker leathers|two uncomfortable-looking women in historically inaccurate and embarassingly tight nun outfits|another clean-shaven man in a white shirt, leather vest and a tie with little crosses on it].\n\nThey asked if we'd "heard the Word of our Lord."

judgmentWord\_3= The Last Judgment cleared out some zed and set up a little campsite not far from our gate. Since then they've been [singing hyms. Or torturing cats. I'm not sure which.|stopping anyone who tries to leave our fort to invite them for a Bible reading.|calling any men they see over for drinks and yelling abuse at passing women.]\n\nI think they're trying to get our attention, but they're doing it in the most obnoxious way possible.

judgmentWord\_option1= Invite them to visit our church

judgmentWord\_option2= Listen to what they have to say

judgmentWord\_option3= Tell them to get lost

judgmentWord\_outcome1= The group seemed surprised that we actually might have a spiritual side. We showed them around the old church we had fixed up and bonded a little. Father O'Grady invited us to visit them so they could return the favor. This Sunday's sermon is on "[the evils of loose women|Jesus and His disciples: the world's first biker gang|God's flaming sword of justice, the M4 Carbine AR-15]." {1}

judgmentWord\_outcome1\_devout= \n\nOur most devout survivors were pleased to host some fellow Christians for the day.

judgmentWord\_outcome2= The group spent hours preaching to us, going over all the rules and regulations we need to follow if we want to avoid a fiery burning eternity after the cold grave. They eventually left looking satisfied.

judgmentWord\_outcome3= When we made it clear that we weren't interested in what they had to say, they packed up and left. They didn't seem happy about it. {1}

judgmentWord\_outcome3\_devout= \n\nOur most devout survivors were upset that we turned away fellow Christians.

judgmentGas\_title= Lend the Lord Some Gas

judgmentGas\_1= Father O'Grady and some of the Judgment boys showed up at our gate this morning with long faces and empty gas canisters in their bikes.\n\nSeems they burn through a lot of fuel driving around the city and were hoping we had a little to spare.

judgmentGas\_2= One of our scouts just spotted a group of grumpy-lookin' Last Judgment members not far from our walls. It looks like their bikes ran out of juice and they've been stranded there for the past couple of hours.\n\nWe could probably help them out if we had a bit of gas to spare.

judgmentGas\_option1= Give them gas (5 fuel)

judgmentGas\_option2= Let them use your gas station

judgmentGas\_option3= Don't help them

judgmentGas\_outcome1= They were grateful for the gas and soon after we heard the sound of their engines revving in the distance.

judgmentGas\_outcome2= I thought that gas station was dried right up, but they managed to siphon enough dregs from the bottom of the tanks to get themselves home. Father O'Grady said a little prayer over the station's pumps, they all touched the gasoline to their foreheads and crossed themselves, then one of them fired his gun in the air. I guess our gas station is blessed now?

judgmentGas\_outcome3= They left empty-handed and lookin' depressed. They abandoned their bikes somewhere. Chances are those things'll soon look just like all the other rusted metal husks littering the streets.

judgmentWomenPolicy\_title= Make me a sandwich

judgmentWomenPolicy= I met with Father O'Grady to talk about setting up a no man's land between us and the Last Judgment. He pulled me aside at one point and told me he'd heard our new policy on "letting women out of the kitchen" as he put it. He said:\n\n"It's good you're nipping that in the bud, [sonny]. You start giving women guns, and in my experience they'll just turn around and point them at ya."\n\n"[Timothy 2:11, 'A woman should learn in quietness and full submission.'|Genesis 3:16, 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.'|1 Timothy 2:12, 'I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'|Ephesians 5:22, 'Let wives be in subjection to their husbands as to the Lord']"

judgmentWomenPolicyEven\_1= I met with Father O'Grady to talk about setting up a no man's land between us and the Last Judgment. He pulled me aside at one point and told me he'd heard our new policy on "letting women out of the kitchen" as he put it. He said:\n\n"You're making a serious mistake, [sonny]. The lord was clear on what a woman's role should be, and that's back home where she's safe with a man to protect her."\n\n"[Timothy 2:11, 'A woman should learn in quietness and full submission.'|Genesis 3:16, 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.'|1 Timothy 2:12, 'I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'|Ephesians 5:22, 'Let wives be in subjection to their husbands as to the Lord']"

stmichaelsVandals\_title= Those Damn Kids

stmichaelsVandals\_1= I heard a banging on the front gate late last night, but all I found when I opened it was a flaming paper bag and the distinct smell of burning poop. I could almost feel disappointment in the air as I refused to step on it.\n\nAs I shut the gate I caught sight of a couple orange St. Michael's school jackets disappearing around a corner. I guess everyone deserves a chance to pull childhood pranks, even hopelessly outdated and inappropriate ones like this.

stmichaelsVandals\_2= Looks like the St. Michael's boys have been spray painting our outer walls.\n\nNothing artistic, just a few [things about how much "We drool" and "St. Michael's rules!"|derogatory messages about our parentage|scribblings that I think are meant to be gang-signs] and [\*a lot of comments about "butts"|some impressively elaborate drawings of genitalia|a painting of a six foot tall spraycan].

stmichaelsVandals\_3= Some of the lookouts have noticed St. Michael's boys lurking around at night. I think they're trying to vandalize our fort, but they don't have enough supplies to make much of a dent.\n\nWe've seen a few unraveled rolls of toilet paper here and there and some yellow splotches that might have been egg or piss, but it all gets lost in the dirt, grime and blood stains that already coat our makeshift walls.

stmichaelsDrink\_title= Underage Drinking

stmichaelsDrink\_1= Rufus and a couple of young St. Michael's School boys came around, wistfully peeking over the walls at our bar. They asked if there was any way we'd could slip them a beer... or six, or twelve. They said they'd give us their "totally rad" Bazooka in trade for some.\n\nThese kids are 12 years old, 13 at best - far too young to be drinking... right? Though I noticed they aren't too young to have pistols on their hips.

stmichaelsDrink\_2= We saw some kids from St. Michael's School for Boys watching our fort earlier today. When we confronted them, they admitted they'd heard we had a bar and were hoping they might score some booze.\n\nI don't like the idea of feeding these prepubescent kids our moonshine, but they said they knew where to find a mean lookin' Bazooka that would help us bring down the zed.

stmichaelsDrink\_option1= Give boys booze (5 food)

stmichaelsDrink\_option2= Tell them to go back to school

stmichaelsDrink\_outcome1= The kids were happy with the [mason jars of moonshine|40s of flat beer|bottle of skank Mezcal] we gave them. They're probably going to go down to the old railyard now to drink and throw rocks at Zed. Ah, youth.\n\nRufus turned over the "Bazooka" to us... which turned out to be the name of a 12 year old bulldog they'd found. The old beast still has a little fight in her, but mostly all she does is sleep, snore loudly, and fart.\n\nWelcome to the team, Bazooka.

stmichaelsDrink\_outcome2= We told the kids to get lost. Depriving your brain of oxygen by drinking mild poisons requires a certain level of maturity.

riffsChallenge\_title= A Challenger Appears!

riffsChallenge\_1= A group of Granville Riffs showed up today in their their matching black and yellow pajama-robes. Malik wants to challenge our strongest fighter to face their champion in one-on-one combat, to prove which of our groups is stronger.\n\n[FormalName] took one look at their champion, [a huge guy with tree-trunks for limbs|a harmless looking old man with a walking stick|a teenage girl with wide eyes and spiky hair|a middle-aged woman with steel streaks coursing through her dark hair], and said [he] could take [him|him|her|her]. I'm not so sure about that, but if [he] really wants to try...

riffsChallenge\_2= Malik delivered message for [FormalName] today. Apparently the Riffs have heard of [his] [\*combat prowess|zombie killing-expertise|badass skills] and want to see how [he]'d do in a real fight.\n\nIf we're willing, Malik wants to pit [Name] against their champion. In a fight not to the death... but to the \_pain\_.\n\nActually I have no idea what sort of fight this will be, but they assure us [he]'ll probably live through it.

riffsChallenge\_option1= Agree to fight

riffsChallenge\_option2= Decline the challenge

riffsChallenge\_outcome1\_success= The match lasted into the night with a lot of posturing and near misses, neither fighter giving any ground. After the third break, just as the clock struck midnight, [Name] dropped their champion [\*with a well-timed two fisted hammer punch|an incredible crane kick to their head|a stunning German suplex].\n\nAfterwards, Malik seemed to look on us with new-found respect. He even bowed to us before they dragged their fallen champion back home.

riffsChallenge\_outcome1\_fail= The fight was short and decisive. Hopefully [Name's] recovery period will quick as well, but [he]'s going to [\*have an ugly black eye|be missing a few teeth|have to reset that broken nose] when [he] finally wakes up. Still, Malik seemed satisfied with the encounter and saluted us before they left.

riffsChallenge\_outcome2= Malik didn't seem happy about us refusing to participate in their little dust-up, though it's hard to tell for sure what he's thinking behind those shades. The last thing we need is one of our guys accidentally getting [his] skull broken open.

governmentBlockade\_title= Nothing to See Here

governmentBlockade\_1= We just got word from one of our scouts that a bunch of [\*generic black vans|surprisingly well armored vehicles|cars with large secret-service logos] have driven up to one of [CityName's] [squares]. The place is crawling with [\*people in Hazmat suits|burly looking soldiers|men in black suits and dark glasses] who won't let anyone near the site.\n\nI think they must be with the Government. I guess we better stay away from there for a while.

governmentBlockade\_2= I was heading over to one of [CityName's] [squares] to see if I could find [\*some dry fire wood|some usable paper products|something to eat that wasn't covered in mold], when I was stopped by a [youngish woman with horn-rimmed glasses|guy who looked like his nose had been broken one too many times|middle-aged man with a beard you could lose a small bird in|lady with sharp cheekbones and a no-nonsense glare] [\*in a plain gray suit|covered head-to-toe by a radiation suit|wearing a worn bullet-proof vest|with camouflage netting wrapped around their shoulders].\n\n[She|He|He|She] said they were with the Government and the area was off-limits. I was going to argue, but their [\*blank stare was|large rifle was|blood-covered shoes were|active Geiger counter was] kind of unnerving.

governmentBlockade\_3= Some Government [\*soldiers|scientists|officials] just rolled up to our gate and told us to stay away from one of [CityName's] [squares]. Wouldn't say why, just that it was restricted. Who do these people think they are?\n\nWell... probably the people who [\*still have robotic strike drones at their command|have access to large cache of deadly military weapons|have some of the best analytical equipment available to what's left of humanity].

governmentBlockadeLifted\_title= Nothing to See Here

governmentBlockadeLifted\_1= The Government has cleared out of the [square] they were blockading as quickly as they had arrived. I guess we can start poking around there again.

governmentBlockadeLifted\_2= Our scouts say that there aren't any more government types at the [square]. No sign of what they were doing there. Even the zombies seem untouched.

governmentBlockadeLifted\_3= I was curious to see if I could get a better look at what the government were up to at the [square], but found it abandoned except for the occasional zed. I guess they finished whatever it was they were doing there.

governmentComandeering\_title= Duty to the State

governmentComandeering\_1= [\*A bullet proof limo|An armored car|An all-terrain troop carrier] just pulled up to the main gate and Senator Davis got out with a[ small man with a pinched face| nervous looking older lady|n army general covered with medals].\n\nThey said they were here to commandeer {1}. I got the impression from Davis' tone that it was more like an order than a request.

governmentComandeering\_2= I had a meeting with Senator Davis and some of the Government's top people today and it did not go well. They're demanding {1} from us.\n\nI'm not sure why they think they can still tax us, what with society crumbling around our ears, but they're determined to try.

governmentComandeering\_3= Senator Davis wants to commandeer {1} on behalf of the Government. [He] says all citizens of [CityName] have a duty to support their government. He also hinted that he's been authorized by a higher authority to use whatever force necessary to make sure we do.\n\nI don't feel comfortable just letting them waltz in here and take things, but can we afford to make another enemy right now?

governmentComandeering\_option1= Let them have {1}

governmentComandeering\_option2= Tell them to get lost

governmentComandeering\_outcome1= Senator Davis thanked us for our continued support, and had his secretary give us a receipt.\n\nIt must be official. They put a seal on it and everything.

governmentComandeering\_outcome2= Senator Davis was unhappy with our response, but he didn't seem willing to push the issue... yet.

leetcrewQuestions\_title= Security Questions

leetcrewQuestions\_1= One of the 1337cREw stopped by today asking weird personal questions. Stuff like birthdates and mother's maiden names and "[\*What was the make of your first car?|What was your first job?|What's your favorite breed of dog?|Who was your childhood hero?]".\n\n[She|He]'s still out there bothering the other survivors now.

leetcrewQuestions\_2= I met one of the 1337cREw at the main gate today. [She|He] handed me a piece of paper with a list of personal questions, along with brain teasers like "[\*If one train leaves Seattle at 60 miles an hour and another leaves Vancouver at 50 kilometers an hour, where will they pass?|What is six plus eight times twelve?|What is the airspeed of an unladen swallow?]".\n\nI'm not sure I want to answer this stuff, but [she|he] won't go away until I do.

leetcrewQuestions\_3= I was outside the wall today looking for [\*some PVC piping to fix our plumbing|kindling to cook dinner|edible weeds] when I ran into one of the 1337cREw. After some small talk [she|he] started asking me a whole bunch of weird personal questions. Like where I was born, my old passport number, and random stuff like "[\*Who was your favorite high school teacher and when were they eaten?|What was your first concert and how did you explain it to your parents?|What's your favorite place to visit when it isn't crawling with zombies?]".\n\nI'm not sure why the [girl|guy]'s asking these questions in the middle of a ruined building, but [she|he]'s determined to get answers.

leetcrewQuestions\_option1= Answer questions

leetcrewQuestions\_option2= Refuse to say anything

leetcrewQuestions\_outcome1= The list of questions [she|he] plied me with was pretty odd. Everything from "[\*What was the make and model of your first car?|What is your oldest sibling's middle name|Where were you when you had your first kiss?|What was your childhood nickname?]" to "[\*Where were you when the zombies first attacked?|What street did you live on before the zombies ate your family?|If you could turn into any animal to escape the zombie apocalypse, what would it be?|Where did you kill your first zed?]". After a few dozen of these random questions the 1337cREw member thanked me for my time and left.\n\nI've no idea why they wanted to know all this random personal trivia, but I'm sure nothing bad will come from it. If you can't trust people from the Internet, who can you trust?

leetcrewQuestions\_outcome2= I stayed tight-lipped as my interrogator went through question after question. Eventually [she|he] got tired of asking things like "What road did you grow up on?" and "What was the name of your first pet?". [She|He] left in a bit of a huff.\n\nI didn't want to be rude, but I don't think [\*Mr Bon-Bon|Fluffy-wuffkins|Petunia Fuzzbutt|Chairman Meow] is any of their business.

leetcrewFPS\_title= Call of Honor

leetcrewFPS\_1= [FactionLeader] and a couple kids from 1337cREw came by today to drop off a message. Apparently they've hooked a bunch of computers up to an old backup generator and are holding some sort of gaming tournament. They want [FormalName] to join them in the virtual ring, and to make it interesting there's 10 {1} on the line.

leetcrewFPS\_2= [FormalName] and I met with [FactionLeader] from the 1337cREw today. She said they've got a bunch of old computers up and running and are arranging some sort of inter-faction FPS tournament. She invited us to come compete, and [Name] said [he]'d play on our behalf.\n\nThey suggested we put something at stake besides our pride, and suggested 10 {1} would do it.

leetcrewFPS\_3= It seems the 1337cREw can't get enough blood and death in their daily lives and are setting up a tournament for their favorite FPS game. They dropped off a formal invitation today asking if we'd compete. Entrance fee is 10 {1}, we get double that if we win.\n\n[FormalName] says [he]'s interested.

leetcrewFPS\_option1= Compete in tournament

leetcrewFPS\_option2= Refuse tournament offer

leetcrewFPS\_outcome1\_success= I guess all that time spent blowing the heads off zombies with a rifle actually had some benefit... besides the trivial matter of keeping everyone we care about alive, that is.\n\n[Name] smoked everyone else in the tournament and brought home a shopping cart full of [\*old game cartridges and broken motherboards|remarkably intact mid-90's computers].

leetcrewFPS\_outcome1\_success\_2= [Name] beat them senseless. While the opposition did spend an inordinate amount of time [\*making remarks about [his] sexuality|inventing derogatory racial epithets|insulting [his] maternal figures], I think they were grateful for the competition.\n\nWe took our winnings and declined a rematch.

leetcrewFPS\_outcome1\_fail= These 1337cREw gamers are deadly with a keyboard and mouse. [Name's] screen was an endless cavalcade of blood splatter and loading screens as [he] waited to recover from death after death.\n\nIf nothing else, the people [he] was playing against had fun and accepted us as part of the group. At least, I think that's what all the [\*cries of "LOLOLOL!!!!! NEWB!!!"|dancing around my virtual corpse] meant.

leetcrewFPS\_outcome2= We declined the invitation to compete in the event. I don't think the 1337cREw liked our response much, but we're fighting for our lives here. We don't have time to [\*play some silly video game|run around shooting pretend guns when there are real ones that need shooting more|fight for our lives in a virtual place... we've got plenty of real opportunities to do that every day].

leetcrewCCG\_title= Holo Decks

leetcrewCCG\_1= The guys from 1337cREw salvaged an old industrial hologram printer and are using it to make collectible cards for a new sci-fi themed game they invented. They gave us a few sets and it's spreading like crazy through our fort. I have to say it sure beats our old Thursday night tournaments of "[\*guess the number of fleas on [Name's] head|dumpster diving for fun, prizes and new skin diseases|zombie head hackysack|who can tell the saddest story]".\n\n1337cREw's game is a silly one, but it gives us a chance to forget the terrors we see on a daily basis... for a little while.

leetcrewCCGAgain\_1= The 1337cREw are back with a new expansion for their collectible card game. The new set has more hologram cards like "[\*space duck|conveniently stable wormhole|inconvenient probe|improbable laser sword]" and "[\*crazy man with a magic polyhedron|retrofitted flying naval submarine|spaceship that is in no way meant to represent a particularly rude body part]".\n\nEverybody wants the new cards, but this time it's going to cost us 10 food.

leetcrewCCGAgain\_2= There's a new set of hologram cards for the 1337cREw's super popular collectible card game, and they're willing to sell it to us for 10 food. Some of the new cards are "[\*remarkably human looking alien|green alien friend zone|comically obnoxious robot]" and "[\*alien species curiously obsessed with earth despite having greatly advanced civilization and technology|eight hundred and second hero's journey legend|systems of government that strangely parallel those on earth]".\n\nPeople are so excited to get their hands on this new expansion set.

leetcrewCCGAgain\_option1= Buy the new cards

leetcrewCCGAgain\_option2= Say no

leetcrewCCGAgain\_outcome1= Everybody's hooked and having a great time playing the game, so who am I to say no? And now I'll finally have the cards I need to complete my "[\*Alien Affinity|Venusian Bloom|Aggro Android|Five-Color Combo]" deck.

leetcrewCCGAgain\_outcome2= I could never get a handle on those weird games with a thousand different cards you have to collect, even back when the little pieces of paper actually meant something.\n\nGive me a good game of [\*four finger fillet|lawn darts (or as we used to call it, 'Who loses a toe first?')|strip-backgammon|pin the stick of dynamite on the zed] any day.

pigRunner\_title= Run Pig Run

pigRunner\_1= This guy showed up at our fort today completely out of breath. Between gasps he told us he'd been running from the Pig Farmers and they were hot on his tail.\n\nDidn't take long for Farmer Bucket to show up and demand we hand him over. He claims the guy [\*attacked one of the farm hands|stole the farm's last chicken|killed the farmer's pet dog] and now they're lookin' for some sort of restitution.

pigRunner\_2= I didn't expect to be staring down the barrel of Farmer Bucket's gun this afternoon, but you can never really predict how a day's going to turn out anymore.\n\nSomehow I ended up between Bucket and this other guy who swears he didn't [\*get one of the farmers' daughters pregnant|sleep with another farmer's wife|cheat in any card game]. But given the carbine thrust in my face, I don't think Farmer Bucket believes him.

pigRunner\_3= A stranger slipped unnoticed into our compound last night. We had no idea until Farmer Bucket came banging on our front door this morning looking for him. Seems the Pig Farmers want to [\*tar and feather him|use his guts for garters|feed him to their pigs] for some reason, but the fella won't say why.

pigRunner\_option1= Hand him over to the farmers

pigRunner\_option2= Protect the man

pigRunner\_outcome1= Even though Farmer Bucket thanked us for our help in capturing their quarry, I couldn't help feeling a just little sorry for the guy as he was dragged away [\*sobbing quietly to himself|murmuring a prayer under his breath|clawing at the chains around his wrists].

pigRunner\_outcome2= I was seriously afraid that the farmers were going to start something when I told them to get lost, but in the end they backed off, telling me that any further trouble the guy committed would be on my head.\n\nThe fellow, whose name is [FormalName], happily joined up with us. I just hope I don't come to regret this decision.

pigBBQ\_title= Neighborhood BBQ

pigBBQ\_1= We just got a message from the Pig Farmers. They've got an excess of spare meat from somewhere recently and are asking if we want to join them an old fashioned barbecue.\n\nIt seems they'd love to have us for dinner.

pigBBQ\_2= I just had a long chat with Farmer Bucket of the Pig Farmers. He just couldn't stop going on about how succulent belly meat it is. The unique texture. The way the juices just flowed out of it when you bit down....\n\nMeat definitely seems to be his passion. He even invited me to come over to the cook up they're going to be having this evening.

pigBBQ\_3= I was out [\*collecting the least poisonous looking mushrooms I could find|looking for wild animals with poor survival instincts|just trying to keep downwind of the zed] when I ran into Farmer Bucket. The Pig Farmers had just finished filling up a huge hole, where they said they'd buried a bunch of zed.\n\nWe chatted for a bit and he invited us to visit their farm for dinner tonight. "If'n yer lucky," he said with a wink, "we'll have sumthin' \_special\_ fer dessert.

pigBBQ\_option1= Accept the invitation

pigBBQ\_option2= Decline

pigBBQ\_outcome1= The Pig Farmers's BBQ was fun. We passed around some moonshine and ate till we were stuffed. There was even enough meat to take some home in a doggy bag... but I had to excuse myself after I found [\*some teeth in my burger|a finger in my sausage|what looked like the remains a pacemaker in my rack of ribs].\n\nSome things will just put you off your dinner.

pigBBQ\_outcome2= While I'm sure the Pig Farmers would be happy to ensure we never go hungry again, I declined their offer. I think that was the best choice for everyone involved.

pigCannibalPolicy\_title= To Eat or Not to Eat

pigCannibalPolicy= Farmer Bucket came by to say he's pleased with our very sensible stance on what to do with bodies of the deceased. He told me we've got the right idea, and "why waste that meat when there are empty stomachs what need fillin'.".\n\nHe gave me a gap toothed grin and reminded me that the Pig Farmers are always available to trade.

pigCannibalPolicyAngry= Farmer Bucket heard that we rejected the idea of eating people. "If they's dead," he argued, "they aint' feeling nothin', so they ain't gonna care, right?"\n\nBut I was adamant that we don't want any of the Pig Farmer's funky "meat" anywhere near our fort. If I find out they've been selling to any of our people there'll be hell to pay. I told him so, but he just started long and hard at me, spat a black glob of tobacco on the ground, and stomped off.

pharmacistsSample\_title= Free Sample

pharmacistsSample\_1= A group of Pharmacists showed up at our main gate today, including Tiff, Thirion, and a guy with [\*the word "ironic" ironed on to the front of his shirt|a neck tattoo that said "ask me about my poetry"|a military jacket two sizes too small] and a large suitcase handcuffed to one of his wrists.\n\nThe suitcase was packed with "Bath Salts", a drug of the Pharmacists' own creation. They're here to offer us a special "new customer" freebie.

pharmacistsSample\_2= Some Pharmacist gangsters rolled up to the fort today, complete with bandanas, machine guns and a dented low-rider covered in a disturbing amount of dried blood.\n\nSaid they were doing deliveries of their signature 'Bath Salts' concoction and had a bunch left over. We're free to try some if we want.

pharmacistsSample\_3= Tiff, Thirion and a Pharmacist girl wearing a shirt that read [\*"Capitalism is the crisis"|"Property is theft"|"Eat the Rich"] stopped by our fort looking to sell us some stuff.\n\nSounds like it's really an excuse to get us to try some of this new drug they're calling 'Bath Salts'.

pharmacistsSample\_option1= Trade for Bath Salts

pharmacistsSample\_option2= Ask what the drugs do

pharmacistsSample\_option3= Refuse to trade

pharmacistsSample\_outcome2= Tiff grinned a bit maniacally "It makes you feel crazy powerful, like you could lift cars or crush zed skulls with your bare fists." She mimed crushing a zombie's head with her hand. "And you're totally not afraid, like, of anything. It's a serious trip. We give it to all our soldiers before they go out on rounds, they can't get enough of the stuff."\n\nSound like it's addictive, but will give us a combat boost and make people happier.

pharmacistsSample\_outcome3= I told the Pharmacists that we didn't need any of the sort crap they were peddling.\n\nWe may be sick, cold, starving, desperate and in a constant battle against the elements and the undead just to survive, but we have our pride.

pharmacistsProtest\_title= Anarchy Rules

pharmacistsProtest\_1= Our [\*east|west|south|north] wall has a new mural. We woke to find it covered in colorful slogans like "[\*Deeds Not Words!|Make love not zed|Revolution is not a dinner party]" and "[\*Had enough?|Never had it so good|Three Word Chant!]".\n\nI'm guessing it's the work of those Pharmacists, who seem to disagree with our policies on {1} and {2}. It's got some of our people arguing about politics.

pharmacistsProtest\_2= Those Pharmacists were having some kind of protest outside our main gate today, chanting and carrying signs like "[\*Each for all and all for each|The rich get richer and the poor get poorer|No War but Class War]" and "[\*Bigger cages! Longer chains!|Every Man a King!|Power to the people, not the zed!]".\n\nSounds like they don't like our policies in {1} and {2} and now they've got some of our survivors all upset about it too. Haven't we got more important things to think about...

pharmacistsProtest\_3= One of the Pharmacists showed up earlier today to hand out pamphlets titled "The Laws of Anarchy." I'm not sure how anarchy has laws, but apparently it's a well known thing.\n\nThe pamphlets criticized our stance on {1} and {2}, which got people all irritated. I had to kick the Pharmacist out... guess that cements my role as [\*a member of bourgeois|the "man"|another propagator of the systemic oppression of their movement].

pharmacistsDeal\_title= Deal Some Drugs

pharmacistsDeal\_1= Gustav's caravan just pulled up to our gates. He's got a special deal for us if we act fast: half-price Bath Salts. A LOT of them. I bet if we can't use it all ourselves, we could sell it to the Pharmacists or some other faction for a good price.

pharmacistsDeal\_option1= Ask where he got them

pharmacistsDeal\_option2= Buy 10 for 10 food

pharmacistsDeal\_option3= Buy 50 for 50 food

pharmacistsDeal\_option4= Decline and tell the Pharmacists

pharmacistsDeal\_outcome1= \_"The Bath Salts, they, how do you say... they... fell off the wagon."\_ Explained Gustav. He frowned. \_"No, wait, that iz not right... The truck, they fell off the truck, iz what I meant to say."\_\n\nStill not sure what he's talkig about, but I suspect it involved stealing from the Pharmacists.

pharmacistsDeal\_outcome2= "Do not think of selling them back to me," he laughed and touched the side of his nose, "Gustav remembers."

pharmacistsDeal\_outcome3= "Do not think of selling them back to me," he laughed and touched the side of his nose, "Gustav remembers."

pharmacistsDeal\_outcome4= I politely said no, then mentioned it to Tiff and Thirion the next time I saw them. Tiff was furious.\n\n"Can you believe that thieving bastard?" she asked her husband. "He told us that shipment was lost in a zombie attack!"\n\nThey thanked me for telling them and vowed to get revenge on Gustav.

dahliasSale\_title= Fire (Arms) Sale

dahliasSale\_1= A [\*young woman in simple traveling clothes|an older lady in well fitting business suit|a hefty woman with a rifle slung on her back] came by the fort today carrying a basket of goods to trade.\n\nI asked if she had any muffins in there, but she just laughed and started laying out bullet cases of every caliber under the sun. The Dahlias are having a sale on ammo and now's our chance for some mad deals.

dahliasSale\_2= We saw the Dahlias' out in the field today mowing through a gaggle of zed. I got a chance to talk to them after they finished making it rain zombie chunks.\n\nTheir leader Nell told me they've had a bad harvest this season and are low on food. They offered to trade us some ammo from their stockpile at cut-rate prices.

dahliasSale\_3= A couple of us joined the Dahlias for tea and a book reading today. "[\*Pride and Extreme Prejudice|Sense and Senility|the Zed survival handbook]" was delightful, but the tea was watery and we only got half a dry biscuit each. It seems they're low on food...\n\nThen our hosts started laying ammo out on the coffee table and the meeting turned into a kind of Tupperware party for bullets. This is our chance to pick up some rounds at excellent prices, and help the Dahlias feed their growing fort.

dahliasSale\_option1= Buy 10 ammo for 5 food

dahliasSale\_option2= Buy 20 ammo for 10 food

dahliasSale\_option3= Buy 50 ammo for 25 food

dahliasSale\_option4= Decline

dahliasSale\_outcome1\_1= They were happy with the prospect of getting some food in their bellies, and with this ammo we should be able to keep our survivors out of zombies' bellies.

dahliasSale\_outcome1\_2= I know [\*ten cases of ferret food|a months supply of raccoon jerky|a crate of turnip puree] doesn't sound that appetizing, but the Dahlias were satisfied with it. Better than nothing.

dahliasSale\_outcome2\_1= They were happy with the prospect of getting some food in their bellies, and with this ammo we should be able to keep our survivors out of zombies' bellies.

dahliasSale\_outcome2\_2= I know [\*ten cases of ferret food|a months supply of raccoon jerky|a crate of turnip puree] doesn't sound that appetizing, but the Dahlias were satisfied with it. Better than nothing.

dahliasSale\_outcome3\_1= They were happy with the prospect of getting some food in their bellies, and with this ammo we should be able to keep our survivors out of zombies' bellies.

dahliasSale\_outcome3\_2= I know [\*ten cases of ferret food|a months supply of raccoon jerky|a crate of turnip puree] doesn't sound that appetizing, but the Dahlias were satisfied with it. Better than nothing.

dahliasSale\_outcome4= Unfortunately we need all the food we've got. They're going to have to make do like everybody else; keep eating grass soup and dumpster mushroom souffle.

dahliasRescue\_title= Getting Rescued

dahliasRescue\_1= That was a close one. [FormalName] almost got [his] face eaten off when [he] was out in the city this morning. [He] got cornered by a cluster of undead on [his] way back to the fort and found [himself] [\*hiding in a dumpster|clinging to a fire escape ladder|fending them off with a chair].\n\nLuckily a few of those Dahlias stumbled onto this scene. They cleared [him] a path and [he] bolted for home. Maybe we should send them a thank you card or something.

dahliasRescue\_2= [FormalName] nearly got [himself] killed again. [He] was out quietly [\*hunting feral dogs|trying to find some clean drinking water|looking for a working sparkplug], when [he] tripped over a fallen road sign, stumbled, collided with a store display of tambourines, reeled, then put a hand on a car to steady [himself] and set its alarm off. Within moments [he]'d attracted a horde of undead.\n\nGood thing one of the Dahlias was nearby. This woman just smiled, lit a stick of dynamite and chucked it into the swarm. [Name's] hearing will be spotty for a few days and it'll take a while to clean all of the zombie chunks out of [his] hair, but at least [he]'s alive.

dahliasRescue\_3= [FormalName] tried to do the "white knight" thing today and save a damsel in distress when [he] saw her fighting some zed in the street. But [he] only ended up getting [himself] in trouble as [he] yelled to get the zombie's attention.\n\nFortunately the "damsel" was one of the Dahlias' enforcers, and she got [him] out of there with only couple minor scrapes. All that blood on [his] shirt belongs to someone else.

dahliasWomenPolicy\_title= Make your own damn sandwich

dahliasWomenPolicy= Nell McClung and a couple very intimidating women with bandoliers crisscrossing their chests just stopped by. They wanted to talk about our stance on the role of women and men in our fort.\n\nNell couldn't believe we've actually mandated women "staying in the kitchen" as she put it. A hundred years of fighting for equality... obliterated, just like everything else around here.

dahliasWomenPolicyEven= Nell McClung and a couple very intimidating women with bandoliers crisscrossing their chests just stopped by. They wanted to talk about our stance on the role of women and men in our fort.\n\nNell was pleased we're taking a progressive move towards gender equality by enforcing equal time in domestic and outside duties. "It's the only way to break the cycle of societally-enforced gender roles," she noted, "plus everyone should know how to use a gun, these days that's just common sense."

dahliasStash\_title= Weapons Stash

dahliasStash\_1= One of our scouts, [FormalName], noticed a couple Dahlia women picking around at an old [square]. We're not sure what drew them there, but we overheard them say the word "[high-powered assault rifles|C4|machine guns]" and maybe something about the mafia.\n\nDo we want to try to bully the Dahlias out of there and take whatever it is they're searching for? Or should we leave them alone?

dahliasStash\_2= The Dahlias set up a perimeter around an old [square] and posted a couple guards. [FormalName] managed to speak to one of them while scouting nearby. She said they're hunting for some mafia guy's weapons cache they think is in the area.\n\nThe Dahlias won't be happy if we butt in, but we could use those weapons if we can find them first. Do we want to interrupt their search?

dahliasStash\_3= [FormalName] stumbled onto something interesting while scouting. When [he] ducked into a [square] to avoid a pack of zed, [he] ran head first into two Dahlia scouts who were surveying the area.\n\n[He] warned them of the zombies, and in thanks they let [him] in on a secret: they'd heard that a mobster buried a stash of weapons nearby and they're close to finding it.\n\nI feel like a heel taking advantage of their trust, but more firepower would be handy against all the ravenous undead out there. Do we want to try to find the stash ourselves?

dahliasStash\_option1= Find and take the weapons

dahliasStash\_option2= Leave them alone

dahliasStash\_outcome1\_success= [Name] was lucky that the Dahlias didn't have any backup nearby. [He] breezed in, found the weapons, and got out of there before they could do anything but shout after [him] in anger.\n\nThere was a lot of good stuff in this stash. I wonder how they knew about it in the first place.

dahliasStash\_outcome1\_fail= [Name] and the Dahlias exchanged some strong words, but the Dahlias decided they weren't looking for a fight today and left.\n\nUnfortunately, they either didn't know or didn't mention that the stash was boobytrapped. The explosion destroyed whatever had been in there and gave [Name] a lesson in flying. [He]'ll live, but chances are [he]'ll be walking with a limp when [he] recovers.

dahliasStash\_outcome2= We let the Dahlias keep whatever it is they've found out there. It's the right thing to do.\n\nAnd besides, who knows how many people they have keeping watch from conveniently hidden sniper nests in the area.

chosenMakeover\_title= Zombie Makeover

chosenMakeover\_1= There's something weird going on in [CityName]. We've been seeing a whole lotta zombies wearing fancy evening wear. Good stuff too. Freshly pressed tuxedos, classy ballgowns, that sort of thing.\n\nSome of our people think it's the work of that loopy Church of the Chosen Ones. [Name] saw one of them running around with a bunch of clothing under [his|her] arm. Maybe they're trying to make the undead more respectable?\n\nWhat I want to know is how they're dressing the undead without getting their faces eaten off.

chosenMakeover\_2= You know, I think the zombie that attacked me today had fresh makeup on. Let me tell you: mascara, painted lips and manicured nails doesn't make the rotting creature trying to claw your eyes out any less horrific.\n\nI wonder if someone from the Church of the Chosen Ones did it... Zed seem to ignore those people and this is just the kind of thing I'd expect from those wack jobs.

chosenMakeover\_3= I saw something odd today. It looked like some guys from the Church of the Chosen Ones wandering around in their yellow robes ambushing zombies. The thing is, they weren't killing the undead... they looked like they were trying to dress them up.\n\nEach zombie emerged from the group with freshly combed hair, new clothes and even the occasional splash of makeup to bring out the color in their rotten flesh.\n\nAside from being completely off-the-wall crazy, what I want to know is where they got all that green concealer.

chosenSuicide\_title= Ritual Suicide

chosenSuicide\_1= I don't believe it. You know that crazed group of cultists that worship the zed? A bunch of them just held some weird ritual at the [square], the one right next our fort. Their chanting and dancing got more frenzied as the day went on, then suddenly they all drank a shot of purple liquid and dropped over dead.\n\nMinutes later they started rising back up as zombies, and now the [square] is just crawling with undead.

chosenSuicide\_2= I got the strangest invitation today. A group from that Church of the Chosen Ones stopped by to ask if I'd join them in a [\*rousing zombie carol sing-along|scripture reading using a set of their new all-leather tomes|homemade wine-tasting] at the [square] right next to our fort.\n\nI'm kind of glad I didn't go, because the thing ended with all of them killing themselves in some sort of bizarro suicide pact. Now the place is swarming with their undead corpses.

chosenSuicide\_3= Looks like we'll have to clean out the [square] next to our base again. It's been covered in zombies since this morning when the Church of the Chosen Ones paid it a visit.\n\nThey hosted one of their bizarre rituals there... I'm not sure if the zed finally had enough of their chanting, or if the cultists just up and killed themselves, but every one of them is now brain-hungry undead monster.

luddiesAngryTech\_title= Technophobia

luddiesAngryTech\_1= The Luddies think our fort is emitting [\*radio waves|quantum particles|ionized ozone|a miasma] that is [\*giving them brain clouds|causing their kids to develop a stutter|going to wake the creature in the sewers|scaring away the wildlife].\n\n"King" Owen Ludd has asked that we please stop researching new technology like {1}.

luddiesAngryTech\_2= The Luddies hate our {1} and our [\*freedom|home-cooked food|moxy|straight teeth]. They've asked that we quit researching new ways to destroy the world, and just be happy with the technology we have now.

luddiesAngryTech\_3= We just got a message from the Luddies. Owen Ludd says our {1} research is too advanced and they're worried about where all our fiddling with technology might lead.\n\nThey think we should stick to doing things the old fashioned way. Like [\*hand churning our own butter|plowing a field with our bare hands|using a simple wood fire to warm our homes] and [\*using a good dose of leeches to treat our ills|starting our fires by banging a couple of rocks together|walking, not driving, through the zombie infested streets].

luddiesAngryTech\_option1= Agree to stop research

luddiesAngryTech\_option2= Reason with them (lvl 8 Engineer)

luddiesAngryTech\_option3= Refuse to stop

luddiesAngryTech\_outcome1= Ludd was relieved when we gave him the news. He expounded the virtues of doing things by hand, saying "there's nothing like [\*having a refreshing cold bath in a pond, as nature intended|picking the perfect strawberry, unspoiled by electromagnetic radiation|weaving your own clothes from wild grasses, even if they are a little itchy]."

luddiesAngryTech\_outcome2= One of our engineers patiently explained to the Luddies that wifi and cell signals are just radio waves, which harmlessly inundated our cities for generations before the zombies. And electric fences don't even work on these principles at all... they're really quite safe, so long as you don't touch or pee on them.\n\nI don't think they understood the stuff about the inverse-square law, but they seemed mollified for now.

luddiesAngryTech\_outcome3= The Luddies who claim to suffer from "electromagnetic hypersensitivity" and "radio wave sickness" have taken to wearing straw hats lined with tinfoil to keep the harmful waves out. They stay well clear of the "radiation zone" around our fort... which is just fine by me.

luddiesSabotage\_title= Muzzling Scientists

luddiesSabotage\_1= Those Luddies really want to keep us in the stone age. They broke in and let a zombie loose in one of our labs, trying to make it look like an accident except [Name] saw them sneaking out of there.\n\nWe managed to kill it, but it wrecked all our research. We're back to square one.

luddiesSabotage\_2= A [woman|man] named "[\*Professor Harvard|Doctor Library|Eminent Smith]" came visiting today. We should have known [she|he] was a Luddie spy from that stupid stereotypical white lab coat, but [Name] was so eager to share [his] work that [he] let [her|him] right into the lab, no questions asked. The spy then [\*started a fire|contaminated our samples|stole our notes] and destroyed all of our {1} research on {1} in the process.\n\nWe're going to need to start again from scratch.

luddiesRebellion\_title= Leaving the Luddies

luddiesRebellion\_1= We've got some old farmer outside the gates. Says [she|he] was with the Luddies but had enough of their backwards ways and is striking off on [her|his] own.\n\n[She|He] also said [she|he]'s heard we know a thing or two about {1} and was hoping we'd be willing to trade that knowledge. [She|He]'ll give us enough [\*turnips|brussels sprouts|broccoli] for a thanksgiving feast.\n\nWe could use the food, but the Luddies won't like that we're making deals to their ex-members, especially for tech.

luddiesRebellion\_2= I never thought we'd meet someone who was too crazy for the Luddies... but here [she|he] is at our front gate, ranting about [\*cyborg hunting rabbits|cannibalistic flowers in the sewer|a clown that was stalking him]. [She|He]'s leaving town after a fight with her fellow conspiracy theorists, but stopped by to offer us a bushel of food for our knowledge of {1}... which [she|he] thinks will help in the fight against that terrible (if completely imaginary) foe.\n\nSeems harmless enough, but the Luddies aren't going to like that we're offering tech secrets to one of their former members.

luddiesRebellion\_3= We ran into a couple scientists wearing straw hats and overalls today. They'd been hiding out with the Luddies, but the group's anti-technological rhetoric and rampant paranoia was too much for them.\n\nThey're going to start out on their own, but came by to ask if we could teach them about {1} before they went. They've got a whole bunch of food to give us in return. I'm just worried the Luddies will be offended... they've never liked the idea of knowledge being spread around.

luddiesRebellion\_option1= Share our research

luddiesRebellion\_option2= Refuse to share

luddiesRebellion\_outcome1= Who cares what the Luddies think? We've got more food in our bellies and we've given someone a better chance of survival.

luddiesRebellion\_outcome2= We apologized but said we couldn't give our research to anyone else. I feel bad, but at least we won't have angry technophobic farmers at our gate any time soon.

luddiesManure\_title= Golden Geese

luddiesManure\_1= The Luddies' prized Canadian Geese (yes... they're raising geese over there) have been creating more manure than they know what to do with.\n\nOwen Ludd's asking if we want to trade some of our medicine for their goose poop. He says if we sprinkle just a bit of that stuff on our farms, our food output will go way up!

luddiesManure\_2= [Name's] been nervous about going back to the Luddies' farms ever since [he] was attacked by their geese. Those birds are vicious.\n\nBut they're worth it. They don't eat them (all the Luddies are vegan) but they use the goose poop to fertilize their fields. Apparently it makes for some mighty healthy vegetables.\n\nThey'll trade us some in exchange for some of our medicine. It's a good deal, but we should send someone other than [Name] this time. The welts on [his] ankles still haven't healed.

luddiesManure\_3= The Luddies have been breeding an impressive collection of geese. We've been trying to buy a couple off them (mmmm roast goose!) but those veggie-eaters will have none of it.\n\nWhat Owen Ludd will trade us, however, is some of the stuff that comes out of the geese's rear end. It seems goose manure is one of the best things for helping a farm crop grow big and strong. In exchange they're asking for some medicine to help them when things get rough.

luddiesManure\_option1= Trade 5 medicine for manure

luddiesManure\_option2= Trade 10 medicine for manure

luddiesManure\_option3= Refuse the deal

luddiesManure\_outcome1= The Luddies are now healthier and for the next few days, our farms will be too. I just wouldn't go down wind of them for a while.

luddiesManure\_outcome2= The Luddies are now healthier and for the next week or so, our farms will be too. I just wouldn't go down wind of them for a while.

luddiesManure\_outcome3= We had to tell the Luddies sorry, but need what little medicine we've got. The manure won't do any good if we're too sick to get our there and work the fields.

rottenCutter\_title= The Cut of his Jib

rottenCutter\_1= [FormalName] reported a really ugly lookin' creature with a badly cut up face rummaging through our garbage at the [square]. It looks like a zombie, but it isn't acting like one. Our first clue was when it spotted [Name] it hid behind an old fridge, rather than trying to eat [his] face off.\n\nIt's creeping me out knowing it's out there. Should we deal with it?

rottenCutter\_2= [FormalName] just got the fright [his] life. [He] was picking [his] way through one of the run-down buildings outside our walls when [he] ran head first into a really ugly lookin' zombie. The thing's face was so badly cut up it looked like it had tried to headbutt a blender.\n\n[Name] booked it back to the fort and the thing predictably followed [him], but not in a zombielike way... more like it was sneaking along, ducking behind things, trying not to be noticed. It's hanging around outside the walls now, snarling at the other Zed. What should we do about it?

rottenCutter\_option1= Approach it

rottenCutter\_option2= Shoot it from the walls

rottenCutter\_option3= Leave it alone

rottenCutter\_outcome1= That could have gone better. [Name] went out to find the creature and ended up with a knife in [his] knee for the trouble. But the thing didn't finish [him] off; it just snarled something like "Leave Cutter alone!" and slunk away.\n\nIt must have been one of the Rotten... but I've never seen one so badly beaten up before. They usually take better care of themselves.

rottenCutter\_outcome2= The ugly creature kept dodging from cover to cover and [Name] couldn't get a clear shot at it. Pretty un-zombielike behavior... I'm guessing it's one of the Rotten, not a full zombie after all. That doesn't mean it's not dangerous.\n\nWhen [Name] finally winged the thing, it screeched what sounded like "Cutter hates you!!" at us, then ducked behind a garbage bin and disappeared completely. We've seen no trace of it since.

rottenCutter\_outcome3= The creature must be one of the Rotten, because your regular zombie couldn't wield a knife with that kind of skill. Also they don't usually spend their afternoons cutting apart other zed and seeing how far they can throw the bits.\n\nThe thing left as the sun set, and turned back once with a triumphant cry of "Cutter!!!". Now we've got fewer zed to worry about at that [square], though [Name] drew the short straw and has to clean up "Cutter"'s mess.

rottenPromotion\_title= The Dead Are People Too

rottenPromotion\_1= Jesse and some Rotten came to visit today. The [\*little girl with a ponytail and a single eye|one-armed, no-legged old man on a skateboard|fridge-shaped guy missing most of his face] was a bit unnerving, but they said they came to promote a peaceful co-existence between man and undead. Or as Jesse put it, to "have a lil' git ta know ya."\n\nThey boosted morale with their good cheer and handmade [\*sock puppets|bouquets of sewer lichen|(but suspiciously green) pastries]. One Rotten woman insisted on shaking everyone's hand until her own fell off.

rottenPromotion\_2= A few of us went over to the Rotten encampment last night to watch them put on a Shakespeare play. It's one in a series of events Jesse set up to improve human-undead relations and "help all us folks git along" as he put it.\n\nIt was a unique interpretation, and we all laughed when [\*Yorick's head started talking back to Hamlet|Julius Caesar got back up with Brutus' dagger in his back and kicked his butt|Juliet bit Romeo's lower lip right off during a passionate kiss]. Good fun and a nice boost to morale.

rottenReggie\_title= Two-Arms Reginald

rottenReggie\_1= Zed reach through cracks in our wall all the time, but this one was different. It... he... smiled. He winked. And his arm wasn't trying to grab my neck, it was cupped upwards, begging.\n\n"Help old Two-Arms Reginald out, would ya [son]?" he wheezed. He was a one of the Rotten: green decaying flesh, missing teeth, terrible breath. And I noticed the arm he was begging with wasn't even attached to his body; he was holding it with his other hand.\n\nWhat should I give him?

rottenReggie\_option1= Offer 1 food

rottenReggie\_option2= Offer 1 medicine

rottenReggie\_option3= Offer 1 ammo

rottenReggie\_option4= Offer nothing

rottenReggie\_outcome1= He seemed disappointed. "What's a Rotten like me supposed to do with [an apple|this bread|astronaut ice cream]? You're teasing old Reginald, ain't ya?"\n\nHe sighed and shrugged hopelessly, but he did keep the food, and wandered off into the city mumbling to himself.

rottenReggie\_outcome2= This made him angry. "Pills??" He hollered and I dodged a spray of spittle. "Where were the pills when I got bit, huh? Where were they when I felt the fever, and when my teeth came out? And my arm! My arm! It's too, too, TOO LATE!"\n\nHe threw the medicine back through the crack at me and stormed away.

rottenReggie\_outcome3= He rectracted his severed hand and eyed the prize. "Shiny bits of death," he murmured approvingly. He rolled the bullets around, mumbling and caressing them. He seemed to have completely forgotten I was there, but I guess he's happy.

rottenReggie\_outcome4= Reggie stayed at the wall for the rest of the afternoon, smiling and winking at everyone who walked by, thrusting his dismembered arm through the crack at them and laughing wheezily when they jumped in fear.\n\nEventually he gave up and went home empty handed.

gustavLoan\_title= The Loan Shark

gustavLoan\_1= Gustav is at the gates and his caravan's piled high with sacks of rice and dried beans. Since we've been down on our luck he's offering us 30 food now as a loan, and he'll come to collect on the debt later.\n\nShould we take his food?

gustavLoan\_2= We haven't eaten properly for days, and some of our people are saying Gustav's wagon load of food is nothing short of a miracle.\n\nI'm not so sure though... that schemer doesn't do handouts, or coincidences. He's offering us a "loan" of 30 food now, but chances are he'll be back looking for payment in the future, and it won't be cheap.

gustavLoan\_option1= Take his 30 food

gustavLoan\_option2= Refuse the handout

gustavLoan\_outcome1= Gustav threw a couple bags of [rice|pasta|pinto beans] down to us, and reminded us that he'll be back in one month to collect on our debt, plus "interest".

gustavLoan\_outcome2= As hungry as we are, there's no telling how much Gustav would demand in interest when the time came to pay him back. We said no.

gustavCollect\_title= The Loan Shark

gustavCollect\_1= It's been a month since Gustav loaned us 30 food, and today he came back to collect on it. He brought half a dozen armed mercenaries with him... there was nothing we could say really. We stood by warily as they went through our food stores and took what he said we owed him.

gustavCollectInsuffcient= Gustav returned today to collect on the loan of 30 food, but said we didn't have enough to pay. He instead took {1} as interest, and said he'll be back in two weeks for the rest.\n\nIf it continues on like this, we may never be free of this debt. And here I thought we'd gotten a fresh start after all the world's credit card data was lost. I guess borrowing more than you can afford is just a part of life, or human nature, or something.

gustavCollectNone= Gustav returned today to collect on the loan of 30 food and was upset to find us as hungry as ever. He made some veiled threats about our fort's security, then said he'd be back in two weeks.

gustavGambler\_title= Gambler's Ruin

gustavGambler\_1= Gustav brought an interesting woman by today... a rather large lady dressed in a purple burlesque corset and a miniature top-hat. From the folds of... I'm not sure I want to know where, she produced a miniature roulette wheel and a set of casino chips.\n\n"Welcome to Madame Rita's Roadside Roulette," she rolled her Rs suggestively, "Buy-in is 10 {1}, and you're going to \_adore\_ the grand prize."

gustavGambler\_2= Gustav visited today with Madame Rita, a very large and sultry woman in a revealing burlesque outfit and top hat. She presented a little roulette wheel with slots painted black, red, and one labeled "Jackpot".\n\nRita sensually rubbed two casino chips between her fingers and wiggled her eyebrows at us. "The minimum bet is 10 {1}. Care to try your luck?"

gustavGambler\_3= Gustav is back at the gates, this time with "Madame Rita", a former burlesque entertainer who now runs Gustav's traveling casino. A heavyset woman, her revealing velvet corset suggests nothing of either decency or defense against the undead.\n\n"Care to play some Roadside Roulette? Today's bet is 10 {1}."

gustavGambler\_option1= Bet 10 {1} on Black

gustavGambler\_option2= Bet 10 {1} on Red

gustavGambler\_option3= Bet 10 {1} on Jackpot

gustavGambler\_option4= Decline

gustavGambler\_win= [\*Rita flicked the roulette wheel with a long purple fingernail|The wheel spun agonizingly slowly as we drew in close to watch|The roulette wheel made a "fzzzzzz" sound as it spun|Rita deftly spun the little wheel|The roulette wheel stuck and wouldn't spin. Embarrassed, Rita pulled the front off it, blew the dust out of it, and tried again].\n\n[\*We won 10 {1}!|Lady luck is smiling down on us, we won 10 {1}.|Luck is on our side, 10 {1} for us.|We're on a roll, 10 {1} for us!]\n\nWe have {2} {1} left. Should we keep going?

gustavGambler\_lose= [\*Rita flicked the roulette wheel with a long purple fingernail|The wheel spun agonizingly slowly as we drew in close to watch|The roulette wheel made a "fzzzzzz" sound as it spun|Rita deftly spun the little wheel|The roulette wheel stuck and wouldn't spin. Embarrassed, Rita pulled the front off it, blew the dust out of it, and tried again].\n\n[\*We lost 10 {1}.|Poor luck, we lost 10 {1}.|This game must be rigged, we lost 10 {1}.|A loss, 10 {1} down the drain.|Dammit, wrong number again... is she controlling this thing somehow?]\n\nWe have {2} {1} left. Should we try again?

gustavGambler\_jackpot= [\*Rita flicked the roulette wheel with a long purple fingernail|The wheel spun agonizingly slowly as we drew in close to watch|The roulette wheel made a "fzzzzzz" sound as it spun|Rita deftly spun the little wheel|The roulette wheel stuck and wouldn't spin. Embarrassed, Rita pulled the front off it, blew the dust out of it, and tried again].\n\nJackpot!! We got it! Rita produced 50 {1} and {3} from some mysterious pocket of her skimpy outfit.

gustavGambler\_youBust= We should have known better than to try to gamble with what little we had. We're out of {1} now and have nothing to show for it.\n\nRita smiled sympathetically, but victory sparkled in her eyes. "[It appears prosperity is not yours today, but maybe next time.|Sadly fortune was not with you this time|I hope we see you again soon]."

gustavGambler\_theyBust= I slapped another 10 chips on the table, but Rita sighed and shook her head. "You've cleaned me out I'm afraid, you'll have to wait until next time."\n\n"Unless that is, you'd accept a show as payment?" She wiggled her oversize hips suggestively. When I gulped in response, she laughed and said she was only kidding.

gustavGambler\_outcome4= I declined, saying I didn't think survival was a game. Rita pouted and packed away her things.

gustavSpecialStock\_title= Gustav's Special Stock

gustavSpecialStock\_1= Gustav came by today to let us know that we've been such good customers he's willing to give us exclusive access to his 'special' inventory.\n\nHopefully this new stuff is worth it, and [doesn't smell like it was pulled out of a dumpster|actually works|isn't covered in mold] for a change.

gustavSpecialStock\_2= Gustav's obviously been doing well for himself. His caravan [\*looks like it has a new paint job|has been plated in chrome|is barely able to move it's so heavily loaded with goods] and his new bodyguards [\*are all armed with the best refurbished weapons|look like the sort that eat broken glass and floss with barbed wire|look like they've had actual military training].\n\nWhen we asked him about it he told us that this was thanks to all the business we'd given him, and to show his appreciation, he was going to give us access to his 'executive' goods.

gustavSpecialStock\_3= Gustav and his [brother Boris|sister Vera] stopped by to give us a message. They've been doing so well (thanks to all the business we've been giving them) that they've been able to stock up with a bunch of special gear. They're giving us first crack at it too.\n\nMaybe this means I'll finally be able to get that [\*pony|Zombie Killer 3000|air rifle] I always wanted.

gustavLove\_title= Gustav's Love Caravan

gustavLove\_1= Gustav's courtesans have arrived in a convoy of campers and dirty mattresses. They pulled up in a semicircle around our gate, the girls posing in the grungy camper doorways and displaying their most (relatively speaking) alluring features. Gustav assures us it's all \_"berry berry romantic"\_ once you're in there.\n\nShould we hire them?

gustavLove\_2= A collection of old campers has pulled up at the gate, led by that sly businessman Gustav. Girls are peeking shyly out from behind the curtains at us.\n\nGustav says if we want to get to know any of them 'better', all we have to do is pay him a modest fee.

gustavLove\_3= Gustav's collection of courtesans have done the best they can to make themselves look enticing... though some of them could use more makeup to hide the dark shadows under their eyes, and the tight clothes reveal that they're not getting fed real well. I remember when that look was sexy, back in those Calvin Klein ads.\n\nShould we hire them to raise the men's spirits?

gustavLove\_4= I'm guessing many of the women Gustav rounded up for his 'Love Caravan' would have chosen a different occupation, if the world had more opportunities and fewer ravenous undead.\n\nBut Gustav reassures us that no one's there against her will and that his girls like to \_"make man feel strong"\_. Should we hire them to raise the men's morale?

gustavLove\_5= The 'Love Caravan' is filled with women who move like dancers, sing like nightingales, and can do amazing things with a folded sheet. At least if Gustav's sales pitch is to be believed.\n\nShould we see for ourselves?

gustavLove\_6= Gustav's "Love Caravan" just pulled up, and ladies are waving and blowing kisses from the doors. I'm not sure where Gustav found so much lingerie, but the girls are all kitted out in frilly undergarments.\n\nAccording to Gustav, they're just waiting for men to help them disrobe. Should we oblige?

gustavLove\_option1= Hire the girls and take part (10 food)

gustavLove\_option2= Hire the girls for the others (10 food)

gustavLove\_option3= Decline the offer

gustavLove\_option4= Talk to Kathleen

gustavLove\_outcome1\_1= I've heard about 'talking dirty', but that girl Alice was downright rude. I don't think my ears are ever going to be the same again.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_2= Alice was beautiful, but she got really into insulting me and putting me down. From the way she glared at Gustav when he came to say our time was up, I'm guessing she was taking out her frustration with her boss on me. It's odd but... I liked it.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_3= Candice's pillow fort was really impressive. I've don't think I've ever had that much fun laying a siege before.\n\nExcept that, well, using bed bugs as a defensive line was a little unfair!

gustavLove\_outcome1\_4= I picked Candice, an older woman with a streak of silver in her hair, and simply spent the night wrapped in her arms.\n\nI miss having someone to take care of me. I think we all do.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_5= Maria wanted me to act out some kind of bizarre fantasy where I was a zombie come to "ravish" her. Nope, not into that. Definitely a big fat N-O-T going to happen.\n\nShe relented, but I think she was secretly still imagining it.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_6= I chose Candy, who was wearing six inch heels and the frilliest lingerie I've ever seen. As soon as we got inside, she kicked off the heels and complained that her outfit "itched like hell", that the bed was uncomfortable and the food was terrible and she had a splitting headache. Then with a sigh she laid back and said "okay, let's get this over with".

gustavLove\_outcome2\_1= It's been a long time since I've seen so many smiling faces in this fort. Quite a few of the caravan's girls looked satisfied too, but I worry about the ones who just seemed to be tired.

gustavLove\_outcome2\_2= The caravans were quieter than I expected them to be. I snuck a peek through one of the windows and saw was the camper's inhabitants fast asleep in one another's arms.\n\nIt's been so hard on everyone recently, I'm not surprised that when our guys get behind closed doors they just want someone to hold them.

gustavLove\_outcome2\_3= One of the girls introduced herself as "Kitty" with a childish giggle. She was obviously too young to be in this line of work, maybe 14 at best, and was playing it up by wearing her hair in pigtails and clasping a teddy bear. I was disgusted.\n\nI forbade her from joining in and tried to have a kind of parental chat with the girl instead, but she stomped on my foot and stormed off, pouting.

gustavLove\_outcome2\_4= Our men paired off with Gustav's ladies and took turns in the little caravans. One of them was rocking so hard Gustav thought it might fall over. He rushed around banging on it and yelling \_"I tell you! Do not do it like that! I tell you many times!"\_

gustavLove\_outcome2\_5= Everybody wanted to pick Dasha, a stunning blond who looked like she just stepped out of a swimsuit catalog. It nearly came to blows before I had them draw straws and [FormalName] won first go.\n\n[He] came out an hour later looking oddly disappointed, and shook [his] head to the next guy in line for Dasha. "No man, pick someone else" was all [he] would say.

gustavLove\_outcome2\_6= Okay, I had to peek. I mean, there were barn animal noises coming from that one caravan, and sounds like breaking dishes. All I can say is, [FormalName] definitely knows how to have a good time. I took notes.

gustavLove\_upset\_1= Some of our people were pretty upset that we'd take part in such a barbaric practice. Others are happy, but I can't help but wonder if I made the wrong choice. We're supposed to be building a new civilization after all, and is this kind of treatment of women really something we want to preserve?

gustavLove\_upset\_2= Not everyone was keen to visit Gustav's caravan. Most of the women, for one thing... and the devout among us are pretty angry that we'd even let Gustav park those sinful trailers so close to our fort.

gustavLove\_upset\_3= A few of our people put up a protest. They're calling Gustav's caravan "degrading to women", "human trafficking", and "a sinful convoy of hellbound hussies". They're urging us to send Gustav away the next time he shows up.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_option1= Talk to {1}

gustavLove\_outcome1\_option2= Done

gustavLove\_outcome2\_option1= Talk to {1}

gustavLove\_outcome2\_option2= Done

gustavLove\_outcome\_talkGirls= the girls afterwards

gustavLove\_outcome\_talkKathleen= Kathleen

gustavLove\_outcome3\_1= We declined Gustav's offer. These girls look unclean and unhappy, and I don't want to make their lives any worse today than they already were.

gustavLove\_outcome3\_2= We told Gustav we weren't interested. He fumed and bustled around to each girl, grabbing them and showing off their best features, saying \_"How do you not want zis??"\_\n\nThe ladies were uncomfortable, but I think a little relieved, too.

gustavLoveKathleen\_part1= Most of the girls just giggled or glanced at the bodyguards and shook their heads. All except Kathleen, a young woman with a wry sense of humor and a rough, short haircut that I suspect she did herself.\n\nShe told me that Gustav could be a brute sometimes, but at least there were regular meals and the bodyguards were there to keep her safe. Except that, from the way they watched her sometimes, she wondered if they were actually there to keep her from running away.

gustavLoveKathleen\_part2= Kathleen regaled me with stories of her past clients. Like the one about [the guy who wanted to be tied up... and had nearly turned blue by the time she managed to get all the knots undone.|the contortionist who, in the end, didn't need any help from her at all.|the guy who came in just after being bit. He turned while they were in the act and she had to bash his skull in with a brass cherub.]\n\nShe was happy to have someone from outside to chat with, because talking with the other girls is too depressing. She said many of them are unhappy, but resigned to the belief that this is their only hope for survival.\n\nKathleen's not so sure that's true.

gustavLoveKathleen\_part3= Kathleen's frustrated with Gustav and the caravan. She says she used to be an artist, but it's been forever since she built something with her own two hands. Gustav caught her whittling a piece of wood one day and angrily took her knife away, saying she might hurt herself with it.\n\nIf things continue like this, Kathleen says she's going to head out on her own. She's not sure how she'll avoid the zed, or even if Gustav will let her go, but enough is enough.\n\nMaybe we could talk to Gustav about letting her leave?

gustavLoveKathleen\_part4= Kathleen didn't want to talk today. Something had obviously troubled her and you could tell she'd been crying. She just mumbled an apology and closed the door.

gustavKathleenLeave\_title= Fed Up With Love

gustavKathleenLeave\_1= Gustav was taking inventory when I met up with him. He twittled his moustache. \_"Kathleen, yes... I see you spend much time with her, but my payment box iz empty just like before. Maybe that girl iz tryink to cheat me?"\_\n\nI explained that she wants to leave the caravan, and the little man grunted. \_"Well... iz not that she iz prisoner, you understand? Iz just, I pay for that girl's food and bed and bodyguard to keep her safe. I need return on my investment..."\_\n\nHe rubbed his fingers together.

gustavKathleenLeave\_option1= Offer 50 food

gustavKathleenLeave\_option2= Convince him to let her go (8+ leader)

gustavKathleenLeave\_option3= Steal her away in the night

gustavKathleenLeave\_option4= Leave her with Gustav

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome1= Gustav seemed satisfied with the deal and released Kathleen with his blessing.\n\nKathleen thanked us for our help. While she was fairly sure she could have made it out on her own, it could have been a lot messier.\n\nShe offered to join up with us and we were more than glad to have such a skilled artist on our side.

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome2= It took a bit of negotiation but Gustav eventually agreed he was better off leaving with Kathleen with us. The disaster stories she told us of her previous clients helped to convince him. She wasn't really cut out for that line of work.\n\nIn fact Kathleen seems to be a skilled builder and artist. We happily accepted her into our fort, "just so long," she said "as I get my own bedroom."

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome3= We left Gustav's camp and came back in the middle of the night, slipping past the guards who were busy watching out for zed. They didn't notice our group of "clients" left with one extra person.\n\nWe got safely back to our fort without incident. There Kathleen asked to join up with us and we were happy to take her up on the offer.\n\nUnfortunately Gustav found out, and is fuming mad about it. We better give him time to cool off...

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome4= Kathleen wasn't there next time we visited Gustav's camp.\n\nTalking with one of the guards, it sounds she'd upped and left in the middle of the night without anyone noticing, and they hadn't heard from her since.\n\nI hope she's doing alright out there.

gustavManWagon\_title= Gustav's Man Wagon

gustavManWagon\_1= Gustav's showed up at our fort with his 'Man Wagon' today. A collection of old campers full of fit men with luxurious heads of hair and surprisingly good teeth.\n\nHe's advertising it as an alternative to his 'Love Caravan'. These men are here to help our ladies (or men who are so inclined) to have a little fun and blow off some steam, if we're interested in hiring them.

gustavManWagon\_2= The 'Man Wagon' is at the front gate and there's a group of handsome men of every shape and size are lounging around making 'come hither' smiles at anyone who happens by.\n\nAt least Gustav is considering both genders in his attempt to make a profit from the carnal desires of those of us left in this ruined world. Should we hire them?

gustavManWagon\_3= A collection of workers from Gustav's 'Man Wagon' (the male version of his 'Love Caravan', obviously) wandered into the fort today, stripped down to their swim trunks, set up a volleyball net and started up a game.\n\nI realize this is an advertising gimmick, but there's something about the way their lean and well-oiled muscles bounce up and down in the sunlight.... Maybe we should hire them?

gustavManWagon\_4= The 'Man Wagon' is Gustav's latest attempt to make profit in this dying world. Filled with dapper and surprisingly experienced young men, he shops them around from fort to fort where they provide entertainment, and more, for anyone willing to pay them for the service.\n\nOur fort is next on their tour of [CityName]. Should we hire them?

gustavManWagon\_5= A collection of well-built men wearing sparkly underwear and little else seem to have started up a dance routine outside the fort walls.\n\nI think this is Gustav's attempt to advertise for his 'Man Wagon', the all-male equivalent to his infamous 'Love Caravan'. But I'm a little worried one of these poor gigolos is going to catch cold. Or get eaten.\n\nShould we take pity on them and hire them?

gustavManWagon\_6= The latest bunch of young men that Gustav has recruited into his 'Man Wagon' could give any of the old boy bands a run for their money. That is if any of them had managed to survive the apocalypse.\n\nStill, between their soulful blue eyes and pouty lips, there are more than a few women (and perhaps men) in the fort who wouldn't be against spending the night with them. Should we let them take advantage of the situation?

gustavManWagon\_option1= Hire the boys and take part (10 food)

gustavManWagon\_option2= Hire the boys for the others (10 food)

gustavManWagon\_option3= Decline the offer

gustavManWagon\_option4= Talk to the men

gustavManWagon\_outcome1\_1= I spent the evening with Luke. He gave the most amazing foot massages. It didn't hurt that he was pleasing to look at too. He seemed untouched by the harshness of our new world. Not a single scratch or scar on him. At least on the outside.

gustavManWagon\_outcome1\_2= You've heard the expression of someone who has body so hard you could bounce a penny off them? Well, Lance does coin tricks with his abs that would blow your mind.\n\nHe managed to get one coin to fly off his stomach, across the bed, and into a miniature basketball hoop. If only we still had Youtube, he'd be a star.

gustavManWagon\_outcome1\_3= Danny has the most amazing way with words. I could spend the whole night listening to him read poetry.\n\nHe's pretty good at using his tongue for other things too.

gustavManWagon\_outcome1\_4= I spent a couple hours with Jase. He was... sweet, but bit naive and trying way too hard.\n\nI think he's worried if he doesn't perform well, they're just going to leave him on the roadside for the zed. Poor guy.

gustavManWagon\_outcome2\_1= Everyone who wanted to got a few hours alone with a man of their choice, and as a bonus the caravan workers acted out a few scenes from Pride and Prejudice for us. I think Mr.Darcy usually wears more clothes than that...

gustavManWagon\_outcome2\_2= I think our women had a good time the most part. Not everyone was interested in the "full deal", but the men were good listeners and fine with chatting or cuddling if that's all the client wanted.

gustavManWagon\_outcome2\_3= Is it wrong that we made them wrestle for our amusement?\n\nOk, it wasn't really wrestling. The men couldn't really get a grip on one another with all that oil they'd smeared on their half-naked bodies, so it ended up being more of a jumble of flailing arms and legs, but it was fun to watch.

gustavManWagon\_upset\_1= Some of our people were pretty upset that we'd take part in such a barbaric practice. Others are happy, but I can't help but wonder if I made the wrong choice. We're supposed to be building a new civilization after all, and is this kind of debasement of humans really something we want to preserve?

gustavManWagon\_upset\_2= Not everyone was keen to visit Gustav's man wagon. Most of the men, for one thing... and the devout among us are pretty angry that we'd even let Gustav park those sinful trailers so close to our fort.

gustavManWagon\_upset\_3= A few of our people put up a protest. They're calling Gustav's man wagon "degrading", "human trafficking", and "a sinful convoy of hellbound homosexuals". They're urging us to send Gustav away the next time he shows up.

gustavManWagon\_outcome3\_1= We told Gustav to take his gaggle of men elsewhere. And to get them some proper clothes while he was at it.

gustavManWagon\_outcome3\_2= Honestly, I find the thought of selling sex just as sleazy when it's with the guys as it is when Gustav does it with the ladies. We told the lot of them to get lost.

gustavManWagon\_outcome4= The men were friendly enough, but these guys took their jobs seriously and unless we were willing to pay, they weren't looking to spend much time talking.

gustavWeemen\_title= How much for your weemen?

gustavWeemen\_1= Gustav's been leering at [FormalName] during the last few visits and it looks like things have finally come to a head.\n\nHe's asked if we'd be willing to part with [him] in return for a flame thrower he scavenged from a military base, and 100 fuel to run it. Gustav thinks [Name] would be a wonderful addition to his 'Love Caravan'.\n\n[Name] doesn't want to go, but I think I could convince [him] it's in everybody's best interest and is probably safer than sticking with us.

gustavWeemen\_2= Gustav has a bad habit of looking at our women the same way he looks at trade goods.\n\n[FormalName] seems to have caught his eye this time, and Gustav is offering offer to... I guess buy [him] from us. He's offering a flame thrower and 100 fuel to run it, if we're willing to let [Name] join Gustav's love caravan.\n\n[Name] is unhappy, but I think I can convince [him]. Gustav does feed his ladies regular meals, and says he \_"never losink girl to zombie"\_.

gustavWeemen\_option1= Accept offer

gustavWeemen\_option2= Politely decline

gustavWeemen\_option3= Rudely decline

gustavWeemen\_outcome1= I laid it out to [Name]: in Gustav's caravan [he]'ll never go hungry, do guard duty or get [his] hands dirty. Plus [he]'ll be doing a great service to us.\n\n[Name] didn't cry. [He] just rammed [his] steel-toed boot smartly in my kneecap, spat at Gustav, grabbed a bag of our trade goods and stormed out of the fort alone.\n\nGustav just shrugged. \_"I guess iz not meant to be with that firey one. I will give you gun for tryink, but only half fuel for no girl."\_

gustavWeemen\_outcome2= [Name] was totally relieved. I think [he] actually thought I was going to say yes for a minute there. Would never have happened. Well... probably not.

gustavWeemen\_outcome3= I flipped out at Gustav. I told him if he so much as \_considered\_ treating our people like property to be bought and sold again, he'd find his balls nailed to the front gate as a warning message to anyone else.\n\nHe took the hint and left in short order, unconsciously keeping a hand over his crotch.\n\nI doubt he'll want to deal with us for awhile, but it sure made me feel better. And most of our people are in higher spirits since seeing the spectacle, especially [Name].

gustavCigarStart\_title= Cigar and Stashes

gustavCigarStart\_1= Gustav stopped by the fort today with a proposal. He's heard of this wealthy local collector who lived in the suburbs somewhere in [CityName]. The [woman|man] preferred the finer things in life, like fish eggs, that fancy booze people drink for dessert, and most important to Gustav: a world-renowned stash of cigars.\n\nGustav doesn't have time to look for this place himself but if we're will to search the area, he'd reward us for any stogies we find.

gustavCigarStart\_2= Gustav just wandered through the main gate, a fat stogie poking out from under his stained mustache, belching smoke like a chimney. He told us his supply of cigars is running low and he needs to stock up.\n\nHe heard about a former Wall Street tycoon who had an impressive collection of tobacco, and lived somewhere in this area, but he hasn't the manpower to check it out right now. If we happen to head out that way he'd be happy to reward us for any cigars we bring back.

gustavCigarStart\_3= I've never liked smoking myself; It yellows your teeth and blackens your lungs. But that trader Gustav swears by those stinking fat cigars. To fair, we're all probably all going to be eaten by zombies tomorrow, so why the hell not go for it.\n\nHe tells us he's running low on those cigars, and he's heard of a collector's mega stash somewhere in the suburbs here. If we happen to run into it, he'll pay us a finders fee.

gustavCigarStart\_option1= Agree to look for them

gustavCigarStart\_option2= Say no

gustavCigarStart\_outcome1= Gustav gave us the addresses of three houses where he thinks the collector might have lived. We'll have to send our scavengers out there to search each one.

gustavCigarStart\_outcome2= Gustav said he'd ask somebody else who wasn't so busy.

gustavCigarEnd\_title= Cigars and Stashes

gustavCigarEnd\_1= Seems the princess is in another castle. Err, I mean, we didn't find Gustav's cigar cache in this particular house, just some worthless junk like food and medicine. How are we going to smoke that??

gustavCigarEnd\_2= It looks like this wasn't the collector's house Gustav told us to find. Just some average suburban McMansion, same as all the others.\n\nThere was some food in the basement and the medicine cabinets were well stocked, so it wasn't a total waste, but we'll have to keep looking for those cigars.

gustavCigarEnd\_3= Nope, no cigars here. Either Gustav was wrong about that collector living here in [CityName], or his house must be one of the others that Gustav pointed out to us. We'll have to keep looking to be sure.

gustavCigarEndFound\_1= Getting killed while hunting for cigars in a booby-trapped collector's basement is not my idea of a valiant death, but we found the things and only lost a little dignity in the process. I'll call that a win.\n\nGustav came over as soon as he heard. I have to say, the way he held out his hand and grinned without saying a word was pretty obnoxious. I'm tempted to hang onto these things, reward be damned.

gustavCigarEndFound\_2= We found the cigars, but that's about it. It's weird, it was like someone had already been over the place with a fine toothed comb, but just didn't think the tobacco was worth it. I'm guessing they took those old no smoking ads to heart? Don't they know how valuable cigarettes are in prisons and post-apocalyptic movies?\n\nGustav seemed to magically appear as soon as we found them, and demanded I hand them over like he owned them already. I'll admit, I'm tempted to pass these cigars around the fort right in front of him. We took all the risk after all.

gustavCigarEndFound\_option1= Hand over the cigars

gustavCigarEndFound\_option2= Keep the cigars for ourselves

gustavCigarEndFound\_outcome1= It took half an hour to get Gustav to hand over the reward, he was so wrapped up in holding his new cigars up to his face, sniffing and rolling them. He did eventually fork over the promised sack of supplies.\n\nIt's probably for the best that we didn't keep them anyway. Smoker's lungs are a liability when you're running for your life with a zombie on your heels.

gustavCigarEndFound\_outcome2= Gustav was furious when I passed the box around to everyone, but soon his face disappeared the haze of blue smoke as we lit up and took long and satisfy drags on our new cigars.\n\nThen we all started coughing and feeling sick. I'm pretty sure we've just cut a month off our maximum life expectancy... but when the odds are high we won't make it through next year, what difference does it make?

gustavBoris\_title= Boris the Builder

gustavBoris\_1= Gustav introduced us to his brother, Boris, today. He claims his brother \_"Iz best builder in all [CityName]"\_ and \_"No one makink wall so fast as Boris."\_\n\nThis is a limited time offer, but if we pay them {1} food, Boris will clear out and reclaim any one of the buildings next to our fort, of our choice.

gustavBoris\_2= Gustav's brother Boris showed up at the fort today. He said he \_"iz lookink for job."\_\n\nAs far as I can make out through his thick accent, he's offering to clear out and reclaim a building of our choice next to our fort. All we need to do is pay him {1} food.\n\nShould we take him up on the offer?

gustavBoris\_3= Gustav has a few siblings that travel with his caravan doing odd jobs. The one that showed up at the fort today was his older brother Boris.\n\nBoris's English isn't great, but I think he's offering to reclaim any building we want that is next to our existing walls. All we need to do is supply him {1} food for himself and his laborers.\n\nIt's not a bad deal when all's said and done. Should we take him up on the offer?

gustavBoris\_option1= Pay {1} food to reclaim a building

gustavBoris\_option2= Say no thanks

gustavBoris\_outcome1= Boris's work was nothing short of amazing. He and his crew cleared out the [square] and had walls around it in hours, leaving nothing to show they'd been there except a few rusty tools and a discarded sardine sandwich.

gustavBoris\_outcome2= We thanked Boris for his offer, but told him we weren't interested in hiring outside help today.\n\nHe nodded and wandered off, muttering under his breath in some Slavic language. I didn't catch all of it, but I think it was something along the lines of: "[Well, don't come crying to me when your walls fall down|I didn't want to work for stiff necked bunch of so and so's anyway|May a goose lay claim to your hen house]."

gustavVera\_title= Vera the Violinist

gustavVera\_1= Gustav brought over his sister Vera today. He's spent the past hour trying to convince us that we should pay for the privilege of hearing her play her antique violin.\n\nI'm not sure anyone's playing is worth 10 food, but heaven knows we could do with some new entertainment. If we have to sit through another night of [Name's] [orchestrated belching|flatulent pyrotechnics|recitations of old cartoon theme songs] I'm going to put someone's eye out.

gustavVera\_2= A woman named Vera stopped by the fort today carrying an old violin case. She claims to be Gustav's sister. Given that she's asking for 10 food just to hear her play, I'm guessing the drive for business runs in the family.\n\nI don't know if she knows [anything written in the past century|any of my favorite old video game themes|anything by Rupert Lally or Espen J. J\ufffd\ufffdrgensen] but at this point, any music would probably raise our spirits.

gustavVera\_option1= Pay to hear her play (10 food)

gustavVera\_option2= No thanks

gustavVera\_outcome1\_1= Vera's music was nothing short of amazing. Her folk ballads from the old country brought people to tears, and she could pick up modern tunes from just a few hummed bars.\n\nWe all went to bed far more relaxed than we've felt in weeks.

gustavVera\_outcome1\_2= It was a concert I'll never forget. Vera's playing was so stunningly beautiful, I completely forgot the world around me and lost myself in her music for a few hours. I asked her how she learned to play that well, but she just shrugged and showed me her violin.\n\n\_"Iz antique Stradivari,"\_ she said, \_"price two million dollars, once. Now, iz mine."\_

gustavVera\_outcome2= We told Vera we couldn't pay and she simply shrugged and turned her back without saying another word.\n\nIt's no big deal. I mean, it's not like on my death bed I'll be wondering if I just missed a live performance from an unparalleled virtuoso...

gustavCircus\_title= Zombie Circus

gustavCircus\_1= Gustav is advertising for his new Zombie Circus Spectacular: \_"Many thrills! Also have spills maybe! Circus iz action, adventure, even romancink!"\_\n\nIt sounds like he's got zombies doing tricks for the amusement of paying customers. I'm not really sure a zed can be trained, but it should be a spectacle if nothing else.

gustavCircus\_2= In lieu of getting exotic animals or talented acrobats, Gustav is putting together a circus of zombies. He's pulled them off the street and trained to do tricks... if that's even possible.\n\nHe invited us to the show's opening night. It should be an interesting performance if we want to get tickets.

gustavCircus\_option1= Pay for a few people (2 food)

gustavCircus\_option2= Pay for the whole fort (20 food)

gustavCircus\_option3= Say no

gustavCircus\_option4= Protest the abuse of zombies

gustavCircus\_outcome1= We could at least afford tickets for me and [FormalName]. [He] was bouncing with excitement over being chosen.\n\nThe show was... something else. [\*Somehow they'd trained one zed in a white suit to walk backwards to disco music. I think a red leather jacket might have worked better, but that may just be me.|They somehow found a speaking zombie whose shtick was telling off-color jokes. He wasn't bad, but it was kind of like watching a sad clown. It just left you feeling hollow inside.|The nice thing about putting a zombie in a cannon is that you're not too worried about how many pieces it's in when the thing goes off. I just wish they'd pointed it away from the crowd.|The fire eating in particular was a little hard to watch. The zed got torches stuck in their mouths and then just stood there looking confused as they slowly burned away.|The zombies strapped to the tricycles were fun at least. It was kind of like watching a deranged collection of bumper cars.|Even the trapeze act went well, until the zombie's wrist (which had been strapped to the bar) gave way mid-swing and hurtled into the audience.]\n\nIt was the zombie tamer act that finally went wrong. As he was coaxing five zed around the ring using an dismembered arm tied to stick, the tamer tripped. Within seconds they were on him.

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_option1= Watch in fascinated horror

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_option2= Try to save the tamer

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_outcome1= As the zed finished their first proper meal in days, I realized that unlike the Roman circus, we didn't have large stone walls between us and the lions. We made our way to the exit as the creatures started hunting around for dessert.\n\nFrom the shrieks and sounds of gunfire in the tent behind us, I'm guessing this is the last performance Gustav's circus will have for a while.

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_outcome2\_success= It was touch and go for a bit there, but using my quick reflexes (and a convenient folding chair) I fended off the group of snarling undead long enough for Gustav's bodyguards to bring them down.\n\nThe tamer, [FormalName2], was beat up, but luckily wasn't bitten. He was so grateful he decided to join up with us. I guess the circus life isn't for everyone.

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_outcome2\_fail= Jumping into the ring with five ravenous zombies was perhaps the worst idea I'd had all week. It was all we could do to keep myself alive, let alone help the tamer.\n\nLuckily Gustav's bodyguards managed to shoot the zed and pull me and [FormalName] out of the mess before we got too badly roughed up, but [Name's] going to be out of commission for a couple days.

gustavCircus\_outcome2= We were all in high spirits as we made our way over to Gustav's big top.\n\nThe show itself was... interesting. [\*Somehow they'd trained one zed in a white suit to walk backwards to disco music. I think a red leather jacket might have worked better, but that may just be me.|They somehow found a speaking zombie whose shtick was telling off-color jokes. He wasn't bad, but it was kind of like watching a sad clown. It just left you feeling hollow inside.|The nice thing about putting a zombie in a cannon is that you're not too worried about how many pieces it's in when the thing goes off. I just wish they'd pointed it away from the crowd.|The fire eating in particular was a little hard to watch. The zed got torches stuck in their mouths and then just stood there looking confused as they slowly burned away.|The zombies strapped to the tricycles were fun at least. It was kind of like watching a deranged collection of bumper cars.|Even the trapeze act went fine. At least until the zombie's wrist (which had been strapped to the bar) gave way mid swing and it hurtled into the audience.]\n\nThings went bad when the zombie tamer came out, but he really should have known better than to try and stick his head in one of the creature's mouths. In seconds they were all on him.

gustavCircus\_outcome2\_option1= Watch in fascinated horror

gustavCircus\_outcome2\_option2= Try to save the tamer

gustavCircus\_outcome2\_outcome1= Even though we see death on a daily basis... it just isn't something I can ever get used to. Blood and guts were flung everywhere as the would-be tamer was devoured, onstage, for the sake of entertainment.\n\nOnce the zed finished their meal, they came limping towards the audience for the second course. Fortunately Gustav's men were in position by then and cut down the advancing dead with a hail of gunfire.\n\nI think this might be the end of the circus though. I doubt Gustav's got an act that could ever top that.

gustavCircus\_outcome2\_outcome2= I don't know how we managed to get that tamer free without him being bitten, but we did. [Name] sprained [his] ankle in the process, but we mostly got away in one piece.\n\nAfterward the tamer, [FormalName2], asked if [he2] could join up with us. It seems he's had enough of Gustav's circus to last him a lifetime.

gustavCircus\_outcome3= We didn't go. I don't think it's very ethical what he's doing with those zombies, but mostly I don't trust Gustav's security. Trained or not, I'm not paying to go into a closed space with a bunch of zed.

gustavCircus\_outcome4= I told Gustav I'm uncomfortable with the idea of watching zombies perform. Zombies were people once, and maybe they still are, deep down somewhere inside. Even if that isn't true, we should respect the bodies of the dead and put them to rest with decency. Dressing them up as clowns is horribly unethical and Gustav should be ashamed.\n\nI sure as hell hope it doesn't happen to me when I go.

gustavCircusRotten\_title= Rotten Approval

gustavCircusRotten= Jesse stopped by after what seemed to be a successful scavenging trip. The two Rotten brutes with him had heavy sacks across their shoulders, but they hardly seemed to notice the weight.\n\n"I heard y'all didn't take to Gustav's circus neither," Jesse drawled, "an' that was right proper, what ya said to him." He tossed me a bag of [canned vegetables|pasta|dried beans]. "Food still tastes good goin' down... but ain't no point in it fer our lot."

gustavMuscle\_title= Muscle for Hire

gustavMuscle\_1= Gustav's getting into the mercenary business. He just stopped by with a gaggle of heavily armed men to offer us their services.\n\nFor the a nominal fee of 10 food they'll clear the zed out of any building we want... or even attack one of the other factions' bases. Should we hire them?

gustavMuscle\_2= Gustav says his bodyguards have been restless lately, getting into fights and being bad for business. He wants to rent them out to do some violence for other people so they can work out their aggression.\n\nDo we want to hire them to clean the zed out of a building? Or we could get them to attack one of the other factions. They won't even know we were behind it.

gustavMuscle\_3= This big guy wandered into the fort today. Covered in scars and armed to the teeth, he pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and began to read us a sales pitch slowly and carefully:\n\n"Greetin's on behalf of da Gustav corporation. We is offerin' you dis opportunity today to hire your very own band of merce... mercen... thugs. We can kill zed, people, or anythin' you want hurt."\n\nSo if I follow that right, we can hire these guys to clean a building of zombies, or attack one of the other factions. Should we take them up on the offer?

gustavMuscle\_option1= Hire the muscle (10 food)

gustavMuscle\_option2= Decline the offer

gustavMuscle\_outcome1Faction= {1} have been getting too uppity for their own good, so we forked our food over to Gustav's men and sent them out.\n\nI kind of wish I'd been there to watch, but from all reports it was a blood bath. Gustav's men tore in, shot up the place, and tore out again before anyone knew what was happening.\n\nNow it's just up to us, or the zed, to finish them off.

gustavMuscle\_outcome1Zombies= If nothing else, Gustav's thugs are thorough. As soon as we handed over the food they marched off to the [square] and started making zombie giblets out of anything that moved.\n\nThey even offered to bring us back a trophy. I thanked them, but I've already seen enough rotting heads to last me a lifetime.

gustavMuscle\_outcome2= We declined the offer of for-profit violence this time. They'll just have to find someone else to pay them for their dirty work.\n\nI just hope that someone doesn't decide to send these guys against us.

gustavTraps\_title= Artisinal Zombie Traps

gustavTraps= Gustav travels with some odd people these days. A man with an impressive handlebar mustache came riding over from their camp on one of those old-timey pennyfarthing bikes, pulling a brightly painted cartload of hand-hammered wooden spikes with a sign that read "Artisinal Zombie Traps".\n\n"I deal only in experiences," he said. "Offer me something novel, and I will trade you my beautiful hand-crafted traps."

gustavTraps\_option1= Offer 10 food

gustavTraps\_option2= Offer him a book

gustavTraps\_option3= Tell him a story

gustavTraps\_option4= Punch him in the face

gustavTraps\_outcome1= The man was clearly offended.\n\n"I can think of nothing so mundane as what you have offered. I require nourishment for my soul, no mere bodily sustenance. I must take my business elsewhere."\n\nHe got back on his goofy bike and rode off.

gustavTraps\_outcome2= The man smiled. "Cheeky. I get it - a \_novel\_. I do love a good pun."\n\nHe left us with 5 of his traps, which are indeed quite beautiful, though I doubt the zombies will appreciate that when they're busy impaling themselves on them.\n\n{1}

gustavTraps\_outcome3= I told him about a daring escape I'd once made from a country club overrun by undead golfers.\n\nHe twirled his moustache until I came to the climax: riding on the roof of a golf cart, using my feet to steer while I decapitated zombies with a 9-iron. He clapped and said it was a truly captivating tale. I won't mention I made the whole thing up...\n\nIn return, he gave us 5 traps. {1}

gustavTraps\_outcome4= "Actually, not all that novel an experience at all." the man sniffed and rubbed his sore cheek. "Nobody appreciates true craftsmanship anymore."\n\nHe got back on his goofy bike and rode wobbily away.

gustavTraps\_tech= He also noticed we knew how to make our own traps, and shared his research on Advanced Traps design.

koolaidMeet\_title= Church of the Chosen Ones

koolaidMeet= We heard a knocking at the main gate today and were surprised to find a group of people wearing light brown robes lead by an older woman with a bright smile and a large bundle of flyers under one arm.\n\nThey said they were part of a group called the Church of the Chosen Ones and asked if I was willing to accept zed as my personal lord and savior.

koolaidMeet\_option1= Ask what this is all about

koolaidMeet\_outcome1= Cassandra Starr has the most unnerving presence I've ever encountered. Her eyes stare through you like she's looking off into a distant universe, communicating with beings there. Her voice is soft but absolute, commanding, every word chiseled in a text so ancient it's imprinted in our bones, our DNA. Just standing near her makes you think deep, poetic thoughts.\n\nShe's also a bit of a nutball.\n\nI have the opportunity to learn more about their unusual religion, if we want to hear it.

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_option1= Hear about their religion

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_option2= Tell her she's crazy

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_option3= Politely decline

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_outcome1= "No human has ever reached enlightment." Cassandra began. "We come close, but our hearts are forever trapped by our corporeal forms." She touched a hand to her chest, then her forehead. "It is a tether which keeps us ever from Nirvana."\n\n"The Chosen Ones have reached enlightment. They became perfectly moral beings, and their single desire, the one thought that consumes them, is to spread that enlightment to others."\n\nSo zombies are some kind of Buddhas? I was confused but thanked her for the lesson.

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_outcome2= Cassandra gave me a slow smile like some kind of ancient goddess, and told me there are others among us who might believe differently.

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_outcome3= Cassandra gave me a slow smile like some kind of ancient goddess, and told me there are others among us who have already begun to believe. Should we be worried?

koolaidMissionary\_title= The Missionary

koolaidMissionary= A pleasant [man] named [FormalName] has come to visit us from the Church of the Chosen Ones. [He] is asking to stay and live with us, so [he] can help spread the word about their religion.\n\nI'm not sure how I feel about this religious conversion, but the [man] seems nice enough and we could use an extra [job]. Should we invite [him] to join us?

koolaidMissionary\_option1= Let [him] join us

koolaidMissionary\_option2= Refuse [him]

koolaidMissionary\_outcome1= No sooner had [he] stepped through the door than [Name] started proselytizing. Honestly, the religion seems to have some nice points: they've found a way to accept the horrors of the disease, and bring peace to badly traumatized folks who need it.\n\nHopefully [he] won't get on people's nerves too much.

koolaidMissionary\_outcome2= [Name] didn't seem phased in the slightest. [He] smiled and said that's just fine, we could have a chat instead. As I slowly closed the door in [his] face, [he] still didn't seem to get it. "I'll just leave you a couple pamplets here then! You really must read these when you get a chance!" he shouted from the other side.

koolaidCorpse\_title= Strange ceremony

koolaidCorpse= [FormalName] had a strange request today. [He] asked if [he] could have the body of one of the zombies we killed on the east wall this morning.\n\n[He] said it was for a religious ceremony to honor the dead. We don't usually have funerals for zombies around here, but I'm not sure I see the harm.

koolaidCorpse\_option1= Let [him] have the body

koolaidCorpse\_option2= Don't let [him] use it

koolaidCorpse\_outcome1= [He] thanked me and promised it would be quite a lovely ceremony, and quite hygenic, and that [Name2] would be helping out.

koolaidCorpse\_outcome2= [Name] accused us of stifling [his] religious expression and said [he]'d just have to do the ceremony outside the fort, or maybe over with the Church of the Chosen Ones.

koolaidNewChurch\_title= Church for the Chosen

koolaidNewChurch= About a quarter of our survivors have joined this new religion worshipping the "chosen ones" (aka zombies). Those who have seem to be a lot more peaceful and happy now that they feel the disease has a purpose. They're less eager to take part in missions to kill zombies, but dang are they cheery.\n\nThey took over our old [square] and turned it into one of their churches. Nobody seems to really mind.

koolaidParty\_title= Festival of the Chosen Ones

koolaidParty= Our local chapter of the Church of the Chosen Ones is planning a party to celebarte the Festival of Change. I'm told this event is a joyous observation of the changing of seasons, of night into day, and of who we were into who we will be. Basically it's an excuse to throw down just about any time of year.

koolaidParty\_option1= Invite {1}

koolaidParty\_option2= Invite {2}

koolaidParty\_option3= Don't invite anyone

koolaidParty\_inviteChosen= Cassandra seemed to approve of our choice of venue and decor. When the music started up, she stepped out of her shoes and did a sinewy, slow dance with her arms raised above her head. Was it just me, or did she seem a little high?\n\nWe lined one of our outer walls with candles, flowers, and "offerings" consisting of small bits of raw meat and beef jerky. This attracted zombies who did their own kind of dance on the other side as they strained to reach the food. For one night, we let them do it. It was all tremendouslly weird.

koolaidParty\_inviteSuccess= [FactionLeader] seemed a little out of place at the party, but [factionHe] seemed to keep an open mind, as if [factionHe] was visiting a strange foreign culture. Which it kind of was.\n\nWe played music, and lined one of our outer walls with candles, flowers, and "offerings" consisting of small bits of raw meat and beef jerky. This attracted zombies who did a kind of dance on the other side as they strained to reach the food. For one night, we let them do it. It was all tremendouslly weird.

koolaidParty\_inviteFail= We played music, and lined one of our outer walls with candles, flowers, and "offerings" of small bits of raw meat and jerky. The zombies did a kind of dance on the other side as they strained to reach the food. It was weird.\n\n[FactionLeader] was not amused by the party. [FactionHe] couldn't get over the waste of food, though we tried to explain that the offerings represented embracing change by means of personal sacrifice. Honestly, it did sound a little BS to me too.

koolaidParty\_outcome3= We played music, and lined one of our outer walls with candles, flowers, and "offerings" consisting of small bits of raw meat and beef jerky. This attracted zombies who did a kind of dance on the other side as they strained to reach the food. For one night, we let them do it. It was all tremendouslly weird.

koolaidObjections\_title= Conscientious Objections

koolaidObjections\_1= [FormalName] has refused to kill zombies, saying [his] religion forbids it. I'm not sure if I'm eager to dignify the Chuch of the Chosen Ones by calling it a religion... "cult" is the word that springs to mind. But [he] got so worked up about the issue that I'm afraid there's no way to force it. [He]'s taking some time off now to cool down.

koolaidObjections\_2= [FormalName] is arguing about the ethics of killing zombies. These monster would just as soon eat your eyeballs as look at you, and [he] wants to defend them. For god's sake, the things killed ninety-nine percent of humanity. There's nothing ethical about \_letting them live\_.\n\nIt's that Church of the Chosen Ones. [Name's] been going to their meetings, and now they've got [him] worshipping zombies.\n\nI gave [him] time off to reconsider... but I doubt [he]'ll come around.

koolaidChurch\_title= [Name] became a cultist

koolaidChurch= [FormalName] has embraced the religion of the Chosen Ones after a sermon at our local chapter's church. Unlike other religions, the Church of the Chosen Ones has no fire & brimstone; no punishment in the afterlife for the sins of today.\n\nInstead they define "Hell" as the old world, before God sent us the "Transformative Blessing" (aka zombieism). They say we're now witnessing the divine evolution of man into zombie. They call zombies "the Chosen Ones: creatures free of sin, like the angels".

koolaidChurchMissing\_title= Riot over missing church

koolaidChurchMissing= Our survivors are very upset at the destruction of the church they were using to worship the Chosen Ones. In fact everyone's up in arms, even non-believers, saying we stifled freedom of speech and denied the right to free thought and some other nonsense. They're refusing to work in protest.\n\nI say it was an eyesore, and a dangerous cult, and it's gone now. Get over it.

koolaidDahlias\_title= Operation Clambake

koolaidDahlias= Nell McClung of the Dahlias is here to perform some sort of intervention, it seems. She's pleading with us to stop working with the Church of the Chosen ones, and to root out cultists in our own fort.

koolaidDahlias\_option1= Listen to her

koolaidDahlias\_option2= Ask her to leave

koolaidDahlias\_outcome1= Nell said the Dahlias had once been like us, with a few harmless followers of the cult in our midst. But before they knew it the cult had taken over. What started as a way to deal with daily stresses spawned new and worse horrors: people refused to protect themselves. They emulated the zombies, performed dark rituals, and committed terrible acts.\n\n"We lost a lot of good people. " she said. "Please, stop this cult now while you can." It seems like at least [FormalName] was listening and took this to heart.

koolaidDahlias\_outcome2= I asked Nell to respect our wishes and please leave us alone. She was disappointed, but I don't think she's given up on us yet. "You'll change your mind once you see what they're really capable of" was her warning.

koolaidBanned\_title= Freedom of Belief

koolaidBanned= We met Cassandra and a troupe of Chosen Ones today. Almost mistook them for zed, the way they walked casually, lacking the frightened-mouse look of most survivors.\n\nCassandra stared deep into my eyes and told me she could ease my suffering, if only I would read her book, "the Science of Survival".\n\nI had to refuse, since we've banned religious literature from their cult. I also told her that "science" would probably roll over in its grave if it read that book. She didn't like that.

koolaidFifty\_title= Halfway to Heaven

koolaidFifty= Half of our survivors have embraced the Church of the Chosen Ones. Collectively we've reached Protocol Level IV of the Church's doctrine. The "upgrade" costs are surprisingly steep; survivors have been saving their rations to pay for the courses and materials.\n\nTo reduce the cost, Cassandra Starr suggested we could begin performing paid missionary work for the church. We can send survivors door-to-door to other factions on preaching missions now.

koolaidFifty\_effect= We can now Preach to other factions at their fort

koolaidFeed\_title= Cult of the Dead Cow

koolaidFeed= Someone dumped a helluva lot of fresh meat (hopefully cow?) just outside our walls last night. The smell of fresh carrion drew zed in from miles around, and when they realized the meat wasn't squirming, they turned to our defenses. We lost the [square], but luckily no lives.\n\nThe thing is, the evidence points to an inside job. There was blood on our side of the wall. But who among us would risk their own life to do this? Was someone trying tot \_feed\_ the zombies??

koolaidSuicide\_title= Chosen Transformation

koolaidSuicide\_1= [FormalName] has taken [his] own life. This isn't the first time I've reported on a suicide, but this one sure is a doozy.\n\n[Name] was a follower of the Church of the Chosen Ones. [He] believed zombies were the next evolution of life on earth, designed to replace humans. [He] longed to be one of these "chosen", and went about it scientifically, injecting [himself] with zombie blood, then quarantining [himself] for the incubation period.\n\nKind of sad we had to shoot [him] after all that work.

koolaidSuicide\_2= [FormalName] killed [himself] last night in a Chosen Ones' suicide ritual. [He] stripped naked and jumped off the wall into the arms of the zombies below.\n\n[Name2] witnessed the event, but [he2] won't explain why [he2] didn't try to stop it. [He2] even seems to be \_happy\_ for [Name].\n\nWhat the hell is going on with these people?

koolaidSuicideDouble= [FormalName] and [FormalName2] killed themselves last night in a double suicide pact. They were followers of the Chosen Ones cult, and let me tell you they sure made a mess when they went.\n\nThey tried to turn themselves into zombies by slitting their wrists and rubbing zombie gore into the wounds... but it seems [Name] turned first, and ate most of [Name2] before [he2] had finished dying [himself2].\n\nYep, quite the mess to clean up.

factionWar\_title= Declaration of War

factionWar\_1= A courier from [faction] is here with a package for us. [She|He] seems a bit jumpy and eager to leave.

factionWar\_2= Someone is at the gates with a delivery, and they say it's for my eyes only.

factionWar\_3= There's a nervous young [woman|man] here from [faction]. [She|He] has some kind of package for us from [FactionLeader]. I wonder what it could be...

factionWar\_option1= Accept the package

factionWar\_option2= Ask what it is

factionWar\_outcome1\_1= The courier dropped off the lumpy newsprint-wrapped package and left in a hurry. I can see why: the thing stunk to high hell and was leaking a putrid grey liquid. I opened it gingerly using a pair of tongs and a welder's mask, just in case. It was a zombie's head.\n\nInside the mouth was a folded letter from the leader of [faction], so stained it was hard to read. It said simply: "This Means War".

factionWar\_outcome1\_2= Inside was a pile of loosely organized documents written in scribbled print, outlining all the transgressions our fort had committed against [faction]. It ended with an inevitable conclusion: a declaration of war between our two forts.\n\nLooks like things are about to get ugly.

factionWar\_outcome1\_3= The courier slapped it into my hands and turned on [her|his] heel. Inside was a letter from [faction] leader [FactionLeader], politely addressed to me but filled with all manner of obscenities and insults. They hate everything about us, from our public policies to the way the smoke from our zombie disposal fires wafts over their fort. The gist of it is: they've declared war on us.\n\nWe should expect more raids and attacks from [faction] from now on.

factionWar\_outcome2\_1= The courier said [she|he] didn't know what it was, and bluntly added that [she|he] didn't want to know either. Then [she|he] put the package on the ground in front of the gates and left in a hurry.\n\nThe thing stunk to high hell and was leaking a putrid grey liquid. I opened it gingerly using a pair of tongs and a welder's mask, just in case. It was a zombie's head. Inside the mouth was a folded letter from the leader of [faction], so stained it was hard to read. It said simply: "This Means War".

factionWar\_outcome2\_2= The courier clearly didn't want to talk about it. "I'm sorry" is all [she|he] mumbled, then handed me the package and left.\n\nInside was a pile of loosely organized documents written in scribbled print, outlining all the transgressions our fort had committed against [faction] since we arrived in [CityName]. It ended with an inevitable conclusion: a declaration of war between our two forts.\n\nLooks like things are about to get ugly.

factionWar\_outcome2\_3= [She|He] grew suddenly angry. "You should know damn well what this is," [she|he] spat, "You sure asked for it." [She|He] practically threw the package at me.\n\nInside was a letter from [faction] leader [FactionLeader], politely addressed to me but filled with all manner of obscenities and insults. They hate everything about us, from our public policies to the way the smoke from our zombie disposal fires wafts over their fort. The gist of it is: they've declared war on us.

factionAllianceTithe\_title= {1} {2} from [faction]

factionAllianceCancelled\_title= No longer allied with [faction]

factionAllianceCancelled= Relations with [faction] have strained to the point that our alliance doesn't really make sense. They don't see the point in sending us supplies if we aren't going to hold up our end of the bargain.

factionCityhall\_title= Foreign Relations

factionCityhall\_happy= I was summoned to meet with [FactionLeader] this week at the [factionAdjective] fort. [FactionHe] was disappointed that we didn't speak to them before deciding on our new government, but understood.\n\n"We are different people with different values, " [FactionHe] said, "but I think we could find a way to become allies and share the governance of [CityName].

factionCityhall\_tense= I was summoned to meet with [FactionLeader] this week at the [factionAdjective] fort. The mood was tense... They're offended that we officially formed a new government for [CityName] without consulting them first.\n\n[FactionLeader] warned me that they're taking our "recent political actions" as an aggressive move against them. "We have no intention to live under your new laws, " [factionHe] told me, " and if you continue to lay false claims to the city we may be forced to go to war."

factionCityhall\_angry= I was summoned to meet with [FactionLeader] this week at the [factionAdjective] fort. [FactionHe] was furious that we had the audacity to form a government for the city when [faction] are clearly the ones in the best position to run things here.\n\n"\_You\_ should be living under \_our\_ rules, not the other way around." [FactionLeader] fumed. "I expect to see your traders here with a generous donation in the near future."

factionCityhall\_option1= Apologize

factionCityhall\_option2= Tell them to go to hell

factionCityhall\_option3= Leave

factionCityhall\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] seemed surprised that I would apologize. [FactionHe] thanked me and hoped our people can work together. [FactionHe] suggested we come by and meet with [factionHim] sometime.

factionCityhall\_outcome2= This made [FactionLeader] spitting mad, as intended. It sure made me and the rest of the fort feel good though. We don't need those guys.

factionCityhall\_outcome3\_angry= I left without a word. If that's how [faction] see things, we may be headed for war.

factionCityhall\_outcome3= As I turned to go, [FactionLeader] told me we should send someone to meet with [factionHim] regularly if we want to improve our relationship with them.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_title= The Enemy of my Enemy

theEnemyOfMyEnemy= [FactionLeader] came by the fort with a bunch of very angry looking companions. [FactionHe] said {1} had caused them nothing but trouble in the past and [factionHe] was ready to help.

theEnemyOfMyFriend= [FactionLeader] came by the fort armed for war. [FactionHe] said that our enemies are their enemies and that they could help in our struggle with {1}.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_option1= Ask [factionHim] to sap the strength of {1}

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_option2= Ask [factionHim] to tear down the walls around one of their buildings

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_option3= Ask [factionHim] to kill {2}

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] said [FactionHe] was glad to do it, they would throw flaming torches over the walls, harass their scavengers and generally be a headache to reduce their strength.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] went right out and made it happen, they tore down the walls around one of {1}'s buildings. Didn't even know what hit 'em.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_outcome3= [Faction] ambushed {2} and scattered them to the winds. Have to send [FactionLeader] a [nice bottle of hooch|couple carts of cigarettes|couple of good books from our collection] as thanks.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_outcome3\_effect= {1} destroyed

rottenGunfight\_title= Gunfight At the Subway

rottenGunfight= I thought one Rotten cowboy was weird. Apparently there's another, and he's at our gates, dressed in a poncho and a black, flat-brimmed cowboy hat.\n\n"The name's Sheldon. I'm an outlaw." the creature spoke through gritted teeth in a Clint Eastwood impression. I tried not to stare at his peeling skin or the gaping hole in his neck.\n\n"But I've been set up. That Jesse put me up on false charges... wanted posters all over town. Truth is, he just wanted me out. But I'm going back... for revenge."

rottenGunfight\_option1= Why tell us?

rottenGunfight\_option2= What were the charges?

rottenGunfight\_option3= How can we help?

rottenGunfight\_option4= Get lost

rottenGunfight\_outcome1= "Well, I reckon you folks might have beef with the Rotten. If you help me kill their leader Jesse... well, the rest of them don't know dung from wild honey."\n\n"I'm planning to challenge that rattlesnake to a duel in front of their fort. Get that crooked, two-bit sheriff out of office for good."

rottenGunfight\_outcome2= "I took to the life of a cowboy like a horse takes to oats, but Jesse, he's a pretender. I told him so it really soured his milk."\n\n"Then he accused me of stealing a horse."\n\n"Wish I had, to tell it true. But I ain't seen one in years."

rottenGunfight\_outcome3= "It's a hell of a thing, killing a man. Take away all he's got and all he's ever gonna have."\n\n"If you're up for the job or just want to see how a real cowboy operates, meet me at the Rotten fort. Bring a gun."\n\nI'm not sure if we actually want to take sides with this 'outlaw', but we can head over to the Rotten and see what happens.

rottenGunfight\_outcome4= "Every man's got a right to be a sucker once." Sheldon chuckled breathily through the hole in his throat. "But mark my words, that Jesse's so crooked, he could swallow nails and spit out corkscrews. You watch yourselves."\n\nHe strode off and shoved a wandering zombie out of his way like it was nothing.

rottenGunfightFinish\_title= Gunfight At the Subway

rottenGunfightFinish= It was high noon when [we] strolled into the Rotten fort. The was no one out... just a bunch of dust devils twirling newspapers around. Then I noticed a pair of eyes peeking from behind a boarded-up ticket booth. So they are here, just hiding.\n\nA figure - the outlaw Sheldon - appeared at the end of the street behind us, poncho billowing in the breeze.\n\nThen the turnstile creaked as Jesse climbed the stairs out of the subway to meet him.

rottenGunfightFinish\_option1= Help Jesse

rottenGunfightFinish\_option2= Help Sheldon

rottenGunfightFinish\_option3= Just watch

rottenGunfightFinish\_outcome1= [We] strolled up to Jesse and stood shoulder-to-shoulder with him, facing off against the outlaw.\n\nSilence. A gust of wind kicked up some dust. Then some invisible cue caused both men to go for their guns at lightning speed. Before I'd even drawn mine, Sheldon was lying on his back in the dust, dead.\n\nI asked Jesse if the guy really did steal a horse.\n\n"Horse?" he asked. "Horses are all dead, I reckon."

rottenGunfightFinish\_outcome2= [We] strolled over to the outlaw and stood beside him, facing Jesse.\n\nSilence. A gust of wind kicked up some dust. Then some invisible cue caused both men to go for their guns at lightning speed. Before I'd even drawn mine, Sheldon was lying on his back in the dust, dead.\n\nI got one round off before Jesse shot the gun out of my hand. I hit him clear through the heart... but of course that doesn't hurt the Rotten much. [We] dove to the side and scrambled out of there, defeated.

rottenGunfightFinish\_outcome2NoGun= [We] strolled over to the outlaw and stood beside him, facing Jesse.\n\nSilence. A gust of wind kicked up some dust. Then some invisible cue caused both men to go for their guns at lightning speed. In an instant, Sheldon was lying on his back in the dust, dead.\n\nJust as well because I didn't even have a gun. [We] dove to the side and scrambled out of there with [our] [p|tail|tails] between [our] legs.

rottenGunfightFinish\_outcome3= [We] hid behind a couple crates and waited with the other Rotten.\n\nSilence. A gust of wind kicked up some dust. Then some invisible cue caused both men to go for their guns at lightning speed. In an instant, Sheldon was lying on his back in the dust, dead.\n\nI guess there's only room for one zombie cowboy in [CityName], and Jesse's keeping that title.

missionInjury\_title= Injury while [missioning]

missionInjury\_1= We were out [missioning] when we met a cute little dog. Something like a [\*shih tzu|chihuahua|Pomeranian], but it's fur was so matted you couldn't tell for sure. [FormalName] bent down to offer it [his] hand, but the little dog growled and started going yap-yap-yap-yap-yap... we couldn't shut it up!\n\nEvery zed within hearing lurched over and we had to run for it. That damn dog ran with us, nipping at our heels and tripping [Name], causing [him] to twist [his] ankle.\n\nEventually the dog broke off to bark at the zombies instead. I hope they ate it.

missionInjury\_2= Dammit! I told [FormalName] that building didn't look structurally sound, but [he] kept insisting [he] had spotted [\*something shiny|a little girl|a little boy|a vending machine full of candy] in there.\n\nOf course, as soon as [he] went to get a closer look [\*a busted old air conditioner|an ugly-lookin' gargoyle|a worn McNoodles billboard|a window planter full of dead flowers] decided that was the moment to let go of the side of the building. Came crashing down right on top [him].\n\n[He]'ll live, but we had to abort the [missioning] mission to drag [him] and [his] dislocated shoulder back to base.

missionInjury\_3= You know how the police always used to tell us how dangerous [\*old ammo is|unexploded ordnance are|firecrackers are]? [FormalName] found a discarded box of the stuff while we were [missioning] and it went off in [his] face.\n\nI think [he] should be OK in a few days, but it will be a while before [he] [\*can hear clearly in that ear again|will any have any sort of eyebrows to speak of|stops smelling of gunpowder].

missionInjury\_4= Who the hell shuts a zed in [a fridge|a deep freezer|the back of a van|a novelty coffin|bathroom] for someone else to find? [FormalName] got the fright of [his] life when [he] opened the thing up and got a zombie to the face.\n\nWe managed to get the thing off of [him] before [he] ended up with any new teeth marks, but it's going to take [him] a few days to recover.

missionInjuryAlone\_1= I'm not sure how [FormalName] managed to drag [himself] back to the fort after that botched mission, but we're happy [he]'s alive.\n\nWe still don't know what happened because [he]'s been unconscious since [he] got back, but we're pretty sure [he]'ll come around soon.

missionInjuryAlone\_2= [FormalName] somehow walked straight into a pack of zed on [his] way to start [missioning]. [He] had to lock [himself] in a parked car and stay perfectly silent and still until they passed by.\n\nUnfortunately it's hot out and the temperature in that car was enough to give the poor [guy] a near fatal heat stroke. [He] couldn't even remember [his] name when we found [him]. [He]'ll need some time to recover.

missionInjuryAlone\_3= I still haven't been able to work out what happened to [FormalName]. [He] walked back through the front gate with a glazed look in [his] eye and nothing to show for [his] [missioning] mission. All I've been able to get out of [him] is "[\*The bells! The bells!|There are four lights!|All I could see was its teeth!|It isn't meant to bend that way....|Chickens shouldn't swarm like that....]"\n\nI'm not sure, but [he] may need a few days to recover.

missionInjuryAlone\_4= [FormalName] just came crashing into the fort covered in blood, and with a horde of undead hot on [his] heels. We managed to get gate closed in time, but [he]'s in rough shape.\n\nI suppose that just goes to show you shouldn't [wear those squeaky/flashy kids shoes|bring your lucky tambourine with you|practice your singing|taunt the zed|get into a loud argument with your shadow] when you're out [missioning].

missionInjuryAlone\_5= I just finished bundling up [FormalName] in bed. It seems [he] was out [missioning] and tried to slip through one of the old parks when [he] ran into an angry [raccoon|elk|moose|skunk|porcupine] defending its territory.\n\n[He] got away, but not before [he] [got some nasty scratches.|got an antler in the ribs.|was nearly trampled.|was treated to the skunk's special brand of "cologne". Ewwww.|got a leg full of needles.]

missionDeath\_title= Death while [missioning]

missionDeath\_1= [FormalName] was killed while we were out [missioning]. We must have put a dozen bullets in that zombie, but it just kept coming. It got [Name] by the arm and ripped it clean off [him]. There was so much blood.\n\n[He] was so worried about [his] arm. We kept saying "you never know, maybe we can sew it back on," and "now we'll have to call you lefty." Ha ha.\n\n[He] bled out and died before we could even move [him]. I'm sorry, [Name].

missionDeath\_2= We stumbled on an old [\*musket|flintlock pistol|civil-war era cannon|sawed-off shotgun|hunting rifle] just sitting outside in the middle of the street while we were [missioning] today. No idea how the thing got there, but between the mold and the rust it did not look like the elements had been kind to it.\n\nOf course, that didn't necessarily mean the thing wasn't still loaded. Really wish [Name] hadn't been looking down the barrel when we found that out. Still, we were able to bring back most of [his] body. Not sure where [his] head ended up though.

missionDeath\_3= [Concrete|Metal|Wood] can get really slippery in this weather, between the damp and the slime that covers everything. We were [missioning] when [FormalName] thought [he] saw [\*a birds nest|a decoder ring|some racy magazines|some top of the line sneakers] [sitting on top|hanging off|on the roof] of this [pile of rubble|bent lamppost|old shack]. We told [him] it didn't look safe, but [he] went and climbed up anyway to get a better look.\n\n[He] wasn't even that high when [he] slipped, but [his] head split open like a [\*watermelon|rotten egg|ripe tomato] when it hit the hard ground.

missionDeath\_4= We were out [missioning] yesterday when [FormalName] stumbled straight into some jury-rigged trap. It looked just like a regular ol' [\*pile of leaves|store mannequin|washing machine|lawn mower|CRT monitor] but the instant [he] touched it, [\*spikes flew out of it, impaling everything nearby|it exploded in a ball of greenish flame|the tripwire attached to it triggered the nearby blunderbuss full of nails and screws|barbed wire shot out of it like a coiled spring].\n\nWe brought back the bits of [him] we could find, but there wasn't much our docs could do for [him] at that point.

missionDeathInedible\_1= [FormalName] was a good friend, and a hero in [his] final moments. We were [missioning] and just chatting, not paying enough attention. The zed were on us in seconds, appearing in the doorways on both sides of the room, seemed like out of nowhere. [Name] pushed me into a closet and slammed the door.\n\nI could hear [him] fighting those things, but there was nothing I could do. I waited until they finished with [him] and had wandered away. There was nothing left but a smear of blood on the floor.

missionDeathInedible\_2= It always happens when you think you're finally safe. We got jumped by a bunch of undead just as we were about finish up [missioning]. They grabbed [FormalName] before we knew what was happening.\n\nAs they [\*tore at|clawed at|chewed on|ripped into] [his] [\*intestines|eyes|tongue|spleen|neck], [he] simply screamed at us to run. Tears in our eyes, we did.\n\nWe'll miss you, [Name]. You were a better [man] than any of us.

missionDeathInedible\_3= We've gotten so used to digging through hazardous waste out here, we don't even notice warning signs anymore. Like the [biohazard|explosive|poison|corrosive] danger symbol on the [\*steel hatch|large canister|test tube|tightly sealed door] [FormalName] found while we were [missioning]. It becomes background noise.\n\nThe [purple spores|jet of flame|green gas|spray of acid] that shot out of it [turned|engulfed|saturated|ate through] [his] [skin bright yellow|head and shoulders|every pore|clothes] in seconds. That stuff devoured [him] faster than any zed. Before long all that was left was a smear on the pavement.

missionDeathInedible\_4= I was out [missioning] with [FormalName] when we decided to split up. Seemed like a good idea at the time. We could cover more ground that way. But when [he] missed the rendezvous a few hours later, I started to get worried.\n\nDidn't take me long to find [him]. Or rather, it didn't take [him] long to find me. I hadn't realized you could be become a zed that fast, but [Name] always was an overachiever.\n\nIt was all I could do to [take off the creature's head with a shovel|smashed the thing's skull in with a brick|shove an iron spike through the zombie's eye] before it sank its teeth into me. Hurt to do, but it was [him] or me at that point.

missionDeathAlone\_1= We haven't heard from [FormalName] since yesterday morning. [He] was out [missioning], but we expected [him] back for supper last night. Sometimes people get stuck out there overnight, but in this case... I don't know how I know it, but [he]'s not coming home.\n\n[Name] is dead.

missionDeathAlone\_2= It's always hard when one of our own get turned, but our scouts caught sight of [FormalName's] corpse shambling through the wastes this morning. [His] [\*face looked like it had been half melted off|leg was missing|guts were hanging out and dragging along the ground|skull was cracked open and bit of brain were oozing out] but it was definitely [him].\n\nI'm not sure what happened on that last [missioning] mission of [his], but it doesn't look like it ended well.

missionDeathAlone\_3= I knew we should have sent someone with [FormalName] to go [missioning]. [He] always gets so [reckless|scared|careless] out in the field by [himself]....\n\nWell, that should probably be [he] \_"got"\_ [reckless|scared|careless]. It's been over 24 hours and there's been no sign of [him]. That usually means someone's ended up dead.

missionDeathAlone\_4= Our wall-watchers heard [a massive explosion|a terrifying scream|the sound of collapsing building|the sound of gunfire] come from the area [FormalName] was [missioning] earlier today.\n\nI was waiting for [Name] to get back in so we could get the full report, but it's been 8 hours and there's been no sign of [him]. I'll wait a bit longer, but if [he] doesn't show up soon we're going to have to declare another one missing/presumed dead.

missionDeathAlone\_5= [FormalName] staggered through the front gate this evening, an absolute mess. [He] was [\*covered in bruises|bleeding from the stump that used to attach to a hand|beaten black and blue|drenched in blood] and could barely stand.\n\nIt wasn't until I was cleaning [him] up that we noticed the bite marks. We both understood what that meant. I left [him] alone in [his] room with a pistol and a single bullet. I'll clean up the mess in there tomorrow.

missionDeathAlone\_6= I went out looking for [FormalName] this morning. [He] was still missing after going [missioning] yesterday. I was just hoping I could get to [him] before the zed could.\n\nI never managed to find [his] body, but I did find [his] [\*old camcorder|necklace|girl-power T-shirt|ear|hair gel] floating by itself in a mud puddle not far from where [he] had been working. I guess that will have to do if we want something to bury.

factionMissionAttackInjury\_title= Injury during Attack

factionMissionAttackInjury\_1= I for one would be proud to take a bullet in this fight against [faction]. They're a menace and they need to be destroyed. It's that simple. But [FormalName] won't stop griping about the bullet in [his] [leg|arm|shoulder], now that it's clear [he]'s not going to die.\n\n[He] says [he] regrets ever attacking [faction's] fort, and doesn't understand why we wanted to do it. Maybe some bed rest will give [him] time to figure it out.

factionMissionAttackInjury\_2= [FormalName] was injured today in an attack on [faction] at their [square]. We really messed those guys up though, and no doubt [Name] will be first in line for another shot at them once [he]'s healed up.

factionMissionAttackInjury\_3= None of us expected [faction] to fight back so hard. I really thought we had them at our attack on their [square], but they knew we were coming and had the place mined with nail bombs.\n\n[FormalName] stepped on one and it took a chunk of [his] [calf|thigh|knee] that... well I hope it grows back. Is that possible? Well, [he] might have a bit of a limp from now on.

factionMissionAttackInjury\_4= Getting through their wall was too easy. Some [factionAdjective] builder must have been half in the bag when they made it... there were cracks you could practically walk through. [FormalName] went first of course. [He] always insists on going first... and there they were, ready to take [his] head off as [he] came through.\n\nLuckily, [Name] spotted a penny on the ground and stooped over just in time to pick it up. [He]'s still rather badly bludgeoned, but alive. [He]'ll recover in a few days.

factionMissionAttackInjury\_5= [FormalName] is seriously lucky just to be alive right now. Three of the [factionAdjective] got on [him] in there during the attack on their base. They swarmed [him] like a pack of zombies. I swear to god one of them even bit [his] face. But [he] got out of there somehow.\n\nBesides missing half an ear now [he] should be fully recovered in a few days.

factionMissionAttackDeath\_title= Death during Attack

factionMissionAttackDeath\_1= We stormed in there like it was D-day, only with, well, a slightly smaller scale. But this is war nonetheless, and [FormalName] gave [his] life today on the battlefield at the [factionAdjective] [square]. May it not have been in vain.

factionMissionAttackDeath\_2= [FormalName] was killed today during our attack on [faction]. [He] fought bravely and never questioned what we were doing there, but when [he] came face to face with a young [factionAdjective] [boy|girl], [he] hesitated. The kid was clearly terrified out of [his|her] mind, but with trembling hands shot [Name] before he could react.\n\nAs [he] lay dying, [Name] whispered that [he] was glad [he] hadn't pulled the trigger, and he hoped that [boy|girl] survives us all.

factionMissionAttackDeath\_3= Why are we fighting this war with [faction]? Is it worth all the bloodshed? Human blood; decent, redeemable humans fighting for ideals or honor or territory. We're not animals, not zombies.\n\nI'm feeling pretty down today because [FormalName] was killed during an attack on [faction]. It's not too late to make peace with them and end this fighting.

factionMissionAttackDeath\_4= "They started it."\n\nThis is what [FormalName] told me when I asked if [he] had a problem joining the attack on [faction], where [he] died today. The [man] fought like a demon and must have taken 5 of them down with [him], but those words keep haunting me.\n\nWhat if they didn't start it? What if they think we did?

factionMissionRaidInjury\_title= Injury during Raid

factionMissionRaidInjury\_1= [FormalName] took a bullet during our raid on [faction]. [He]'ll be fine in a few days, but [he] dropped the stolen [sack of flour|bag of rice|case of canned food] [he] was carrying out of there. That could have fed us for a week. Ah well.

factionMissionRaidInjury\_2= [Faction] was ready for us when we raided them. They left one of their storeroom doors enticingly open and we couldn't resist the trap. [FormalName] hurried in ahead of the rest of us, probably planning to pocket the best stuff before we got there.\n\nAnyway they jumped [him], and beat the living crap out of [him] before [he] got away. [He] needs a couple days to recover.

factionMissionRaidInjury\_3= We were heroically raiding [faction's] [square] when [FormalName] suddenly had an attack of conscience. "Do we really need to take their medicine?" [he] asked me. We stopped to argue, and predictably that was when they jumped us.\n\n[Name's] going to be fine, but [he]'s got a nasty concussion. Hopefully they knocked some sense into [him] in the process.

factionMissionRaidDeath\_title= Death during Raid

factionMissionRaidDeath\_1= I'm so sorry to say that [FormalName] has died. [He] was out raiding the [factionAdjective] [square], which was supposed to be an in-and-out job. They shouldn't have even known [he]'d taken anything until tomorrow. But something went wrong, like it always does.

factionMissionRaidDeath\_2= We should never have pitted ourselves against [faction]. They're ferocious as wolverines when their backs are to the wall, and we put them in that position by trying to steal the last of their [food|fuel].\n\n[FormalName] was shot during the raid. We unfortunately couldn't recover [his] corpse, but hope that [faction] won't be too cruel with it. At the very least, we hope they'll make sure [he] stays dead.

factionMissionRaidDeath\_3= [FormalName] was murdered by [factionAdjective] dogs today. Literally, by their dogs. It was pretty horrible. One of them seemed rabid, or maybe it had the disease, the way it kept fighting even after [Name] cut one of its legs off. By the time those beasts were done with [him], there wasn't much of our old friend.

recoveryDeath\_title= Killed while recovering from injury

recoveryDeath\_1= [Name] was killed when the [square] [he] was recovering on was lost. [He] was too sick to move...

fightOrFlight\_title= Fight or Flight

fightOrFlight= [FormalName] got careless and forgot the knock test: always knock on a door first and listen for movement on the other side before turning the knob.\n\nZed poured out when [he] opened it. A panicked chase, a wrong turn down a hallway, a locked door in the stairwell, and [he] found [himself] on the roof with two choices:\n\nLeap off and hope something breaks [his] fall, or fight the zombies bare-handed.

fightOrFlight\_option1= Jump off the roof

fightOrFlight\_option2= Fight the zombies

fightOrFlight\_outcome1= Something did break [Name's] fall: [his] legs.\n\nYup, that hurt a lot, and [he]'ll be out of commission for awhile until [his] legs heal... but [he]'s been obnoxiously happy since it happened. I guess [he] was so sure [he] was going to die up on that roof. Just getting to see the sun rise one more time is a gift.

fightOrFlight\_outcome2= Give the [guy] some credit: [he] fought the lot of them off with nothing but [his] bare fists. [He] threw three of them off the roof, using their own momentum against them. The last one [he] tripped, then kicked its head until it was nothing but a grey-pink smear.\n\nSadly, [Name] was bitten. Not once, but half a dozen times. It's only a matter of time now before [he] turns.

fightOrFlight\_outcome2\_option1= Wait and see...

fightOrFlight\_outcome2\_outcome1success= [He] didn't die! We were all so sure, we'd started prepping for [his] funeral. My eulogy was going to be so good, too. But the fever, which usually sets in within a few hours of being bitten, never came to [Name]. [He] sat and meditated in [his] room all night, then emerged just as healthy as the day before.\n\n[He] must have some sort of immunity to the disease. Lucky!

fightOrFlight\_outcome2\_outcome1success\_effect= Gained Immunity perk

fightOrFlight\_outcome2\_outcome1fail= [Name] didn't make it through the night. When the fever gripped [him], [he] asked that I be the one to... finish it... after [he] died.\n\nWe're all going to miss [him] around here. Farewell [Name].

factionMissionAttack\_title= Attacked [faction]

factionMissionAttack\_1= [Faction] never saw us coming. We stormed through their wall like [a herd of triceratops|vengeful gods|a lightning bolt through butter] and zombies poured in after us. We killed [4 or 5|5 or 6|7] defenders and generally messed up their day.

factionMissionAttack\_2= [Faction] may hate us, but more importantly they fear us. Our soldiers brought that fear today when they blasted through the [factionAdjective] gates and chased them out of there.

factionMissionAttack\_3= [factionAdjective] defenses were impressive, but they didn't stand a chance against our soldiers. We busted our way into their compounded and [gunned down|lynched|trusted up|beat down|tarred, feathered, and left to the zed] anyone who raised a weapon against us, before heading out the way we came.\n\n[Faction] won't be happy, but should think twice before messing with us again.

factionMissionAttack\_4= A few of our sneakier people slipped passed [factionAdjective] walls last night and [set fire to one of their main buildings|tainted their water supply|poisoned their food stocks|slit the throats of the guards on duty|let a swarm of bed bugs loose in their bunks] while most of them were asleep.\n\nWe'll see how well they sleep tomorrow when [they find the charred corpses|the dysentery begins|a few of them fall face first into their breakfasts|they stumble on the bloody remains|they wake up all itchy] come the morning.

factionMissionAttack\_5= Using a few makeshift [\*ladders|grappling hooks|siege engines] we scaled [factionAdjective] walls and [\*opened up a can of whoop ass on|started hurling rocks down at|began hunting down|went toe-to-toe with] the defenders inside.\n\nThe fight was [\*short and bloody|long and ugly|rough on our people|over a lot quicker than expected] but [faction] will remember the [\*chaos|mess|bodies|broken bones] we left behind. If they know what's good for them, that is.

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_1= We've defeated [faction]. They were huddling in the [square], low on supplies, their last remaining walls thrown together in such a hurry they could barely hold out the undead.\n\nBut it wasn't zed who put an end to these people, it was us. What should we do with them?

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_2= [Faction] are defeated. They hardly put up a fight in their last [square]... I guess they knew it was over and were just waiting for us to come and put an end to it.\n\nWe've torn down their walls and are holding the last of them captive. What should we do with them?

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_3= [Faction] put up a serious fight in their final [square]. We surrounded the walls and demanded they surrender. They answered with gunfire. I guess they'd rather go out with guns blazing than submit to us. Hell, I can understand that.\n\nThe smarter ones laid their guns down and put their hands up. What should we do with them?

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_option1= Kill them all

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_option2= Let them go

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_option3= Invite them to join us

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_outcome1= I'm not proud of the things we've done to survive in this new world. Theft. Murder. Genocide. But we're doing what we must to build a new future for humanity.\n\nWe didn't find [FactionLeader] among the bodies, but the rest of [faction] are dead. We took what supplies they had on them.

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_outcome2= We gave [FactionLeader] and the rest of them as much food as they could carry, then ordered them to leave [CityName] and never look back.\n\nThey looked pretty downhearted as they trudged out of town, but our people are happy we let them live.

factionMissionAttackDestroyed\_outcome3= Two [factionAdjective] survivors joined us. They figure it was either that or die in the jaws of the undead. I'd have made the same choice.\n\nThey're depressed, and it'll take them a while to warm up to the others here, but we can always use more zombie fodder... I mean able bodies.\n\n[FactionLeader] and the rest of [faction] said they'd rather take their chances with the Zed. They took what they could carry and left, promising to leave [CityName] and never come back.

factionMissionHeadquarters\_title= [Faction] HQ Destroyed

factionMissionHeadquarters\_1= Today we hit them where it hurts: right in the [square]. [Faction] should have known better than to keep all their war supplies and tactical records in the big, obvious building that practically screamed "headquarters".\n\nWe didn't raze it to the ground because hey, we could use that [square] ourselves. But we made sure to remove every trace of [Faction] from it, and we took {1}.

factionMissionHeadquarters\_2= I took particular delight in destroying [FactionLeader's] office when we stormed their headquarters in the [square] today. If they ever manage to take it back, [factionHe]'s going to find some pretty hilarious graffiti in there.\n\nThey seem to be pretty demoralized by losing the building, and the stuff we found: {1}.

factionMissionHeadquarters\_3= It was no easy battle getting through the defenses at the [square], but that just made us fight all the harder. We knew there had to be something good in there, and we were right. We found {1}.\n\n[Faction] took a real hit to their tactical strength today. The war should be easier from here on out.

factionMissionRaid\_title= Raided [faction]

factionMissionRaid\_1= We stole {1} during the raid on the [factionAdjective] fort. It was easy! First we set up a distraction by having [Name] run around on the other side of their fort [yelling obscenities|with no pants]. Then we climbed over the fence at the [square] and were out of there before they realized what had happened.

factionMissionRaid\_2= Zombies can't climb ladders. Actually it's hilarious to watch them try, but the point is the [factionAdjective] walls were built for zombies, and they weren't imagining humans coming over them. This makes stealing from them remarkably easy, so long as you find a section of wall with no guards on duty.\n\nLast night we got away with {1}.

factionMissionRaid\_3= Some raids go better than others. This time, [faction] were on us within minutes of our getting there, and we got caught in a firefight. We still managed to take {1} out with us though. I've been practicing shooting while carrying a 40 pound sack of potatoes and today I think it paid off.

factionMissionRaid\_4= Our scavenging skills were put to the test during the raid on [faction]. Either they're running out of supplies, or they've hidden them really, really well, because we practically turned that [square] upside down to find {1}.\n\nI don't think they were too happy about it either, the way they were shooting at us.

factionMissionRaid\_5= A proper raid takes skill to pull off. Not just skill with a gun, though that's important, but the skill to figure out where to strike... and how to get in and out with the most loot before [faction] figure out what's going on and retaliate. It's all about careful planning and scavenger's intuition.\n\nToday my scavenger's intuition netted us {1}.

factionMissionRaidAlone\_1= [Name] brought back {1} from that raid on [faction]. The way [he] tells it, [he] just walked up to the gates, shot one guard in the knee, then told a second one to bring as many supplies as [he|she] could carry. I can't believe that worked!

factionMissionRaidAlone\_2= [Faction] are such suckers. [Name] single-handedly raided {1} from them today, and tore open part of their wall in the process. That'll take a while to fix.

factionMissionRaidAlone\_3= [FormalName] says [he] feels bad for stealing from [faction]. Thanks to [his] scavenging skills [he] brought back {1} from their fort, but [he] had a confrontation on the way out. [He] says the [woman|man] who tried to stop [him] didn't even have a gun, they just begged [him] not to take their hard earned supplies.

factionMissionRaidAlone\_4= Sounds like [Name] really terrorized [faction] today. [He] raided their supplies, coming away with {1}. When they tried to stop [him], [he] killed two of them. The rest backed off and let [him] go.

factionMissionRaidNothing\_1= [Faction] had nothing left to steal. We should give 'em some time to replenish their supplies before we try to hit them again.

factionMissionRaidNothing\_2= Couldn't find a single thing left to take from [faction] during that raid. I told him the next time we come back they better have something for us, and beat the hell out of one poor sod to drive the threat home.

factionMissionRaidNothing\_3= [Faction] just laughed when [we] raided them today. Looks like they've got nothing left to lose. They can barely even feed themselves... I guess our raiding's really taken it's toll on the poor sods.\n\nWe should give it a rest and come back when they've got something worth taking.

factionMissionAttackUnit\_title= Killed {1}

factionMissionAttackUnit\_1= [We] nailed those [factionAdjective] {1}. [We] came down on them at dawn while they were still camped at the [square], and the element of surprise was all [we] needed.

factionMissionAttackUnit\_2= [We] ended up in a drawn out gunfight with those [factionAdjective] {1}, but they were obviously outmatched. After [we] picked off the first couple, the rest ran back towards their base. We'll have to take the fight there if we want to finish them off.

factionMissionAttackUnit\_3= The [factionAdjective] {1} were pinned down at that [square] all day. At one point I was sure they'd snuck past [us] somehow and got away, but at sunset they made a break for it. [We] shot one of them in the back and another in the shoulder, but [he|she] ran off with the rest of them. They'll think twice before trying to get the drop on us again.

factionMissionAttackUnitFail\_title= Attack Failed

factionMissionAttackUnitFail\_1= The [factionAdjective] {1} were camping out at a dilapidated [square] when [we] jumped them. I thought [we] had the advantage, but they were surprisingly quick to grab their weapons and fight back. [We] wounded a couple of them, but when they got a sniper up into a nearby building it was over for us. We could try again later.

factionMissionAttackUnitFail\_2= We'll have to try to attack the [factionAdjective] {1} again somewhere else. [We] spent most of the morning laying in wait for them to show up, but it seems they were on to [us] and took another route. Oops.

factionMissionAttackUnitFail\_3= [We] stormed up to those [factionAdjective] {1} and showed no mercy. One of them, this huge [chick|dude], shot a hole through my sleeve but it only grazed the skin. [She|He] was always one step ahead of [us], blocking every advantage, shooting the weapons out of [our] [p|hand|hands]. [She|He] had skills, serious skills.\n\nI rounded a corner and suddenly [she|he] was there in front of me. I thought I was a goner for sure, but [she|he] just said "Get the hell out of here." So [we] did.

rottenExplode\_title= Rotten Explosion

rottenExplode\_1= [Our] attack on the Rotten's subway station triggered something catastrophic. Suddenly there were Rotten soldiers coming out of the sewer grates all around [us]. Oh god... there were more than we imagined living down there.\n\nThey took the {1}, the {2}... everything. Jesse strode through the streets with his antique six-shooters, the figure of a vengeful Josey Wales, a western outlaw preparing to make his last stand.\n\nIt won't be today. It's a miracle [we] got out of there alive. We should think twice before going back in.

factionMissionAttackProtected\_title= Attack Canceled

factionMissionAttackProtected\_1= We've reduced [Faction] to the point that they're helpless before us. We'd better not finish them off though. We need them alive for what's coming.

factionTradeUnit\_title= Trade with [faction]

factionTradeUnit\_1= [We] went out to meet the [factionAdjective] caravan and see what they have for sale. [FactionLeader] happened to be there, "making sure nobody steals anything" as [factionHe] put it.

factionTradeUnit\_2= [FactionLeader] led the trade caravan (actually [an old gutted RV|a convoy of pickup trucks|a school bus with large guns mounted on the top]) to a big parking lot and opened up shop.

factionTradeUnit\_option1= Trade

factionTradeUnit\_option2= Ask if they need anything (lvl 5 leader)

factionTradeUnit\_option3= Leave

factionTradeUnitAskYes\_1= [FactionLeader] didn't want to give anything away so [factionHe] brushed me off, but it's clear from looking at their supplies that they're low on \_{1}\_. I bet they'd pay extra if we could spare any.

factionTradeUnitAskYes\_2= [FactionHe] said they've had trouble getting enough \_{1}\_ and would be happy to pay extra for any we have.

factionTradeUnitAskYes\_3= "We're nearly out of \_{1}\_," offered one of the caravan workers. "We had a whole shipment coming in from another town, but it never showed. Probably out there somewhere getting picked over by scavengers. I bet the boss would pay nearly double for it."\n\nIf [FactionLeader] overheard, [factionHe] didn't say anything.

factionTradeUnitAskNo\_1= "Nope" answered [FactionLeader], watching my eyes closely. I'm not sure if [factionHe]'s telling the truth or not, but it's clear we won't be getting any deals that easily. We'll have to wait until they restock and ask again.

factionTradeUnitAskNo\_2= "Why, what is it you have too much of?" [FactionLeader] asked slyly. I guess I'm not getting an answer out of [factionHim]. We should try asking again next week once they've had a chance to restock.

factionTradeFort\_1= [We] met with [FactionLeader] at [faction's] compound. After a few pleasantries, [factionHe] led us to one of their storerooms so we could have a look at what they're willing to trade this week.

factionTradeFort\_2= [FactionLeader] brought in a [\*stout|red-headed|fabulously dressed] [man|woman] with a clipboard to list off goods they're able to trade.

factionTradeFort\_3= [Faction] obviously have much more than they're willing to trade us. I mentioned this to [FactionLeader] but [factionHe] said they were "reserve" and had to be saved in case [Faction] needed them someday.

factionTradeFort\_4= [FactionLeader] walked [us] around their storerooms and pointed out a few things that we could have for a price. Hopefully my bartering skills are up to the task!

factionTradeGustav\_title= Trade with Gustav

factionTradeGustav\_1= Gustav jumped down from the lead truck and shook my hand vigorously in both of his. \_"Iz good day for deal!"\_ he shouted, then slapped a meaty arm around my shoulders. \_"Come, I show you what I find, many good things for you..."\_

factionTradeGustav\_2= Gustav was in a somber mood when I met him at the caravan. \_"Greetinks friend,"\_ he said, \_"Too much mertsi, too many walking deadmen in [CityName] today. Two guards I lost zis mornink."\_ He held up two fingers, then considered them. \_"Well, now I sell you zeir stuff, so for you, I think iz not so bad."\_

factionTradeGustav\_option1= Trade

factionTradeGustav\_option2= Ask if he needs anything (lvl 5 leader)

factionTradeGustav\_option3= Leave

factionTradeGustavAskYes\_1= \_"Not for me,"\_ said Gustav, \_"but iz many people who will buy \_{1}\_ from my caravan. I will give you a good price for it."\_

factionTradeGustavAskYes\_2= \_"Yez,"\_ Gustav answered, \_"I have much need for {1}, but I will not say why. Only that I will pay double if you can sell it to me."\_

factionTradeGustavAskNo\_1= Gustav seemed to be about to say something, then he just shook his head no. No deals today. Gustav's stock seems to change about once a week, so we can check again then.

factionTrade\_title= Trade Accepted

factionTrade\_1= [We] eventually came to a deal with [faction] that seemed to suit us both well enough. I think we could have gotten more out of them, but this way everybody's happy.

factionTrade\_2= [Faction] had some [80's Transformer toys|Toblerone bars|cases of homebrew beer|manga graphic novels] on them that they swore were for personal use and refused to trade. Man, [I would have given my left arm for some|what I would do for some of those]...

factionTrade\_3= They always say that you know you got a fair deal when no one goes away happy. I don't think there's going to be celebrations on either side tonight, but both us and [faction] got the stuff we needed.

factionTrade\_4= [We] probably could have gotten more out of that deal with [faction] if we had a bit more time to negotiate, but we had to cut things short when the zed suddenly [grabbed one of their bodyguards|started climbing up out of the sewers|went after their pack animals].\n\nAs it stands I think we both got what we needed off that deal. Not counting the loss of their [soldier|trader|mule], of course.

factionTrade\_5= [FactionLeader] was a hard sell, but we bartered hard and got a good deal out of [factionHim]. [FactionHe] may not be happy with the trade we gave [factionHim], but I can tell [factionHe] respects us for it.

factionTradeGoodDeal\_1= [Faction] were happy with the great deal we gave them. That's fine, if we're generous now that we can afford it, they may return the favor if we're ever in need in the future.

factionTradeGoodDeal\_2= Damn, we gave [faction] way too good a deal this time. I guess we did make them like us more, but I definitely could have gotten more out of them if I tried.

factionTradeGoodDeal\_3= You know, looking back on it, I kind of think we got ripped off on that deal. But [faction] were just so convincing with their [wide smiles and warm handshakes|bright signs and big words|slicked back hair and dark glasses].

factionTradeGoodDeal\_4= Sometimes you've got to take one for the team, and this is one of those times. I know we could have gotten a better deal from [faction] but them liking us is more important right now. Last thing we need is to be fighting both them and the zed.

factionTradeGoodDeal\_5= OK, yeah, [we] gave [faction] a great deal, but they had agreed to throw in [that fancy gold watch|nearly a dozen video game cartridges|a bushel of fruit|half a dozen cases of beer] as part of the whole thing. How [were] [we] to know [the watch was broken|we didn't have a working TV|it was all made of wax|they had all gone bad]?

factionTradeGift\_1= [Faction] were really stoked about our donation to their cause. Hah, joke's on them, that was just some useless old junk we didn't need anymore.

factionTradeGift\_2= We generously gave [faction] some free stuff. We really are good people, you know. I don't understand why everyone doesn't realize this. It would make things so much easier.

factionTradeGift\_3= We gave [faction] a bunch of supplies for free. Sure, we could have probably used the stuff ourselves, but we really need all the help we can get out here.

factionTradeGift\_4= I learned from a very young age, if you want to make friends, you've got to buy 'em. Bring [\*some cool action figures|a few sweet comics|a bunch of cute dolls|plenty of candy] to the playground and before you know it, everyone wants to be your friend.\n\nAnd that's what we're doing with our latest deal with [faction]. Give out a few free bobbles and we'll soon have them eating out of the palms of our hands.

factionTradeGift\_5= It was kind of painful giving away that stuff for free, but hopefully this means [faction] won't try to hurt us anymore. Last thing I need is to wake up with another [\*gun barrel|pea shooter|butcher's knife|hob-nailed boot] in my face.

factionTradeGoodLeader\_1= [Name] really is a good leader, you know. [Faction] really, really like [him]. I don't think they even care what kind of deal they get, so long as [he] smiles and tells them it's the best we can do, they believe [him].

factionTradeGoodLeader\_2= [FormalName] sure has a gift for the gab. From the sound of it, all it took was [\*a couple of choice words|some thorough ego stroking|a couple of complimentary chocolate bars] and [Name] had [faction] wrapped around [his] pinkie.

factionTradeGoodLeader\_3= I've always known [FormalName] was talented at getting on people's good side, but the time [he] spent with [faction] was truly impressive. By the time [he] was done, they could have believed [he] had [\*laid the foundation of the Vegas strip|killed 1000 zed|built the CN tower|raised the Titanic] all by [himself].

factionTradeSuccessGustav\_1= I think we got a pretty fair deal from Gustav, but the way he was leering and chuckling to himself you'd think he was pulling one over on us.

factionTradeSuccessGustav\_2= Gustav smiled broadly, a twinkle in his eyes. \_"Iz nice doink business with you sometime."\_

factionTradeGoodDealGustav\_1= Gustav was practically dancing around, so happy to get a good trade out of us. It's obvious the man lives for times like this.

factionTradeGoodDealGustav\_2= We bartered with Gustav for nearly an hour over little glasses of strong, sweet black tea that he kept topped up from a big thermos. Not sure if it was the caffeine but I was feeling really good about everything and was happy to give Gustav quite a bit more than his goods were worth.

factionTradeGiftGustav\_1= Gustav was actually a little choked up about receiving a gift from us. \_"Nobody gives me nice think like dis,"\_ he said, \_"I will remember, my good friend"\_.

factionTradeGiftGustav\_2= Gustav was impressed with our gift. In thanks he shared a few swigs of his vodka with me. Strong stuff!

factionTradeGoodLeaderGustav\_1= [FormalName] really is a good barterer, you know. Gustav really, really likes [him]. I don't think he even cares what kind of deal he gets, so long as [Name] smiles and tells him it's the best we can do, he believes [him].

factionTradeGoodLeaderGustav\_2= [FormalName] sure has a gift for the gab. From the sound of it, all it took was [\*a couple of choice words|some thorough ego stroking|a couple of complimentary chocolate bars] and [Name] had Gustav wrapped around [his] pinkie.

factionTradeGoodLeaderGustav\_3= I've always known [FormalName] was talented at getting on people's good side, but the time [he] spent with Gustav was truly impressive. By the time [he] was done, Gustav could have believed [he]'d [\*laid the foundation of the Vegas strip|killed 1000 zed|built the CN tower|raised the Titanic] all by [himself].

factionTradeNegotiator\_title= Trade Bonus

factionTradeNegotiator\_1= Seems like [FormalName's] got bartering in [his] blood and nobody can resist [his] salesman charm. [Faction] offered to throw in something extra to the trade. What should we ask for?

factionTradeNegotiator\_2= I've never seen such a salesman as [FormalName]. The [man]'s a natural... I bet [he] could sell life insurance to a zombie.\n\nToday [he] got [faction] to throw in a little something extra to a trade. What do we want?

factionTradeNegotiator\_option1= Food

factionTradeNegotiator\_option2= Building Materials

factionTradeNegotiator\_option3= Gasoline

factionTradeNegotiator\_option4= Nah, they can keep it

factionTradeNegotiator\_outcome1= [Faction] happily threw in {1} [rations|bags of potatoes|unlabeled cans of mystery food] for us.

factionTradeNegotiator\_outcome2= They added some 2x4s and cement to our deal.

factionTradeNegotiator\_outcome3= [Faction] threw in a couple big mason jars of fuel to the trade.

factionTradeNegotiator\_outcome4= [Name] insisted we didn't need anything more, that we were just happy to have a good relationship with [faction]. As they struck the deal, [FactionLeader] smiled broadly and shook [Name's] hand for nearly 30 seconds. It was a little weird.

pigSellSubtle\_title= The Other White Meat

pigSellSubtle\_1= The weird Pig Farmers we traded with handed us the pork through the side hatch of their battered ice cream truck. I'm still surprised anyone has any food left these days, let alone this delicious freshly butchered meat.\n\nFunny color, but smells like heaven when you roast it. Mmmm bacon!

pigSellSubtle\_2= The greasy, pale Pig Farmers we traded with put me off with their constant chuckling, but they claim to be just a few honest guys offloading some of their spare meat.\n\nThey'll even drive it right to our main gates in their old ice cream truck. Here I thought food delivery was a thing of the past!

pigSellSubtle\_3= Tonight we ate well for the first time in six months. The Pig Farmers' meat tasted funny, but who can remember how pork's supposed to taste?

pigSellDubious\_title= The Other White Meat

pigSellDubious\_1= We traded with those pale, creepy Pig Farmers again. They tittered and wouldn't make eye contact as usual. I still don't trust them, but maybe trust is a luxury we can't afford anymore...\n\nThe important thing is we aren't going hungry for a while, thanks to this odd-tasting "pork" of theirs.

pigSellDubious\_2= We got another chance to buy pork from those creepy Pig Farmers. They must have saved a hundred of pigs from the zombies to have this much meat to sell. Not sure where else you would find a supply of pigs these days. Maybe they're running wild in the forest?\n\nCome to think of it, this meat does taste kind of gamey...

pigSellDubious\_3= The Pig Farmers' pork still smells sort of funny, but they assure us we won't find better meat anywhere in [CityName]. They're probably right... this is way better than the rats and pigeons I've eaten.\n\nWAY better.

pigSellDubious\_4= You know, I've always found it weird, our relationship with pigs. Like back in the day, doctors would practice medical procedures on pigs because their insides are so similar to us humans.\n\nNot sure why that jumped to mind. Anyway, we bought more meat off those pig farmers today. Just butchered too, it doesn't get any fresher than this.

pigSellObvious\_title= The Other Other White Meat

pigSellObvious\_1= We traded with those creepy Pig Farmers again. [Name] says the meat we bought doesn't look like pig and [he] refuses to eat it. I told [him] to shut the hell up before [he] gets everyone else upset about it. Not all of us can be that picky.\n\nFinding something to eat is a matter of life or death these days. Thanks to this meat we're staying on the happy side of that line. We shouldn't screw things up by asking questions about where it comes from.

pigSellObvious\_2= According to the Pig Farmers, the latest batch of pork is so fresh you can almost hear it speak. Not sure why they had to put it like that. Man those guys are creepy.\n\nHonestly, this meat doesn't really taste like pork at all... but whatever it is it's keeping us alive and that's what matters. It's best we don't ask questions about what goes on at that pig farm of theirs.

bathSaltsActive\_title= Bath Salts

bathSaltsActive\_1= The Pharmacists sure make some potent stuff! These Bath Salts will help us overcome the fears that are often much more dangerous than the zombies themselves. We'll keep it in our armory with the ammo and let survivors use it as needed before they head into a fight.\n\nHopefully everyone will use it responsibly and we won't see any side effects...

factionTradeTooSoon\_title= Too soon to trade

factionTradeTooSoon= [Faction] aren't ready to meet with us again yet. And it was obvious they really didn't want to trade... in fact they'd only speak to me through a slot in the door. When I started listing off what we had to trade, the guard yelled "[no solicitors!|we don't want any!]" and slammed that slot shut so fast it almost took my nose off.

factionMeet\_title= Met with [faction]

factionMeet\_option1= Talk with [FactionLeader]

factionMeet\_option2= Suggest an Alliance (100% respect)

factionMeet\_option3= Declare War

factionMeet\_option4= Negotiate Peace

factionMeetEarly= We need a proper city hall and a government before we can have any real diplomatic relationship with [Faction]. For now we chatted with [FactionLeader] a little and let [factionHim] poke fun at our fort.

factionMeet\_riffs\_happy\_1= Malik seemed pleased to meet with [us]. I think. At least he kept his sword in its sheath this time. We sat cross-legged across a low table, and he poured [us] tiny cup after tiny cup of green tea while we talked.

factionMeet\_riffs\_happy\_2= I'm not sure if Malik was meditating for those two hours [we] [were] waiting for him, or if he's just able to sleep sitting up.\n\nOnce he did acknowledge [our] presence he seemed happy to see us. He even invited [us] to see his [Zen garden... an impressive collection of rocks and sand|koi pond. I didn't see any koi, but the blue heron sitting in the middle of it looked really happy|knife collection. I don't think it was meant as a threat, but it's hard to tell with Malik].

factionMeet\_riffs\_happy\_3= Malik must have been exercising just before [we] arrived... or maybe he just likes walking around shirtless and glistening with sweat. [Either way, it was a little distracting|I restrained myself from starting a game of tic-tac-toe in the sweat on his abs|He idly made his pecs dance as we chatted].

factionMeet\_riffs\_unhappy= The Riffs led [us] through their compound where they were doing drills in the yard. The sight of a hundred people in karate outfits smashing ferociously at wooden dummies and breaking boards with their fists was all kinds of intimidating.\n\nMalik was in a foul mood when [we] met with him. He folded his arms over his chest and glared silently at [us] over his shades. He seems to be waiting for [us] to explain [our] presence there.

factionMeet\_judgment\_happy\_1= [We] met Father O'Grady in his chapel study, behind a desk strewn with ammo clips and automatic weapons in various states of assembly. He was pouring over a well worn Bible bookmarked with hundreds of sticky notes.\n\nWhat should [we] ask him about?

factionMeet\_judgment\_happy\_2= Father O'Grady was preaching to his congregation when [we] arrived. After half an hour of [a fire and brimstone-heavy sermon, punctuated by the occasional enthusiastic gunshot|a lecture on the evils liquor, followed up by passing around the sacramental wine|baptizing their new Harley in a bath of oil], he came down from his pulpit and greeted [us] warmly.

factionMeet\_judgment\_happy\_3= Father O'Grady was in a good mood when [we] stopped by today. Apparently his boys had [helped some sinners "see the light" in classically violent old-testament fashion|"convinced" a new group of survivors to join their cause, at gunpoint] earlier this morning.\n\nNot needing all the gory details he seemed eager to share, I did my best to turn our conversation to business.

factionMeet\_judgment\_unhappy= Father O'Grady met [us] at the gates with a gruff handshake. He took [us] through their cathedral to look up at the giant crucifix at the end of the hall. He quoted:\n\n"[The Lord said to His Son, \_I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.\_|\_Behold, the Lord will come in fire And His chariots like the whirlwind, To render His anger with fury, And His rebuke with flames of fire. For the Lord will execute judgment by fire And by His sword on all flesh, And those slain by the Lord will be many.\_|\_The Lord Jesus will be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire, dealing out retribution to those who do not know God and to those who do not obey the gospel of our Lord Jesus.\_]"\n\nI'm not sure if it was a threat or a mission statement, but he's obviously in a real hellfire mood.

factionMeet\_chosen\_happy\_1= Cassandra welcomed [us] at the gates with an uncomfortably long hug. Their Church seemed to be in the midst of some celebration... like they always are. The cultists pranced around in billowy cotton robes, stringing daisies together and putting flower garlands on everything. Including me.\n\nDo these people ever work?

factionMeet\_chosen\_happy\_2= Cassandra was all smiles when [we] stopped by today. She even invited [us] into her private office and served [us] some very flowery tea. [My teeth felt numb after drinking it|I thanked her, but said I didn't feel comfortable drinking anything that purple|The smell was a lot nicer than the taste].

factionMeet\_chosen\_happy\_3= [We] entered the Church of the Chosen Ones' main hall to the sound of chimes. Cassandra was conducting a small orchestra of fresh-faced young people, each holding their own small bell. They were playing a spirited rendition of "[I Just Died In Your Arms Tonight|Don\ufffd\ufffd\ufffdt Fear The Reaper|Only The Good Die Young|Another One Bites The Dust]".\n\nNoticing [us], she told the group to take five, and came over to see what [we] wanted.

factionMeet\_chosen\_unhappy= The Church members seemed suspicious of me during the visit. A [young girl|teenage boy] eventually stepped forward and led [us] to the little house where Cassandra had her office. I could hear hurried preparations of some sort inside, but when Cassandra came to the door she slipped out and wouldn't let [us] peek in there.\n\n"What is it?" she asked tersely.

factionMeet\_pigfarmers\_happy\_1= Farmer Bucket was in a jolly mood today when [we] met him at their fort. "Joinin' us for lunch [sonny]? We just slaughtered us a pig and cook's frying up some right juicy pork chops."\n\n[We] politely accepted but only picked at [our] [p|meal|meals]. Something about all the large, sweaty men chowing down on bloody hunks of rare meat put me off.

factionMeet\_pigfarmers\_happy\_2= [We] found Farmer Bucket's boys, Jeb and Bub, taking turns throwing their big meaty fists into an old punching-bag which jiggled oddly with every hit and seemed to be leaking. I asked what they'd filled it with.\n\n[Jeb|Bub] chuckled. "Heh heh. It's them leftover bones n' skin n' stuff from when pa's done cuttin' up the meat. Sos it feels like a real person when we hit it."\n\nFeeling queasy, I asked them where their dad was. They pointed me to the back of the house where Bucket was just waking up from a nap in an old deck chair.

factionMeet\_pigfarmers\_happy\_3= [Our] knock at the Pig Farmers' old farm house was answered a bellow: "Come on in [p|friend|friends]!".\n\n[We] found the Bucket family in their old 50's style kitchen, complete with a classic Kit-Cat Klock ticking away above the stove. Every counter, every chair, every inch of every surface was covered in a thick layer of yellow grease.\n\nFarmer Bucket grinned and invited [us] to "sit down a spell" and "chew the fat" with him. [We] thanked him but opted to stand.

factionMeet\_pigfarmers\_unhappy= [We] had to wait while Farmer Bucket was out tending the livestock in one of the Pig Farmers' big barns. When he returned he was terse and angry, and his apron was wet with blood.\n\nHe eyed me meaningfully. "Had to put one of 'em down when it turned on me," he said, "Common problem these days."

factionMeet\_luddies\_happy\_1= "King" Owen Ludd greeted [us] at the gates and took [us] on a tour of their organic greenhouses. The English cucumbers, bell peppers and tomatillos made my mouth water. Less appetizing were the ponds filled with duckweed, which Ludd told [us] is quite nutritious and tastes kind of like spinach or watercress... and mud.\n\nThe other Luddies tipped their straw hats to us as we passed.

factionMeet\_luddies\_happy\_2= [We] found "King" Ludd [covering the roof of a farm-house with corrugated aluminum to "protect the children from malfunctioning satellite microwaves"|shoving a strand of barbed wire down one of their toilets to "protect against giant leeches"|smashing a pile of laptops with a sledgehammer to "remove the temptation of technology"].\n\n[We] nodded and tried to avoid direct eye contact. Ludd's obviously having one of those days...

factionMeet\_luddies\_happy\_3= [We] found Owen Ludd [organizing an old-fashioned barn-raising|installing a new wheel on an ancient horse-drawn cart|fixing an industrial-sized wooden butter churn]. He beamed at [us] and asked if [we] wanted to help. I said sure - it seemed rude not to.\n\nTwo hours (and several strained muscles) later, [we] collapsed on his farm-house porch. Ludd fetched us some water with mint leaves and cucumber slices in it. Time for business.

factionMeet\_luddies\_unhappy= The Luddies directed [us] to a back field where Owen Ludd was working, saying "He's out there somewhere man, go find him yourself."\n\n[We] did. He was in a corn field, all worked up and angry, spraying the plants with a pungent citronella mist and shouting "do you like that, huh, you ugly little aphids? Well don't mess with Ludd because there's more where that came from!"

factionMeet\_stmichaels\_happy\_1= Rufus bounded out of the school's front doors to meet [us], and slapped me lightly on the arm. "Tag!" He yelled "You're it!"\n\nAfter a half hour of running around with the boys, they eventually let [us] stop and catch [our] breath. What did [we] come here for again?

factionMeet\_stmichaels\_happy\_2= Stepping through the doors of St Michael's School for Boys, I quickly had to duck under a [\*stapler|lunch box|hockey puck] that flew through the air at head-height.\n\nRufus jogged up and apologized. Their game of indoor [\*rollerball|dodge ball|Calvin ball] had gotten out of hand and turned into a minor war between the two teams. He took [us] to the old principal's office and promised the other kids would work it out themselves. Probably.

factionMeet\_stmichaels\_happy\_3= [We] found Rufus [\*napping in a hammock, strung up in the rafters of the school's drama hall|sitting in one of the classrooms, flipping cards into a hat with remarkable accuracy|building a small fort out of school textbooks]. He bounded over and gave me a great big welcoming hug.\n\nI put my hand out and demanded Rufus give back the [\*harmonica|screw driver|notebook] that had \_somehow\_ jumped from my pocket into his. His grin just made me wonder what else he's stolen that I haven't noticed yet.

factionMeet\_stmichaels\_unhappy= [We] [were] stopped at the doors to St Michael's School for Boys by two fierce little warriors in private school jackets. A sign on the door read "No Adults Allowed."\n\nI asked them if they were serious, but they just pointed solemnly to the sign. [We] eventually had to bribe the little twerps with [some stale mints|a can of warm Coke] before they'd let [us] in to see Rufus.

factionMeet\_rotten\_happy\_1= "Well howdy," Jesse greeted [us], "if it ain't my good friends come to visit old Jesse." He offered [us] a mostly empty bottle of Jack Daniels. "Care to wet your whistle before we get down to business?"\n\nIt was clear he'd been drinking all morning, but who could blame the guy in his state of undead decay. Probably lucky the stuff still works on him at all.

factionMeet\_rotten\_happy\_2= Jesse was up on a rooftop near the entrance to the Rotten's subway tunnels, whiling away the day by [shooting cans of tobacco off a chimney|cleaning his one remaining toenail|trying to fend off a turkey vulture that was stalking him]. He seemed grateful when [we] gave him an excuse to come down and have a chat.

factionMeet\_rotten\_happy\_3= [We] found Jesse down in the tunnels, [working on the sewer's rusted pumping system|fixing a dilapidated mechanical bull he'd scrounge from somewhere|surrounded by pieces of wooden Ikea furniture he was trying to put together]. He flashed [us] a gap-toothed grin as [we] walked through the door.\n\n"This don't look like much right now, but that can be said for us Rotten. Some spit and polish and soon it'll be looking as good as new. So what can I do for you, [p|pardner|pardners]?"

factionMeet\_rotten\_unhappy= Jesse was in no mood for joking, which is saying a lot. He met [us] at the entrance to their subway station with four tough looking rotten, all of them wearing cowboy hats and chewing stems of grass, except the one woman who was missing part of her lower jaw. She just stared.\n\n"Whaddya want," asked Jesse, "and this better be good."

factionMeet\_government\_happy\_1= Senator Davis was obviously going for an "oval office" look for her office. Everything was painted red, white and blue, plastered with American flags and the occasional bald eagle. But it was somehow serious and refined. She greeted [us] with a firm handshake, then we got down to business.

factionMeet\_government\_happy\_2= Senator Davis was overseeing a [parade march|uniform inspection] when [we] got to the Government's compound.\n\nI'd have thought they'd drop all that pomp and ceremony, what with the undead hordes being a bigger priority here. But these sorts of things make Davis happy, and you don't argue with someone who has that many guns under her command.

factionMeet\_government\_happy\_3= The Senator must be looking forward to meeting with [us], because this time [we] only had to fill out the short version of their "[\*Intent To Initiate Trade/Barter/Commerce|Non-Disclosure Agreement For Any And All Governmental Secrets/Communiques/Overheard Troop Gossip]" form. It only took half an hour to get through its [\*three|six|ten] pages.

factionMeet\_government\_unhappy= A young soldier escorted [us] to a waiting room outside Senator Davis' office. [We] sat there for nearly two hours, flipping through ancient copies of The Economist and trying to remember a time when we had international politics.\n\nWhen the senator could finally see [us], she was impatient. "I'm a busy woman," she said, "why are you here?"

factionMeet\_dahlias\_happy\_1= Nell was happy to show [us] around the place while we talked.\n\nThe Dahlias' compound had been a private gated community back before the outbreak. They didn't have to change much: just strengthened the walls a bit and replaced the tire shredders with a sturdy zombie-proof double gate. Today it still looks like an idyllic suburban neighborhood.\n\n

factionMeet\_dahlias\_happy\_2= [We] found Nell McClung sitting at a picnic table with a cup of tea in one hand and a pair of opera glasses in the other. She was watching her assistant Helen take a group of young women through [marksmanship|hand-to-hand combat|weapon maintenance] drills.\n\nShe set down the glasses and beckoned at [us] to join her. We watched one of the girls [take the head off a zombie mannequin at 100 paces|tangle her opponent in a series of arm locks designed to prevent getting bitten|rebuild and load a high powered sniper rifle in less than fifteen seconds].

factionMeet\_dahlias\_happy\_3= [Helen Vanderzalm, Nell's second in command|Amanda Klinger, the Dahlias' oddest-dressed soldier] met [us] at the gate to the Dahlias' heavily fortified community. She [sneered (her equivalent of a warm greeting) and ground out her cigarette in the dirt, then|waved enthusiastically, spiked shoulder pads bouncing, and demanded the newest gossip before] leading [us] to McClung's immaculately-decorated office.

factionMeet\_dahlias\_unhappy= Nell McClung wasn't eager to meet with [us] today. Her deputy Helen insisted on taking [our] weapons at the front gate and patted [us] down roughly to make sure [we] [weren't] hiding any more. Then they had [us] wait in the cavernous faux marble foyer of one of their McMansions while Nell dealt with an "urgent meeting".\n\nProbably a lie... I could hear laughter coming from the other room.

factionMeet\_leetcrew\_happy\_1= Cryptico - uh, I mean Dara - buzzed [us] up to their apartment headquarters. Yes, buzzed. As in: they have electricity over there, and it's connected to intercoms at the gates which they can \_open remotely\_.\n\nIt's all very slick, but undermined by the fact that their HQ looks exactly like a college dorm. I'm used to some pretty bad odors, but I'm not sure some of these people have washed their clothes in years...

factionMeet\_leetcrew\_happy\_2= A thick haze blanketed the hallways of 1337cREw's apartment complex. I was confused at first, until [someone handed me a sensor vest and laser tag gun, and I found myself hiding behind cover beside Dara as light beams bounced around us|I found Dara in the 1337cREw's communal kitchen, standing over the smoking remains of a popcorn machine].\n\nDara smirked. "You picked a good time to show up. What's hopping?"

factionMeet\_leetcrew\_happy\_3= Dara was inspecting the 1337cREw's latest haul when [we] showed up. One of their scavenging parties found a flat of [Mountain Dew-flavored Doritos in the basement of an 8-12 Mart|high-end graphics cards, still wrapped in their static-proof packaging|vintage comic books from some long-dead geek's collection]. She was quietly opening one as I wandered up. "Sup with you?"

factionMeet\_leetcrew\_unhappy= The 1337cREw refused to let [us] in at first. They teased [us] through their gate intercom, saying "what's the paaaaswooord" in a sing-songy voice. I tried all the usuals: "please", "open sesame", "12345", "trustno1", etc. I found the answer by accident when some zed spotted [us] and came lurching over.\n\n"Zombies!!" I yelled, and the gate finally slid open.

factionMeet\_pharmacists\_happy\_1= Tiff and her husband Thirion were sitting on top of a wall smoking cigarettes when [we] reached their fort. Thirion gave me a hand up and offered a smoke. Tiff lazily surveyed the city.\n\n"Business has been slow, " she said, "and the fish aren't biting. We're bored."\n\nI think by "fish" she meant zombies? But I don't know how they could be bored. I haven't been bored in years. I'm too busy being attacked or worrying where my next meal will come from to ever be bored.

factionMeet\_pharmacists\_happy\_2= I found Tiff relaxing on a hill watching some [\*purple|green|yellow] smoke drift lazily out of a nearby buildings.\n\n"They're working on a new recipe in there," she told [us]. "It's so potent they're all wearing gas masks, and even out here if you breathe deep you're gonna feel it."\n\n[We] sat as far up-wind as possible.

factionMeet\_pharmacists\_happy\_3= A gaunt, red-eyed [man|woman] was curled up in a pipe outside the Pharmacists' chemically-enriched farm. [He|She] hissed at me as I passed by.\n\nWhen I mentioned [him|her] to Tiff, she just chuckled. "Oh that's just [Bill|Sal], don't worry about [him|her]. [He|She]'s one of our best customers. Wouldn't hurt a fly."

factionMeet\_pharmacists\_unhappy= Tiff and her husband Thirion were especially grumpy when [we] met with them today. Tiff kept snapping at her husband, then at [us], while Thirion slowly withdrew into a gloomy silence, wreathed in a shroud of cigarette smoke.

factionAlliance= "An alliance..." [FactionLeader] mused. "Well, it is good to have friends. We could supply you with {1}, and support you if anyone else gives you trouble. But this is a big deal, and it needs a big ceremony."\n\nTo complete the alliance, we should address our people from our city hall, and formally announce our partnership with [faction].

factionAlliance\_effect= Alliance mission available in city hall.

factionAllianceAlready= It looks like we're already in the middle of forming an alliance at our city hall. We should finish that first.

factionAllianceAlready\_effect= Finish current alliance first

factionAllianceCityHall= "An alliance..." [FactionLeader] mused. "Well, it is good to have friends. We could supply you with {1}, and support you if anyone else gives you trouble. But this is a big deal, and it needs a big ceremony."\n\nTo complete the alliance, we should address our people from our city hall... unfortunately that means we need to build one first!

factionAllianceCityHall\_effect= We need to build a city hall first

factionAllianceFinished\_title= Alliance with [faction]

factionAllianceFinished= Everyone gathered at the city hall for the announcement. An alliance... we're going to share [CityName] with [faction]. For better or for worse, in sickness and in health etc. Peace, and a little support too. They've promised to send us regular shipments of {1} every week.\n\n[FactionLeader] arrived with a small delegation and climbed the steps to meet us.

factionAllianceFinished\_option1= Announce the alliance

factionAllianceFinished\_outcome1= We shook hands. "Then we have a deal." [FactionLeader] and I shook hands." From now on, [faction] are behind you one hundred percent. If somebody messes with you, we'll be there to help."\n\n[FactionHe] also agreed to start sending us regular shipments of {1}. We should expect the first one within a week.

factionAllianceFinished\_effect= Alliance with [faction]

factionAllianceImpossible\_title= Alliance Not Possible

factionAllianceImpossible= Nobody showed up for our alliance ceremony...

alliance\_riffs= Malik bowed deeply to the crowd, then spread his arms and waited for silence. "For too long," he began, "we've been fighting over our little piece of turf. But it's all our turf, yours and mine. We'll keep it safe together. Can you dig it?"\n\n"Yes!" the crowd shouted back.\n\n"Can you dig it?" - "Yes!"\n\n"Caaaan yooou dig iiiiiiit?"\n\nWe can. I grabbed Malik's hand and we raised our arms to the sky.

alliance\_judgment= The old biker raised a Bible above his head as he addressed the crowd, like a preacher giving a sermon.\n\n"All I know, " he said, "is you folks are as righteous as any I've met on God's green earth. You do unto others as you'd be done by them."\n\nHe led us in prayer, to give thanks for bringing us all together to save [CityName] as allies. When he said "amen", the other Last Judgement men fired their guns into the air and whooped. I guess that seals it.

alliance\_chosen= Cassandra stared deep into my eyes and held both my hands in hers. It was very intimate, and a little weird. "Now we are one," she said, loud enough that everyone could hear, "and [CityName] belongs to both our people."\n\nThe other Church of the Chosen Ones members walked through the crowd, hanging garlands of flowers around people's necks. I gave a little speech, then Cassandra had everybody hug the person to their left. It was a very nice ceremony.

alliance\_pigfarmers= Farmer Bucket had dressed up for the occasion, in an almost clean shirt and jeans. We shook hands firmly, then he pulled me into a hug and slapped a meaty hand on my back.\n\nHe spoke in my ear. "[Sonny], if we're gonna run [CityName] together, you and me, there's something you oughta know..."\n\nHe hesitated, then pulled away and laughed deeply. "Aw heck... you know, you know. Now let's get to the celebrating. My boys are itching to fire up that BBQ."\n\nWe filled our bellies with our new friends.

alliance\_luddies= Two of the Luddies blew trumpets and a third cried "His Majesty King Owen Ludd the First!" as Owen climbed the steps with a sheepish smile. "The fanfare kind of started as a joke," he said, "but now it's one of our traditions. When I die they'll probably replace me with another King or Queen Ludd."\n\nHe flashed the crowd a peace sign and gave a short speech about the benefits of lasting peace and eating raw foods. He's right about the peace anyway.

alliance\_stmichaels= Rufus gave me the old "up high, down low, too slow" high fives routine. I ruffled his hair in revenge and we play-fought for a bit. Then he cleared his throat and addressed the crowd.\n\n"You guys are pretty cool... for adults I mean. Now that we're allies, you can come hang out with us any time you want."\n\nI'd expected the day to end in some kind of giant food fight, but Rufus made an effort to get through the rest of the ceremony with a straight face. He's a good kid.

alliance\_rotten= Jesse tipped his hat and gave me a "Howdy pardner", grinning his missing-toothed grin. The other Rotten stood to the side, avoiding our people as much as our people were avoiding them.\n\nI asked Jesse if they were going to come out of the sewers and live in the city now, but he shook his head. "Every trail has it's puddles... but ours done got washed out in the flood."\n\nThe ceremony was brief. We politely welcomed our not-quite-human-anymore friends into the alliance.

alliance\_government= Senator Davis was all business at the alliance ceremony. She gave a typical politician's speech: rousing, but full of rhetoric and contradictory promises of new jobs and lower taxes and better social services.\n\nThen we signed a huge stack of papers detailing the terms of our alliance, in triplicate. They'll send us {1}, we'll support their military operations and share espionage intelligence. Not sure how much of this is actually relevant, but it's good to know they've got our back.

alliance\_dahlias= Ms McClung clicked up the steps in her heels and we addressed the crowd, describing a future [CityName] run by us and the Dahlias together. We'll build walls so high that the world outside will be a distant memory, and children can grow up never knowing fear. To maintain the peace, level-headed women will run the government, and aggression and violence will be outlawed.\n\nNot sure I agree with all of it, but the Dahlias sure do have this walled paradise planned out. It's good to know they're on our side.

alliance\_leetcrew= Dara cruised in on a longboard and yelled "Hack the Planet!" in greeting. I \_think\_ she was being sarcastic, but it's hard to tell.\n\nShe gave an... interesting... speech. She said we were "twinked-out newbs" at first (an insult, I think), but we've proved our ability to "grind" and "score crits" (good things?), and this alliance is going to help "level up" [CityName].\n\nShe was being obtuse on purpose, but maybe just to be funny. Anyway, I agree: with their help, we're going to level this city up. Alliance FTW.

alliance\_pharmacists= I wasn't sure how the Pharmacists would handle an alliance since they're self-proclaimed anarchists with no government to ally \_with\_, but I guess they figured something out.\n\nTiff just kind of smiled and waved at the crowd. I thought she might have been shy, but she explained that since the Pharmacists don't have a leader, it would send the wrong message for her to give speeches on their behalf. Instead we mingled and chatted about the future of [CityName] that we're going to build together.

factionMeetWar\_1= [FactionLeader] was shocked when I slapped the glove down and declared us mortal enemies.\n\nAfter a minute of thought, [factionHe] said carefully: "And what if we were to offer you {1}? Could we postpone this war for now?"

factionMeetWar\_2= I told [FactionLeader] that this city wasn't big enough for the two of us, and it was time for war. [FactionHe] mused over this. "But why come here to tell me?" he asked. "You know we'd never leave [CityName]. Why not just send your soldiers to tear down our walls if that's what you want?"\n\n"Oh." he said a moment later. "Oh, I get it. How about we offer you something to change your mind... say {1}?"

factionMeetWar\_option1= Accept [factionHis] offer

factionMeetWar\_option2= Reject it

factionMeetWar\_outcome1= Hmm, that was nice. I guess we probably shouldn't try this too often, but if [faction] want to give us trinkets every now and then, I suppose we could be convinced to hold back on destroying them utterly.

factionMeetWar\_outcome2= I told [factionHim] I wasn't here to pressure [factionHim] into bribing us. I was here because war was coming, and the honorable thing to do was to announce it publicly.

factionMeetWarTooSoon= [FactionLeader] wasn't surprised this time. [FactionHe] just rose from [factionHis] chair and told me: "You asked for this."

factionPeace= [FactionLeader] agreed to bury the hatchet between our two factions and declare peace, on one condition. We have to pay "reparations" for the damage we caused to them and their people: {1}\n\n[FactionHe] insists it's just a formality so that everyone knows who was in the wrong here.

factionPeaceFail= After long hours of negotiation, our meeting devolved into a shouting match. I'm not totally sure how it happened but it's probably [our] fault.\n\n[FactionLeader] says the only way there can be peace between us is if we straight up pay them {1}.\n\nThat's a pretty steep price for peace... someone with a little more diplomacy could probably negotiate [factionHim] down.

factionPeace\_option1= Pay for peace

factionPeace\_option2= Refuse

factionPeace\_outcome1= They've recalled all their raiders and attack squads, and hopefully even the secret saboteurs... though [FactionLeader] wouldn't admit they had any.

factionPeace\_outcome2= One minute we were disagreeing on some little piece of wording, the next [FactionLeader] accused us of sending saboteurs to attract zombies to a weak point in their walls.\n\nWhich doesn't sound like that bad an idea now that [factionHe] mentions it... especially seeing as they kicked me out and it looks like we're still at war.

factionMeetTooSoon\_title= Too soon to meet

factionMeetTooSoon\_1= [FactionLeader] didn't have time to see me. I think [faction] might think we look a little desperate, since we were just here a few days ago... we should wait at least a week before trying to meet with them again.

greetAlly\_1= [FactionLeader] was happy to see us. [FactionHe] reminded me that they're sending us {1} regularly. Seemed businesslike about it, like [he] thinks we're only their allies because there's something in it for us.

greetAlly\_2= [FactionLeader] greeted me warmly. [FactionHe] seems to think our alliance is going very well.\n\nI'm not totally sure what [Faction] get out of it, but so long as they keep sending us {1}, I'm not arguing!

greetAlly\_3= I checked in to see if [FactionLeader] had any odd jobs for us, but of course now that we're allied all [factionHe] requests is that we side with them if [CityName] ever breaks out into war.\n\nOf course, we wouldn't turn on our allies like that. Especially since they're sending us valuable {1} every week.

schmoozeRefuse\_1= [FactionLeader] seemed disappointed that we couldn't fulfill their request. [FactionHe]'ll probably punish us by having some new, even worse thing for us to do next week.

schmoozeRefuse\_2= I think [FactionLeader's] giving [us] the silent treatment like some kind of child. When I said we couldn't do it, [factionHe] just shrugged and went back to what [factionHe]'d been doing.\n\nI said something like "So... see you next week?" but [factionHe] acted like I wasn't even there.

schmoozeRefuse\_3= [FactionLeader] was clearly frustrated by our refusal to help them. I tried to explain that we would if we had the resources, but [factionHe] didn't seem to believe me. I suppose we can come back next week and hope [factionHe] feels like talking to us again then.

schmoozeMaterials= [Faction] need 10 loads of building materials. [FactionLeader] says they're to [shore up a weak wall|put a new roof on one of their houses|build a lookout tower on their eastern wall] but I don't think you'd even need half that many materials for such a project.\n\nNot sure if [factionHe]'s lying, or their builders are just that inefficient...

schmoozeMaterials\_return= [Faction] still want 10 materials for their construction project.

schmoozeMaterials\_option1= Okay, here are 10 materials

schmoozeMaterials\_option2= Offer 5 instead (lvl 5 leader)

schmoozeMaterials\_outcome1= [FactionHe] seemed surprised that we actually gave them the full amount. "Um.. thank you." [factionHe] said. "We needed these quite badly."\n\nThe way [factionHe] almost laughed when [factionHe] said that, I have to wonder if they're just going to trade these to Gustav for smokes and brandy.

schmoozeMaterials\_outcome2= [FactionHe] admitted we were right, that 5 loads should be enough for their needs right now. [FactionHe] said they could always use more though, so if we ever have extra materials in the future, their traders will give us a good deal for them.

schmoozeKissRing= [FactionLeader] is looking for a show of loyalty. In public, in front of the rest of the [factionNoThe], [factionHe] wants a simple gesture of fidelity from our faction to theirs. Not a big deal, [factionHe] insists, [factionHe] just wants to see [us] do it.

schmoozeKissRing\_return= [FactionLeader's] waiting to see our gesture of fidelity.

schmoozeKissRing\_option1= Kiss [factionHis] ring (lvl 3 leader)

schmoozeKissRing\_option2= Give it some tongue (lvl 7 leader)

schmoozeKissRing\_outcome1= [FactionHe] didn't literally have a ring. [We] just shook hands where everyone could see us and I spoke loudly about [how organized their defenses were|how lovely their clean streets were|their bountiful food supply].

schmoozeKissRing\_outcome2= Eww, no, the ring was just a metaphor. What I actually did was give a rousing speech about the partnership between us and [faction]. I extolled the virtues of our benevolent friend [FactionLeader].\n\nI went overboard and some of it might have been made up, but [FactionLeader] was moved by it.

schmoozeZombies= I asked [FactionLeader] if there was anything we could do for them. [FactionHe] told me they have a bit of a zombie problem in a [square] beside one of their walls. If we could solve it for them, [faction] would be most grateful. I'm not sure they care \_how\_ we do it, so long as those zed are killed.

schmoozeZombies\_return= [FactionLeader] asked if we'd managed to kill those zed in the block beside their fort.

schmoozeZombies\_option1= Zed's dead baby

schmoozeZombies\_option2= Offer 5 ammo instead (lvl 9 leader)

schmoozeZombies\_outcome1= [FactionHe] was impressed that we'd go out of our way to help them like that.\n\nI told [factionHim] that the zombies endanger us all, no matter whose walls they're banging at.

schmoozeZombies\_outcome2= [We] asked [factionHim] why we'd send our soldiers halfway across the city when [faction] could practically shoot the damn things from their own walls.\n\n[FactionHe] seemed a little shamed by this but agreed that of course it made sense. [We] gave them some ammo so they could kill them safely from a distance.

schmoozeZombiesFinished\_title= Zombies killed

schmoozeZombiesFinished= We finished those zed off just like the good little [factionAdjective] lackeys we are. Better head back to meet with [FactionLeader] and give [factionHim] the report.

schmoozeFealty= [FactionLeader] thinks it's time we swear loyalty to [faction]. I thought [factionHe] meant an alliance of equals, but what [factionHe]'s describing is more like submission to their rule.\n\nThis is awkward... some of our people definitely won't like this idea. Does [FactionLeader's] friendship mean this much to us?

schmoozeFealty\_return= Are we ready to declare our allegiance to [faction]?

schmoozeFealty\_option1= Swear loyalty (lvl 2 leader)

schmoozeFealty\_option2= Use fancy language (lvl 8 leader)

schmoozeFealty\_outcome1= [We] got out there and declared ourselves to be loyal servants... um, I mean friends, of [faction].\n\nSome of our people are upset, saying they didn't sign up for this when they joined and certainly wouldn't have agreed to it. But this is how politics go; sometimes you have to kowtow to the big boys whether you like it or not.

schmoozeFealty\_outcome2= I gave it the old "Yea, forsooth" and confused both sides into thinking I was agreeing with them. [Faction] thought I was praising their strength and benevolence, while our people heard it as ironic; actually a hidden statement of defiance against their bullying.\n\nHurrah for words! Good politicians can make them mean anything.

schmoozeFood= [We] asked [FactionLeader] what they needed, though I could already see it in [factionHis] eyes: they're hungry. [FactionHe] says that 20 days' rations could very well save some lives here.

schmoozeFood\_return= [Faction] are still very hungry. Can we afford to feed them all?

schmoozeFood\_option1= Give 20 food

schmoozeFood\_option2= Give 10 food (lvl 5 leader)

schmoozeFood\_outcome1= [FactionHis] eyes lit up and I thought I could see a bit of drool on the side of [factionHis] mouth at the thought of eating a proper meal. I hope they make this food last and don't just pig out on it.

schmoozeFood\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] agreed that yes, we're probably right, [factionHe] doesn't really need to eat breakfast \_every\_ day. Maybe just on Sundays and special occasions.

schmoozeWar= We got to chatting about {1}. To say [faction] don't like them very much is a bit of an understatement. The two groups are in a kind of cold war, sending anonymous raiders to steal each other's supplies, and sabotaging their operations in the city.\n\n[FactionLeader] has had enough, and thinks it's time to drive them out of [CityName]. [FactionLeader] wants us to go to war with {1}.

schmoozeWar\_return= [FactionLeader] still wants us to go to war with {1}.

schmoozeWar\_option1= Declare war on {1}

schmoozeWar\_option2= We need peace (lvl 8 leader)

schmoozeWar\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] thought this was fantastic news; [factionHe] bubbled over like a popped bottle of champagne, pulling me to a map of the city so we could synchronize our military strategy and hit them where it hurts the most.

schmoozeWar\_outcome1Dead= [FactionLeader] thanked us for removing {1} from [CityName]. I'm not sure what [factionHe] ever had against them, but [factionHe]'s sure glad they're gone.

schmoozeWar\_outcome2= We talked for a long time, trying to figure out why exactly [faction] and {1} can't get along in the same city. I felt like a psychiatrist, trying to find the root of the problem that must be deeper than a simple squabble over territory or resources.\n\nIn the end I convinced [factionHim] to give peace with {1} a chance.

schmoozeTraps= [FactionLeader] wants to set up traps to catch zombies before they get too close to their fort. [FactionHe]'s heard we know how to build effective ones, and wants us to make some for them.\n\n[FactionHe] asked us to bring 5 traps for them to install.

schmoozeTraps\_return= [Faction] still want 5 zombie traps from us.

schmoozeTraps\_option1= Give them 5 traps

schmoozeTraps\_option2= Only 1 trap (lvl 3 leader)

schmoozeTraps\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] must think we're real pushovers, giving them whatever they ask for like this and making them stronger. But we're doing it for us in the long run.

schmoozeTraps\_outcome2= I tactfully explained that they could use one trap as a prototype to make their own, praising the intelligence of their engineers and implying they'd do a better job than ours anyway. [FactionHe] seemed pleased.

schmoozeBombs= [FactionLeader] has an urge for destruction. [FactionHe] keeps talking about the many uses of explosives and of all the problems that could be solved with a little TNT. If we could supply [faction] with a couple bombs, I think [factionHe]'d make good use of them.

schmoozeBombs\_return= [FactionLeader] still wants to blow something up.

schmoozeBombs\_option1= Give [factionHim] 2 explosives

schmoozeBombs\_option2= Give [factionHim] 5 explosives

schmoozeBombs\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] identified a few key "trouble spots" and blew them off the face of the earth.

schmoozeBombs\_outcome2= Like a creeper in a glass castle, [FactionLeader] wrecked havoc on the buildings around their fort. It seemed to backfire a bit, as they lost some useful potential buildings and their contents in the process. This might have weakened [faction] in the long run, but at least [factionHe] had fun.

schmoozeRecruit= [Faction] are having a recruitment drive. Specifically, they're looking for {1}s to join them, and will treat them very well if they do. I can think of a few of our survivors who wouldn't mind joining [faction], or we could bring someone else. The question is, can we live without them if they leave?\n\nShould we send someone to permanently live with [faction]? They'll be gone forever...

schmoozeRecruit\_return= They still want to recruit {1}s. Should we send someone to permanently live with [faction]?

schmoozeRecruit\_option1= Give them [FormalName]

schmoozeRecruit\_option2= Give them [FormalName2]

schmoozeRecruit\_outcome1= To be honest, I'm not sure I'll miss [Name] all that much. I went to visit and make sure [he] was doing okay, and [he] kept saying how much better everything is in [faction's] fort. Way to rub it in...

schmoozeRecruit\_outcome2= To be honest, I'm not sure I'll miss [Name2] all that much. I went to visit and make sure [he2] was doing okay, and [he2] kept saying how much better everything is in [faction's] fort. Way to rub it in...

schmoozePolicy= [FactionLeader] wanted to talk about our policy on {1}. [FactionHe]'s concerned that we haven't considered the social ramifications of the way we're headed with it. In short, [factionHe] thinks we should change it to "{2}".\n\nI'm not sure it's really any of [faction's] business...

schmoozePolicy\_return= [FactionLeader] still wants us to set our policy on {1} to "{2}".

schmoozePolicyAngry= [FactionLeader] is pretty angry with us. Some time ago we promised we'd change our policy on {1} to "{2}", but we've flip-flopped since then. [FactionHe] thinks we were lying about changing it before and is very disappointed in us.

schmoozePolicy\_option1= We have changed the policy

schmoozePolicy\_option2= Debate it (lvl 9 leader)

schmoozePolicy\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] pretended that this had nothing to do with [factionHim]... the only reason [factionHe] wanted us to change our policy was because it would be better for us.\n\nYeah, right...

schmoozePolicy\_outcome2= After much convincing, we managed to come to a common ground on the issue of {1}, although I think [Faction] would have preferred if we just jumped through [factionHis] hoops instead.

schmoozePriority= [FactionLeader] was in a philosophical mood. We walked around their grounds and discussed why we're rebuilding [CityName], and what the point of it all was. It seems we have differing opinions: our priority is "{2}", whereas [faction's] is "{1}".\n\n[FactionHe] implied that we should change ours... but this is a pretty big deal, it might upset people to make such a fundamental policy change just because some other faction asked us to.

schmoozePriority\_return= [FactionLeader] wants to know if we've decided to change our highest priority, so that our policy matches theirs: {1}.

schmoozePriorityAngry= [FactionLeader] is pretty angry with us. Some time ago we promised that our highest priority was changed to {1}, like theirs, but we've flip-flopped since then. [FactionHe] thinks we were lying about changing it before and is very disappointed in us.

schmoozePriority\_option1= Change our priority

schmoozePriority\_option2= Explain why we won't (lvl 8 leader)

schmoozePriority\_outcome1= Some of our survivors were disappointed when they found out we'd decided to focus on "{1}" just because [faction] asked us to.\n\nIt's a shame... I think they would've even agreed with it otherwise. At least [FactionLeader] is happy.

schmoozePriority\_outcome2= I explained to [FactionLeader] that even if our leaders shared [factionHis] ideals, we can't just shift our community's guiding principle like that. Especially not because some other faction thinks it's a good idea.\n\n[FactionHe] just laughed and said it's too bad our leaders are at the mercy of democracy. I'm not sure if [factionHe] was kidding...

schmoozeTithe= [FactionLeader] had a gift for us today. {1}. I asked what it was for, but [factionHe] just said they had too much and we could put it to good use.

schmoozeTithe\_return= [FactionLeader] again offered us {1}. [FactionHe] wasn't sure why we didn't just take it before...

schmoozeTithe\_option1= Accept the gift

schmoozeTithe\_option2= Demand more (lvl 6 leader)

schmoozeTithe\_outcome1= I thanked [factionHim] for it. I have a feeling there's more to this than [factionHe]'s letting on. Maybe [faction] are afraid we might attack them if they don't stay on our good side.

schmoozeTithe\_outcome2= I pressured [factionHim] into doubling the amount, subtly implying that we could just come take it ourselves if [faction] didn't want to give it to us.\n\n[FactionHe]'s obviously lost a little respect for us because of it, but hey, that extra {1} was worth it.

schmoozeRescue= A [factionAdjective] scout rushed in while we were speaking. In a hurried whisper, he reported that "it's happened again", this time at the [square].\n\n[FactionLeader] sent him away. [FactionHe] explained that one of their scouts keeps getting into trouble and seems to be trapped at the [square].\n\n[FactionHe] thinks this is an opportunity to prove ourselves and earn a reward. If we can rescue this guy, [faction] will give us 5 materials.

schmoozeRescue\_return= [Faction] are still waiting for their missing man to return...

schmoozeRescue\_option1= We saved him

schmoozeRescue\_option2= We want him (lvl 7 leader)

schmoozeRescue\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] was glad to see their missing scout back home again. [FactionHe] apologized for any trouble the guy had caused, and gave us the materials [factionHe]'d promised.

schmoozeRescue\_outcome2= I convinced [FactionLeader] that if the guy was such a nuisance that they wouldn't even try to save him themselves, we'd take him off their hands.\n\n[FactionHe] eventually agreed. [FactionHe] said the guy, [FormalName], was a klutz and always getting into trouble. Hopefully [he]'ll be safe with us.

schmoozeRescueFinished\_title= Rescued survivor

schmoozeRescueFinished= It's worse than we'd expected... [faction's] missing scout has been captured by bandits. [We] listened in for long enough to learn they're holding him for ransom, and expect [faction] will pay "like they always do".\n\nOne of the bandits is teasing their prisoner with a gigantic knife, saying he's going to slice off a finger to send with the ransom note this time.

schmoozeRescueFinished\_option1= Attack the kidnappers (danger)

schmoozeRescueFinished\_option2= Pay the ransom (20 food)

schmoozeRescueFinished\_outcome1success= [We] rocked in there and killed the guy with the knife before the others could even reach for their weapons. The rest of the fight went just as well and [we] walked out of there without a scratch on [us].\n\nThe [factionAdjective] guy [we] rescued didn't know why this kept happening to him... but he was glad he still had all his fingers.

schmoozeRescueFinished\_outcome1fail= [Our] attack did not go well. That crazy guy with the knife was faster than he looked. Sliced a chunk out of my thigh and damn near hit an artery.\n\nAt least [we] distracted them for long enough that the prisoner could escape. They ran off after him; I guess compared to that ransom, they didn't even think [we] [were] worth finishing off.\n\nI guess we should check back with [faction] and see if the guy got away or not.

schmoozeRescueFinished\_outcome2= The bandits walked off chuckling and pawing through the sacks of food [we] gave them. Damn opportunists, probably not the last we'll see of them.\n\nThe prisoner couldn't explain why he keeps getting into trouble like this. He said he'd meet us back at the [factionAdjective] base.

schmoozeBuild= Apparently [faction] are impressed by the architecture of our city hall. [FactionLeader] thinks it's amazing that you can't even tell it's cobbled together from scraps and bits of other buildings.\n\n[FactionHe] wants our builders to make something for them. A {1}, which they want to put over a dilapidated old [square] in their fort. They'll supply the materials if we can supply the manpower.

schmoozeBuild\_return= [FactionLeader] is still hoping we can build that {1}.

schmoozeBuild\_option1= We built [a] {1}

schmoozeBuild\_option2= Demand payment for work done (lvl 6 leader)

schmoozeBuild\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] was impressed we finished it so quickly. [FactionLeader] wondered how much of the old building was still under there, and where we got the decorative moldings from, but I wouldn't tell. Trade secrets.

schmoozeBuild\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] thought we were a bit foolish to ask for payment \_after\_ finishing the work, but [we] convinced [factionHim] we deserved it.

schmoozeBuildFinished\_title= Built [a] [square]

schmoozeBuildFinished= [We] did an alright job building this [square] for [faction]. I guess. Okay okay... I admit [we] didn't really put [our] [p|heart|hearts] into this one.\n\nI mean, why are we building stuff for [faction] anyway? Whose idea was this?

schmoozeItem= I asked [FactionLeader] if there was anything they need. [FactionHe] said [factionHe]'d kill for [a] {1}; their scavengers just couldn't find one anywhere. Or if we had [a] {2}, they can't get enough of those.

schmoozeItem\_return= [FactionLeader] is still looking for [a] {1} or [a] {2}.

schmoozeItem\_option1= Give [factionHim] [a] {1}

schmoozeItem\_option2= Give [factionHim] [a] {2}

schmoozeItem\_outcome1= [FactionHe] was grateful we'd had [a] {1} to spare. [FactionHe] joked that we can have it back when [factionHe]'s done with it, or [factionHe] dies, whichever came first.

schmoozeItem\_outcome2= [FactionHe] was grateful we'd had [a] {2} to spare. [FactionHe] joked that we can have it back when [factionHe]'s done with it, or [factionHe] dies, whichever came first.

schmoozeConference= [Faction] are hosting a city-wide conference to discuss matters of inter-faction relations and the future of [CityName].\n\nWell that's how [FactionLeader] tried to explain it to me... but actually they just want us to go and nod our heads while they declare how they think things should be done. Who should we send?

schmoozeConference\_return= [FactionLeader] is still waiting for us to choose a delegate to attend their "conference".

schmoozeConference\_option1= Assign [FormalName]

schmoozeConference\_option2= Assign [FormalName2]

schmoozeConference\_outcome1= [Faction] enjoyed [Name]'s head nodding so much they made [him] an honorary [factionAdjective] member. [He]'ll be able to call in favors from them, if that ever comes up.

schmoozeConference\_outcome1\_effect= Gained {1} perk.

schmoozeConference\_outcome2= [Faction] enjoyed [Name2]'s head nodding so much they made [him2] an honorary [factionAdjective] member. [He2]'ll be able to call in favors from them, if that ever comes up.

schmoozeConference\_outcome2\_effect= Gained {1} perk.

schmoozeTower= We got to discussing defenses, and I mentioned our engineers have plans for a nice tower that can be added to almost any structure. [FactionLeader] asked if we could build one at their [square].\n\nIt would really improve their defenses and general strength in combat... assuming that's something we want.

schmoozeTower\_return= [FactionLeader] wants to know if we finished that tower yet.

schmoozeTower\_option1= We built a basic tower

schmoozeTower\_option2= We built a better tower

schmoozeTower\_outcome1= [We] took [FactionLeader] up to see the new tower. From up there, you could see anything coming from four or five blocks away. [FactionHe] was impressed by our sturdy craftsmanship.

schmoozeTower\_outcome2= All of [faction] were impressed by the new tower. It's a big improvement to their defenses.

schmoozeTowerFinished\_title= Built a tower

schmoozeTowerFinished= [We] upgraded [faction's] defenses with a new {1}, just like they asked. I'm not sure I agree with this, but [we] worked all day in the hot sun while [faction] stood around and watched us. Hopefully this is worth it...\n\n

schmoozeRiffsSoldiers= Malik took me to their training hall to watch men and women sparring and balancing in graceful crane stances. He gave a few pointers, then spoke to [us]:\n\n"Every man, woman and child in our dojo knows how to fight. Each one is a soldier. Each can defend themselves if called to do so. I would like to see your people trained like this."\n\nI guess he's saying all our people should have at least a little skill in defense.

schmoozeRiffsSoldiers\_return= Malik still wants all our people to have at least a little skill in defense.

schmoozeRiffsSoldiers\_option1= All our survivors have lvl 1 defense

schmoozeRiffsSoldiers\_option2= Half are soldiers (lvl 5 leader)

schmoozeRiffsSoldiers\_outcome1= Malik nodded solemnly. "Your people have an impressive devotion to the art of self-defense. I respect this."

schmoozeRiffsSoldiers\_outcome2= [We] argued that it is more efficient to specialize. An engineer will be better at their job if they can focus on it without having to learn self-defense too.\n\nMalik thought perhaps [we] [were] right, so long as we could guarantee there will always be a professional soldier around to protect that engineer.\n\nWe have plenty of those, so we should be alright.

schmoozeRiffsSpar= "I am looking for a challenge." Malik told [us]. "A good fight. One-on-one, no weapons, no stakes but our pride. I want to meet your best warrior. If you are not [him], please bring them to me."

schmoozeRiffsSpar\_return= Malik is waiting for our best warrior to challenge him to a match.

schmoozeRiffsSpar\_option1= Spar with Malik (lvl 10 solider)

schmoozeRiffsSpar\_option2= Throw down (lvl 15 solider)

schmoozeRiffsSpar\_outcome1= Malik flipped [Name] onto [his] back so many times I think [he] forgot which way was up. But [he] was back up on [his] feet again every time, dodging and kicking in clumsy pseudo-karate style.\n\nMalik won of course, but seemed happy that [Name] made him sweat for it. I think [Name] learned something too.

schmoozeRiffsSpar\_outcome1\_effect= Learned the {1} perk

schmoozeRiffsSpar\_outcome2= We knew this was going to be a good fight when [Name] kicked the glasses off Malik's face and bloodied his lip.\n\nMalik changed to a defensive stance after that, but it was clear [Name] had the advantage. After twenty minutes, Malik stepped out of the ring and bowed deeply, smiling through his bloody lip and black eye.\n\nHe gave [Name] a pair of nunchuks to thank [him] for the challenge. I think [Name] learned something too.

schmoozeRiffsSpar\_outcome2\_effect= Learned the {1} perk

schmoozeJudgmentChurches= O'Grady and I discussed churches. "The glory of the Lord cannot be contained in an apartment building or the back of an 8-12 mart." he said. "Our Father demands a suitably glorious place of worship. A church of soaring spires and inspiring artworks. Or perhaps five. Or ten."

schmoozeJudgmentChurches\_return= Father O'Grady still wants us to have 10 churches.

schmoozeJudgmentChurches\_option1= We have 10 churches

schmoozeJudgmentChurches\_option2= 5 churches (lvl 8 leader or preacher)

schmoozeJudgmentChurches\_outcome1= O'Grady was skeptical. "Those aren't non-denominational churches are they? I tell you, the Lord does not share His house with heathens."\n\n[We] assured him that Sundays were strictly for Catholic mass. Well, except this week because the Seventh-day Adventists reserved it for their potluck.\n\nO'Grady shook his head at our religious tolerance, but accepted that we were headed in the right direction at least.

schmoozeJudgmentChurches\_outcome2= [We] convinced O'Grady that God is in our hearts, so we don't need stone buildings to hold him. Well, not as \_many\_ stone buildings.\n\nHe seemed to respect that.

schmoozeJudgmentDevout= As we spoke, O'Grady lapsed casually into quoting scripture:\n\n"And Peter said to them, 'Repent and be baptized every one of you for the forgiveness of your sins, and you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.'"\n\n"Acts 2:38" he said. "Do you know what it means?"\n\nApparently it means we need more converts. He thinks at least half our people should be devout churchgoers.

schmoozeJudgmentDevout\_return= Father O'Grady still thinks at least half our survivors should be devout. We can't force them to convert, but I suppose we could encourage it by assigning them to missions with devout people. Assigning preachers to our churches should help too.

schmoozeJudgmentDevout\_option1= We have 50% devout

schmoozeJudgmentDevout\_option2= Debate (lvl 9 leader or skeptic)

schmoozeJudgmentDevout\_outcome1= Father O'Grady nodded with respect at this news. He left [us] with a warning: "Whoever believes and is baptized will be saved, but whoever does not believe will be condemned."

schmoozeJudgmentDevout\_outcome2= [We] had a philosophical debate with O'Grady so intense that it made him even doubt his own faith. I kind of hated to do it to the guy, but he's wrong to believe so blindly without questioning some of the stuff written in that book of his. And he's double wrong to preach it to others instead of letting them come to their own conclusions.\n\nIn the end he admitted that at least we did know a lot about religion, and he respects that.

schmoozeChosenCultists= "Clear your mind." Cassandra told me. "Make it completely empty of thought. Good. Now, imagine a world with no more stress, no confusion. A world where every being knows its purpose. You know yours. It is to spread... this message of peace."\n\n"Not too bad, right?" she brought me back to the real world. "\_This\_ is the future the Chosen Ones are here to bring us. Have your people learned this message?"\n\nShe expects at least half of our survivors to be followers of their cult... I mean church.

schmoozeChosenCultists\_return= The Church of the Chosen Ones would like our survivors to join their cult. We can't just force them to convert... but if we encourage their ceremonies and assign cultists to work beside non-cultists long enough, they may spread the message.

schmoozeChosenCultists\_option1= We have 50% cultists

schmoozeChosenCultists\_option2= 25% cultists (lvl 8 leader)

schmoozeChosenCultists\_outcome1= Cassandra was pleased. "Of course, my children. And have each of you been in this month for one of our aura metering session? Regular metering is the only proven way to progress your aura forward to the next ring of awareness."\n\nI told her mine would have to wait until my next visit.

schmoozeChosenCultists\_outcome2= [We] told her we have many more followers at our fort, but they have already fully embraced the Chosen Ones and been converted. In short, they're zombies now.\n\nShe believed [us]. She asked a bunch of excited questions about the details of their "conversions". Rather morbid really, even though I was just making it up.

schmoozeChosen= "We are hosting our yearly Festival of Meats soon, to honor the Chosen Ones outside our walls." Cassandra told me.\n\n"Would you like to attend? We only require one attractor device to perform the ceremony."

schmoozeChosen\_return= "Will you be able to attend our Festival of Meats?" Cassandra wanted to know. "Do you have the attractor we spoke of before?"

schmoozeChosen\_option1= Attend (1 zombie attractor)

schmoozeChosen\_option2= Sabotage (1 attractor, lvl 5 leader)

schmoozeChosen\_outcome1= The meats and attractor devices were lined up along the Church's walls. Undead wandered in during the day while we mingled and celebrated.\n\nBy evening there was a sea of them out there, pressing shoulder to shoulder, grasping for our offerings.\n\nWe lit candles and solemnly stood watch over the Chosen ones while Cassandra prayed for them. [FormalName] was entranced by the ceremony. I think we have a convert.

schmoozeChosen\_outcome1\_effect= Gained cultist perk

schmoozeChosen\_outcome2= It was... disgusting. They put attractors along the top of their wall, just out of reach of the zombies' grasping hands. Then we climbed up there and watched them while Cassandra prayed.\n\n[We] pretended to be into it, but secretly sabotaged part of the wall so the attractors would fall off. I... I didn't know there would be people up there too. When the wall crumbled and that woman fell into the zombies...\n\nThe rest of them cheered. Like they were expecting it to happen. Like they were happy for her...

schmoozeCourse= Cassandra was in a rare salesman mood. "I believe you are due to take the next one of our Advanced Courses. Spiritual well-being is more important than anything. Personal belongings, resources, buildings, weapons, food, all are transitory and impermanent. Our Advanced Courses are infinitely valuable and trascend time itself."\n\n"Only 10 food rations per level."

schmoozeCourse\_return= Cassandra still wants us to pay 10 food to take a course on spirituality with them.

schmoozeCourse\_option1= Take the course (10 food)

schmoozeCourse\_option2= Ace the course (cultist, 10 food)

schmoozeCourse\_outcome1= Cassandra attached a group of us to odd lie detector machines, then began the lecture. Cultists monitored the machines and took notes on our reactions.\n\n"The Chosen Ones have auras like you and I, you know; it is what animates them once their hearts stop beating. We have metered them to prove it, just like we are metering you now."\n\n"Now, imagine you are in a desert. There is a Chosen One nearby, but he has no legs. He is flailing, starving in the heat. Someone must help him..."

schmoozeCourse\_outcome2= They connected a group of us to the machines that monitor our auras, which look like voltmeters. Do auras have an electric current? I'll have to ask.\n\nI was focused; my breathing controlled. I absorbed the course content with maximum efficiency, and their metering machines pronounced my aura to be nearly perfect.\n\nEven Cassandra was impressed at the intensity of my concentration.

schmoozePigfarmersColin= Farmer Bucket was in one of his weird giggly moods. "Hee hee hee! It's nearin' time ta move them piglets ta the new barn. Y'all should see this year's brood! Hee hee."\n\n"But them pigs is ornery this season and we're shorthanded ta deal with 'em. Hee hee! Do y'all have any warm bodies y'all can spare?"\n\nHe says anybody will do and we can come back with them tomorrow. Their fort is safe with plenty of food, but we probably won't see our survivor again on account of the long hours they work.

schmoozePigfarmersColin\_return= The Pig Farmers are still hoping one of our survivors wants to join them. Whoever goes, it will be for good.

schmoozePigfarmersColin\_option1= Send [FormalName]

schmoozePigfarmersColin\_option2= Send [FormalName2]

schmoozePigfarmersColin\_outcome1= [Name] didn't want to go, but agreed to since it would help the rest of us. I'm sure [he]'ll adjust to life there just fine. Those pig farmers are always laughing, and people with a good sense of humor like that can't be too bad to live with.\n\nFarmer Bucket gave us some pork chops to say thanks. He winked and said they might taste a little gamey on account of the natural diet they're fed.

schmoozePigfarmersColin\_outcome2= [Name2] didn't want to go, but agreed to since it would help the rest of us. I'm sure [he2]'ll adjust to life there just fine. Those pig farmers are always laughing, and people with a good sense of humor like that can't be too bad to live with.\n\nFarmer Bucket gave us some pork chops to say thanks. He winked and said they might taste a little gamey on account of the natural diet they're fed.

schmoozePigfarmersSell= "Sales is slow as molasses this month." Farmer Bucket told [us]. "Guess I'm not cut out ta be a businessman like that Gustav."\n\nHe giggled at the thought. "Hah! Imagine me out there, going from town ta town... I got the beard for it I s'pose, but no [sir], I'd prefer ta stay here at my farm thank you very much."\n\nI guess that means it's up to us to come to them. Farmer Bucket wants us to buy pork from them more regularly.

schmoozePigfarmersSell\_return= Farmer Bucket still wants us to buy food from their traders.

schmoozePigfarmersSell\_option1= Their pork is the best!

schmoozePigfarmersSell\_option2= We have enough (30 food, lvl 5 leader)

schmoozePigfarmersSell\_outcome1= "That's right [sonny], eat a good helpin' of meat with every meal to keep them muscles growin'. Ain't nothing better for a strong body than a piece o' pork flesh."

schmoozePigfarmersSell\_outcome2= "I'll bet y'all are some of them vegetarian types... " Bucket giggled. "You don't know what you're missing! Once you taste some you ain't never goin' back to eatin' taters!"\n\n[We] told him maybe next time, but we have plenty of food for now.

schmoozeLuddiesFarms= "We were prepping for the apocalypse long before it happened, you know." said Ludd. "Had nearly 20 acres of farms all self-sufficient, and five year's supply of preserves in our cellars. Such a shame those raiders made off with most of it in the first year."\n\nHe'd like to see us build enough farms to survive on like they do, without needing to scavenge for packaged food in the city.

schmoozeLuddiesFarms\_return= Ludd still wants us to build enough farms to be self-sufficient.

schmoozeLuddiesFarms\_option1= We have 20 farms

schmoozeLuddiesFarms\_option2= 10 is enough (lvl 7 leader)

schmoozeLuddiesFarms\_outcome1= Ludd was mightily impressed by our farms. He gave us some secret fertilizer to try out on them.\n\n"Night soil"... some kind of dirt you have to collect at night or something? It sure stinks, but it works.

schmoozeLuddiesFarms\_outcome2= Ludd was skeptical. "You aren't using GM frankenfoods over there, are you? Pesticides? Then how do you grow so much in so little space?"\n\n[We] told him the numbers don't lie... our fields are just more productive than theirs. He was impressed.\n\n"Try some of this" he said, and sent [us] home with a heaping wheelbarrow of foul-smelling dirt. "Best all-natural fertilizer you can get. From me to you."

schmoozeLuddiesLab= "If we don't do something about this rampant technology," Ludd told [us] bitterly, "soon we'll be destroying the world all over again."\n\n"Light pollution from searchlights, electric fences harming local wildlife. I thought we were past all this! The only thing to do is destroy all places of research. No more labs!"

schmoozeLuddiesLab\_return= The Luddies still want us to destroy all our labs.

schmoozeLuddiesLab\_option1= We have no labs

schmoozeLuddiesLab\_option2= Technology is good (lvl 7 leader)

schmoozeLuddiesLab\_outcome1= Ludd was happy to hear this. "Damn straight! Teach your engineers to scavenge, I'm sure they'll make great farmers. Everyone can farm, it's in our bones. Subsistence living is how society was meant to be."

schmoozeLuddiesLab\_outcome2= [We] debated with Ludd for hours on what turned out to be his favorite topic: the dangers of technology.\n\nIt eventually came down to [our] belief that theories should be tested, and his belief that science "didn't have all the answers" so it couldn't possibly disprove Ludd's theories.\n\nWe agreed to disagree. At least we both walked away from it without fighting.

schmoozeStmichaelsSchools= "Bwah!" Rufus punched a wall. "I \_hate\_ schools. I hate everything \_about\_ this place!"\n\nI tried to ask what was wrong, maybe he's just cranky because he needs a nap? But he rounded on me. "I hope that's a joke [mister], cuz this isn't funny. Schools are prisons for children. You might not remember cuz you're like a million years old now, but they're bad places. Burn them all down."

schmoozeStmichaelsSchools\_return= Rufus still wants us to "burn down all the schools". Except the one he lives in, I guess.

schmoozeStmichaelsSchools\_option1= We have no schools

schmoozeStmichaelsSchools\_option2= Debate (lvl 8 leader or scholar)

schmoozeStmichaelsSchools\_outcome1= "Hahaha yeah, you know it!" Rufus kicked over a desk in triumph. "Screw school! Schools were just a way for parents to avoid taking real care of their kids."\n\n"Also," he added, "screw parents."

schmoozeStmichaelsSchools\_outcome2= I asked him why they all live in a school if he hates them so much.\n\n"Well," he said, "the gym is great, and the shop and the science rooms have some pretty cool stuff in them I guess. Also it's crazy defensible cuz they totally built it like a prison."\n\nI got him to admit that schools aren't all bad, so long as you have the right teachers.

schmoozeStmichaelsHappy= "Why are adults all such bummers?" Rufus asked [us]. "You guys are like, never happy. Cheer up! I want to see you having fun over there!"

schmoozeStmichaelsHappy\_return= Rufus still thinks we're downers and wants to see us cheer up.

schmoozeStmichaelsHappy\_option1= We are happy (90% happy)

schmoozeStmichaelsHappy\_option2= Adults are never happy (lvl 6 leader)

schmoozeStmichaelsHappy\_outcome1= "Then it's time for a \_water fight\_!" Rufus yelled and rolled behind a table, spraying [us] from a water gun he'd had behind his back.\n\nI ducked for cover, then spotted a pile of water balloons in the corner. Grenades! I tossed a book at Rufus to distract him, then dove for the balloons.\n\nWe were all thoroughly soaked and smiling by the time we declared a truce. Nobody wins in war. Everybody wins in a water fight.

schmoozeStmichaelsHappy\_outcome2= I explained to Rufus that this is totally normal. Adults aren't supposed to be happy. We know all about the world and all the good reasons there are to be sad. I gave him a few examples from my own experiences.\n\nThis really bummed Rufus out. He said he respects [us] for being honest with him though.

schmoozeStmichaelsGoat= "I'm the oldest kid here by a mile," Rufus confided, "but we have a rule. Kids have to leave on their 14th birthday. Before we had that rule there was a lot of trouble."\n\nHe introduced me to a boy whose 14th birthday was coming up. The kid still looked so childish, cradling a baby and shyly avoiding my eyes. It's hard to imagine he'll be a man soon.

schmoozeStmichaelsGoat\_return= The young teen I met earlier was playing peekabo with the baby this time... I really wonder how these kids manage to raise babies here at all. They might both be better off with us, if we have room for them.

schmoozeStmichaelsGoat\_option1= Let the child join us

schmoozeStmichaelsGoat\_option2= Take child and baby (lvl 6 leader)

schmoozeStmichaelsGoat\_outcome1= Young [FormalName] is a bit wild from [his] time with St Michaels, but [he]'ll figure things out.\n\n[He]'ll have to soon, because before long [he]'ll be old enough for the same duties as the rest of us.

schmoozeStmichealsGoat\_outcome1\_effect= Joined by [Name]

schmoozeStmichaelsGoat\_outcome2= Rufus didn't want to part with one year old [Name2], but I eventually convinced him the baby'd be better off in our care\n\nThe boy, [FormalName], is very protective of [his] little [brother] [Name2]. I doubt they're physically related, but it's a very sweet relationship. Neither has any ill effects from all those food fights and nonsense at St Michael's.

schmoozeStmichealsGoat\_outcome2\_effect= Joined by [Name] and [Name2]

schmoozeRottenTech= "Howdy [p|friend|friends]!" Jesse smiled. "Nice to see a pinkskin that ain't actively trying to put one of us in the ground."\n\nWe spoke of their recent troubles with raiders and other groups. Sounds like most of them think of the Rotten as zombies... zombies with supplies they can steal.\n\nJesse asked if we could teach them to build better walls.

schmoozeRottenTech\_return= Jesse's still keen to improve their walls with some new technology. "No offence," he told us, "But your kind ain't always kind to our kind."

schmoozeRottenTech\_option1= Teach him Improved Walls

schmoozeRottenTech\_option2= Teach him Electrified Walls

schmoozeRottenTech\_outcome1= "Thankee kindly my [p|friend|friends]." Jesse doffed his hat at [us]. These tips'll do the trick.

schmoozeRottenTech\_outcome2= "Hmm..." Jesse contemplated the blueprints [we]'d handed him. "We're gonna need electricity for this, but looks like it'll be worth it."

schmoozeGovernmentAmmo= Senator Davis handed [us] some kind of requisition form. "Perfect timing [p|citizen|citizens], we have an assignment for your engineers."\n\nI cringed at the word "[p|citizen|citizens]" and the way she called it an "assignment", but obediently read through the form to see what they need.\n\nAmmunition. Fifty packs of it, as quickly as we can produce it in a workshop. Wow... that's quite the requisition.

schmoozeGovernmentAmmo\_return= The senator is still waiting for us to produce ammunition for them.

schmoozeGovernmentAmmo\_option1= Give 50 ammo

schmoozeGovernmentAmmo\_option2= Give 25 ammo (lvl 5 leader)

schmoozeGovernmentAmmo\_outcome1= The senator didn't seem surprised at all that we'd actually delivered such an ungodly number of bullets for pretty much no reward at all. I suppose she thinks we're just doing our "civic duty" to the government.

schmoozeGovernmentAmmo\_outcome2= [We] told the senator she could take half, or she could shove it.\n\nWell... [we] [were] more diplomatic than that. [We] said it'd be better for [CityName] if our soldiers kept the rest and handled zombie defense at our end of town.\n\nShe read between the lines. We're being generous as it is, letting her pretend we did this out of civic duty rather than to avoid their bullying.

schmoozeGovernmentRoads= "I'm assigning you to Street Cleanup at the [square]" the senator told [us]. "We need all the cars towed out of the road there so our military vehicles can get through."\n\nIt's true, right now it's hard to get anything bigger than a bicycle through the streets without driving up on the sidewalk. But this is a boring, tedious job. It's insulting that she "assigned" it to us.

schmoozeGovernmentRoads\_return= Senator Davis is waiting for us to finish clearing cars off the road.

schmoozeGovernmentRoads\_option1= We cleared the cars

schmoozeGovernmentRoads\_option2= They'd be better at it (lvl 9 leader)

schmoozeGovernmentRoads\_outcome1= I started telling one particularly gruesome story of a zombie we ran over while moving all the cars, but Senator Davis wasn't interested.\n\n"Is it in the report?" she asked. "Good. I'm sure one of our clerks will be delighted to read about it."

schmoozeGovernmentRoads\_outcome2= [We] convinced the senator that one of their tanks could do a much more efficient job of clearing the street. If they can't push it out of the way, they can just flatten it and drive over.\n\nI also hinted that we were not into taking cleanup jobs like this. If she wants to have us as allies, she better not try this again.

schmoozeGovernmentRoadsFinished\_title= Cleared the roads

schmoozeGovernmentRoadsFinished\_1= The streets around the [square] were a gridlock of bumper to bumper traffic; rusted frames still endlessly waiting for the car ahead to move forward. The failed exodus. Of course none of them would start, even the ones with the keys still in the ignition, so it took us the entire day to push or tow them away.\n\nAt least the zed weren't too bad; we took care of the ones who turned up to see what the ruckus was all about. We should include this in our full report to the Government.

schmoozeGovernmentRoadsFinished\_2= Seatbelts save lives. Most of the time. But from the carcasses buckled neatly into their seats all over town, I'm guessing seatbelts don't help when zombies are smashing in through your windshield to eat your face.\n\nSome of the buckled bodies were now undead, but they were so snugly strapped in they could only wave their arms at us pathetically as we towed their cars out of the road. It'll be easier for the Government to get their vehicles through this part of town now.

schmoozeDahliasHouses= "What's the point of living in the ruins of a civilization," Ms McClung asked, "if you don't stretch out and enjoy the free space?"\n\nWe were touring their fort, which feels more like a gated retirement community than the military compound it is.\n\n"There are enough empty homes for each of us to own two. If you agree, you should have empty room for at least 10 new survivors at your fort."

schmoozeDahliasHouses\_return= Nell is still waiting to see us have 10 empty homes.

schmoozeDahliasHouses\_option1= We have 10 free houses

schmoozeDahliasHouses\_option2= We have 5 free houses (lvl 5 leader)

schmoozeDahliasHouses\_outcome1= [We] told Nell she's right; we might as well take advantage of the vacated buildings and live in luxury.

schmoozeDahliasHouses\_outcome2= "Really? You think that's enough?" she asked. "Well, I suppose not \_everyone\_ needs a fabulous second house... just your leaders, am I right?" she winked.

schmoozeDahliasWomen= "The reason we don't see many female soldiers," Nell said, "has nothing to do with upper body strength. Any weakling can pull a trigger. The reason is that young girls only see men in those roles, and grow up thinking it's a man's job."\n\n"Can you imagine how much better defended we'd be if every young woman was as good with a pistol as her male counterpart? So I'm suggestion we try some affirmative action. I'd like to see your soldiers at least half women."\n\nShe's really thinking ahead...

schmoozeDahliasWomen\_return= Nell is still concerned about female representation in the troops. She wants to see at least half of our soldiers be women.

schmoozeDahliasWomen\_option1= Half our soldiers are women

schmoozeDahliasWomen\_option2= Debate (lvl 7 female leader)

schmoozeDahliasWomen\_outcome1= "It's a start." Nell sighed. "I just think that we have a chance here, a clean slate, and we don't have to recreate the same tired old gender roles we had before. Why not make women the politicians and programmers, and men can wait tables and take care of children?"\n\n"Or here's an idea: make it all equal, so every little kid can grow up to do and be whatever they want, regardless of their gender? It's a nice dream, isn't it..."

schmoozeDahliasWomen\_outcome2= We had a deep discussion about the question of nature vs nurture, and whether gender stereotypes are hurting children so much as giving them a clear simple path to social acceptance and personal identity. Wear pink, play with dolls, done. You belong.\n\nOne thing we both agreed on: nobody should be prevented from doing what they want just because of their gender. We decided to leave it at that.

schmoozeDahliasScavenge= Nell wants "I rarely go outside the walls anymore," Nell said. "I'm far too important to the Dahlias to put myself in needless danger... so I've got a request for you."\n\n"I want you to fetch [some fabulous expensive jewelry|a new chandelier for our meeting hall|some bloodstain-free satin pillows] and whatever other luxury goods you can find in this one particular [square]."\n\nShe said she'd pay our scavengers 5 food when we return.

schmoozeDahliasScavenge\_return= Nell still wants us to scavenge luxuries for her.

schmoozeDahliasScavenge\_option1= Deliver them

schmoozeDahliasScavenge\_option2= Keep some (lvl 5 leader)

schmoozeDahliasScavenge\_outcome1= Nell was delighted by the haul of frilly, beautiful, useless things we brought her.\n\n"You see," she said, admiring a silver snuff box. "This way I get what I want, and you get what you want. Here's your payment."

schmoozeDahliasScavenge\_outcome2= "That's all you found?" Nell was disappointed. "I guess our scouts were wrong about that place. But at least you found a few nice things for us, like this [antique tea set|beautiful glass vase|silk kimono]. Here's your payment."\n\nI kept a straight face as I lied. I wonder if she suspected that we kept the best shinies for ourselves.

schmoozeDahliasScavengeFinished\_title= Scavenged luxuries

schmoozeDahliasScavengeFinished= The gold reserve isn't really a thing anymore... at last check, a tin of tuna fish was going for twice its weight in gold jewelry. But some of us still hold on to those old ideas of the value of precious metals, and hey, they are pretty.\n\nWe scooped up enough luxury items at this [square] to fill a wheelbarrow. The Dahlias should be pleased.

schmoozeLeetcrewElectricity= "It's all about the juice, the precious juice, you know?" Dara said. "Gasoline or oil, yeah, they're useful, but I mean electricity, voltage, alternating current!"\n\n"There's no civilization without electricity, okay? So get some."

schmoozeLeetcrewElectricity\_return= Dara still thinks we need electricity.

schmoozeLeetcrewElectricity\_option1= We have generators

schmoozeLeetcrewElectricity\_option2= We have a working power plant

schmoozeLeetcrewElectricity\_outcome1= "Yeah," Dara said, "we're on generators too. They're okay, but way inefficient. We spend half our time just scavenging fuel for the things."

schmoozeLeetcrewElectricity\_outcome2= Dara was surprised. "Right on? You got that old plant running again? Wow, your fort is totally baller now! Hey listen... maybe we can get our two systems hooked up together, you know, in case one goes down."

schmoozeLeetcrewEngineers= Dara was in a philosophical mood. "Knowledge is more than power. Knowledge brings order to the chaos, man. Knowledge is life."\n\nShe said she thinks we should be valuing engineering and technology higher than anything else. She'd like to see more trained engineers in our fort.

schmoozeLeetcrewEngineers\_return= Dara still wants us to have more engineers.

schmoozeLeetcrewEngineers\_option1= We have 5 engineers

schmoozeLeetcrewEngineers\_option2= We have 10 engineers

schmoozeLeetcrewEngineers\_outcome1= "Yeah, that's a start." Dara nodded. "But we can't forget what the point of all this rebuilding is. We don't just want to survive, we want to achieve. Reach back up to the stars, take our place among them. Keep evolving our minds, you know? That kind of thing."

schmoozeLeetcrewEngineers\_outcome2= "Epic! That's what I'm talking about! Wizards of the modern age, wielding science like magic. We've got to preserve technology man, for the future."

schmoozeLeetcrewRaid= "We need your help to do this raid." Dara said. "Not, like, robbing some other faction. No, like a \_dungeon\_ raid. It's too high-level for us to handle on our own, so we're LFG on this one."\n\nI was still confused, so she explained: we'll meet their people at [a] [square] and attack the zed there together. We should return after we've "killed the boss and collected the loot."

schmoozeLeetcrewRaid\_return= "Did you finish that raid yet? Did the monsters drop any legendary loot?"

schmoozeLeetcrewRaid\_option1= Split the loot

schmoozeLeetcrewRaid\_option2= Take all the loot (lvl 6 leader)

schmoozeLeetcrewRaid\_outcome1= "Wicked run guys, good haul too." Dara pawed through the goods and gave us our share. "Those gankers never stood a chance against your might, etcetera etcetera. Now go fetch me fifteen goblin scalps."\n\nI gave her a blank look and she laughed. "Just joshing. I'm the quest giver, right? So come back next week for a new quest."

schmoozeLeetcrewRaid\_outcome2= [We] told Dara we'd done all the work ourselves, so we were keeping all the loot for ourselves.\n\n"Awww." she complained. "You totally ninja'd the loot! No fair!"

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished\_title= Dungeon Raid

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished= [We] met up with some of the 1337cREw at the [square]. Not Dara though... guess she had guild business to attend to.\n\nThe guys who did show were nervous and ill equipped, so it looks like [we're] going to be leading this one.\n\nSo... there's a bunch of zombies up ahead. How do we deal with them?

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished\_option1= Ranged attack (2 ammo)

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished\_option2= Melee weapons (danger)

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished\_option3= Fireball! (2 fuel)

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished\_outcome1= We pewpewed [our] way to victory from a safe distance. The 1337cREw guys mostly stood behind [us] and let [us] use up all [our] ammo. Typical.\n\nAt least we found some good stuff here. Better bring it back to the 1337cREw fort so we can divide it up properly.

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished\_outcome2Success= Zed don't always die right away when you stab them in the head. Sometimes they lose control of the left side of their body, but not the right, or they go blind or start walking in circles. They're still dangerous, so you've got to stab, and retreat. Stab, and retreat. [We] got pretty good at it. \n\nThe 1337cREw guys were predictably useless, but at least they stayed out of [our] way and they helped carry the loot we scavenged. We should head back to their fort to divide it up.

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished\_outcome2Fail= Melee is dangerous. [We] screwed up, or to be precise one of the 1337cREw newbs screwed up and I got tackled. No bites, thank the stars, but they had to take me out on a stretcher.\n\nAt least we cleared that place out and found some nice loot. We should head back to the 1337cREw next to divvy it up.

schmoozeLeetcrewRaidFinished\_outcome3= One of the 1337cREw newbs got a little scorched when she got too close to our homemade firebombs. She's pretty angry, mostly because I won't stop laughing at her missing eyebrows.\n\nWe roasted all the zed. The smell was... well I don't think I'll want to eat again for awhile. But we killed them all, and scavenged everything we could find.\n\nWe should head back to Dara to divvy up the loot.

schmoozePharmacistsAddicts= Tiff took [us] up on one of their guard platforms, then laid down to look a the sky. "You know what's just the best?" she sighed. "Bath salts."\n\n"I mean, I wouldn't want to pick up a gun without some. Normally I can't aim for crap, but on salts I'm a crack shot... And they make you feel so \_good\_."\n\nShe wants us to use more bath salts. Of course, she's got an interest in it since we buy the stuff from her.

schmoozePharmacistsAddicts\_return= Tiff still thinks we need to use more bath salts.

schmoozePharmacistsAddicts\_option1= Half our survivors are addicted

schmoozePharmacistsAddicts\_option2= Drugs are bad (lvl 7 leader)

schmoozePharmacistsAddicts\_outcome1= "Wow? Half?" Tiff was surprised. "You guys must be our best customers. Why don't we give you a discount? Let's make it half price."

schmoozePharmacistsAddicts\_outcome2= "Listen, you're preaching to the wrong girl here. I mean, you're entitled to your opinion and I thank you for being honest and all, but I'm entitled to tell you you're wrong about these bath salts. They are \_the best\_."\n\n"Now get out of here narc, you're harshing my buzz, as they say."

schmoozePharmacistsAnarchy= "I've told you a dozen times," Tiff said, "I don't lead the Pharmacists or control them. We're an organization of free people who answer to no one. I speak for us because I'm the only one who can stand this boring political schmoozing."\n\n"You know what, I'd like to see your people try the same. For one day, how about casting off your opressive government and governing yourselves for a change?" she started to chant: "Anarchy! Anarchy!"

schmoozePharmacistsAnarchy\_return= Tiff is still waiting on us to try out anarchy.

schmoozePharmacistsAnarchy\_option1= Anarchy! Anarchy!

schmoozePharmacistsAnarchy\_option2= We need rules (lvl 8 leader)

schmoozePharmacistsAnarchy\_outcome1= "Yay! Smash things! Nobody work!"\n\nWhat, what? This wasn't what [we]'d intended, but as soon as we told our people we'd be anarchists for one day, they all stopped working.\n\nI guess proper anarchy is more complicated than just having no government. How did Tiff convince [us] this was a good idea?

schmoozePharmacistsAnarchy\_outcome2= "Ah alright you [p|wimp|wimps], you're no fun." Tiff pouted. "Though honestly your people probably couldn't handle it."\n\nHere comes a lecture...\n\n"Stable anarchism can't just happen overnight." she said. "People who are used to being led don't know what to do once the boss is gone... they gotta realize that being free means taking responsibility into your own hands. You gotta \_become\_ the boss. It's not as easy as it seems."\n\nShe seemed satisfied that [we] at least listened to her.

factionCultPreach\_title= Preached to [faction]

factionCultPreach= [Name] spread the good word about the Church of the Chosen Ones to [faction] today. Their people are now a little less likely to want to fight us... or the zombies either.

factionCultPreachDahlias= The Dahlias are particularly excited about this new religion worshipping the Chosen Ones. Their leader Nell has denounced it as a dangerous cult and banned it, but the other women formed a secret society in response. They get together at night to practice the required ceremonies in private.\n\nThey're eager to hear more, and each is looking forward to her own "initiation" into the ranks of the Chosen. They just can't wait to become zombies.

factionCultPreachConvert\_title= Convert from [faction]

factionCultPreachConvert= [Name] was so convincing in [his] proselytizing to [faction] that one of them decided to join our fort. The [man2], a [job2] named [FormalName2], is full of questions for us.\n\n"Is it okay to kill a zombie in self-defense?" "What comes after Protocol Level X?" "Should I eat raw meat every day, or just on Sundays?"\n\nI hope we can find - or make up - some answers for [him].

factionCultPreachDahliasEnd\_title= Succumbed to the Cult

factionCultPreachDahliasEnd= When [Name] arrived to proselytize to the Dahlias, their fort looked like the day after a frat party. It was trashed; streamers, food and spilled booze everywhere, but no people.\n\nIndian sitar music was still playing from a speaker somewhere as [Name] investigated house after empty house. Then [he] found them.\n\nMilling about in the community center, under a banner reading "We Welcome You Chosen Ones", were the Dahlias. All perfectly intact. All perfectly dead.

factionCultPreachDahliasEnd\_option1= Continue...

factionCultPreachDahliasEnd\_outcome1= Only Nell McClung was missing, but she'd never been into the cult. The rest of the women clearly had bought in completely, and performed a ritual to finally turn themselves into "Chosen Ones". Since none are bitten, we guess they must have injected themselves with zombie blood, or perhaps ate something infected.\n\nBut they're still zed now either way, and we need to dispose of them.

factionCultPreachDahliasEnd\_outcome1\_option1= Shoot and burn them

factionCultPreachDahliasEnd\_outcome1\_option2= Let them loose in their fort

factionCultPreachDahliasEnd\_outcome1\_outcome1= They were easy to pick off from the rafters above in the community hall, then we dragged them out back to a pyre. I doubt it's what they would have wanted, and members of the cult aren't pleased with our treatment of such recently initiated "Chosen Ones". But they need to see how pointless this mass suicide was, before it happens to us.\n\nNow that the Dahlias have voluntarily vacated their fort (and their lives), we can integrate it to our own.

factionCultPreachDahliasEnd\_outcome1\_outcome2= Our of respect for the Dahlias last wishes to join the ranks of the undead, we opened the doors and let them roam free in their old fort. It was very peaceful, watching from a distance as they staggered out to start their new lives as zombies. Free from the suffering of regret and the pain of past memories. Knowing only the pure fire of hunger, the single purpose of spreading their gospel.\n\nThere go God's chosen creatures, the dominant species of this new earth.

scavengeEquipment\_title= Found {1}

scavengeEquipment\_1= [We] found [a] {1} in the [square] that could be put to good use by one of our survivors.

scavengeEquipmentPet\_1= [We] found [a] half-starved {1} while out scavenging and named the little guy {2}. One of us could adopt him as a pet.

scavengeEquipment\_option1= Equip {1}

scavengeEquipment\_option2= Done

reclaimDangerous\_title= Reclaim cancelled

reclaimDangerous= There are too many zombies on this [square] to safely build a wall here. We need to kill them first.

recruitNoRoom\_title= No room for recruits

recruitNoRoom\_1= We need more houses before we recruit anybody new to join us.

recruitInjurySingle\_title= Recruitment

recruitInjurySingle\_1= [FormalName] was [sharing a cup of dandelion tea|discussing the lack of local politics|cautiously coming to an understanding] with a potential recruit at the [square] when the zombies found them. They must have followed [Name] right to the [man2]'s hideout.\n\nThe [man2], [Name2], froze like a deer caught in the headlights. [Name] had to think quickly...

recruitInjurySingle\_2= [FormalName] found a very nice young [man2] named [Name2] living at that [square]. The poor [guy2] was so overjoyed just to see another human being that [he2] burst into tears at the sight of [Name] and agreed to join us on the spot.\n\n[He2] wouldn't stop blubbering and shouting for joy, which is probably what attracted the zombies to them. As hands started bursting through the windows, [Name] only had seconds to act...

recruitInjurySingle\_option1= Save the [man2]

recruitInjurySingle\_option2= Run away

recruitInjurySingle\_option3= Use the [man2] as a shield

recruitInjurySingle\_outcome1= [Name] broke a nearby vase over one zombie's head, then grabbed a chair and used it to fend the others off like a lion tamer. [He] wrenched [his] shoulder terribly somewhere in the process, but [he] got both of them out of there.\n\n[Name2] could be a little more grateful, all things considered. [He2] won't stop complaining about is the loss of [his2] damn vase, apparently a family heirloom.

recruitInjurySingle\_outcome2success\_1= The recruit snapped back to [his2] senses and together they fought their way out of there. By the time they made it back to our fort they were exhausted, but couldn't stop laughing. What a lucky escape for both of them.

recruitInjurySingle\_outcome2success\_2= The recruit had the same idea, and they managed to get jammed in the doorway as they both tried to shoulder their way through first. Such heroes.\n\nLooks like they both made it back in one piece at least, and we've got a new survivor. Welcome, [Name2].

recruitInjurySingle\_outcome2fail\_1= [Name] booked it out of there as screams filled the room behind [him]. [He] fled blindly, stumbling down a staircase and twisting [his] ankle in the process.\n\nBut luckily the zed were far too busy with the recruit to notice. And hey, if the [guy2] was so useless in combat, it would only have been a matter of time until [he2]'d put us all in danger.\n\nThis was for the best.

recruitInjurySingle\_outcome2fail\_2= [Name] led by example, hoping the recruit would find [his2] own way out of there. After a long wait, the [man2] came stumbling out of the building, clutching [his2] shoulder. [He2] was bitten...\n\nThey found a safe place to dress the wound and [Name] stayed with the [man2] for hours, chatting and telling [him2] stories. Finally, the [man2] said [he2] wanted to spend [his2] final hours alone, so [Name] left [him2] there.\n\n[Name]'s pretty shaken up about it so [he]'2 taking a few days off.

recruitInjurySingle\_outcome3\_1= [Name] came back covered in blood - someone else's blood. [He] won't say any more about it but it's obvious [he] blames [himself] for the recruit's death.

recruitInjurySingle\_outcome3\_2= Before [Name] could even try it, the [man2] jumped between [him] and the zed and yelled "Escape while you can! I'll hold them off!"\n\nUnbelievable. [Name] feels terrible about the whole event. [He] returned to the [square] the next day and buried what he could find of the [man2]'s remains.

recruitInjury\_title= Injury while recruiting

recruitInjury\_1= The survivors camping in that [square] must have mistaken [FormalName] for a zombie when they started shooting at [him] today. [He] tried yelling at them to stop, that [he] was there to recruit them, but after [he] took one in the shoulder [he] decided it'd be better just to get the hell out of there.\n\n[He]'ll be okay in a few days, but we should probably make that [square] a bit safer before we send [him] back.

recruitInjury\_2= [FormalName] didn't even make it to the [square] where we spotted those survivors. [He] was crossing through a parking lot when a grey pickup pulled up behind [him]. A stranger with a baseball bat stepped out, smiled, and thumped [Name] smack in the temple. Knocked [him] out cold. No idea why...\n\n[Name] now has a terrible concussion. [He]'s asking us to make sure [he] doesn't sleep tonight, not one wink, even though I'm pretty sure that's just a myth.

recruitInjury\_3= [FormalName] was poking around that [square] looking for signs of the survivors we spotted earlier when [he] fell into one of their traps.\n\nI'm sure it was designed to catch zed, not people; it was just a big pit hidden by a layer of cardboard boxes and leaves, and it wasn't even that deep. But [Name] landed funny and rolled [his] ankle.\n\nAfter [he] eventually climbed out of there, [he] decided [he]'d had enough for one day and limped home.

recruitInjury\_4= A stray zombie caught [FormalName] while [he] was investigating a [square] for signs of survivors. It chased [him] all over the place until [he] finally lost it by crawling under a razor wire fence.\n\nThe creature got tangled quite pathetically in the stuff, trying to free one limb after another from the fence and slowly getting more stuck instead.\n\nUnfortunately [Name] is pretty cut up too. That razor wire is some evil business.

recruitDeath\_title= Recruitment

recruitDeath= [FormalName] had a bad feeling about this recruitment mission the whole way there. It was just too dangerous, and [he] knew it when [he] agreed to go. Now as [he] approached the potential recruits [he]'d come to talk to, something just seemed off about the whole thing. They were tense. Even the air itself seemed tense.\n\nWe've adopted a policy to not blindly trust every stranger we meet, so [Name] now has a decision to make.

recruitDeathTrust= [FormalName] had a bad feeling about this recruitment mission the whole way there. It was just too dangerous, and [he] knew it when [he] agreed to go. Now as [he] approached the potential recruits [he]'d come to talk to, something just seemed off about the whole thing. They were tense. Even the air itself seemed tense.\n\nBut [he] had to trust these people, because that's what we do. We trust people.

recruitDeath\_option1= Approach them

recruitDeath\_option2= Run away

recruitDeath\_option3= Attack them

recruitDeath\_outcome1\_1= Those bastards. They obviously wanted us to come to them, but it was a trap. [FormalName] walked over with open arms, shouting that it was safe to come out, that we were there to rescue them and they could come back with [him] and live safely behind our walls.\n\nThey answered with bullets. They killed [Name], then robbed [him]. We found no trace of the strangers, whoever they were.

recruitDeath\_outcome1\_2= If only [FormalName] hadn't been so damn naive. Those people obviously didn't want to join us. They just wanted to know where our fort was so they could come rob us.\n\nWhen [he] wouldn't tell them, they overpowered [him] and beat [him] to death.

recruitDeath\_outcome2= Bullets flew past [his] head as [Name] got the hell out of there. One of them hit [him] in the arm, but [he]'ll be fine after some bedrest. This was obviously some sort of trap, whether to rob [Name] or worse, we don't know. [He] escaped them alive, thank god.\n\nWhoever those people were, they've left the [square]. Hopefully we won't run into them again.\n\nBummer that we didn't get any recruits out of the deal, but it could have been worse. [Name] is lucky to be alive.

recruitDeath\_outcome3= Ha! Not going to get the drop on us!\n\n[Name] killed two of them before they even had a chance to react, and the rest scattered. [He] took what [he] could from the dead bodies, but oddly, they didn't seem very well armed for thieves. In fact...\n\nNah, let's not think too hard about this situation. Maybe they were going to jump [Name], or maybe not. What matters is [he]'s safe, and we chased the strangers off.

recruitConvince\_title= Recruitment

recruitConvince= {1}

recruitConvince\_NotMilitary= [We] met a [man] at the [square] who might join us... but [he]'s skeptical. [He] wants to know what our plans for the future of [CityName]... if we manage to reclaim it from the zombies and madmen, that is. Will it be a nice place to live?\n\nWhat should we tell [him] we want?

recruitConvince\_NotUtopia= There's a [man] living at the [square] near us. [He]'s got a nice setup: a good cache of food and weapons, and traps to keep the zombies busy down on the street so [he] can pick them off one by one. [He] wants to know what's in it for [him] if [he] join us, and more specifically, what our ultimate goal is here in [CityName].\n\nWhat do we tell [him] we want?

recruitConvince\_NotNostalgia= [We] met a [guy] hiding out in a storage room in the [square] near us. [He] says [he]'s been on the move for years, always looking for someplace better. [He]'s not quite sure what that is but thinks our fort could be it. [His] one question is, what are our plan to improve things here in [CityName]?\n\nSo, what is our goal anyway?

recruitConvince\_option1= High walls and a strong military

recruitConvince\_option2= A peaceful egalitarian utopia

recruitConvince\_option3= Everything back the way it was

recruitConvince\_outcomeAgree= The [man] nodded thoughtfully at my description of a future [CityName] and agreed to come back and check out the fort.

recruitConvince\_outcomeNotMilitary= "Nope nope nope," the [man] said, "I won't sign over my rights and freedoms to a bunch of meatheads with more guns than brains." [He] said [he] was happier out here where, sure, the zombies might eat you, but at least you could come and go as you please.

recruitConvince\_outcomeNotUtopia= "Sounds like hippie hogwash to me."\n\nIt wasn't the response I was hoping for. The [man] seemed to think our plans were frivolous and had nothing to do with either survival or personal happiness. [He] accused us of wanting to take [his] stuff, like some "dirty commies".\n\nI guess there's no place for this [guy] in our utopia. Good riddance.

recruitConvince\_outcomeNotNostalgia= The [man] seemed unimpressed. "Yes but how will you stop this from all just happening again? We can't just wake up tomorrow and go back to our jobs like nothing happened. We need to make something \_better\_ than before. You haven't really thought this out have you?"\n\nI agreed that maybe our fort wasn't the best fit for [him].

cannibalRecruit\_title= Recruitment

cannibalRecruit\_1= Listen, [we] found someone at that [square] who wants to join us, but we can't possibly feed this new recruit. [He] won't last another week out here on [his] own, either. We might as well just put [him] out of [his] misery now. Then at least [his] body could keep the rest of us from starvation.\n\n....\n\nYeah, we should eat [him], right?

cannibalRecruit\_2= The new survivor [we] recruited says [he]'s eager to help, but [he] isn't all that skilled, honestly. [He] could be a drain on our already dwindling food stocks, or could replenish them if we were to... eat [him] instead.\n\nI know it sounds horrible, but we'd make it fast. [He] really doesn't know what [he]'s doing out here, and would probably be dead soon anyway if we hadn't found [him].

cannibalRecruit\_3= In the back of my head I was hoping there'd be trouble and the new recruit would come to the fort as a body we could use as food.\n\nWell... I guess it's not too late. I haven't introduced [him] to everyone yet. Should we... kill and eat [him]?

cannibalRecruit\_4= We can't afford another mouth to feed! Seriously, we should have left [Name] where we found [him]. Of course, there is another alternative: like cattle, brought in from grazing.\n\nShould we eat the new recruit?

cannibalRecruit\_option1= Kill and eat [him]

cannibalRecruit\_option2= Keep [him]

cannibalRecruit\_option3= Come back later

cannibalRecruit\_outcomeFirst= Oh my god. I... I was just kidding. I didn't mean for us to actually hurt anyone. But the hunger made us crazy, and killing [him] was... it was so easy. Oh God, what have we started?

cannibalRecruit\_outcome1\_1= We did the deed at night. [He] must have been so tired after weeks of living in fear, [he] was sleeping like a baby as we snuck in, put the pillow over [his] face, and held [him] down.\n\nWe extended our food supplies by a few more precious days.

cannibalRecruit\_outcome1\_2= [He] didn't know what hit [him]. Our zed killing skills work just as well on surprised humans. We'll eat well tonight.

cannibalRecruit\_outcome1\_3= It was for the best. [He] didn't stand a chance out there in the city, and we just couldn't afford to feed [him]. This way is better for everyone.

cannibalRecruit\_outcome1\_4= We got a gang together and did what had to be done. The recruit fought back, hard. I almost called it off when [he] started pleading for [his] life. I'm not used to that. Zombies never beg.

cannibalRecruit\_outcome2\_1= Going hunting for human flesh wouldn't make us any different from the zombies. Besides, we need more strong backs like [Name's] to work our farms and scavenge for food in the city. If there's any food left out there to scavenge, anyway.

cannibalRecruit\_outcome2\_2= We may be low on food, but the zombies are a more direct threat than starvation. Next time... might be different.

cannibalRecruit\_outcome2\_3= Hahaha, what was I thinking? We're no murderers! Sometimes I get so hungry, you know, it's hard to think straight. Hope [Name] never finds out how close [he] came to being lunch.

cannibalRecruit\_outcome2\_4= Sometimes I forget why we started this fort in the first place, but today wasn't one of those days. The new world we're making will have a place for everyone. Even if we starve, we will starve together.\n\nWelcome on board [Name].

cannibalRecruit\_outcome3\_1= I told [him] that on second thought, we really don't have the resources to let [him] join us. We gave [him] supper (in relative terms... it was [broth made from a McNoodles spice packet|more like a snack|just some leaves and tree bark that sort of taste like food|a thin stew made from the bones of the last guy we ate]) and sent [him] away.\n\n[He] said [he]'d probably stick around, so if we'd ever like to have [him] for dinner again.

cannibalRecruit\_outcome3\_2= [Name] was pretty upset that we changed our minds about letting [him] join us, but when [he] saw the state of our food supplies, [he] agreed it'd be best if [he] stayed out on [his] own for now.\n\n[He] said we could drop by again if our circumstances ever change.

recruitHostile\_title= Recruitment

recruitHostile\_1= The [man] [we] met at the [square] was clearly strung out after years of living alone. [He] was acting paranoid and defensive, waving a {1} in my face and asking rapid-fire questions: "who are you, who sent you, how'd you find me, what'd you want, are you here to steal my stuff?"\n\nThis is a delicate situation... how should [we] react?

recruitHostile\_option1= Try to grab the {1}

recruitHostile\_option2= Try to reason with [him]

recruitHostile\_option3= Talk [him] down (leader lvl 5)

recruitHostile\_outcome1\_success= I grabbed the weapon and twisted it out of [his] hands easily, then pointed the gun at [him]. After a long moment, I handed it back to [him]. Now we could talk like civilized people.\n\nThe [man] calmed down. It'd been a long time since [he] had contact with anyone who wasn't trying to rob [him]. I told [him] that wasn't a problem in our fort, and we had room for [him], especially if [he] knows how to use that {1}. [He] agreed to join us.

recruitHostile\_outcome1\_fail= I feigned like I was going for some of [his] supplies, then grabbed the {1} and tried to twist it out of [his] grip. We struggled, evenly matched. Then the gun went off, blasting a fist-sized hole through the [man]'s eye. [He]'s dead.\n\nI... I wasn't trying to steal it, I just wanted to disarm [him] so we could talk peacefully. But I guess there's no sense in leaving this useful weapon here. We're not thieves, it was just... an accident.

recruitHostile\_outcome2= I told [him] to calm down, but [he] was convinced [we] [were] only there to steal what meager belongings [he] had. When [we] backed away saying [we]'d come back later, the [man] lost it and started shooting over [our] [p|head|heads], yelling "Run away, you thief! Criminal! Spy!"\n\nI suppose [we] could try again later...

recruitHostile\_outcome3= I kept my hands up where [he] could see them and spoke gently like you would to a child, saying I was a friend and I wasn't going to hurt [him], and that we had a nice safe place where [he] could come and live.\n\nAfter a minute of this [he] pointed the gun to the floor. "Stop patronizing me, " [he] said, "I'm just cautious, not crazy."\n\n[He] agreed to come check our fort out, and approved of our defenses. Welcome aboard, [FormalName].

recruitPicky\_title= Recruitment

recruitPicky= "So this fort of yours, does it have {1}?" asked [Name], the potential recruit I'd spent all morning trying to schmooze.\n\n"And how about {2}?"\n\n[He]'s full of questions, this one. You'd think anything would be better than the [\*pathetic pile of mattresses|damp rooftop hovel|completely undefendable newspaper stand] [he] was living in now. But I guess these are valid concerns.

recruitPicky\_option1= Yes, it has both (truth)

recruitPicky\_option2= Lie (lvl 3 leader)

recruitPicky\_option3= Come back later

recruitPicky\_outcome1= Yes, of course, we're civilized people after all, and we couldn't call ourselves that if we didn't have {1} and {2}.\n\nI didn't mention the host of other things we still don't have, like a swimming pool, skating rink, working telephones, or the internet, but [he] seemed satisfied enough. Welcome to paradise, [Name].

recruitPicky\_outcome2= [We] lied through [our] teeth, listing all sorts of amenities our fort still doesn't have. [Name] jumped up, packed up all [his] things, and moved in right away. It took [him] a couple days to realize [he]'d been had... but by then [he] was settled in and decided it wasn't so bad after all.\n\n[He]'s pretty grumpy that [we] lied to [him], but [he]'ll get over it.

recruitPicky\_outcome3= We'll come back later, maybe once we have {1}.

recruitSkill\_title= Recruitment

recruitSkill\_1= I recruited a [man] today named [FormalName]. [He] said [he]'d come from the south, that there was nothing out there for days, just ghost towns and dust. That kind of loneliness gets into your soul after awhile.\n\n[He] said [he] was an odd-job kind of [guy] and could fit in wherever we need [him]. So what should [he] do?

recruitSkill\_2= The [man] I went to recruit at that [square] was so starved [his] skin was hanging off the bones. But [he] was chipper about it, cracking jokes about [his] recent diet and how Weight Watchers could've learned a few things from [him].\n\n[His] name is [FormalName]. [He] doesn't have any special skills, but says [he]'s flexible, so what job should we have [him] do?

recruitSkill\_option1= Soldier

recruitSkill\_option2= Scavenger

recruitSkill\_option3= Builder

recruitSkill\_option4= Engineer

recruitSkill\_outcome1= We always need more soldiers, always. Might be because they keep dying out there...\n\nUh, I mean, welcome aboard [Name], now get out there and kill some zed!

recruitSkill\_outcome2= Scrounging, scouting, hunting, farming; scavengers are skilled at finding and making the most of supplies. I told [Name] it's not so much about good eyesight as being resourceful... though it does help if you can lift a heavy load. Scavengers do a lot of carrying.

recruitSkill\_outcome3= We need more strong sturdy walls and useful modern upgrades like zombie traps and watchtowers. We're rebuilding a city here, but it also needs to be a fortress. More builders like [Name] will help with that.

recruitSkill\_outcome4= Large construction projects like irrigation and zombie avoidance systems need more than just knowledge in a book; we need engineers with field experience to know how these things should be done.\n\nWe also need engineers to produce traps, explosives and other useful items in our workshops. These are in high demand from other factions, so producing these trade goods is a big step to rebooting [CityName's] economy.

recruitAwesome\_title= Recruitment

recruitAwesome\_1= This recruit seems to think [he]'s something special, like something of an expert [job]. [He] says we're lucky we caught [him] now, before someone else snapped [him] up.\n\n[He] says [he] won't come cheap though, that we should offer [him] something extra if [he] joins us.

recruitAwesome\_2= The last fort [FormalName] joined didn't end so well. [He] said they had plenty of food and a safe compound... but everyone was incompetent except for [him]. One night somebody forgot to close the inner gates, and [Name] had to single-handedly Rambo [his] way to safety through a sea of zombies. [He]'s also a professional [job]...\n\nOkay, I get the point, [he]'s great. Now what can we offer [him]?

recruitAwesome\_option1= Offer Double Rations

recruitAwesome\_option2= Lie (lvl 3 leader)

recruitAwesome\_option3= Sweet talk [him] (lvl 9 leader)

recruitAwesome\_option4= Come back later

recruitAwesome\_outcome1= I told [him] [he] doesn't have to eat the second set of rations; food is actually the closest thing we have to a currency in [CityName] and you can get a surprising range of luxuries in exchange for it.\n\n[He] seemed to dig that, and agreed to join us. [He] actually is quite a good [job] too, [he] wasn't lying about that.

recruitAwesome\_outcome2= [We] fed [Name] hot air about how [he] wouldn't have to do nightly guard duty like the rest of us, and how [he]'d get the best luxury mansion, with the best view, and so on. [He] was hooked.\n\nIt took [him] a day to realize [he]'d been lied to. [His] "mansion" was in an old water tower, the "view" was through a pair of binoculars, and [he] had to shout down if [he] spotted anything dangerous out there at night and... hey.\n\n[He] hasn't left, but [he]'s a bit rebellious. Better watch out for that.

recruitAwesome\_outcome3= I flattered [him], admiring [his] skills and [his] strong sense of duty. [He] does have a strong sense of duty, right? Of course [he] does.\n\nAnd someone so skilled and with such upstanding morals would surely want to help other people out of the goodness of [his] heart, wouldn't [he]?\n\nSomehow this actually worked, and [he]'s excited to join us with no extra compensation. Sweet!

recruitAwesome\_outcome4= Hopefully there is a later, if this [guy] is as skilled and in-demand as [he] says [he] is.

recruitGoats\_title= Recruitment

recruitGoats\_1= It was easy to find the survivors living at the [square]. They'd [\*painted arrows for several blocks that led to the front door|spraypainted "WE'RE STILL ALIVE" across the door|covered the roof in flags made from colorful t-shirts]. [We] knocked and [were] greeted by a smiling couple.\n\n"We'll just get our stuff, " they said, like they'd been expecting us. "And, oh yeah - you have room for three children too, right?"

recruitGoats\_NoRoom= It was easy to find the survivors living at the [square]. They'd [\*painted arrows for several blocks that led to the front door|spraypainted "WE'RE STILL ALIVE" across the door|covered the roof in flags made from colorful t-shirts]. [We] knocked and [were] greeted by a smiling couple.\n\n"We'll just get our stuff, " they said, like they'd been expecting us. "And, oh yeah - you have room for three children too, right?"\n\nUnfortunately, we don't even have room for both adults, just one of them.

recruitGoats\_option1= Of course, we love kids

recruitGoats\_option2= Just take one adult (leader 7)

recruitGoats\_option3= Come back later

recruitGoats\_outcome1= Three kids... I did the math... that's another ration and a half to feed them every day, plus two more for the parents. And we'll have to assign someone to watch their third child so these two can get some work done. I think we can manage that.\n\nWelcome aboard [Name] and [FormalName2], and little {1}

recruitGoats\_outcome2\_1= [We] made it clear that we couldn't feed so many children. I'd half expected the couple to slam the door in my face, but this started a heated argument between them. They weren't as happy together as they looked... in fact the [husband], [Name], was eager to go.\n\nI kept my mouth diplomatically shut. After an hour of shouted accusations, the [husband2] tossed [us] out along with [his2] [husband], saying good riddance, that [he2] was taking the kids to join [faction].\n\nThat was... uncomfortable.

recruitGoats\_outcome2\_2= Turns out the couple weren't married, and the [man], [Name], had only taken up with the others a week ago. [He] apologized to the [man2] and hugged each of the kids. [He] told them they should head to [faction], like they'd planned, and see if they have room for children over there.\n\nI felt bad leaving the [man2] with all those kids. I hope they find someplace safe to live with enough food to support them.

recruitGoats\_outcome3= I told them we just can't afford to feed all of them right now, especially if three of those hungry mouths aren't old enough yet to farm or scavenge. They seemed to understand, and said they'd be waiting here if we change our minds.

recruitAnticannibals\_title= Recruitment

recruitAnticannibals\_1= Apparently there are rumors going around that we are a bunch of filthy cannibals. [Name] and [FormalName2], the {1} I met while recruiting today, say they heard it from a blonde woman who passed through here earlier in the month.

recruitAnticannibals\_2= [We] met a couple very cautious {1} who are living at a nearby [square]. They spoke to [us] through a crack in the door, and kept asking funny questions about our food supply.\n\nSpecifically, they want to make sure we don't eat our dead. I'm not sure how to answer that...

recruitAnticannibals\_Farmers\_1= Apparently there are rumors going around that we are a bunch of filthy cannibals. [Name] and [FormalName2], the {1} I met while recruiting today, say they heard it from a blonde woman who passed through here earlier in the month.\n\nThey also say they won't have anything to do with people who associate with the Pig Farmers, though I don't know how those two things are connected.

recruitAnticannibals\_Farmers\_2= [We] met a couple very cautious {1} who are living at a nearby [square]. They spoke to [us] through a crack in the door, and kept asking if [we] were from the Pig Farmers or had anything to do with them. I get the feeling they've run into those guys before and don't trust them.\n\nThey also keep asking if we eat our dead. I'm not sure how to answer that...

recruitAnticannibals\_option1= We've never eaten people (truth)

recruitAnticannibals\_option2= We hate the Pig Farmers (respect < 25%)

recruitAnticannibals\_option3= Lie (lvl 6 leader)

recruitAnticannibals\_option4= Come back later

recruitAnticannibals\_outcome1= I told them we've been lucky that it has never come to that. Our fort has a good source of food, and we've always made it through times of hunger with our morals intact.\n\nThey seemed satisfied with that, and agreed to join us.

recruitAnticannibals\_outcome2= They were happy to hear we were at odds with the Pig Farmers ourselves. They said they'd considered joining the farmers and had even toured their compound, but something about it had creeped them out.\n\n"We wanted to see the pigs," [Name] told me, "but they wouldn't let us near the barn. Instead they kept asking if we wanted a tour of the slaughterhouse. Damn creepy people."\n\nThe {1} agreed to come back and join our fort. Welcome!

recruitAnticannibals\_outcome3= "Cannibals? We're nothing of the sort!" I lied. I told them I was a vegan myself, and can't even imagine the succulent, salty taste of meat on my tongue. And I certainly wouldn't think of committing such a blasphemous act of desecration on a human body, even if it was the last piece of sustenance on the entire earth.\n\nI may have gone a bit overboard, but they bought it. Welcome [Name] and [Name2]. I hope we never have to eat you.

recruitAnticannibals\_outcome4= We'll come back and talk to these two later.

recruitSickly\_title= Recruitment

recruitSickly= Following signs of human habitation, [we] knocked on a door at the [square]. The [man] who answered the door spoke softly. [He] said [his] name was [Name], and [he]'d been hoping somebody would come before it was too late for [his] friend.\n\n[His] friend is indeed looking quite the worse for wear, [\*too feeble to even raise [his2] head|coughing up yellowish-grey goop every time [he2] tried to speak|lying in a bathtub of tepid water in an attempt to bring down [his2] fever]. What should [we] do?

recruitSicklyNoRoom= Following signs of human habitation, [we] knocked on a door at the [square]. The [man] who answered the door spoke softly. [He] said [his] name was [Name], and [he]'d been hoping somebody would come before it was too late for [his] friend.\n\n[His] friend is indeed looking quite the worse for wear, [\*too feeble to even raise [his2] head|coughing up yellowish-grey goop every time [he2] tried to speak|lying in a bathtub of tepid water in an attempt to bring down [his2] fever].\n\nWe only have room for one of them... what should we do?

recruitSicklyReturn= "You're back!" [Name] ushered [us] into [his2] friend's bedroom where the [man2] lay, still terribly ill.\n\n"Did you bring medicine this time?"

recruitSicklyDead= It seems the sick [man2] who was here earlier has passed away. [His2] friend [Name] agreed to come back and join us... but I think [he] blames us for returning too late to help.

recruitSicklyAlive= Looks like [FormalName2], the sick [man2] that we healed earlier, is still kicking. [He2] says whatever we gave [him2] must have cleared up an illness [he2]'d had for years... might have been something [he2] picked up from Gustav's "love caravan", [he2] said with a wink.\n\nSince we have room now, [he2] agreed to join us. Glad to have you, [Name2].

recruitSickly\_option1= Take them both

recruitSickly\_option2= Help the sick one (medkit)

recruitSickly\_option3= Leave the sick one (lvl 4 leader)

recruitSickly\_option4= Come back later

recruitSickly\_outcome1= We carefully transported the sick [man2], [Name2], to a clean room in our fort where we could take care of [him2]. [He2] seems to be looking better already, but I fear this is a chronic illness which will come back to haunt [him2] again.\n\n[Name] is very happy we were able to bring [his] friend. Welcome to you both.

recruitSickly\_outcome2= I'm not sure what's wrong with this [guy2], but [we] stuck [him2] with everything [we] could from one of our medkits. Real scientific-like. Looks like something in that concoction did the trick, and [his2] fever is starting to go down already.\n\nI invited both of them to join us and they accepted happily.

recruitSickly\_outcome2\_NoRoom= I'm not sure what's wrong with this [guy2], but [we] stuck [him2] with everything [we] could from one of our medkits. Real scientific. Looks like [his2] fever is starting to go down already.\n\nWe don't have room for both recruits, but the sick [man2] insisted [his2] friend leave with [us] now, and we can come back for [him2] later.

recruitSickly\_outcome3= [We] spoke quietly with [Name] in another room. [His] friend's condition was terminal... it was only a matter of days, a week at most, before [he2] would die. To stay here by [his2] side, I said, would only endanger [Name]'s life too.\n\n"You're right." croaked a voice from the other room - the [man2] had heard us. "I can die alone just as well as with somebody watching. Take [him] with you."\n\nThat settled it. [Name] left food, water, and a loaded pistol by [his] friend's bedside. Then we left.

recruitSickly\_outcome4= We'll come back later. [We] can't wait too long, or that [man2]'s going to be dead.

recruitFighting\_title= Recruitment

recruitFighting= I could hear these two fighting from a block away. "Blah blah blah, [you knew I was saving that can of peaches for a special occasion|when was the last time we even \_had\_ dishes to wash|if I have to listen to your snoring for one more night by God I'll]...". Ah, roommates.\n\nGood news is they both want to join us. Bad news is, each refuses to come if the other will be there. So we can pick:\n\n[FormalName], the [job], or [FormalName2], the [job2].

recruitFightingNoRoom= I could hear these two fighting from a block away. "Blah blah blah, [you knew I was saving that can of peaches for a special occasion|when was the last time we even \_had\_ dishes to wash|if I have to listen to your snoring for one more night by God I'll]...". Ah, roommates.\n\nGood news is they both want to join us. They refuse to come together, but we only have room for one anyway. So we can pick:\n\n[FormalName], the [job], or [FormalName2], the [job2].

recruitFighting\_option1= Take [Name]

recruitFighting\_option2= Take [Name2]

recruitFighting\_option3= Take both (lvl 4 leader and room for 2)

recruitFighting\_option4= Come back later

recruitFighting\_outcome1= [Name] did jumping jacks and a victory dance that involved sticking [his] butt in [Name2's] face.\n\n[Name2] was furious at [us] for not choosing [him2], and declared [he2] was going to go start [his2] own fort, somewhere in a better city that "wasn't so full of idiots". I wished [him2] good luck with that.

recruitFighting\_outcome2= [Name2] already had [his2] bags packed, and couldn't wait to be rid of [his2] roommate. "Good riddance!" [he2] shouted to [him] merrily as we left, "I hope you find someone who can tolerate you, you petty [bastard]!"\n\n[Name] shouted back that [he] was done with [Name2] and this whole damn city. I'm guessing [he]'s not planning to stick around.

recruitFighting\_outcome3= It wasn't easy getting these two to sit down and talk to each other civilly, but there's too much at stake to lose it to some petty roommate disagreements.\n\nWe set some ground rules, and agreed that [Name] and [Name2] wouldn't have to live together or work together if it could be helped. In return they've both joined us. Hopefully we can keep them separated so they aren't at each other's throats all the time.

recruitFighting\_outcome4= [We]'ll come back later with a plan to let both these people join us. Hopefully they won't have killed each other by then.

recruitBodyguard\_title= Recruitment

recruitBodyguard= [We] [were] greeted by a delicate [man] named [Name] and [his] "bodyguard" [Name2]. They were living in luxury at that [square], drinking from crystal goblets among scavenged chandeliers and enormous bronze statues of rearing horses and naked cherubs.\n\nThe [man] spoke for both of them, agreeing to join us if [he] could do some job where [he] didn't have to get [his] hands dirty. Something easy like administration or research. What should I ask [him] to be?

recruitBodyguard\_option1= A leader

recruitBodyguard\_option2= An engineer

recruitBodyguard\_option3= A soldier (lvl 5 leader)

recruitBodyguard\_option4= Come back later

recruitBodyguard\_outcome1= I suppose [he] could work in a bar or a church, that'd be a pretty easy job. Honestly I don't care so long as [his] bodyguard [Name2] pulls [his2] weight on guard duty.

recruitBodyguard\_outcome2= Engineers are a rare breed these days, since it's one of those skills that isn't well suited for survival. All the engineers died, is the thing, unless they learned to scavenge and build defenses and use a gun. Or they hired someone to do those things for them, which I guess is the case here.

recruitBodyguard\_outcome3= [Name] was not amused when I told [him] [he] could either pick up a weapon and help defend our walls like everyone else, or stay here, huddled in this [square] until something kills [him].\n\nThen I asked [his] bodyguard, [Name2], if [he2]'d like to join us and leave this [guy] behind. [He2] laughed and said yes, the job didn't pay well anyway.\n\n[Name] finally threw [his] hands up in defeat. [He] agreed to try being a soldier. Hopefully [he]'ll like it.

recruitBodyguard\_outcome4= We've got time to think about this, and not a lot of need for leaders or engineers right now. Maybe someone could convince this guy to take up a more useful job.

recruitFaction\_title= Recruitment

recruitFaction\_1= [We] came to the [square] a week too late. There'd been six in their group originally, but three were killed while hunting in the ravine nearby. Now it was just [Name2], [Name], and a child whose parents had died in that ravine.\n\nThey were packing their stuff, getting ready to join [faction]. Seems [we're] too late in more than one way. They asked why our fort would be any better to join.

recruitFaction\_2= I found a couple possible recruits and an orphaned child at the [square]. They say they've been watching our progress for a few weeks, but are trying to decide between joining us, or joining [faction].\n\nApparently they'd talked personally with [FactionLeader] and had a tour of their compound. What can we counter with?

recruitFaction\_option1= [Faction] are weak (25 strength)

recruitFaction\_option2= Ask [faction] (80% respect)

recruitFaction\_option3= Insult [faction] (lvl 6 leader)

recruitFaction\_option4= Let them go

recruitFaction\_outcome1= It's clear if you just take a look at their fort; there's nobody in there! [Faction] barely have enough firepower to defend their own walls, much less expand and protect the rest of the city.\n\nThey thought about this for awhile, then agreed that yes, our fort would be safer, especially for the little one.

recruitFaction\_outcome2= I called in a favor from [FactionLeader], asking that we be allowed to take in these recruits. [FactionHe] didn't even seem to know who I was talking about, but said it was no problem.\n\nThe next day the three showed up at our gates. They said someone from [faction] had told them this was their new home.

recruitFaction\_outcome3= [FactionLeader] doesn't care about [factionHis] people, I told them; [factionHe]'s just a glorified dictator, mad with power. And their military is such a joke, they care more about looting and raiding than keeping anyone safe.\n\nI went on for awhile until they told me to stop, they'd heard enough and would join us. I sure hope [faction] never find out we've been badmouthing them like this...

recruitFaction\_outcome4= They shrugged and said they'd join [faction] then. I hope the folks at [faction] appreciate it.

recruitFamily\_title= Recruitment

recruitFamily\_1= The [job] and [his] [son2] seemed to think it was better to keep moving... by settling down, [he] thought, we're just making our presence known to all the zed and less friendly people in the area. When they come for us, it will be bad.\n\n[He] and the [boy2] shared a long, meaningful look. I guess they've been through some hard time, and have trouble trusting people.

recruitFamily\_2= [FormalName] and [his] [son2] [Name2] seem to think they're better off on their own than joining some big organization like ours. Sounds like they've done that before, and it didn't end well for them. Other people are a liability. Since then they've just kept moving on, and want to keep it that way.

recruitFamily\_3= [FormalName] and [his] [son2] have one helluva crazy tale from the last couple years. They've been all over this country, moving from city to city looking for some kind of civilization that isn't set to collapse at the slightest disagreement. After some bad experiences, they've both decided it's best just to avoid the big operations like ours. They want to keep things simple.

recruitFamily\_option1= Bribe them (2 food)

recruitFamily\_option2= Frighten them (lvl 2 leader)

recruitFamily\_option3= Convince them (lvl 9 leader)

recruitFamily\_option4= Come back later

recruitFamily\_outcome1= For all their talk, these two didn't look well. [Name2] seemed half starved to death, in fact. I offered the [boy2] [an energy bar|an apple] and [he2] just about swallowed it whole. I told them there's more where that came from, and they practically followed me back to the fort like lost puppies.

recruitFamily\_outcome2= [We] listed off dangers [we]'d encountered: zombies, raiders, madmen, wild dogs, cannibals, slave traders... I eyed the [boy2] meaningfully. Yes, they even take children.\n\nThen there's the various illnesses, starvation, hypothermia... hey, people may not be 100% safe with us, but their chances are a damn sight better than out on the road.\n\nI think I scared some sense into them. They've agreed to come join us at least for awhile.

recruitFamily\_outcome3= I asked if they'd lost any loved ones in a fort like ours. "Yes..." the [father] said grudgingly, and began to tell their story.\n\nThey'd lived in a military-run encampment with the rest of their family. As usual it all fell apart... but it wasn't the zombies this time. It was people, trying to overthrow their leaders in a coup. Any innocents who got in the way were slaughtered.\n\nTalking about it seemed to be cathartic for [him]. When we finished, they agreed to come back with [us].

recruitFamily\_outcome4= Sounds like they'll be here for awhile, so we can come back to talk again later.

recruitHidingFarm\_title= Recruitment

recruitHidingFarm\_1= Turns out this [guy] [FormalName's] been hiding out on that farm for years, since long before we got here. [He] saw us move in but wasn't sure we could be trusted, so [he] stayed hidden.\n\n[He] apologized for interrupting our reclaiming earlier. After we backed off and left [him] alone, [he] had time to mull it over.\n\n[He]'s decided to join us.

missionTrainMax\_title= Training Complete

missionTrainMax= [We]'ve learned all [we] can about {1}. Time to take up another trade or get out there and use it.

missionFarmWinter\_title= Farming Cancelled

missionFarmWinter\_1= [Name] had to stop farming once the soil got too hard to work with. Guess we'll have to wait until spring for those farms to be useful again.

missionFarmWinter\_2= Since the frosts came, [Name] hasn't been able to grow much of anything on that farm. [He]'ll have to find something else to do until spring.

sonIntro\_title= Mason Moon

sonIntro= Some Last Judgment bikers just pulled up, their bikes airbrushed with elaborate crosses and scantily clad angels. One of them, a kid maybe 19 or 20 years old named Mason, came to ask about a woman named Diane Moon.\n\nYes, \_that\_ Diane Moon. The woman who saved my life and gave it a purpose. The woman whose death I'm responsible for. She was Mason's mother.\n\nI pulled Mason aside before anyone else could talk to him, but I couldn't bring myself to admit the truth...

sonIntro\_option1= Say she left on a trip

sonIntro\_option2= Say she joined another group

sonIntro\_option3= Say she went missing

sonIntro\_outcome1= I told him that after she'd helped me out, Diane had left to hunt the region for other survivors. She left well armed and supplied, but I hadn't heard from her in a while.\n\nMason was frustrated that I couldn't tell him more, but before he could press me on it we were interrupted by sounds of crashing and angry voices.

sonIntro\_outcome1\_option1= Investigate...

sonIntro\_outcome2= I told him that after helping us get started she'd joined up with another group of survivors to help them do the same. I wasn't sure where they were now, but she had seemed fine when last I saw her.\n\nMason was frustrated that I couldn't tell him more, but before he could press me on it we were interrupted by sounds of crashing and angry voices.

sonIntro\_outcome2\_option1= Investigate...

sonIntro\_outcome3= I told him I didn't know where she was now. She just vanished late one night months back. There hadn't been any sign of a struggle, but given how bad things were out there we had eventually given up hope of finding her.\n\nMason was frustrated that I couldn't tell him more, but before he could press me on it we were interrupted by sounds of crashing and angry voices.

sonIntro\_outcome3\_option1= Investigate...

sonIntroHoodlums= The other Judgment boys were causing trouble already. They'd cornered [Name] and were trying to get [him] to give up [his] jacket, saying it was "way too nice for such a scrawny little rat".\n\nA crowd was gathering and both sides were starting to reach for their weapons. Mason eyed his fellow gang members worryingly but didn't try to break things up.\n\nThe only way we're going to avoid bloodshed here is if I give him a little nudge.

sonIntroHoodlums\_option1= Demand he do something

sonIntroHoodlums\_option2= Make a snarky remark

sonIntroHoodlums\_outcome1= Mason turned on me angrily, and for a second it looked like I'd just made things worse. Then he yelled at his gang mates: "Diggs! Gnasher! Hey guys, leave [him] alone. We're still in trouble with Father O'Grady from the last time."\n\nAs he got on his bike, Mason looked back at me and nodded. "Thanks for the info about my mom. Just... never try to tell me what to do." He spun out in a wide arc then drove off in a cloud of dust and exhaust fumes.

sonIntroHoodlums\_outcome2= "Your friends seem nice," I told Mason sarcastically, "real stand-up individuals."\n\nHe sighed, then called out: "Diggs! Gnasher! Hey guys, this isn't why we're here! It's time to go anyway."\n\nHe apologized as they were leaving, saying the Last Judgment were supposed to be following the Word of God, but sometimes they forget the whole 'Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you' part.\n\nIt's good to know at least one of these bikers has a bit of a conscience.

sonGustav\_title= Causing Trouble

sonGustav= As Gustav and I shared a couple warm non-alcoholic beers, he mentioned some young bikers causing trouble in [CityName].\n\nSounds like Mason Moon and his Last Judgment friends have taken to dangerous stunts, herding zed around the city with their motorcycles. \_"Foolish cheeldren,"\_ Gustav commented, \_"Dey will be killed."\_\n\nI'm not fond of this kid, but Diane asked me to look after her son when she died. They were last seen heading to an old hospital swarming with undead. Might send someone to check up on them.

sonHospital\_title= Rescuing Mason Moon

sonHospital= [We] thought [we] [were] too late when [we] saw their bikes lying abandoned on the pavement, but [we] soon heard growls and gunfire coming from inside the hospital.\n\nCarefully following the noise without making any more, [we] found Mason's crew barricaded in an operating room on the third floor. A dozen or more zed clawed at the doors in a frenzied hunger for flesh.\n\n[We] need a plan to give the Judgment boys a chance to escape.

sonHospital\_option1= Fight the zombies

sonHospital\_option2= Try to lure the zed away

sonHospital\_option3= Look for something to use

sonHospital\_option1\_success= I charged into the horde, taking out four before they even reacted. As the dead whirled [we] fell upon them and soon the hallway was awash in putrefied blood.\n\nAs [we] led the Last Judgment crew back to their bikes, Mason seemed impressed by the trail of gore [we] left behind us.

sonHospital\_option1\_success\_option1= Continue...

sonHospital\_option1\_fail= [We] charged into the pack of zed took down a couple of them quickly, but as the fight dragged on more undead began to shamble out of the waiting rooms and offices attracted by the noise.\n\n[We] might have been totally overrun if Mason and his boys hadn't joined the fight. With their help [we] [were] able to hold zed back long enough to make [our] way downstairs and out of the hospital.

sonHospital\_option1\_fail\_option1= Continue...

sonHospital\_option2\_success= All it took was a cry and a few jumping jacks and soon enough [we] [were] running as fast as [we] could through the hallways of the hospital, a pack of ravenous undead at [our] heels.\n\nI noticed a place where the roof leaked and the floor under it was sagging. I leapt over the patch, and second later the ground gave way under the zombies behind me. [We] left them lying in a pile of rubble one floor down and made our way outside. Mason was waiting for [us].

sonHospital\_option2\_success\_option1= Continue...

sonHospital\_option2\_fail= Getting the zed's attention was easy. Losing it was a lot harder. [We]'d been sprinting through the hallways chased by the pack of ravenous undead for fifteen minutes when I heard a cracking noise and the hallway gave way beneath my feet.\n\nI lay painfully on my back in the mess for a minute before Mason's hand grabbed me and pulled me out of the rubble. Together we ran from the hospital as fast as my crippled spine allowed.

sonHospital\_option2\_fail\_option1= Continue...

sonHospital\_option3\_success= Hunting through a storeroom I found several compressed oxygen tanks. [We] lined them up at the end of the hallway like a firing squad, then picked up a brick and began to knock the tops off.\n\nThe canisters sped down the hallway, bouncing off floors, walls and zed, leaving a trail of broken bodies in their wake. [We] finished off the remaining undead and cleared Mason and his crew a path out of the hospital.

sonHospital\_option3\_success\_option1= Continue...

sonHospital\_option3\_fail= As [we] hunted in the side rooms fruitlessly for anything to use I tripped and knocked over an IV stand into a nearby glass cabinet. Oops.\n\nThe chase that followed would have been perfect set to some Benny Hill music as we darted from room to room ahead of the zombies. Eventually we lost them and made our way out of the hospital to find Mason and his crew waiting for us, smirks on their faces.

sonHospital\_option3\_fail\_option1= Continue...

sonHospitalSupplies= Mason grinned at [us], exhilarated by the thrill of escape. He thanked [us] for [our] help, shaking my hand and hugging me, until one of his Last Judgment friends stepped between us and shoved Mason away. "What the \_hell\_ Mason. You know we didn't need their help. God woulda provided, man. You know that."\n\n"Uh... yeah." Mason straightened up, but he didn't sound so sure. As we parted ways, he said we should come visit him at the Last Judgment fort sometime.

sonFistfight\_title= Meeting with Mason

sonFistfight= I bumped into Mason Moon at the Last Judgment fort. He was hard to miss, since he was in the middle of a fistfight with two other guys. I think they were his friends from earlier - Bebop and Rocksteady? Something like that.

sonFistfight\_option1= Pull the other gang members off him

sonFistfight\_option2= Yell at everyone to stop

sonFistfight\_option3= Wait and watch

sonFistfight\_outcome1= I stepped in and accidentally joined the fray. I pinned one guy's arms behind him, then the other one kicked me in the back and knocked us both over. I stood up just in time to get punched right in the nose, which sent me sprawling. When my eyes could focus again I looked up to see who'd done it and was surprised to find a smallish young woman offering to help me up.\n\n"Sorry, " she said, "I though you were another one of Mason's asshat friends."

sonFistfight\_outcome1\_option1= Get up

sonFistfight\_outcome2= Only Mason looked over at me, successfully distracted just long enough to get punched in the face. Oops.\n\nThen this smallish young woman came storming out of the gathering crowd. "Enough you idiots!" she shouted, brandishing a knife in their faces. "Back off, or I'll cut your ugly mugs up so bad they'll think you're a zombie."\n\nRemarkably they did walk away, eyeing her angrily.

sonFistfight\_outcome2\_option1= What was that all about?

sonFistfight\_outcome3= Mason seemed to be holding his own, moving around between lunges so that neither of them could get behind him. A crowd gathered, then suddenly this smallish young woman came storming into the fray. "Enough you idiots!" she shouted, brandishing a knife in their faces. "Back off, or I'll cut your ugly mugs up so bad they'll think you're a zombie."\n\nRemarkably they did walk away, eyeing her angrily.

sonFistfight\_outcome3\_option1= What was that all about?

sonFistfightTalk= "It's my fault," the woman explained. "Mason's having trouble fitting in around here, so I told him the next time they pick on him to start a fight. It usually works for me."\n\nThe girl's name was Erica, another young initiate to the Last Judgment Gang. She and Mason had joined together a little over six months ago, but neither was making any friends.\n\n"The women aren't allowed to ride bikes, " Erica complained, "they make us cook and clean the chapel all day. And I hate Bible study."

sonFistfightTalk\_option1= Ask why don't they leave?

sonFistfightTalk\_outcome1= Mason poked his finger at me. "Because the Last Judgment Gang are way badder asses than \_your\_ group. We've got the power of righteousness on our side." Erica nodded her agreement. "Plus, Father O'Grady saved our lives when he found us." she said more quietly.\n\nSeems like there's no getting through to these two.

sonStowaway\_title= Last Judgment Stowaways

sonStowaway= I was in one of our storerooms, obsessively counting and recounting of our food stocks as I do sometimes when I can't sleep. I heard a noise and jumped up in time to catch Mason Moon and his friend Erica from the Last Judgment Gang trying to sneak past me.\n\nThey swear they didn't steal anything, they were just looking for a place to sleep. Erica got in some trouble with the Last Judgment and they're now on the run.

sonStowaway\_option1= Ask them what happened

sonStowaway\_option2= Let them stay and have some food

sonStowaway\_option3= Turn them in to the Last Judgment Gang

sonStowaway\_outcome1= Apparently Erica had made good on her threat to cut the face off any Last Judgment boy who touched her. A couple of them snuck into her room one night; now one is missing an eye and the other a nose.\n\n"They'll kill me if I go back, " she said, "Father O'Grady would never take my side. That's not how things work there. I can't stay in [CityName] with the Last Judgment so close."

sonStowaway\_outcome1\_option1= Offer to destroy the Last Judgment

sonStowaway\_outcome1\_option2= Offer to sneak them out of town

sonStowaway\_outcome1\_option3= Turn them in to the Last Judgment Gang

sonStowaway\_outcome2= They were grateful for our hospitality and told their story over dinner. Apparently Erica had made good on her threat to cut the face off any Last Judgment boy who touched her. A couple of them snuck into her room one night; now one is missing an eye and the other a nose.\n\n"They'll kill me if I go back, " she said, "Father O'Grady would never take my side. That's not how things work there. I can't stay in [CityName] with the Last Judgment so close."

sonStowaway\_outcome2\_option1= Offer to destroy the Last Judgment

sonStowaway\_outcome2\_option2= Offer to sneak them out of town

sonStowaway\_outcome2\_option3= Turn them in to the Last Judgment Gang

sonStowawayTurnIn= Whatever they did, it was up to Father O'Grady and the Last Judgment Gang to decide their punishment. We dragged them kicking and screaming back to the Last Judgment fort where O'Grady thanked us for our help.\n\n"She nearly killed two of our boys," he said, "and will be dealt with accordingly. The Good Book has it very clear what her punishment should be."\n\nHe gave us a small reward and an ominous warning to "stay off the devil's path".

sonStowawaySneak= Erica and Mason weren't thrilled with our disguise for them: we drove them out of town under dried blood crusted sheets, pretending they were dead bodies being taken for cremation in an outlying graveyard. If the Last Judgment saw us go, they didn't stop us to ask questions.\n\nThe two thanked us for our help and wished us the best of luck. I hope they'll be okay out there...

sonStowawayDestroy= Mason guffawed at this. "Attack \_them\_? Have you \_seen\_ the kind of firepower they're packing? You guys wouldn't stand a chance, it'd be like a lame dog attacking a herd of elephants. And you're the lame dog in this situation in case you didn't know."\n\nI was getting ready to smack him upside the head when he added:\n\n"Although... there \_is\_ that pilgrimage to Angel Acres they're heading off to for the next week...."

sonStowawayDestroy\_option1= What about this pilgrimage?

sonStowawayDestroy\_option2= Maybe someone could help us?

sonStowawayDestroy\_outcome1= Mason explained that the Last Judgment leaders, along with their highest-ranking and best-armed priests, were heading to a rally in a place called Angel Acres. Father O'Grady was expecting some sort of miracle or message from God to appear there.\n\nIf we attack or raid the Last Judgment now, we'll catch them while most of their defenders are away. We could take them down in one swoop. We have one week until they return.

sonStowawayDestroy\_outcome2= Erica suggested we could try the Dahlias. They hate the Last Judgment Gang anyway. If we let them know that the gang's going to be weaker soon while their leaders are off at that religious rally or whatever, maybe they'll join us in the raid.\n\n"Also the Dahlias are pretty badass," Mason just had to inject, "you guys might learn a thing or two."

sonTooLate\_title= Too Late

sonTooLate= We failed to attack the Last Judgment Gang while they were away at Angel Acres. Their people have returned and defenses are back to normal again. We missed our chance.\n\nMason and Erica were disappointed with us and left town. Hopefully they'll be alright out there.

sonDahlias\_title= Our Mutual Enemy

sonDahlias= Nell McClung was in a good mood when I met with her today, humming while she came down the stairs to greet me. We spoke in the expansive, blindingly white foyer of the mansion that served as the Dahlias HQ. I guess everyone could live in a place like this if we wanted to now, but who has the energy to clean this thing?

sonDahlias\_option1= Ask them to attack Last Judgment

sonDahlias\_option2= Say nothing

sonDahlias\_outcome1= She smiled wide when I suggested we team up against the Last Judgment Gang. "Yes," she agreed, "It's time we finally dealt with that \_element\_."\n\nWe moved to the living room and unfolded a map of [CityName] onto the coffee table. She suggested an aggressive simultaneous attack against as many points as possible. When I suggested she'd be spreading her forces too thin, she laughed.\n\n"You haven't seen my girls at work. Just make sure you attack while the Last Judgment leaders are still away, and we'll be there."

sonDahlias\_outcome2= I complimented Ms. McClung on the decor. She replied that white is a wonderful color, because you can just bleach the blood right out of it so easily. We made somewhat awkward small talk for a few minutes after that.

sonDestroy\_title= Our Mutual Enemy

sonDestroy= Father O'Grady was away as promised when we attacked their fort. It seems he'd taken their best soldiers with him, or at least their best guns. The kids left behind to guard the place had nothing but pistols and knives to defend with.\n\nWhen it was clear they were losing, the last defenders jumped on their motorcycles and took off.\n\nMason and Erica cheered and high-fived at this.

sonDestroy\_option1= Invite the couple to stay

sonDestroy\_option2= Wish the couple well

sonDestroyDahlias= The Dahlias had nearly finished the job by the time we even got there. I guess they started early to make sure they got the glory. And/or the territory.\n\nFather O'Grady was away as promised and the few guards left at home were badly armed. When it was clear they were losing, the last defenders jumped on their motorcycles and took off.\n\nMason and Erica cheered and high-fived at this.

sonDestroyDahlias\_option1= Invite the couple to stay

sonDestroyDahlias\_option2= Wish the couple well

sonDestroy\_outcome1= "Hah, no, we're not a 'couple'." Mason almost blushed. "We're a team, the two of us. I go where she goes. But I'm not really into girls like that, you know?"\n\nThey both agreed to join us. I don't know if we'll hear from Father O'Grady again after such a massive defeat, but the rest of the Last Judgment have vacated and their fort is now ours.

sonDestroy\_outcome1\_effect= Last Judgment destroyed

sonDestroyDahlias\_outcome1= "Hah, no, we're not a 'couple'." Mason almost blushed. "We're a team, the two of us. I go where she goes. But I'm not really into girls like that, you know?"\n\nThey both seemed more interested in joining the Dahlias after watching them kick ass all day. "No offence," said Mason, "But they just really know what they're doing over there."\n\nLooks like the Dahlias got the territory \_and\_ the spoils, but at least they've agreed to ally with us.

sonDestroyDahlias\_outcome1\_effect= Last Judgment destroyed, alliance with Dahlias

sonDestroy\_outcome2= "Hah, no, we're not a 'couple'." Mason almost blushed. "We're a team, the two of us. I go where she goes. But I'm not really into girls like that, you know?"\n\nThe two seemed a little sad that we didn't ask them to join us, but we've got enough problems without these two getting into trouble at every turn. They salvaged a couple bikes from the Last Judgment fort and rode off into the sunset together.

sonDestroy\_outcome2\_effect= Last Judgment destroyed

sonDestroyDahlias\_outcome2= Hah, no, we're not a 'couple'." Mason almost blushed. "We're a team, the two of us. I go where she goes. But I'm not really into girls like that, you know?"\n\nThey both seemed interested in joining the Dahlias after watching them kick ass all day. "No offence," said Mason, "But they just really know what they're doing over there."\n\nLooks like the Dahlias got the territory \_and\_ the spoils, but at least they've agreed to ally with us.

sonDestroyDahlias\_outcome2\_effect= Last Judgment destroyed, alliance with Dahlias

sonReward\_title= On Fanaticism

sonReward= I've got to hand it to those Last Judgment, they sure are passionate about what they believe in.\n\nThough I'm not sure it's healthy for a young guy like Mason Moon to get caught up in their world, they could probably teach him something about commitment to a cause.\n\nWhat I've learned from the Last Judgment is...

sonReward\_option1= Might makes right

sonReward\_option2= God is awesome

sonReward\_option3= There's money in real estate

sonReward\_option4= not a lot, actually

sonReward\_outcome1= It's the law of the gangster: the strong thrive, and the weak don't survive. You can have all the intelligence, honor and wealth in the world, but if you can't defend yourself you'll be left with nothing.\n\nThe Last Judgment Gang know that power and aggression are connected. Sometimes you just have to bust caps in a few asses before people take you seriously.\n\nIt's an important lesson I'm glad to have learned.

sonReward\_outcome1\_effect= Gained the Gang Member perk

sonReward\_outcome2= So long as we've got God on our side, we can't lose. All we've got to do is pray harder and longer than the other guys, and we'll win.\n\nAnd if we don't win, that's because God's got another plan for us. So long as we trust Him, we'll survive.\n\nAnd if we don't survive, God's got a reason for that too. We aren't seeing the big picture.\n\nOkay, I think I've got this priest thing down. Grab me a pulpit, I'm ready!

sonReward\_outcome2\_effect= Gained the Priest perk

sonReward\_outcome3= I admit the housing market's gone through a little deflation recently. A nice two-bedroom is going for what, a pack of smokes these days?\n\nBut Father O'Grady knows the value of territory, and of developing that territory for maximum profit. A park isn't worth much, but if it's got good soil you can convert it to a potato farm. You turn old office buildings into housing, and build lookout towers on tall buildings.\n\nListen to me, I sound like a regular real estate developer.

sonReward\_outcome3\_effect= Gained the Real Estate Developer perk

sonReward\_outcome4= That Father O'Grady is so full of crap it's leaking out his pant-legs. Shooting his gun in the air while quoting scripture: what a hypocrite.\n\nAnd a bully, too. No, I didn't learn anything from those bikers.

fatherStart\_title= Conspiracy Theories

fatherStart= I was treated to that guy Ludd's rambling theories when I met with the Luddies today. He thinks the Center for Disease Control created zombieism as some kind of weapon in the US's secret cold war against China.\n\nHe also says a CDC scientist named Agbayani used to live right here in [CityName]. I remember hearing about that guy on the news a few weeks before the disease got here. He was wanted by the federal police and they offered a reward for his location.\n\nIt's too late for that reward, but this scientist might know about a cure, or at least have some answers.

fatherStart\_option1= Encourage Ludd to keep talking

fatherStart\_option2= Ignore Ludd

fatherStart\_outcome1= Ludd leaned in close, his eyes bulging. "Zombieism was an inside job, man. You know how I \_know\_ they created it? Because Atlanta was hit first - that's the CDC headquarters."\n\nHe figures they created the disease to launch against China ("who we all know was breeding Smallpox"). Dr Agbayani's team was adapting it into a mind-control virus that would make people docile and complacent. He set it loose, and that's why the feds were after him.\n\n"They were going to put it in the water, man. Turn us all into zombies. Ask that kid Rufus over at St Michael's. Agbayani was his dad."

fatherStart\_outcome2= Ludd looked a little deflated but we got back to business. As I was leaving, he told me I should ask about Dr Agbayani at St Michael's. Said that kid Rufus is Agbayani's son.

fatherRufus\_title= Doctor Agbayani

fatherRufus= I met with Rufus, the leader of St Michael's School for Boys. If you ask me he's an arrogant little punk, but I guess I was fifteen once too.\n\nI mentioned the stuff Ludd said about the kid's dad, Dr Agbayani. Rufus admitted his dad was a CDC researcher and said they used to live in the suburbs here, but swore Agbayani was a good guy and would never have helped create such a horrible disease. He also said he knew his dad was dead, but wouldn't say why.\n\nHe told me to drop the subject and stop worrying about a cure. "There ain't no cure old [man], just a lotta false hope."

fatherRufus\_option1= Apologize to Rufus

fatherRufus\_option2= Tell Rufus to grow a pair

fatherRufus\_outcome1= I tried to say I was sorry, but Rufus refused to answer me and left. I saw him later with his eyes all red like he'd been crying. Poor kid.

fatherRufus\_outcome2= Rufus sniffed and stuck his chin out. He said something like "Up yours, man" and we finished our business in silence.

fatherLuddiesAgain\_title= It Rots Your Brain

fatherLuddiesAgain= I ran into the Luddies today, and Owen Ludd was in full lecture mode. Today's topic: how TV and the Internet nearly destroyed our children. I made some dumb joke like "Thank god for zombies, eh?" which got his attention.\n\nHe knew we'd talked to that kid Rufus from St Michael's and wanted to know what we learned. "You don't believe him do you? I bet his dad's home office is full of documents that could prove what really happened. Maybe even tell us how to find a cure."\n\nLudd's got a point. He wants to come with us to investigate Rufus's old house in the suburbs. Should we do it?

fatherLuddiesAgain\_option1= Yes, take Ludd to Rufus's old house

fatherLuddiesAgain\_option2= No, leave well enough alone

fatherLuddiesAgain\_outcome1= Great. Except we don't know where Rufus's old house is, only that it's somewhere in [CityName]. We'll have to convince the kid to tell us how to find it.

fatherLuddiesAgain\_outcome2= We should have some respect for the kid's dead family and just let them lie. I guess we'll never know if Dr Agbayani was really the monster they made him out to be.

fatherRufusAgain\_title= Persuading Rufus

fatherRufusAgain= Ludd and I met with Rufus Agbayani from St Michael's today, and asked if he could take us to look for his dad's old zombieism research. The look that kid gave me... well I think the answer was either \_no\_, or \_go kiss a zombie and die\_.\n\nHow can we persuade him?

fatherRufusAgain\_option1= Convince Rufus (75 respect)

fatherRufusAgain\_option2= Offer Rufus 20 food rations

fatherRufusAgain\_option3= Ask Ludd to give him food (75 respect)

fatherRufusAgain\_outcome1= Ludd cheerily explained his theory that Dr Agbayani had been developing zombieism as a mind-control weapon. Rufus went quiet for a minute while this news about his dad sank in. Then he let out a sudden cry like a wild animal and leapt on the guy.\n\nAfter I pulled Rufus off and made sure he hadn't actually clawed Ludd's eyes out, I told him I didn't believe Ludd's theory but there was only one way to know for sure: go to his old home and find the evidence.\n\nHe agreed, gave directions to a house in the suburbs and said we could leave anytime.

fatherRufusAgain\_outcome2Food= Rufus's eyes lit up at the mention of food. Come to think of it, the boys of St Michael's are looking more sunken-eyed and skinny than usual. We traded them 20 rations and Rufus agreed to take us. He gave directions to a house in the suburbs and said we could leave anytime.

fatherRufusAgain\_outcome3NoFood= Rufus's eyes lit up at the mention of food. Come to think of it, the boys of St Michael's are looking more sunken-eyed and skinny than usual. I felt a bit sheepish that we didn't actually have 20 rations to give, but Ludd jumped in and said he'd pay the rest. I guess he noticed the kids were hungry too.\n\nRufus agreed, gave directions to a house in the suburbs and said we could leave anytime.

fatherRufusAgain\_outcome3= I suggested Ludd offer the kids some corn and beets from the Luddie farms. Rufus's eyes lit up at the mention of food. Come to think of it, the boys of St Michael's are looking more sunken-eyed and skinny than usual. Ludd must have noticed too because he quickly agreed.\n\nRufus accepted the food, gave directions to a house in the suburbs and said we could leave anytime.

fatherInvestigate\_title= The Agbayani House

fatherInvestigate= Owen Ludd and I followed Rufus to his old house in the suburbs. The two of them argued the whole way. Ludd accused Rufus of being helpless without the Internet to tell him how to do everything. Rufus called Ludd a patchouli-reeking old technophobe. They finally shut up when we got there.\n\nRufus said he hasn't been back to this house in two years, but the front door was ajar and there were scuffling noises coming from inside. Who should enter first?

fatherInvestigate\_option1= Rufus - it's his house

fatherInvestigate\_option2= Ludd - this was his idea

fatherInvestigate\_option3= I'll go first

fatherInvestigateDoor= {1}\n\nInside, a terrified dog sped around the room twice, hesitated as it saw we were blocking the exit, then zipped out through our legs. We breathed a sigh of relief: no zombies.\n\nThe house was starting to go a little mildewy, but Dr Agbayani's office was fine. We found a laptop with the CDC logo but that was about it. On our way out I noticed Rufus staring out the window at a corner of the backyard.

fatherInvestigateDoorRufus= You got to hand it to that kid, he's brave as all hell. He pulled out a huge hunting knife, howled like a crazed beast and kicked the door wide open.

fatherInvestigateDoorLudd= Ludd readied his shotgun and carefully pushed the door open.

fatherInvestigateDoorMe= I took out my weapon, wondered again how the heck I'd been talked into this mission, then pushed open the door.

fatherInvestigateDoor\_option1= Talk to Rufus

fatherInvestigateDoor\_option2= Leave him alone

fatherInvestigateDoor\_outcome1= I didn't expect Rufus to say much, but he blurted out: "I buried him out there."\n\nHis dad had hung himself in the living room, probably thinking Rufus was dead. All his suicide note said was \_I'm sorry\_. Rufus said this was the story of his life: his mom died when he was young and his dad left him at boarding school while he flew around the world working on projects he couldn't talk about.\n\n"He always had that laptop with him" Rufus told me, "he probably loved that thing more than me." Let's get it powered at a workshop and see what's on it.

fatherInvestigateDoor\_outcome2= We're going to bring this laptop back so we can power it up at a workshop and find out what's on it.

fatherLaptop\_title= CDC Reserach

fatherLaptop= It was easy to power Dr Agbayani's laptop, but the CDC's security took time to bypass. Given enough time, anything can be cracked. Zombies know this; they'll smash at the same locked gate for a month if they smell meat on the other side.\n\nWe got Rufus and Ludd in for the unveiling. The kid looked fidgety. I think he's starting to believe Ludd's stories about his old man... that he created zombieism for the government and was planning to infect us from the start.\n\nWhat words should we search for first?

fatherLaptop\_option1= "origin", "creation", "weapon"

fatherLaptop\_option2= "laboratory", "location", "address"

fatherLaptop\_option3= "vaccine", "cure", "antiserum"

fatherLaptop\_option4= Continue...

fatherLaptop\_outcome1= We picked through cached emails and painfully technical research that went over our heads. One thing was clear: the government did not create this disease.\n\nDr Agbayani knew almost nothing about it at first, but spent the last months of his life frantically searching for a cure.

fatherLaptop\_outcome2= The doctor made several references to something called the Hope Infectious Disease and Viral Experimention Laboratory. It's north of here in a town called Hope, across the border in Canada.\n\nHe called it "our best chance for a cure" and pleaded with his superiors to let him share the American CDC research with the scientists there. They rejected him.

fatherLaptop\_outcome3= They never even got close to a cure. Dr Agbayani's emails grew increasingly frustrated, asking why they weren't sharing research with other countries. The answer was always "it's a matter of state security". His final email:\n\n"We can't fight this thing without help, so I'm going public with my research. I hope you can forgive me. I hope they all forgive us for failing."\n\nSo, Dr Agbayani was a good man. No wonder the government was looking for him after he shared their private research with the world.

fatherLaptop\_outcome4= Rufus was smiling through his tears by the end. His dad's desktop background was a picture of a younger, more innocent Rufus digging in the sand at the beach.\n\nLudd apologized but said this just proves it was China who created the disease.\n\nWe'll hold on to this research for now. It might turn out to be useful later.

fatherLaptop\_outcome4\_effect= Gained Dr Agbayani's research

fatherStarving\_title= Please sir...

fatherStarving= Rufus Agbayani and two other kids from St Michael's School for Boys came by our gates today. They looked badly malnourished. One of them was missing three of his front teeth, and I don't think those were baby teeth. Rufus apologized for not being honest earlier. The truth is they've scavenged all the food they can safely reach from their fort. The boys of St Michaels are starving.\n\nRufus was inspired by the Luddies' farming skills and wants to start a garden in the back field of their school. They came to see if we could help.

fatherStarving\_option1= Feed the boys and promise help

fatherStarving\_option2= Promise to send help if you can

fatherStarving\_option3= Tell the snot-nosed kids to take a hike

fatherStarving\_outcome1= The gap-toothed boy - I think his name was Curly - ate twice his weight in reconstituted mashed potatoes. Rufus was more solemn and respectful than I've ever seen him, but he pocketed extra bread rolls and deer jerky whenever he thought we weren't looking.\n\nWe agreed to bring the boys enough supplies to get their farm started. A shovel and ten loads of building material will do it. When we have enough, we should send someone over to St Michael's to deliver them.

fatherStarving\_outcome2= We agreed to bring the boys enough supplies to get their farm started. A shovel and 10 armloads of building materials should do it. When we have enough we should send someone over to St Michael's to deliver them.

fatherStarving\_outcome3= We can't just give everything we've worked so hard for away just because somebody asks nice. Those boys from St Michael's have to learn to do things for themselves if they want to survive.\n\nI know I'm right and someday they'll thank us for it, but it still stung when Rufus called me a \_fart-sniffing bubble butt\_. Punk!

fatherSupplies\_title= Delivered Farming Supplies

fatherSupplies= [We] met Rufus at St Michael's with the tools to build a farm in the boarding school's overgrown garden. The kids grabbed shovels and started digging holes in random places, obviously no clue what they were doing.\n\nI asked Rufus if they needed help. He got defensive said "Not from you. What the heck do \_you\_ know about farming?". I restrained myself from slapping the little goon.\n\nThen he had the nerve to ask if we could convince the Luddies to come teach them to farm.

fatherSupplies\_option1= Agree to talk to the Luddies

fatherSupplies\_option2= Tell him we'll think about it

fatherSupplies\_outcome1= Rufus looked relieved and said something like "Good, because the Luddies are the best farmers in [CityName], and St Michael's only has the \_best\_ teachers."\n\nI tell you I had to bite my lip this time to stop from smacking the twit.

fatherSupplies\_outcome2= Rufus said something sarcastic about not needing help from a bunch of old men anyway. He was defiant, but I caught the eye of one of the little ones who'd been listening in, his face already smeared with mud. His desperate, pleading expression convinced me we had to help these kids somehow.

fatherLuddiesTeach\_title= Teach a Kid to Farm

fatherLuddiesTeach= In Ludd's wood-paneled basement office we asked him to teach the boys at St Michael's a thing or two about growing their own food.\n\nLudd seemed sympathetic, or maybe he had indigestion from those weird black tomatoes-things they were growing outside. Said he'd like to help but they were already short-handed trying to keep their own walls from falling down. One of their best builders was out of commission with a gangrenous looking foot after stepping on a rusty nail.\n\n"I might be able to help if we had a medkit for him..." Ludd waggled his eyebrows meaningfully.

fatherLuddiesTeachAgain= I returned to Ludd to ask if he could teach the boys at St Michael's to grow their own food. He told me their injured builder had already lost his leg, but they could still use that medkit for next time.

fatherLuddiesTeach\_option1= Appeal to his good nature (75 respect)

fatherLuddiesTeach\_option2= Give him a medkit (medkit)

fatherLuddiesTeach\_option3= Come back later

fatherLuddiesTeach\_outcome1= Ludd finally relented and said he'd give the kids a few lessons himself, but only if they do exactly what they're told. He seemed to think I was keen to learn about farming too, and actually taught me a few tricks about natural pesticides that may come in handy.

fatherLuddiesTeach\_outcome2= I gave Ludd the medkit. He agreed to give the kids a few lessons himself, but only if they do exactly what they're told. He seemed to think I was keen to learn about farming too, and actually taught me a few recipes for natural pesticides that may come in handy. No chemicals, poisons or bovine growth hormone, just clean living.

fatherLuddiesTeach\_outcome3= We'll come back later with the medkit.

fatherDisaster\_title= School's Out

fatherDisaster= We heard a banging on our front gate and found Rufus there, covered in mud and out of breath. Seems one of the more clueless St Michael's kids took down a section of their fence to build a planter, and Zed poured through that hole just as soon as they found it.\n\nThere could be a hundred zombies in there now. It'd be dangerous to try to clear the school out, but we could at least rescue some of the boys. We don't have room for that many new mouths to feed, but the Luddies have plenty of food on their farm - maybe they'll adopt them.

fatherDisaster\_option1= Send soldiers to clear out the zombies (dangerous)

fatherDisaster\_option2= Safely rescue what kids we can

fatherDisaster\_option3= Tell Rufus this isn't our problem

fatherDisaster\_outcome1= You should have seen that kid's face light up. He told us he'd meet us there and hurried back. We've only got a few hours or maybe a day at best to gather a team and send them to St Michael's.\n\nDon't know if we're going to be able make it over to the school in time, but we're damn well going to try.

fatherDisaster\_outcome1\_effect= Mission available to Save St Michael's

fatherDisaster\_outcome2= We rounded up those boys who made it out of the school. Amazingly most of them did, so at least those kids were good at something: being neither seen nor heard.\n\nAround midnight the school caught fire and we watched it burn down. We took the kids to the Luddies' farm, where Owen said they could do with a few more hands. He made the kids toss their smart phones and gadgets - not that they could charge them anyway - but promised three square meals and sturdy walls.

fatherDisaster\_outcome3= Rufus snarled and called us yellow-bellies, then burst into frustrated tears and ran off into the night.\n\nAround midnight we saw smoke from the direction of St Michael's. As much as the kids hated that old brick building, they probably didn't want to be in it when it came down. Hopefully some of them got out alive...

fatherFight\_title= Bangarang!

fatherFight= We headed to St Michael's to kick those damn Zed out of the school like an old torch-and-pitchfork mob. I didn't expect our guys to take it so literally. Turns out spearing a zombie on a pitchfork then setting it on fire with a torch is quite effective.\n\nDespite the scorch marks, Rufus and the kids were so happy to have their school back that they declared us "Forever-Friends" on the spot and showered us with gifts. Rufus presented me with his favorite switchblade, a gift from his dad. Aw, shucks.

fatherFightExpired\_title= Failed St Michael's

fatherFightExpired= We couldn't save St Michael's School for Boys in time. The few kids that got out of there headed over to the Luddies, and I think they're all a little miffed at us for failing to help.\n\nNot sure what happened to Rufus... Last we saw was an explosion and the school roof collapsing in on itself. I wonder if that gutsy kid tried to take as many Zed as he could with him when he died.

fatherStray\_title= The Stray from St Michael's

fatherStray= [Name] caught someone raiding our food stores earlier today. When he tried to intervene, the thief stabbed [him] in the side and escaped. [Name] swears it was that Rufus kid from St Michael's, dressed in rags and growling like a possessed animal.\n\nI'd hoped the boy had survived the fire... I guess I'm glad to know he's alive out there somewhere. Maybe he'll find a way to start again someplace new.

fatherDenoument\_title= Old Grievances

fatherDenoument= Visited the Luddies farm and found Ludd and Rufus butting heads again.\n\nLudd was saying that relying too much on tech made people vulnerable and the reason they'd survived was 'cause they knew how to use their own two hands. Meanwhile Rufus was arguing that those hands were a lot more effective when they were using tools, and that's all tech was, an advanced tool.

fatherDenoument\_option1= Side with Rufus

fatherDenoument\_option2= Side with Ludd

fatherDenoument\_option3= Tell them they're both idiots

fatherDenoument\_outcome1= I told Ludd he should listen to the kid: there's nothing wrong with making the best use of what you can get. Rufus chuckled and gave me a fist bump, then slapped something into my hand - a little hand-crank radio. "Pops here just doesn't understand" he said and trotted off.\n\nLudd watched him go, annoyed, then his expression softened and he mouthed the word "Pops". I guess the guy's enjoying fatherhood, such as it is.

fatherDenoument\_outcome2= I told Rufus that Ludd has a point: fancy tech doesn't mean much when you've got a world like this where you don't got nothing to build it on.\n\nLudd threw me a heavy sack of potatoes and said I knew what I was talking about. He smiled that broad grin of his and ruffled Rufus's hair in a way that made the kid bristle. Rufus looked like he was about to say something sarcastic, then thought better of it and smiled too.

fatherDenoument\_outcome3= I told them they've both got a better chance to spot Zed coming if they got their heads out of their own backsides.\n\nThey looked a little taken aback... and then both of them broke into laughter. I think they're going to be alright.

fatherReward\_title= On Fathers

fatherReward= All this thinking about StMicheals and the Luddies, sons and fathers, has me remembering my own childhood.\n\nWe moved around a lot and it was sometimes hard to make friends.\n\nMy father was...

fatherReward\_option1= A proud military man

fatherReward\_option2= Never around when we needed him

fatherReward\_option3= Secretly a kindhearted softie

fatherReward\_outcome1= And of course mom was always there to patch up a skinned knee or chase off neighborhood bullies. She was pretty rad. \n\nBut she and dad never understood my true passion, my obsession as a child. What I really wanted to be when I grew up was...

fatherReward\_outcome1\_option1= A Police Officer

fatherReward\_outcome1\_option2= A Gangster

fatherReward\_outcome1\_option3= A Rockstar

fatherReward\_outcome1\_option4= Just myself

fatherReward\_outcome1\_outcome1= I used to play elaborate games of cops and robbers involving forensic evidence and criminal profiling. But my parents thought it was too dangerous a career and forbid me from joining the force. Soon life swept me away and I forgot my childhood dream.\n\nBut nothing's stopping me now, so what the hell. I'm going to study and train, and transform myself into [CityName's] first chief of police.\n\nI think if they were still around, mom and dad would understand... and I hope they'd be proud.

fatherReward\_outcome1\_outcome1\_effect= Gained the Police Officer perk

fatherReward\_outcome1\_outcome2= I wanted to live above the law, to control the city from the shadows. I'd have diamonds in my teeth and anybody who messed with me would wake up with a horse's severed head in their bed.\n\nWhen my fantasies got too specific, my mom sat me down and explained that real gangsters start at the bottom, and nearly all of them die or go to jail instead of getting rich and powerful. Eventually I forgot about it.\n\nBut... what the heck. I can be a gangster now if I want to. \_Say hello to my little friend!\_

fatherReward\_outcome1\_outcome2\_effect= Gained the Gangster perk

fatherReward\_outcome1\_outcome3= I had a drum kit and played in a high school band, but we weren't very good and honestly I didn't practice very much. One day we moved to a smaller house and my parents made me leave the drums behind... after that I just kind of forgot about music.\n\nBut... what the hell, it's never too late. I'm going to learn to play for real and become the rockstar I never was. I'm going to call our band \_Watermelon Iconoclast\_. It has a good ring to it.

fatherReward\_outcome1\_outcome3\_effect= Gained the Rockstar perk

fatherReward\_outcome1\_outcome4= They were always pressuring me to be somebody special, but I just wanted to stay a kid and have fun.\n\nI guess they were trying to prepare me for the competitive adult world. They just wanted me to be happy when I grew up and to know who I was and how I fit into the world.\n\nWell, mom, dad, I think I know who I am now. And though I might not be as happy as you'd hoped, I am proud of who I've become. I hope you would be too.

gangsRiffsStart\_title= Meet the Neighbors

gangsRiffsStart= I've never seen so many chiseled bodies as when I walked through the Granville Riffs heavily fortified compound the first time. It seemed like everyone from the biggest bruiser to the littlest old lady had a six-pack from all that martial arts training they do.\n\nHad a chance to meet with their lanky boss, Malik, while I was there. Told me that he'd be watching us. Keeping the Zed in-check was their first concern, but they wouldn't tolerate us causing any trouble like those damn bikers from the Last Judgment on the other side of town.

gangsRiffsStart\_option1= Tell Malik not to worry

gangsRiffsStart\_option2= Tell Malik to drop the act

gangsRiffsStart\_outcome1= Malik gave me a grim smile, and told me to let him know if we ever need help bringing down a few Zed, they could arrange to send a few guys over.

gangsRiffsStart\_outcome2= Malik just stared at me through those mirrored sunglasses without saying a word. After a couple of minutes I started to feel a little awkward and let myself out.

gangsJudgmentStart\_title= Meet the Neighbors

gangsJudgmentStart= The building at the center of the Last Judgment's base looked to be an old church, except the big neon sign above the door that read "The Sacrament" didn't quite fit. Surround by motor bikes, it looked more like a bar than a house of worship. Smelt like one too.\n\nInside a big fella wearing leather and half a dozen different gaudy crucifixes around his neck introduced himself as Father O'Grady. Offered me a beer and said he was looking forward to getting to know me. Hoped that I'd turn out to have bigger balls than those sneaky pajama wearers from the Riffs.

gangsJudgmentStart\_option1= Let O'Grady know you won't let him down

gangsJudgmentStart\_option2= Tell him your balls are bigger than his

gangsJudgmentStart\_outcome1= O'Grady slapped me on the back with a meaty hand, gave me an ugly grin and told me that he would hold me to that.

gangsJudgmentStart\_outcome2= O'Grady barked a short laugh which quickly turned into a sneer. Left me the beer and told me he'd be seeing me later.

gangsRiffsHelp\_title= Allies Needed, Inquire Within

gangsRiffsHelp= Was grabbed by Malik during my visit to the Riffs today. Told me that the Last Judgment gang was making it hard to keep the dead in the ground. Every one of the Riff's cleanup squads in the last week had been hit by the bikers as they went after the Zed.\n\nSaid he had a plan on how to stop the Judgment from attacking everyone, but they needed some help to get things in place.

gangsRiffsHelp\_option1= Agree to help

gangsRiffsHelp\_option2= Say you need to think about it

gangsRiffsHelp\_option3= Refuse to help

gangsRiffsHelp\_outcome1= Malik did a sort of bow thing, which I tried to do back without much success. He said that I honored him and asked if I would follow....

gangsRiffsHelp\_outcome2= Malik nodded and said that he understood, but hoped I'd decide soon. Each person he lost to an attack was likely going to end up another Zed shuffling through the city streets.

gangsRiffsHelp\_outcome3= Told Malik he'd have to find someone else. He just gave me that blank stare that he does. Did my best try and stare him back down, but it only works so well when all you can see is yourself reflected in those mirrored shades.

gangsRiffsHelp\_outcome1\_option1= Follow him...

gangsRiffsHelp2\_title= Allies Still Needed, Inquire Within

gangsRiffsHelp2= Ran into Malik again. He asked if I had decided if I was willing to lend them a hand in protecting their people yet.

gangsRiffsHelp2\_option1= Agree to help

gangsRiffsHelp2\_option2= Say you still need to think about it

gangsRiffsHelp2\_option3= Refuse to help

gangsRiffsHelp2\_outcome1= Malik did a sort of bow thing, which I tried to do back, without much success. Said that I honored him and asked if I would follow....

gangsRiffsHelp2\_outcome1\_option1= Follow him...

gangsRiffsHelp2\_outcome2= Malik just shook his head and sighed.

gangsRiffsHelp2\_outcome3= Told Malik he'd have to find someone else. He just gave me that blank stare that he does. Did my best try and stare him back down, but it only works so well when all you can see is yourself reflected in those mirrored shades.

gangsJudgmentHelp\_title= Allies Needed, Inquire Within

gangsJudgmentHelp= Was in the last Judgment church when Father O'Grady called me over to the pulpit from which he hands down his orders. I ended up letting it slip that the Riffs had been asking for my help .\n\nHe just chuckled at that and said that this wasn't the first time. The Granville Riffs were grabbing up all the best caches of supplies from round town and his fellas were starting to have to eat their boots to avoid going hungry.\n\nHe had a plan that would allow him to get rid of the Riffs once and for all, and told me he'd make it worth my while if I'd lend a hand.

gangsJudgmentHelp\_option1= Agree to help

gangsJudgmentHelp\_option2= Refuse to help

gangsJudgmentHelp\_outcome1= O'Grady slammed close the book in front of him. He told me I'd made the right choice as he ushered me into the rectory.

gangsJudgmentHelp\_outcome1\_option1= Follow him...

gangsJudgmentHelp\_outcome2= Told O'Grady that he'd have to find some other chump. He scowled at me and said I'd regret my actions sooner rather than later.

gangsRefusal\_title= On Your Own

gangsRefusal= Ever since I refused to help either side of Riffs/Judgment gang war, things look like they've just been getting worse between the two groups. It's going to be ever harder to avoid getting caught by a stray bullet or throwing star with us sitting right in the middle.

gangsRiffsPlan\_title= War Games

gangsRiffsPlan= Malik led me into the back office of his dojo which was lined wall-to-wall with all sorts of exotic edged weapons and I got the impression he knew how to use every one of them. He pulled out a map of the area and pointed out the old Crossroads Mall that the Riffs used to spend their down time at.\n\nIf we cleared it of Zed and built a few walls to keep any more coming in, it wouldn't be to hard to lure the Last Judgment in with the promise of the goods that all the little boutiques still held. And between us and the Riffs, we'd be able to let the air out of the Judgment's tires permanently.

gangsJudgmentPlan\_title= War Games

gangsJudgmentPlan= O'Grady's place was surprisingly clean, though that probably had more to do with the resigned looking woman in the French maid's outfit and the duster rather than any work on O'Grady's part.\n\nHe opened up a map of the local area and showed me the location of the Crossroads Mall that he said the Riffs used to consider their own. If we were to clean the Zed out and occupy it ourselves, the Riffs would be honor-bound to try and take it back, and then we'd have them.

gangsMall\_title= Hallowed Halls

gangsMall= The Crossroads Mall has seen better days. Squirrels climbing out of mannequins, birds nesting in the rafters, broken glass and withered plants everywhere. Still, hygiene standards hadn't changed much in the food court, even counting the skeleton we found in one of the deep friers.\n\nWe spent hours piling junk in front of doors, boarding up windows, and sweeping the glass and zombie giblets out of the halls. The Crossroads Mall is ready for the showdown.\n\nWe should let {1} know everything's ready.

gangsRiffsReady\_title= The One That Started It All

gangsRiffsReady= Malik bowed and brought down a nasty looking sword from the portrait of an older man. He explained the man had been head of the Riffs before Father O'Grady cut his life short. True, it hadn't been wise of his master to take on Last Judgment alone, but they'd insulted him by refusing to submit to the Riff's protection. So... this whole mess got started when the old master's power play went sour.\n\nMalik fingered the blade's edge and stared at the picture, then told me things were already in motion. Both gangs will meet at the mall tomorrow and sort this feud out once and for all.

gangsJudgmentReady\_title= The One That Started It All

gangsJudgmentReady= Father O'Grady jumped up to his pulpit and started rallying people around him.\n\n"The Riffs don't know it," he shouted, "but they're living their last hours. Soon they'll all be strung up and gutted for their sins, just like their old master when he came calling 'round. [CityName] will know the price of messing with the Last Judgment!"\n\nAfter the cheering died down he looked over and said he let the word out to the Riffs. Their honor required them to show up at the mall tomorrow where this feud would end once and for all.

gangsChoice\_title= Choosing Sides

gangsChoice= On the day of the fight a few of our guys set up on the roof of the mall. We spotted the Granville Riffs wearing plain black uniforms and armed to the teeth with bladed weapons making their way to one of the side doors. At the same time, it was hard to miss the roar of the Last Judgment's engines as they pulled up to the main entrance, loaded for bear.\n\nFrom our position looking down the sky lights onto the two gangs making their way through the dilapidated structure, both sides looked fairly equal in number. It wouldn't take more than a few shots from our guys to change that pretty fast.

gangsChoice\_option1= Attack the Granville Riffs

gangsChoice\_option2= Attack the Last Judgment

gangsChoiceBetrayal\_outcome1= Our guys opened up on the Riffs with the few bullets we had. From below Malik gave me a look that burned it's way straight through his shades and into my brain. I'm guessing I'm not long for this world if he ever gets his hands on me.

gangsChoiceBetrayal\_outcome1\_option1= Continue...

gangsChoice\_outcome1= The Last Judgment threw together a barricade from kiosks and tacky furniture. They laid into the Riffs with automatic weapons while we took pot shots from above. The Riffs darted from pillar to pillar and bore down on the Last Judgment. Their knives and shuriken sailed through cracks in the barricade with disturbing accuracy.\n\nFather O'Grady shouted encouragement to his congregation. With rosary beads wrapped around his fists, he held his own with the martial artists slipping past the barricade. He cracked skulls and broke bones of any who dared come within reach.

gangsChoice\_outcome1\_option1= Continue...

gangsChoiceBetrayal\_outcome2= Father O'Grady was swearing to high heaven when we turned our guns on the Last Judgment. I'll probably be the next one he tries to gut if he gets the chance.

gangsChoiceBetrayal\_outcome2\_option1= Continue...

gangsChoice\_outcome2= Even running straight into the lines of Judgment gang members, the Riffs showed no fear, and with a blur of motion and the song of steel as the blades passed through the air into flesh and bone, O'Grady's men began to fall.\n\nAll that fighting with the Zed must have taught Malik a thing or two about going for the neck, as he moved like a black guillotine through the Last Judgment's ranks, leaving a trail of headless corpses in his wake.

gangsChoice\_outcome2\_option1= Continue...

gangsInterruption\_title= A Rude Interruption

gangsInterruption= Just as things were coming to a head, there was a crash as the front doors of the Crossroads Mall caved inward and the Zed, probably lured by the noise and smell of blood, came barreling through and fell upon both sides.\n\nWe could either run for our lives and clean up the mall once everyone had finished eating one another, or use what little ammunition we had left to clear our allies a path out of there. We'd probably lose the mall, but they would stand a better chance of surviving the night.

gangsInterruption\_option1= Let them kill one another

gangsInterruption\_option2= Clear a path

gangsInterruption\_outcome1= It didn't take long before the two gangs realized their only chance was to team up to fight the horde. But even with the Riffs' steel and the Judgment's firepower, it was a rough fight.\n\nAs the last zed finally fell, O'Grady and Malik looked over what was left of their forces and seemed to decide there'd been enough killing for today. They silently gathered their remaining people together and headed their separate ways.\n\nNeither is very happy with us, but hopefully their bloodlust is sated now.

gangsInterruption\_outcome2= I sprinted down the fire escape as my guys fired at the approaching horde. Hitting the ground at full tilt, I grabbed a crowbar and wrenched the boards off a window near where the two gangs had been butting heads. In seconds there were {1} pouring out the new exit and we ran like the hounds of hell were on our heels.\n\nWe could barely breathe by the time we made it to safety and our hearts were beating so fast, but I think most of us made it out of there alive. Not so sure about {2}. We better head over to their base now and finish them off.

gangsJudgmentEnd\_title= Last of the Judgment

gangsJudgmentEnd= We stormed the Last Judgment base with help from the Granville Riffs. The Judgment were still hurting from the mall and didn't put up much of a fight, but as we neared the church there was a screech of tires and roar of an engine. Father O'Grady crashed out of the main doors on his massive white hog. Screaming obscenities, he blasted past us and away into the empty streets of [CityName].\n\nMalik thanked us for all our help and offered me the sword that had belonged to his master. He is honored to be our ally.

gangsRiffsEnd\_title= End of the Riffs

gangsRiffsEnd= O'Grady and the Last Judgment were already looting the Riff's dojo by the time we got there. They'd rushed in only to find it empty.\n\nWell, mostly empty. The first four guys to enter were discovered with their heads missing. They were lying in front of a blank wall which had once held the painting of the old master.\n\nNevertheless, Father O'Grady was in good spirits and even gave me one of his bikes as thanks. It's huge, white and covered with crosses... a bit gaudy for my tastes, but it'll get me around.

gangsReward\_title= On Leadership

gangsReward= The violence between the Riffs and Last Judgment has made me realize the value of having strong leadership that all sides will follow.\n\nBack before the outbreak, I was...

gangsReward\_option1= a staunch liberal

gangsReward\_option2= proudly conservative

gangsReward\_option3= Libertarian

gangsReward\_option4= not very interested in politics

gangsReward\_outcome1= But how can anything ever get done if we squabble over who gets to be in charge, and constantly undermine any decision the other side makes? There's no time for Red Team vs Blue Team politics these days.\n\nToday's leaders have to make decisions under pressure, and know that our people will respect them. I've decided to start taking my job as leader more seriously.\n\nI'm going to be...

gangsReward\_outcome1\_option1= a Politician

gangsReward\_outcome1\_option2= a Priest

gangsReward\_outcome1\_option3= a Pizza Delivery Driver

gangsReward\_outcome1\_option4= just a good person

gangsReward\_outcome1\_outcome1= A leader's most important job is to be loved. Or feared. At any rate, respected by the people they lead and by other groups they interact with.\n\nA good politician knows that job security is key. So long as the people are on your side, you can screw up all you want.

gangsReward\_outcome1\_outcome1\_effect= Gained the Politician perk

gangsReward\_outcome1\_outcome2= Religion is the opiate of the people. It's pretty cynical, but yeah... we haven't found a better way to control people in all the years of human history.\n\nIt provides an answer to everything, from "why are we at war?" to "why do you get more to eat than me?". God is the ultimate leader. Whoever gets to speak for Him has a hell of a lot of power.\n\nGood thing \_I'm\_ going to use it to help people!

gangsReward\_outcome1\_outcome2\_effect= Gained the Priest perk

gangsReward\_outcome1\_outcome3= Just kidding. Well not about being a pizza delivery driver; I'm serious about that. But I know it isn't going to make anyone look up to me or make me a better leader or anything.\n\nI just think that good leaders come from all walks of life. It's not something you can really be trained to do... you just have to be that person.\n\nSo I'm going to be that person, and also drive a sweet car and maybe chop the heads off of zombies as I cruise by them.

gangsReward\_outcome1\_outcome3\_effect= Gained the Pizza Delivery Driver perk

gangsReward\_outcome1\_outcome4= Being a good leader isn't about what skills you have, it's about being selfless and able to consider the needs and wants of a whole bunch of people. It's about empathy.

newyorkVisit\_title= The Granville Riffs

newyorkVisit= I peeked in one of the Riffs' hangar-sized warehouses today - it was packed to the brim! They've got everything from MREs to zip-ties. I asked Malik how they did it and waited while he studied me quietly.\n\n"No big deal for the baddest martial-artists this side of the world," he said. "We've been honing our qi for years, way before the infection. We're the best, so we get first pick of the goods."\n\nIt'll take diplomacy if we want some of their supplies. I'm not keen to fight a hundred sets of rippling muscles and fists of steel for it.

newyorkMessenger\_title= The New Yorker

newyorkMessenger= [Name] spotted a survivor in a Granville Riffs' karate outfit limping his way through the city. He had no meat on his bones and was delirious by the time [Name] brought him in.\n\nOnce he'd had a rest and some hearty pigeon stew, we learned he's not from [CityName] at all. He introduced himself as Jamal, from the original Granville Riffs dojo from New York. He'd come west with a message for Malik from his "sensei".\n\nWe pointed Jamal to the Riffs fort. He bowed deeply and said we should ask for a reward the next time we visit them.

newyorkBackstory\_title= News from New York

newyorkBackstory= It's hard to read Malik's stony expression, but I think I saw hints of surprise and pride that his dojo-brother Jamal had made the long journey from New York through such hostile territory.\n\nUnfortunately, the news he brought wasn't good. In the years since Malik and the others left, the remaining New York Riffs had been struggling to survive. Their sensei Cypress was ageing, and there was fierce competition and even fiercer undead in the big city. They'd been forced underground to the subway tunnels, a home unbefitting such a proud and once-strong clan.

newyorkBackstory\_option1= Offer your condolences

newyorkBackstory\_option2= Be indifferent

newyorkBackstory\_outcome1= Malik just grunted at he stared into the distance through his mirrored shades, which he still wore despite the dim lighting in their sparring hall.\n\nI guess they help him to hide his emotions, either because he thinks he's too tough to feel things, or because he doesn't want the rest of his people to see how worried he really is.

newyorkBackstory\_outcome1\_option1= Ask about a reward

newyorkBackstory\_outcome1\_option2= Leave

newyorkBackstory\_outcome2= I told Malik that it sucked to be them and shrugged. He just stared at me impassively and motioned to the guards to hold their positions. Given their expressions, I'm pretty sure they'd have broken at least a few of my ribs if he hadn't.

newyorkBackstory\_outcome2\_option1= Ask about a reward

newyorkBackstory\_outcome2\_option2= Leave

newyorkBackstory\_reward= Malik nodded to an enormous man who dropped a large ammo box in my arms. It was so heavy I could barely hold it. As I strained under the weight, Malik became suddenly talkative.\n\nHe explained that he and the other Riffs had been planning a trip to New York for some time, and this meant they had to leave soon. But it was a big trip. They had a caravan of trucks and mobile homes and plenty of supplies, but there was still much to do. They could use our help, he said.

newyorkBackstory\_reward\_option1= Agree to help

newyorkBackstory\_reward\_option2= Ask what's in it for us

newyorkBackstory\_leave= As I stood up to go, Malik became suddenly talkative.\n\nHe explained that he and the other Riffs had been planning to pack up and go back to New York for some time, and this meant they had to leave soon. But it was a big trip. They had a caravan of trucks and mobile homes and plenty of supplies, but there was still much to do. They could use our help, he said.

newyorkBackstory\_leave\_option1= Agree to help

newyorkBackstory\_leave\_option2= Ask what's in it for us

newyorkBackstory\_end= Malik either didn't hear me or didn't care. He continued.\n\nThey needed fuel for the trip - a lot of it. He pointed out three gas stations that might still have it. They also needed auto parts, spare tires and tools. Malik wrote down the names of two auto workshops in [CityName].\n\nSo we have 5 places to search. It's a lot of work, but Malik says the Riffs will repay us big-time if we do it all.

newyorkOffence\_title= Test of Might

newyorkOffence= Zombies. Every angle I looked at the gas station, all I could see was zombies. Picking their way past the two tanker trucks, crawling out of the ice cooler, sucking on the pipes... the station was covered in them.\n\nI really needed some way to get rid of the horde so I could load up one of the tankers and get that fuel back to the Riffs. As I saw it, I could try to lure them away, distract them by shooting one of the gas tankers, or just shoot zombies until the're all dead. Well, dead-er.

newyorkOffence\_option1= Lure the Zed away (uses Zombie Bait)

newyorkOffence\_option2= Blow up a tanker truck

newyorkOffence\_option3= Run in, guns blazing (defense skill)

newyorkOffence\_option4= Try again later

newyorkOffence\_outcome1= [We] set up one of our zombie lures in a nearby bus depot and those zed came running. It was actually so potent it started pulling in zed from other neighborhoods, and [we] almost ran into another group when trying to circle round the first.\n\nWith a bit luck (and a few mad sprints) [we] made it back to the gas station. [We] consolidated all of the fuel in one tanker and drove it carefully away from bus depot, which looked like it was hosting some sort of zombie rave by then.

newyorkOffence\_outcome1\_effect= Found fuel for the Riffs

newyorkOffence\_outcome2= And they say movie explosions aren't realistic. I tell you, [we] put a single bullet into the tank of that fuel truck and the whole place went sky-high. You must have been able to see it from a mile away.\n\nIt sure cleared out all the undead in the area (along with a few eyebrows), but unfortunately it burned away a lot of the fuel we were here to collect. We still managed to siphon what was left in the underground tanks though.

newyorkOffence\_outcome2\_effect= Found some fuel for the Riffs

newyorkOffence\_outcome3\_success= All that time out in the field killing zed sure paid off. [We] set up a barricade in the doorway of a nearby hotel and let the undead come to us.\n\nOne by one they fell, heads opened, brains covering the concrete. Not one made it past [our] kill zone. Once all the zed were dead or incapacitated, [we] took [our] time and collected all of the fuel in one tanker. As [we] drove it out of there, [we] crushed the last few zombie skulls under [our] tires.

newyorkOffence\_outcome3\_success\_effect= Found fuel for the Riffs

newyorkOffence\_outcome3\_fail= [Name] did [his] best, but there were just too many of them. Before long [he] was running for [his] life through the desolate city streets. None of the zed managed to get their teeth in [him], but he tore something while climbing over a barbed wire fence.\n\n[He]'ll probably need a few days recovery before [he]'s up and about, and a heck of a lot more training before [he] tries that again. Before the day was out those zed were back in that gas station though. Maybe if we could build some sort of zombie lure, it might be easier to lead them away than face them directly.

newyorkOffence\_outcome4= I looked at the weather and decided that today wasn't a good day to try anything quite this stupid.\n\nMaybe wait for a nicer day. Or a worse day. Or just any other day, for that matter.\n\nNext time we should send someone who knows a thing or two about fighting to clear these Zed out.

newyorkScavenge\_title= Test of Perception

newyorkScavenge= [We] had some trouble finding the car repair shop the Riffs had sent us to at first. Turns out it had been undergoing renovations when everything went down, and [we] hadn't realized that the pile broken roof panels, scaffolding and construction equipment [we]'d passed three times was the actual shop.\n\nMy instincts told me [we] could probably find usable parts somewhere in this mess, but I'm not sure how to get to them. [We] could pick through rubble by hands, but that might take awhile unless [we're] quite good at scavenging. Or there's a bulldozer [we] could try to use but it might just make a bigger mess.

newyorkScavenge\_option1= Dig through the wreckage (scavenging skill)

newyorkScavenge\_option2= Use the bulldozer

newyorkScavenge\_option3= Try again later

newyorkScavenge\_outcome1\_success= I guessed where the building's storage might be and set to work there. Using an old stop sign as both a shovel and lever to clear the heavier stuff, I dug through junk with surprising speed.\n\nI was a bit startled when I noticed something inside the pile digging it's way up towards me, but the stop sign also proved to make a surprisingly good ax when the zombie poked it's head out of rubble.\n\nCrawling past the now headless corpse, [we] scrambled through the tight passage and into the building where [we] found that the tables of the store room was still packed with parts and tools. Success! Hopefully this is what the Riffs need.

newyorkScavenge\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Found tools and car parts for the Riffs

newyorkScavenge\_outcome1\_fail= I dug through the junk pile for hours with no luck. I was so tired by the time night fell, I didn't notice something was wrong until a cold and inhumanly strong hand grabbed my shoulder.\n\nThey almost had [us] surrounded. There's nothing quite like adrenaline to get you up and going, and no better cardio routine than running from the undead. [We] made it back to the gates with them still on [our] tail. Unfortunately now they've massed up against our walls and are very excited about getting through them. Oops.

newyorkScavenge\_outcome1\_fail\_effect= Massed zombies spawned

newyorkScavenge\_outcome2= Someone had left the keys in the bulldozer's ignition and the machine still had plenty of juice.\n\nRevving the giant beast up, I plowed straight through the junk surrounding the site and into the building, promptly knocking over a load bearing wall and causing half the building to collapse in on itself.\n\nLooking through what was left of the wreckage, [we] did manage to find a few usable tools, but it looked like most of the stuff we came for was in the section of the building that collapsed.

newyorkScavenge\_outcome2\_effect= Found some tools for the Riffs

newyorkScavenge\_outcome3= [We] poked the pile with a stick a couple of times, but decided that this was more work than [we] [were] getting paid for.\n\nWe should probably send someone who knows a thing or two about scavenging to give that place another once over.

newyorkScience\_title= Test of Intellect

newyorkScience= The cars in this parking lot have been badly vandalized - headlights smashed, roofs caved-in, anarchy symbols spray-painted on the doors. Evidence of looters and vandals went nuts in the early days of the infection when it seemed the lack of law enforcement was only temporary.\n\nMany of the gas caps are off and there's sugar and 2 liter pop bottles about. There's still gas to siphon, but it's hard to tell what's tainted and how badly. [We] could try to engineer a solution, or just take it all and hope it still works.

newyorkScience\_option1= Use science (engineering skill)

newyorkScience\_option2= Just grab everything

newyorkScience\_option3= Try again later

newyorkScience\_outcome1\_success= It turns out that sugar doesn't dissolve in gasoline, so that whole thing about it caramelizing inside the engine and destroying it was just an urban legend. We simply siphoned off gas out of all the cars into large canisters, waited for the sugar to settle to the bottom, then siphoned again to remove it.

newyorkScience\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Found fuel for the Riffs

newyorkScience\_outcome1\_fail= [Name] came up with a few different ideas for how to get the sugar out or how to test if the gasoline would still work. After some inconclusive theorizing, [he] decided to test the gas by to lighting samples of it on fire.\n\nOn the bright side, our medics now have more experience treating second degree burns. But [Name] will be out of commission for a few days. We should probably send someone back there who knows a bit more about science in general. Or at least about proper safety procedures.

newyorkScience\_outcome2= [We] siphoned all the gasoline [we] could from all the cars and mixed it all together. Likely it's all contaminated now, and might destroy any engine you put it into after a few hours. Or maybe not, I mean, how could you know until you try?

newyorkScience\_outcome2\_effect= Found some fuel for the Riffs... maybe

newyorkScience\_outcome3= Next time we should send someone who knows a bit more about chemicals or science.

newyorkBuild\_title= Test of Craftsmanship

newyorkBuild= The main floor of Beth's Auto Repair had been cleaned out long before [we] made it there. The shelves were bare and the only cars left were total lemons. Above it was what looked like a hardware store, but the wooden stairs leading up to it were rickety as hell, and the platform between the stairs and the door was completely rotted through and wouldn't hold weight. [We]'d have to jump it.\n\nThere's also an elevator, but we'd need to power it.

newyorkBuild\_option1= Try to fix the stairs (building skill)

newyorkBuild\_option2= Jump it

newyorkBuild\_option3= Use the elevator (electricity)

newyorkBuild\_option4= Try again later

newyorkBuild\_outcome1\_success= A few extra joists on the staircase made it sturdy enough to climb, and the hood from one of the lemons worked as a temporary landing. It took [us] half an hour but [we] worked quiet enough to avoid attracting any zed.\n\nUpstairs, [we] found [ourselves] looking at a treasure trove of old and exotic car parts, and premium fluids needed for all sorts of collector's models. It took some time to go through the cataloging system that switched between English, German and Japanese, but I think [we] found some stuff the Riffs can use.

newyorkBuild\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Found parts for the Riffs

newyorkBuild\_outcome1\_fail= It would be charitable to call the stairs unstable. Treacherous would probably be more appropriate. [We] couldn't find any decent materials to rebuild them and made several trips back to the fort for supplies. When it seemed done, I took the first trip up them, and had to leap free when the entire structure collapsed under me.\n\nThis whole thing was a massive waste of time. If we try again, we should send somebody who knows a bit more about construction next time.

newyorkBuild\_outcome2= I felt like a tightrope walker edging my way up the shaky wooden stairs and across the gap. I made the jump pretty easily and felt good about myself, then looked back and realized [we]'d have to do it again while holding whatever [we] found inside.\n\nThere were plenty of car parts and tools in the store, but I only grabbed the lightest stuff, reasoning that my life wasn't worth risking for the rest.

newyorkBuild\_outcome2\_effect= Found some parts for the Riffs

newyorkBuild\_outcome3= The elevator hadn't been serviced in years, but it was a workhorse of a little machine and [we] got it up and running fast. The elevator door opened to reveal a desiccated corpse splayed on the floor with an assault rifle in one hand. While it looked like it hadn't moved in years, I still smashed the thing's head off to be sure.\n\nRiding the elevator up, [we] discovered a small horde of old vehicle parts. One filled trolley and jittery ride back down the elevator later, and [we] wheeled a cart load of parts home with a smile.

newyorkBuild\_outcome3\_effect= Found parts for the Riffs

newyorkBuild\_outcome4= Next time we should probably send someone with some construction skill who could build us a way up there.

newyorkLeadership\_title= Test of Leadership

newyorkLeadership= As [we] approached the gas station, the air filled with the obnoxious sound of revving motorcycle engines. A group of bikers had beaten [us] to the pump.\n\nThey were members of the Last Judgment Gang, using the station as a refueling stop while they were passing through. They called out: "Look what we have here. A little stray kitty crawling out of the alley. What can we do for you little alley cat?"\n\nOutnumbered, I tried to think of how I could convince them to give [us] the gas. An outright lie? The truth? Or just try and stall them and hope they lost interest?

newyorkLeadership\_option1= Lie about a bigger supply elsewhere

newyorkLeadership\_option2= Tell them the truth (75 respect)

newyorkLeadership\_option3= Stall for as long as you can

newyorkLeadership\_option4= Get out of there

newyorkLeadership\_outcome1\_success= I asked them why they were here in this crappy gas station when there was a full reservoir of Premium Super Gold Star Plus at the Exxor station across town.\n\nThe Judgment boys were skeptical at first, but I exhorted them to take advantage of oxygenation, better fuel efficiency and scrubbing bubbles that cleaned your engine while you drove, until they either believed me or got sick of me and left.\n\nThe instant they turned the corner, [we] filled every canister [we] could find and got out of there. Don't want to be around when they learn they'd been had.

newyorkLeadership\_outcome1\_success\_effect= Found fuel for the Riffs

newyorkLeadership\_outcome1\_fail= [We] did [our] best to sound convincing, but the Last Judgment just weren't buying it. They're settled in there good, at least for now. We might try again, but should send someone better at negotiations and leadership.

newyorkLeadership\_outcome2\_success= The bikers started to raise weapons at the mention of the Riffs, but [we] plowed forward, explaining that the Riffs were planning on leaving town once they had the gas, and that after they left, [CityName] would be a playground for anyone left...\n\nThe leader chuckled. "That's not a bad idea, little kitty. This city would be a lot more fun without those bastards showing up round every corner. You grab the gas you need."\n\nBefore they could change their minds [we] grabbed a couple full tanks and headed out. My heart didn't leave my throat until [we] [were] back inside our walls.

newyorkLeadership\_outcome2\_success\_effect= Found fuel for the Riffs

newyorkLeadership\_outcome3= Throwing on all the charm I could, I began to run through an impromptu stand up routine, using such classics as: "What does a vegetarian zombie eat? Grains!" and "Why didn't the zombie cross the road? Because he'd lost his guts!".\n\nAnd... it worked. Apparently [we]'d found the only bikers ever who liked bad puns. They kept chuckling until they'd finished filling up and drove off, saying "See ya later, funny cat!" They'd taken a lot of the gasoline, but there was still a bit left which [we] siphoned off into a canister. I hope the Riffs appreciate everything we're doing for them.

newyorkLeadership\_outcome3\_effect= Found some fuel for the Riffs

newyorkLeadership\_outcome4= [We] decided the best strategy was to turn and pretend the bikers didn't exist. Fortunately for [us], while they shouted a few more catcalls, the Last Judgment boys were too busy collecting the gas to bother with chasing a stranger down.\n\nNext time we should send someone a little more diplomatic. If there is even any gas left by then.

newyorkLeave\_title= Return to New York

newyorkLeave= I thought I saw a faint smile on Malik's lips when I came through the gate with the last of the stuff. "You have passed my trials most adequately" he told me.\n\nI asked him what trials he was talking about. We just collected some fuel and stuff for them! He explained that before he could leave, he had to make sure that whoever took over protection of [CityName] would be strong, smart and resourceful enough to handle it. So Malik had chosen five places too dangerous to bother scavenging, and sent us there to test us.

newyorkLeave\_option1= Yell at Malik

newyorkLeave\_option2= Bite your tongue

newyorkLeave\_success= Malik once again ignored me. We saw the Riffs off on their journey eastward, then looked around their base to see what we'd inherited.\n\nIt turns out the Riffs really had thought we'd done a good job I guess, because they left us a bunch of weapons as well as plenty of food, ammo and materials. I'm glad we did our best on these "trials" to be honest, even if it was a bit overdramatic.

newyorkLeave\_success\_effect= Acquired the Granville Riff's base

newyorkLeave\_fail= Malik once again ignored me. We saw the Riffs off on their journey eastward, then looked around their base to see what we'd inherited.\n\nWell, not a lot really. Perhaps we aren't the "chosen ones" after all, or Malik thought we did a half-assed job of those trials. They didn't leave many supplies for us, but at least we got their territory. I just hope we have enough people to hold it all.

newyorkLeave\_fail\_effect= Acquired the Granville Riff's base

newyorkReward\_title= On Discipline

newyorkReward= I have a lot of respect for Malik and the Riffs. They're focused, they work hard, and they're damn good at what they do. I hope we manage to fill their shoes now that they've gone back to New York.\n\nWhat I've learned from our time with the Riffs is...

newyorkReward\_option1= enforcing justice is a noble cause

newyorkReward\_option2= training hard is the key to success

newyorkReward\_option3= swords are cool

newyorkReward\_option4= not much, actually

newyorkReward\_outcome1= The Riffs considered themselves the police of [CityName]. They didn't always make the rules, but they'd uphold them no matter what.\n\nIt's a pretty honorable thing, being a cop, separating the good guys from the bad, sworn to defend civilians from the dark parts of their own hearts.\n\nCould be I've found my calling.

newyorkReward\_outcome1\_effect= Gained the Police Officer perk

newyorkReward\_outcome2= As Malik would say, improving oneself through training and study is a lifelong endeavor.\n\nYou never stop learning.\n\nThat's what he taught me. Body, mind and spirit, we have to keep making them better. Especially your mind as you get older. I'm going to devote more time to studying and learning new things from now on.

newyorkReward\_outcome2\_effect= Gained the College Student perk

newyorkReward\_outcome3= Swords are the best. Also cars. And pizza. Well, at least you can still find the first two of those things around.

newyorkReward\_outcome3\_effect= Gained the Pizza Delivery Driver perk

newyorkReward\_outcome4= Eh, Malik has more ego than brains, I think. He can intimidate people with his muscles and stupid mirrored shades, but what does he really \_know\_?\n\nKarate? That's a kid's sport. Discipline's good for mindless soldiers, but survivors need to think for themselves if they want to stay alive.

farmersIntro\_title= Meet Mr.Bucket's Meat

farmersIntro= Met Franky "The Slop" Bucket at his walled off farm today. Covered in mud from his battered hat to his rubber boots, he sure looked like a pig farmer.\n\nHe boasted that when the dead started rising, keeping them outside his big stone walls was nothing compared to keeping his pigs in the pen come feeding time. Told me that if we ever needed food to keep us going, that we should just to give him a holler. "This here's hard to beat - hell, might be the \_only\_ meat yer gonna find for sale in [CityName]."\n\nI didn't shake his hand goodbye.

farmersTruckSpotting\_title= The Entertainer

farmersTruckSpotting= We spotted a couple survivors running from Zed from a distance. Just when it looked like they were going to be eaten, an old "Frozen Joy" ice cream truck pulled up between them and the zed, a tinny version of "The Entertainer" tinkling from it's rusted speakers.\n\nShotgun blasts painted the street in zombie guts and ichor. The survivors spoke to someone inside the van, then they hopped in and rode off.\n\nYou know what they used to say about getting into strange vans...

farmersMissing\_title= Missing Person

farmersMissing= [Name] has gone missing. All we know is, [he]'d heard some music playing from outside the walls and went to investigate, but didn't come back.\n\nThere weren't any Zed around at the time, but [Name2] thought [he2] caught a glimpse of that "Frozen Joy" ice cream truck driving off. We'll need to find that truck if we want to know what happened. Maybe the other factions around here will know something.

farmersLuddies1\_title= Missing Person Investigation

farmersLuddies1= When I hit the Luddies encampment, "King" Ludd was fixing a big water distiller. "Needs to be 110% pure to eliminate the mind-control chemicals." When I looked skeptical he explained: "The government used to release them from weather balloons and passenger jets."\n\n"See up there," he pointed to what looked like a harmless cloud, "the chemtrails are still in the atmosphere, and they're filling the rain with dangerous toxins. You can't take any chances with those toxins."

farmersLuddies1\_option1= Ask about our missing person

farmersLuddies1\_option2= Ask about the ice cream van

farmersLuddies1\_outcome1= Ludd said he hadn't seen [Name] and that they certainly had nothing to do with [his] disappearance. He did have a theory though.\n\n"Those cultists, The Chosen Ones, they've been having a drive for new members recently. They're always looking for fresh people to join their crazy zombie-worshiping religion, and we've lost a few survivors to them. I don't know how those nutters could possibly believe such crazy crap...." He went back to nervously eyeing the clouds overhead.

farmersLuddies1\_outcome2= I could tell Ludd recognized the van's description, but he kept changing the subject back to his toxic cloud theory. I had to listen to another half hour of conspiracy nonsense before he fessed up.\n\n"That ice cream van was ours," he admitted, "we used to use the loudspeakers to distract zombies on scavenging runs."\n\nI was about to accuse him of kidnapping when Ludd put his finger up to silence me. I was worried he was pointing to the clouds again. "But, " he said, "we don't have it anymore."

farmersLuddies1\_outcome2\_option1= Who has the van now?

farmersLuddies1\_outcome2\_outcome1= Ludd explained that the Luddies hadn't always been strict vegetarians. In the early days of the infection he'd teamed up with a man named Farmer Bucket. They'd raised chickens and pigs, though Ludd himself never ate meat, because "you could never be sure what sort of dangerous hormones it might be pumped full of".\n\nThis difference in ideology came to a head one bad winter when food was scarce. Farmer Bucket split off with some others to start the Pig Farmers.\n\nThey took that old van with them when they left, so Ludd suggested we go ask them about it.

farmersCult\_tile= Missing Person Investigation

farmersCult= The area near the Church of the Chosen Ones compound was surprisingly Zed-free. I chatted with Cassandra Starr, who spoke in a voice so calm and serene you'd think she'd just had a twelve-hour massage. She was happy to answer my questions, although she kept offering me a free "What type of Zombie will you become?" personality test.\n\nShe didn't know anything about our missing person, but when I asked her about ice cream trucks she nodded. She said they regularly bought food from a truck like that, from one of the factions who had a big farm nearby.

farmersCult\_option1= Ask if it was the Luddies

farmersCult\_option2= Ask if it was the Pig Farmers

farmersCult\_outcome1= Cassandra shrugged and said she wasn't sure. She told me that despite their ravings about government conspiracies and invisible dangers, the Luddies have some of the greenest thumbs in [CityName]. They also had an easier time trading than some other groups as the Zed didn't seem too interested in attacking caravans carrying nothing but pallets of brussels sprouts.\n\nThey might know more about the ice cream van.

farmersCult\_outcome2= Cassandra smiled with a set of perfect teeth and told me the Pig Farmers always had the best meats. Their deliveries of bacon, ham and pork came regularly and were of the highest... "quality".\n\nI'll admit, the way you could almost see the quotation marks around way she said "quality" creeped me out a bit.\n\nShe couldn't remember if the van was theirs, but maybe we should ask the Pig Farmers about the van next.

farmersFarmers\_title= Missing Person Investigation

farmersFarmers= Judging from the mud stains, Farmer Bucket hadn't made any attempt change his clothes or wash since our last meeting. I told him that one of our people had gone missing and asked him if he had seen any ice cream trucks on the roads.\n\nHe shrugged and said he didn't know anything about any ice cream trucks, and suggested I try checking with somebody else. He said most people around here were "friendly sorts, if'n you talk to 'em right".

farmersFarmers\_option1= Ask about the Chosen Ones

farmersFarmers\_option2= Ask about the Luddies

farmersFarmers\_option3= Insist about the ice cream truck

farmersFarmers\_outcome1= Farmer Bucket smiled when I mentioned the Church. He said they were some of his best customers.\n\nHe said they've pretty much given up trying to defend themselves from the Zed, so they're trading their weapons and barricade material to Farmer Bucket for next to nothing.\n\n"Them likes the odd cuts, " he drawled, "they take almost anything, but they specially ask for intestines and such. Guess they make their own sausage o'er there."

farmersFarmers\_outcome2= Bucket sighed and told me they didn't get along with the Luddies so much. Nice enough fellas, but too paranoid. The two groups had worked together early on after the dead had started to rise, but they'd split one winter after one disagreement too many.

farmersFarmers\_outcome3= Farmer Bucket clammed right up when I pushed the issue of our missing person and the suspicious ice cream truck. He told me he wasn't interested in talking any more and it was time I get off his property.\n\nI wanted to stay and search the farm, but seeing the shotguns his boys were packing, it seems like a better idea to just go. If we're going to come back and do some poking around, we'll have to find a secret way in.

farmersSneak\_title= Sneaking Past the Piggies

farmersSneak= After some surreptitious searching, we found a house next to the Pig Farmers' compound whose cellar was dug right under their big stone walls. Lucky!\n\nWe waited until dark, then broke through and came up into a damp storehouse inside their fort. It used to be full of sacks of seed and grain but even the rats had given up finding anything to nibble.\n\nWe opened the doors a crack and saw three major buildings in the distance: an old stable close to the main gate, a rustic farmhouse, and a long pig barn in the back of the compound.

farmersSneak\_option1= Investigate the stable

farmersSneak\_option2= Investigate the farmhouse

farmersSneak\_option3= Investigate the pig barn

farmersStable\_title= This Piggy Went To Market

farmersStable= We made it into the old stable without any trouble. The couple of guys watching the gate were more interested in what was going on outside to notice anything happening inside the compound.\n\nInside there were a few old tools resting underneath some impressive cobwebs, and a serviceable if slightly rusted "Frozen Joy" ice cream truck.\n\nWe took a quick look in the truck, but it was empty aside from a couple of deep freezes, stagnant water and old popsicle wrappers. We couldn't find the keys, so we decided to move on before anyone found us.

farmersStable\_option1= Investigate the farm house

farmersStable\_option2= Investigate the pig barn

farmersHouse\_title= This Little Piggy Stayed Home

farmersHouse= As we neared the house we could see a few lights on and heard muffled laughter from inside. From the smell of something cooking, it looked like they were having a big barbecue of some sort.\n\nWe couldn't get too close without being spotted, but at least we knew most of the Pig Farmers were busy. We'll have to look elsewhere until everyone settles down for the night.

farmersHouse\_option1= Investigate the stable

farmersHouse\_option2= Investigate the pig barn

farmersPigbarn\_title= This Little Piggy Had None

farmersPigbarn= We crept through the side doors of the massive barn, trying not to wake any beasts within. It turned out there was no need; there was a total lack of anything pig-shaped inside. From the rusted troughs and bone dry earth in the stalls, nothing had been living there for awhile.\n\nThere were plenty of footprints though, so we followed those deeper into cavernous barn. We passed stall after empty stall, gates falling off their hinges, the cobwebs getting so thick it looked like the spiders were trying to communicate.\n\nThe footprints headed out a side exit and up a ramp to an unlit concrete building.

farmersPigbarn\_option1= Walk up the ramp

farmersSlaughterhouse\_title= This Little Piggy

farmersSlaughterhouse= The smell of blood and offal hit us at the top of the ramp. We had entered the slaughterhouse.\n\nFrom the light filtering through the high windows, we could see bloodstains caking the runoffs all over the walls. Chains and curved hooks hung from the rafters, jingling slightly in the breeze. Large knives lined the walls near the butchers blocks.\n\nOff to the side we could see two large freezer doors. There was a scratching noise coming from the one on the left.

farmersSlaughterhouse\_option1= Open the right door

farmersSlaughterhouse\_option2= Open the left door

farmersSlaughterhouse\_outcome1= A waft of cold air blew past us as we opened the door and looked into the room beyond. Silent forms dangled from meathooks along the ceiling and walls.\n\nThe carcasses were badly mangled and partially skinned, so it took a us awhile to realize the shapes on the hooks didn't quite look like pigs. They were leaner. They had hands. And feet.\n\nRetching, I turned and groped at a nearby wall to steady myself. I hit the handle of the left freezer door by accident....

farmersSlaughterhouse\_outcome1\_option1= Continue...

farmersSlaughterhouse\_outcome2= The door swung open and our missing survivor, [Name], fell out onto the floor. Inside the freezer other captives slumped and started vacantly at nothing.\n\n[We] lifted [Name] to a sitting position and tried to get [him] to focus. [He] blinked blearily for a second then shouted: "They're cannibals! They don't eat pigs, they eat people! The pork is people!!"\n\nAt that moment the green fluorescent lights of the slaughterhouse suddenly flickered to life. [We] turned to find Farmer Bucket standing behind [us], a shotgun aimed at my head.

farmersSlaughterhouse\_outcome2\_option1= Continue...

farmersDiscovery\_title= Soylent Green

farmersDiscovery= When Farmer Bucket saw [Name] next to [us], he sighed. "Yuss", he admitted, "our meat ain't made of pigs no more since they's all dead. Yuss, it's people meat... but only bad ones!"\n\nHe said the Pig Farmers only took people who attacked them first. Raiders, thieves, and murderers who preyed on the weak. [Name] was an accident; [he]'d seen too much and they were just holding [him] until they figured out how to explain the situation.\n\nHe offered [us] a deal. If [we] agree to keep [our] [p|mouth|mouths] shut, [we] could walk off the farm then and there.

farmersDiscovery\_option1= Agree to stay quiet

farmersDiscovery\_option2= Fight our way out

farmersAgreement\_title= Soylent Green

farmersAgreement= [Name] wasn't happy about it, but we shook hands with Farmer Bucket and agreed to keep his secret safe. He thanked us and even gave us some old farming tools they didn't need.\n\nAs we were leaving, [Name] asked about the other guys in the meat locker. Bucket said we could take them too, if we wanted, but he wouldn't advise it. They were "bad folks" and "scum who ain't good for nuthin' but the meat on they bones".

farmersAgreement\_option1= Take the other 3 prisoners with us

farmersAgreement\_option2= Leave the other 3 prisoners behind

farmersAgreement\_outcome1= While they still seemed a bit dazed from living in a meat locker for weeks, they were grateful for the freedom and agreed to join our crew.

farmersAgreement\_outcome2= [Name] was upset about leaving the others in Farmer Bucket's clutches, but [he]'ll get over it.

farmersFight\_title= Soylent Green

farmersFight= I edged back to the table with the knives on it while Bucket drawled on about eating murderers. I felt behind me for a handle then flung it directly at him. Bucket looked down at the cleaver lodged in his gut, stunned, then raised his shotgun and started blasting.\n\nThe other prisoners from the freezer came out of their daze and rushed him, clawing and screaming. That's our signal to go!

farmersFight\_option1= Take the other 3 prisoners with us

farmersFight\_option2= Leave the other 3 prisoners behind

farmersFight\_outcome1= While they still seemed a bit dazed from living in a meat locker for weeks, they were grateful for the freedom and agreed to join our crew.\n\nWe got the hell out of there as fast as we could. We were lucky to escape the compound unharmed, especially [Name] who went out of [his] way to kill several other farmers as revenge.

farmersFight\_outcome1\_option1= The next day...

farmersFight\_outcome2= [Name] was upset about leaving the others, but [he]'ll get over it.\n\nWe got the hell out of there as fast as we could. We were lucky to escape the compound unharmed, especially [Name] who went out of [his] way to kill several other farmers as revenge.

farmersFight\_outcome2\_option1= The next day...

farmersFightNextDay= We spotted a convoy of trucks leaving from the Pig Farmer's fort, headed by the infamous "Frozen Joy" ice cream truck. We were worried they were coming our way for revenge, but they made for the highway instead and left town.\n\nI'm still not sure if Farmer Bucket survived or not, but it looks like they didn't think it was a good idea to stick around in [CityName] now that their secret is out.\n\nThey left their gates open when they left, allowing a stampede of Zed to repopulate the place.

farmersMistake\_title= The Three Little Piggies

farmersMistake= In hindsight we shouldn't have let those prisoners from the Pig Farmers join us. They drank through half our liquor supply, left a gate open, and stabbed [FormalName] in a fight over some purple horse doll.\n\nI was heading over to talk with them when I heard them arguing over that doll again. There was a shot, then a moment later two more. Looks like they killed each other after a three-way Mexican standoff.\n\nWe've lost [a] [square] and [Name] needs time to recover.

farmersReward\_title= On Summer Jobs

farmersReward= This ugly business with the Pig Farmers brought back memories of a summer job I once took, working for a local farm. I had these romantic ideas of farm life being healthy and natural, getting fresh air and being in touch with nature.\n\nInstead I spent 8 hours a day shoveling and spreading cow manure.\n\nTo amuse myself, I...

farmersReward\_option1= Listened to loud angry music on my headphones

farmersReward\_option2= Played poop-related pranks on the farm owners

farmersReward\_option3= Communed with the cows

farmersReward\_outcome1= After that I vowed I'd never work on a farm again, but who could have guessed farming would become such an important part of our lives again?\n\nAnyway, my next summer was much better. I...

farmersReward\_outcome1\_option1= Worked as a Shop Clerk

farmersReward\_outcome1\_option2= Did Construction Work

farmersReward\_outcome1\_option3= Learned to Program

farmersReward\_outcome1\_option4= Lay around and did nothing

farmersReward\_outcome1\_outcome1= All my friends came by to hang out at the corner store where I worked that summer. We talked about our favorite movies and stuff and basically nothing happened. Pretty much the plot to the movie Clerks.

farmersReward\_outcome1\_outcome1\_effect= Gained the Shop Clerk perk

farmersReward\_outcome1\_outcome2= We built decks and refinished kitchens for big houses in the suburbs. I only put a nail through my hand \_once\_, and it wasn't my fault.

farmersReward\_outcome1\_outcome2\_effect= Gained the Construction Worker perk

farmersReward\_outcome1\_outcome3= I did some amateur coding, made websites for local businesses and wrote a video game with a couple friends. None of it really took off, but I learned a lot in the process.\n\nSure, programming isn't a real relevant skill anymore. Hopefully it will be again someday...

farmersReward\_outcome1\_outcome3\_effect= Gained the Programmer perk

farmersReward\_outcome1\_outcome4= Nothing better than a real summer vacation. Going to the lake with my buds, staying up late every night, and most of all lying on the couch with absolutely no responsibilities in the world.\n\nGod, how I envy that younger me right now.

superCapturedZed\_title= Rank and Vile

superCapturedZed= I'd just finished negotiations with Senator Davis and was leaving her office as two soldiers wheeled a live zombie past on a gurney. The creature fought against the straps holding it down, grotesquely sawing them into its own skin.\n\nAn older woman in a lab coat followed them. She gave us a tired smile then stopped to consult her clipboard. As the zombie was rolled away I could have sworn it snarled something in English, something like "Damn dirty apes!"

superCapturedZed\_option1= Ask Davis about the zombie

superCapturedZed\_option2= Ask older woman about the zombie

superCapturedZed\_outcome1= Davis shuffled the papers on her desk and said something dismissive about soldiers needing target practice. I suggested they could just fire at Zed over the wall without needing to capture them alive (dead? undead?). This got a snort out of the woman in the lab coat. "That'd sure make \_my\_ job easier!" she joked.\n\nThe senator glared at both of us. "The soldiers need controlled conditions, " she said. "Now if you'll excuse us, I have something to discuss with Dr. Whyte here, which is \_also\_ none of your business, citizen."

superCapturedZed\_outcome2= The woman introduced herself as Dr. Whyte. When I asked about the Zed, she perked up, saying "It's fascinating. It's virtually a new species. These ones seem almost...", before Senator Davis cooly stepped between us.\n\n"This is classified information Dr. Whyte, " she said. "Not something average citizens need to know."\n\nTo avoid any further "distractions", the senator ordered a soldier to escort [us] out.

superRunner\_title= The Running Dead

superRunner= We were on the way home from a mission over near the Government base when I caught sight of a head peering out at us from behind a wall. Between the sunken eyes, patchy hair, and missing jaw, it looked distinctly unfriendly.\n\nHowever when we raised our weapons, instead of running at us teeth first like your usual Zed, it turned and bolted down a side street.

superRunner\_option1= Chase it down

superRunner\_option2= Let it go

superRunner\_outcome1= We ran after it, but even with its limp, the thing was surprisingly fast. We lost sight of it after it darted into a nearby McNoodles.\n\nI followed it in, but after slipping on an old take out container, I found I needed a minute to just lie on the floor and watch the broken ceiling fan turn slowly in the breeze. Then a shadow stepped over me and reached out a hand to help me up...

superRunner\_outcome1\_option1= Take the hand

superRunner\_outcome2= Weird that it would run off like that... but I didn't think it was worth the risk to chase after it through the city. We left it be. So we were surprised as hell when we rounded a corner two blocks later and the creature was standing there like it had been waiting for us.

superRunner\_outcome2\_option1= See what it wants

superRunnerTalk= "Uh... hi," said the zombie slowly. "I'm... I'm Two-Arms... Two-Arms Reginald."\n\nTurns out he wasn't a zombie, but a member of the Rotten, and he'd managed to catch the disease and live... sort of. His skin was coming off in patches, his jaw was mostly missing, and though he did indeed have two arms, one of them had fallen off and was tied to his side.\n\n"I thought... you were the Government." he said. "They're out... out... to get us. Ask Jesse. Jesse.... will tell you."\n\nWe let the odd fellow go.

superVisit\_title= Trash Heap Blues

superVisit= When [we] met with Jesse, he told [us] a story of a young girl who'd been bitten and locked in a closet by her parents who didn't have the heart to kill her. Jesse found her three weeks later, terrified, half-mad, but still alive.\n\n"The disease changes us, " he said. "But our hearts still thump and our heads still think... well mostly. "\n\n"So it's an insult to my kin that someone's been snatching us Rotten. Taking folks away, young and old. Care to wager who's doing it?"

superVisit\_option1= Guess the Government

superVisit\_option2= Guess the bogeyman

superVisit\_option3= It's none of my business

superVisit\_outcome1= "Bullseye!" said Jesse. "The Rotten are tougher than a two-dollar steak, and the Government's experimenting on us to find out why. The last fella they picked up was our engineer Chucklin' Chuck. He had plans to secure this subway and stop the Government raids for good, but they snagged him before he got started."\n\nJesse's offering a reward for Chuck's safe return, but he warned that the Government wouldn't take lightly to interference, especially if they thought we were working with the Rotten.

superVisit\_outcome2= Jesse chuckled. "Close enough. It's those play-acting sheriffs from the Government. They're testing on us, experiments and such." He shook his head. "The last fella they picked up was Chucklin' Chuck our engineer. He had plans to wall off our place and stop the Government raids for good, but they snagged him before he got started."\n\nJesse's offering a reward for Chuck's safe return, but he warned that the Government wouldn't take lightly to interference, especially if they thought we were working with the Rotten.

superVisit\_outcome3= Jesse sighed. "When the Government starts raiding you next, will it still be none of your business?"\n\n"They're experimenting on us, it ain't humane. The last fella they picked up was Chucklin' Chuck our engineer. He had plans to wall off our place and stop the Government raids for good, if they hadn't snagged him."\n\nJesse's offering a reward for Chuck's safe return, but he warned that the Government wouldn't take lightly to interference, especially if they thought we were working with the Rotten.

superChoice\_title= Picking Sides

superChoice= This is awkward. During [our] meeting with Senator Davis, she asked if we'd seen any strange zombies in the city... zombies who could talk and use tools. She must mean the Rotten, who say the Government has been kidnapping and experimenting on them.\n\nThis is our chance to find out what happened to "Chucklin' Chuck"... or we could help the Government by telling them what we know about the Rotten's fort and leader.

superChoice\_option1= Ask about Chuck

superChoice\_option2= Tell her about the Rotten

superChoice\_outcome1= Davis gave a sour look when I mentioned the captured Rotten.\n\n"Chapter 3, Article 8b of the UN Charter states that any individuals infected by zombieism are no longer classified as human and retain no rights or privileges as such."\n\nI tried to press the matter but she shut me down with words like "Classified", "Confidential", and "Restricted". I guess we aren't going to learn any more from her.

superChoice\_outcome1\_option1= Look elsewhere...

superChoice\_outcome2= "You actually spoke with them?" this clearly stunned Senator Davis. "How many were there? Where is the main entrance to their camp? Have you filled out an incident report?"\n\nShe called in a secretary to take detailed notes on our experiences with Jesse and the Rotten. I noticed she consistently referred to them as "zombies". Jesse wouldn't approve.

superChoice\_outcome2\_option1= Continue...

superShiona\_title= Bright Eyes

superShiona= We tracked down Dr. Whyte, who seemed to know something about the zombies being held here.\n\n"Oh my yes, " she gushed. "We're making wonderful progress in our experiments with the Rotten. They don't need to eat and their cutaneous receptors no longer react to pain or heat, yet they still score well on the Hopkins manual dexterity test. It's as if their bodies have bonded with the virus, rather than being taken over by it."\n\n"If we could produce a similar state in our soldiers, they'd be far more effective in combat."

superShiona\_option1= You'll infect your own people??

superShiona\_option2= Where are you keeping Chuck?

superShiona\_outcome1= The doctor huffed at this. "With their consent, of course. What soldier wouldn't be proud to risk their lives for the state, after everything we've been through?"\n\n"We are offering them increased strength, immunity to pain, the ability to take a bullet and keep going. We just need to iron out a few kinks first. Such as the rotting flesh." She made a face. "They do smell quite awful."

superShiona\_outcome2= She seemed saddened at the mention of the Rotten's name. "Oh, him," she said. "it's a shame that one so bright-eyed and intelligent must be the subject of our tests. But by the UN Charter he is no longer considered human."\n\n"Unless... Chapter 3, Article 8c states that infected entities may regain rights if they can articulate that they are a citizen of a UN country and provide documentation for it. He can still talk well enough, but doesn't have any ID on him. Maybe someone at the Rotten fort could help find it."

superVisit2\_title= Speak With The Dead

superVisit2= We met up with Jesse and explained the situation with Chucklin' Chuck. He slapped his head, almost dislodging his loose ear. "Well beat me like a rented mule! That's simple. All we need is some sort of identification papers for old Chuck and they'll have to let him go."\n\n"Not that most of these folk carry ID any more. But Chuck... Chuck was a local. He had a place right here in [CityName]." He pointed us to an unclaimed suburban area. "Might find his papers there, if anywhere."

superChucksPlace\_title= Beware the Beast Man

superChucksPlace= Chuck's house had obviously cost him a bit back when money had meant something. Unfortunately, judging from the teeth marks, the Zed had little respect for natural wood columns, and the floor to ceiling windows hadn't helped much with fortifying the place.\n\nAs [we] got near the house [we] spotted movement through the broken windows and a couple disheveled figures crouched over a fallen body inside. From the sounds of cracking bone and tearing flesh, [we] [were] pretty sure they weren't giving the guy CPR.

superChucksPlace\_option1= Fight the Zed (defense roll)

superChucksPlace\_option2= Sneak past (luck)

superChucksPlace\_outcome1\_success= I grabbed a metal pipe and caved in the first zed's head before it could look up from its meal. The second snarled as I shoved the pipe into its mouth and forced it to the ground. As the creature flailed under me, I raised my foot and brought it down on the zed's head, once, twice, three times. On the third strike the thing's skull split like a ripe melon.\n\nIt took a few hours of searching the house after that to find an old passport belonging to a one "Charlton Taylor". Now we just need to get this to Chuck in the Government's compound.

superChucksPlace\_outcome1\_fail= The creatures leapt up from their meal and charged. I hit the first in the head as it came through the window at [us], but the second knocked me to the ground and clawed me up pretty bad before I shoved a piece of glass through its eye.\n\nI'm pretty banged up and doc says I need a few days to rest, but I'm not bit, and I managed to find Chuck's passport in that house before [we] left. Just have to bring that to him now in the Government base.

superChucksPlace\_outcome2\_success= I crept round the other side of the house and slipped in a side entrance made up the steps to the second floor unseen.\n\nSweat wouldn't stop dripping down the back of my neck as I went from room to room, but I made quick work of the search and soon found Chuck's passport in a side table.\n\nThe bad part came as I hit the bottom of the stairs and stepped on some broken glass from one of the windows, catching the attention of the Zed in the other room. Fortunately I can be quite the sprinter when I need to be, so everything worked out in the end.

superChucksPlace\_outcome2\_fail= I climbed a trellis and through a window on the second floor, bypassing the Zed inside. It took a few hours but I found Chuck's passport in a side table.\n\nUnfortunately by that point the Zed had finished their meal downstairs and were starting to wander the rest of the house. I bolted, but slipped halfway down the trellis and twisted my ankle.\n\nThen a zombie jumped out the window after me and chased me through the city for an hour at hobbling-speed. It hurt.

superFreedom\_title= Out of the mad house

superFreedom= Senator Davis was not amused when we stormed in with Chucklin' Chuck's passport and demanded he have his rights reinstated as per Chapter 3, Article 8c of the UN Charter. She was still in furious denial when there was a knock at the door.\n\nDr. Whyte led in in a green-skinned man on a neck leash. "Now Chuck, can you tell them what you've been telling me?" she asked. Chuck snatched his passport from me and declared in a clear voice that he was a legal citizen of this state and had the right to his freedom.

superFreedom\_option1= Continue...

superFreedom\_outcome1= The senator was nonplussed, but she finally agreed to let Chuck go, despite the fact that his passport had expired years ago and was no longer legal identification.\n\nIt seemed she considered the political ramifications of fighting both us and the Rotten over this, and decided some test subject wasn't worth starting a war over.\n\nChuck thanked us, and gave Dr. Whyte a kiss on the cheek which made her cringe, then blush furiously.

superRottenEnd\_title= You Maniacs!

superRottenEnd= The Rotten's fort was eerily quiet when [we] arrived. I was wondering where everyone had gone when [we] heard a terrible grinding and squealing of metal. An enormous army tank rounded the street corner, then another. I just had time to think "Oh no - the Government!" when the first tank stopped and Jesse popped his head out.\n\nHe tipped his hat to [us]. "Howdy [p|friend|friends]! Pleasant day to take down the Government, don't you reckon?" He made gunning motions with his fingers. "Boom!" "Kaboom!"

superRottenEnd\_option1= You blew it up??

superRottenEnd\_outcome1= "Better," he grinned. "We took it over!"\n\nHe explained that Chucklin' Chuck had learned the layout of the Government's base during his time there, and led an attack force in through a maintenance shaft to take the place down from the inside. Most of the Government ran when they saw they'd lost, and now the Rotten control their territory.

superRottenEnd\_outcome1\_option1= Condemn the violence

superRottenEnd\_outcome1\_option2= Agree it had to be done

superRottenEnd\_outcome1\_outcome1= Jesse sighed. "Chuck feels alike to you in that regard. The old burr didn't want to shed blood, we had to trick him into it. He didn't take kindly to the way we treated his 'friends' in there neither. But how can you call a man your friend after he's had you on a leash?"\n\n"I dunno. But I reckon old Chuck's looking for a new home now, if your lot could offer that."

superRottenEnd\_outcome1\_outcome1\_option1= Let Chuck join us

superRottenEnd\_outcome1\_outcome1\_option2= Refuse Chuck

superRottenEnd\_outcome1\_outcome2= Jesse nodded. "You bet your boots we had to. That Senator, she wouldn't quit 'till she had her an army of Rotten supersoldiers. It's too bad she hightailed it out of there, probably off to beurocrate some other town half to death."\n\n"Listen, we owe you for your part in this rodeo. Chuck'd be willing to hang his boots at your fort for awhile, if you could make use of an engineer with a little rot on his skin. How bout it?"

superRottenEnd\_outcome1\_outcome2\_option1= Let Chuck join us

superRottenEnd\_outcome1\_outcome2\_option2= Refuse Chuck

superRottenEnd\_join= The others are nervous to have one of the Rotten living with us, but as his nickname implies, Chuck does have a good sense of humor. I think they'll warm up to him in time.

superRottenEnd\_refuse= No offense to Chuck, but I don't think we'd feel comfortable with a Rotten in our midst. I mean, they say they aren't infectious, but I'm not sure I believe it. Or, what if the disease up and swallowed him one night and he woke with a sudden urge to eat people? We can't take that chance.

superDavis\_title= Human see, human do

superDavis= Davis stood and paced around her office.\n\n"These creatures trust you," she said thoughtfully. "And you know that we are bringing them here as part of our primary goal to defeat the undead disease and re-establish order in this country."\n\n"We've had some preliminary success, but recently they've become more... reticent to leave the confines of their camp if they know our men are near. You might have better luck procuring test subjects for us."

superDavis\_option1= Agree to capture Rotten

superDavis\_option2= Say you're not interested

superDavis\_outcome1= I told Senator Davis we'd help her and she almost cracked a smile. "Wonderful. You will of course be compensated for your work as civil servants."\n\nDavis suggested we send a squad to clear out the zombies beside the Rotten's base. We could kill the ones that tried to eat our brains and capture the rest.

superDavis\_outcome2= The senator frowned deeply when I told her we wouldn't capture more Rotten for them.\n\n"That is unfortunate. Don't let me detain you any longer than necessary." With that, a powerful hand gripped my shoulder and began moving me purposely towards the exit.

superKidnap\_title= Get your stinking paws off me

superKidnap= [Name] went missing during the night. When we searched his room we found [his] bed empty and a very businesslike ransom note on his pillow.\n\nIt explained that [Name] was being detailed by the Government for an indefinite period while [he] helped with their research. They will require him until new test subjects are found.\n\nI guess we either go hunting for Rotten now, or we punch our way into the Government base and rescue both [Name] and Chucklin' Chuck.

superHunt1\_title= Zombie Hunting, Day 1

superHunt1= We captured a good number of Rotten today and blew holes in the heads of some of the less talkative undead in the area. It's not enough to fill the Government's quota, but it's a start. Two more days should do it.

superHunt2\_title= Zombie Hunting, Day 2

superHunt2= We managed to catch a few more Rotten today, but I think they're beginning to suspect we're up to something. That became was pretty obvious when we stuffed bags over the heads of the ones who came to ask us why we were there.\n\nI feel bad doing it, but this is bigger than them. The Government is bigger than all of us.

superHunt3\_title= Zombie Hunting, Day 3

superHunt3= The Rotten went into hiding as soon as we got near, so we only caught a few today. One was an older Rotten named Two-Arms Reginald. It seemed he'd lost his other arm while we were chasing him, the one he usually carries around, and was whimpering pathetically about it. I felt sorry for him, but there are so many arms lying in any given street, I have no idea which might be his.\n\nThis should be enough for the Government, and anyway these guys are on to us.

superGovernmentReward\_title= Pieces of Silver

superGovernmentReward= We delivered the captured Rotten of to Senator Davis. She looked grimly satisfied as she went down the line of miserable creatures we had assembled. Most seemed resigned to their fate, but a few still had the energy to make a spirited attempt at biting at her as she passed by.\n\nDavis thanked us for our commitment to the cause and traded us a selection of high powered government issue rifles that looked like they had seen better days.

superGovernmentReward\_option1= Thank her

superGovernmentReward\_option2= Ask about our kidnapped survivor

superGovernmentReward\_outcome1= The senator saluted us. "For your exemplary work in the field, citizens."\n\n"Oh," she added, "you don't need to worry about the remaining Rotten. Now that we have what we need, I've sent a detachment to seal up their little hole and eliminate the rest of their brood. I'm afraid they were too dangerous to have walking around [CityName] like that."\n\nAnd that was the end of the Rotten, I guess.

superGovernmentReward\_outcome2= Davis feigned ignorance at the word "kidnap", then appeared to remember. "Oh yes, you mean the [job] who was helping with our research. I suppose [he] can return to your fort now."\n\nShe had me worried for a moment there.

superForcedFreedom\_title= Out of the mad house

superForcedFreedom= After bringing down the Government base, we found Chucklin' Chuck and a few other Rotten locked up in a cell in the basement.\n\nThey were happy to be free, but I wasn't sure I liked the way they were licking their lips as they passed the dead soldiers that we'd left littering the base.

superForcedFreedomKidnap= We found [Name] wandering outside the Government base as we left. Apparently Dr. Whyte had come and let [him] free while the soldiers were busy dealing with us.\n\nWhile [he] hadn't been badly treated, [he] didn't think they would have let [him] go even if we fulfilled our part of the bargain.\n\nJust goes to show you can never trust anyone in politics.

superReward\_title= On the Future

superReward= I can't imagine living out my days in a filthy subway, hiding from people who want to hunt me down and cut up my brain. Nope, not the way I imagined my old age happening.\n\nBack before all this end of the world zombieism nonsense, I had other plans. When I got on in years, I was going to...

superReward\_option1= retire early

superReward\_option2= manage a real estate empire

superReward\_option3= become a hobo and travel the land

superReward\_option4= be eaten by the undead

superReward\_outcome1= Retirement by 40, that was my goal. It just takes a few good investments, a bit of thriftiness, and some seriously lowered expectations of lifestyle and comfort.\n\nI'd have been perfectly happy in my little one-bedroom apartment, just whiling away the time playing checkers with the boys at the rotary club and hunting for those early bird specials.\n\nWell, no reason I can't add a little retirement ethos to my current life. You're never too old... I mean young.

superReward\_outcome1\_effect= Gained the Retiree perk

superReward\_outcome2= It was just a dream, but I imagined myself as a real estate developer, closing big deals to turn parking lots into office buildings.\n\nI'd have other people do the real work of course, but I'd go down to the site once a month and tell everybody to work smarter, not harder. Then I'd also tell them to work harder.\n\nI guess I can apply some of this ethos to my leadership in [CityName]. Everybody! Get back to work!

superReward\_outcome2\_effect= Gained the Real Estate Developer perk

superReward\_outcome3= Riding the rails. Wandering the earth. Taking jobs where I could find them, and meeting all kinds of strange and wonderful people.\n\nI guess this life I'm leading is an extension of that. Moving from town to town, fixing things up and making it safe for other people to settle down. But not me. I just keep moving on.\n\nSo I'm already a hobo if you think of it that way. Life goal: achieved.

superReward\_outcome3\_effect= Gained the Hobo perk

superReward\_outcome4= Strangely, I predicted the outbreak years before it actually happened. After SARS and Ebola, I knew this was how it would end for humanity. The infected would rise, the living fall.\n\nI just thought I'd be one of the first to go.\n\nImagine my surprise to live through it all, so far anyway. And I've even been bitten! I guess you can't stop me!

villainTools\_title= Tool Users

villainTools= Okay, so, the zombies in this [square] are weird. Different. They seem to know how to use tools, at least rudimentary ones.\n\nI saw one turn a door knob earlier today before I took its head off, and killed another one clutching a mobile phone. Now one of them is lurching through the hall towards [us] with a pair of scissors. It's opening and closing them like it's trying to cut something. This is pretty unusual behavior for zed.

villainTools\_option1= Talk to it

villainTools\_option2= Kill it

villainTools\_outcome1= "Uh, hail! We mean you no harm! What are you doing with those scissors?" I asked as the creature jammed them into my collarbone.\n\nThis zombie had once been an elderly woman, possibly a seamstress judging from her skill with those shears. Her scalp was half ripped off, flapping at the back of her head. I grabbed it and pulled her away from me.\n\nI got a good look in her eyes before I killed her. No signs of intelligence there. But tool-using zombies are a terrifying thought. I hope we don't see more.

villainTools\_outcome2= Done. This zombie - now an ex-zombie - had once been an elderly woman, possibly a seamstress from the way she held those shears. I couldn't see any signs of intelligence, just the empty hunger that all zed share.\n\nBut why the tools? Regular zombies can't make anything but claws with their hands, and their only weapons are their teeth. Tool-using zombies are a terrifying thought. I hope we don't see more.

villainClever\_title= Clever... zed?

villainClever\_1= [We] had a successful day of [missioning] at the [square]. I found [a] {1}, and didn't see any zed... until the way back.\n\nTen or twenty of them. They were moaning and shambling after [us] like typical undead, but then half of them split off down a side street. Odd.\n\n[We] picked up the pace, staying ahead of them, but didn't know the streets too well and got turned around. Suddenly there was the other half of them ahead of [us]. I accidentally dropped the {1} in my fear.\n\nThey charged.

villainClever\_option1= Go back for the {1}

villainClever\_option2= Leave it and run

villainClever\_outcome1\_succeed= [We] grabbed the {1} and dodged down an alley, without even knowing if it had an exit. Luckily there was no dead end, and [we] [were] fast enough to get some distance on the two groups. [We] eventually got [our] bearings and found [our] way home.\n\nThose were definitely zombies.. I think. But zombies splitting up and taking short cuts? Zombies using tactics? Unusual... and terrifying.

villainClever\_outcome1\_fail= I fumbled with it, panicked and sweating. Before I knew it they were on me. I'm not sure how [we] got out of there alive or found my way back, but I'd lost so much blood that I passed out when [we] reached the gates. When they found me, I was clutching that {1}.\n\nThey tell me none of these wounds are bites but... I'm going to quarantine myself just in case.\n\nThose were definitely zombies.. I think. But zombies splitting up and taking shortcuts? Zombies using tactics? Unusual... and deadly.

villainClever\_outcome2= Screw items, how about getting out of here alive instead?\n\nI made a heroic leap from the top of a car to a fire escape, then climbed up to the roof of the building. From there I could see our fort and tell which way to go, though I was only a few steps ahead of those monsters all the way back.\n\nThey're definitely zombies.. I think. But zombies splitting up and taking short cuts? Zombies using tactics? Unusual... and terrifying.

goalVillainInvestigate\_title= Investigate Smart Zombies

goalVillainInvestigate= Something is up with the zed in [CityName]. They're... smarter. Some of them anyway. Using tools and tactics beyond "hey there's some brains in that skull over there - let's eat 'em!". Is it some different strain of the disease? Or have they been learning somehow? This could be very important.\n\nWe should ask around, explore the city and keep an eye out for clues.

villainRotten\_title= Reclusive Neighbors

villainRotten= I'm still not sure what to make of the Rotten. They have all the traits of a zombie: the unnatural strength, the virtual immortality, the horrible skin care regimen. The difference is, the Rotten are more likely to invite you in to tea than pluck your eyes from your skull. Well, mostly.\n\nTheir leader, Jesse, met us outside the Rotten's encampment, looking as grizzled as ever and chewing on some tobacco with his few remaining teeth. We exchanged the standard noncommittal nods and grunts of greeting.

villainRotten\_option1= Ask about the smart zombies

villainRotten\_outcome1= "They ain't ours, if that's what you're asking." Jesse spit a gob of tar. "No offence, but the tendency is for you folks to shoot first then sort out if they were Rotten or zombie after."\n\n"Naw, they're some new kind of dead. It's like somebody's been training them to use tools and such. They're smarter than a pile of dung, sure, but colder than a rattlesnake at midnight. They rode too far into the desert, if you catch my drift."\n\nAs usual Jesse's cowboy idioms lost me, but I think I get the idea.

villainGustav\_title= Getting the hell outta Dodge

villainGustav= Gustav stopped by briefly today. He didn't even try to sell us anything; just said he was leaving [CityName] for awhile and we should do the same.\n\n\_"Zee new ones is bad bad mertsi. Smart like a monkey, zey steal from Gustav."\_\n\nI guess he'd noticed the new breed of zed here who can use tools and open doors and stuff. Wherever they're coming from, they certainly are bad \_"mertsi"\_, whatever that means.

villainGustav\_option1= What did they steal?

villainGustav\_option2= What does mertsi mean?

villainGustav\_outcome1= \_"My beautiful Rebecca,"\_ he said sorrowfully. \_"Nineteen and Fifty Eight."\_ He was practically choking on the words. \_"Sixty... Sixty Special."\_\n\n"Oh you mean a CAR!" I laughed. I didn't mean to cheapen the loss... but I couldn't see how a zombie would steal a Cadillac. At any rate he claims they did, and that they ate the guy who was washing it, too.

villainGustav\_outcome2= \_"Deadmen,"\_ he said. \_"Zombie. Walker. Greenskin."\_\n\n\_"If you see zis new type, should be stayink away. Much more danger, and someone controllink zem."\_\n\nRemote-controlled zombie thieves? I'm not sure what he was talking about, but Gustav is usually right about these things.

villainSighting\_title= Mindless Workers

villainSighting= Um, so, something weird is going on with these zombies. I was coming back from [missioning] and spotted five of them clustered around a Cadillac convertible. They seemed to be loading boxes into the trunk.\n\nI know... impossible. But the weird thing is their leader. He looks like one of the Rotten: infected, but still human. He's shouting orders at them and waving his hands a lot. And he's wearing a McNoodles manager's outfit. Even a Rotten wouldn't be caught dead in one of those (pun intended!)

villainSighting\_option1= Get closer

villainSighting\_option2= Watch from a distance

villainSighting\_outcome1= Yup, definitely zombies, no doubt about that. I made too much noise as I snuck up to them, and they sprang at me like any natural zed, all clawed hands and bitey mouths and terror-inducing roars. The difference was, one of them was holding a tire iron, mechanically moving its arm up and down as it ran at me. And they spread out like they were trying to surround me.\n\nUnfortunately I couldn't learn any more as I was too busy running for my life.

villainSighting\_outcome2= This McNoodles guy sure was weird. He seemed to be frustrated with the zombies, and kept hitting them with a clipboard he was carrying. One of them was fumbling with the passenger door until he came over and showed it how to use the latch. He made it practice that a few times, then hit it on the back of the head for good measure.\n\nEventually they drove off to somewhere. We should investigate, but I'm not sure where. The Rotten? A McNoodles?

villainMart\_title= Manager of the month

villainMart= Remember that McNoodles manager who was ordering those zombies around? We found him! Well not him exactly, but a picture of him here in a McNoodles.\n\nHis name is Kevin Clark and he was "manager of the month" for 24 months running... but oddly all the portraits have been defaced. Some have the eyes poked out; some have mustaches and penises drawn over them. One has the words "Loser of the month" scribbled on it, and another just: "jerkface".\n\nI guess his employees didn't like this Clark guy much?

villainRottenClark\_title= Even the Dead Didn't Like Him

villainRottenClark= Jesse frowned as deep as his withered features could muster when I asked him if he knew any McNoodles managers. He chewed thoughtfully.\n\n"Could be," he said. "Used to be a young man by the name of Kevin Clark who sported such duds. Like the rest of us Rotten, he didn't he lose his mental-type faculties when he was bit. Least I assume he was just as much of a saddle-sore before as he was after."

villainRottenClark\_option1= You didn't like him?

villainRottenClark\_option2= What happened to him?

villainRottenClark\_outcome1= "Now that'd be an understatement." Jesse spit so hard that one of his molars came out. He picked it up, eyed it, then jammed it back in his mouth.\n\n"Kevin was like a cattle dog, always herding people, biting at their heels. He didn't make any friends here, not that he tried. About as popular as a skunk at a parlor social, that one. He was more interested in the zombies, anyway. Nobody cared when he left."

villainRottenClark\_outcome2= "He started spending more and more time with the zombies." said Jesse. "You know, those deaders don't seem to mind us Rotten. Green skin doesn't taste so good, I guess. Around us they're real peaceful, like cows at pasture."\n\n"Anyhow the company suited him better, probably cause they couldn't talk back. We reckoned Clark went to live with them after he left us."

villainThirdTry\_title= Mr. Clark

villainThirdTry= I was trying to jimmy open the rusted trunk of a car when I caught the depressingly familiar smell of decaying flesh on the wind. Not wanting to stick around, I tried sprinting back to base, but every route I took was blocked by the undead.\n\nBefore long I found myself cornered in the ball pit of an old McNoodles as the dead clawed at the torn netting surrounding the structure. Then, as one, they hesitated and the one closest to the door tentatively reached for the handle.

villainThirdTry\_option1= Politely call out to Kevin Clark

villainThirdTry\_option2= Demand Kevin Clark show himself

villainThirdTry\_outcome1= A young green-skinned man in a McNoodles uniform strolled through the door, a cigarette in his hand. An aged zombie shuffled in after him wearing a very well tailored tuxedo.\n\n"Well, well, well" said Clark. "My reputation precedes me."\n\nI explained that we'd talked to his former friends and he sneered. "Friends? The people who snubbed me? And after all I did for them? Pah! Jenkins! Ash tray!"\n\nWith this command the tuxedoed zombie opened it's mouth as he knocked the ash from his cigar into it.

villainThirdTry\_outcome1\_option1= Continue...

villainThirdTry\_outcome2= "Who the hell do you think you are, shouting out orders for Mr. Clark, master of the undead!" cried a green-skinned man in a McNoodles uniform. He was flanked by an elderly zombie in an old tuxedo who seemed to be his servant.\n\nAs Clark strode to the ball pit, the zed who'd been chasing me rushed to part in front him, tripping over one another as they did so. Before he made it to me half the group was writhing on the ground.\n\n"Incompetance!" Clark yelled, kicking one.

villainThirdTry\_outcome2\_option1= Continue...

villainThirdTry\_end= He got down to business. "I am the president and founder of the Undead Republic of Clarkania. We just opened a franchise here in [CityName], henceforth known as Clarkston."\n\n"Since you're now trespassing on my private property, which includes the entire city bounds, I demand that your faction leave immediately. I have tasked super squads of my employees to ensure that you vacate in a timely and efficient manner."\n\nDespite the goofy outfit and silly "mua-ha-ha" laughter, he sounded like he meant it.

villainThirdTry\_effect= Roaming zombies have appeared

goalVillainFind\_title= Find Clark's HQ

goalVillainFind= A mad McNoodles manager has unleashed some sort of intelligent zombie on [CityName]. We have to find and stop him before he causes more trouble.\n\nMaybe one of these mobs of smart, weapon-wielding zombies could lead us back to him.

villainOverrun\_title= Overrun

villainOverrun= [FormalName] was nearly killed when some of Mr. Clark's "super" zombies targeted [him]. We should keep an eye on their movements, since they seem to be targeting our survivors while they're outside the fort.\n\n[Name] followed them once [he]'d given them the slip then doubled back. They led [him] to a city hall which seems to be the center of Clark's "Undead Republic".\n\nWe should send someone... but should it be a diplomatic envoy, or a detachment of soldiers?

villainBase\_title= The Undead Republic

villainBase= We scouted a city hall today and found it swarming with the undead, all of them wearing matching outfits and unsuccessfully trying to stand to attention. Chances are, this is where Kevin Clark and his super zombies are based. His "Undead Republic".\n\nWe should send someone... but should it be a diplomatic envoy, or a detachment of soldiers?

goalVillainVisit\_title= Visit Clark's HQ

goalVillainVisit= A mad McNoodles manager has unleashed some sort of intelligent zombie on [CityName]. We have to find and stop him before he causes more trouble.\n\nWe know where he lives... but should we attack with our soldiers, or send leaders to try to reason with him?

villainHall\_title= The Undead McPublic

villainHall= Their city hall was once a McNoodles; clumsily painted white, topped with randomly askew flags and surrounded by a high chainlink fence. The zed patrolling inside are equipped with assault rifles... which would be scarier if it looked like they knew how to shoot them. Most are holding the guns upside-down or waving them around like clubs.\n\nStill, there are a \_lot\_ of zombies in there, and once they get a whiff of us they'll probably charge like any others, despite Mr. Clark's attempts to train them.\n\nHow do [we] handle this?

villainHall\_option1= Call for Mr. Clark (leadership)

villainHall\_option2= Fight our way through (defense)

villainHall\_outcome1\_success= [We] yelled for Mr. Clark to come out, promising a business deal with amiable terms.\n\nThe guards scrambled over to the fence, clawing and bashing at it with their guns, but we held our ground on the other side.\n\nAfter a few minutes, Clark's zombie butler toddled out of the main doors into the fray. He stuck his hand through the fence and dropped something onto the ground - a key to the service entrance on the other side of the building.

villainHall\_outcome1\_success\_option1= Continue...

villainHall\_outcome1\_fail= [We] yelled up to Mr. Clark, demanding he come out and talk to us.\n\nThe zombies ran over to try to reach us through the fence, dropping their guns and reverting to clawing and biting. The fence held.\n\nOur demands turned to threats, then pleading, but there was no response from their leader. Eventually [we] had to give up and leave. We should come back with more diplomatic leaders, or try another tactic.

villainHall\_outcome2\_success= [We] shouted to attract the guards, and predictably they ran over to the fence to lunge at us, making easy pickings at close range. One found its gun's trigger and sprayed the courtyard with bullets before it shot itself in the head.\n\nInside the building was a bigger challenge, fighting in close quarters. These zed held mallets and axes - sometimes duct-taped to their hands - and were much better with them than guns.\n\nEventually [we] stood, bloodstained and exhausted, at the doors to the mayor's office.

villainHall\_outcome2\_success\_option1= Continue...

villainHall\_outcome2\_fail= [We] cut a hole in the fence and tried to get in and attack the guards up close, worried they'd figure out how to use those rifles if we fought them from farther away.\n\nBut their guns did make very effective clubs, and [we] [were] beaten black and blue by the zombie mob. [FormalName's] arm is near useless.\n\n[We] eventually finished them off, but there are more inside and [we're] already exhausted. Should [we] continue?

villainHall\_outcome2\_fail\_option1= Press on

villainHall\_outcome2\_fail\_option2= Go home

villainHall\_outcome2\_fail\_outcome1\_success= [We] stormed through the front doors, rallying. The zombies within seemed to be ones Mr. Clark was training for domestic duties, and brandished feather dusters and brooms as well as axes and clubs.\n\n[Name] fought heroically, though it will be some time before [he] can use that arm again.

villainHall\_outcome2\_fail\_outcome1\_success\_option1= Continue...

villainHall\_outcome2\_fail\_outcome1\_fail= [Name] fought like a demon with that broken arm of [his], screaming each time [he] used it and pressing on nonetheless.\n\nBut these zed were smarter than average, and we were caught off guard by their unpredictable tactics. One pulled a painting off the wall and hurled it at [Name] with incredible strength. While [he] dodged it, another grabbed [his] legs and pulled [him] down.\n\nAs they tore [him] limb from limb, I ran.

villainHall\_outcome2\_fail\_outcome2= We should either send a stronger attack force next time, or try another tactic.

villainRant\_title= Founder of the McPublic

villainRant= Mr. Clark was reprimanding the zombie in the tuxedo when we entered the mayor's office.\n\n"No, no Jenkins, you bow from the waist, and you can't let your hat fall to the floor like that... dammit Jenkis, stop drooling!"\n\nWhen he noticed [us], Clark sighed. "Oh for pity's sake," he said, "Not you again. Why haven't you left town, or died yet?"

villainRant\_option1= Say his franchise is illegal

villainRant\_option2= Threaten to kill him

villainRantOutcome= Clark interrupted before I could speak:\n\n"You humans are all the same. When I became infected, I had to hide in a graveyard for weeks 'cause you lot would kill anything that couldn't keep its skin on. I'd yell 'hey, still sentient over here' but you'd shoot anyway."\n\n"This is exactly the kind of thing that used to happen at the McNoodles. Nobody listened! The other employees were useless insubordinates, and the customers... such entitled brats!"\n\n"Blah blah blah extra soy sauce blah blah my noodles are too cold."

villainRantOutcome\_option1= Listen to his ranting...

villainRantOutcome\_outcome1= "They're \_supposed\_ to be cold you nincompoops, it's Zaru Soba! And if the counter staff weren't too busy gazing at their navels in a drug-induced haze they'd have told you that! Not to mention those clueless stoners never remembered to refill the sauce packet dispenser..."\n\n[We] let the strange man build himself into a frenzy over the management of a long-gone fast food restaurant, until he finally brought the rant back around to our presence here in "Clarkston".\n\n"And now here's \_you\_," he said, "invading my headquarters. Refusing to die."

villainRantOutcome\_outcome1\_option1= Tell him you'd happily leave if...

villainRantOutcome\_outcome1\_option2= Ask him if you can work out...

villainRantOutcomeTwo= "Tut tut TUT!" He yelled, startling Jenkins who dropped his hat and fell over trying to catch it. "I've had \_enough\_ of trying to be civilized. Jenkins, kill them!"\n\nJenkins just blinked at us and dripped spittle onto his waistcoat. This was the last straw for Mr. Clark. He tore at his hair, screaming "Fools! Incompetents! This is the last time I'll be embarrassed on my own property!"\n\nThen he turned and leapt out the window.

villainRantOutcomeTwo\_option1= That was weird...

villainRantOutcomeTwo\_outcome1= As he hobbled to his Cadillac on a dislocated ankle, Clark yelled up at us:\n\n"Hah! The city hall was only our customer service department! You'll never find our secret headquarters!"\n\nWe are clearly dealing with a madman here. Or a mad-Rotten or whatever he is. The attacks from his "super employees" won't stop until we find this secret headquarters somehow. In the meantime, I guess this city hall is ours.

goalVillainFinish\_title= Storm the Hidden HQ

goalVillainFinish= A mad McNoodles manager has unleashed some sort of intelligent zombie on [CityName]. We have to find and stop him before he causes more trouble.\n\nWe chased him out of his city hall, but now we need to find his real headquarters, wherever they are. Maybe those roamers could lead us there. Then we finish the crazed tyrant off.

goalVillainFinishGraveyard= A mad McNoodles manager has unleashed some sort of intelligent zombie on [CityName]. We have to find and stop him before he causes more trouble.\n\nWe suspect he's hiding out in a graveyard somewhere here in the city.

villainRottenHelp\_title= Rotten is as rotten does

villainRottenHelp= Jesse was having target practice with the other Rotten when I met with them today.\n\n"Naw, you gotta keep yer pistol holstered until the last second, see, then you draw it quick like this." He demonstrated, whipping out his gun and shooting three tin cans lined up on the wall. The cans had crayon drawings of human faces on them, though it wasn't clear whose.

villainRottenHelp\_option1= Ask where Clark's HQ is

villainRottenHelp\_option2= Ask for help fighting Clark (60 respect)

villainRottenHelp\_option3= Leave

villainRottenHelp\_outcome1= "I haven't the foggiest, pardner." he said, itching an ear which was barely clinging to his head on a thin piece of skin.\n\n"That lily-livered McManager's as slippery as a greased pig in a bathtub. I do remember he had a fondness for graveyards though. 'Recruitment centers' he called 'em."

villainRottenHelp\_outcome2= "Every man's gotta skin his own skunk," Jesse said solemnly, "but that Clark's as crazy as popcorn on a hot stove. You're gonna need help. Anyway I owe him a punch in the mouth, next time I see him."\n\n"Sure, old Jesse'll mount up for the fight, if you can find him."

villainOverrunAgain\_title= Overrun

villainOverrunAgain= We've got to watch out for Mr. Clark's super zombies... they seem to be specifically going after our survivors while they're out on missions, and are a lot more dangerous than the regular hordes.\n\n[FormalName] spotted a group while [he] was out [missioning], and was quick-thinking enough to sneak after them and see where they went.\n\nThey led [him] to one of the town's overrun graveyards. The place is absolutely packed with zed - might be the place we're looking for.

villainHeadquarters\_title= Regional McHeadquarters

villainHeadquarters= We found Kevin Clark's "headquarters", a rather bustling graveyard. Places like this - packed to the brim with dead even before they started walking - always made me wonder at the sense of keeping our loved ones around in physical form. Where's the comfort in knowing they're down there getting eaten by worms while we're up here living?\n\nWell many of them aren't down there any more; they clawed their way out of the ground to join Clark's army of "employees". This is going to be quite a fight.

villainLastStand\_title= Corporate Takeover

villainLastStand= The graveyard was crawling with zed, most of them Clark's trained "super" zombies which he was running around outfitting with weapons and armor, duct-taping them in place.\n\nA frontal assault would be hard. Whatever our plan, this is going to be really dangerous and we might not all make it back from this one alive. I wouldn't blame anyone for backing out if they don't think they're up for it.

villainLastStand\_option1= Snipe them from a distance (guns)

villainLastStand\_option2= Lure them out (attractor)

villainLastStand\_option3= Charge!

villainLastStand\_option4= Leave for now

villainLastStand\_outcome4= We should come back later with more firepower.

villainLastStand\_success= After hours of fighting, Clark herded the remaining zombies into a solid stone mausoleum. We were forced to tackle it head on and force our way in. It felt ironic, the zombies holed up inside and us trying to take down their fort.\n\nWe used techniques we learned from them: attack from all sides at once, never give them a chance to regroup.\n\nFinally Mr. Clark yelled from within "okay, okay you win already, I'm coming out!"

villainLastStand\_success\_option1= Continue...

villainLastStand\_successJesse= After hours of fighting, Clark herded the remaining zombies into a solid stone mausoleum. We were forced to tackle it head on and force our way in. It felt ironic, the zombies holed up inside and us trying to take down their fort.\n\nThen Jesse from the Rotten appeared like a western hero, striding down the hill towards us. He kicked in the mausoleum's door and fired twenty or thirty pistol rounds into the masses within.\n\nFinally Mr. Clark yelled from within "okay, okay you win already, I'm coming out!"

villainLastStand\_successJesse\_option1= Continue...

villainLastStand\_success\_outcome1= We waited for Clark to come out of the tomb, then suddenly heard the roar of a car engine. Clark burst out of the doors in his 1950's Cadillac, one hand on the wheel and the other giving us the finger.\n\nWhatever he yelled was lost in the noise, but it sounded like "I'll get you next time you meddling kids!" Seriously?\n\nInside we found Jenkins the zombie butler, looking confused. He slowly raised an arm to offer me a clinking cup of tea.\n\nI think we'll keep him.

villainLastStand\_fail= We did our best but it wasn't enough. Though Clark's zombies often broke rank and couldn't hold their weapons properly, they were incredibly strong, and there were a lot more of them than us.\n\nWhen [FormalName] went down, I sounded the retreat. Clark's zed didn't follow us far from their graveyard.\n\nI'll miss [Name]. [He] was a good kid. Now we need to get this bastard Clark for [his] sake, if nothing else.

goalGetOuttaThere\_title= Just get out of there

goalGetOuttaThere= The zombie situation is out of control here. They're swarming like crazy! We need to get out of here before it's too late!

airplaneScoutFarm\_title= Is That a Bird? A Plane?

airplaneScoutFarm= This could be handy. While we were giving that massive farm a once-over, we found what looked like an airstrip behind one of the larger barns.\n\nThere isn't much equipment left, but we stumbled on an old cobweb-covered crop duster. It wouldn't hold a lot of people, but if we could get that plane running, we'd have an escape route if things went wrong.\n\nOf course, we'll have to reclaim that farm before we try anything. It'll be tough to taxi down a runway if zed keep getting caught in the propeller.

airplaneReclaimFarm\_title= Flying Beavers

airplaneReclaimFarm= The huge farm is ours, along with a rusty old airplane. It's an old 6-seater DHC-2 Beaver; the sort they used around these parts for farm and forestry work. A real north-west classic.\n\nThe thing's seen better days. The propeller's missing, it's out of fuel, and weighed down by crop-dusting equipment. Not to mention we'll need to find a pilot who can fly a prop plane.\n\nWe can build a replacement propeller at a workshop. And we should ask other factions if they know of any pilots.

airplaneReclaimFarm\_effect= Build propeller mission available in workshops

goalAirplaneWorkshop\_title= Build a propeller

goalAirplaneWorkshop= The old crop duster we found won't fly without a new propeller. Our engineers could build a replacement in any workshop.

airplaneWorkshop\_title= Those Are Some Nice Curves

airplaneWorkshop= After a couple of days work and more than a few liters of coffee, we've finished up building a new propeller in our workshop. Now we just need to install the thing and make sure the rest of the plane is ready for carrying passengers... as opposed to a couple of tons of sprayable fertilizer it's designed to carry right now.

airplaneWorkshop\_effect= Fix the airplane mission available

goalAirplaneInstall\_title= Install propeller

goalAirplaneInstall= Our engineers need to hook that propeller up to the plane and get her running again. Probably not as easy as it sounds, the old beaver is quite the antique...

airplaneRetrofit\_title= Radial Retrofit

airplaneRetrofit= We just got word: The new propeller is installed, all of the crop-dusting equipment has been cleared out and replaced with seating. Our [p|engineer|engineers] sure spent a lot of time 'checking for light leaks', whatever that means. The plane is ready to go.\n\nShe's got room for 6 passengers including myself and a pilot. All we need now is someone to fly her.

airplaneRetrofitPilot= We just got word: The new propeller is installed, all of the crop-dusting equipment has been cleared out and replaced with seating. Our [p|engineer|engineers] sure spent a lot of time 'checking for light leaks', whatever that means. The plane is ready to go.\n\nShe's got room for 6 passengers including myself and a pilot. We're ready to leave any time we want.

airplaneRetrofitPilot\_effect= Fly away mission available

goalAirplanePilot\_title= Find a pilot

goalAirplanePilot= {1}

goalAirplanePilotNoWeapons= We should check with the other factions around here. Maybe they know someone who could fly this plane.\n\nGustav might have some advice too. We'll ask the next time we see him.

goalAirplanePilotWeapons= [Faction] have asked us to collect a cache of weapons for them in exchange for one of their survivors who knows how to fly planes. If we don't want to do their dirty work, there may be other options...

airplanePilotHunt\_title= Search for Pilots

airplanePilotHunt= I had a chance to chat with [Faction] at their fort today. They had laid out the full spread of trade goods for us and while they had a real tempting deal on a case of deep-fried pigeon feet, I was more interested in whether they happened to have a good pilot they could spare.\n\n[FactionLeader] said [factionHe]'d ask around, but they don't have any pilots. They did have an old bomber jacket... but just \_looking\_ like a pilot isn't enough.

airplanePilotHuntAgain= I asked [Faction] if they knew of any decent pilots. Unfortunately, while they used to have one, [he|she] met a messy end last month when [he|she] tried to scare off a family of geese that had moved into one of their rooftop water tanks.\n\nKnowing how to fly a plane doesn't help slow your fall from 3-story drop. Especially if you're mobbed by an angry gaggle of geese at the time.

airplanePilotFound\_title= Finding a Flyer

airplanePilotFound= We're in luck, [Faction] have a [guy], [Name], who can fly an airplane. Unfortunately, they want something in return for [him].\n\nTheir scouts found a big cache of firepower nearby, but the area's too hot to safely get them. They want us to head over there and bring them back the weapons.\n\nSounds dangerous. Maybe we should instead risk [FactionLeader]'s wrath and try to snatch this pilot away from them tonight. If [he]'ll come willingly, that is.

airplanePilotFound\_option1= Agree to get the weapons

airplanePilotFound\_option2= Agree (but keep the weapons)

airplanePilotFound\_option3= Refuse to do it

airplanePilotFoundAgree= [FactionLeader] explained that the shipment had been part of a government program to give out surplus military armaments to local police forces. All over the country, small towns had been getting tanks and rocket launchers, militarizing the police force and terrorizing civilians.\n\nTurns out that military gear was useful during the outbreak. Too bad this particular shipment was forgotten in a warehouse.

airplanePilotFoundAgree\_effect= Mission available to retrieve weapons or recruit pilot

airplanePilotFoundRefuse= [FactionLeader] huffed and puffed, obviously miffed that [factionHis] offer had been refused. But if they want something dangerous done, they better do it themselves. This isn't worth our lives. We'll find some other way to get a pilot.

airplanePilotFoundRefuse\_effect= Mission available to recruit pilot

airplaneWeaponCache\_title= The Boom Box

airplaneWeaponCache= I hope there really are tanks and rocket launchers in the warehouse [Faction] sent us to, because it's a mess. Looks like the local sewers backed up and filled the place shoulder-deep in stagnant water. There are zed everywhere, poking their heads out like gators in a bayou.\n\nWe could try shooting them from back here, but it'll rile them up something fierce. Maybe if got the warehouse's backup generator running we could fry all the zed in their own juices. Alternatively we could try to punch a hole in the basement wall from the outside and flush all the zed right out of here.

airplaneWeaponCache\_option1= Shoot the zed (ranged weapon)

airplaneWeaponCache\_option2= Fry the zed (engineering lvl 2)

airplaneWeaponCache\_option3= Flush the zed out (building skill)

airplaneWeaponCache\_option4= Come back later

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome1\_success= I know it's cheesy to say 'It was like shooting ducks in a barrel', but... it was. Wasn't long before the water was a soup of floating bodies and skull fragments.\n\nOnce we'd cleared the water out of there, we could asses the damage. Most of the gear was destroyed, but there were a few nice pieces that still looked usable. Now the question becomes, do we want to trade these to [Faction] for their pilot, or keep it all for ourselves?

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome1\_success\_option1= Trade in the weapons

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome1\_success\_option2= Keep the weapons

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome1\_fail= The problem with heads is that they're a pretty small target when you get down to it. Firing into the water caused a whole bunch of splashes and little else.\n\n[We] had to escape when we realized that all of the undead faces were swimming towards [us] like a shoal of angry, skinless piranha. [We] better get some target practice in before we try that again. Otherwise we're gonna have to find another way to clear the undead out of there.

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome2= Using old fridge magnets and a spool of copper wire, we managed to get the generator running again. We flipped the fuses, sending electricity arching over the zed-infested water. The place filled with the sour smell of burnt hot-dogs.\n\nOnce we'd cleared the water out of there, we could asses the damage. Most of the gear was destroyed, but there were a few nice pieces that still looked usable. Now the question becomes, do we want to trade these to [Faction] for their pilot, or keep it all for ourselves?

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome2\_option1= Trade in the weapons

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome2\_option2= Keep the weapons

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome3\_success= We jury-rigged a impromptu battering ram and smashed it against the south wall of the warehouse, causing a flood of green water, small crates, and flailing zombies to come pouring out and tumbling into the street.\n\nOnce we'd cleared the water out of there, we could asses the damage. Most of the gear was destroyed, but there were a few nice pieces that still looked usable. Now the question becomes, do we want to trade these to [Faction] for their pilot, or keep it all for ourselves?

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome3\_success\_option1= Trade in the weapons

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome3\_success\_option2= Keep the weapons

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome3\_fail= Turns out a 3-foot thick concrete wall doesn't break easily. After spending the afternoon with nothing to show for efforts but scuffed metal siding and a few scraped knuckles, we decided to call it a day.\n\nWe're going to have to bring someone who knows more about buildings and their weak points before we try that again. Or we have to find another way to deal with those zed.

airplaneWeaponCache\_outcome4= We'll make sure to bring the right skill and equipment next time.

airplaneWeaponCacheTrade= We brought the spoils to [Faction]. They weren't too sold on the soggy ammunition or water-logged rifles we managed to pull out of there, but we'd fulfilled our part of the bargain, so they released their pilot into our care.\n\n[Name] seems like a nice enough [guy], but more importantly [he] does know how fly a single-prop plane. Now we just need to get that bird running, and we can leave this place.

airplaneWeaponCacheTradeRunning= We brought the spoils to [Faction]. They weren't too sold on the soggy ammunition or water-logged rifles we managed to pull out of there, but we'd fulfilled our part of the bargain, so they released their pilot into our care.\n\n[Name] seems like a nice enough [guy], but more importantly [he] does know how fly a single-prop plane. We're now ready to leave any time we want.

airplaneWeaponCacheTradeRunning\_effect= Fly away mission available

airplaneWeaponCacheTradePilot= We brought the spoils to [Faction]. They weren't too sold on the soggy ammunition or water-logged rifles we managed to pull out of there, but we'd fulfilled our part of the bargain.\n\n[FactionLeader] apologized profusely, saying their pilot was no longer available. I pretended to be upset about it, but I knew what happened was our fault. I amused myself by letting [factionHim] grovel for awhile.

airplaneWeaponCacheKeep= We'd make better use of the recovered weapons than [Faction] would. It would have been nice if more gear had survived the flood, the {1} and {2} that we managed to pull out of the damp crates should still give us a leg up over the undead.\n\nI'm not looking forward to telling [FactionLeader] that we hung onto the gear, but if they really wanted it they should have come and got it themselves.

airplaneWeaponsKept\_title= Mine! All Mine!

airplaneWeaponsKept= If looks could kill, [FactionLeader]'s gaze would of turned the lot of us into zed food. I'm guessing [factionHe] didn't think much about us keeping that weapon's cache for ourselves. We were unceremoniously escorted to the edge of their compound and shown the door.\n\nIf we still want to recruit their pilot, we'll have to try something sneaky. Maybe if we slip back in at night we can convince the pilot to join up with us.

airplaneKidnapping\_title= The Pilot

airplaneKidnapping= [We] snuck into [Faction's] place and cornered their pilot, [FormalName], in [his] room.\n\nTurns out [Name] wants to get out of [CityName] just as bad as we do. [He] has one condition though: we need to bring [his] [husband2] and their baby with us on the plane.\n\nThis would mean one less seat on an already crowded plane. We could agree, or try to force [him] to come without them.

airplaneKidnapping\_option1= Agree to bring [his] [husband2]

airplaneKidnapping\_option2= Force [him] to come alone

airplaneKidnapping\_option3= Leave them

airplaneKidnapping\_outcome1= We found room for [Name], [his] [husband2] [Name2], and their child.\n\n{1}

airplaneKidnapping\_outcome2= [We] threatened to kill [Name's] family if [he] didn't come pilot our airplane.\n\nI'm not proud of it, and not saying [we]'d actually do it, but we need someone to fly this plane. If there's enough fuel, maybe [he] can come back for them later.\n\n{1}

airplaneKidnapping\_outcome3= We couldn't split apart a family like that, but we also can't afford to cram any more survivors in our plane. We need all the spots we've got for our own people. We thanked [Name] for [his] time and let [him] get back to [his] little one.\n\nWe'll need to find some other way to get a pilot. Maybe we could teach one of our own people to be a pilot if we had the right textbooks.

airplaneKidnappingRunningNo= Now we just need to get that plane running and we can take off.

airplaneKidnappingRunningYes= We've already fixed the airplane, so we're ready to take off at any time.

airplanePilotDeath\_title= Bought the Farm

airplanePilotDeath= Damn. It's bad enough we lost [FormalName], but now don't have anyone left who can pilot our plane. We better find a way to get someone else who knows a thing or two about flying or we're going to stay grounded.

airplaneGustavAdvice\_title= Hunting for a pilot

airplaneGustavAdvice= I asked Gustav if he knew any pilots who could fly our old crop duster. He stroked his mustache and hummed and hawed for a minuted, then said \_"I thinkink [Faction] maybe has pilot. You find zem and ask nice, maybe zey be nice also."\_\n\nHe said he'd keep an eye out for anything else that might help us, in case that doesn't work out.

airplaneGustavInfo\_title= Learning to Fly

airplaneGustavInfo= Gustav waddled into camp today leaving a trail of cheap cigar smoke in his wake. He heard of our airplane and wanted to know about it. I told him we could get it working, but couldn't find anyone who knew how to fly it.\n\n\_"Books"\_ Gustav said cryptically and blew a puff of smoke at me. \_"I givink you books. You read them, then you fly such things."\_\n\nNothing comes cheap with Gustav, especially if he knows you need it. He gave us a few payment options.

airplaneGustavInfo\_option1= 50 food

airplaneGustavInfo\_option2= 20 medicine

airplaneGustavInfo\_option3= Buy them on credit

airplaneGustavInfo\_option4= Do not buy them

airplaneGustavInfo\_outcome1= We gave him the food in exchange for a series of textbooks by the Sierra Hotel Pilot School. Looks like they've got everything we need including several volumes on older single-prop planes like our Beaver. We can now train pilots in any school.

airplaneGustavInfo\_outcome1\_effect= Mission to learn to fly in schools

airplaneGustavInfo\_outcome2= We gave him the medicine in exchange for a series of textbooks by the Sierra Hotel Pilot School. Looks like they've got everything we need including several volumes on older single-prop planes like our Beaver. We can now train pilots in any school.

airplaneGustavInfo\_outcome2\_effect= Mission to learn to fly in schools

airplaneGustavInfo\_outcome3= Gustav gave us a series of textbooks by the Sierra Hotel Pilot School. Looks like they've got everything we need including several volumes on older single-prop planes like our Beaver. We can now train pilots in any school.\n\nHe said he'd be back to collect on our debt at a later time, but was vague on what exactly he'd be collecting.

airplaneGustavInfo\_outcome3\_effect= Mission to learn to fly in schools

airplaneGustavInfo\_outcome4= Gustav smiled grimly. \_"In that case, I throw zem into river. Have a nice day."\_

airplanePilotTaught\_title= I Can Fly!

airplanePilotTaught= After several weeks of study, [Name] says [he]'s confident that [he] can fly that Beaver prop plane of ours. Sure, [he] doesn't have any real-world experience, and most pilots fly hundreds of hours with a teacher before they can take passengers. But... the theory should be solid, right?

airplanePilotTaughtFixed= After several weeks of study, [Name] says [he]'s confident that [he] can fly that Beaver prop plane of ours. Sure, [he] doesn't have any real-world experience, and most pilots fly hundreds of hours with a teacher before they can take passengers. But... the theory should be solid, right?\n\nWe've fixed the airplane and are all ready to go whenever we want.

airplanePilotTaughtFixed\_effect= Fly away mission available

airplaneThreaten\_title= Angry Passenger

airplaneThreaten\_1= [FormalName] cornered me this morning. [He] told me [he] knows we're thinking about using the Beaver to fly out of here, and wants to be one of the people on board. [He] said if [he] isn't guaranteed a spot, that [he] "can't be held accountable for what might happen"\n\n[He]'s being pretty vague, but this is obviously a threat.

airplaneThreaten\_2= I ran into [FormalName] guarding our store house. [He] wanted to hear about our plans to fly out of here on our fancy new plane and if there was anything [he] could do to improve his chances of coming along.\n\nI tried to brush [him] off, but [he] was insistent: "Don't you know how hard I work around here? You think these vegetables are going to guard themselves? I tell ya, if a [man] knew [he] was going to be left behind, [he] might just skip out on guard duty. Then where would we be if someone comes after our turnips?"

airplaneThreaten\_3= I got to talking with [FormalName] at the campfire last night. [He] kept asking questions about that Beaver we've been trying to get running. Mostly, who were we going to take with us when we fly out of here.\n\nI told [him] we hadn't worked that out yet and [he] scowled at me: "Listen bud, you shouldn't wait on those kind of decisions. It worries people... and who knows what might happen if we start to think you're going to leave us behind."

airplaneThreaten\_option1= Tell [him] to calm down

airplaneThreaten\_option2= Agree to take [him]

airplaneThreaten\_option3= Toss [him] in prison

airplaneThreaten\_outcome1= "Calm down?!" [he] spluttered. "You're flying out of here and leaving us to fend for ourselves, and you want me to calm down?! Screw you and the horse you rode in on!"\n\nLater we discovered our storehouse had been ransacked and [a] {1} stolen. We searched [Name's] room but found nothing. With no proof I can't very well punish the [guy]. I mean, it \_might\_ have been someone from the outside with very coincidental timing.

airplaneThreaten\_outcome2= [Name] took my hand in [his] and gave me a grim smile. "Good to know where we stand."\n\nWell, I guess that's one less seat on the plane out of six total. I hope no one is planning on bringing any serious luggage.

airplaneThreaten\_outcome3= From the expression on [Name's] face, I'm guessing [he] wasn't expecting that response. But [he] threatened to commit a crime, and I can't take stuff like that lightly. If we aren't all working together, there's no hope for any of us.

airplaneOffer\_title= Rich Passenger

airplaneOffer\_1= [FormalName] just swung by to show me the sweet {1} [he] found. [He] said I could have it if I'm willing to bring [him] along with us when we fly out of here.\n\nI'm not too sure about auctioning off a plane seat like that, but it sure is a nice {1}. Hell, I've wanted one of those since I was a little kid.

airplaneOffer\_2= Seems [FormalName] has been holding back on us. I just learned [he]'s gotten a hold of a {1} and is offering it to anyone who will guarantee [him] a spot on our plane when it flies out of here.\n\nNot sure why [he] didn't come directly to me in the first place, since I'm the one deciding this.

airplaneOffer\_3= [FormalName] approached me today to ask about the plane we're fixing up. There are limited seats, so [he] wanted to know if [he] can come along with us.\n\n[He] said [he] was even willing to let me have the {1} [his] grandma had left [him]. [He]'s been keeping it safe in memory of her, but [he] knows if she was still around, she'd whip [his] butt if she thought her {1} had a chance to save [him] and [he] didn't use it.

airplaneOffer\_option1= Decline the offer

airplaneOffer\_option2= Agree to the offer

airplaneOffer\_option3= Confiscate the {1}

airplaneOffer\_outcome1= As much as I would have liked to get my hands on [his] stuff, I had to tell [him] we couldn't guarantee [him] a spot on the plane. Hell, things are going to be so tight in there, I'm not even sure the {1} would fit if we wanted to take it with us.

airplaneOffer\_outcome2= I agreed to take [Name] along with us. [He]'s a good [man], and getting the use of [his] {1} is a welcome bonus. I just hope we've got space to take it with us after the six of us are all packed in there.

airplaneOffer\_outcome3= I took the {1} from [him] and told [him] it was for the good of the fort and if [he] didn't like it, [he] was welcome to find out what it was like trying to survive on the other side of the wall.\n\nTurns out [he] took me up on that. When we got up the next morning [his] room was cleared out and there was no sign of [him] anywhere.\n\nSo, one new toy and one less mouth to feed. I just hope we don't need that extra pair of hands the next time the zed attack.

airplanePlead\_title= Sad Passenger

airplanePlead\_1= I spent some time trying to cheer up [FormalName] last night. I knew [he]'d been down in the dumps and I wanted to know if there was anything I could do to help.\n\nSeems [he]'s really worried about being left behind if we get that plane of ours working. [He] knows we're going to take the more useful people and [he]'s afraid [he] isn't going to measure up. I'm not sure what to tell [him].

airplanePlead\_2= [FormalName] came up to me in tears today. [He] told me [he] couldn't stand life here in [CityName] anymore. Fighting the zed daily, living on canned tuna and the few sprouts we've managed to coax out of the dry ground.\n\n[He] wants out of here and [he] knows I do too. That I'll be flying into the bright blue yonder the instant we get that Beaver running. [He] wants a spot on that plane. [He] \_needs\_ a spot on that plane.\n\n[He]'s sure passionate about it, at least. What should I tell him?

airplanePlead\_3= [FormalName] is out there again, watching the airplane at the old farm again. [He] spends all [his] time out there picking weeds and counting the clouds.\n\nWhen I asked [him] what [he] was doing, [he] gave me a quiet smile and said: "Don't you see? The plane's all that keeping me going. It's the only chance I have of getting out of this place alive."\n\nThen a look of desperation came over him. "I am coming along, right skipper? You won't leave me behind, will you?"

airplanePlead\_option1= Bring [him] with us

airplanePlead\_option2= Say I can't guarantee it

airplanePlead\_outcome1= How could I say no to those puppy-dog eyes? I agreed to take [him] and mentally crossed one more of our six plane seats off. It's going to get pretty cramped in there, but we've got to take as many people as we can.

airplanePlead\_outcome2= I tried to let [him] down as gently as I could, but I could tell [he] wasn't buying my line about there being more food and room once we're gone. [He] was obviously quite crestfallen.

airplaneTakeOff\_title= Up, Up and Away!

airplaneTakeOff= Well, the Beaver is all fixed up and we can fly her on our of here and as far away as we can manage. Our passenger list:\n\n{1}\n\nDo we want to fly out of here?

airplaneTakeOff\_noPilot= Oops! We forgot to bring a pilot. Who did we think was going to fly the plane? I added [Name] to our passenger list. Now we have:\n\n{1}\n\nDo we want to fly out of here?

airplaneTakeOff\_noPassenger= Oops, almost forgot to bring [Name2] along like I promised earlier. [He2] wasn't going to let us forget though; [he2] was already sitting in [his2] seat with [his2] suitcase in [his2] lap when we boarded. Now the passenger list is:\n\n{1}\n\nDo we want to fly out of here?

airplaneTakeOff\_noPilotPassenger= Oops! We forgot to bring a pilot. Better make sure [Name] comes along or we won't get off the ground. And we alomst forgot to bring [Name2] along like I promised, but [he2] was already sitting in [his2] seat with [his2] suitcase in [his2] lap when we boarded. Now the passenger list is:\n\n{1}\n\nDo we want to fly out of here?

airplaneTakeOff\_noLeader= Hey, don't leave without me! Now that I'm coming, our passenger list is:\n\n{1}\n\nDo we want to fly out of here?

airplaneTakeOff\_option1= Leave [CityName]

airplaneTakeOff\_option2= Wait, no, I forgot something!

airplaneTakeOff\_outcome1= As the plane flew over [CityName], I have to admit there was a lump in my throat. Could we have done better here? Was there still more to be done? I guess we'll never know.\n\nOn the other hand, we're still alive. And sometimes, that's all you can ask for.

airplaneTakeOff\_outcome2= We decided no to board the plane just yet. There's still more to do here in [CityName]... but it's nice to know we've got a way out if the going gets too rough.

airplaneTakeOff\_outcome1\_option1= Continue...

interwebsIntro\_title= Conscription

interwebsIntro= Senator Davis had a special request for us during our meeting. Well, "request" isn't quite the right word. She says she now has authority from head office to conscript any local citizens to serve the Government. This just came over on "the network" from the federal government back east. She said we could take it up with them if we have a problem with it.\n\nThese guys have power and the Internet? Wow they really are connected.

interwebsIntro\_option1= Agree to help

interwebsIntro\_option2= Refuse to do it

interwebsIntro\_option3= Ask how we contact the feds

interwebsIntro\_outcome1= Davis nodded. "Thank you for your loyal service, citizens."\n\nShe said their scouts had radioed in that an office tower in the financial district is ready to be scavenged. We should find at least three truckloads of supplies there that the government needs. Our mission is send our best scavengers, retrieve the supplies and bring them back here.

interwebsIntro\_outcome2= Davis frowned. "Did I say you had a choice?"\n\nShe said their scouts had radioed in that an office tower in the financial district is ready to be scavenged. We should find at least three truckloads of supplies there that the government needs. Our mission is send our best scavengers, retrieve the supplies and bring them back here.

interwebsIntro\_outcome3= She was clearly ready for this one. "Access to secure communication channels with federal offices is restricted," she said. "and use of the network is for authorized personnel only... I'm afraid your security clearance level is too low to allow it."

interwebsTower\_title= Incredicorp Industries

interwebsTower= [We] spent hours combing through the office tower the Government assigned us to scavenge, climbing stairs until my legs were ready to collapse. But [we] found nothing useful whatsoever, not even coffee in the break rooms.\n\nIt was clear by the 5th floor that someone had beaten us to this place, but [we] persisted to the top. In the CEO's office, alone on the massive oak desk, [we] found a note:\n\n"Lulz, beat you to it! - Cryptico"

interwebsTower\_option1= Return to the government

interwebsTower\_outcome1= Senator Davis read the note and mulled it over. "How could they have known... " she wondered. "The scouts only radioed in the location a few days before..."\n\n"Well, it looks like like 'Cryptico' might be a possible threat. Might be an individual, or some sort of terrorist organization with an agenda to undermine the Government. Keep an eye out for them."\n\n"Oh, and good work [p|citizen|citizens]. I will let you know when we have your next assignment."

interwebsLetter\_title= Cryptico

interwebsLetter= We found a letter slipped through our gates this morning, in the same printed typeface as the one from the office tower. It read:\n\n"Hail, Government lackeys. I know you work for them. And I know other things. And those things, you want to know them too. If you've got the cojones to meet, find me at the 1337cREw compound. Come in the PM; I'm not a morning person. And bring prezzies. - Cryptico"\n\nWonder what Cryptico means by "prezzies". Flowers and chocolate?

interwebsLeetcrew\_title= Cryptico Revealed

interwebsLeetcrew= [We] told Dara [we] were here to meet with Cryptico. She put her hands on her hips and said "Okay, did you bring a present?"

interwebsLeetcrew\_option1= Offer {1}

interwebsLeetcrew\_option2= Offer {2}

interwebsLeetcrew\_option3= Offer 10 fuel

interwebsLeetcrew\_option4= Come back later

interwebsLeetcrewGift= Dara accepted the gift. "Okay, so, I'm Cryptico, " she said. "Like that wasn't super obvious, right? It's my handle, it's what the Crew call me."\n\n"So, we've decoded the Government radio channels and we've been listening in. That's how we knew about the office tower, and about you, and one more thing."\n\n"The Government have this thing called the network. It's the Internet, right? Invented in the 80s so they'd have a way to talk to the feds if something crazy happened. You know, crazy like the zombpocalypse, right?"

interwebsLeetcrewGift\_option1= Uh, right...

interwebsLeetcrewGift\_outcome1= "So, we want back online! Communication is a basic human right, okay? We had this thing called net neutrality once but we lost it because we didn't fight for it. Now the Government has access to the network and we plebs don't. We don't even know what's going on in the east. That's not ethical! It's not right! Right?"\n\nI nodded, though I wasn't sure. She continued. "Okay, so we know they like you. So poke around, try to learn about their system. Send an engineer next time you meet with them. At least find out what Operating System they use."

interwebsLeetcrew\_outcome4= What would someone named Cryptico like? A book about ciphers? A secret decryptor ring? Or is it "crypt" as in graveyards and stuff?

interwebsAndy\_title= Search for the Network

interwebsAndy= Senator Davis was giving orders to a group of soldiers when [we] arrived. They didn't seem happy about "graveyard duty", whatever that was, but she said she was following orders from her commanders in the federal government.\n\n"We all have tough jobs to do, " she said, "now go do yours."

interwebsAndy\_option1= Ask Davis about the network

interwebsAndy\_option2= Snoop around the Government base

interwebsAndy\_outcome1= "Absolutely not, " she said, crossing her arms. "The network is not some series of tubes there for your amusement. It is for top secret government use only. If people started clogging it up by playing shooter games and watching Youtubes, important government emails might not get through. For the sake of national security, we can't have that."\n\nThe senator seems to be a dead end. Maybe someone else can help us?

interwebsAndy\_outcome1\_option1= Snoop around the Government base

interwebsAndy\_outcome2= [We] poked [our] [p|head|heads] into a few rooms. Soldiers: nope. More soldiers: nope. Politicians in heated argument: nope. Then off in a disused wing, we found a man hunched over a computer. He has shockingly pink hair, and seemed to be playing Minesweeper. Could be our ticket to network access. I stepped in and introduced myself.\n\n"Oh. Hi." he said, quickly switching to a spreadsheet app, "My name's Andy. I'm the fort's IT guy. Uh... you probably shouldn't be in here."

interwebsAndy\_outcome2Again= [We] returned to the disused wing with the pink-haired IT guy, Andy. This time he was definitely playing Minesweeper when [we] came in. He turned his monitor off.\n\n"Oh, hi again."

interwebsAndy\_outcome2\_option1= Talk about Video Games (engineering)

interwebsAndy\_outcome2\_option2= Talk about Linux (engineering)

interwebsAndy\_outcome2\_outcome1\_success= "World of Goo, Fez, Rockets Rockets Rockets" Andy reminisced, "It was all about the indie games. I used to wish I made games, instead of sitting at this desk plunking away at a terrible Windows server architecture and waiting for my pension."\n\n"The network? Nah, not from this computer. They blocked it long before the outbreak: first Facebook, then game and news sites; soon the Internet was nothing but Net Nanny notices. The only machine that still has uncensored access is Senator Davis' private computer."\n\nWell, at least we found out the Operating System.

interwebsAndy\_outcome2\_outcome1\_fail= Andy was unimpressed. "Angry Birds? Candy Crush? Is that what you call gaming? I'm sorry buddy, we have nothing to talk about."\n\nMaybe we should come back later with someone who knows their geek culture a little better.

interwebsAndy\_outcome2\_outcome2\_success= "I liked Slackware too, " said Andy. "Or Mint for gaming. But we're all 'Microsoft Windows Enterprise Solutions' here at the government." he smacked his monitor.\n\n"The network? Nah, not from this computer. They blocked it long before the outbreak: first Facebook, then game and news sites; soon the Internet was nothing but Net Nanny notices. The only machine that still has uncensored access is Senator Davis' private computer. But she'd never let you in there, sorry."\n\nWell, at least we found out the Operating System.

interwebsAndy\_outcome2\_outcome2\_fail= "Listen, " Andy said, "you can pronounce it linn-ix or lie-nucks, but not whatever you just said. Do you even know what an operating system is?"\n\nMaybe we should come back later with someone who knows their geek culture a little better.

interwebsMalware\_title= Empty Handed

interwebsMalware= I gave Dara the bad news: only one computer at the Government can reach the network, and we can't get to it.\n\n"Wait, " she was hopeful, "you said the pink-haired dude has access, right? He doesn't need to get \_us\_ in, just \_this\_." She pulled out a USB stick. "If he plugs it in, it'll snoop around and download the deets to that secure connection."\n\n"He likes games, right? Let's put one on this and tell him it'll only run on the Senator's machine. He plugs it in to play, and boom goes the dynamite. Boom! So, which of these games do we use?"

interwebsMalware\_option1= Alien Black Hole

interwebsMalware\_option2= Sburb People Simulator

interwebsMalware\_option3= Rebuild VII

interwebsMalwareOtucome= Dara loaded the game up onto the USB drive. "Yeah, this game was still in beta when the world went to hell, but I was a playtester. The whole world was dying for it to come out. Haha, right? Anyway I bet he never got to play it."\n\n"Tell him this game needs to be always online cuz of DRM, so it needs a connection to the network. Make him believe, okay? We need this."\n\nShe handed me the drive. "May the force be with you, [brother]."

interwebsInstall\_title= The Installation

interwebsInstall= "What's this?" asked Andy when I dropped the USB stick in his hands. I told him it was only the hottest game the world's been anticipating since the dead started chomping.\n\n"It's not a zombie game, is it?" He looked dubious. "I've had enough of those... and what do you mean it's always online, that doesn't make any sense... I mean their servers..."

interwebsInstallAgain= "Oh you're back." Andy was just staring at the wall when we met him this time. He looked dangerously, desperately bored. "Did you bring that game?"

interwebsInstall\_option1= Convince him to join the 1337cREw (leadership)

interwebsInstall\_option2= Convince him the game is great (engineering)

interwebsInstall\_option3= Threaten his job security

interwebsInstall\_outcome1\_success= I told him the truth. There was malware on the USB drive, and the 1337cREw wanted to use it to get access to the Government's network. In exchange for helping us, I said, I'd put in the good word for him with the 1337cREw.\n\nHe perked up at this. "They'd let me do actual programming instead of sitting around doing nothing? Alright, screw my pension, let's do this."\n\n"Come back in a week and I'll have your access data."

interwebsInstall\_outcome1\_success\_option1= Continue...

interwebsInstall\_outcome1\_fail= "Uh, no, I've heard of those guys," said Andy. "Cyber-terrorists they say. Sounds like a hard life. Probably no benefits. I think you should take your game back and go."\n\nMaybe we could send someone else to convince him.

interwebsInstall\_outcome2\_success= Andy was convinced. "Man, this game sounds amazing. It's too bad about the DRM, but as soon as Senator Davis goes home for the night I'm going to load it up on her machine. Don't worry, she'll never know."\n\n"Come back next week and we can talk about the game!"

interwebsInstall\_outcome2\_success\_option1= Continue...

interwebsInstall\_outcome2\_fail= I guess I failed to convince him. "Good games are about more than the graphics," he said. "They have to do something different, they have to pull you in and speak to you. You should take your game back and go... I'm really busy."\n\nClearly he isn't. We should send someone else to talk to him in a few days, maybe he'll change his mind.

interwebsInstall\_outcome3= This scared him. "Don't tell my boss. If they find out I'm doing nothing in here all day, they'll put me on the wall. I'm a thinker, not a soldier. I'd die out there!"\n\nI pressed him until he caved. "Okay, okay, I'll play your game on the Senator's computer. I'll... I'll tell you what I think of it next time we meet."

interwebsInstall\_outcome3\_option1= Continue...

interwebsInstallMission= I bumped into the Senator on the way out of Andy's office. I hope my fright wasn't too obvious.\n\n"There you are, " she said. "We need your service to the Government again, [p|citizen|citizens]. Our scouts have located a supply cache hidden in a bunker in a suburban backyard. Its contents need to be salvaged and brought to us ASAP. Here's the briefing."\n\nShe didn't wait for my reply, just shoved a folder into my hand then turned on her heel and marched away.

interwebsDenied\_title= The Senator Awaits

interwebsDenied= I came to the Government's base hoping to find Andy Moore and check on his progress with the video game, but before I could, Senator Davis herded me back outside. She reminding me of our "patriotic duties to the state" and that house we'd been asked to scavenge.

interwebsHouse\_title= More Nothing

interwebsHouse= Looks like the 1337cREw beat us to the punch like last time. The backyard bunker was huge, easily a four-person deal. A legacy of the cold war, or some doomsday prepper who must have died before they could get to it. But empty. Just a note on the floor that said "Pwned again. - Cryptico"\n\nI guess we could search the rest of the house. The Government didn't mention it.

interwebsHouse\_option1= Check the house (scavenging)

interwebsHouse\_option2= Leave

interwebsHouse\_outcome1\_success= [We] found some food in the kitchen. Upstairs, the building's former owners were lying in bed together, dead of an overdose of sleeping pills. Two parents and two kids, lined up like dwarves in a fairy tale, the sheets pulled up to their chins.\n\nWe made sure they were dead just in case, then took what pills were left in the cabinets.

interwebsHouse\_outcome1\_fail= [We] found the building's former owners lying in bed together, two parents and two kids with stained sheets pulled up to their chins. Looks like they'd taken pills rather than use that bunker outside.\n\nAs I was leaning over to read the label on the pill bottle, one of the children opened its eyes and snapped at me. It wormed its way out of the covers and lunged.\n\nStartled and disturbed, [we] booked it out of there. No way [we're] going back. I need a couple days just to get my head straight after that experience.

interwebsReport= Davis was quite upset about the missing bunker and weapons. She threw up her arms. "How is this possible? Our scouts just found that cache!"\n\nShe narrowed her eyes at me when I didn't reply. "No, seriously. Where are my weapons?"

interwebsReport\_option1= Deliver food and medicine we found

interwebsReport\_option2= It was the 1337cREw

interwebsReport\_option3= Say Nothing

interwebsReport\_outcome1= I promised her this was all we'd found.\n\n"I suppose this will have to do, " she sighed. "Thank you for your report. The Government will take it from here."

interwebsReport\_outcome1\_option1= Continue...

interwebsReport\_outcome2= "The who now?" She leaned in. "Are they protecting that Cryptico? Was there another note?"\n\nI explained that the 1337cREw had been listening in to the radio reports from their scouts, and had cracked the code they use. I left out the part about the network and the USB drive.\n\nThe senator was creepily calm about it. She just thanked [us] for [our] report and dismissed [us].

interwebsReport\_outcome2\_option1= Continue...

interwebsReport\_outcome3= I told her there was nothing there when we arrived and that was all I knew. I didn't mention the note from Cryptico this time.\n\nThe senator didn't believe me, but she let [us] go.\n\n"We're keeping an eye on your group, citizen. If it turns out you've kept those weapons for your own use, you are going to seriously regret it."

interwebsReport\_outcome3\_option1= Continue...

interwebsHouseAndy= I snuck over to Andy's office after the meeting. Turns out he loved the game we gave them, and couldn't stop raving about it.\n\n"It was totally worth the chance of getting caught on her computer," he said, returning the USB drive. "But don't worry, she doesn't suspect a thing."\n\nThe drive felt heavy in my hand with the important data it held. We should bring it back to the 1337cREw as soon as we can.

interwebsHouseAndyCrew= I snuck over to Andy's office after the meeting. He was giddy from his first stab at government espionage.\n\n"Sup comrades! I totally hacked that data you wanted off the senator's computer. I plugged this baby in and just let her do the work." He handed back the USB stick. "It's all on there, what the 1337cREw need to know. So... you're going to tell them I want to join, right? I could be a great hacker, I think this is what I was born for."\n\nI gave him the thumbs up.

interwebsDisconnect\_title= No Network Connection Detected

interwebsDisconnect= I watched eagerly as Dara parsed through the data we'd collected. She seemed to get more and more frustrated.\n\n"There's nothing here!" she finally shouted. "No network at all! No trace of any connection. The senator hasn't even gotten an email in years... she's just been lying to everyone so they'll follow her orders."\n\nShe tossed me back the USB stick and pouted. "The last thing they sent her was an encrypted dump from some Euro agency. If you want it you can decrypt it yourself. I'm done with this."

interwebsDisconnect\_option1= Ask if Andy can join them

interwebsDisconnect\_option2= Done

interwebsDisconnect\_outcome1= "Andy who?" Dara was skeptical. "That pink haired dude? Does he have the chops?"

interwebsDisconnect\_outcome1\_option1= You owe us (respect 75)

interwebsDisconnect\_outcome1\_option2= Convince them (leadership)

interwebsDisconnect\_outcome1\_outcome1= "Yeah, " she agreed, "I guess you guys have been solid, and Andy did put himself at risk for this even though it was a total shnozhonk. You tell him he's got a place in the Crew if he wants it."

interwebsDisconnect\_outcome1\_outcome2\_success= "Yeah, " she agreed, "I guess Andy did put himself at risk for this even though it was a total shnozhonk. You tell him he's got a place in the Crew if he wants it."

interwebsDisconnect\_outcome1\_outcome2\_fail= "Bwah, no!" Dara rolled her eyes at me. "The last thing the Crew need is another script kiddie who thinks he's a hacker just because he plugged a drive in. We've got enough of those already."\n\nI guess risking your life to help these guys isn't enough to get you into the 1337cREw. Sorry Andy.

interwebsAnalyze\_title= Analysis Complete

interwebsAnalyze= Looks like the European Center for Disease Control sent the Government a big data dump before the lines went dead.\n\nBasically all their research on the infection is here. Early vectors, studies of its effect on the brain. And one promising trial of convalescent plasma serum from the blood of a resistant chimpanzee. They claim it worked on other chimps, but not on people. They needed to find a resistant human for that.\n\nWe're going to hold on to this data. Could be the key to a vaccine someday.

interwebsEnd\_title= The Network

interwebsEnd= I confronted Senator Davis, accusing her of lying about the network so she could make up orders from nonexistant bosses at the federal government.\n\nShe caved almost immediately, like she'd been expecting this. "Yes, " she admitted, "we are the only branch of the government that still exists, to my knowledge. Someone needed to make the hard decisions... and it was easier for people to believe that person was halfway across the continent."\n\n"Listen, if people found out, there could be a coup. Please... these people need me. They need the lie."

interwebsEnd\_option1= Tell everyone

interwebsEnd\_option2= Keep her secret

interwebsEnd\_outcome1= I stormed out of the office and right into Andy. I yelled "The network is a lie!" and he answered "I know! Well... I always suspected!".\n\nWe marched down to the cantina where soldiers were gathering for lunch break. "The network is a lie!" we yelled in unison.\n\nWe continued on this like this as people stopped and stared, whispering and looking nervously at one another. You could see them starting to take sides, those who'd back the senator and those who'd been looking for an excuse to remove her. We'll have to wait and see what happens in the coming days.

interwebsEnd\_outcome1\_option1= Ask Andy what he'll do now

interwebsEnd\_outcome1\_outcome1= He seemed optimistic that things would turn out well for the Government. "If she holds on to power, at least it will be honestly. But my money's on the other guy." He gestured at a man in a general's uniform.\n\n"No offence, " he said, "but it's my best option. I mean, the way you operate... you guys don't seem much better than the old boss."\n\nI guess I should be insulted? But we shook hands and I wished him well.

interwebsEnd\_outcome1\_outcome1\_leetcrew= "Leet Crew Eff-tee-double-yew!" he pronounced it without a trace of irony. "The Crew sent me notice, I'm in! I'm getting out of here right now, before shots start flying."\n\nWe shook hands and I wished him well. Glad we could help a guy out... I just hope he doesn't get into any trouble over there.

interwebsEnd\_outcome1\_outcome1\_you= "Well, " he said sheepishly, "I was hoping you guys might have room for an engineer with a penchant for video games? Maybe a programming position?"\n\nI doubt we have any need for programmers, but I welcomed Andy to join us anyway. Turns out he's also a pilot, in case that ever comes up.

interwebsEnd\_outcome2= "Thank God." she sighed, visibly relieved. Then: "Andy Moore, you can come in now!" Andy slouched in, looking guilty. Davis sighed again. "I caught this man installing unauthorized software onto my computer. You wouldn't know anything about this, would you...?"\n\n"...Of course you wouldn't. Well Mr Moore, I'm promoting you to first corporal of the wall. Head to the barracks for your uniform and gun."\n\nAndy looked at [us] desperately, pleading for an intervention.

interwebsEnd\_outcome2\_option1= Blame the 1337cREw for it

interwebsEnd\_outcome2\_option2= Ask if Andy can join us instead

interwebsEnd\_outcome2\_option3= Say nothing

interwebsEnd\_outcome2\_outcome1= "The hacker clan?" she mused, "I suppose they must have put him up to it."\n\nI added that they'd been listening in on the Government's radio broadcasts and poaching their scavenging sites. "Yes," she said, "those cyber-terrorists have been on our watchlist for awhile. Well.. I guess there's no reason to waste a mind like Mr Moore's on this breach of security. We'll just have to keep a closer eye on him and his computers."\n\nAndy glared at [us], furious at [our] betrayal. Hey, at least he got to keep his job and his pension, right?

interwebsEnd\_outcome2\_outcome1\_crew\_destroyed= "The hacker clan?" she mused, "I suppose they must have put him up to it."\n\nI added that they'd been listening in on the Government's radio broadcasts and poaching their scavenging sites. "Yes," she said, "I'm glad we took out those cyber-terrorists when we had the chance. Well.. I guess there's no reason to waste a mind like Mr Moore's on this breach of security. We'll just have to keep a closer eye on him and his computers."\n\nAndy glared at [us], furious at [our] betrayal. Hey, at least he got to keep his job and his pension, right?

interwebsEnd\_outcome2\_outcome2\_success= Davis frowned and closed her eyes to think. "I suppose... " she said, "you have shown yourselves to be allies today. And it would get him away from our computers... Okay. You can have him."\n\nAndy looked ready to burst from joy. "I hope you need an engineer, or a video game designer." He grinned. "I also have my pilot's license if that's useful."\n\n"And, " he laughed "I'm awful good at Microsoft Solitaire."

interwebsEnd\_outcome2\_outcome2\_fail= Andy stepped in. "Actually, " he said, "I'm mad as hell with the way you guys took advantage of me, and I don't have to take it anymore. I'm through with being a pawn or a passive consumer. I'm going to take action in my life, pick up a gun and take my chances on the wall."

interwebsEnd\_outcome2\_outcome3= Andy slumped off to the barracks hopelessly. I feel back for the guy, but at least he'll be doing something useful there instead of just playing games all day in an office. Hopefully he'll adapt, like we all have.

interwebsDeathstar\_title= It's a trap!

interwebsDeathstar= We met some 1337cREw members leaving the city today, wearing backpacks and looking beaten half to death.\n\n"I dunno how," Dara said, "but they knew we were listening. We intercepted a message from their scouts... A motherload of undefended fuel and electronics. Jackpot, right? We came to snatch it from them like usual, but they were waiting. The Deathstar was fully operational."\n\n"They locked us inside, and the zed... most of my people are dead. The rest are getting as far from the Government as we can. We opened our gates, let the zed in. They can have it."

interwebsCoup\_title= Coup de Grace

interwebsCoup= Sounds like that military coup is going down at the Government fort. The one we're pretty much directly responsible for. The two factions must be evenly matched, because they've been at it all day, blowing each other up with their big effing guns.\n\nAre we going to pick a side?

interwebsCoup\_option1= Help the rebels

interwebsCoup\_option2= Help Senator Davis

interwebsCoup\_option3= Stay out of it

interwebsCoup\_outcome1= We tried to stay out of the violence, acting as long-distance scouts for Senator Davis and his rebels. With our help, they could react to the senator's forces quickly, and did so by demolishing up anything in the vicinity with extreme prejudice.\n\nThe Government fort was such a mess by the time it was over that it wasn't clear \_what\_ they'd won, if anything. After a long meeting, it was decided the survivors would pack up and move on to another, less destroyed city. We wished them well.

interwebsCoup\_outcome2= Senator Davis was surprised to see us on her side. Honestly, I just didn't want the Government run by someone even more militaristic than she was.\n\nWe joined in the fighting. [FormalName] was shot in the shoulder while personally guarding the senator, right in the thick of things. Davis had been a marine in her youth and still remembered her training.\n\nWe won. Luckily we had no casualties, though the same can't be said for Davis' troops. Their base also took heavy damage... but with our help they can rebuild it.

interwebsCoup\_outcome3= We tried to lay low until they finished demolishing the place, but the occasional stray RPG still came over our walls. Then one of them landed \_on\_ the walls, and we lost a {1}.\n\nAfter several days of this, the two sides declared a truce among the wreckage. We could see them shaking hands, then going their separate ways: the two groups leaving the city in different directions.\n\nWar: what is it good for?

interwebsReward\_title= On Education

interwebsReward= It's a shame the 1337cREw couldn't find what they wanted on the Government network. They seemed like smart kids, though their compound had a bit of a college dorm kind of vibe.\n\nReminds me of my own time at college. I...

interwebsReward\_option1= graduated at the top of the class

interwebsReward\_option2= was a quiet, diligent student

interwebsReward\_option3= partied and had a great time

interwebsReward\_option4= dropped out after a few months

interwebsReward\_outcome1= If I had to do it all over again, I would...

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_option1= Become a doctor

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_option2= Stay a perpetual student

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_option3= Drop out to play video games

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_option4= Do it all exactly the same

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_outcome1= I've always had an interest in medicine, but found the ungodly amount of education required pretty daunting. Twelve extra years of studying, tests, and internship before I could even start a practice.\n\nBut I think I'd be ready for it now. I've decided to take it on myself to start studying medicine. I'm going to try to become the doctor I never was.

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_outcome1\_effect= Gained the Doctor perk

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_outcome2= Why ever leave? I could take courses on french poetry, the philosophy of Star Trek, feminism in pop music, vampire film studies... I could learn sign language or Esperanto or how to build Haida bentwood boxes.\n\nYou know what? We've got books and experts on strange subjects here. I'm going to take myself back to school and try to learn a new subject every month.

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_outcome2\_effect= Gained the College Student perk

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_outcome3= They say professional e-sports competitors reach their prime at 19. The full-time training required to reach the top leaderboards don't leave much room for college. Parents just don't understand!\n\nBut you know, we've got enough generator power to play video games in the evenings. Maybe it's not too late for me to get back into that noble realm. The problem will be finding someone to compete against...

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_outcome3\_effect= Gained the Pro Gamer perk

interwebsReward\_outcome1\_outcome4= I have no regrets. I've lived my life the way that felt right at the time. It's all kind of a blur now anyway since the infection. We've all got more pressing things to worry about than the past.

originCricketTrade\_title= The gentleman's sport

originCricketTrade= Gustav was very interested in the cricket bat [we] traded him. \_"Game of zee gentle men!"\_ he laughed at my surprise. \_"Yes, even in Ukraine zey have it, but not so much in zis country."\_\n\n\_"I am remembering a doctor from many months ago, here in [CityName]... very strange person, very strange in head. Love ze cricket also. We talk much about it. If I see zis Dr van Nooten again, I will give this cricket bat."\_

originMall\_title= Shopping Spree

originMall= Ah the mall. Undead lining up on the escalators, patiently waiting for them to move again. They window shop, leaning their foreheads against the glass, moaning with desire at the goods within. It's a fine line between pathetic and hilarious.\n\n[We] finished work early due to [our] fantastic skill, scavenging everything from the obvious shops (sporting goods, bakeries, etc). Since we have time, should we check out one of the smaller shops?

originMall\_option1= The toy store

originMall\_option2= The pet store

originMall\_option3= Kill zombies instead

originMall\_outcome1= [We] spent the afternoon riding tiny kid's bicycles around the "Toys B Us", playing with Nerf guns, jumping on trampolines, and snuggling with life-sized teddy bears. Malls are great! We should do this every day.

originMall\_outcome2= Pet stores are sad places now... animals dead in their cages; starved, dehydrated. Oddly all the rats, hamsters, gerbils, and guinea pigs were missing from their cages. Also the section labelled "primates" was completely bare.\n\nWeird. Whoever took the animals scattered pieces of paper everywhere, or dropped them accidentally. Looks like research by an anthropologist named Dr van Nooten. Something about Haitian ceremonies.\n\nVoodoo, rats and monkies? Who knows.

originMall\_outcome3= A much better use of [our] extra time than tomfoolery. We cleared all the zed out of the mall and went home.

originSchmooze= [FactionLeader] and I got to talking about the importance of education. [FactionHe] was impressed to hear that we have a whopping {1} schools in our fort. [FactionHe] says [factionHe]'s got some old books we could stock our libraries with.

originSchmooze\_return= [FactionLeader's] still offering us those books for our schools.

originSchmooze\_option1= Take the Non-fiction textbooks

originSchmooze\_option2= Take the fiction books

originSchmooze\_outcome1= Most were kind of outdated. The astronomy texts showed Pluto as a planet - hah! But at least one textbook in here should be useful for our engineers.

originSchmooze\_outcome2= Mostly trashy romance novels, but somehow somebody's diary slipped in there. It's dated the year of the outbreak, with the name "I. G. van Nooten" on the cover. It's in... Dutch I guess?\n\n"Vecht met Ruben. Hendrik keert terug uit Haiti binnenkort. Het is tijd dat we hem verteld, maar Ruben zegt nee."\n\nAll I understand are the names Ruben, Hendrik, and Haiti. That's the last entry. Someone wrote "CONTAGION CONTAGION CONTAGION" over the rest until they were too dark to read. Creepy...

originMob\_title= Old News

originMob= A mob of zed attacked [us] while [we] [were] out [missioning]. I should have been watching, but I had my nose stuffed in an old newspaper with the headline: "ZOMBIES: Where do they come from?"\n\nBeing such a curious [man] of science, I had to know! Apparently, I read, a Dutch cult named the "Tulp Bloem Collectief" took credit for creating it. They said they wanted to cleanse the world of the evils of capitalism...

originMob\_option1= Read on...

originMob\_option2= Run you idiot! Zombies!!

originMob\_outcome1= But this reporter for the [CityName] Times thought the cult lied, and they had nothing to do with it.\n\nThe evidence? The first reported cases were weeks earlier from Dodenakker Hospitaal in the small town of Winterswijk, which had no connection to the cult. They quarantined two patients named Ruben Willemsen and Hendrik van Nooten... but I guess the disease still got out somehow. Fascinating...\n\nOh! Right! Zombies! Gotta run!

originMob\_outcome2= Oh, right. Yeah [we] got the heck out of there ahead of that mob. Not a scratch, see? No worries.

originJoin\_title= Survivor Arrives

originJoin= We found a woman was hanging around outside our gates today. She put her cupped hands out to beg for food and seemed skittish when I approached.\n\nShe'd been out there alone for awhile and I guess the world took its toll. After a cup of hot soup she nervously told me about herself. She was a scientist from Europe, stranded here by the disease. She saw our signs and hoped we could help...\n\nWhen I asked her to join us, her eyes misted over and she nodded. Welcome, [Name]. I hope you find happiness here.

originInfection\_title= Immaculate Infection

originInfection= [FormalName] woke me up early. [He]'s been caring for [FormalName2] who was recovering from an injury. Though the prognosis was good, when [Name] checked on [him2] this morning [he2] was very sick. High fever, white spots in the mouth, and bloodshot, dilated eyes... all the signs of the zombie disease. I'm afraid it's too late to do anything but make [him2] comfortable.\n\nThe weird thing is, there are no bites on [his2] body, and [he2]'s had no contact with zed in 48 hours. We don't know how [he2] caught the disease. Upsetting...

originLeave\_title= Anger Management

originLeave= We're having trouble with [FormalName]. Like many of us, [he] has trouble controlling [his] emotions. But it's gotten worse and worse since [he] joined us, and just reached a new level of bad.\n\n[He] and [FormalName2] were cleaning our storeroom when they found a rat eating through a sack of rice. [Name2] killed it. Then [Name] went ballistic. [He] attacked, ripping out chunks of [Name2]'s hair, then tried to take out one of [his2] eyes with a pair of shears. [Name2] barely fought [him] off.\n\nWhat do we do with [Name]?

originLeave\_option1= Talk to [him] (lvl 7 leader)

originLeave\_option2= Ask [him] to leave

originLeave\_outcome1= I talked with [Name] for an hour, but [he] just wouldn't open up to me. [He] won't even let other people touch [him].\n\nWe discussed meditation and breathing exercises, and I thought I'd at least convinced [him] to work harder to control [his] emotions. But the next morning [he]'d packed all [his] things and left us.\n\nMaybe it's for the best. It's too bad that we couldn't fix whatever was broken inside [Name], but... some people might be better off alone.

originLeave\_outcome2= It was hard to do it, but I sat [Name] down to talk about options other than living with us. Maybe another faction would take [him] in? Or, well, maybe some people are just better off alone. I mean, [he] won't even let other people touch [him]. The [man] has real issues, not even counting the attempted eye-removal.\n\n[Name] heard me out, then sighed and said it was probably time. [He] was gone by nightfall. I feel bad but... we have to worry about the rest of the fort too. I hope [he]'ll be okay out there.

originMotel\_title= Ed's End of the Line Motel

originMotel= The rooms were wood-paneled and accented with lime-green and vomit-orange in horrible 70s design. The motel was mostly empty, but in one room a suitcase with the initials "I.G.v.N" made my scavenger senses tingle.\n\nI dug through the clothes and found a softbound book titled \_Alouatta Seniculus\_ by Dr van Nooten. It's a study on some kind of South American monkey. The margins are filled with scribbled notes, drawings of brains and repeated phrases in Dutch and English. They used four different colored highlighters.

originMotel\_option1= Search the rest of the room

originMotel\_outcome1= There was a phone book on the desk, open to a list of medical facilities. "Woodlands General Hospital" is highlighted in green and its address is circled over and over until the pen started to cut through the page. Was I. G. van Nooten sick?\n\nIt has an address nearby... maybe we should head there to investigate further. I'm dying to know if van Nooten can tell us where the zombie disease came from.

originHospital\_title= Woodlands General

originHospital= They quarantined this hospital early on, boarding up the doors and windows and stringing police tape everywhere. To keep looters out... or keep whatever was inside from escaping?\n\n[We] pried the boards off the front door and made [our] way through silent, blood smeared halls to reception. They used a confusing system that referred to patients by their initials, for patient confidentiality I suppose.\n\nThere were four who might be our "I. G. van Nooten". Which should [we] check first?

originHospital\_option1= The violent homeless man

originHospital\_option2= The man claiming he was cursed

originHospital\_option3= The coma patient

originHospital\_option4= The woman with the space rock

originHospitalHomeless= Bloodstains covered the bed and floor where the disemboweled remains of a former patient were still strapped to the gurney. Judging from the bite marks, looks like somebody ate this guy for dinner.\n\nPiecing through his scattered patient records, it looked like "Iggy Valentine" was a regular here. After five visits for substance abuse, the doc figured this was the last time they'd see him walk through those doors upright. They were right.\n\nNot van Nooten. [We]'ll have to keep looking.

originHospitalCursed= This patient's room was covered in bird droppings and leaves blown in through the open window. Flipping through the patient report, it seems "Ian Vickers" came in claiming he'd been inflicted with a voodoo curse. The doctor's evaluation was that he was "unstable and prone to delusions".\n\nHe was still lucid enough to make a fight or flight choice when the undead came for him. From the stain on the car roof four floors below, [we]'ve got a good idea of how the 'flight' went for him.\n\nNot van Nooten. [We]'ll have to keep looking.

originHospitalRock= This room is securely locked with warning signs all around. The report beside the door says "Imelda Vasquez" had been hearing voices after she found a glowing rock in her backyard. She called it her "radio to heaven".\n\nLab reports showed that the rock was highly radioactive, and Imelda was suffering from acute radiation poisoning. Looking at her desiccated husk through the door's viewing window, I guess she died of starvation trapped in that tiny room by herself.\n\nNot van Nooten. [We]'ll have to keep looking.

originHospitalIsa= This room is empty and nearly spotless. No body, and no blood. I expected to find at least \_one\_ zombie...\n\nBut [we] did find Dr van Nooten! Sort of. According to her chart, Isa Gretchen van Nooten came in very distraught, complaining of "an infection of the brain and glands" and insisting she get a full set of blood work done. The nurses had a hard time calming her down, and of course they didn't believe her.\n\nThen, it says, she collapsed. Just boom, on the floor of the waiting room, unconscious.

originHospitalIsa\_option1= Read the rest of the chart

originHospitalIsa\_option2= Check the cupboards

originHospitalIsa\_option3= Go through the garbage

originHospitalIsa\_outcome1= They moved her to this room and took readings. Pulse: normal. Breathing: normal. Brain activity: normal. Was she faking it? She didn't flinch when they drew blood.\n\nHemoglobin: normal. White blood cells: normal. Platelets: normal. Glucose, calcium, electrolytes: all normal. What was wrong with this woman, if anything?\n\nThat night, she disappeared. The last entry was a notice to locate her, as several nurses who'd treated her were now very ill. They were worried Isa might have caught something from them.

originHospitalIsa\_outcome2= I guess nobody got around to looting this room. The cupboards were still packed full of medical supplies. I'm sure we can find a use for those.\n\nNo other clues about Isa van Nooten here though. Her records just say "Holland". Besides Ed's End of the Line Motel, I wonder where else she might have gone after leaving this hospital...

originHospitalIsa\_outcome3= Gum wrappers, gas receipts, balled up menu from a buffet called "Uncle Willy's"... with ramblings in all the blank spaces, in three colors of pen and highlighter. Looks like our I. G. van Nooten!\n\nWhat else is in here... A business card from a man in the anthropology department of [CityName] College. A campus map of the same place... and a letter inviting Isa van Nooten to lecture there. Bingo!\n\nThe campus is nearby. We should head there to search for Dr. van Nooten.

originSchool\_title= Isa van Nooten

originSchool= [We] followed the campus map to Dr. van Nooten's office in the anthropology department. The invitation we found said she'd come from Holland to teach a course on ritual in modern culture. The disease must have hit halfway into her term and stranded her here.\n\n[We] knew something was wrong when we got close. The rest of the building was deserted, but here the scent of desiccated flesh was intense. And something else, a funky incense smell like burned garden waste. Dirty footprints led up to the door of room 308, her office.

originSchool\_option1= Push open the door

originSchool\_outcome1= The door stuck on something so [we] slipped through the crack and held [our] [p|nose|noses].\n\nEvery square inch of wall had notes pinned to it. Repeated phrases (why me why me why me?), long stories in Dutch, and sketches of human and animal anatomy in various colored pens. Some of it was written right onto the wall, and there were muddy hand-prints and what might be dried blood incorporated too.\n\nIt looked like a serial killer's den. [We] [were] nervous.

originSchool\_outcome1\_option1= Investigate further

originSchoolTalk= Dead rodents all around [us], on the floor and in cages. Some had been placed in little shrines with candles and tiny figures made from sticks. Bundles of herbs had been burned regularly, either in ritual or to cover the smell of decay. All in this one little unventilated office.\n\nAfter a minute of gawking, [we] found Isa. She was bundled in blankets under a desk, filthy and wild, but alive. She eyed us suspiciously. There was something familiar about her...\n\nThat's it! She was Gretchen the engineer! She used to live with us! What should [we] say to her?

originSchoolTalk\_option1= We were nice to you, remember?

originSchoolTalk\_option2= Gustav told us you like cricket...

originSchoolTalk\_option3= Who are Hendrik and Ruben?

originSchoolTalk\_option4= What's with all the dead rats?

originSchoolTalk\_outcome1= "I remember" she mumbled. "It was my fault, [Name], that [man] who died. I should never have touched [him]. Should never have left this place. I am infected."\n\nShe bundled herself further under the desk. "You can't detect it. I tried once, at a hospital. I pretended... they drew my blood and said I was healthy. But I'm not."\n\n"So go away. I will infect you too."

originSchoolTalk\_outcome2= Her eyes kind of lost focus. "When I was a child in Holland," she said, "my father took me to cricket matches. Hendrik, my husband, was also fond of the game..."\n\nIsa trailed off, then looked sad again. She pulled a long knife from under her blanket and started stabbing it slowly into the floor.\n\n"He was so angry when he found out." she whispered. "He could never forgive us."

originSchoolTalk\_outcome3= "Ruben was my lover." she stared sadly at the floor. "My husband Hendrik was away so often... his long research trips to Haiti... it just happened."\n\n"Hendrik was an anthropologist like me. He studied voodoo. When he discovered I was cheating on him, he... he brought something back with him from Haiti. The blood of an animal."\n\n"It... he.... he meant for both of us to die. But I did not."

originSchoolTalk\_outcome4= She threw her hands over her face, scratching and sobbing. "I injected them with my blood! Trying to find a solution. But they didn't live. Like all the people, I killed them!"\n\nIsa cried for awhile, then said quietly: "I'm no biologist. I tried ceremony next. Maybe ritual was the key. I read all his notes..."\n\nShe reached into her blanket and threw a notebook at [us]. "You can have them. Now go away before I kill you too!"

originSchoolNext= This text is never displayed

originSchoolNext\_option1= Read the notebook

originSchoolNext\_option2= Tell Isa she didn't kill anybody

originSchoolNext\_option3= Accuse Isa of killing everybody

originSchoolNotebook= It was Henrick van Nooten's notes from his final trip to Haiti, in crisp English. He was studying a \_vodou bokor\_: a black sorcerer who claimed to raise the dead. When a client paid him to target someone, he would sneak monkey's blood into the target's drink. The target would fall ill and die, then come back to life as a docile and easily controlled zombie. A revenge worse than death for your enemies.\n\nThe \_bokor\_ raised red howler monkeys, \_Alouatta seniculus\_, whose blood he said was magical. Henrick was determined to bring a sample back to Holland.

originSchoolNotebook\_option1= Continue...

originSchoolNotebook\_option2= Tell Isa she didn't kill anybody

originSchoolNotebook\_option3= Accuse Isa of killing everybody

originSchoolForgive= "But I did!" she shouted, stabbing the floor harder. "When my husband poisoned us, I didn't know. Ruben was quarantined, but I was fine. I didn't know I had it too!"\n\n"When Henrick also fell ill, I read his notes and knew he poisoned Ruben. But the disease was different with Henrick. He was violent. I never guessed it was me who infected him. I didn't think! I ran."\n\n"Spain, India, China, Japan, then here. I infected them all. I killed the whole world!"\n\nShe raised the knife over her chest.

originSchoolForgive\_option1= Stop her!

originSchoolForgive\_option2= It's too late...

originSchoolAccuse= Isa stopped stabbing the floor. "You are right." she said quietly. "After Henrik infected me with that blood... I didn't realize. I went to lecture in other countries. I traveled to Spain, India, China, Japan. Then here. Every person I touched, I made them sick."\n\nShe raised the knife. "If it wasn't for me, they would all still be alive. I killed the whole world."\n\nBefore [we] could stop her, she drove the knife into her chest.

originSchoolAccuse\_option1= It's too late...

originSchoolStop= I jumped forward and grabbed the knife from Isa's hands. She burst into tears again and doubled over in her blanket, sobbing.\n\nPatient zero... or more like the Typhoid Mary of zombieism. No wonder she can't live with herself. The problem is... she can't live with us either. It's too dangerous.\n\n[We] quietly backed away and left Isa there. [We] came back the next day to leave supplies, but there was no sign of her.

originSchoolStop\_option1= Continue...

originSchoolStop\_option2= Read the notebook

originSchoolLate= [We] stared down at the growing puddle of blood on the floor. Poor woman; the original infected; the Tyhoid Mary of zombieism. Nobody could feel responsible for billions of deaths and live with that guilt. Or even stay sane.\n\nThere was nothing anyone could have done but put an end her misery. At least she's not in pain anymore.

originSchoolLate\_option1= Continue...

originSchoolLate\_option2= Read the notebook

originSchoolTalkContinue= As we left, a vial of dark liquid and a letter fell out of the back of Henrick's notebook. We took it back and translated it:\n\n"My darling Isa, I know I have been away too long, and your eyes have wandered in my absence. But I am bringing home a substance which will make you mine again. Body and soul. After I put it in your drink, you will feel a fever, but you will wake and love me again with the devotion of our early days."

goalHopeFind\_title= Find the hidden lab

goalHopeFind= Somewhere in hope is an underground infectious diseases laboratory. The Church of the Chosen Ones have their headquarters here... maybe if we got in good with them they'd help us.

goalHopeFindHyman= Somewhere in hope is an underground infectious diseases laboratory. The Church of the Chosen Ones have their headquarters here... maybe if we had more cultists they'd help us.\n\nBill Hyman was held prisoner in the lab and thinks he'd recognize the entrance if we send him on a scouting mission to the right location. He says it was beside [a] {1}, {2} blocks from the woods, with [a] {3} on the way.\n\nWe can use the map overlay to see where we haven't scouted yet.

goalHopeFindDead= Somewhere in hope is an underground infectious diseases laboratory. The Church of the Chosen Ones have their headquarters here... maybe if we had more cultists they'd help us.\n\nBill Hyman has died. We may still find the entrance if we turn the building over it to rubble, either carefully with our builders, or using explosives. Bill said it was beside [a] {1}, {2} blocks from the woods, with [a] {3} on the way.\n\nWe can use the map overlay to see where we haven't scouted yet.

hopeIntro\_title= Hope at Last

hopeIntro= The air in Hope is refreshingly pure and pine-scented. Their old city hall was still standing so we set up in it. Now to find that lab!\n\nThe Church of the Chosen Ones have their headquarters here. Maybe they've heard of this secret research lab and can tell us where to find it.

hopeIntroAirplane= We landed our airplane in an old farm near Hope's city hall. Looks like the old Beaver's still ticking, so we can refuel and fly out once we find that lab.\n\nThe Church of the Chosen Ones have their headquarters here. Maybe they've heard of this secret research lab and can tell us where to find it.

hopeEscape\_title= The Great Escape

hopeEscape= I woke early this morning to frantic banging on our gates. "Lemme in! They're gonna drag me back down there I can't go back to that lab zombie poking me with needles it tried to cut me up with a knife I can't go back lemme in lemme in!"\n\nThe man was delirious and bleeding, but unarmed. We tentatively opened the door and he barged in huffing. "Oh thank you good people they had me strapped to a table for days and they did something to my head I feel so woozy I hate confinement some people can handle it but I can't handle closed spaces..."

hopeEscape\_option1= Slap him to his senses

hopeEscape\_option2= Offer him a big meal (2 food)

hopeEscape\_option3= Patch up his wounds (1 medicine)

hopeEscape\_outcome1= "Ouch! Whyddya do that?" The man rubbed his face and shook his head a little. "I was kind of hysterical eh? Guess the drugs they gave me haven't worn off yet. I'll try to toughen up."\n\nHe said his name was Bill Hyman. He'd been holed up in the woods alone for some time, until he was kidnapped by "masked men" and taken to an underground facility where they drugged and experimented on him.\n\nSounds like an alien abduction fantasy, but his fear is sure real.

hopeEscape\_outcome1\_effect= Gained Tough perk

hopeEscape\_outcome1\_option1= Ask him where the lab is

hopeEscape\_outcome2= He scarfed three helpings of rice and beans, introducing himself as "Bill... mfmfmf... Bill Hyman" through mouthfuls.\n\n"Wow, thanks guys." he said, rubbing his belly. "With food this good, I could eat like this all the time!"\n\nBill said he'd been holed up in the woods alone for some time, until he was kidnapped by "masked men" and taken to an underground facility where they drugged and experimented on him.\n\nSounds like an alien abduction fantasy, but his fear is sure real.

hopeEscape\_outcome2\_effect= Gained Double Rations perk

hopeEscape\_outcome2\_option1= Ask him where the lab is

hopeEscape\_outcome3= "Thanks friends." he said once he'd calmed down. "I'm a pretty fast healer, so a little ointment goes a long way."\n\nHe said his name was Bill Hyman. He'd been holed up in the woods alone for some time, until he was kidnapped by "masked men" and taken to an underground facility where they drugged and experimented on him.\n\nSounds like an alien abduction fantasy, but his fear is sure real.

hopeEscape\_outcome3\_effect= Gained Fast Recovery perk

hopeEscape\_outcome3\_option1= Ask him where the lab is

hopeEscapeWhere= "Well... it was dark and I was drugged up and confused. I don't remember much. After I escaped I slept in [a] {1} nearby... then I headed straight down the road for the woods; they were like... {2} blocks away I think. I passed [a] {3} on the way."\n\n"Listen, I'm sure I could find the entrance if I saw it again. But you've got to let me stay with you. You've got to protect me from those maniacs."\n\nWe agreed. We can send Bill to scout any building for that hidden lab entrance.

hopeQuestions\_title= Abduction Investigation

hopeQuestions= I met [Name], our recovering laboratory guinea pig, planting trees along our main avenue.\n\n"We don't really need these wide roads anymore, do we?" he asked. "I mean, no cars to drive on them. Might as well have some shade and fresh air here."\n\nA few things had been bugging me about Bill's arrival at our fort. Now's my chance to ask him some questions.

hopeQuestions\_option1= What did they do to you in there?

hopeQuestions\_option2= Did you mention a zombie before?

hopeQuestions\_option3= Where do you think the lab was again?

hopeQuestions\_option4= That's all

hopeQuestions\_outcome1= "It's kind of foggy, but it seemed like there were a lot of needles involved. And a scalpel. I remember the scalpel. They said they were going to cut my brain up once they were finished with the rest of me."\n\nHe looked away to the side and rubbed his arm. "I can't imagine what they'd want with \_me\_, in particular. I mean, I'm just a regular guy..."

hopeQuestions\_outcome2= Bill nodded. "Oh yeah, one of them was definitely undead looking. Green skin and all that. But less with the biting and more with the science. He could still talk, I mean, and he seemed to be running things and giving orders to the others. He was pretty high strung, and mean."\n\n"The rest all had these weird Halloween masks, like animals and stuff... I think. Unless I was just seeing things as a side effect from all the drugs... I guess that's possible, eh?"

hopeQuestions\_outcome3= "Like I said, I don't remember exactly. I hid in [a] {1} that must have been very close. I don't even remember getting to it, just waking up there.\n\nI stumbled maybe {2} blocks in a straight line. It was dark and my memory's spotty, but I know I passed [a] {3}. There might have been something else. A wall? Then I hit the woods."\n\n"I was planning to head back to my cabin, but realized they might know about it. I feel much safer here with you guys. Thanks for taking me in, by the way."

hopeBillocide1\_title= Attempted Billocide

hopeBillocide1= [Name2] was out [missioning] with [Name] when [he2] caught movement out of the corner of [his2] eye.\n\nSome kind of figure wearing a black mask... [he2] thought it was a zombie at first, but it didn't move like a zombie. And even less zombielike was the way it brandished that knife as it ran at [Name].

hopeBillocide1\_option1= Save [Name]

hopeBillocide1\_option2= Run away

hopeBillocide1\_option3= Try to catch the attacker

hopeBillocide1\_outcome1= [Name2] pushed [Name] down and turned to grapple with the mysterious attack ninja, but it leaped over both of them and just kept running. I guess without the element of surprise, it gave up. Good thing [Name2] was there!\n\nIf this was an assassination or kidnapping attempt on [Name], we better make sure not to send [him] anywhere alone.

hopeBillocide1\_outcome2= [Name2] jumped out of the way. The ninja creature flew past [Name] and slashed at [his] ankle as it went, just about severing [his] Achilles tendon.\n\n[Name] hopped around on one foot but stayed upright, and gave the attacker a whopping punch in the head when it came in for a second swipe. It had enough, and retreated down an alley.\n\n[Name] is hurt, but alive. If this was an assassination or kidnapping attempt, we better make sure not to send [him] anywhere alone.

hopeBillocide1\_outcome3= [Name2] pushed [Name] down and turned to grapple with the mysterious attack ninja, but it leaped over both of them and just kept running. I guess without the element of surprise, it gave up. [Name2] chased it for several blocks but eventually lost it around a corner. There one second... gone the next.\n\nIf this was some kind of assassination or kidnapping attempt on [Name], we better make sure not to send [him] anywhere alone.

hopeBillocide1Alone= [Name] was out [missioning] when a figure in a black mask ran at [him] from the shadows.\n\nIt flew past [him] and slashed at [his] ankle as it went, just about severing [his] Achilles tendon. [Name] hopped around on one foot but stayed upright, and gave the attacker a whooping punch in the head when it came in for a second swipe. It had enough and retreated down an alley.\n\n[Name's] hurt, but alive. If this was an assassination or kidnapping attempt, we better make sure not to send [him] anywhere alone.

hopeBillocide2\_title= Attempted Billocide

hopeBillocide2= [Name] and [Name2] were [missioning] together at [a] [square] when there was a second attempt on [Name's] life.\n\nA crossbow bolt embedded itself with a \_twonk\_ in the ground beside [his] feet.\n\n[Name2] reacted quickly...

hopeBillocide2\_option1= Save [Name]

hopeBillocide2\_option2= Run away

hopeBillocide2\_option3= Try to catch the attacker

hopeBillocide2\_outcome1= [Name2] grabbed [Name] and herded [him] to safety in a doorway. [Name] continued through the building and left from another exit while [Name2] made a bunch of noise to keep the attacker's attention.\n\nIt was a good plan and it worked: they both made it back to the fort unharmed.

hopeBillocide2\_outcome2= [Name2] ran for a doorway, leaving [Name] alone in the street. Crossbow bolts rained down on [him] from above, and one embedded itself in [his] calf before [he] escaped down an alley.\n\n[Name] didn't stop running until [he] made it back to the fort, the bolt wobbling in [his] leg the whole way. [He]'s going to need a few days to recuperate from this one.\n\n[He]'s also lucky the attacker wasn't a better shot.

hopeBillocide2\_outcome3= [Name2] grabbed [Name] and herded [him] to safety in a doorway. Then [he2] had [Name] continue through the building and leave from another exit while [Name2] chased down the attacker.\n\nIt was that damn ninja again, up on the roof of a nearby building. But by the time [Name2] found a way up there, it was gone.\n\nAt least they both made it back to the fort unharmed!

hopeBillocide2Alone= [Name] was out at [a] {1} when there was a second attempt on [his] life. This time crossbow bolts rained down on [him] from above. One embedded itself in [his] calf before [he] escaped down an alley.\n\n[Name] didn't stop running until [he] made it back to the fort, the bolt wobbling in [his] leg the whole way. [He]'s going to need a few days to recuperate from this one.\n\nWe really should have known better than to send [him] out there alone...\n\n

hopeBillocide3\_title= Attempted Billocide

hopeBillocide3\_1= Yet another attack on [Name] while [he] was out [missioning]. This is starting to get old. It's not clear if this ninja guy is actually trying to capture [him], or is just a very inept assassin.\n\n[Name2] was on the lookout for danger and saw the attack coming first. It started with a smoke bomb...

hopeBillocide3\_2= [Name] can't even take a crap these days without some masked ninja trying to incapacitate [him].\n\n[He] was out [missioning] with [Name2] when a cloud of smoke enveloped them both...

hopeBillocide3\_3= [FormalName2] knew [he2] was on bodyguard duty when we assigned [him2] with [Name]. It was only a question of when [he2]'d have to risk [his2] life for the [guy].\n\nThey weren't even halfway out to the [square] when the first smoke grenade landed at their feet...

hopeBillocide3\_option1= Save [Name]

hopeBillocide3\_option2= Run away

hopeBillocide3\_option3= Try to catch the attacker

hopeBillocide3\_outcome1= [Name2] flailed about at the smoke. If [he2] can't see, the ninja can't see either.\n\nA knife flashed through the mists and cut deeply into [his2] arm. Somehow [he2] managed to grapple the attacker and they wrestled blindly through the smoke... But when the smoke cleared the ninja was gone. [Name2] and [Name] were grappling each other.\n\n[Name's] injured, but at least they both survived the attack.

hopeBillocide3\_outcome2\_title= Successful Billocide

hopeBillocide3\_outcome2= [Name2] fled the smoke cloud with tears streaming from [his2] eyes. [He2] listened as [Name] wrestled the attacker alone.\n\n[Name] failed.\n\nWhether it was an assassination or a botched kidnapping, [FormalName] was killed in the attack. We're sorry we couldn't keep [him] safe.

hopeBillocide3\_outcome3Success= [Name2] flailed about at the smoke. Somehow [he2] managed to grapple the attacker and get the knife out of its grip. \n\nWhen the smoke cleared they removed its mask: it was an older woman with a hideous scar across her face that had taken her nose with it.\n\nThey asked her name, who does she work for, and why try to kill [Name], but she said nothing. She waited for the right moment then, without hesitation, wriggled free, grabbed the knife, and slit her own throat.

hopeBillocide3\_outcome3Fail= [Name2] flailed about at the smoke. Somehow [he2] managed to grapple the attacker, but it slipped away and ran off down the street.\n\n[Name2] followed right on its heels. A little too close; [he2] rounded a corner and found [himself2] skewered on the ninja's long knife.\n\nIt's a miracle the stab wound didn't kill [him2], but there's a reason we picked [Name2] for bodyguard duty. [He2]'s tough. [He2]'ll recover. And [Name] is safe.

hopeBillocide3Alone\_title= Successful Billocide

hopeBillocide3Alone= [FormalName] was alone out there when they finally got [him]. We're not sure what happened exactly, but we know [he] didn't go down without a fight: [his] body was so covered in knife cuts that we couldn't even tell which one had killed [him].\n\nWhether it was an assassination or a botched kidnapping, [Name] is dead. We're sorry we sent [him] out there to [his] fate alone.

hopeCultist\_title= Bad Date

hopeCultist= [FormalName] is such a sweetie, [he] even shares [his] food with the dogs. I'm talking good quality real people food; a box of sugared dates [he] found in [his] apartment. [He] figured someone must have left it as a gift but no... not so lucky.\n\nThe poor dog {1} ate a couple dates from [Name's] hand. Then the old boy keeled right over dead, just as [Name] was about to pop one in [his] mouth.\n\nPoisoned dates?? Yes, we tested them. But who would do this? One of our own?

hopeCultist\_option1= Go full Spanish Inquisition

hopeCultist\_option2= Forget it

hopeCultist\_outcome1= It must have been one of our own, and that's something we absolutely can't have. Forget privacy, forget rights. We raided people's homes and searched their possessions until we found the evidence.\n\n[FormalName2] had another box of dates and a bottle of rat poison in [his2] kitchen. We confronted [him2] and sure enough [he2] ran. Up on the wall, [he2] answered the crowd's shouts of "why did you do it?" with a swan dive into the zombies on the other side.

hopeCultist\_outcome2= This isn't worth upsetting everybody over. Nobody was hurt. Well, a dog died, which is tragic but... but that's kind of what they're for now.\n\nOkay [Name], from now on, we're going to assign you an official canine taster, okay? Like royalty. And please don't eat anything else if you don't know where it came from.

hopeChosenIntro\_title= Church of the Chosen Ones

hopeChosenIntro= Cassandra brought a contingent of Chosen Ones followers to greet us at our fort. We've met her before in branches in other cities, but this time we're on her home turf. [CityName] is the Church's headquarters and spiritual center. They've been here long enough to spread out and get comfortable.\n\nIf she saw us as a threat, Cassandra hid it well. She greeted me with a warm hug.

hopeChosenIntro\_option1= Request a spiritual lesson

hopeChosenIntro\_option2= Ask about the hidden lab

hopeChosenIntro\_option3= Accuse her of kidnapping [Name]

hopeChosenIntro\_option4= Done

hopeChosenIntro\_outcome1= Cassandra closed her eyes to compose herself first.\n\n"They say man is an endangered species."\n\n"We say: man has evolved. The Chosen Ones are the new rulers of earth; the next species in the evolution of humanity from bacteria to monkeys to gods."\n\n"When you finally clear your aura of all blemishes, you will all know this to be true. You will join them."

hopeChosenIntro\_outcome2= "An underground biology lab?" she asked doubtfully. "You must have the wrong city. There's nothing like that in [CityName]. I'm sure we'd know about it if there was."\n\nI tried to press her but she changed the subject. "Would you like to buy one of our books? These are [CityName] bestsellers you know. And not just because our members are all required to own five copies each."

hopeChosenIntro\_outcome3= Cassandra rose up to her full height - she's an impressively tall woman - and glared down at me.\n\n"I'm horrified that you would even suggest my people would do something like that. Whoever this [FormalName] is, I've never even met [him]."\n\nShe gathered her people and left without another word.\n\nUh... did I tell her [his] last name? Maybe I did? But I don't think so...

hopeChosenIntro\_outcome4= Done

hopeRottenIntro\_title= The Rotten

hopeRottenIntro= We passed a suspiciously familiar looking subway station today: a maze of piled up garbage around the entrance, painted with skulls and "do not enter" signs. But instead of hurling junk at us, this time the Rotten invited us in.\n\nJesse tipped his finger to his hat in greeting. "Howdy partners. I didn't expect your ugly pink mugs - no offence, mind - to turn up in this here little mountain town. What brings you to [CityName]?"

hopeRottenIntro\_option1= Accuse him of kidnapping [Name]

hopeRottenIntro\_option2= Say we're just here for the fresh air

hopeRottenIntro\_option3= Ask why the Rotten are here

hopeRottenIntro\_outcome1= "Well I'll be." Jesse laughed and rolled his eyes grotesquely. "A pinkskin accusing \_me\_ of experimenting on one of \_their\_ kind."\n\n"Now I should be offended, but this is the sort of attitude we Rotten are used to from you folk. Nobody seems to get that we ain't evil."\n\n"He says there was a Rotten there? Well, I'll swear to you that it wasn't one of us. I know, because we're here to find that lab too but don't have a clue where it is. Let us know if you find it."

hopeRottenIntro\_outcome2= "Oh sure," Jesse drawled. "This fresh mountain air's a real tonic for the constitution. Perks you up better than a shot of Tabasco in the eye."\n\n"Well if you ain't sayin', then I ain't sayin' neither. But if you happen to come across some kind of underground facility type deal here in [CityName], let us know."\n\nHe winked. "We're looking for it too."

hopeRottenIntro\_outcome3= "The same reason you are." Jesse looked me straight in the eyes. "To find that lab and the cure for zombieism."\n\nI was shocked at his honesty. We just started at each other for a minute.\n\n"Listen," he said, "we'll help if we can, but right now we're as clueless as a camel at the North Pole... as regards to the location that is. So come back and let old Jesse know if you find the place."

hopeScoutBill\_title= No Secret Lab Here

hopeFound\_title= The HIVE Laboratory

hopeFound= There was no sign over the lab's entrance, just an anonymous garage door set into a wall and hidden by some ferns. But this was it all right: a trail of recent footprints and wheel marks led up to it.\n\nWe couldn't find an easy way to open it, so we dismantled the hinges and wrenched the door off the wall. A small plaque on the back read: "Property of the \_Hope Infectious Disease and Viral Experimentation Laboratory\_"\n\nInside, the floor sloped steeply down into the darkness.

hopeFoundDestroyed= There was no sign over the lab's entrance, just an anonymous garage door set into a wall and hidden by some ferns. But this was it all right: a trail of recent footprints and wheel marks led up to it.\n\nWe couldn't find an easy way to open it, so we dismantled the hinges and wrenched the door off the wall. A small plaque on the back read: "Property of the \_Hope Infectious Disease and Viral Experimentation Laboratory\_"\n\nWe should return when we're prepared for whatever's down there. It will almost certainly be dangerous.

hopeFound\_option1= Enter

hopeFound\_outcome1= There was a cough behind us. When we turned to see Cassandra Starr standing there, a line of orange-robed cultists scurried across the entrance and formed a human wall.\n\n"I'm afraid you're in our territory," Cassandra said evenly. "And your auras are far too tainted to trespass in such a holy place. You may return once you have cleansed yourselves and fully understand our teachings."\n\nI think she wants more of us to become cultists...

goalHopeCult\_title= {1}% of 50% cultists

goalHopeCult= Cassandra wants us to increase the cult following in our fort. We should assign survivors with the cultist perk to preach in churches, or do mission with their non-cultist friends. Meet With the Chosen Ones for other suggestions.\n\nOur other option is war. We fight our way to the lab and liberate it. Maybe the Rotten can help with that.\n\nNote: if we set our \_Books from the Chosen Ones\_ policy to \_banned\_, cultists won't spread their ideas so easily.

hopeRottenHelp\_title= Rotten Infiltration

hopeRottenHelp= When I told Jesse we'd found the hidden lab but the Church of the Chosen Ones wouldn't let us inside, he sprang up and started pacing.\n\n"Those cultists sure are crazier than a loon circus on a full moon, " he said, "but they've taken a liking to us Rotten. They think we're some kind of holy, on account of our \_condition\_. We could use that to take them down from the inside."\n\n"Things are gonna get violent though. You okay with that?"

hopeRottenHelp\_option1= Down with the cultists!

hopeRottenHelp\_option2= No, I don't want to hurt them

hopeRottenHelp\_outcome1= "Glad you agree." he nodded. "Worshiping zombies is unhealthy and unnatural. What the disease did to us... I'm looking to undo it, not repeat it. That's why we need the cure. To cure us."\n\n"So, the plan: I'll tell the cultists we want to join them. They'll no doubt put us up like kings, at the cost of our dignity and sanity. Then, when your soldiers attack, we'll strike from the inside."\n\nWe shook on it. Now to attack the Church of the Chosen Ones and hope Jesse fills his end of the bargain.

hopeRottenHelp\_outcome2= "That's a shame." Jesse frowned. "You know they're fixing to make more folks like us, right? I'd bet donkeys to donuts that's what they need that cure for."\n\n"We, on the other hand, just want to be human again. So think of old Jesse if you do get your hands on that cure somehow. Good luck, and hey:"\n\n"Don't drink the Kool-Aid."

hopeRottenAttack\_title= Rotten Offensive

hopeRottenAttack= By the time [we] arrived at the cultists' [square], [we] could already hear fighting from inside their compound. It looks like Jesse and the Rotten came through.\n\nThey killed guards and opened gates from the inside, letting zombies rush in to feast on the very people who worshiped them. It was a bloodbath.\n\n[We] spotted Jesse stalking through the streets with a pistol in each hand, totally ignored by the zombies feeding around him.

hopeLiberated\_title= HIVE Liberated

hopeLiberated= The Church of the Chosen Ones no longer controls the underground laboratory, so we can now safely enter it.\n\nWell, probably not safely. I mean, who knows what's still going on down there. We better bring some muscle, and maybe an engineer or two.

hopeLiberated\_effect= Mission available to Enter the Lab

hopeChosenDestroyed\_title= HIVE Discovered

hopeChosenDestroyed= We found Cassandra's private documents during our last attack on the The Church of the Chosen Ones. They included notes for an upcoming sermon on the promotion of positive energy in bodily fluids (gross), a list of church members ranked by "trustworthiness" and "gullibility", and a set of vaguely worded status updates on some sort of research project. It mentioned [a] {1}; I suspect we might find the lab we're looking for there.\n\nWho knows what's still going on in there. We better bring some muscle, and maybe an engineer or two.

hopeChosenDestroyed\_effect= Mission available to Enter the Lab

hopeClear\_title= Clear

hopeClear= The Church of the Chosen Ones set up a party for us with a banner reading "Welcome, Clear Auras!"\n\nHalf of our survivors have adopted their religion, and as a group we've attended enough sessions and bought enough of their books to gain access to their most secret of secrets.\n\nThe lab! Cassandra offered to show us around if we meet her there at the [square].

hopeClear\_effect= Mission available to Enter the Lab

hopeSchmooze= Cassandra hugged me. "Congratulations again on having a majority of Chosen Ones followers." she said. "This grants you Clear Aura status among us... and access to many of our secrets."\n\nI asked - predictably - if this meant she would finally tell us where their hidden underground lab was.\n\nShe smiled a slow, knowing smile. "I suppose... for a price."

hopeSchmooze\_return= Cassandra is still willing to tell us where that hidden lab is... for a price.

hopeSchmooze\_option1= Bribe her (100 food)

hopeSchmooze\_option2= Tell us! (lvl 10 leader)

hopeSchmooze\_outcome1= Cassandra laughed. "Please tell me you didn't convert half of your people to my religion just so I'd tell you where that lab was."\n\nWhen I didn't say anything, her smile got a little thinner. "The facility is under one of our [squares]. If you meet me there, I'll show you the way inside."

hopeSchmooze\_outcome1\_effect= Mission available to Enter the Lab

hopeSchmooze\_outcome2= Cassandra laughed. "Please tell me you didn't convert half of your people to my religion just so I'd tell you where that lab was."\n\nWhen I didn't say anything, her smile got a little thinner. "The facility is under one of our [squares]. If you meet me there, I'll show you the way inside."

hopeSchmooze\_outcome2\_effect= Mission available to Enter the Lab

hopeAllies\_title= Clear Aura

hopeAllies= Cassandra hugged me. "Congratulations again on having a majority of Chosen Ones followers." she said. "This grants you Clear Aura status among us... and access to many of our secrets."

hopeAllies\_option1= Does this mean you'll tell us where the lab is?

hopeAllies\_outcome1= Cassandra laughed. "Please tell me you didn't convert half of your people to my religion just so I'd tell you where that lab was."\n\nWhen I didn't say anything, her smile got a little thinner. "The facility is under one of our [squares]. If you meet me there, I'll show you the way inside."

hopeAllies\_outcome1\_effect= Mission available to Enter the Lab

goalHopeEnter\_title= Enter the laboratory

goalHopeEnter= From what we've heard it might be dangerous down there. We should probably bring some muscle. And an engineer who will be able to recognize whatever it is we're looking for.

hopeEnter\_title= Inside the HIVE

hopeEnter= The entrance looked like a nondescript underground parking lot, lit by dim orange emergency lights. So we were surprised that the sliding doors at the far end still worked, and even more surprised to find a busy, well lit laboratory on the other side of them.\n\nA rabbit in a labcoat scurried past [us]. Correction: a woman wearing a labcoat and a plastic rabbit mask scurried past. [We] followed her to the "offices" wing, trying not to stare too long at the other animal-faced scientists.\n\nIn the director's office, [we] met a familiar face...

hopeEnterChosen= [We] met Cassandra at the entrance and [she] led us down through the dark tunnel. We were surprised to emerge into a modern, working, well-lit laboratory. Staffed by animals... or at least people wearing animal masks.\n\nShe paused outside the director's office and spoke quickly in a hushed voice. "This project was initiated by his holiness the Living Osiris. Since he came to us, we have been but instruments to his greatness. I must leave you now but please, don't anger him..."

hopeEnter\_option1= Continue...

hopeEnter\_outcome1= Whoa, is that... is that \_Kevin Clark\_? The McManager? Seriously?\n\nHe recognized [us] too. "The meddlers! Who let you in here?" he jumped up from his desk. "I suppose you're here to try to stop me, but hear me out first!"\n\n"The researchers here, they were close to a cure. They had a recipe and were trying to synthesize it when something went wrong. There were bodies everywhere when I found this place. Real mess. Took my new lackies a month to clean it all up."

hopeEnter\_outcome1\_option1= Ask about the animal masks

hopeEnter\_outcome1\_option2= Demand the cure from him

hopeEnter\_outcome1\_outcome1= He interrupted me. "They call me Osiris. I think the animal masks are some Egyptian thing too. Their screwy cult is such nonsense... but they've been useful. It's remarkable what people will do in the name of faith."\n\n"So, synthesizing this cure... the thing is, we need brain tissue from someone immune to the disease. [FormalName's] immune and he knows it, that escaping bastard. So here's the deal: you bring me [Name], and we can share the cure when I make it."

hopeEnter\_outcome1\_outcome1\_option1= Never!

hopeEnter\_outcome1\_outcome1\_option2= Well, maybe...

hopeEnter\_outcome1\_outcome1\_option3= I'm afraid he's dead

hopeEnterJesse= "Don't answer that partner." Jesse appeared like a ghost behind [us]. As he drew his pistols, Clark hit a button on his desk and the wall beside him slid open to the sound of sirens. He dove through it and it closed again behind him.\n\nAfter a startled moment, we heard his voice over the PA system:\n\n"Hahaha, good try, but I'm behind three feet of solid steel and I've got all the research with me. You shouldn't have teamed up with the Rotten. They're useless. No imagination. They want to be \_cured\_ for god's sake! Who wants to be human again? Not me!"

hopeEnterJesse\_option1= Being human's not so bad...

hopeEnterJesse\_outcome1= "I can't hear you." Clark voice echoed over the PA. "But you're probably whining about how great it is to be alive. You're wrong! Once I get this cure synthesized, I'll make an army of undead warriors. Super strong and impervious to pain, but I'll stop the disease before they forget how to use weapons or obey commands. Then I'll rule the world hahahaha ha!"\n\nZombies came rushing into the hall outside, clumsily wielding baseball bats and metal pipes.\n\n"Oh, finally, here comes security. Get 'em boys!"

hopeEnterJesse\_outcome1\_option1= Run!

hopeEnterJesse\_outcome1\_outcome1= We made it out of that lab ahead of Clark's semi-intelligent security force, but only because they stopped to snack on a bird-faced researcher.\n\n"That didn't go so well, did it?" said Jesse. "I guess there's just no dialogin' with some folks. We'll just have to blow him outta there."\n\nI was about to say that \_Jesse\_ was the one who drew his gun and ruined our dialog, but he's right: explosives. We'll bring a heap of them down here and blow the door off that vault. Just as soon as we deal with all these zombies...

hopeEnterJesse\_outcome1\_outcome1\_effect= Mission available to Blow up Lab

goalHopeBlowup\_title= Blow Up the lab

goalHopeBlowup= If that McManager Clark's going to play dirty, so can we. We'll need to make some explosives in a workshop. About 5 of them should do it, then bring them with us back down into the HIVE Laboratory.

hopeWhy\_title= Why Cassandra Why

hopeWhy= [We] confronted Cassandra on the "Living Osiris" thing. Clark is no god; he's a megalomaniac bent on ruling the world. How could pacifists like her church team up with such a psycho?\n\n"Pacifism..." Cassandra mused. "Every day, you eat food that could have kept someone else alive. Every step you take, you crush countless tiny organisms beneath you. If you really don't want to hurt anyone or anything, just die and get out of their way."\n\nI asked what that had to do with Clark's undead army, but she shook her head.

hopeKoolaid\_title= Jonestown

hopeKoolaid= The Church of the Chosen Ones... they're all dead. Their fort is destroyed; overrun after a ritual mass suicide. They all drank something, then rose back up as mindless zed.\n\nAll except Cassandra. We found her body in her office, dead from a shot to the head so she wouldn't turn like the rest of them. Did she never believe her own doctrine?\n\nI can't say I didn't see this coming. We're just lucky it hasn't happened to us... yet. Luckily, this really scared {1} of our cultists straight.

hopeKoolaidNone= he Church of the Chosen Ones... they're all dead. Their fort is destroyed; overrun after a ritual mass suicide. They all drank something, then rose back up as mindless zed.\n\nAll except Cassandra. We found her body in her office, dead from a shot to the head so she wouldn't turn like the rest of them. Did she never believe her own doctrine?\n\nI can't say I didn't see this coming. We're just lucky it didn't happened to us.

hopeExplode\_title= Boom goes the HIVE

hopeExplode= [We] stormed through the HIVE lab, killed the last of Clark's zombie security personnel (the animal-masked researchers were either all dead or fled), then set enough explosives on Clark's vault door to level several city blocks.\n\nHe was still in there, shouting at [us] over the PA system.\n\n"Fools! You'll never even scratch this vault! Did I say steel before? I meant titanium! Six feet of solid titanium! You should just give up and go ho-"\n\nBOOOOooooom!

hopeExplode\_option1= Search the wreckage

hopeExplode\_outcome1= Sunlight streamed into the underground lab. [We] picked our way to Clark's remarkably intact vault (maybe it really was titanium). The door was ajar, but there was no sign of Clark. No way he escaped this... right?\n\nInside [we] found years of research on the disease. Early tests, a full breakdown of how it works, and a solid theory on how to produce a serum to cure it. Assuming we can find someone immune whose brain tissue we can use.\n\nJesse arrived with a couple Rotten. They want to know what we found.

hopeExplode\_outcome1\_option1= Share our findings

hopeExplode\_outcome1\_option2= Don't share

hopeExplode\_outcome1\_outcome1= "I'm afraid it's all Greek to me," said Jesse, "and I reckon your engineers don't have the equipment or experience to produce this cure neither. But I know who does. The Pharmacists."\n\n"Rumor is they're setting up in Abbotsford, a couple towns west of here. We'll reconvene with you folks there. Gonna get myself cured, whoo-eee!" He tipped his hat and strode off. \n\nHe's right, we're going to need help to put this cure into production. Guess it's time to leave Hope and move on.

hopeExplode\_outcome1\_outcome2= "Now, you still don't trust old Jesse?" he seemed hurt. "No matter. I reckon your engineers don't have the equipment or experience to produce this cure neither. But I know who does. The Pharmacists."\n\n"Rumor is they're setting up in Abbotsford, a couple towns west of here. We'll see you folks there, whether you care to or not. Gonna get myself cured, whoo-eee!"\n\nHe tipped his hat to [us] and strolled away. He's right, we're going to need help to put this cure into production. Guess it's time to leave Hope and move on.

cureIntro\_title= Find the Pharmacists

cureIntro= [CityName] is a big city, and we aren't the first people to try to carve out a safe piece of it. We've heard there are {1} other factions here, including the Pharmacists who have the sophisticated chemistry equipment we need.\n\nWe've got a formula with us for a vaccine for zombieism. A real cure that just might even bring the undead back to life, or the Rotten a little closer to humanity. But we need the Pharmacists' help. We have to find them.

goalCurePharmacists\_title= Find the Pharmacists

goalCurePharmacists= [CityName] is a big city, and we aren't the first people to try to carve out a safe piece of it. We've heard there are {1} other factions here, including the Pharmacists who have the sophisticated chemistry equipment we need.\n\nWe've got a formula with us for a vaccine for zombieism. A real cure that just might even bring the undead back to life, or the Rotten a little closer to humanity. But we need the Pharmacists' help. We have to find them.

cureRadioStart\_title= Note Radio

cureRadioStart= [CityName's] so happening, it even has a radio station. We tuned into Joshua Note's low-fi AM broadcast; everything from bluegrass afternoons to club beat Friday nights, punctuated by Note's commentary and bad jokes.\n\n"Gooood mooorning [CityName]," we winced as his voice crackled from our radios. "From the Pharmacists in the {1} to the Pig Farmers at the edge of town, and all you deaders in between. Everybody knows this tune."\n\nHe spun up Michael Jackson's Thriller. Groan.

cureRadioRotten\_title= Note Radio

cureRadioRotten= "Boys and Ghouls, it's a scorcher out there today!" Joshua Note announced over [CityName's] radio station. "If I'd had my vote, I'd have voted for seasons, amiright? The Luddies' farms could do with some rain."\n\n"In other news, there's suspicious activity in the sewer systems in the {1}. Are those people living down there? Anything to escape the heat I guess."

cureMeetPharmacists\_title= The Pharmacists

cureMeetPharmacists= Tiff was chewing gum when [we] met with her. "I'm trying to quit smoking, okay," she was defensive. "That crap'll kill you. Also it's expensive as hell."\n\nI'll get right to the point, we need their labs for...

cureMeetPharmacists\_option1= Tell her the truth

cureMeetPharmacists\_option2= Make something up

cureMeetPharmacists\_outcome1= I explained that we had something very important... nothing less than the cure for zombieism. We just need their help and their chemistry lab to develop and produce it.\n\n"Uh-huh." Tiff blew a bubble. "You and every other Joe Snake-oil. Our labs are busy producing something real. Bath salts. They save lives, make people feel like not killing themselves. How about you sell for us, we'll see what we can do about getting you lab time for your little project."

cureMeetPharmacists\_outcome1\_option1= Accept

cureMeetPharmacists\_outcome1\_option2= Say No

cureMeetPharmacists\_outcome2= I told Tiff we needed access to their chem labs for a project we were working on. A new kind of fertilizer we could make from corn husks.\n\n"Feeding corn with corn huh?" Tiff clearly didn't believe [us]. "Listen, our labs are busy making something real. Bath salts. They save lives, make people feel like not killing themselves. How about you sell for us, then we about getting you lab time for your little project... whatever it really is."

cureMeetPharmacists\_outcome2\_option1= Accept

cureMeetPharmacists\_outcome2\_option2= Say No

cureMeetPharmacistsAccept= "We'll trade bath salts to you at cost," Tiff said, "wholesale pricing, y'know. You sell it to the other factions for a profit, then come back when you need more. We'll talk about that lab later."\n\nShe spat out her gum on the ground. "Pleasure doing business."

cureMeetPharmacistsNo= "Well, you know where to find me if you decide you want to deal for us." Tiff said. "We'll trade bath salts to you at cost, wholesale pricing, y'know. You sell it to the other factions for a profit, then come back when you need more."\n\n"If you decide to help us out, we can talk about that lab. Not before."

cureDeal\_title= Moving Product

cureDeal= [FactionLeader] isn't happy that we're selling them bath salts, but [factionHe] says [factionHis] people want them.

cureDeal\_rotten= "These bath salts don't do a lick o' good for us Rotten." Jesse said. "We're already strong and fast like them dead ones, and they don't make our brains none happier. But they sure taste good." He popped a whole crystal in his mouth and chewed.

cureDeal\_pigfarmers= Farmer Bucket accepted the trade and thoughtfully rubbed the bottle of bath salts around in his hand.\n\n"You may think less of me for taking these," he said, "but you ain't know all there is to know about old Bucket. I had a wife once. Didn't raise those boys myself y'know. These salts... they help me to forget how she died. The things me and the boys did to survive after."

cureDeal\_luddies= Owen Ludd casually pocketed the bath salts when we finished our transaction.\n\n"Not for me." he said. "They're for a friend. He... he gets scared sometimes when he's up on that wall dealing with the zed. He's afraid he might lose his wits one day and they'll get the better of him. Having these around, just in his pocket, it helps calm his nerves."

cureDeal\_government= The Senator accepted the trade, ticking items off the list. "If you come across any more of those bath salts, we can use them. If we had enough, I'd keep our soldiers on it 24/7. They're such efficient killing machines right after a dose."

goalCureDeal\_title= Move Product

goalCureDeal= Tiff wants us to sell bath salts for the Pharmacists. We could go along with it, or maybe find some other way to get them to like us. We may have to go so far as allying with them before they'll let us in.\n\nOr there's the Might Makes Right option: we could attack them and take the labs by force. But given a choice between murdering people or becoming a drug dealer... well let's say I think there's a clear moral choice.

goalCureReturn\_title= Meet with Pharmacists

goalCureReturn= The pharmacists should be ready to meet with us and show us where that lab is now.

cureRadioSalts\_title= Note Radio

cureRadioSalts= "This week's broadcast is brought to you by Bath Salts." Joshua Note announced over the radio. "The performance enhancers that \_won't\_ leave you all impotent and ragey. Well maybe just a little ragey."\n\n"Looks like the Pharmacists have found themselves some new salesmen and {1} have a new supplier. [CityName's] economy is on the grow!"

cureReturnPharmacists\_title= Everyday I'm Hustlin'

cureReturnPharmacists= Tiff insisted on meeting with me at night. "I'm not a morning person," was her excuse. She was smoking an e-cigarette that glowed electric blue in the dark.\n\n"Do you have any idea how expensive the refills for these things are now?" she asked. "I need you to get back out there and move more Bath Salts so I can afford them."\n\nWhen I asked about using their labs again, she didn't seem to remember our first conversation. What should I tell her?

cureReturnPharmacists\_option1= Tell the truth

cureReturnPharmacists\_option2= Make something up

cureReturnPharmacists\_outcome1success= I'd come prepared with a speech on the importance of helping others in your community, followed up with a beautifully written synopsis of our cure research in layman's terms.\n\nTiff's jaw dropped when she got what I was saying. "Wow, you guys are really serious." she said. "Cure the disease? Save the world? Count us in!"\n\n"First we gotta get that lab ready. Send your engineers here and we'll get started."

cureReturnPharmacists\_outcome1success\_effect= Prepare Lab mission available in the Pharmacists' fort

cureReturnPharmacists\_outcome1fail= "Oh riiiiight," Tiff rolled her eyes, "you're gonna cure zombieism and save the world. Sure."\n\nThat sounds a bit like sarcasm. I guess I didn't convince her.\n\n"Listen," she said, "I can't just make decisions for the group okay? I'll see what I can do about getting that lab for you, but you're gonna have to try a bit harder to impress us first."\n\nI guess we'll have to ally with them after all.

cureReturnPharmacists\_outcome2= I told her we were trying to brew beer.\n\nTiff laughed. "A noble purpose, if only I believed you. You don't need a sophisticated setup like ours to make beer."\n\n"Nope, whatever it is you want to do, you're gonna have to work for it. Move some more product, do some more odd jobs. Then we can talk about that lab."\n\nI guess we'll have to ally with them after all.

cureRumor\_title= Rumors Spreading

cureRumor= [FactionLeader] heard from someone at the Pharmacists that we're working on a cure for zombieism. I tried to deny it but [factionHe] just got angrier. [FactionHe] demands we hand over the formula immediately so that [Faction] can take it from here.

cureRumor\_option1= Give [factionHim] a fake cure (10 medicine)

cureRumor\_option2= Convince [factionHim] we'll share later (leadership)

cureRumor\_option3= Offer antivenom instead

cureRumor\_option4= Say no

cureRumor\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] still thought we were holding out on them by not giving [factionHim] the formula, but accepted the medicine. I told [factionHim] to give it to their best soldiers so they wouldn't have to worry about zombie bites any more.\n\nIf [factionHe] actually believed me and it makes their soldiers act rashly, some may be killed.

cureRumor\_outcome2\_success= [FactionHe] believed me. Not that I'm not telling the truth, but it did take awhile to convince [factionHim]. [FactionHe] is still suspicious that we won't share the formula, but [Faction] will back off for now.

cureRumor\_outcome2\_fail= [FactionHe] just didn't believe me. [FactionHe] said that "six months from now" might as well be a decade or two. Half [factionHis] people could be dead by then without that vaccine.

cureRumor\_outcome3= [FactionHe] still thought we were holding out on them by not giving [factionHim] the formula, but accepted the antivenom. I told [factionHim] to give it to anyone as soon as possible if they're bitten. With luck it should improve their defenses.

cureRumor\_outcome4= I told [factionHim] that this sort of bullying was exactly the reason we weren't going to share the cure with [Faction]. [FactionLeader] was so angry you could almost see the steam coming out of [factionHis] ears.

cureRotten\_title= The Rotten

cureRotten= Those Rotten are cockroaches. I mean that in the nicest sense: they're top-notch survivors. But they want a cure and won't take no for an answer. Looks like they've followed us here.\n\n"Howdy cowpokes," Jesse gave us his usual John Wayne drawl. "You get that lab from the Pharmacists yet? That Tiff's as tough as boiled owl, ain't she?\n\n"Well we Rotten aren't just a bucket of mules you know. We've got thinkers, and they want to be human again. We'll work on the cure together, right partners?"

cureRotten\_option1= Share our research

cureRotten\_option2= Tell Jesse to get lost

cureRotten\_outcome1= Jesse tossed his hat in the air. "Yeehaw! So I know you folks have that formula from Hope's HIVE lab. Things got hairy back there with that Clark. He was planning to use the cure to make some kind of super zombie, right?"\n\n"So, what other research do you have?"

cureRotten\_outcome1\_option1= Dr. Agbayani's CDC research

cureRotten\_outcome1\_option2= European research from the Government's computers

cureRotten\_outcome1\_option3= A vial of monkey blood from Dr. van Nooten

cureRotten\_outcome1\_option4= That's it

cureRotten\_outcome1\_outcome1= "That kid Rufus' dad, yeah I heard about him." said Jesse. "Seems like he was a right decent man after all, trying to find a cure right up until the end. In a way he's going to help us do that now."

cureRotten\_outcome1\_outcome2= Jesse's eyes widened. "Funny, you gettin' access to sensitive Government data like this. That old rattlesnake Senator Davis, she'd never let you have it. I'll bet you had a hand from the 1337cREw to steal this data."\n\nHe winked. "Good on you."

cureRotten\_outcome1\_outcome3= "Isa van Nooten... " Jesse mused. "I heard her story. Madder than a... well she wasn't alright in the head, I'll say that much."\n\n"But I thought that monkey-blood story was just a bunch of corral dust. You say you've got a sample of the stuff huh? The poison that started it all. I guess we Rotten have a little monkey in us, then."

cureRotten\_outcome1\_outcome4= "Well then partners, I reckon it's time to get that lab from the pharmacists."\n\n"Oh -" Jesse paused. "And do you know who you're gonna get that brain tissue from? The formula calls for no substitutions. It's gotta be somebody immune, like one of us Rotten, or..." he gave me a knowing look. "Someone else."\n\n"I don't know about you, but I like my noggin the way it is. Whoever volunteers probably ain't going to live through the procedure."

cureRotten\_outcome2= Jesse took the rejection in stride.\n\n"You got a right to want that, but I ain't gonna back off so easy. To tell you straight, us Rotten don't got a lot else to live for. If you won't share the cure with us who need it the most, there could be trouble."\n\n"That formula you've got calls for brain tissue from someone immune, and there ain't no substitutions. We Rotten are immune. Keep that in mind."

cureVolunteer\_title= A volunteer?

cureVolunteer= [FormalName] came to me today in private. [He] wanted to talk about the cure we're developing, and the fact that it requires certain... substances... from someone immune to the disease.\n\n[He] admitted that [he]'s been bitten before and survived, which probably makes [him] a candidate for it.

cureVolunteer\_option1= Are you volunteering?

cureVolunteer\_option2= There's no need to volunteer

cureVolunteer\_outcome1= [Name's] eyes went wide. "Volunteer?" [he] asked, terrified. "Uhhh... but... but I don't want to die."\n\n[He] blubbered and stammered about all the things [he] has to live for, how much [he] contributes to the fort and how we'd be lost without [him]. No way [he]'s going to volunteer to have [his] head cut open for science.

cureVolunteer\_outcome2= [Name] let out a huge sigh of relief. [He] said [he] was so worried we were going to cut up [his] brain, [he]'d been secretly packing [his] bags and getting ready to flee in the night if it came to that.\n\nI told [him] it was true that the cure calls for brain tissue and the donor probably won't survive the experience... but [he] doesn't have to worry, we'll find somebody else.

cureAlliance\_title= Allies

cureAlliance= Tiff invited me to join the Pharmacists' monthly town meeting, since we're now their allies. I was curious to see how Anarchists ran their government.\n\nIt was fascinating... two thirds of their people squeezed into a big hall and debated everything from personal grievances to whether they should declare war on the Rotten.\n\nTiff asked me to step up and formally ask the Pharmacists for access to their lab. What should I say we need it for?

cureAlliance\_option1= Tell the truth

cureAlliance\_option2= Make something up

cureAlliance\_outcome1= "Mmm, right," Tiff chewed her gum thoughtfully. "You're working on the cure for zombieism. Well, I guess now that we're allies we should help you with that."\n\nThere was a general murmur of agreement from the crowd.\n\n"Okay. You can set up in one of our labs, take whatever equipment you need, and we'll assign a couple of our cooks to help you."

cureAlliance\_outcome1\_effect= Prepare Lab mission available

cureAlliance\_outcome2= I told her we need their equipment to make my grandmother's famous kombucha recipe. Tiff rolled her eyes at me. "Drop the act, okay? We know you're working on a cure for zombieism. Maybe I didn't believe it, but since we're allies now I'll give you the benefit of the doubt."\n\n"You can set up in one of our labs, take whatever equipment you need, and we'll assign a couple of our cooks to help you."

cureAlliance\_outcome2\_effect= Prepare Lab mission available

cureDefeat\_title= Admitting Defeat

cureDefeat= I met with Tiff after our latest round of attacks on the Pharmacists. It seems they're surrendering.\n\n"Okay, okay, you win already." Tiff made it sound like we'd won an argument, not a full-scale war. "You can use our labs for your secret project, whatever it is. We don't even care anymore."\n\n"We'll give you whatever equipment you need and assign a couple cooks to help you. We just want this war to stop, okay? It's bad for business."

cureDefeat\_outcome2\_effect= Prepare Lab mission available

goalCureLab\_title= Prepare Lab

goalCureLab= We're ready to prep ourselves a chemistry lab in the Pharmacists' fort. They've offered all their best equipment and scientists (aka their "cooks") to help us.

curePrepared\_title= Lab Prepared

curePrepared= The anarchist scientists didn't want us in charge of their own labs, but agreed the cure should come first. We gathered equipment and supplies and set up a quarantine perimeter just in case. We have everything we need, except:\n\nSomeone immune. Specifically, their brain. More specifically: we have to dissect their cerebellum and extract tissue from it to form the base of the first batch of vaccine... yes, this is probably as fatal as it sounds. Volunteers?

cureRadioResearch\_title= Note Radio

cureRadioResearch= "Well [CityName's] looking absolutely dead today." Joshua Note played a canned drum snare effect. "But rumor has it something's going down between the Pharmacists and this new faction everyone's talking about."\n\n"Word is they're working on a cure. Let's not get too excited, but whoever owned something like that could rule the world."

goalCureCreate\_title= Create the Cure

goalCureCreate= We need to choose someone to dissect for the critical ingredient to this cure and extract some brain tissue from them. There's a chance they might survive, but its unlikely.\n\nThen the final step: research the cure from any lab.

cureExtract\_title= Extracting Brain Tissue

cureExtract= Jesse returned as promised with two green-skinned Rotten scientists: a petite woman with a tremor that made her limbs jerk randomly, and a terrifying creature with a detached, hanging jaw and a twisted back. If they hadn't been wearing lab coats and trying to smile pleasantly, I'd have run for it.\n\nI thanked them for coming. I mean, they're trying, why turn them down?

cureExtract\_option1= Ask Jesse for brain tissue (leadership)

cureExtract\_option2= Pick someone else

cureExtract\_outcome1success= Jesse hesitated. "Sounds mighty dangerous. A fella could buy the farm if one of these docs sneezes while they're poking around in there."\n\n"But... well all I've wanted since I got bit was to get unbit. Same goes for the rest of my clan. If this gives them a chance to be human again, well I guess I'm your huckleberry."

cureExtract\_outcome1success\_option1= Start the Extraction...

cureExtract\_outcome1fail= The rotten scientists looked nervously at each other until Jesse stepped in. "No chance in hell, partner. You aren't putting any of my people under that knife. We've been through enough already. Sorry, but you'll have to find some victim from your own clan."\n\nSo who should we pick?

cureExtract\_outcome1fail\_option1= {1}

cureExtract\_outcome1fail\_option2= {2}

cureExtract\_outcome1fail\_option3= Volunteer myself

cureExtract\_outcome2= Who should we pick?

cureExtract\_outcome2\_option1= {1}

cureExtract\_outcome2\_option2= {2}

cureExtract\_outcome2\_option3= Volunteer myself

cureExtractColin= [Name] looked terrified when I called [him] forward. [He] stammered, worrying about the danger of the operation and the chances of brain damage or death.\n\nThis quickly deteriorated to blubbering about not wanting to die and begging me to pick someone else.

cureExtractColin\_option1= Convince [him] to do it (leadership)

cureExtractColin\_option2= Force [him]

cureExtractColin\_option3= Volunteer myself

cureExtractColin\_outcome1success= I spoke quietly with [Name] for a few minutes and tried to help [him] see this in perspective. [He]'d outlived the initial infection, then years of running from the undead, of starvation and illness. This little operation to harvest just a few brain cells wasn't going to kill [him].\n\nHonestly, it very well might. But I convinced [Name] to be brave about it and take one for the team.

cureExtractColin\_outcome1success\_option1= Start the Extraction...

cureExtractColin\_outcome1fail= [Name] is really serious about not wanting to go through with this operation. Saying "but think of the children!" had no effect on [him] at all.\n\nI guess none of us survived this long by thinking of the children. If there's one thing the zombie apocalypse has taught us, it's to run away when the going gets tough.\n\nSo, [Name] won't go willingly. What do we do?

cureExtractColin\_outcome1fail\_option1= Force [him]

cureExtractColin\_outcome1fail\_option2= Volunteer myself

cureExtractColin\_outcome1fail\_outcome1= I would have rather done this with [Name's] consent, but either way it must be done. This is for the greater good of the human race.\n\nI nodded to the rotten scientists who grabbed [Name] from behind and forced [him] onto a gurney. As they strapped [him] in, I forced myself to look into [his] terrified eyes.\n\nI told [him] it was going to be okay.

cureExtractColin\_outcome1fail\_outcome1\_option1= Start the Extraction...

cureExtractColin\_outcome2= I nodded to the rotten scientists who grabbed [Name] from behind and forced [him] onto a gurney. As they strapped [him] in, I forced myself to look into [his] terrified eyes.\n\nI told him this is for the greater good of the human race, and that we all have to make sacrifices.\n\nI told [him] it was going to be okay.

cureExtractColin\_outcome2\_option1= Start the Extraction...

cureExtractMyself= I volunteered. Perhaps this is what I've been destined to do my entire life. To make up for all the deaths I've caused, either by action or inaction. All the strangers I could have helped but didn't. All the friends I've sent to their doom.\n\nThere's a reason I keep surviving when others fall. Why the disease passed me by. This must be it.

cureExtractMyself\_option1= Start the Extraction...

cureExtractStart= The Rotten woman gave orders while a man from the Pharmacists made the incisions. The other doctors crowded around [Name] through the procedure, passing tools back and forth as they cut away [his] scalp and sawed open [his] skull.\n\nThey took what we needed and tried to close [him] back up... but it was too much for [his] fragile body. [His] heartbeat became erratic... then weak... then gone.\n\nWe are indebted to [FormalName] for [his] sacrifice. We have everything we need now to research the cure.

cureExtractStart\_effect= The Cure now available in the research tree

cureExtractStartJesse= And I thought the Rotten smelled bad on the outside. Yuck, is that a... worm? No, no, just brains. The doctors harvested the tissue we need and sewed Jesse back up. When they were done he bounced out of bed. I asked how he felt.\n\n"Just as lit as a riddle!" he answered, then realized that was wrong. "Err... as fat as a puddle? Swift as a... dribble? Aw hell."\n\nLike lightning, Jesse drew a pistol from his pocket, spun around, and shot two beakers clean off a shelf. Satisfied, he nodded. He'll be fine. We now have everything we need to research the cure.

cureExtractStartJesse\_effect= The Cure now available in the research tree

cureExtractStartMyself= They injected me with something and had me count backwards from 10. Blackness. Then out of it I saw Diane Moon from long ago. She was smiling, and I could feel she was proud of me. She leaned in to whisper:\n\n"Don't drop the tomatoes. They're very ripe."\n\nI realized I was clutching an armload of tomatoes and struggled to keep hold of them all, then I woke up. My head hurts. I feel weak and am having trouble remembering stuff, but they say I'll live.\n\nTime to research this cure.

cureExtractStartMyself\_effect= The Cure now available in the research tree

cureRottenDie\_title= Curing the Rotten

cureRottenDie= Jesse came by with sad news. The Rotten scientists who helped us research the cure decided to test it on themselves as soon as it was ready. He found them both dead in their lab.\n\nIt seems the disease may be what is keeping the Rotten alive now. Killing the disease kills them.\n\nJesse says a number of the Rotten are so desperate to be human again that they want to take the cure anyway, in the small hope that it will work for them.

cureRottenDie\_option1= Don't do it!

cureRottenDie\_option2= Convince the Rotten to take the cure

cureRottenDie\_outcome1= The Rotten are devastated that this vaccine won't make them human again, but we're going to ally with them to show we think they're fine the way they are.\n\n"There are plenty of survivors out there who need this cure." Jesse told us. "Hurry and help them so they don't turn out like us Rotten. Or worse."\n\n"As for me," he said, "I'm fixing to mosey off on my own for awhile. Maybe find a desert to wander for a few years. I reckon I might find something out there that'll explain all this."

cureRottenDie\_outcome2= We encouraged the Rotten to try the cure. Even if it doesn't work, at least it'll end their miserable existence.\n\nMost of them took it. They all died.\n\nJesse decided not to. "You should bring that cure to the human folks in other cities." he told me. "But as for me, I'm fixing to mosey off on my own for awhile. Maybe find a desert to wander for a few years. I reckon I might find something out there that'll explain all this."\n\nI wished him luck, and watched him wander away into the sunset.

cureRottenDie\_outcome2\_effect= Rotten destroyed

goalCureLeave\_title= Get Ready to Go

goalCureLeave= Time to head onward to Vancouver, the ruins of a once-great city where hundreds - maybe thousands - of people are still trying to scrape by. They need this cure and we're going to bring it to them.\n\nWe should say our goodbyes, then leave from any City Hall.

cureRadioLeave\_title= Note Radio

cureRadioLeave= "They have the cure!" It was all Note would talk about all week. "Full immunization, and a dose will stop the disease within minutes. They're even dipping bullets in the stuff! I already got vaccinated. Have you?"\n\n"Rumor is this group is moving on to Vancouver next, where this cure is going to do the most good for the most people. Good luck guys!"

goalVanDistribute\_title= Distribute the Cure

goalVanDistribute= We have a vaccine for zombieism! Based on research we found in a hidden lab in Hope, this is humanity's best chance for survival. If we run low we know how to make more in our workshops.\n\nWe owe it to the world to share this breakthrough... but who could blame us if we try to make a buck through trade in the process?

vanDemand\_title= Gimme gimme

vanDemand\_1= [FactionLeader] stormed through our gates with [factionAdjective] soldiers on [factionHis] heels.\n\n[FactionHe] demanded that we supply them with this vaccine we've "been keeping secret all this time."\n\nHonestly, it was pretty rude. What should we do?

vanDemand\_2= [Faction] have come to ask for our cure. Specifically, they'd like a few doses for their soldiers on the frontlines; those most likely to be bitten by zed.\n\n"And of course, " [factionHe] added, "one dose for myself."

vanDemand\_3= [FactionLeader] is practically begging us for our cure. [FactionHe] says they lost their doctor last week when she was treating an infected patient. There was no bite... she just got a bit of the patient's blood in an open cut.\n\n[FactionHe] implored me to give them just 10 doses before many more lives could be lost.

vanDemand\_luddies= Ludd started talking before I even opened the gate.\n\n"Normally I'd be suspicious about this so-called vaccine for zombieism. What are the side effects? Have there been any long-term trials? How do we know it's safe for children? But once you've seen the effects of a disease like this, you take protection seriously. When you weigh the risk accordingly, getting vaccinated is the intelligent choice."\n\nShocking clarity coming from someone so afraid of wifi signals and contrails. Should we offer them our cure?

vanDemand\_option1= Give [factionHim] 10 vaccine doses

vanDemand\_option2= Demand {1} for the vaccine

vanDemand\_option3= Demand an alliance (lvl 10 leader)

vanDemand\_option4= Refuse to give [factionHim] the vaccine

vanDemand\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] carefully accepted the box of delicate vials. [FactionHe] told me they have plenty to trade if we have any more of the vaccine to sell.

vanDemand\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] grudgingly accepted the deal. [FactionHe] figured, wisely, that {1} wouldn't do them much good if they were all dead.

vanDemand\_outcome3= I shook [FactionLeader's] hand. They've pledged to defend us and share whatever they can with us in exchange for the vaccine.\n\nIf we have any more, we can trade it to them for a good price later.

vanDemand\_outcome4= I told [FactionLeader] we were flat out of the stuff, but of course [factionHe] didn't believe me.\n\n[FactionHe] said this would only mean one thing: war. Though [Faction] didn't want to fight us, a cure for zombieism was one thing worth fighting for. Keeping it from them was like denying them a future.\n\nI nodded and told [factionHim] we'd see them on the battlefield, then.

vanPharmacistsWarn\_title= Strange behavior

vanPharmacistsWarn= Tiff pulled me aside after our meeting. She was fidgeting and scratching her arms; something seemed to be bothering her.\n\n"How have your people been feeling lately? Anyone acting strangely?" she asked.\n\nI said it's hard to tell what's strange anymore and she nodded distractedly. "Our people are." she said. "All the ones that got the first round of vaccine we stole from you."\n\n"Oh - sorry." she added. "Yeah, we did that. But anyway, keep an eye out, okay?"

vanVillain\_title= Workshop Break-in

vanVillain= [FormalName] was doing [his] nightly rounds when [he] spotted someone trying to get into our workshop. [He] figured it was one of us, until [he] looked closer...

vanVillain\_option1= Look closer...

vanVillain\_outcome1= It's Kevin Clark! That McManager douchebag who tried to keep the cure from us in the first place! I could have sworn we blew that creep up.\n\nHe must have been trying to sabotage our vaccine production facility so it's a damn good thing [Name] happened by in time.

vanVillain\_outcome1\_option1= Chase him down

vanVillain\_outcome1\_option2= Shoot him in the back (gun)

vanVillain\_outcome1\_outcome1= Clark took one look at furious [Name] barreling down on him and took off into the night.\n\n[Name] chased him to the edge of our wall where Clark wriggled under it through a hole he'd dug. [Name] tried to follow him but felt a stabbing pain in [his] hand.\n\nIt was probably because [his] hand had been stabbed. Clark put a rather large hole in it.\n\nClark laughed maniacally from the other side of the wall. Looks like he got away again.

vanVillain\_outcome1\_outcome2= [Name] missed on the first shot, then the second went wild and hit the roof above Clark's head. It knocked a shingle loose, which slide down and smacked Clark on the head.\n\n"Ouch! Watch where you aim that thing!" he shouted, then wriggled under our wall and away into the city.\n\nWhatever he was planning to do, at least we stopped it. But we probably haven't seen the last of him.

vanGovernmentWarn\_title= Your Government At work

vanGovernmentWarn= Senator Davis paid us a visit today. "How have you been feeling?" she asked in a matronly voice that didn't suit her. Her soldiers sized us up.\n\n"As governor of this region," she said, "I'd like to thank you for your contributions to [CityName] and its people. We consider some of the other factions here to be undesirable, but not you... you have been loyal citizens."\n\nGovernor? Seriously? I guess she wants something from us?

vanGovernmentWarn\_option1= Give [factionHim] 10 vaccine doses

vanGovernmentWarn\_option2= Demand 50 food for the vaccine

vanGovernmentWarn\_option3= Demand an alliance (lvl 10 leader)

vanGovernmentWarn\_option4= Refuse to give [factionHim] the vaccine

vanGovernmentWarn\_outcome1= Davis laughed when I mentioned the vaccine. "We don't want any, thank you. Save it for the other factions who need it more."\n\nShe made it sound almost like a threat.\n\nI noticed one of her soldiers was watching our people closely and actually taking notes. As I started to say something, Davis announced loudly that it was time to go. I'm still not sure what that visit was about...

vanGovernment\_title= Big Government

vanGovernment= A black car pulled up to our gates this morning and two large men in black suits demanded I get in. Before I could argue, one of them aimed a taser at my chest.\n\nThey brought me to the Government base to meet with Senator Davis. She could have just asked me to visit...\n\n"How are you feeling?" Davis asked me. "Our intelligence reports your survivors look a bit... green... lately. And I see you have a tremor in your hands. We are concerned that you may be a danger to [CityName]."

vanGovernment\_option1= Why are you here in Canada anyway?

vanGovernment\_option2= After all I've done for these cities...

vanGovernment\_option3= You sound like a super villain!

vanGovernment\_outcome1= "You're asking why the US Government now controls this part of Canada? The short answer is, because we can."\n\n"Have you ever heard the term 'Manifest Destiny'? My forefathers considered \_all\_ of North America to be the rightful domain of the American people. Seizing control of Canadian cities during a crisis was just one of many scenarios we had plans for. Thanks to you, it'll be easy to take control of the rest."\n\nWhat does she mean by that? Why is Davis being so honest all of a sudden...?

vanGovernment\_outcome2= "All \_you've\_ done?" Davis frowned. "Once again you fail to see the big picture."\n\n"All you've done so far is muck about establishing small, dissociated communes run by ill-prepared committees. That's not \_government\_. You don't know the first thing about keeping a population under control. Within a few years, every one of your 'rebuilt' cities will crumble and return to the zombies."\n\n"What \_I'm\_ building is going to last. You're going to help us, though you don't even know it."

vanGovernment\_outcome3\_title= The Omegavirus

vanGovernment\_outcome3= I heard laughter from the doorway as the McManager came in. "Guilty!" he chuckled. "It was me. I infected you."\n\n"You see," he explained, "that vaccine you're spreading about town has been tainted from the start. That wasn't a cure you stole from me, it was a stronger, slower acting strain of zombieism. The Omegavirus!!!"\n\n"Now everyone's infected! Muahahaha! Even you! Have you been experiencing tremors, hallucinations, violent outbursts? Just a matter of time. Once your former personality is stripped and broken, I'll mold you into the perfect soldier."

vanGovernment\_outcome3\_option1= The government would never help you!

vanGovernment\_outcome3\_option2= I'll find some way to stop this!

vanGovernment\_outcome3\_outcome1= "Oh, you'll never stop me. The Government is helping me. They're under my control!! Muahaha-"\n\nBANG! BANG!\n\nClark fell over backwards, two bullet holes in his forehead. Davis turned to me with a smoking pistol in her hand.\n\n"That was entertaining, but enough is enough." she said. "He was a useful tool, and so were you. But now it's time for you to come with me. Guards!"

vanGovernment\_outcome3\_outcome1\_option1= Fight your way out!

vanGovernment\_outcome3\_outcome1\_outcome1= Somehow I got out of there. I went into a blind rage, I tasted blood in my mouth and I think... I think I killed a man with my bare hands.\n\nThey're right, something in me is changing. I'm not immune to this Omegavirus. And if what they said was true, I've infected half of [CityName] with it.\n\nThere's one thing I know: the Government is going to pay for this. It may be too late for me... but Senator Davis has to be stopped.

goalVanStop\_title= Stop the government

goalVanStop= We've got to do something! The Government helped infect us all with the Omegavirus that is slowly turning us into some new kind of zombie.\n\nWorse, they're planning to capture and train us into soldiers for their undead army and use us to dominate the north. I never signed up for this draft!\n\nThis means war. We have to mobilize and send our soldiers to destroy their fort.

vanSanity\_title= Omega-Sanity

vanSanity= I've been seeing things. Hallucinations. Sometimes splattered blood where there is none. Other times it's like the others are already dead, their faces a ghoulish green.\n\nI hear voices in my head too, telling me to do terrible, violent things. Shouting "KILL!" then going silent. I know it's the Omegavirus eating away at my brain, little by little, turning me into a monster.\n\nWhat can I do to stay sane?

vanSanityAgain= I can feel my thoughts turning to anger, a desire for violence. Someone questions me, I shout at them without thinking. Someone disobeys and I imagine ripping their face off.\n\nMust.... maintain. But how?

vanSanityAgain\_2= This Omegavirus... it creeps into your brain so slowly, so insidiously... it changes your thoughts, makes you see things that aren't there, patterns in the world around you. Paranoia, delusions, unfocused rage.\n\nI'm struggling to maintain order in my own brain as well as in the fort. Just a little longer, until the Government can be stopped.\n\nWhat should I do?

vanSanity\_option1= Meditate

vanSanity\_option2= Build a miniature city out of cans

vanSanity\_option3= Write in your dream journal

vanSanity\_option4= Kill a rat with your bare hands

vanSanity\_outcome1= Ohmmmmmmm... Ohmmmmmmm...\n Ohmmmmmmm... Ohmmmmmmm...\n\nOhmmmmmmm...\n\n

vanSanity\_outcome2= I spent the afternoon and most of the evening in the food storage room, constructing a tiny version of [CityName] out of canned fruit and cracker boxes.\n\nThe citizens of Cansville are much better behaved than the \_real\_ ones. They declared me mayor-for-life and held a festival in my honor.

vanSanity\_outcome3= I dreamt I was being chased by a huge red wolf. It hunted me mercilessly through the woods, leaving a trail of bloody paw-prints.\n\nWhen it finally pounced, I turned and opened my mouth wide, wider, dislocating my jaw like a snake, and swallowed the wolf whole.\n\nJust like a pelican eating a cat.

vanSanity\_outcome4= I trapped a rat between some crates in the storeroom and watched it for a few minutes as it scurried around trying to find an exit. Then I stepped on its tail, trapping it with its own limb. Oh how it panicked.\n\nI picked it up and wrung its neck with a quick twist, like killers do in the movies. It lay limp in my hand and I just stared at it for awhile.\n\nThen I skinned, gutted, and ate it. Let no meat go to waste.

vanDestroy\_title= Omega-War

vanDestroy= [Name] and four others snuck out last night to let off steam at the [factionAdjective] fort, and one thing lead to another. By the time I heard about it we'd killed [two|three|four] of their people and liberated their buildings to the zombies.\n\nThis Omegavirus is making us faster, more alert. Our muscles are hardening. Our bodies cry out for action, for violence.\n\nIf someone like [Faction] gets in our way, they better watch out.

vanDestroyAgain= [Faction] had it coming. They were weak.\n\nHiding behind their walls, squirreling away resources for winter. Living like pathetic grubs. We couldn't help ourselves. Just watching them scurry about the city was enough to make you want to scream.\n\nSo today we decided to give them a spontaneous little lesson. Show them how easily their fragile little walls could fall.

vanFaction\_title= Omega-Destruction

vanFaction= [Faction] are having some trouble. As far as we can tell, someone set fire to their fort last night from the inside. Witnesses say their people were fighting each other, overcome by the Omegavirus.\n\nThis is our doing, in a way. We gave them that cure.

vanFactionAgain= Last night [Faction] was lit in flames. A small group set fire to their own compound, then shot people trying to leave. They seem to have recovered but... I wonder if this madness is the work of the Omegavirus.

vanMurder\_title= Omega-Murder

vanMurder= [FormalName's] been suffering from the Omegavirus for weeks. Last night it got into [his] head and [he] went out into the city alone.\n\n[Name] stumbled back to our gates this morning covered in blood and lugging a bag of {1}. [He] barely remembers what [he] did, but knows someone's dead out there because [he] couldn't control [himself].

vanMurderAgain= It happened again. [FormalName] disappeared last night and came back with blood all over [his] face and clothes. [He] claims it was an animal, not a person, but I think [he]'s lying. [He] also claimed [he] found a bunch of {1} but won't say where.\n\nI can see it in [his] eyes... it must have been the Omegavirus rage.

vanMurder\_option1= Ignore it

vanMurder\_option2= Thank [him] for the {1}

vanMurder\_option3= Kick [him] out

vanMurder\_outcome1= What [Name] does in [his] spare time is no business of ours. Hell, it's probably good practice for the war against the Government, and we can use those {1}.

vanMurder\_outcome2= I told [Name] I didn't care how [he] found the {1}. People out there are weak. It's only a matter of time before the zombies get them and tear their tasty insides out anyway.

vanMurder\_outcome3= [Name] looked like the loneliest, most despairing creature I'd ever seen when I shut the gates behind [him]. But if [he] can't control [his] rage, it's only a matter of time before [he] turns it on us.\n\nI wonder if I'll have that same look of despair on my face some day soon.

vanBecomeRotten\_title= Omega-Illness

vanBecomeRotten= [FormalName's] been sick with what we though was some kind of stomach bug. [He]'s as green as a frog and everything that goes down comes right back up again. The only thing [he]'ll even try to stomach anymore is the occasional bit of very rare meat.\n\n[He]'s been inappropriately chipper about the whole thing, cracking jokes about watching [his] figure and trying to figure out if [his] new skin tone is more of a winter or a spring.

vanBecomeRottenAgain= Another survivor reached the necrotic skin stage of the Omegavirus. Like one of the Rotten, [FormalName's] looking a little green.\n\n[He] also lost [his] appetite for regular food... I thought [he] was just sick, until I caught [him] wiping blood off [his] chin. Now I know [he] must be finding something else to eat.

vanBecomeRottenLeader= I'm nearly one of them now. The fever has come. My heartbeat is so weak I can hardly feel it.\n\nSomething else is animating me now. The Omegavirus creeps through my veins and nests in my spinal column, killing me and keeping me alive at the same time. My skin is changing color as the blood leaves it forever.\n\nThe hallucinations are worse now. Fantasies of rage and violence. I can hardly tell what's real and what's a dream. I'm losing my mind... but I've never felt more powerful.

vanRaid\_title= Government Omega-Raid

vanRaid= Agents from the Government are here to raid us, but they aren't after our food or medicine... they've come for [Name]. They consider [his] Omegavirus infection advanced enough that it's time to add [him] to their military ranks.\n\nThey busted down our gate and shoved guns in our faces. They're demanding we turn over [Name] or things will get bloody.

vanRaidAgain= They drove a tank right through our wall then piped demands out through a loudspeaker. They want to us to turn over [FormalName] so [he] can become a soldier in their army.\n\n[Name's] in the late states of Omegavirus infection, but [he]'s still one of ours. What should we do?

vanRaid\_option1= Fight them

vanRaid\_option2= Bribe them with 30 food

vanRaid\_option3= Give them [Name]

vanRaid\_outcome1\_success= Take one of our people? \_Never\_.\n\nWe fought like demons and tore those Government bastards limb from limb in an orgy of destruction. They're right about one thing: this Omegavirus has made us strong.

vanRaid\_outcome1\_fail= Any excuse to tear a few heads off\n\nThey must have been expecting a firefight but we pounced on them like animals. Knives, fists, teeth. We tore them apart like the mindless zombies they want us to become. So long as we have a shred of humanity left, we'll defend it to the death.\n\n[Name] was shot during the fight but [he] says [he] can barely feel it. Another benefit of the Omegavirus.

vanRaid\_outcome2= What do we need for for anyway? Soon the Omegavirus will take all our appetites. They can have it.

vanRaid\_outcome3= I imagine in a few months we'll meet [him] on the battlefield, fighting for the other side.

vanStrength\_title= Omega-Strength

vanStrength= The Omegavirus courses through our veins. It makes us strong, able to punch through walls and withstand incredible pain. This power comes at a price: our humanity, our sanity. But it will help us in the fight against the Government.\n\n[FormalName] is now stronger than ever.

vanStrength\_effect= Gained {1} and {2} perks

vanStrengthAgain\_1= The Omegavirus brings us visions, uncontrollable rages, and power. So much power.\n\nOur bodies are becoming unstoppable machines. Even death won't stop them. [FormalName] tells me it feels sometimes like [he] could jump off a building and land running, or rip a man in two with [his] bare hands.\n\nI advised [him] to maybe not try either of these things unless actually necessary.

vanStrengthAgain\_2= [FormalName] is feeling good today. Very good.\n\n[He]'s been having trouble with Omegavirus symptoms lately: upset stomach, nightmares, mild hallucinations. But today [he] woke up feeling stronger than ever. [He] can't wait to get out there and bust some Government heads.

vanSoldiers\_title= Supersoldiers!

vanSoldiers= Today's attack on the Government went poorly. [FormalName] was quietly working on their back gate with a pair of bolt cutters when it suddenly swung open on its own.\n\nOut marched dozens, maybe hundreds of green-skinned soldiers, armed with body armor and assault rifles. They have the vacant, soulless eyes of the undead, but move like trained soldiers.\n\nThese must be the Omegavirus-infected supersoldiers that Senator Davis wants to turn us all into.

vanSoldiers\_option1= Run for it!

vanSoldiers\_option2= Try to fight them

vanSoldiers\_outcome1= Unlike the McManager's incompetent zombie soldiers, these ones actually know how to use their guns.\n\nThey mowed down [Name] mercilessly, without even breaking their march.\n\nLooks like they're coming for us.

vanSoldiers\_outcome2= [Name] put up a valiant fight but in the end [he] lost [his] life to wave upon wave of the merciless undead army.\n\nThey're coming for us next.

vanDavis\_title= Weapon of Mass Destruction

vanDavis= This war.... for months we've torn down the Government's walls and killed countless soldiers. I thought we'd seen it all... but today we found something new.\n\nA silo, heavily guarded in the heart of their compound. Hazard symbols and radiation warnings all over it.\n\nI was musing over what might be inside when Senator Davis appeared.

vanDavis\_option1= Greet her as a worthy opponent

vanDavis\_option2= Taunt and threaten her

vanDavis\_outcome1= "Why thank you." she said. "I've been wondering when you would find this silo. Inside lies unimaginable power. But we have something even more powerful now: the Omegavirus."\n\nShe looked me up and down. "I see your transformation is nearly complete. Soon you won't be able to control yourself at all. Join us, and we will train you, make you a General. You'll be unstoppable."\n\nI noticed soldiers creeping up beside us...

vanDavis\_outcome1\_option1= Run Away!

vanDavis\_outcome1\_option2= Surrender to the Government

vanDavis\_outcome2= "Barbarians." she said. "I've been wondering when you would find this silo. Inside lies unimaginable power. But we have something even more powerful now: the Omegavirus."\n\nShe looked me up and down. "I see your transformation is nearly complete. Soon you won't be able to control yourself at all. Join us, and we will train you, make you a General. You'll be unstoppable."\n\nI noticed soldiers creeping up beside us...

vanDavis\_outcome2\_option1= Run Away!

vanDavis\_outcome2\_option2= Surrender to the Government

vanDavis\_escape= I bit a soldier on the neck (just an impulse, I swear I wasn't trying to eat him!) and we got the hell out of there.\n\nThe Government must have had reserve troops and supplies, because they repelled us and put new walls up before we even made it back home.\n\nThis war is hopeless... there's just too many of them. I'm running out of time (and sanity)... I'm afraid I might not have a choice but to either detonate that bomb, or join the Government...

vanDavis\_surrender= I let Governments soldiers shackle my wrists and lead me away.\n\n"This is only temporary." Davis explained. "Once your training is complete, we'll tame that Omegavirus and you won't be a danger to anyone but enemies of the state."\n\n"Your government thanks you, citizen."

vanDavis\_surrender\_option1= Continue...

vanJesse\_title= The Rotten One Returns

vanJesse= I admit, I didn't expect to ever see Jesse again after he took off wandering. He showed up today lugging a filthy duffel bag. The dust has settled deep into the lines on his face, giving him an ancient and oddly wise appearance.\n\n"Howdy parders." he tipped his hat in his usual greeting. "I've got news you'll want to hear, if you're willing to talk about your research on the cure."

vanJesse\_option1= Share our research

vanJesse\_option2= Chase him away

vanJesse\_outcome1= Jesse leaned in close to look at my face. "\_Hot mustard\_, you look more Rotten than I do. I reckon your hourglass is near empty if you've got the Omegavirus like those Pharmacists."\n\n"They're in no condition to help. They're having trouble just not eating one another." Jesse nodded like he'd been there.\n\n"So, what research do you have? Other than the cure formula Mr. McVillain tainted with his damned Omegavirus."

vanJesse\_outcome1\_option1= Dr. Agbayani's CDC research

vanJesse\_outcome1\_option2= European research from the Government's computers

vanJesse\_outcome1\_option3= A vial of monkey blood from Dr. van Nooten

vanJesse\_outcome1\_option4= That's it

vanJesse\_outcome1\_outcome1= "Right, right, Rufus' dad, the CDC researcher." Jesse nodded. "I wonder if the kid ever forgave his old man for being away so much."

vanJesse\_outcome1\_outcome2= "Hah!" Jesse laughed. "I wonder if old Senator Davis realizes you stole that data from right out under her crooked nose. Might be the key to wrecking all her plans of world domination and zombie super soldiers and such."

vanJesse\_outcome1\_outcome3= "The original tained blood." Jesse was nearly reverent. "What I wouldn't give to go back in time to that moment and stop it all from happening. I'd have killed poor Doc van Nooten before she spread her disease to half the world and doomed everything."

vanJesse\_story= Jesse nodded excitedly. "We've got everything we need! Now for my story."\n\n"After I left you, I travelled east to the Okanagan desert. I lay in the sun day and night until I met my spirit animal. A great snake, thirty feet long and covered in feathers, curled itself around my body. It whispered in my ear for days, telling me the secrets of the desert, of the rythm of life and death."\n\n"Then I woke, and the snake had become a woman with long grey hair. She brought me to her home in a trailer park and fed me tea that made me tingle with energy from foot to noggin."

vanJesse\_outcome1\_outcome4\_fail= "Damn it all! That's not nearly enough to work. I wish there was some way you could go back and find the pieces we need, but it's too late... too late."\n\n"Guess I'll have to look someplace else. Somewhere far from [CityName]. This town has doom written all over it in ten foot tall letters."\n\nAs Jesse turned to go, he tipped his hat at me once again. "Whatever you decide to do, pardner, I'll tell your story."

vanJesse\_story\_option1= Keep Listening...

vanJesse\_story\_outcome1= "I felt my heart beat for the first time in years. Just a few sluggish ka-thuds, but it was something!"\n\n"She told me the tea was made from a purple bush that grows only in that desert. The First Nations people used it in healing rituals and to induce visions. It changed me. I could finally think clearly since I'd been bitten. I felt almost human again!"\n\n"I think this purple plant counteracts the disease somehow."

vanJesse\_story\_outcome1\_option1= Offer to study the plant

vanJesse\_story\_outcome1\_outcome1= He tossed the dusty duffel bag into my arms. "I brought back all I could carry. Get your researchers to study it, figure out how to concentrate it, then test it out on some zombies. I reckon it might even have an effect on that Omegavirus of yours."\n\n"I'll be around." Jesse smiled. "This town is sure going to hell in a handbasket, but I reckon it's not too late to turn things around."

vanJesse\_story\_outcome1\_outcome1\_effect= Mission available to study the purple plant

vanJesse\_outcome2= This is the last time I hope I'll ever have to deal with that zombie halfbreed. I swear, I'll destroy this entire city before I hear that idiotic cowboy out.

vanStudyFinish\_title= The Good Ending

vanStudyFinish= We... We've done it. We successfully inserted an enzyme from that purple flower into the Omegavirus-tainted vaccine. The original monkey blood gave us the key delivery mechanism, but we could never have figured it out without all that research we'd collected.\n\nThis new vaccine doesn't just kill the virus, it restores the immune system and reboots the circulatory and nervous systems. It reverses damage caused by the virus and might... it might actually make us all human again.

vanStudyFinish\_option1= Take the vaccine yourself first

vanStudyFinish\_option2= Test in on Jesse first

vanStudyFinish\_outcome1= I injected the new cure and spent an anxious night in a quarantine room. I thought about all the people who'd gotten me to this point. Diane. [Name2].\n\nThe next morning, I woke feeling better than I had in months. My cheeks are flushed with blood, the capillaries repairing. The red film of rage that has rested at the edge of my consciousness is subsiding. I feel sane again! I feel human again!

vanStudyFinish\_outcome1\_option1= Give it to Jesse next

vanStudyFinish\_jesse= Jesse agreed to take an injection and spend the night in our quarantine cell. I waited with him and listened to his tales of cowboys and the wild west.\n\nAfter midnight, he grew feverish and stopped talking. He wrapped himself in a blanket and rocked back and forth. I waited.\n\n"I'm n-not a real cowboy." he stuttered. "I w-was a salesman. I s-sold vacuum cleaners."

vanStudyFinish\_jesse\_option1= Keep waiting...

vanStudyFinish\_jesse\_outcome1= I woke to shouts of joy. "It worked! It worked! I'm cured!"\n\nJesse sure looks cured alright. His face is pinker than a blushing pig. Oh hell, now I'm doing it.\n\nWe finally have a \_real\_ cure - not just to prevent the zombie disease, but to reverse its effects. It seems like magic... just days ago I thought we were all doomed. But we did it.

vanStudyFinish\_jesse\_outcome1\_option1= We did it!

vanStudyFinish\_jesse\_outcome1\_outcome1= We turned our workshops to making the \_real\_ cure and immunized our people. No more green skin or hallucinations.\n\nAs for the zombies... the cure works on them too, the ones that still have all their major organs anyway. We're working on a program to capture, cure and heal the least wounded ones.\n\nTime to finish cleaning up this city. The Government is still at war with us. Should we finish them, or try to declare a cease-fire?

vanStudyFinish\_jesse\_outcome1\_outcome1\_effect= Cured the Omegavirus

vanGovernmentPeace\_title= Dystopia Averted

vanGovernmentPeace= Senator Davis is nothing if not a good politician. She met [us] at their gates, flanked by a troop of (human) soldiers.\n\n"I think it's time we put this war to an end." she said. "We have a common goal after all; distributing that new cure of yours. I hear you've finally worked out the kinks."\n\nA pretty snide comment considering she might have been responsible for putting those kinks there in the first place.

vanGovernmentPeace\_option1= Negotiate peace

vanGovernmentPeace\_option2= Fight them to the end

vanGovernmentPeace\_outcome1= I swallowed my pride and told the Senator that we would stop our attacks if the Government does the same. She agreed.\n\nAfter hours of paperwork detailing the conditions of our cease-fire, I still don't know about these guys. Were they just opportunists who saw the Omegavirus as a way to stronger, better soldiers? Or had they created the disease in the first place and used that McManager Clark as a pawn? We'll never know...

vanGovernmentPeace\_outcome2= Hehe... now we're talking. I don't think quite \_all\_ of the Omegavirus bloodlust has left my veins yet!

vanNuke\_title= An end to all things

vanNuke= We made our way into the Government silo. Inside: a warhead. A nuclear warhead. They must have brought it here with them, though I can't imagine why. Without a rocket, the only thing you could do is detonate it here, which would blow the whole city up.\n\nBlow the whole city up.\nBlow... the whole city... up.\n\nAnd take the Omegavirus with it.

vanNuke\_option1= Arm the warhead

vanNuke\_outcome1= The thing was live and connected to a detonator. We hacked it (literally, with a hacksaw) and bypassed its security just as Senator Davis stormed in.\n\n"Get away from there!" she shouted. "Do you have any idea what that is!?"\n\nI calmly told her I knew exactly what it was and her tone changed to pleading. "Listen, you don't want to detonate that. It would kill you too."\n\n"Come with us instead. Join our ranks as a General, and we'll conquer this great land from sea to shining sea."

vanNuke\_outcome1\_option1= Blow it up

vanNuke\_outcome1\_option2= Surrender to the Government

vanNuke\_outcome1\_outcome1= I hit the detonator and Davis screamed -

vanNuke\_outcome1\_outcome1\_option1= Continue...

vanNuke\_outcome1\_outcome2= I let Governments soldiers shackle my wrists and lead me away.\n\n"This is only temporary." Davis explained. "Once your training is complete, we'll tame that Omegavirus and you won't be a danger to anyone but enemies of the state."\n\n"Your government thanks you, citizen."

vanNuke\_outcome1\_outcome2\_option1= Continue...

vanNukeCured= We made our way into the Government silo. Inside: a warhead. A nuclear warhead. They must have brought it here with them, though I can't imagine why. Without a rocket, the only thing you could do is detonate it here, which would blow the whole city up.\n\nSince we've cured the Omegavirus and have no reason to ever want to use such a terrible weapon, we did our best to permanently disarm it, then barricaded the silo entrance with poured cement.

vanLate\_title= Too Late

vanLate= Diane. I did it.\n\nThey're all dead. the government...\n\neven me.\n\nso hungry.\n\nnot for food. hungry- hungry-\n\nfor BLOOD BRAINS SINEWS MEAT\n\ni forget what i was supposed to- to- to-\n\nLATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO LATE TOO---

vanLate\_option1= Continue...

winHalfway\_title= A Good Start

winHalfway\_1= The {1} of us are starting to see some progress here in [CityName]. We've reclaimed enough buildings that you can actually go for a little jog around the neighborhood.\n\nThink of that - running for fun, not for your life! Exercise. Recreation. Spandex running shorts. These are the things we're looking forward to!

winAlmost\_title= Progress Report

winAlmost= There are {1} of us now and our little chunk of [CityName] is starting to be downright livable. It's almost big enough that we're going to need a proper government to run things soon.

winReclaimed\_title= A City on the Grow

winReclaimed= Now that we've grown big enough and people feel safe inside the walls, some of our old problems are coming back. Survivors are starting to bicker among themselves, complaining about the quality of the food, demanding electricity and hot water and civil rights.\n\nIt's time we built a city hall and set up a government. Something better than the old pre-infection ones, a system that actually works.\n\nCity hall has been added to the list of buildings we can construct.

winReclaimed\_effect= We can now build a City Hall

winBuiltCityhall\_title= City Hall Complete

winBuiltCityhall= The flags on city hall are snapping in the wind, the curved dome shining in the sun. Now to formalize our government by drafting a constitution for it.\n\nEveryone seems to agree that I'm the most suitable person to continue leading them. Or at least nobody else has come forward saying they want the job yet.\n\nSo, what sort of government am I going to lead here?

winBuiltCityhall\_option1= Start Constitution

winConstitution\_title= {1}

winConstitution= {2}

winType\_title= {1}

winType= We will be [a] \_{1}\_.\n\n{2}\n\n{3}\n\nAnd finally: what will they call me?

winTypeMonarchy= I will be the start of a new royal line. Hopefully my children and my children's children will reign on for many years to come. Or maybe it'll all go to hell, who knows.

winTypeDictatorship= All hail the great and benevolent leader! Which is me, of course. I will hold all resources and power in [CityName] and divide them up as I see fit. It's a tough job but somebody has to do it.

winTypeRepublic= Survivors are already campaigning for senate seats, but we're limiting the time and resources they can spend on their campaigns so they still get some actual work done. Elections will be held by single transferable vote.

winTypeDemocracy= Power to the people! No law will be passed, no decision made in our true democracy without a vote by the people of [CityName]. Even deciding Bubble-Frost-Tea flavors. Vote for Chocolate - it's Choco-Great!

winTypeTheocratic= Our code of laws will follow religion's moral code. The church will have special power in the new government, and will exercise God's will in our glorious new nation. Thus his light will be upon us.

winTypeCapitalist= The market is never wrong. It may be unrelenting, uncaring and remorseless, but it is a principle so pure it cannot be faulted. Supply and demand. Yin and Yang. The universe in balance.

winTypeCommunist= Relentless greed and capitalism will find no ground in our nation of equals, comrades. The class system is shattered. There will be no rich people or poor people or important or neglected people... only people.

winTypeSocialist= We will raise up the downtrodden. To life, liberty, and justice we're adding free education, health care, and comfortable retirement. If any of us makes it to retirement age, that is.

winTypeFascist= The government will take an iron hand in overseeing its people, and we will do whatever necessary to protect and uphold our new nation's dominance over [CityName].

winTypeMilitary= Every man, woman and child will know how to cock a rifle and aim for the head. Those who choose to guard our lives with theirs will be revered as heroes. And if any outsider threatens our dominance over [CityName], we will answer with war.

winTypeDone\_title= Constitution Complete

winTypeDone= We're organizing a celebration for [CityName] Day, which we'll remember every {1} from now on. We now have a solid social code to match our solid walls.\n\nNext we should turn our attentions to the other factions vying for control of [CityName]. We'll either need to secure alliances with them or deal with them some other way before the city is truly united and safe.\n\nThere's a new mission available to Meet With other factions.

winTypeDone\_effect= We can now Meet With other factions at their fort

winNoFactions\_title= Constitution Complete

winNoFactions= We're organizing a celebration for [CityName] Day, which we'll remember every {1} from now on. We now have a solid social code to match our solid walls.\n\nAs the Lone Ranger used to say, "my work here is done". Time to gather the posse and move on to the next llama ranch, or whatever. Onward down the road to the next town that needs saving.\n\nWe can start a new mission to Leave the City from the city hall. I'll go, and I can take up to 3 others with me. The rest need to stay here and keep the place together.

winNoFactions\_effect= We can Leave City from the city hall

winFactionsDone\_title= [CityName] is ours

winFactionsDone= {1} As the Lone Ranger used to say, "my work here is done". Time to gather the posse and move on to the next llama ranch, or whatever. Onward down the road to the next town that needs saving.\n\nWe can start a new mission to Leave the City from the city hall. I'll go, and I can take up to 3 others with me. The rest need to stay here and keep the place together.

winFactionsDone\_eliminated= Now that [faction] are no longer in [CityName], we're free to run things the way we want around here. Spaghetti Tuesdays every Wednesday and so on.\n\n

winFactionsDone\_allied= Now that we've allied with [faction], we can be sure our place in [CityName] won't be contested. They've got our backs, and we've got theirs.\n\n

winFactionsDone\_effect= Can leave the city from city hall

winLeave\_title= Leaving [CityName]

winLeave= {1} and I packed our weapons, equipment and as much food as we could carry. {2}\n\nWe made our way to the edge of town...

winLeaveAlone= I packed my weapons, equipment and as much food as I could carry. I said my farewells at the gate, and [Name2] promised to take good care of [CityName]. [He2] said I'd always be welcome back... but I knew I'd never return.\n\nWe made our way to the edge of town...

winLeave\_option1= Wait, I don't want to leave yet!

winLeave\_option2= Continue...

winLeaveCancel= On second thought, I'm not quite ready yet.

winLeaveContinue= ...and took one last look out at the shining city [CityName] had become. With high walls to keep the chaos outside, hardworking citizens to keep its spirit alive, and an organized government to run it, this city will continue to thrive and be a beacon of civilization to a lost and broken world.\n\nAnd now, onward! There are more survivors out there and other cities that need our help!

winLeaveContinue\_option1= Leave

winLeave\_leader= We said our farewells at the gate.\n\nThe new leader, [Name2], promised to take good care of [CityName]. [He2] said we'd always be welcome back... but I knew I'd never return.

winLeave\_nobody= We shut the gates but left no one behind us.

investigateRotten\_title= Subway Investigation

investigateRotten= [We] [were] picking [our] way through the rubble at the subway entrance when there was a click at my back and a voice said "If you're looking for trouble, friend, I'll accommodate ya."\n\nI turned around slowly... and nearly crapped myself. It was a zombie! A zombie pointing a revolver at me and grinning.\n\n"Hold on there pardner," he said in an obviously fake John Wayne drawl, "this here's our spread, an' yer trespassin' on it". He was dressed the part in a trenchcoat and cowboy hat. A talking freaking zombie in a cowboy hat.

investigateRotten\_option1= Wait in stunned silence...

investigateRotten\_outcome1= Other zombies started shambling up all around us, but they weren't attacking, just kind of watching us and this crazy Clint Eastwood wannabe.\n\n"They call us the Rotten," he tipped his hat with his pistol. "My name's Jesse. We won't be wronged. We won't be insulted. We won't be laid a hand on. We don't do these things to other people and we require the same from them. Now get off our land." He gestured at me with his gun.\n\nI was getting nervous about the gathering ghouls, when one of them who'd come up from behind suddenly laid a hand on my shoulder.

investigateRotten\_outcome1\_option1= Flip out and start shooting

investigateRotten\_outcome1\_outcome1= [We] shot up those zombies good, until [we] saw they were screaming and covering their faces with their hands, like innocent people attacked by strangers who broke into their home and... uh-oh.\n\nThen the ones with weapons got mad. They charged [us], swinging metal pipes and clubs and hurling pieces of subway turnstiles. They yelled obscenities in a very un-zombielike way. [We] beat a retreat.\n\nThe last thing [we] heard as [we] ran out of there was Jesse cursing us. I think we've made an enemy.

investigateRotten\_outcome1\_option2= Try to talk to them

investigateRotten\_outcome1\_outcome2= They were wary of us, but some told their stories. They'd been bitten by regular zed, got the fever, and fell asleep for what they thought was the last time... then woke up. They were dead, yet still themselves.\n\nMostly. Some of these creatures are pretty brain damaged. Their speech is slurred, they move sluggishly, they're easily confused. Jesse's clearly a few horses short of a rodeo. And they're prone to mood swings. One of them nearly bit my head off - literally - when I called him a zombie. I'm not comfortable with these... whatever they are... living so close to us, but we may have no choice.

investigateRotten\_outcome1\_option3= Leave peacefully

investigateRotten\_outcome1\_outcome3= The strange zombies, or whatever they are, were relieved when [we] left. A toothless man with one arm spat on the ground behind [us] to say "good riddance".\n\nJesse followed to make sure [we] [were] really going. "Listen pardner," he said, "I'll give you some advice: never kick a cow patty on a hot day."\n\nHe nodded meaningfully, like I had any clue what he meant.

investigateRottenAgain\_title= Subway Investigation

investigateRottenAgain= [We] made our way through makeshift defenses, basically anything heavy that could be piled up in front of the subway entrance.\n\nA figure in a long trenchcoat appeared at the bottom of the stairs.\n\n"Howdy [p|friend|friends]." he spoke through his teeth, a cigar in the corner of his mouth. "I've been wondering when you would show."\n\nIt was Jesse, leader of the Rotten. Not quite dead, not quite right in the head...

investigateRottenAgain\_option1= Greet him

investigateRottenAgain\_option2= Flip out and start shooting

investigateRottenAgain\_outcome1= Jesse relaxed and took his hands out of his coat pockets. I realized he'd had a pistol pointed at [us] until now.\n\n"So, you're setting up in [CityName] too," he said. "Hope you aren't fixing to start any trouble in these parts."\n\nHe gave me a good long look in the eyes then nodded. "We Rotten have staked our claim on everything under the streets, and have the means to defend it if pressed. You stay clear and we won't have any trouble."

investigateRottenAgain\_outcome2= Before [we] could even draw, Jesse was raining bullets at [us] from his dual pistols. He must have had them pointed [our] way from under his coat.\n\nThe other Rotten poured out of the subway and forced [us] back out to the street. [We] retreated.\n\nWe've made an enemy.

goalReclaimBuildings\_title= Reclaim {1}

goalReclaimBuildings= Drag a survivor onto a building beside your fort and select Reclaim to build a wall around it and add it to your fort.\n\nYou can only reclaim buildings that are directly touching your walls already, and have no zombies or other factions in them.

goalBuildCityHall\_title= Build a City Hall

goalBuildCityHall= Drag a survivor onto a building inside your fort and start a build mission to create a city hall. If you don't have enough materials to build it, you can get more by converting another building into rubble.

goalDefeatFactions\_title= Ally or Eliminate {1}

goalDefeatFactions= There's {1} out there who'd be more dangerous than an entire horde of undead if they turn on us. We need to know we can trust them... or we need to get rid of them.\n\nIf we can make [faction] respect us enough via good deeds and generous trade deals, we can send someone to \_Meet With\_ [FactionLeader] and propose an alliance.\n\nOr... we could send soldiers to attack them. A preemptive strike of course. Then tear down every one of their walls and force them out of [CityName].

goalDefeatFactionsSingle= There's {1} out there who'd be more dangerous than an entire horde of undead if they turn on us. We need to know we can trust them... or we need to get rid of them.\n\nIf we can make [faction] respect us enough via good deeds and generous trade deals, we can send someone to \_Meet With\_ [FactionLeader] and propose an alliance.\n\nOr... we could send soldiers to attack them. A preemptive strike of course. Then tear down every one of their walls and force them out of [CityName].

finishRiffsMissions\_title= Do {1} for the Riffs

finishRiffsMissions= The Riffs might leave town if we get them the stuff they need to return to New York. So let's do it.

talkToRiffs\_title= Go talk to the Riffs

talkToRiffs= Go back and talk to the Riffs. We got 'em all their stuff, let's see what happens now.

backstoryTitle= [Name's] Hist\u00f3ria

backstoryIntro\_1= [FormalName] pulled me aside after dinner today. [He] said:\n\n

backstoryIntro\_2= [FormalName] opened up to me today. [He] told me:\n\n

backstoryIntro\_3= I had a chance to talk with [FormalName] over a drink today. [He] said:\n\n

backstoryIntro\_4= I'm getting closer with [FormalName]. Today [he] told me:\n\n

backstoryMore\_1= [FormalName] and I had time to talk again today. As [he] was saying earlier:\n\n

backstoryPerk\_1= \n\n[Name] can get a new perk. What should it be?

backstoryPerk\_2= \n\n[Name's] ready for a new perk. Which one?

backstoryPerk\_3= \n\nWhat perk should [Name] get?

backstoryAgain\_1= This is what [FormalName] told me about [himself] earlier:\n\n

backstoryAgain\_2= [FormalName] had this to say about [himself] when we spoke before:\n\n

backstoryInstead= Okay, what perk should [he] pick instead?

backstoryEarned= [FormalName] earned the perk:\n\n{1}\n{2}.

vanScaryOption\_1= Suck their souls out through their eyeballs

vanScaryOption\_2= Burn it all down

vanScaryOption\_3= Crawl into a hole and die

vanScaryOption\_4= Kill everything in your path

vanScaryOption\_5= Eat their still-pumping hearts

vanScaryOption\_6= Taste their organs

vanScaryOption\_7= Rip their faces from their skulls

vanScaryOption\_8= Finally lose control completely

vanScaryOption\_9= Let go of sanity forever

vanScaryOption\_10= Become a statue and crumble to dust

vanScaryOption\_11= Kill. Crush. Destroy.

vanScaryOption\_12= Let your rage overflow

vanScaryOption\_13= Infect them all

vanScaryOption\_14= Howl to the blood-filled moon

vanScaryOption\_15= Sacrifice them on the altar of pain

vanScaryOption\_16= Eat a baby

vanScaryOption\_17= Pull out your own eyeballs

vanScaryOption\_18= Bite off your own tongue

vanScaryOption\_19= Quietly foam at the mouth

vanScaryOption\_20= Stare at the sun until it blinks

effect\_rioting= Rioting

effect\_scavengingSlower= Scavenging takes longer

effect\_halfFarms= Farms produce less food

effect\_doubleFarms= Farms produce double food

effect\_noMissionProgress= Missions won't advance

effect\_banshee= Banshee keeping people awake at night

effect\_dangerousZed= Extra danger from zombies

effect\_superDangerousZed= Serious danger from zombies

effect\_superDuperDangerousZed= Extreme danger from zombies

resultsMenu\_effect= Effect: {1} for the next {2} days

resultsMenu\_effect1day= Effect: {1} for the next day

resultsMenu\_effectForever= Effect: {1}

resultsMenu\_effectEnded= Effect ended: {1}

effect\_peace= Peace with {1}

effect\_war= War with {1}

effect\_alliance= Alliance with {1}

effectEnding\_rioting\_title= Riots Ended

effectEnding\_scavengingSlower\_title= Scavenging Back to Normal

effectEnding\_halfFarms\_title= Farms Back to Normal

effectEnding\_doubleFarms\_title= Farms Back to Normal

effectEnding\_noMissionProgress\_title= Mission Progress Resumed

effectEnding\_banshee\_title= Banshee Stopped Wailing

effectEnding\_dangerousZed\_title= Zombies Back to Normal

executeDenied\_invalid= Invalid

executeDenied\_riots= Riots!

executeDenied\_faction= {1} Present

executeDenied\_massed= Massed Zombies

executeDenied\_resources= Need {1} {2}

executeDenied\_exists= Already have one mission of this type

executeDenied\_tooManyZed= Too many zombies

executeDenied\_tooFar= Too far away

executeDenied\_unscouted= Need to scout first

executeDenied\_noZombies= No zombies left

executeDenied\_inaccessible= Inaccessible

executeDenied\_tooSoon= Too soon

executeDenied\_war= At war

executeDenied\_winter= Not in winter

executeDenied\_houses= No free houses

executeDenied\_nothing= Nothing left

executeDenied\_scouted= Already scouted

executeDenied\_billScouted= Bill scouted

executeDenied\_research= Nothing left to research

executeDenied\_upgrade= Building already has this upgrade

executeDenied\_quest= Finish quest first

executeDenied\_needShovel= Need a shovel

executeDenied\_chosenDeny= Chosen deny entry

executeDenied\_converted= Already converted

executeDenied\_halfRespect= Need 50% respect

happy\_stole= We stole some stuff from {1}, those suckers

happy\_cultistDied= {1} jumped to the waiting horde

happy\_kissRing= {1} is lording it over us

happy\_factionPolicy= So we just do whatever {1} tells us to now?

happy\_leetRaid= You can't have too many diamond necklaces

happy\_attackBooze= We burned precious booze in a fight

happy\_policyChanged= I was just getting used to our policy on {1}

happy\_lostSquare= It's a shame we lost that {1}

happy\_vote= I got to vote - democracy in action!

happy\_fireworks= I got to see fireworks. I love fireworks

happy\_saboteurInterrogate= We practically tortured that 'saboteur'

happy\_leetCCG= We played a fun game the 1337cREw showed us

happy\_leetCCGMore= I really like this game the 1337cREw makes

happy\_pigBBQ= The Pig Farmers invited us to a BBQ

happy\_pharmacistsProtest= The Pharmacists think we aren't free enough

happy\_rottenPromotion= Some Rotten came over, they seem like good... people?

happy\_weemenNo= Gustav is a creep, we don't sell people. That makes us better than him.

happy\_weemenNoWoman= Gustav tried to buy me for a rocket launcher! We told him where he could shove it!

happy\_vera= Vera played a violin concert. I haven't heard such beautiful music for a long time

happy\_circus= I got to see Gustav's Circus

happy\_starving= I'm starving

happy\_goatHelpBar= That kid at the bar is helpful

happy\_fightJustice= Someone was jailed for fighting. We have a decent justice system

happy\_fightJailed= I was jailed after getting into a fight

happy\_fightExile= Someone was kicked out of the fort for righting. Never have to see him again

happy\_artistWall= I admired a beautiful painted wall by {1}

happy\_rabbitsAll= We have a bunch of pet rabbits now

happy\_rabbitsHalf= We have a few pet rabbits now

happy\_cleanWater= Mmm delicious clean water

happy\_electricity\_1= Electricity means I can listen to music again!

happy\_electricity\_2= Thanks to electricity I could watch Die Hard one more time

happy\_doctorsRob= How could we rob those innocent doctors?

happy\_lilyNo= It's so sad we couldn't help that little Lily

happy\_ostracized= {1} is keeping me awake at night

happy\_everyoneGone= At least we have some decent art around

happy\_cigarSmoked= I smoked one of those cigars we found out about from Gustav

happy\_originSchmooze= Trashy romance novels... my guilty pleasure

happy\_hopeHitBill= These people are kinda rough

happy\_dahliasDestroy= We murdered all those Chosen Ones from the Dahlias

happy\_dahliasFree= We let all those Chosen Ones from the Dahlias go free

happy\_recruitHumanShield= I'm haunted by the death of that recruit

happy\_recruitPickyLie= They lied about having {1}

happy\_recruitSicklyLeave= I had to leave my sick friend behind to die

happy\_recruitSicklyLate= They were too late to save my sick friend

happy\_recruitScared= I only joined because they made me so scared of everything

happy\_judgmentWord= Last Judgment gang came to our church and prayed with us

happy\_judgmentWordNo= Last Judgment gang was turned away because of their religion

happy\_dahliasRescue= The Dahlias saved my life!

happy\_loveCaravanSin= Gustav's Love Caravan is an ungodly sin

happy\_loveCaravanLike= I met an interesting lady who hangs out with Gustav

happy\_loveCaravanGrumpy= I can't believe anyone consorted with Gustav's ladies

happy\_manWagonSin= Gustav's Man Wagon is an ungodly sin

happy\_manWagonLike= I met an interesting man who hangs out with Gustav

happy\_manWagonGrumpy= Gustav's Man Wagon is gross and demeaning

happy\_goatTroubleFail= I didn't save that kid...

happy\_goatTroubleFailParent= My child was killed by zombies

happy\_goatNightmare= Kid's nightmares are keeping me awake

happy\_goatFindTake= My kid misses the {1}

happy\_goatAdoptAbandon= We abandoned that child to die in the city

happy\_goatPreggersWork= They don't even care that I'm pregnant

happy\_depressionTalk= I felt like the world would be better off without me but had a really good talk

happy\_depressionTimeOff= I felt like the world would be better off without me but took some time off to think

happy\_depressionAlone= I feel like the world is better off without me

happy\_leaveTalk= I was thinking about leaving but had a really good talk and changed my mind

happy\_leaveRations= I was thinking about leaving but was given extra food to stay

happy\_breakdownTalk= I went a little crazy but had a good talk and am feeling better

happy\_needCityHall= We need a city hall!

happy\_bartender= The bartender served me a nice glass of hooch at the bar

happy\_bar= I had a good mug of homebrew at a bar

happy\_preacher= I heard a nice sermon by a great preacher

happy\_church= I got to pray in a real church

happy\_noChurch= Without a church, what's the point of believing anymore?

happy\_lategameRandom\_1= \*I miss the family I lost when this all started

happy\_lategameRandom\_2= \*Jumbo-jets, Superbowls, how can we ever really rebuild?

happy\_lategameRandom\_3= \*The zombies will always be out there no matter what

happy\_lategameRandom\_4= \*Even if life gets better normal is gone forever

happy\_lategameRandom\_5= \*I wonder if I'll ever feel safe again

happy\_lategameRandom\_6= \*Will my scars ever heal?

happy\_lategameBigFort\_1= \*This fort was better when it was small

happy\_lategameBigFort\_2= \*How can we protect such a large fort?

happy\_lategameChurches= \*I wish there were more churches

happy\_lategameBars= \*There aren't enough places to get a good stiff drink

happy\_lategameHouses= \*It's too crowded in this city.

happy\_lategameGoats= \*I miss the pitter-patter of children's feet

happy\_lategameRecreation= \*I'm so bored

happy\_lategamePet= \*I'm lonely

happy\_lategameAmmenities= \*I miss ammenities like power and running water

happy\_lategameDanger= Why did they assign me to such a dangerous mission?

happy\_rationsReduced= I'm so hungry, why do we need reduced rations?

happy\_rationsIncreased= Increased rations means I'm not hungry all the time!

happy\_mandatoryGuard= I hate mandatory guard duty

happy\_womenHomeHappy= I'm happy our women are safe back in the fort

happy\_womenAwaySad= I hate that our women are our there in danger

happy\_womenHomeHappyFemale= I'm happy we women can stay safe back in the fort

happy\_womenAwaySadFemale= Women shouldn't have to do guard duty, it's barbaric!

happy\_womenHomeSadFemale= I can't believe they made me stay home and cook!

happy\_womenAwayHappyFemale= I'm glad us women are helping with defense

happy\_addictCured= I finally kicked my bath salts habit

happy\_addictBan= This ban on bath salts is cramping my style

happy\_addictDevout= I'm happy those bath salts aren't allowed in our fort

happy\_chosenBannedQuit= I've quit worshipping the Chosen Ones since it's not allowed

happy\_chosenBanned= I'm not allowed to worship the Chosen Ones

happy\_wealthSkilled= Enjoying the big house and record player I got because I'm so skilled

happy\_wealthSkilledNo= This is BS, I get a snoring roommate while the 'skilled' live in luxury

happy\_wealthWork= I'm happy we reward hard work here, it's the fair way to do things

happy\_wealthSoldiers= Hell yes soldiers should get better houses and more whisky, we deserve it

happy\_wealthSoldiersNo= Soldiers get a cushy life even though the rest of us are just as important. Unfair!

happy\_propertyPublic= Those damn commies are stealing our stuff in the name of sharing!

happy\_propertyPublicNo= I don't have much but at least I know it's mine.

happy\_powerFuel= Bummer we're out of fuel for the power plant.

happy\_powerSometimes= I'm glad we at least have electricity in the mornings.

happy\_powerAlways= So happy we have power again all day!

happy\_waterSometimes= I'm so thankful for running water and showers

happy\_waterAlways= I'm so thankful for running water and showers

happy\_banshee= That damn banshee zombie wailed all night and kept me awake

happy\_petLove= OMG I love love love my {1} {2}

happy\_pet= Snuggled with my {1} {2}

happy\_goat\_1= I played tag with {1}

happy\_goat\_2= I read a book to {1}

happy\_goat\_3= {1} cheered dme up with a smile

happy\_entertainer= {1} brought out a guitar and played for us today

happy\_downer= I went on a mission with that downer {1}

happy\_preacherMission= {1} opened my eyes to God while on a mission!

happy\_hobbyCar= I restored a beautiful car to life

happy\_hobbyCarFail= I spent some time with a beautiful car

happy\_dreamsTonic= I loves me tonic

happy\_dreamsLightSleeper= I can't sleep at night

happy\_evilDarkness= I embarassed myself trying to save that guy in the Allmart

happy\_originMallToy= I love toy stores

happy\_declareWarAngry= {1} deserve better than war

happy\_declareAllies= {1} are our allies at last

happy\_talkPerk= I had a good talk with our leader.

happy\_injury= My injury hurts! It hurts!

happy\_death= My {1} {2} is dead!

happy\_chosenCorpseNo= I have no religious freedom!

happy\_chosenParty= Dancing with the zombies

happy\_quarantined= I was quarantined because they don't trust me

happy\_carBreakdown= Damn car broke down and I had to push it home

happy\_vigilanteNo= Someone stole my {1} and we never found them

happy\_ammoYes= Shooting zed from the walls helped clear my mind

happy\_ammoShot= {1} shot at me, that jerk!

happy\_ammoNo= Nobody will let me shoot a gun around here

happy\_distrustLeft= We just left that person in the street

happy\_rememberShoot= I was forced to shoot my own relative.

happy\_rememberIgnore= I thought I saw someone I knew among the undead

happy\_preggersNo= Not allowed to have a baby

happy\_abortionNo= How can I bring a baby into this horrible world?

happy\_marriageFriends= {1} and {2} got married

happy\_marriageSpouse= I got married to {1}

happy\_marriageFriendsGreat= We had a great wedding for {1} and {2}

happy\_marriageSpouseGreat= I had a proper wedding with {1}

happy\_marriageNoFriends= Why can't {1} and {2} get married?

happy\_marriageNoSpouse= I wasn't allowed to marry

happy\_dateZoo= I had a great date at the zoo

happy\_dateZooTiger= I wrestled a tiger on a first date!

happy\_mainEngaged= I'm engaged to be married!

happy\_mainEngagedNo= My marriage proposal was refused

happy\_divorce= My marriage fell apart

happy\_breakup= My relationship fell apart

happy\_date= I went on a date

happy\_marriageMainFriends= {1} and {2} got married

happy\_marriageMainFriendsGreat= We had a great wedding for {1} and {2}

happy\_marriageSpouseMain= I got married to {1}

happy\_marriageSpouseMainGreat= I had a proper wedding with {1}

happy\_airplaneKidnap= They made me leave my family behind but I'll find a way back to them

happy\_airplaneThreatenNo= I'm not leaving on the plane?

happy\_airplaneThreatenJail= I was jailed for wanting to fly away

happy\_airplanePleadNo= I'm not coming on the plane

happy\_cureVolunteer= They want to cut up my brain for science!

happy\_cureVolunteerNo= They said they won't cut up my brain for science!

happy\_pigAgreement= I can't believe we made a deal with the pig farmers

happy\_pigRescue= I've been rescued from being pig farmer bacon-breakfast!

happy\_chuckNonviolent= My new fort mates are also non-violent

happy\_governmentRescue= My friends rescued me!

happy\_vanMurder= What made me do something so horrible?

happy\_vanRage= My rage only makes me stronger

happy\_useSalts= Bath Salts man. I love Bath Salts

happy\_goatDiedParent= My child died

happy\_goatDied= The kid I was looking after died

happy\_friendMission= I did a mission with my buddy {1}

happy\_autoEquipSkill= I got a new tool because of the skilled survivors equipment policy

happy\_autoEquipSkillSad= {1} got the tool I wanted because of that stupid policy

happy\_vacationPost= I'm taking some time off

happy\_vacation= I'm not working right now

death\_unknown= Unknown causes

death\_starve= Starved to death

death\_zombies= Killed by zombies

death\_attack= Died during an attack

death\_suicide= Killed [himself]

death\_missionAction= Killed while {1}

death\_fightExile= Kicked out of fort for fighting

death\_wantsToLeave= Left to join {1}

death\_breakdownShot= Shot during a mental breakdown

death\_breakdownGates= Opened gates during nervous breakdown

death\_breakdownSuicide= Killed [himself] during nervous breakdown

death\_bitten= Turned after being bitten

death\_vanMurderExile= Kicked out after killing someone

death\_farmersRescued= Killed in a squabble

death\_originMad= Went Mad

death\_hopeLeft= Left to die

death\_hopeAssasinated= Assassinated

death\_hopeEscaped= Jumped the Wall

death\_schmoozeRecruit= Left to join {1}

death\_schmoozePigfarmersColin= With the pig farmers

death\_recruitBandits= Killed by bandits while recruiting

death\_weemen= Left after we tried to sell her to Gustav

death\_fight= Accidentally killed in an argument

death\_unhappyDeserted= Deserted due to unhappiness

death\_missionMissing= Went missing while {1}

death\_originInfect= Fell to zombieism

death\_originLeave= Left the fort

death\_chosenSuicide= Ritual Chosen Ones suicide

death\_cannibalCrazy= Went crazy from cannibalism

death\_cannibalMeat= Ate infected meat

death\_slavers= Killed in a fight with slavers

death\_slaversCapture= Captured by slavers

death\_airplaneLeft= Snuck Away

death\_cureSacrifice= Gave [his] life for the cure

death\_farmersMissing= Went missing

death\_governmentTaken= Taken by the Government

death\_vanGovernmentTaken= Taken by the Government

death\_vanSupersoldiers= Killed by Supersoldiers

death\_missionFight= Fought zombies bare-fisted

death\_roamers= Killed by roaming zombies

death\_villainDiplomacy= Undead Diplomacy

death\_villainRaid= Graveyard Raid

death\_recovering= Killed while recovering from injury

death\_colinPanel= Killed via ColinPanel

death\_debugger= Murdered by debugger

attackFactionStreets= streets

attackWho\_unitFactionAttack= attackers

attackWho\_unitFactionRaid= raiders

attackWho\_unitFactionSabotage= saboteurs

attackWho\_unitFactionTrade= merchants

recruit\_brothers= brothers

recruit\_sisters= sisters

recruit\_siblings= siblings

recruit\_pickyWater= running water

recruit\_pickyElectricity= electricity

recruit\_pickyTowers= watch towers

recruit\_pickyBar= a bar

recruit\_pickyChurch= a church

recruit\_pickyGovernment= a proper government

recruit\_pickySchool= a school

recruit\_pickyFood= a full storeroom of food

button\_done= DONE

button\_back= BACK

button\_okay= OKAY

button\_equip= EQUIP

button\_cancel= CANCEL

button\_save= SAVE

button\_load= LOAD

button\_delete= DELETE

button\_backup= BACKUP

button\_restore= RESTORE

button\_start= START

button\_continue= CONTINUE

button\_next= NEXT

button\_yes= YES!

button\_overwrite= OVERWRITE

button\_bonusesUnlocked= BONUSES UNLOCKED

button\_quickPlay= QUICK PLAY

button\_story= STORY

button\_loadGame= LOAD GAME

button\_rateGame= RATE GAME

button\_notices= NOTICES

button\_thankYou= THANK YOU!

button\_hagglePlus= HAGGLE+

button\_haggle= HAGGLE

button\_take= TAKE

button\_trade= TRADE

button\_give= GIVE

button\_resetStoryMode= RESET STORY MODE

button\_mainMenu= MAIN MENU

button\_cheevos= CHEEVOS

button\_login= LOGIN

button\_disable= DISABLE

button\_view= VIEW

button\_sendAgain= SEND AGAIN

button\_totalReset= TOTAL RESET

button\_feedback= FEEDBACK

button\_credits= CREDITS

button\_wiki= WIKI

button\_onSteam= ON STEAM

button\_onForums= ON FORUMS

button\_help= HELP

button\_engish= ENGLISH

button\_installMod= INSTALL MOD

button\_uploadMod= UPLOAD MOD

button\_uninstall= UNINSTALL

button\_update= UPDATE

button\_survivors= SURVIVORS

button\_resources= RESOURCES

button\_factions= FACTIONS

button\_research= RESEARCH

button\_government= GOVERNMENT

button\_equipment= EQUIPMENT

button\_more= MORE

button\_forums= FORUMS

button\_sendReport= SEND REPORT

button\_debug= DEBUG

button\_weapons= WEAPONS

button\_items= ITEMS

button\_startMission= START MISSION

button\_editMission= EDIT MISSION

button\_specialThanks= SPECIAL THANKS

button\_ubertesters= UBERTESTERS

button\_suggestions= SUGGESTIONS

button\_kickstarter= KICKSTARTER

button\_alphaTest= ALPHA TEST

button\_kickstarterRewards= KICKSTARTER REWARDS

button\_config= CONFIG

button\_exit= EXIT

button\_default= DEFAULT

button\_alphabetical= A-Z

button\_skills= SKILLS

button\_happy= HAPPY

button\_guards= GUARDS

button\_living= LIVING

button\_workshop= MODDING

button\_useNow= USE NOW

button\_low= LOW

button\_medium= MEDIUM

button\_high= HIGH

scene\_completed= Campaign Completed

scene\_cityDefeated= {1} Defeated

scene\_cityAirplane= {1} Left

scene\_cityFinished= {1} Rebuilt

scene\_totalScore= total score:

contact\_validationWords= the, this, but, if, when, bug, issue, it, is, its, it's, can, can't, let, me, of, this, on, then, what, how, think, game, try, won't, does, doesn't, broken, found, find, did, does, will, are, you, and, or, my, to

skill\_Leading\_jobName= Leader

skill\_Soldiering\_jobName= Soldier

skill\_Scavenging\_jobName= Scavenger

skill\_Building\_jobName= Builder

skill\_Science\_jobName= Engineer

skill\_none\_jobName= Survivor

skill\_Leading\_skillName= leadership

skill\_Soldiering\_skillName= defense

skill\_Scavenging\_skillName= scavenging

skill\_Building\_skillName= building

skill\_Science\_skillName= engineering

skill\_none\_skillName= none

mapsize\_1\_name= small

mapsize\_2\_name= typical

mapsize\_3\_name= big

mapsize\_4\_name= huge

mapsize\_5\_name= giant

mapsize\_6\_name= epic

difficulty\_1\_name= Easy

difficulty\_2\_name= Normal

difficulty\_3\_name= Challenging

difficulty\_4\_name= Hard

difficulty\_5\_name= Impossible

unitFactionTrade\_name= merchant

unitFactionRaid\_name= raiders

unitFactionAttack\_name= soldiers

unitFactionSabotage\_name= saboteur

unitFactionTrade\_desc= This friendly {1} trader is carrying goods for sale. We can trade by starting a mission here.

unitFactionRaid\_desc= These {1} raiders are gearing up to steal our food and supplies. We better get ready to fend them off.

unitFactionAttack\_desc= These {1} soldiers are well armed and coming to attack us. What'd we do to upset them?

unitFactionSabotage\_desc= This suspicious {1} agent must be planning some kind of sneak attack.

unitZombie\_name= Massed zombies

unitZombie\_desc= These zombies are gathering for an attack. It's more dangerous to enter and they might get through our walls any day now.

unitZombieMob\_name= Zombie mob

unitZombieMob\_desc= This pack of zed are on the move and seem to be heading for our fort.

unitZombieRoamer\_name= Roaming zombies

unitZombieRoamer\_desc= These zed move randomly and may attack our survivors outside the fort

label\_defense= DEFENSE

label\_danger= DANGER

label\_dangerPercent= {1}% DANGER

label\_skills= SKILLS

label\_hudDay= DAY

label\_where= WHERE

label\_tradeDiscount= DISCOUNT

label\_tradeMarkup= MARKUP

label\_notLoggedIn= (not logged in)

label\_mainVersion= version {1}

label\_pickMission= Pick a mission

label\_missionCost= (cost: {1} {2})

label\_muted= (muted)

label\_dangerUnit= {1}\nDanger to fort: {2}%

label\_defending= Defending the {1}

label\_notAvailable= Not available

label\_banned= (BANNED)

label\_days= {1} days

label\_unhappiest= Unhappiest: {1}

label\_allHappy= All survivors are happy

label\_infoFoodProduced= Produced per day:

label\_infoFoodFarms= {1} from farms

label\_infoFoodFarmers= {1} from farmers

label\_infoFoodHunting= {1} (avg) from hunt/fishing

label\_infoFoodTech= {1} from events/tech

label\_infoFoodUsed= Used per day:

label\_infoFoodEaten= {1} food eaten per day

label\_infoReducedRations= (Reduced rations policy)

label\_infoExtraRations= (Extra rations policy)

label\_infoFoodTotal= Gaining {1} avg food per day

label\_infoFoodTotalLoss= Losing {1} avg food per day

label\_infoEquip= {1} total items\n{2} equipped\n{3} not being used\n

label\_infoEffectDays= ({1} days)

label\_infoEffectDay= (1 day)

label\_infoDays= {1} days

label\_infoDay= 1 day

label\_difficulty= {1} Difficulty

label\_map= {1} Map

label\_optionSomethingElse= Something else

label\_optionDoNothing= Do nothing

label\_optionRefuse= Refuse

label\_optionYesQuest= We're on it!

label\_optionLater= Come back later

label\_optionCancel= Cancel

label\_optionTalkMore= Hear more of [Name's] story

label\_optionWaitNo= Wait, no, pick something else

label\_optionDone= Done

label\_optionVote= Let the people vote

label\_policyTitle= Policy: {1}

label\_schmoozeFail= Failed to schmooze

label\_bombResult= We blew those zombies to kingdom come... and somehow didn't destroy the building under them.

label\_bombResultRubble= We blew those zombies to kingdom come... but also destroyed the building in the process. Hehehe... oops.

label\_factionUnmet= Unmet Faction

label\_factionDefeatedDesc= Defeated.

label\_factionUnmetDesc= We haven't met this faction yet.

label\_infoColinsTitle= Survivors List

label\_infoColinsOverview= Overview

label\_infoDisposables= One-Use Items

label\_infoGuards= Guards

label\_infoDefense= Defense

label\_infoNearbyZed= Nearby Zed

label\_infoHorde= Horde Attack

label\_infoRecentHappy= Recent Happiness

label\_infoNoHappy= Research Survivor Management for happiness details

label\_infoPolicies= Active Policies

label\_infoNoPolicies= Build a city hall to enable policies

label\_infoEffects= Current Effects

label\_changePolicyLater= We can change this policy later.

label\_goalNoSquares= no more buildings

label\_goalOneSquare= 1 last building

label\_goalSomeSquares= {1} more buildings

label\_goalOneFaction= 1 faction

label\_goalSomeFactions= {1} factions

label\_goalOneMission= 1 mission

label\_goalSomeMissions= {1} missions

label\_graphicsQuality= Graphics Quality

label\_animationQuality= Animation Quality

label\_noRenderTextures= No Rendertextures

label\_largerFonts= Larger Fonts

label\_tutorial= Tutorial

label\_optionsTitle= Options

label\_music= Music

label\_ambience= Ambience

label\_soundEffects= Sound Effects

label\_fullscreen= Fullscreen

label\_fullscreenKey= (CTRL+Enter)

label\_loggedInAs= Logged in as

label\_achievements= Achievements

label\_contactTitle= Feedback & Bug Reports

label\_email= Email Address:

label\_subject= Subject:

label\_report= Bug Report:

label\_contactInfo= This will send me your savegame and logs for debugging. Please visit the forums for general feedback:

label\_workshopTitle= Mods and Language Packs

label\_workshopInfo= Visit the Steam Workshop to install language packs or other Rebuild 3 mods. To create your own mod or language pack and upload it here, see HELP for instructions.

label\_workshopInfoNoSteam= Visit the forums to find language packs or other mods. To create your own mod or language pack and upload it here, see HELP for instructions.

label\_language= Language:

label\_gameCenterAndroid= Google Play Games

label\_gameCenterIOS= Game Center iOS

label\_gameCenterSteam= Steam Achievements

label\_none= None

label\_autosave= Autosave

label\_the= the {1}

label\_and= and

notice\_undoneSure= This cannot be undone! Are you sure?

notice\_sureAttack= Are you sure you want to attack {1}? It'll probably make them mad...

notice\_haggleSuperBig= Amazing! Negotiated a 25% discount.

notice\_haggleSuccessBig= Amazing! Negotiated a 15% discount.

notice\_haggleFail= Oops... that didn't work, prices went up.

notice\_haggleSuper= Negotiated a 10% discount.

notice\_haggleSuccess= Negotiated a 5% discount.

notice\_haggleDone= That's enough for today.

notice\_haggleMore= We could keep trying...

notice\_haggleLowChance= Maybe we shouldn't push our luck...

notice\_happyTech= Research Survivor Management first.

notice\_url= Opening {1} in your browser...

notice\_keyboardFullscreen= No keyboard in fullscreen here

notice\_noFullscreen= Fullscreen not allowed here

notice\_fullscreen= Fullscreen?

notice\_difficultyChange= Change to next difficulty ({1})?

notice\_difficultyChanged= Changed to {1}.\nKeep going to {2}?

notice\_missionEdit= Can't edit this mission

notice\_pickColin= Pick at least one survivor

notice\_noUrl= Can't open url because internet is disabled: {1}

notice\_gameCorrupt= Failed to load map, sorry your savegame may be corrupt

notice\_tinyTextures= Switching to Tiny Textures because the game crashed the last time. See config menu for graphics settings.

notice\_mapCreateFail= Failed to create map after 100 tries, sorry.

notice\_debugEnabled= Debug enabled

notice\_saveClipboard= Autosave logged and copied to clipboard. Use Load XML to import.

notice\_exportedFiles= Exported files to: {1}

notice\_saveClipboardConfirm= Do you want to copy all savegame data to the clipboard? This may take awhile.

notice\_textGenerated= TextGenerated.as created/replaced at {1}

notice\_loadFailed= Failed to load fort, sorry your savegame is too old or corrupt

notice\_saveError= Error while saving game, check your disk space and Local Storage settings

notice\_campaignReset= Campaign reset.

notice\_noLocations= No valid locations

notice\_noInjured= No injured survivors to heal

notice\_restoring= Restoring Graphics...

notice\_onlyMobile= Only applies to mobile builds

notice\_missionMenuEnabled= Oldschool mission editor added to building details menu.

notice\_saveClipboardDone= Save data copied to clipboard. Paste it in an email to yourself, then use Restore to import on another device.

notice\_error= Something went wrong! {1}

notice\_saveNoFort= No fort section found to load.

notice\_saveNoForts= No forts found to load.

notice\_saveRestored= Save data restored.

notice\_restoreFailed= Failed to restore save data: {1}

notice\_saveCorrupt= Your save game is corrupt... sorry!

notice\_rewardsRemoved= Rewards removed.

notice\_rewardsUnlocked= Unlocked 5 new main leader professions! Go start a new game!

notice\_rewardsCode= Enter your Kickstarter rewards code

notice\_invalidCode= Invalid Kickstarter code

notice\_largeMap= Warning: Generating large map...

notice\_resizing= Resizing...

notice\_setStat= Set player stat {1} to {2}

notice\_perkOne= Perk granted to 1 random colin

notice\_perkTwo= Perk granted to 2 random colins

notice\_playerCookie= Loaded player cookie

notice\_sellMany= \nSell how many {1}?

notice\_sellMuch= \nSell how much {1}?

notice\_pickReclaim= Pick a building to reclaim.

notice\_pickHurt= Pick something to hurt.

notice\_leaderName= What should they call me?

notice\_nameSave= Name your savegame

notice\_invalidBackup= Invalid backup data

notice\_pasteBackup= Paste backup data. Will delete all savegames!

notice\_fatalCorrupt= Error - your savegame is corrupt. Sorry.:(

notice\_noFullGraphics= High quality graphics not available on your system.

notice\_graphicsIncreaseWarn= Increasing graphics quality may cause some devices to crash.

notice\_lightAnimations= Disabling light animations may cause lagging on some devices.

notice\_disableGameCenter= GameCenter will be disabled when you restart the game.

notice\_internetDisabled= Internet connectivity disabled, sorry!

notice\_contactThanks= Thanks for letting me know!

notice\_emailBad= Please enter a real email address

notice\_subjectShort= Please enter a longer subject

notice\_messageShort= Please enter a longer message

notice\_messageEnglish= Please describe the issue in more detail

notice\_noGooglePlay= Google Play Achievements are not supported.

notice\_googlePlayNoInit= Failed to connect to Google Play Games; not properly initialized.

notice\_googleNoReset= Achievements can't be reset on Google Play

notice\_cheevosDisabled= GameCenter disabled after failure. Use config cheevos menu to reconnect.

notice\_cheevoNoConnect= Couldn't connect to Game Center.

notice\_googlePlayNoLogin= Couldn't login to Google Play Games, please try later.

notice\_noGameCenter= Game Center is not supported.

notice\_gameCenterNoConnect= Couldn't connect to Game Center iOS.

notice\_gameCenterAvail= Game Center iOS is not available.

notice\_gameCenterLogin= Couldn't login to Game Center, please try later.

notice\_gameCenterInit= Failed to connect to GameCenter; not properly initialized.

notice\_confirmDeleteStory= Are you SURE you want to delete your story mode autosaves, clear the map and start over?

notice\_confirmSubmitCheevos= Are you sure you want to resubmit all achievements? (takes a minute)

notice\_confirmClearCheevos= Are you SURE you want to clear ALL achievements? (takes a minute)

notice\_confirmEquipUsed= This {1} is being used by {1}. Are you sure you want to equip it?

notice\_confirmGoatUsed= {1}is being cared for by {2}. Are you sure you want to move them?

notice\_confirmPolicy= People may be unhappy if you change this policy again so soon. Are you sure you want to?

notice\_confirmEquipTrade= This {1} is being used by {2}. Are you sure you want to trade it?

notice\_confirmSaveDelete= Are you sure you want to delete this save game?

notice\_langSwitch= Switched languages. Would you like to restart now for the change to take effect?

notice\_disableTextFiles= Disable TEXT\_FROM\_FILES first

notice\_restartSetting= You must restart for this setting to take effect

notice\_workshopUploadConfirm= Do you agree to the Steam Workshop terms of service? http://steamcommunity.com/sharedfiles/workshoplegalagreement

notice\_workshopModFailed= Mod failed to install.

notice\_workshopModInstalled= {1} installed and saved to mods directory

notice\_workshopModInstalledReplaced= {1} replaced in mods directory. You may need to restart the game to see your changes.

notice\_workshopModNotSaved= {1} temporarily installed but could not be saved

notice\_workshopNoLang= No other languages installed.

notice\_workshopBrowse= Choose a properties or ini file

notice\_workshopInvalid= Invalid file.

notice\_workshopInvalidNull= Invalid file: Null

notice\_workshopInvalidEmpty= Invalid file: Empty

notice\_workshopInvalidError= Invalid file: {1}

notice\_workshopInvalidType= Invalid file: mod\_type invalid.

notice\_workshopInvalidShortName= Invalid file: mod\_name too short.

notice\_workshopInvalidShortDesc= Invalid file: mod\_description too short.

notice\_workshopConfigNoProps= Install failed: Config.ini mod contained no valid properties.

notice\_workshopLangNoProps= Install failed: language.properties mod contained no valid properties.

notice\_workshopUninstalled= {1} uninstalled. You must restart the game for the change to take effect.

notice\_workshopUnsubscribeFailed= Failed to remove Steam workshop mod. Try doing it from the Steam website instead.

notice\_processing= Processing...

tooltip\_train= Train in a school to switch to {1}

tooltip\_post= Mission lasts forever

tooltip\_noDanger= No danger

tooltip\_defenseBreakdown= {1} base + {2} guards + {3} adjacent

tooltip\_happiness= {1}% happiness, click for details

tooltip\_nextTrack= Next track

tooltip\_ambiance= Whistling wind and other effects between music

tooltip\_graphicsQuality= Decrease to prevent crashing on older devices

tooltip\_animationQuality= Decrease to reduce lag from menus sliding in etc

tooltip\_renderTextures= Slower and uses more ram but may fix graphics issues

tooltip\_largerFonts= On the results menu so far

tooltip\_fullscreen= Ctrl+Enter / Alt+Enter / F11

tooltip\_resetStory= Delete story mode saves and data

tooltip\_quit= Autosave and quit

tooltip\_feedback= Send me your bugs!

tooltip\_save= Manually save and load cities

tooltip\_wiki= Opens in browser

tooltip\_livingColins= {1} living survivors

tooltip\_deadColins= {1} dead survivors

tooltip\_slotsAvail= {1} houses left

tooltip\_slotAvail= 1 house left

tooltip\_where= Click to view location

tooltip\_noAmmo= Out of ammunition, guns grant +0 defense

tooltip\_skillYes= Level {1} {2}

tooltip\_skillNo= Level {1} {2}. Train in a school to switch.

tooltip\_happy= {1}% happiness, click for details

tooltip\_hudDate= {1}\n(click to resize to center of city)

tooltip\_hudColins= {1} of {2} survivors, avg {3} happiness per day

tooltip\_hudFood= {1} of {2} food, {3} per day

tooltip\_hudResource= {1} {2}

tooltip\_hudAmmo= {1} Ammo. If you run out, equipped guns will be useless!

tooltip\_hudDanger= {1}% danger from surrounding zombies

tooltip\_configMobile= Config

tooltip\_config= Config [ESC]

tooltip\_sideButton= Hide all but 1 event notice

tooltip\_nextDayMobile= Advance time 1 day

tooltip\_nextDay= Advance time 1 day [Space]

tooltip\_pauseMobile= Pause or resume

tooltip\_pause= Pause or resume [Space]

tooltip\_speedMobile= Game Speed

tooltip\_speed= Game Speed [0-3]

tooltip\_overlay= Info Overlays

tooltip\_missionMenuMission= {1} - click to replace

tooltip\_factionStrength= {1}% Strength

tooltip\_factionRespect= {1}% Respect

tooltip\_attackPower= Attack power: {1}

tooltip\_squareDefense= {1} base + {2} guards + {3} adjacent

tooltip\_squareDefenseTech= + {1} tech

tooltip\_squareNoDanger= No danger

tooltip\_squareDanger= {1}% danger from {2}

tooltip\_squareDangerZed= {1}% danger from {2} zed

tooltip\_squareDangerFaction= {1}% danger from {2}% strength faction";

tooltip\_squareDangerDistance= + distance

tooltip\_squareDangerUnscouted= + unscouted

tooltip\_squarePost= Mission lasts forever

tooltip\_squareTime= {1} of {2} days left

tooltip\_hagglePlus= Higher chance to get a discount

tooltip\_haggle= Try to get a discount

tooltip\_haggleLeader= Need level 3 leader

tooltip\_trade= Make the trade

tooltip\_tradeNo= Need to offer more

tooltip\_discount= Faction wants {1}% less for their goods

tooltip\_markup= Faction wants {1}% extra for their goods

tooltip\_quickPlay= Jump in to a random city

tooltip\_quickPlayDisabled= Not available until you start Story Mode

tooltip\_story= Play through the campaign

tooltip\_credits= View credits

tooltip\_exit= Exit game

tooltip\_workshopEnglish= Cycle through all installed language packs

tooltip\_workshopGenerate= Creates mod template files which you can edit to make mods

tooltip\_workshopInstall= Install a mod and save a copy to your mods directory

tooltip\_workshopUpload= Create and upload a Steam Workshop mod

names\_maleSoldierFirst= Sergeant, Captain, Major, Corporal, Private, Lieutenant

names\_femaleSoldierFirst= Sergeant, Captain, Major, Corporal, Private, Lieutenant

names\_maleLeaderFirst= Captain, Sir, Mister, Mr., Mayor, Counselor, Governor, Lord, Boss

names\_femaleLeaderFirst= Captain, Major, Sheriff, Mrs., Miss, Madam, Lady, Mayor, Counselor, Governor, Boss

names\_maleScientistFirst= Dr., Professor, Doc, Doctor, Mr.

names\_femaleScientistFirst= Dr., Professor, Doc, Doctor, Mrs., Ms.

names\_constitutionTitles= Governor, King, Queen, Supreme Leader, Mayor, President, Prime Minister, General, Emperor, Empress, Pope, Chairman

names\_maleFirst= Adam, Alan, Alex, Angel, Antoine, Ash, Axel, Ben, Billiam, Billy, Bob, Bobbert, Brian, Brock, Bruce, Butch, Carter, Casey, Charlie, Chuck, Cletus, Colin, Colin, Colin, Colin, Dan, Daniel, Danny, Dave, David, Dexter, Douglas, Elijah, Elvis, Eric, Ethan, Frank, Hank, Harry, Hugo, Humphrey, Hunter, Ivan, Jack, Jacob, Jason, Jeb, Jeffrey, Jeremiah, Jim, John, Johnny, Jon, Jose, Julian, Kevin, Kris, Lance, Lars, Leon, Logan, Lucas, Mark, Matt, Max, Mike, Moses, Nate, Noah, Olaf, Otto, Owen, Ozwell, Pete, Peter, Quincy, Rahul, Richard, Riley, Rob, Robert, Roger, Ron, Ryder, Sam, Samuel, Scotty, Snake, Stephen, Steven, Tex, Tobias, Tom, Tweety, Victor, Xavier, Wan, Feng, Mohamed, Mohammed, Ahmed, Omar, Ali, Aziz, Youssef, Cooper, Oliver, Thomas, Jackson, Will, Aaron, Satoshi, Akira, Isaac, Hiroshi, Masaru, Yoshio, Shigeru, Joshua, Angelo, Calham, Buddy, Maximilian, Jonas, Sebastian, Vladimir, Lars, Theo, Gabriel, Ivan, Dimitri, Nikolay, Magnus, Silas, Hans, Elias, Jens, Jean Baptiste, Pierre, Louis, Leo, Enzo, Raphael, Sean, Francesco, Lorenzo, Riccardo, Diego, Gustav, Claudio, Fabio, Yann, Andrei, Mihai, Sergey, Lewis, Liam, Santiago, Valentino, Mateo, Pedro, Gustavo, Felix, Vincent, Angel, Carlos, Logan, Ryu, Ken, Kobe, Tetsuya, Duke, Razor, Wolfgang, Wyatt, Connor, Brad, Max, Darnell, Tyrone, Xavier, Terrance, Andre, Malcom, Jamal, Jimbob, Jimbo, Jimmothy, Spike, Gordon, Butch, Lance, Snake

names\_femaleFirst= Ada, Alice, Ana, Andrea, Ashley, Baby, Bambi, Barbra, Beatrix, Bev, Brandy, Bridget, Brooklyn, Camila, Camille, Candy, Carmen, Carrie, Cassandra, Catherine, Chastity, Chelsea, Cherry, Chloe, Crystal, Della, Destiny, Diana, Dominique, Dorothy, Emma, Foxy, Francine, Grace, Hailey, Hannah, Helen, Holly, Honey, Isabel, Jade, Jose, Julia, Kara, Kayla, Kayte, Kim, Lana, Leah, Lenka, Lia, Liz, Lois, Lola, Lori, Mallory, Maria, Mary Ann, Mary Jane, Matilda, May, Meghan, Mia, Miko, Minnie, Nadia, Naomi, Natalya, Olivia, Paula, Purity, Rebecca, Riley, Rosie, Roxy, Ruby, Sam, Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, Serena, Shiona, Sugar, Mei, Li, Ting, Xui Li, Ying, Ping, Susan, Sweety, Terri, Tiff, Tiffany, Valentina, Vesper, Jana, Fatima, Aya, Ariel, Diane, Isobel, Zoe, Cassidy, Fatma, Maya, Sakura, Midori, Hana, Miyu, Misaki, Angel, Princess, Kid, Oisha, Nikita, Milena, Yasmine, Natalie, Freja, Marie Lou, Daisy, Polina, Anastasiya, Irina, Victoria, Beatrix, Isidora, Florencia, Latifah, Shaniqua, Laquisha, Molly, Maddie, Kat, Shanice, Destiny, Shonesha, River, Abstinence, Clarice, Thorn, Dorothy, Strawberry

names\_nick= A-Bomb, Ash, AT-AT, Baghdad, Bear, Beavis, Beer O'Clock, Bikini, Blackhorse, Boise, Bonehead, Books, Bucket, Buddy, Butter Knife, Buttons, Cheetah, Cherry, Chilliwack, Coach, Crybaby, Cuppa Soup, Denver, Dinosaur, Dirty, Dogface, Doughboy, Edmonton, Faraway, Fatty, Fishhead, Fishfingers, Flex, Frisbee, Full Frontal, Goodguy, Grannypants, Gravity, Gordito, Halifax, Hatchet, Jalapeno, Jimbo, Junior, Junkie, Kamloops, Kingston, Kit Kat, Prime, Tweedle, Knocker, Lightbrite, Lucky, Malaria, Meatloaf, Montreal, Mosquito, Motown, Mouse, Nanaimo, Napoleon, Nasty, Nemo, Nineteen, Nugget, Oilcan, Okanagan, Packer, Papa, Peaches, Pickle, Piledriver, Pillsbury, Popsicle, Pretty Boy, Red Bull, Red, Roach, Rope, S-Mart, Samus, Sauce, Shakes, Shoeshine, Short Round, Shucks, Sixstring, Slacker, Smoke, Snotty, Soap, Spokes, Spoon, Squeaks, Storm, Strawberry, Surrey, Tallahassee, Taz, Teatime, The Aussie, The Brain, The Canuck, The Dawg, The Freak, The Fuzz, The Geek, Taco, Carebear, The Islander, The Kiwi, The Pince, The Plow, The Spice, The Turk, The Zest, Triffid, Tweety, Two Inch, Sloppy Joe, Pattycake, Wallaby, Wannabe, Wiggles, Winnipeg, Wiseguy, Wolf, Wichita, Pinkie Pie, Pancake, Nukem

names\_eyeless= Cyclops, One-Eye, Winky, Winks, 2D, Popeye, Patch, The Pirate

names\_soldierNick= Hammerhead, Animal, Rookie, Butcher, Torpedo, Lone Gun, Wolf, Chaingun, The Gun, Bear, Flex, Thor, Rambo, Batman, Quickdraw, Superman, Pyro, Bullseye, Gloryboy, Trigger, Fridge, Gun Bunny, Halfback, Jarhead, Jet Li, Lone Gun, Maggot, Magnum, Maneater, Meatboy, Mud Puppy, Sledgehammer, Sploder, Sploitz, Pacifist, The Captain, The Hammer, Z-Bomb, Goober

names\_scientistNick= Bones, Specs, Four-eyes, Frankenstein, Jekyll, Einstein, Igor, Doc, The Doctor, Braniac

names\_last= Northway, Northway, Northway, Northway, Northway, Collins, Collins, Jones, Gullbert, Fredericks, Boyle, Masen, Raimi, Campbell, Gumphrey, Williams, Washington, Parker, Andrews, DeMarco, Bowman, Steel, Torrez, Muldoon, Neville, Denbo, Shade, Redfield, Valentine, Chambers, Black, Stuart, Sampson, Perry, Carmel, Therion, Hellman, Yu, Cooper, Mark, Ziemkiewicz, Mishkin, Armstrong, Steele, Boxleiter, Ng, Outlaw, Ireland, Green, Hogan, French, Boston, Hunter, Brooks, Warren, Bailey, Robinson, St Germain, Lewis, Evans, Adams, Jensen, Silverman, Hansen, Shepard, Henderson, Price, Patterson, Henry, Cutter, Kerrigan, Connor, Murphy, Kelly, Walsh, Smith, Doyle, Murray, Quinn, Moore, Wilson, Campbell, Clarke, Johnston, Hughes, Fitzgerald, Brown, Thompson, White, Power, Stewart, Kane, Cunningham, Griffin, Ward, Reid, Higgins, King, Bell, Scott, Magee, O'Flynn, McKinney, McFadden, McClane, McCoy, O'Connor, O'Brian, O'Neil, O'Connell, MacDermott, Plissken, Miyamoto, Martin, Williams, Clark, Gagnon, Taylor, Anderson, Chan, Jones, Lee, Long, Davis, Garcia, Rodriguez, Martinez, Hernandez, Thomas, Jackson, Walker, Hall, Young, Wright, Sanchez, Green, Baker, Mitchell, Phillips, Evans, Turner, Parker, Edwards, Stewart, Nguyen, Cook, Rogers, Cooper, Reed, Bell, Gomez, Kelly, Ward, Cox, Diaz, Wood, Bennett, Gray, Myers, Foster, Ross, Powell, Russell, Jenkins, Perry, Barnes, Butler, Fisher, Valentine, Masters, Gerrard, Bogard, Shiranui, Manning, Snake, Wolf, Bear, Oda, Kabuto, Higashi, Steel, Shirai, Jones, Yu, Wu, Lee, Frost, Callahan, Belmont, Thunder, Shelley, Phoenix, Schneider, Fisher, Tsung, Kahn, O'Neal, Masters, Vance, Wang, Fenix, Renard, Jackson, Hayabusa, Freeman, Dunlop, Nightingale, Meyer

names\_femaleKickstarter= Alia Idaho, Amanda Robertson, Anna Moss, Annamaria Xalfa, Ariyeh Layb, Ayesha Irvine, Bunny Harlan, Carmen Jeremiah, Cayley Felis, Delilah Groves, Eliza Driver, Elle Montez, Ellie Cruickshank, Emma DeBusk, Grace Irvine, Grace Less, Hannah Harpe, Hannah Price, Harriet Mickelsher, Jasmine, Jenna Grayson, Jennifer Briere, Karel Suvitie, Karen Tobar, Katy Costello, Kayla Sara, Kayla Stangis, Keira, Kelly Barrett, Kimberly de Jong, Kitty Rodriguez, Larissa Chapin, Lisa May, Lorraine Renee, Lucy Goosey, Lucy Wellington, Marie Curious, Missy Minkette, Moira McAnally, Moonstone, Nikoda Fox, Pixie Ramsay, Sarah Arkanian, Sarah Curran, Sarah Fields, Sithana, Sondra Smyth, Stephanie Sabourin, Tabaria, Talia, Tara Shepherd, Stacey Schmude, Jara Cimrman, Ariana Hussain, Rina Sani, Morag Grimm, Dr. Kim, Alexandria Velthuis, Alex Sturmgaard, Alazne Agirretxe, Adalay Finch, Alexia Bozier, Bron Frecksen, Christina Purcell, Ninmir Aborl, Reece "Spikey" Saadi, Shelley Olson, Skye Allan, Sofi, Valor Hanover

names\_maleKickstarter= Erin Ravenscroft, "Poo Bear" Carver, A.R. Central, Aaron Anthony, Aaron Titman, Aaron Yeo, Aden Ng, Ajay Karat, Alan Stoll, Albert van der Veen, Aleksandar Belovski, Alex Lee, Alex Munk, Alexander Brasher, Alf Alpha, Anders Ekermo, Andrew Andrews, Andrew Sun, Andy Moore, Antero Karvajalka, Anthony Lee, Apollo, Ardash Crowfoot, Arma Geddon, Art Vandalet, Arthur St-Isle, Ash Hodgson, Asher Killian, Aussie Dave, Ben Owens, Ben Pagel, Ben Richards, Ben Tan, Benjamin McGraw, Bill Gildan, Bill Havens, Billy Joel Stallwood, Binh Vu, Bob Johansen, Boomer Jim, Brad Cone, Brandin Estes, Brian Dowling, Bryant "DFL" Sandoval, C.R. Harvey, Cagil Erkan, Cahuani Grandela, Carlito Salai, Casey Stanley, Charles Carmichael, Chester Chen, Chris Nortcliffe, Chris Tihor, Christopher de Flon, Clemens J. Heilmann, Conall "Wolf Strength" Newman, Conor Robinson, Cormac Hanlon, Corporal 4F, Corporal Malinski, Craig Tresidder, Cyriel De Neve, Dale Ross Fink, Dan Malmgren, Dan Saunders, Dan Van Tran, Daniel "DHEK" Hor, Daniel Suppan, Darby Murphy, Darius Linklater, Darrell Aubert, Darrin "Lowdog" Schrader, Dave Slack, Dave Westbury, Davencor Silvanos, David "BattleFate" Rennie, David Benjamin, David Di Troia, David Joyner, David Poe, David Pruitt, Davin Creed, Dean Samson, Denny Mac, Din Voo-Chung, Doctor Caduceus, Dom Wood, Domo Koen, Doug Wykstra, Dr. Z, Drew Devine, Drew Holt, Duane McMullen, Ebbie Williams, Eli Gavatar, Elijah Vasquez, Eric Buchweiller, Eric Flair, Eric Ward, Erik Vaid, Ernest Shackleton, Ernst Henning, Erubyr Sarahson, Esai M.Bonet, Esben Schack, Federico Bragonzi, Felix Ryder, Doc Collins, Fred Pharmboy, Gabe, Gannett, Garro Sakuragi, Gene Platt, General Bielas, Gero Viertel, Ghandi Olafson, Glenn Murphy, Gnart, "Goat" Conkling, Goodge, Greg Ross, Gromit, Guillaume, Gunnar Hoffmann, Guy Sakamoto, Guy Walker, Gwo-Yueh Rudolf Kuo, Hal Motley, Henrik Aasted, Henry Wolfgang, Hua Luk, Ian Bowes, Ioan Lloyd, Izzy, Izzy Maxwell, Jacob Holme Larsen, Jacob Stolte, Jacobiahs, James O'Connell, Tiberius Kirk, Jared Michael, Jason Chu, Jason Epstein, Jason Walter, Jason Zapasnik, Jeff Halter, Jeffrey, Jeremiah Hanrow, Jeremy W. Armes, Jermayn, Jim "Tiger" Wolfe, Jimmy Watson, Joaquin Fernandez, Joe Sventek, John "Z" Hancock, John Gillespy, John Kim, John Mercer, Johnny Danger, Jon Benson, Jon Pelletier, Jon Wood, Jonas Hedenquist, Jonny James, Joshua Beale, Joshua Garity, Joshua Note, Joshua Walton, Jurie Horneman, Justin Eales, Kavvan Shrike, Kaz Belkus-Blair, Kenneth McGhee, Kevin Stanley, Kyle Martin, LC Roman, Lathe, Leigh Reynolds, Leo Meowski, Leon, Lewis Edwards, Liam Asher, Logan Moore, Loop Romanov, Lord Soren, Lucas Fenix, Luke Walker, Majack Sierra , Malcolm Xavier, Marco Mascherpa, Mark Allen, Mark Doney, Mark Patten, Mark Rollin, Mark Stacey, Mark Tueting, Mark van Dijk, Markus Schoning, Martin Largesson, Matt "Mal" Hill, Matt Gilgenbach, Matt Weiler, Matthew Gallant, Matthew Turvey, Matthias Fax, Mattias Swing, Mauricio Yano, Max Atla, Max Rockatansky, Maxime, Maximus Parker Harrison, Maxwell, Meldoces Das Abelhas, Michael Comstock, Michael Cordoncillo, Michael Holtan, Michael J Linville, Michael James, Michael Rainbow, Michael Reinisch, Michael Sisneros, Michael Skelding, Michael Y. Vang, Michael Donnellan, Mickael Godin, Mike 'Ginge' Young, Mike L., Mikhail Shvyryev, Mindor, Minnegan O'Taur, Mission Webb, Moe Howard, Moose Micallef, Motz, Mr. "Tux" Edo, Muhammad Junaidi, Nathan Danger, Nathan Rockwood, Nathaniel Sheeperd, Nicholas Prose, Nick Albright, Nikko de Borja, Nishu Swift, Noah Henry, O.K. Luyendyk, Olav Kuhn, Oliver, Paco Rex, Pascal Tremblay, Paul Du Bois, Paul Lesnykh, Paul St. Mark, Pete White, Peter "Duke" Joy, Peter Bines, Peter Michelsen, Peter Wondergoth, Peter von Gebhardt, Philip Pedersson, Pierre Faucheux, Pieter Bos, Ryan McPherson, Professor Badger, Randy Wolcez, Rangoon Markus, Reece "Spikey" Saadi, Reid Glanzer, Reverend Aitch Three, Rhys Corlett, Richard Albee, Richard Paley, Richard Stadler, Rick Hale, Rob Colburn, Robert Lee Mayers, Robert Sherman, Robman, Rodney Owens, Rosuav, Roy Sawyers, Royce Jensen, Ruben Arutyunyan, Rusty Clemens, Ryan Cashman, Ryan Clark, Ryan Roland, Ryan Steele, Salmo Trutta, Sam LePreux, Sam Trinsic, Sam Vimes, Samuel Envis, Sascha von Hoff, Scott Serro, Scotty Criminati, Sean Coincon, Sean O'Regan, Sean Roberts, Seth Bishop, Seth Matthews, Shadow Thorson, Shane Courtrille, Shane Wegner, Shaun Choo, Shaun Jenkins, Shawn Sollman, Simo Nyyssonen, Simon Orbit, Simon Renshaw, Simon Sherwood, Skipper Samuel Garcia, Spyke Alpha, Starcs, Stefan Vilpula, Stephan Douglas DuVal, Steve Long, Steven Middaugh, Stevie Nelli, Stonebreaker Ironhill, Stuart Swanson, Stuart Turnbull, Sukram Eamoht, Svein Hofseth, "Tcart", Tekuromoto, Theo Imeson, Theodore Ploss, Thomas Babb, Thomas Datchery, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Nielsen, Thomas Stark, Tim Gilbert, Timothy Fitz, Tom Savini, Tom Sears, Tony Martins, Tony Tai Tran, Trey Hawke, Truls Borg, Tucker Evan Lee, Tzi-Chion Pi, Uncle Jumbo, Urist McMonahan, Val Solo, "Velcro" Fathoms, Victor Ice, Vinnie Stelovitch, Vladimir Wind, Will Morris, Wonko, Yorben Kamstra, Zach Klick, Zachary Eskins, Zed Jackson, Landon Long, Casey C. Knowlton-Key, Thomas Leykis, Kevin Ecker, Joseph Man, Julian Scott, Cory DJ, John Aaron, Johan van der Meer

names\_dogs= Marmaduke, Scruffy, Boots, Scamp, Spirit, Chester, Buddy, Pluto, Barfolomew, Clifford, Farley, Rowlf, Chance, King, Lucky, Muffit, Barksley, Sprocket, Jermayn, Mr. Peanutbutter

names\_cats= Mooch, Neelie, Chairman Meow, Dr. Cheeks, Mr. Meowgi, Cat, Mr. Whiskers, Maru, Mr. Mistoffelees, Muffin, Jinx, Mr. Mittens, Chubbs

names\_catsKickstarter= Yoshi, Stevens, Gromit, Pepsi, Cooper, Caboose, Kamstra, Linus

names\_swords= Sword of Loathing, Garin's Justice, Gram, Poking Stick, Durandal, Xentac's Limb Liberator, Decollator

names\_shotguns= Boomstick, Belvedere, Gannett's Shotgun, Undead Justice, Van Dijk's Gun

names\_scienceBooks= FTB-9000 Guide, Jarvis' Science 101

combatSnippetDeath= [Name2] was killed.

combatSnippetInjury= [Name2] was injured.

combatSnippetSquareLost= We lost the [square].

combatSnippetRaid= [Faction] took {1}.

combatSnippetRaid\_2= They raided {1}.

combatSnippetRaid\_3= [Faction] stole {1}.

subject\_factionAttack= [FactionNoThe]

subject\_factionRaid= [FactionNoThe]

subject\_zombiesRegular= zombies

subject\_zombiesMobile= zombies

subject\_zombiesSuper= zombies

action\_factionAttack= attack

action\_factionRaid= raid

action\_zombiesRegular= attack

action\_zombiesMobile= attack

action\_zombiesSuper= attack

zombieSpawnedDangerous\_title= Dangerous massed zed!

mobSpotted\_title= Zombie Mob Spotted!

mobSpotted\_1= Uh-oh, we've spotted a huge mob of zombies coming our way. {1} of them at least, huge and angry looking beasts. They're moving in a group like a river of undead.\n\nNot sure they even know we're here yet, but at the pace they're shuffling they'll reach our walls in {2} days.

mobSpotted\_2= There's something moving out there in the city, something big. Looks like a mob of {1} or more zombies are on the move, shuffling our way.\n\nI'd estimate they're going to reach us in about {2} days. We better be ready for them when they do.

mobSpotted\_3= Usually zombies mass gradually beside our walls, but this group is different. They're on the move, a horde of maybe {1} of them, flowing through the city slowly but inexorably in our direction.\n\nWe'll probably have to fight them in {2} days, and it's going to be much worse than a regular attack.

mobCancelledMission\_title= {1} cancelled by Mob

mobCancelledMission\_1= We were out [missioning] at [a] [square] when the place started filling up with zed, fast. We had to get the hell out of there while we still could. Better watch out for that mob of undead, they seem to be headed for our fort.

mobCancelledMissionInjury\_1= A huge horde of mindless undead are stampeding towards our fort. Well, shuffling very quickly. [FormalName] was out [missioning] directly in their path. [He] was nearly killed... [he] lost a good jacket and nearly lost the arm in it too when they tried to gnaw it off.

mobCancelledMissionInjury\_2= How many times have I heard the words "lucky to be alive" this week. Four? Five? [FormalName] joined the ranks of such lucky people after [missioning] directly in the path of an oncoming zombie horde. The mob completely filled the [square] as it passed through, and [Name] only survived by hiding in a parked car for hours, breathing very shallowly and trying not to smell too human.\n\nThe sheer terror of it really shook [him] up, so I put [him] on sick leave for a few days.

mobBesideFort\_title= Zombie Mob Attack Imminent!

zombieAttackSupermob\_title= Attacked by roamers!

zombieAttackSupermob\_1= Something's different about this group of zombies at the [square]. They seem smarter... not like people though, it's an animal cunning, like wolves hunting in a pack. They don't go straight for us, but kind of circle around, looking for easier targets.\n\nThey nearly cornered [FormalName] who was [missioning] there. We had to cancel that from now, it's far too dangerous right now.

zombieAttackSupermob\_2= These roaming zombie packs are more dangerous simply from their unpredictability. Like the ghosts from Pac-Man, some of them go straight for you, while others circle around and try to get you from behind. Some of them seem to move randomly, changing targets or even seeming to get bored in the middle of an attack.\n\nWe had to stop [missioning] at the [square]; it's far too dangerous to be around these things.

zombieAttackSupermob\_3= Zed with weapons... it's a scary thought. Good thing they haven't gotten past the "Thag smash with big stick" stage yet, and on to techniques like throwing and pulling triggers.\n\nWe saw a group of these stick-wielding zombies heading to the [square] and booked it. [Missioning] will have to wait until later.

zombieAttackSupermobInjury\_1= [FormalName] was overrun by a horde of zombies while [missioning] at a [square]. They were exhibiting signs of mild intelligence... for zombies that is. Rather than go straight for the noisest target, they went for the most vulnerable one. Today, that was [Name].\n\n[He]'s lucky to be alive and unbitten, but [he] had to dive into a freezing cold pond to escape them. [He]'s now recovering from hypothermia and is pretty rattled. [He]'ll need a couple days before [he]'ll go out there again.

zombieAttackSupermobInjury\_2= These roaming zed seem to know how to use weapons... sort of. They can bash things with rocks or pieces of wood anyway, which is what happened to [Name] when they caught [him] out [missioning].\n\nThe only reason [he]'s still alive is that they didn't bite [him] instead.

zombieAttackSupermobDeath= A group of roaming zed must have caught wind of [FormalName] while [he] was out [missioning] in their area. These things are sneakier than your average zombie, and they managed to surround [him] on all sides before they pounced.\n\nOne of them nearly chewed [his] arm off before [he] got out of there and made it back to the fort. We managed to staunch the flow of blood in time to save [his] arm, but [he] was infected. The fever took [him] almost immediately... [he] was dead by sundown.

zombieAttackSupermobDeathImmune= A group of roaming zed must have caught wind of [FormalName] while [he] was out [missioning] in their area. These things are sneakier than your average zombie, and they managed to surround [him] on all sides before they pounced.\n\nOne of them nearly chewed [his] arm off before [he] got out of there and made it back to the fort. We managed to staunch the flow of blood in time to save [his] arm, though [he] was so riddled with bite marks [he] should surely have been infected.\n\nSomehow, [he] survived.

combatEasyWinZed\_1= The one good thing 'bout the zed is that they're predictable. They attacked our [square] today and we just [funneled them all into a large pit full of sharp sticks|let them through piano wire strung at neck-height] and let them do the rest. All we had to do was pick off a few stragglers.

combatEasyWinZed\_2= The zed's numbers are no match for humanity's [\*discipline|resolve|passion]. We met them head-on and [\*tore them to shreds with our gunfire|sliced them into so many pieces, we made a kind of zombie-slurry|used our improvised pikes to make a set of zombie shish-kabobs].

combatEasyWinZed\_3= I need to thank whoever's idea it was to [\*cover our walls with old saw blades|dig that small moat around the fort|fill the outside roads full of barbed-wire tumbleweeds]. The zed attacked today and took care of themselves with almost no help from us.

combatEasyWinZed\_4= The zed aren't smart and they don't run from danger. Even when [\*you've got a sniper on the nearby building, picking them off one by one|you make a convenient head-sized hole in your wall, complete with guillotine attachment|each one that steps out of the shadows ends up with a flaming arrow in it's chest] they keep coming, and dying, until there are none left.

combatEasyWinZed\_5= I know we're supposed to be scared of them, but it's a little hard when zombies [\*keep tripping over themselves like that|keep falling into the same traps over and over]. I almost didn't have the heart to shoot them. Almost.

combatEasyWinZed\_6= You know we're having an easy time defending the fort when you're coming up with little songs during the fight: "[Three little zombies, all in a row. \_Pop\_ goes their heads, and down they go!|Fire in our eyes! Fire in our heads! But most important, fire at the zed!|Take off their heads and destroy their brains! This is the only way we'll stay sane!]"

combatEasyWinZed\_7= I don't know that I'll ever get used to these zombie attacks, but it's good to know we're beating back the [\*brain eaters|shovel-heads|dead and toothy] without too much trouble. For the moment at least.

combatEasyWinZed\_8= [\*The sun is shining, the birds are singing and|It's going to take ages to get the rotten flesh stains out of my shirt but] we've got a whole bunch less zed to worry about.

combatEasyWinZed\_9= No sweat. Did you know [\*the zed|the undead|zombies] can't swim? On a related note, we've got a swimming pool we need to empty now.

combatEasyWinZed\_10= They swarmed just after 2am, not ten minutes after I'd finally been able to get to sleep. But I was up and out there within 5 minutes just like we drilled, and by dawn all that was left of them were a pile of bloody body parts.

combatEasyWinFaction\_1= [Faction] just tried to attack our [square]! We were a little worried at first, but turns out they didn't stand a chance against our defenses. We [\*threw insults and rude gestures at them from behind the safety of our walls|made a game of who could get the most headshots|better clean up their remains soon or they'll start to stink up the fort].

combatEasyWinFaction\_2= [Faction] {2}ed our [square] earlier today. Fortunately, [\*we were already there, lying in wait|we had rigged the place with a boggling array rube-goldberg-like traps|the soldiers they brought were all fairly green]. We beat them easily.

combatEasyWinFaction\_3= We had to fight off [faction] today. I don't like to kill living people, but so long as they keep [\*shooting at our wall watchers|trying sabotage our [square]|stealing our stuff] we will show them no mercy!

combatEasyWinFaction\_4= [Faction] are a tough bunch, but today we were tougher. They attacked our [square] and we [\*met them in hand-to-hand combat and kicked their butts. Literally|pinned them down with a hail of gunfire, and picked off any who tried who poked their heads out|just let them beat on our walls ineffectively for a couple of hours. Eventually they gave up in disgust and wandered off].

combatEasyWinFaction\_5= In a harsh world like this, I like our big walls. It means when neighbors like [faction] come [\*knocking to demand tribute|looking to start a fight|knocking with mischief on their minds], we can just leave them out there until the zed scare them off.

combatEasyWinFaction\_6= We told [faction] it was a bad idea to attack us, but they came after our [square]. A few hours later, all they have to show for it are [\*a few extra bullet holes in our walls and a lot less ammo in their pockets|the black eyes and bruises of a good solid thrashing|a few broken bones and a few less people].

combatEasyWinFaction\_7= I think [faction] were hoping we wouldn't fight back. Last night they found out the hard way that we aren't going to roll over and take it anymore. Not from the zed, and not from them.

combatEasyWinFaction\_8= I think [faction] were [trying to be sneaky|just scouting the area|trying to scare us], but [painting yourself green in an urban environment doesn't really work|we took them out just to be on the safe side|their zombie disguises weren't very good].\n\nWe took care of them without even breaking a nail.

combatEasyWinFaction\_9= Well, that didn't go well for [faction]. I just hope they don't come around asking for [restitution|medical supplies|forgiveness] anytime soon. They'll find us [plumb out|not the best trade partners|lacking in that department] if they do.

combatEasyWinFaction\_10= [Faction] seems to think if they just believe hard enough, they'll beat us. It doesn't work like that in real life, and today we had to shatter their dreams.

combatUndefendedLossZed\_1= The Zed just hit our [square]. I knew we should have had someone posted by that wall. [\*They seemed almost sad when they didn't find anyone there|No one heard them tearing through our barricades until it was too late|Still, I suppose we should be thankful no one was there to get hurt].

combatUndefendedLossZed\_2= Maybe if we'd had someone near our [square] the zed wouldn't have taken us by surprise. And then maybe [\*we'd still have a wall to defend|we could have at least killed a few of them].

combatUndefendedLossZed\_3= [\*Those undead can be awful sneaky when they want to be|I never thought I'd get snuck up on by a shuffling corpse|Last thing you need when waking up in the morning is a zed's ugly mug a few inches away from your face]. By the time we realized the zed were hitting our [square], it was already too late. Probably would have helped if we had some sort of guards in the area.

combatUndefendedLossZed\_4= Uninvited guests are never fun, especially when [\*they show up during dinner|they keep leaving decomposing body parts all over the place|you weren't expecting them]. Maybe we could have kept the zed out of our [square] if we'd had guards in the area, but it's too late now.

combatUndefendedLossZed\_5= At first I was going to complain that our guards were [\*asleep at their posts|off canoodling with one another] but then I realized we didn't have any guards posted by our [square]. I know we're shorthanded but if we're going to keep the undead out of our fort we need to pay attention to defense.

combatUndefendedLossZed\_6= I'm not sure guards would have helped against the horde of zed that barreled through our [square] but [\*they couldn't have made things worse|at least they would have given us some warning|if we're going to lose a building to the zed, I'd like to know about it in advance].

combatUndefendedLossFactionAttack\_1= Maybe if we'd had guards posted near our [square], we might have talked the [FactionNoThe] out of storming it. On the other hand, our people might have just ended up [\*getting tarred and feathered|forcibly "recruited" into their ranks|gunned down like dogs].\n\nSince they couldn't find anybody to hurt, [faction] instead dismantled our walls and let the zed in to the [square].

combatUndefendedLossFactionAttack\_2= I knew we should have posted more guards. Sure, they might have ended up [\*covered in holes and set on fire|torn to shreds and stomped all over|gutted and left for the zed] just like the rest of the [square], but there's a chance they could have made a difference.\n\n[Faction] made a real mess of the [square] before they opened the gates and let the zombies back in. All our work, undone.

combatUndefendedLossFactionAttack\_3= It doesn't matter how many fancy traps or alarm systems we come up with if no one's there to hear them. [Faction] attacked our [square] and no one heard [\*those windchimes we'd attached to the trip wires|the sound of the wall caving in on itself] until it was too late.

combatUndefendedLossFactionAttack\_4= With society gone, us survivors have to fight for every scrap we've got. The [factionAdjective] attack on our [square] was [\*just another part of that|another grim reminder of how alone we really are|the latest breakdown in communication between our two factions].\n\nI wish we'd at least had somebody there to defend against them. Instead they just walked right in and tore down our walls.

combatUndefendedLossFactionRaid\_1= With the tensions so high between us and [faction], we should have had somebody on watch when that group of raiders approached. They got everything that wasn't nailed down in the [square], including [that 30 year old whisky I was saving|my collection of vintage 80's action figures].

combatUndefendedLossFactionRaid\_2= We really should have had someone on watch. The last thing we need is to paint a large "No one here, free for plundering" sign on our fort. The [factionAdjective] raiders must have been so excited when they showed up to find nobody protecting the [square] at all.

combatUndefendedLossFactionRaid\_3= [Faction] just raided our [square]. I know we didn't have anyone to defend it but it was poor form of them to [\*cover the buildings in rotten eggs and toilet paper|leave that "Sorry we missed you" note]. Talk about adding insult to injury.

combatUndefendedLossFactionRaid\_4= Damn [faction]. They attacked our [square] yesterday while everyone was busy somewhere else. I say we should go looking for revenge, but we need to clean this place up first and replace what they stole.

combatNoopZed\_1= Zed are swarming over our [square]!

combatNoopZed\_2= They're in a frenzy at the wall by our [square].

combatNoopZed\_3= The [square] wall isn't going to hold, we have to do something!

combatNoopZed\_4= Massed zed found a way through our wall. They're attacking!

combatNoopZed\_5= We can't hold them off for long. We need a plan!

combatNoopZed\_6= They'll be through any minute now!

combatNoopZed\_option= Let our defenders handle it

combatNoopZed\_option1\_2= Proceed as usual

combatNoopZed\_outcome\_success\_1= It was a rough fight, but they were no match for our [\*pluck|muscle|moxy|might|brains]. Having [\*a wall between us and them|them charge our gun placements|all that barbed wire for them to climb through] didn't hurt either.

combatNoopZed\_outcome\_success\_2= I wasn't sure we were going to win that one but [it looks like God (or whatever probability influencing deity and/or event you prefer) was smiling on us|if they're going to come at us one at a time like that, I'm not complaining|we made it through the day by the skin of our teeth].

combatNoopZed\_outcome\_success\_3= We won! Sure, things looked bad when [\*that giant zed came barreling through both our forces|that pack of rabid dogs joined in on the attack|gas main exploded] but we used the chaos to our advantage and kicked the lot of them out of our fort.

combatNoopZed\_outcome\_fail\_1= It's a [\*violent|bad|ugly|dangerous] world out there and nothing pushes that fact home like [\*getting your teeth kicked in|being trapped between the zed and all those angry gangs looking for blood|spending the whole day fighting on an empty belly, only to lose].

combatNoopZed\_outcome\_fail\_2= We gave it our best shot, but [\*we lost. And lost hard|sometimes you've got to know when to run|luck wasn't on our side].

combatNoopZed\_outcome\_fail\_3= That was bad [. I thought we could take them, but it looks like I was sorely mistaken.|but I suppose it could have been worse. Not a lot worse, mind, but worse|. We'll try harder next time. Assuming we survive that long.]

combatNoopFaction\_1= [Faction] are {2}ing our [square]!

combatNoopFaction\_2= I don't think [faction] are here to talk.

combatNoopFaction\_3= The [factionNoThe] are coming! The [factionNoThe] are coming!

combatNoopFaction\_4= [factionAdjective] thugs are on us! They're {2}ing!

combatNoopFaction\_5= Quick, we need to fortify the [square]! [Faction] is {2}ing us.

combatNoopFaction\_option= Let our defenders handle it

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_success\_1= It was a rough fight, but they were no match for our [\*pluck|muscle|moxy|might|brains]. Having [\*a wall between us and them|them charge our gun placements|all that barbed wire for them to climb through] didn't hurt either.

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_success\_2= They smashed through the gate screaming and shooting like some post-apocalyptic Mad Max gang. But their enthusiasm was no match for our having an actual strategy. We outmaneuvered them easily.

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_success\_3= The [factionAdjective] {2}ers made so much noise on their approach that we were ready for them long before they reached the walls. They barely even scratched the paint.

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_success\_4= We beat [Faction] easily. I'll bet they learned a thing or two from our flawless defense, but it won't do them much good since they're all dead.

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_success\_5= The [factionAdjective] morons couldn't have picked a worse place to attack our fort. That [square] was so well defended a cockroach would have had trouble getting through it. We beat them easily.

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_fail\_1= It's a [\*violent|bad|ugly|dangerous] world out there and nothing pushes that fact home like [\*getting your teeth kicked in|being trapped between the zed and all those angry gangs looking for blood|spending the whole day fighting on an empty belly, only to lose].

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_fail\_2= We were outnumbered from the start... I'll bet tomorrow's rations some were hired mercenaries. We did our best to hold them off, but were forced to retreat.

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_fail\_3= When the attack hit, we were busy dealing with an angry group of zed on the other side of the fort... which in retrospect was probably a distraction by [Faction]. Unfortunately, we lost.

combatNoopFaction\_outcome\_fail\_4= Those [factionAdjective] meatheads dug under the walls and popped up like gophers right behind our guards. It was a brief fight... and we lost.

combatRetreat= We could order everyone to retreat. We'd be more likely to lose the building, but at least nobody'd get hurt.

combatRetreat\_option= Order everyone to retreat

combatRetreat\_outcome\_success= Even without defenders, our walls held. I don't know that we can count on the same sort of luck next time.

combatRetreat\_outcome\_fail= Without anyone left to guard the area it quickly fell to the {1}.

combatProtectStuff= We could take risks to defend the building. Somebody may get hurt, but our walls and supplies are worth the added danger.

combatProtectStuff\_option= Take risks to protect the building

combatProtectStuff\_outcome\_success= The {1} broke on us like waves hitting a particularly solid chunk of granite.

combatProtectStuff\_outcome\_fail= Sometimes you bend, and sometimes you break. This time we broke.

combatBribe= We could bribe them. It'll cost us... but not as much as losing this fight could.

combatBribe\_option= Bribe [faction]

combatBribe\_outcome\_success= [Faction] seemed satisfied with our meager offerings. They called it a "friendship tax". I call it extortion. At least once they're out of earshot.

combatBribe\_outcome\_fail= Whaaa? combatBribe\_outcome\_fail?

combatToTheDeath= We could defend these walls to our dying breaths. They'd have a hard time making it past us, and would have to do it over our dead bodies.

combatToTheDeath\_option= Defend to our dying breaths

combatToTheDeath\_outcome\_success= We dug in our heels and became a wall of meat and resolve. Not a single attacker made it past us.

combatToTheDeath\_outcome\_fail= Our defenders gave it every last drop of blood, sweat and tears they had... but we still lost.

combatFactionHelp= Some people from {3} happen to be visiting and they owe us a favor. We could ask them to help.

combatFactionHelp\_option= Ask {3} for help

combatFactionHelp\_outcome\_success= Trapped between us and {3}, the {1} didn't stand a chance. They lost a little respect for us not being able to defend our own walls.

combatFactionHelp\_outcome\_fail= Even with help from our friends, there were just too many. One of {3}, a [thin woman with a scar on her eyebrow|wiry guy with more guts than brains|loudmouthed girl who wouldn't take orders] was killed, and they're pretty upset about it.

combatGustavHelp= A couple of Gustav's mercenaries were nearby and came running. They'll help us out... but it's going to cost us.

combatGustavHelp\_option= Hire Mercenaries

combatGustavHelp\_outcome\_success= Gustav's mercenaries made short work of the {1} and we paid them well. It's a little suspicious that they happened to be there at just the right time... but let's just be thankful that we're all alive and safe.

combatGustavHelp\_outcome\_fail= Gustav's men did what they could, but it wasn't enough. We still had to pay them for their effort.

combatExtraAmmo= We could tell our guys to fire at anything that moves. We'll use up ammo faster but more shots means more hits.

combatExtraAmmo\_option= Use extra ammo

combatExtraAmmo\_outcome\_success= Our ammo stores are a bit lighter but given all the extra holes we put in the {1}, I'm not complaining.

combatExtraAmmo\_outcome\_fail= The {1} ducked and weaved like gazelles, dodging our bullets. Even with our extra firepower they still overran us.

combatThrowMeat= We could try distracting the zed with some of our food stores. Meat is meat after all.

combatThrowMeat\_option= Distract with food

combatThrowMeat\_outcome\_success= We threw [20 pounds of dog food|half a deer carcass|a case of beef jerky] over the wall at those ravenous zed. I'm sure they'd have rather gnawed on our skulls, but were curious enough to investigate. It was enough of a distraction to let us take them out.

combatThrowMeat\_outcome\_fail= Those zed sure can eat fast. They devoured the food within minutes then came for us.

combatFire= We could set off some of our fuel reserves. Nobody likes running through fire, human or zed.

combatFire\_option= Light up our fuel

combatFire\_outcome\_success= Our wall of flame worked like a charm. Of course, now the whole fort smells like burnt sausages.

combatFire\_outcome\_fail= As the {1} fell to the flames, the ones behind them simply used their comrades' burning bodies as stepping stones. How are we supposed to deal with that?

combatBarricade= There's a lot of junk around here. We could use our spare building materials to setup a quick barricade.

combatBarricade\_option= Build a barricade

combatBarricade\_outcome\_success= With enough duct tape and rusty nails, anything can be a barrier. They tore it all to shreds, but it gave us enough time to get around for a better angle behind them.

combatBarricade\_outcome\_fail= The {1} punched straight through our crude walls like they were made of packing peanuts. To be fair, the styrofoam was probably a poor choice of material to use.

combatMedicine= [FormalName] got clipped in the first wave. We could patch [him] up with some meds to make sure nobody dies this time.

combatMedicine\_option= Heal [Name] using medicine

combatMedicine\_outcome\_success= We gave [Name] some pills that I'm pretty sure were painkillers, and bound [his] arm in a splint. [He] used [his] bandaged arm as a club to beat the {1} senseless, then said [he] felt better than [he] had in years and went right back to work. Those must have been some good pills, whatever they were.

combatMedicine\_outcome\_fail= Those bandages stopped the bleeding in time, so at least [Name] is still alive. Sure, [he] might wish [he] was dead right now, but that's not [his] call to make.

combatFireworks= We could light off some of our fireworks. You never know, it might distract them.

combatFireworks\_option= Light off fireworks

combatFireworks\_outcome\_success= The zombies seemed to be completely in awe, slack-jawed and staring up at the explosions in the sky, and didn't see us coming. Was it childlike wonder, or just random neurons firing in response to an intense stimulous? Is there a difference?

combatFireworks\_outcome\_fail= The zed were unimpressed with our [\*green|red|pink] sparklers this time. I thought at least the [\*flying spinners|roman candles|poppers] would get them to pause, but they were too focused on the smell of living meat.

combatBombRubble= They're right over an explosives cache. We could blow it up, but we'd destroy our [square] in the process.

combatBombRubble\_option= Blow the explosives up

combatBombRubble\_outcome\_success= All that remains of the {1} (and the building they were attacking) is a smoldering crater.

combatBombRubble\_outcome\_fail= Whaaa?? combatBombRubble\_outcome\_fail?

combatTrap= We've got some zombie traps nearby, maybe we could use them to slow down the attackers.

combatTrap\_option= Use our zombie traps

combatTrap\_outcome\_success= They were simple traps, but even a board with a nail through it will slow someone down when they step on it. It gave us the edge we needed.

combatTrap\_outcome\_fail= I knew we should have planted the traps further to the [\*east|west]. The {1} ran right past them.

combatBathSalts= [FormalName] already snorted the usual dose of Bath Salts, but [he] wants more.

combatBathSalts\_option= Give [Name] more Bath Salts

combatBathSalts\_outcome\_success= [Name] took a second hit of the salts and grinned like a madman, [his] eyes wide and bloodshot and pupils constricted to points. When [he] returned half an hour later [he] was covered head to toe with blood, but luckily none of it was [hiss].\n\nNow [he] can't wait to take more of the stuff.

combatBathSalts\_outcome\_fail= I knew something was wrong the moment [Name] too [his] second hit. [He] wasn't just fearless; [he] was reckless. We were probably going to lose anyway, but [Name's] charging in before it was safe didn't help. Despite that, [he] came out alive and can't wait to get [his] next dose of the stuff.

combatDelay= [FormalName's] pretty good at negotiation. We could send [him] out there to talk to them and delay the attack.

combatDelay\_option= Send [Name] to negotiate

combatDelay\_outcome\_success= [Name] convinced the {1} to hold off on their {2} for two days. But they aren't budging unless they hear word of a ceasefire between our factions.

combatDelay\_outcome\_fail= Whaaa? combatDelay\_outcome\_fail?

combatStinky= Gah - is that horrible smell coming from [FormalName]? We could send [him] out there to distract the zed.

combatStinky\_option= Send smelly [Name] to distract

combatStinky\_outcome\_success= For once [Name's] nauseating body odor came in useful. The zombies were so confused by the pungent mix of sweaty feet, dried urine, and patchouli oil that they didn't recognize [him] as a tasty human. [He] could walk right up and decapitate them while they stood sniffing the air.

combatStinky\_outcome\_fail= At first, the zombies weren't sure if the pungent [Name] was one of us or one of them. They paused and sniffed the air for a few seconds, then one of them let out a howl and they rushed [him].

combatAmmoDouble= [FormalName] is an excellent marksman, but [he]'s almost out of ammo. We could make sure [he]'s stocked up.

combatAmmoDouble\_option= Give [Name] extra ammo

combatAmmoDouble\_outcome\_success= We're thinking of nicknaming [Name] '[\*headshot|knee-capper|hollowpoint]' after [his] performance today. Good thing we've got plenty of bullets for [him].

combatAmmoDouble\_outcome\_fail= There were just too many of them. Even with a great shot like [Name] you can only focus on one head at a time.

combatBreakMelee= [FormalName] is raring to go but [his] {3} looks like it's going to break. We could sacrifice it to try to turn the tide.

combatBreakMelee\_option= Sacrifice [Name's] {3}

combatBreakMelee\_outcome\_success= [Name] eventually broke [his] {3} over the head of the last attacker, but [he] took out plenty of others before that happened.

combatBreakMelee\_outcome\_fail= The {3} shattered ineffectively when [Name] swung at the first attacker, and things just went downhill from there.

combatFrenzy= [FormalName] is so pumped [he]'s practically foaming at the mouth. [He]'ll do serious damage to both [himself] and the {1} if we let [him] loose on them.

combatFrenzy\_option= Let [Name] loose on them

combatFrenzy\_outcome\_success= [Name] went completely nuts on the {1} and singlehandedly won us the fight. Then [he] collapsed in pain. I didn't realize you could put out your back by screaming too loud but I guess the human body has it's limits. [He]'ll be out for a few days.

combatFrenzy\_outcome\_fail= We backed out of [his] way and let [Name] unleash a frenzy on the {1}, but it wasn't enough.

combatBarricadeDouble= Our construction expert [FormalName] thinks [he] could slap together a makeshift catapult using some building materials.

combatBarricadeDouble\_option= Have [Name] build a catapult

combatBarricadeDouble\_outcome\_success= It was more like a teeter-totter. You drop a crate of bricks on one end, and whatever's sitting on the other end gets flung at the {1}. Very effective. We're taking bets on who's going to be the first to ride it.

combatBarricadeDouble\_outcome\_fail= [Name's] catapult was a good idea, [he] just didn't have enough time to make it work. The {1} advanced on us too quickly, so we were forced to abandon it and go for the traditional defense methods of running and screaming.

combatMedicineDouble= We could keep our medic [FormalName] well stocked with medical supplies so he can keep everyone alive.

combatMedicineDouble\_option= Give [Name] medical supplies

combatMedicineDouble\_outcome\_success= [Name] was all over the battlefield, applying gauze here or checking a pulse there. I'm not sure how much [he] really helped, but it sure made us feel better to see [him] out there.

combatMedicineDouble\_outcome\_fail= Thanks to [Name] and [his] medicine, at least no one died. That's really the best you can say in a situation like this.

combatAlone= [FormalName] has a plan to lead the attackers away by [himself]. It'll be dangerous for [him], but everyone else should be OK.

combatAlone\_option= Let [Name] lead them away

combatAlone\_outcome\_success= [Name] let the {1} chase [him] around the neighborhood for an hour while we picked them off one by one. Man can that [boy] run!

combatAlone\_outcome\_fail= I wish we could all be that brave and/or foolish at least once in our lives. It must have taken incredible courage (and/or stupidity) for [Name] to put [himself] at risk like that. Unfortunately...

combatCoordinate= There are a lot of us. If we coordinate in one place we'll have an advantage, but may face more casualties if we lose.

combatCoordinate\_option= Coordinate our defenses

combatCoordinate\_outcome\_success= We got everyone working together like a well-oiled machine and steamrolled over the {1} and everything else in our path. Live together, die alone.

combatCoordinate\_outcome\_fail= We were tripping over each other the whole time. Twice [Name] nearly took out one of our own guys, then on top of it all got injured [himself].

combatFactionHelpPerk= Some old friends from {3} are here visiting [FormalName]. They could help us out as a favor to [him].

combatFactionHelpPerk\_option= Have [Name] ask {3} for help

combatFactionHelpPerk\_outcome\_success= Just when it looked like all was lost, {3} joined in like the goddamn cavalry and we kicked the {1} off our land. Maybe [Name's] right about those guys.

combatFactionHelpPerk\_outcome\_fail= There were just too many {1} for us to handle and one of {3} was badly hurt. [Name] got into a big fight with [his] friends afterwards and I don't think they'll be coming to visit again.

combatToxicFumes= The [square] has a bunch of volatile fumes we could set off. It'll be dangerous for whoever lights the fuse though.

combatToxicFumes\_option= Light the fumes

combatToxicFumes\_outcome\_success= The chemical explosion took out most of the {1} and nearly caught [Name] at the same time. It'll take a while for [his] [\*fingernails|hair|eyebrows] to grow back.

combatToxicFumes\_outcome\_fail= There's not much left of the {1}. Or the building for that matter.

combatBurnBooze= There are old bottles of wine in the [square] we could weaponize, but setting fire to our booze will upset people.

combatBurnBooze\_option= Set fire to the booze

combatBurnBooze\_outcome\_success= Our molotov cocktails left the enemy blackened husks of their former selves, and the fumes left our defenders feeling a little tipsy. It was a sad thing seeing all that alcohol go up in flames though.

combatBurnBooze\_outcome\_fail= Great. The {1} kicked our butts, and now we don't even have anything left to drown our sorrows in.

combatScavengedResources= We haven't finished scavenging the [square] yet and there's a bunch of stuff here. We could toss it off the roof at them.

combatScavengedResources\_option= Throw stuff off the roof

combatScavengedResources\_outcome\_success= Today's forecast: falling bricks, various toxic liquids, and the occasional power tool. Oops, looks like the {1} didn't bring their umbrellas...

combatScavengedResources\_outcome\_fail= The {1} dodged our random stuff pretty easily, which is too bad because we could have used some of it.

combatScavengedFood= Looks like there's still food in this [square] we haven't scavenged yet. Maybe the zed would rather chew on it than us.

combatScavengedFood\_option= Throw food to the zombies

combatScavengedFood\_outcome\_success= I'm not sure why but they went nuts fighting over the beef jerky and gum, stringing the Bubble Tape out between them like intestines. The chewing motion seemed to soothe them, then their jaws got all stuck together.

combatScavengedFood\_outcome\_fail= Nope. These zed seem to prefer something that they hunt themselves. The food went completely ignored.

combatTraining= Our research suggests we should try some on the job training. It'd be more dangerous, but we'll learn something.

combatTraining\_option= Do on the job training

combatTraining\_outcome\_success= We pulled our punches and studied how the {1} fight. We learned quite a bit about defense today. Class dismissed!

combatTraining\_outcome\_fail= Well at least we can say we learned something from this fight, though maybe this wasn't a good time for a defense lesson after all.

combatDog= [FormalName] could send out [his] dog {3} to join the fight, though it'll be dangerous for the dog.

combatDog\_option= Send {3} to join the fight

combatDog\_outcome\_success= {3} was a true champion, and by the end there wasn't an enemy ankle, shin or crotch without the dog's teeth marks in it.

combatDog\_outcome\_fail= {3} was struck down during the fight and didn't get up again. Even with {3}'s valiant efforts, the {1} were too much.

combatCar= We could drive our {3} into them.

combatCar\_option= Drive {3} into attackers

combatCar\_outcome\_success= We plowed into the {1}, crippling their main force. We're going to be picking bits of brain out of the tires for the next week.

combatCar\_outcome\_fail= There were too many of them. We eventually ran out of gas and had to abandon the {3} and run for it.

combatRocketLauncher= We can let loose with [Name's] rocket launcher. It's gonna take a whole bunch of ammo though.

combatRocketLauncher\_option= Let loose with the rocket launcher

combatRocketLauncher\_outcome\_success= Rockets! Rockets! Rockets! Everywhere! By the time we were done there wasn't anything left of {1} but a bunch of smoking craters

combatRocketLauncher\_outcome\_fail= I think we have may have gotten a little over enthusiastic. We ended up blowing away our own defenses, along with everything else.

combatDuel= [Name] could challenge their leader to a duel to the death. It'll be a rough fight but it'll keep the rest of us safe.

combatDuel\_option= Challenge them to a duel

combatDuel\_outcome\_success= The duel was short, bloody and final. [Name] walked away the victor and [faction] left with their tails between their legs.

combatDuel\_outcome\_fail= They claimed [Name's] severed head as part of their prize. I guess we'll have to make do with burying the rest of [him].

combatStealWeapon= We could use the confusion to steal one of their weapons. It's risky, but the reward could be worth it.

combatStealWeapon\_option= Steal a weapon

combatStealWeapon\_outcome\_success= During a lull in the fighting, [Name] stealthily circled around behind the [factionNoThe] and right up to where they were crouched. [He] nabbed a {3} that one of them put down and promptly used it to kill the owner and injure two others. They retreated fast after that.

combatStealWeapon\_outcome\_fail= We lured [faction] into our fort through an open gate. Then in a spectacular A-Team style maneuver, [Name] lept off a building onto one of them and grabbed [his|her] {3}. But victory was short lived and they were on [him] in seconds. We did manage to keep the {3}, but the fight didn't end well.

combatFortifications= We could focus our defense on the {3} we built nearby and have that take the brunt of the attack.

combatFortifications\_option= Focus defense on the {3}

combatFortifications\_outcome\_success= If was a tough fight and we were glad for the extra cover. Our {3} is pretty torn up and needs a new coat of paint, but it's still standing, and so are we.

combatFortifications\_outcome\_fail= The {1} stormed us at the {3} just as we planned, but the added cover wasn't enough. After the {3} fell, we had to retreat.

wedding\_title= Wedding Bells

wedding\_1= Well here's something the Zombies can't stop. [Name] and [Name2] have fallen in love and want to get hitched! A wedding would be just what we need. Seeing these two in love will remind us all what we're fighting for.

wedding\_option1= Hold a small wedding under a tree

wedding\_option2= Have a crazy party! (10 food)

wedding\_option3= Don't let them get married

wedding\_outcome1= Seeing [Name] and [Name2] kiss and say their vows uplifted all of us. I hope we see more of this.

wedding\_outcome2= Love is something to celebrate! We had a big party and danced the night away!

wedding\_outcome3\_straight\_1= [Name] wouldn't let it go. "What, is it because you think we'll want to have kids next and you don't want to deal with that? Well listen, kids are the \_point\_ of all this, okay? Love, and families, and children: that's the point of living. What the hell else are we rebuilding for?"\n\n"Just because [Name2] and I are ready to take that step and you aren't doesn't give you the right to stop us. You can't stop us from loving each other!"

wedding\_outcome3\_straight\_2= [Name] and [Name2] were crestfallen, but they didn't seem very surprised. I explained that this isn't the time or place for people to be getting married. They barely know each other, and hell, one or the other might be dead tomorrow. We need to focus on the tasks at hand.\n\nSome of the others are upset, but they agreed to let the matter drop for now. This isn't the time or the place for marriage. Everyone is pissed now but we have to focus on the task at hand.

wedding\_outcome3\_gay\_1= [Name] was furious. "What, is it because we're gay? Are you worried other people might catch it if they see us happy together?" [He] spat at me. "I thought we left all this crap behind after the infection. I thought we were moving \_forward\_."\n\n[He] shook [his] head. "Well you might not recognize our union but you can't stop us from loving one another. Life's too short."

wedding\_outcome3\_gay\_2= [Name] and [Name2] were crestfallen, but they didn't seem very surprised. I explained that this isn't the time or place for people to be getting married. They barely know each other, and hell, one or the other might be dead tomorrow. We need to focus on the tasks at hand.\n\nSome of the others are upset, but they agreed to let the matter drop for now.

enemiesWillFightWarning\_title= Trouble Brewing

enemiesWillFightWarning\_1= Well I guess we can't all be one big lovey-dovey ball of joy. [Name] and [Name2] haven't liked each other since they met. This morning they almost got into a fist fight over some nonsense. We'd better keep these two apart or things are gonna get ugly.

enemiesFight\_title= Enemies Fight

enemiesFight\_1= Well [Name] and [Name2] could never get along and today it spilled over into violence. [Name2] is going to need some time to recover from [his2] injuries. We should keep these two apart.

madeDevoutFriend\_title= [Name] became devout

madeDevoutFriend\_1= [Name] started coming to church regularly. I think [Name2] must have convinced [him] to give it a try, since the two of them have been spending so much time together lately.

madeDevoutPreacher\_title= [Name] became devout

madeDevoutPreacher\_1= [Name] started coming to church regularly. It must have been [Name2] and [his2] inspirational Sunday sermons. [He2] really knows how to draw a crowd.

madeCultistPreacher\_title= [Name] became a cultist

madeCultistPreacher\_1= [Name] started coming to church regularly, to hear about the Chosen Ones and have [his] aura metered. Now that [Name2's] preaching there, it's really drawing a crowd.

madeCultistFriend\_title= [Name] became a cultist

madeCultistFriend\_1= [Name] has started worshiping the dead. [He] and [Name2] have gotten close and [Name2] convinced [him] the Church of the Chosen Ones know the only path to truth and happiness.

madeCultistChosen\_title= [Name] became a cultist

madeCultistChosen\_1= [Name] has started telling people [he] believes in the teachings of the Church of the Chosen Ones. [He] says when [he] saw and heard them in person it just all made sense, that it explained things [he]'d thought and felt since the outbreak.

growUp\_title= They grow up so young

growUp= [Name] is now 14 years old... in the old days [he] still couldn't drive, drink, or vote, but life's different now. It goes faster. In [his] 14 years, [Name] has probably learned more life lessons than your average middle-aged [man] would have back then.\n\nSo we're proud today to call [him] a [man]. [Name] now has full independence, [his] own home, and the same responsibilities as everyone else here. Good job, kid.

reequippedGoat\_title= Child assigned to caretaker

reequippedGoat= These kids need someone to keep an eye on them at all times or who knows what might happen. We assigned [Name] to take care of {1}.

makeBabby\_title= A Baby was Formed

makeBabby\_1= Bundle of joy, or mouth to feed? It all depends on perspective. Personally, I'm not sure why we'd be doing this if it weren't for the next generation. May their lives be better than ours, at least in the long run.\n\nAnd with that sentimental note, congratulations to [Name] on the birth of [his] baby {1}!

makeBabbyCouple\_1= [Name] and [Name2] have big news... they made a baby! Welcome to the world, {1}!

makeBabbyCouple\_2= Bundle of joy, or mouth to feed? It all depends on perspective. Personally, I'm not sure why we'd be doing this if it weren't for the next generation. May their lives be better than ours, at least in the long run.\n\nAnd with that sentimental note, congratulations to [Name] and [Name2] on the birth of their baby {1}!

makeBabbyDisallowed= Once again, mother nature completely ignored the laws of man, and allowed a baby to be born despite our policy against it. What can you do...\n\nHopefully [Name] will take responsibility for this tiny burden.

makeBabbyLeader= I'm a [father]! This is amazing!\n\nAmazingly terrifying. How will I keep little {1} safe from all the terrors of this world?\n\nOn the bright side, at least I don't have to worry about saving up for a college education.

goatTrouble\_title= Goonies never say die

goatTrouble\_1= Who would bring a child on such a dangerous mission? [FormalName], that's who. [He] took [Name2] [missioning] with [him], and predictably the kid wandered off and got cornered by something.\n\nIn this case it's just a wild dog, but seriously the largest, meanest looking beast we've ever encountered. I'd bet money it's rabid, maybe even infected if that's a thing that can happen.\n\n[Name2] climbed up a tree to escape it, but [he2]'s clinging to a branch up there. What do we do?

goatTrouble\_2= [FormalName] went off [missioning] and left young [Name2] at home by [himself2]. Seems reasonable, I mean, better that than bring the kid on a dangerous mission, but without someone to watch out for [him2], [Name2] has ended up in trouble.\n\n[He2] must have been teasing the zombies from the top of the wall, throwing rocks at them or something, when [he2] fell. Now a zombie has [him2] pinned under one of the rusting car chassis that form the wall. Someone has to save [him2]!

goatTrouble\_3= One of our children, [FormalName2] is in peril! [He2] was with the group [missioning] at a [square] when a slow-moving herd of zed came shuffling through. All [he2] had to do was stay quiet and out of sight and they would've walked right by, but the poor [boy2] panicked and screamed.\n\nNow [he2]'s stuck in a parked car, and the zed could get through the windshield at any moment.

goatTrouble\_option1= Send [Name] to save [him2]

goatTrouble\_option2= Hope [he2]'ll be okay

goatTrouble\_outcome1\_success= [Name] jumped into action, fighting off the enemy singlehandedly with remarkable heroism. I'd continue to praise [his] abilities, but honestly [he]'s the one that got [Name2] into this mess in the first place.\n\nA note to future parents: dangerous mission and children don't mix.

goatTrouble\_outcome1\_fail= Thank the gods [Name2] is safe, but [Name] didn't do so well. [He] hoisted the [boy2] up on [his] shoulders to protect [him2] while they escaped, then tripped and toppled both of them over. [Name2] was thrown clear with a few bruises, but [Name] face planted into a rock and gave [himself] a concussion.\n\nThe swelling's starting to go down but that black eye's turning all kinds of colors.

goatTrouble\_outcome2= I... I don't know how to write this but... [Name2] didn't make it. We are one survivor less today. One of our youngest. This is no world for children. Just... no.

goatStarve\_title= Starvation

goatStarve\_1= This is the kind of decision a parent should never ever have to make: whether to feed their child so that [he2] lives, or feed yourself so you can get out there and find more food for both of you.\n\nIt has finally come to this in [CityName].

goatStarve\_2= We've been out of real food for weeks, anything with protein or fat in it at all. Down to just empty carbs, the very thing dieters used to hate. Malnutrition illness become commonplace here: anemia, scurvy, rickets. Especially susceptible are the children.\n\nParents will always want to feed their children before themselves, but what good is a child whose parent has died of starvation? What will they eat if there is no one to provide for them?

goatStarve\_3= Children are much more affected by malnutrition than adults. One drought, one crop failure, one badly-timed raid could mean a child forever twisted by diseases of the bones and nervous system.\n\nOn the other hand, if the parent isn't fed first, they might not be around to protect that child in the future, and they'll both die in the end.\n\nSadly, it has come time for such decisions in [CityName]. Who do we feed first?

goatStarve\_option1= Feed [FormalName] first

goatStarve\_option2= Feed [his] child [Name2] first

goatStarve\_outcome1= Both adult and child had been sick for a long while, but it is with a heavy heart that I must record that [FormalName2] has died. I'm so sorry for your loss [Name]. I can't... I can't imagine...

goatStarve\_outcome2= [FormalName] has died. [He] took [his] own life, rather than take food from [his] child's mouth.\n\nI wish I could have been there, to make [him] look into [Name2's] eyes and see that the [boy2] needed a [father] now more than ever. I wish I could have convinced [him] it's going to get better any day now, there will be more food.\n\nI wish I believed that myself...

goatStarveCannibal\_title= A Modest Proposal

goatStarveCannibal= I... this is hard to write. [FormalName's] child [Name2] has died.\n\nWe're all dying, but the death of a child hits the hardest. It is the death of the future. The death of hope.\n\nWe've been in these dark places before, spent eternity here it seems, but despite the constant toll on our hearts and our will to go on, we continue to do whatever it takes to survive. So once again, the decision: do we bury the body, or consume it to stay alive?

goatStarveCannibal\_option1= Bury the body

goatStarveCannibal\_option2= Eat the body

goatStarveCannibal\_outcome1= Child, parent, stranger, friend. What does it matter once we've shuffled off this mortal coil and left our corpses upon the earth? We're all the same, then. Just meat.

goatStarveCannibal\_outcome2= Eating children are where we draw the line. I didn't know there was a line to cannibalism until I reached it, but there it is, and I'm not crossing it: we don't eat kids. We'll die first.\n\nProphetic words, no doubt.

goatHole\_title= The Hole

goatHole\_1= [We've been relying on an old well for some of our drinking water. It really is old, like circa 1910, but the water is surprisingly pure. Much easier than collecting rainwater. The problem is, the bucket keeps getting stuck on something down there, and today it jammed up completely and won't come up or down.\n\nNone of us can fit down there, but young [FormalName] has narrow enough shoulders that [he] could fit. Should we send [him] down to fix it?|We've got this schematic says there's a lost & found in our [square], but the door's three feet of solid steel and bolted shut. Who needs that kind of protection for a lost & found? Gotta be something cool in there.\n\nThere are air ducts going to the room... we wouldn't fit, but we could send a kid through there, like [FormalName]. [He]'d fit.|Someone accidentally threw their wedding ring down the garbage chute but it got stuck halfway. And there's something else glinting down there...\n\nShould we send little [FormalName] to crawl in there and get it?]

goatHole\_option1= Send [Name] to crawl in

goatHole\_option2= Forget it

goatHole\_outcome1\_success= That little [Name] could have been an excellent chimney sweep in 15th century England. [He] just scurried on in there and did the job.\n\n[Turns out the well was blocked by {1}.|The lost & found turned out to be legit, no idea why it was so fortified. Nothing in there but mittens and sunglasses. [He] did find {1} at least.|Ring retrieved! [He] also found {1} which was blocking the chute.]

goatHole\_outcome1\_fail= At first [Name] was chatty with nervousness, then became quieter as [he] got more afraid. Then there was a thump, and silence. We've been yelling to [him] for the past two hours, but no reply.\n\nNone of us can fit in there... except another child. [FormalName2] volunteered to go down and help [his2] friend.

goatHole\_outcome1\_fail\_option1= Send [Name2] in too

goatHole\_outcome1\_fail\_option2= Forget it

goatHole\_outcome1\_fail\_outcome1\_success= [Name2] rubbed the snot from [his2] nose and valiantly climbed in there after [Name]. Twenty minutes later both of them were safe and sound. Turns out [Name] had just panicked after a short fall, but [he] was fine.\n\nThey also pulled out {1} with them.

goatHole\_outcome1\_fail\_outcome1\_fail= We sent [Name2] in with a rope around [his2] waist this time, and when [he2] got to where [Name] was, [he2] tugged the line to let us know to help them up.\n\nTragically... I don't know how to say this but, [Name] had died. [He] must have slipped and broken [his] neck somehow in there. We didn't think it would be dangerous, really. Compared to the zombies outside... we forget that life is so fragile.

goatHole\_outcome1\_fail\_outcome2= We held a vigil at the [well|air duct|garbage chute], and practically pulled the place apart to get in there and rescue [him]... but by the time we did it was too late. [Name] was dead.

goatHole\_outcome2= No, I won't put the lives of any of our survivors at risk for this. [We can find other sources of water.|We don't need to know what's on the other side of that door.|We can live without mere symbols like that ring.]

goatHelp\_title= Kid helps out

goatHelpWorkshop= [Name's] [son2] [Name2] has been helping out around the workshop, learning how to work the tools there and producing some extra {1}.

goatHelpTech= I didn't think having a child help out with research would be a good idea, but [Name2] is surprisingly good at it. [He2]'s a natural little engineer. Maybe [he2]'ll even be a scientist one day if the world ever has need of them again. Research is going a little faster this week because of it.

goatHelpFarm= Young [Name2] has been helping [FormalName] to farm. Mostly just pick rocks out of the ground, but that's hard work that needs to be done too.

goatHelpBuild= [FormalName's] combining [missioning] with babysitting; namely [he]'s got [Name2] fetching supplies and cleaning up. The kid couldn't pound a nail straight if [his2] life depended on it, but if [he2] keeps practicing [he2]'ll get it. Job's going a bit faster anyway.

goatHelpScavenge= I wasn't sure that bringing a kid scavenging was a good idea, but [FormalName] insisted that [his] kid [Name2] would be perfect for it. It's true; the [boy2]'s got a keen eye for what's useful, and can fit into places the rest of us couldn't go.\n\n[He2] found some extra {1} today, that's useful.

goatHelpLead= [FormalName] has been bringing [his] [boy2] [Name2] to the [square] this week so [he2] can help out. The kid's a natural, and people love [him2].

goatNightmares\_title= Nightmares on Elm st

goatNightmares= [FormalName] hasn't been able to sleep much lately since [his] [boy2] [Name2] has been keeping [him] awake every night. The kid's having nightmares. We all do of course, but these are like white-knuckled, piss-the-bed, wake-up-screaming night terrors. [He2]'s obviously stressed and traumatized.\n\nWhat should we do about it?

goatNightmares\_option1= Give [Name] time off work

goatNightmares\_option2= Talk to the kid (8 leadership)

goatNightmares\_option3= Organize a summer camp (school)

goatNightmares\_option4= Do nothing

goatNightmares\_outcome1= [Name's] going to take a few days off and spend them with [Name2], doing happy [father]-[son2] things to keep the [boy2]'s mind off recent horrors.

goatNightmares\_outcome2= [Name2] had a casual counselling session where [he2] described [his2] bad dreams and worst fears; stuff the poor [boy2] didn't want to burden [Name] with.\n\n[He2] said [he2] felt a lot better afterwards and we discussed a few ways that [he2] could deal with the night terrors if they do happen. We can keep having regular talks like this for as long as it takes.

goatNightmares\_outcome3= This [boy2] needs something to keep [him2] distracted. We've been so focused on survival, we forgot [he2]'s missing out on [his2] childhood here because of it. So we organized a kids-only activity center at the local schoolhouse, where [Name2] can play games, do crafts, and we might throw some [boy]scout skills in there too. Just mentioning it brought a sparkle to [his2] eyes.

goatNightmares\_outcome4= [Name] said [he] understands; we need [him] out there working, even if [he]'s a bit sleep deprived.

goatFind\_title= Look what I found

goatFind= {2}-year-old [FormalName2] was [crawling around under a house|playing in an old woodpile|retrieving [his2] ball from the other side of the fence] when [he2] found [a] {1}. [He2]'s pretty proud of [his2] find and wants to keep it, but an adult could probably put it to better use.

goatFind\_option1= Take the {1}

goatFind\_option2= Let [him2] keep it

goatFind\_outcome1= [Name2] cried like a baby when we told [him2] [he2] couldn't keep the {1}. Honestly, there's an entire civilization's worth of junk lying around here that [he2] could play with. Why was that one thing so important?\n\n[FormalName] is a bit miffed that we upset [his] [boy2], but the kid needs to learn that [the needs of the many outweigh the selfish desires of little brats|sharing is caring].

goatFind\_outcome2= We don't need that {1} as much as [Name2] wants it right now. Hopefully [he2] won't have forgotten it by tomorrow or ditched it in favor of a new toy.

goatAdopt\_title= The road is long

goatAdopt= [FormalName] heard crying last night and went out into the city to see what it was. [He] found a young [boy2] wandering out there, exhausted, traumatized and alone.\n\nThe kid is in shock; [he2] hasn't said a word. We don't know where [he2]'s from or what happened to [his2] family, but can guess the worst. [He2]'s been sticking close to [Name].

goatAdopt\_option1= Adopt [him2]

goatAdopt\_option2= Take [him2] to St Michaels

goatAdopt\_option3= Send [him2] back out there

goatAdopt\_outcome1= [Name] took the kid in. We eventually coaxed a name out of [him2]... [FormalName2].\n\nIt's going to take some time before the poor [boy2]'s life is back to normal... if you could ever call this kind of life normal. But [he2]'ll heal and adapt. Children are pretty flexible that way.

goatAdopt\_outcome2= It was all lord of the flies over there as usual; kids dressed up like zombies playing "cops & zed", building rickety three-storey tree forts and setting fire to effigies of their long-deceased teachers.\n\nThe [boy2] was instantly at home with them. We couldn't hold [him2] back when [he2] saw the massive collection of action figures they'd amassed. Rufus stopped goofing off for a minute to thank us.

goatAdopt\_outcome3= The [boy2]'s parents must be out there in the city, desperately searching for [him2]. They \_must\_ be. We gave the little tyke a fresh set of clothes and a tin of sweets, then dropped [him2] off way on the other side of the city, in a big square where we figured [his2] family would be most likely to spot [him2].\n\nOh God... what have we done...

goatLeave\_title= Lost boys

goatLeave= [FormalName] is {1} years old now. In [his] short life [he]'s seen both [his] parents buried, and been so close to death [himself] that [he] could smell it's hot breath on [his] cheek. [He]'s very mature for [his] age, but hasn't been getting along well with the other adults in [CityName], particularly [his] new guardian [Name2].\n\n[He] came to me today to formally ask to go and live with Rufus and the other kids at St Michaels.

goatLeave\_option1= Let [him] go

goatLeave\_option2= Make [him] stay

goatLeave\_outcome1= Rufus came to pick [him] up. "So ya wanna join us eh?" he said. "There's only two rules. Rule number one: no adults allowed without supervision. Rule number two..." He spat on his hand and offered it to [Name], who tentatively shook it.\n\nRufus too a deep breath. "THERE ARE NO OTHER RULES!!"\n\nGood god it's amazing these kids have survived so long... good luck [Name]!

goatLeave\_outcome2= No. Those St Michaels kids are completely unhinged. It isn't safe over there. No child of ours is going to be roughhousing, staying up past their bedtime, or doing any of the other possibly crazy fun things those boys get up to.\n\n[Name] was understandably upset at our decision. [He] pouted all the way to [his] room and is now giving us the silent treatment.

makePreggers\_title= Pregnancy

makePreggers= [FormalName] is going to have a baby...

makePreggersLeader= I'm going to have a baby...

goatAbortion\_title= Unwanted Pregnancy

goatAbortion= [FormalName] came to confide in me today, to tell me [he]'s discovered [he]'s pregnant. It was an accident, [he] says... one impulsive night when it seemed like they could die any day.\n\nNow [he] can't imagine bringing a child into this world with so little chance of a happy life. [He]'s begging me to fix the problem.

goatAbortionPolicyNoBabbies= [FormalName] came to confide in me today, to tell me [he]'s discovered [he]'s pregnant. It was an accident, [he] says... one impulsive night when it seemed like they could die any day. [He] knows we have a policy to avoid pregnancy, but sometimes things just happen.\n\nNow [he] can't imagine bringing a child into this world with so little chance of a happy life. [He]'s begging me to fix the problem.

goatAbortionPolicyYesBabbies= [FormalName] came to confide in me today, to tell me [he]'s discovered [he]'s pregnant. It was an accident, [he] says... one impulsive night when it seemed like they could die any day.\n\nNow [he] can't imagine bringing a child into this world with so little chance of a happy life. [He]'s begging me to fix the problem.\n\nAbortion goes against our pro-family policy, so I'm afraid it is not an option.

goatAbortion\_option1= Perform an abortion (hospital)

goatAbortion\_option2= Perform abortion without hospital

goatAbortion\_option3= Have the baby

goatAbortion\_outcome1= [Name] is right; only a monster would intentionally bring a child into such a messed up world. But even if [he] was wrong, it's [his] body and [his] choice. We stand by that.

goatAbortion\_outcome2= I warned [Name] that we don't have the means to safely do such an operation. [He] insisted, saying [he]'d be more likely to die in childbirth... which I admit statistically quite true with or without a hospital. Then even threatened to kill [himself].\n\nSo we went ahead with it in the most sterile conditions we could manage. Since we don't have many antibiotics to spare, we insisted that [Name] stay home for a few days to full recover.

goatAbortion\_outcome3= [Name] made [his] bed, now [he] has to give birth in it. I'm not going to try to explain why a month-old embryo has a soul but sperm doesn't, or feed [him] made-up facts about the dangers of abortion vs carrying a child to term.\n\nThe truth is, the world needs more people in it. Children are necessary for our survive as a species. Someone has to have them.\n\nHopefully [Name] will change [his] mind about being a mother by the time the baby comes.

preggersComplain\_title= In a family way

preggersComplain= [FormalName] is pregnant. It happens. But whether it's the hormones or the impending responsibility of raising a child in a post-apocalyptic world, she's really freaking out about it.\n\nShe's constantly worried that the baby is kicking too much, or not enough. She refuses to go anywhere near the outside wall, and admonishes people for so much as carrying a weapon near her. She's irritated by conditions in the fort, particularly by the diet which she says is putting her baby's health at risk. In short, she's driving us nuts. What should we do?

preggersComplain\_option1= Insist that she work

preggersComplain\_option2= Give her some time off

preggersComplain\_option3= Increase her rations

preggersComplain\_outcome1= I hoped that putting [Name] to work would help keep her mind off the baby, but so far she's just furious about it. I'm worried that her anxiety is starting to catch.

preggersComplain\_outcome2= [Name] needs to take a vacation and just chill the hell out. Anxiety is one of the worst things for an unborn child, besides perhaps malnutrition or her mother getting bit by a zombie. Hopefully taking time off doesn't cause either of those things to happen...

preggersComplain\_outcome3= Now that [Name] is eating better, her mind is much more at ease. Maybe her crankiness was just caused by hunger? I mean we all get that way sometimes. It must be much harder when you're eating for two though. Hopefully she'll start to fill out more now... she's so skinny I was a bit worried myself!

mainFirstDate\_title= First Date

mainFirstDate\_1= I've noticed some of the other survivors here making come-hither eyes at me lately. I'm not sure it's totally appropriate, since I'm their leader. I call most of the shots around here and might be accused of playing favorites, but... the point of living is to live, right?\n\nShould I ask someone on a date?

mainFirstDate\_2= I've been getting close with some of the survivors here in [CityName]. It's comforting to have friends again after such a long time spent wandering alone, but I wonder if some of them are looking for something more... or maybe they're just sucking up to me because I'm the leader here. Only one way to find out...\n\nShould I ask someone on a date?

mainFirstDate\_3= I'm lonely. We're all lonely, but it's especially hard for me because I'm supposed to be the leading the rest of them. I can't show weakness. But maybe if I found a special someone, I could be honest with them.\n\nShould I ask someone on a date?

mainFirstDate\_option1= [FormalName]

mainFirstDate\_option2= [FormalName2]

mainFirstDate\_option3= Somebody else

mainFirstDate\_option4= Nobody

mainFirstDate\_outcome3= I don't really know everyone here well enough to ask them. It's not like the old days of internet dating... many of the people here are mourning the loss of their husbands and wives, and will be for many years. Dating is a delicate, touchy subject.\n\nIf there's someone in particular I'm interested in, I should get to know them as friends first.

mainFirstDate\_outcome4= I'm not sure when I'll be ready for love again, but it isn't now.

mainFirstDate\_picked= [FormalName]. I've had my eye on [him] since [he] joined us. [He]'s friendly, [he]'s eager to help, and a pretty talented [job], but most importantly... [he] has nice eyes.\n\n[He] said yes! Where should we go for our first date?

mainFirstDate\_picked\_option1= Romantic evening

mainFirstDate\_picked\_option2= Thrilling adventure

mainFirstDate\_picked\_option3= Working together

mainFirstDate\_picked\_outcome1= I cooked us a wonderful dinner (spaghetti and canned meatballs - [he] said [he] loved it), and shared a bottle of wine I'd had hidden away for nearly a year waiting just such a special occasion.\n\nThen we took a walk along the wall and up to a lookout spot where I surprised [him] with a little display I'd prepared: the [square] on the other side of our wall suddenly lit up in flames, immolating all the zombies in it. We basked in the glow and held each other tight.

mainFirstDate\_picked\_outcome2\_success= I took [him] to a zoo I'd found at the edge of the city. Someone had let all the animals out of their cages, and they now roam the grounds letting survival of the fittest take its course. We were frolicking with the rabbits, clear winners in the outbreed-everyone-else category, when a tiger pounced out from the bushes.\n\nI jumped up and gave it stiff kick to its sensitive nose. The big cat screeched and lept away in search of an easier meal. [Name] was impressed.

mainFirstDate\_picked\_outcome2\_fail= I took [him] to a zoo I'd found at the edge of the city. Someone had let all the animals out of their cages, and they now roam the grounds letting survival of the fittest take its course. We were frolicking with the rabbits, clear winners in the outbreed-everyone-else category, when a tiger pounced out from the bushes.\n\nIt slashed me deeply across the abdomen and knocked me down. "This is how it ends? A \_tiger\_??" I thought. Then [Name] fired a shot and scared it away.\n\nWhat an exciting (but painful!) first date!

mainFirstDate\_picked\_outcome3= There's far too much work to do. We don't have time for a proper romantic date... but I wanted to spend time with [Name] all the same. We decided to clear out some of the old buildings here that our scavengers hadn't gotten to yet.\n\nIt was sweaty, exhausting work, hauling out anything that might be useful as building materials. But we hardly noticed. We were too busy joking and playing and flirting with each other. We didn't want the day to end.\n\nGood news is, it doesn't have to. I can assign us to work together any time I like.

mainDating\_title= The Dating Game

mainDating\_1= [FormalName] and I cooked breakfast together this morning. [He] showed me how to make a coffee substitute from roasted dandelion roots. There's no caffeine in it, but I have to admit it does kind of taste like coffee.\n\nWe got to talking about our future together. It would be wonderful to have mornings like this all the time...

mainDating\_2= I got into an argument with [FormalName] yesterday. I said we couldn't spend the evening together because I was assigned to do nightly guard duty. [He] asked me why I couldn't just switch my slot with someone else's; I wrote the guard duty schedule after all. [He] accused me of avoiding [him] on purpose.\n\nI don't know... maybe [he]'s right and I was avoiding [him]. Now I think [he]'s giving me the silent treatment.

mainDating\_3= I've had so many happy moments with [FormalName] since we started dating. Every minute I get to spend with [him] is a minute of carefree joy. I forget all my fears of an impending attack on the fort, all the pressure of leading such a diverse group of damaged, frightened people. When we're together it's just me, and [him].\n\nJust thinking about this today for no particular reason. Maybe I should go see how [he]'s doing.

mainDating\_option1= Go on a date

mainDating\_option2= Propose marriage

mainDating\_option3= Break up

mainDating\_outcome1= What should we do on our date?

mainDating\_outcome1\_option1= Have dinner together

mainDating\_outcome1\_option2= Go for a long walk together

mainDating\_outcome1\_option3= Kill zombies together

mainDating\_outcome1\_outcome1= We grabbed some food from the communal cantina ([salt cod stew|rice and beans|cornmeal gruel]... again) and ate it back at my place. It's wonderful to spend time with [Name]... it doesn't really matter what we do to be honest. Just hanging out and killing time suddenly has all this meaning when [he]'s around.

mainDating\_outcome1\_outcome2= We walked laps around the edge of the fort for hours, laughing and talking.\n\nI suppose it doubled as guard duty too, though we were so busy gazing into each other's eyes I'm not sure we would have noticed a breach if it happened right beside us. I think we're making some of the others jealous.

mainDating\_outcome1\_outcome3= There's a section of wall that we've set up as a honeypot for zombies: it's reinforced with steel bars, but there are big gaps the zed can see us through. They cluster there, and it's the easiest thing to ram a long spike through their foreheads from a safe distance on the other side of the fence.\n\nSome consider it a chore, but [Name] and I made a game of it, challenging to see if we could spike two at once or who could kill the most in a minute.

mainDating\_outcome2\_success= [He] said yes!! We're getting married! Eventually!!\n\nWe just need to find the right time and place for a ceremony. Until then we can bask in the glow of being engaged. I'm sure the others will find the two of us even more obnoxious now.

mainDating\_outcome2\_fail= [Name] says [he]'s not ready for marriage yet.\n\nIt's complex. Life is different now than it was. The whole "till death do us part" thing... well it comes into play a lot more now than it used to. Once you've felt the death of a loved one, people put up walls to avoid getting hurt like that again. They push each other away.\n\nI think [he]'ll be ready eventually. I just have to be patient, and spend as much time with [him] as I can.

mainDating\_outcome3= [Name] burst into tears at the mention of us separating. Do I really want to do this?

mainDating\_outcome3\_option1= Yes

mainDating\_outcome3\_option2= No, stay together

mainDating\_outcome3\_outcome1= That was hard, but it's best to end it early. We had chemistry, but [he] wasn't the one that I want to spend the rest of my life with.\n\nI'm not sure how much time that will be, but it's precious.

mainDating\_outcome3\_outcome1Divorce= We married far too soon. People do that a lot these days; you think you could die tomorrow so what the heck, be impulsive, marry that person you just met.\n\nThen you \_don't\_ die, and instead you keep waking up next to this person that it turns out you don't really like all that much.\n\n[He] took it pretty well, considering. We got a couple witnesses to make it official: [FormalName] and I are now divorced.

mainDating\_outcome3\_outcome2= Hehe, I meant to say we should \_make out\_, not \_break up\_. Silly me.

mainMarriage\_title= White wedding

mainMarriage= Today would be such a nice day for a wedding! Should [FormalName] and I finally tie the knot?

mainMarriage\_option1= Have a solemn event

mainMarriage\_option2= Throw a big party (10 food)

mainMarriage\_option3= Put it off for now

mainMarriage\_outcome1= We kept it simple, just the two of us and a few friends, a handfasting under a tree. We didn't want to make a big deal of it, since that would remind us of all the people who couldn't be there. [Name] wished especially that [his] [little sister|grandmother|parents] could have survived to see this day.\n\n[Name] decided to keep [his] own last name. That's a bit of an outdated old tradition anyway.

mainMarriage\_outcome2= We cooked up a feast, found enough musicians to scrape a band together and danced the night away. There were no staged photos with a professional photographer, no individually-wrapped wedding favors, no ugly bridesmaid dresses, or bouquet throwing. Just us, our friends, and some people we don't even know that well.\n\nIt was a celebration we could all take part in. A night we'll all remember.

mainMarriage\_outcome3= Why rush things? We can get married later. There's always tomorrow... assuming we live through tomorrow, right?

tech\_vitals\_name= Zombie Vitals

tech\_vitals\_info= 10% more efficient zombie killing

tech\_vitals\_result= Everyone knows you have to shoot them in the head. But why? We have a theory:\n\nTheir hearts have stopped, but we think the electric parts are still working. Synapses in the brain continue to fire and send commands via the nervous system. If this is true, then zed could be paralyzed if you cut their spinal cord, and they might be susceptible to attacks like nerve gas.\n\nWe still don't know how their muscles work with no blood circulation, but we'll have our soldiers test this nervous system theory out and see if it works.

tech\_construction\_name= Construction

tech\_construction\_info= Build bars, schools, churches, labs, etc

tech\_construction\_result= Yes, yes, I know. People used to put up buildings all the time without power tools and cement trucks and 3d modelling software. But not in [CityName]. It was a challenge to just find the tools we need to raise a building by hand.\n\nWe've also forgotten how to do things "the old fashioned way". Who needs to know that stuff in a world of modern conveniences, right? Heh, right. So we had to re-learn how to build with our hands.\n\nIf all else fails, get a hammer and some nails, and just give'r.

tech\_policies\_name= Survivor Management

tech\_policies\_info= See happiness, relationships, and talk to survivors

tech\_policies\_result= You'd figure we'd know everything about the other survivors here, since we have to trust each other with our lives every day. But people are more withdrawn these days... it's a way to avoid pain. If you don't have friends you'll never have to watch your friends die.\n\nEnter Human Resources. We're training our leaders to act as counselors and keep tabs on who is happy about what and with whom. Talking to survivors regularly can help them discover hidden talents.

tech\_traps\_name= Basic Traps

tech\_traps\_info= Craftable zombie killing building upgrade

tech\_traps\_result= Zed don't feel pain, so it takes them awhile to realize they've been, say, skewered on a wooden pole like a shish-kabob. This is the basis for our new zombie traps: pointy sticks with little hooks that we place at chest height. The zed walk right into them and end up stuck and easy to dispatch.\n\nWe can now build traps in any workshop, and install them around buildings to keep down the zombie population there.

tech\_avoidance\_name= Zombie Avoidance

tech\_avoidance\_info= 25% less danger from mission distance

tech\_avoidance\_result= I drew the short straw and had to be the guinea pig for this one. Research involved everything from sneaking barefoot past zed while holding my breath, to covering myself in revolting zombie guts and lurching around like I was one of them.\n\nThat actually worked pretty well, until I started puking from the smell. I marked that approach as "emergencies only".

tech\_towers\_name= Watch Towers

tech\_towers\_info= Defensive building upgrade

tech\_towers\_result= We can now upgrade our buildings with basic watch towers. These simple structures will give our guards a better view of the surrounding blocks and our snipers a good place to shoot from.

tech\_irrigation\_name= Irrigation

tech\_irrigation\_info= Prevent drought, higher max food

tech\_irrigation\_result= When I went into engineering, I thought I'd be sitting at a cozy desk inventing things, not up to my knees in mud digging irrigation canals.\n\nBut if it doesn't rain we need to get water some other way, and we no longer have the big electric pumps to bring it in from reservoirs outside town. So, this is why my back hurts like hell now.

tech\_signs\_name= Signposts

tech\_signs\_info= Attract survivors

tech\_signs\_result= [We] got to practice [our] art skills making big graffiti murals around the city that point the way to our fort. On some the text is so stylized you can't really read it, but what's important is it looks awesome.\n\nThe great thing about using signs to attract survivors is that zombies can't read, so we don't have to worry about attracting them too. Let's just hope that the living who see those signs all have good intentions...

tech\_teaching\_name= Improved Teaching

tech\_teaching\_info= 50% more skill from training

tech\_teaching\_result= Some people used to think there were "visual learners" and "audial learners", but I'm pretty sure that was a bunch of BS made up by psychologists to justify their paychecks. There are a lot of different ways to learn, but the most effective way is to learn by doing.\n\nSo we're going with a more hands-on approach to teaching from now on. Which is easy, because there's a helluva lot of stuff that needs to be done around here. Why shoot at targets when there are real zombies that need killing?

tech\_vectors\_name= Disease Vectors

tech\_vectors\_info= Reduced chance of zombie bites

tech\_vectors\_result= We know the disease is communicable via zombie saliva getting into the blood stream through a bite. I admit we still don't know if sharing a glass of water or having unprotected sex with a zombie would infect you, but it's a fair bet you wouldn't want to try.\n\nWe now also know that most mammals can catch the disease including dogs, cats and rats. You wouldn't believe how adorable zombie rats can be.

tech\_armor\_name= Anti-Zombie Armor

tech\_armor\_info= 25% better zombie defense

tech\_armor\_result= They didn't like my first prototype of a zombie "bear suit". Head to toe protection, it was 100% zombie proof... but you couldn't really walk in the thing. Or breathe.\n\nVersion 2.0 was better received. A simple piece of PVC pipe over the forearm makes an excellent shield. And we'd noticed that zed go for the jugular much like wild animals, so wearing a scarf or leather neckband could save your life.

tech\_bunkers\_name= Bunker Towers

tech\_bunkers\_info= Defensive building upgrade

tech\_bunkers\_result= We can now add a bunker to any building inside our fort. These replace our old watchtowers with a more fortified structure that should help us better fend off zombie attacks.

tech\_fertilizer\_name= Fertilizer

tech\_fertilizer\_info= Extra food from farms, higher max food

tech\_fertilizer\_result= Ever heard of a thing called "night soil"? Let's just say, you might not want to know where our fertilizer comes from.\n\nBut so far it's very effective. Just mixing a little into the soil we plant our seedlings in has increased food output of the farms by 1 ration per day.

tech\_paramedics\_name= Paramedic Training

tech\_paramedics\_info= 10% better chance of injury instead of death

tech\_paramedics\_result= The most important part of first aid training is CPR. But nobody could agree on the "right" way to do it. Five pumps on the chest then two breaths, or was it seven pumps and five breaths?\n\nThen people worried about catching STDs from giving mouth to mouth so they took the breathing part right out. Then victims started suing their rescuers for accidentally breaking ribs, and hell what's the point of even trying.\n\nThe one rule is: act. Do something, \_anything\_ and you might save a life.

tech\_scouting\_name= Improved Scouting

tech\_scouting\_info= Reveal further when scouting

tech\_scouting\_result= Come to me, my sons and daughters, and I will teach you the way of the ranger.\n\nActually it's nothing so dramatic. Good scouting is about getting to the top of something tall, keeping your eyes and ears open, and getting the hell out of there at the first sign of danger.\n\nWe can now see further when scouting.

tech\_attractors\_name= Zombie Bait

tech\_attractors\_info= Draw in zed to a building

tech\_attractors\_result= There are two reasons you might want to attract a zombie. One, to get it the hell out of somewhere you don't want it. Two, to get it right up \_into\_ somewhere that somebody else doesn't want it.\n\nThese revolting devices are made of meat and stink to high heaven... in a way that simply delights the undead. I'd advise any engineers making these things in a workshop to wear a face mask.

tech\_fences\_name= Improved Walls

tech\_fences\_info= Better fort-wide defense

tech\_fences\_result= Taller! Wider! Stronger! Using modern wall construction technology we... ah who am I kidding. We just piled a bunch more junk on there and added some pointy sticks.

tech\_generators\_name= Generator Power

tech\_generators\_info= 10% faster workshop crafting

tech\_generators\_result= Hospitals, prisons, government buildings, fancy condos and rural homes often have gas or diesel-powered generators for backup power. We don't have enough to provide electricity to every home, but we've set up a system to power our workshops and other essential buildings during the hours we need them.

tech\_searchlights\_name= Searchlights

tech\_searchlights\_info= Attract more survivors

tech\_searchlights\_result= It suddenly feels like a Hollywood movie premiere here in [CityName]. We set up two powerful beams of light to run for several hours a night, broadcasting our existence to any survivors within at least twenty miles. Hopefully they'll see it and come join us.\n\nWith no other light pollution to compete, our little bat signals pierce the sky and light up the clouds like they're on fire. It's a beautiful sight.\n\n

tech\_medkits\_name= Medkits & Medicine

tech\_medkits\_info= Craftable medicine in workshops

tech\_medkits\_result= The placebo effect is a powerful force. Sugar pills labeled "all natural!" and "no side effects!" used to be touted as vitamin supplements or herbal remedies, to help you "boost your immune system" or "eliminate cancer-causing free radicals!". But none of it was real, except for your own belief that they did something.\n\nWe developed a system for sorting and distributing medicine, and it starts with tossing all that homeopathic snake oil into the trash. We can now bundle the \_real\_ medicine into medkits for use in the field.

tech\_traps2\_name= Advanced Traps

tech\_traps2\_info= Better craftable zed traps

tech\_traps2\_result= The old zombie shish-kabob trap system worked pretty well, but they fill up fast and need to be emptied out regularly. Our improved slice-o-matic style traps are designed to reduce zombie mobility by cutting them into little bitty bits.\n\nOur engineers can build these in any workshop and they're a cinch to deploy. We've replaced all our regular traps with them.

tech\_silence\_name= Fort Silence

tech\_silence\_info= Fewer hidden zombies spawn beside the fort

tech\_silence\_result= Noise and light constantly attract more undead to our walls. To reduce this, we set up a "lights out" policy at night, then we added dampening to our walls, making them a little taller and knobblier so they'll deflect sound back into the fort.\n\nWe also sound dampened our busiest common buildings and the generators, and blacked out windows in the rooms we use at night. If we could have moved the whole town underground, we would have. This'll have to do for now.

tech\_construction2\_name= Advanced Construction

tech\_construction2\_info= Build and fortify 25% faster

tech\_construction2\_result= We've now got the blueprints, tech specifications and hardware we need to put up some new buildings in [CityName].\n\nI know it's not necessary that the new buildings really look right, I mean why can't you just put a chalkboard in a McNoodles and call it a school? But our builders are very proud, and what we're making here is more than just a temporary refugee camp.\n\nWe're rebuilding [CityName] properly, the way it should be.

tech\_fireworks\_name= Fireworks

tech\_fireworks\_info= Craftable entertainment

tech\_fireworks\_result= We can now build fireworks in any workshop. Not only do these beautiful explosions delight the living, they have a strange hypnotic effect on the undead. A good ten minute light show will leave them docile and distracted for most of the night.

tech\_doctors\_name= Doctor Training

tech\_doctors\_info= Extra 10% chance of injury instead of death

tech\_doctors\_result= [We] gathered together all the medical textbooks and emergency care manuals [we] could find, then condensed it into a two-week crash course in battlefield medicine. Everyone who leaves the fort should have someone with this training with them from now on.\n\nHopefully it'll save lives.

tech\_hostiles\_name= Spotting Spies

tech\_hostiles\_info= Saboteur units become visible

tech\_hostiles\_result= [We]'ve finished researching saboteur tactics, and the behavior of the other factions here in [CityName]. I'm pretty confident we'll be able to identify them now at long range as they move through the city. We won't let these spies slip past our defenses any longer. At least not without warning.

tech\_antivenom\_name= Antivenom

tech\_antivenom\_info= Reduces chance of death by zombie bite

tech\_antivenom\_result= Apply the antivenom immediately after zombie bite to neutralize the infection before it can take root. Once symptoms occur, it is too late. May have reduced effectiveness after repeat usage due to interference by the body's immune system.

tech\_turrets\_name= Turret Towers

tech\_turrets\_info= Defensive building upgrade

tech\_turrets\_result= The ultimate in defensive upgrades, adding large stationary guns to our buildings will seriously increase the killing power and help us deal with large hordes and armored enemies.

tech\_pesticides\_name= Pesticides

tech\_pesticides\_info= Prevent pests, improved farming, higher max food

tech\_pesticides\_result= Good old DDT. You know, that stuff's practically harmless to humans. People got all panicked about it back in the day for nothing. Could have cured malaria if we'd kept spraying mosquitoes with the stuff. Could have saved a hundred million lives if we weren't so scared of the possible side effects.\n\nThis pesticide we just finished developing is way worse for us, but we've got much more real things to be scared of. Funny how starvation changed everyone's point of view on stuff like organic food and gm crops. Who the hell cares.

tech\_electricfences\_name= Electrified Walls

tech\_electricfences\_info= Improved fort-wide defense

tech\_electricfences\_result= Now these are some serious goddamn walls! Concrete three feet thick with a shock at the top that'll fling a body like you wouldn't believe. Living or undead, when that juice hits their muscles they'll do backflips like an olympic gymnast and land back on the ground.\n\nThere's also an alarm that goes off if this happens. So long as we have the electricity to keep running this system, I'm going to sleep much better at night.

tech\_mobs\_name= Preemptive Strikes

tech\_mobs\_info= Less dangerous to attack enemy units

tech\_mobs\_result= "Kill or be killed." "Get them before they get you." Developing the tactics we needed to ambush an enemy on the move was only half the challenge. The other half was enforcing the psychological view that we were in danger in the first place.\n\nWas that \_really\_ a raiding party coming to steal our food? Or were they innocently going about their own business? Were those really weapons of mass destruction? The point is, we no longer care.

tech\_defenserepeat\_name= Improved Defense

tech\_defenserepeat\_info= Increase building defense by 1% per level, repeat

tech\_defenserepeat\_result= We've made some more small improvements to our walls and night watch routine that should slightly increase our fort's defense.\n\nWe'll continue researching this further.

tech\_farmsrepeat\_name= Improved Farms

tech\_farmsrepeat\_info= 1% bonus to food production per level, repeat

tech\_farmsrepeat\_result= By studying the local soil and weather we've made some small improvements to our farming methods that should result in a slight increase to food production.\n\nWe'll continue researching this further.

tech\_skillrepeat\_name= Increased Skills

tech\_skillrepeat\_info= Gain skills 1% faster per level, repeat

tech\_skillrepeat\_result= Better training methods and access to more research materials have allowed us to slightly increase the rate at which our survivors learn new skills.\n\nWe'll continue researching this further.

tech\_cure\_name= The Cure

tech\_cure\_info= Full immunity from zombieism

tech\_cure\_result= We've vaccinated the entire fort against the disease, meaning we're all immune now. Hurrah! But this powerful cure has another application: when delivered to a zombie's nervous system it kills the infection in seconds and the corpse drops dead.\n\nWe're dipping our bullets and coating our weapons in the stuff. It's almost too good to be true...

resource\_food\_resourceName= Food

resource\_food\_resourceInfo= Ya eat it

resource\_materials\_resourceName= Materials

resource\_materials\_resourceInfo= Construction supplies needed to build and reclaim

resource\_ammo\_resourceName= Ammunition

resource\_ammo\_resourceInfo= Used automatically whenever someone shoots a gun

resource\_fuel\_resourceName= Fuel

resource\_fuel\_resourceInfo= Used to fuel cars and special buildings during events

resource\_medicine\_resourceName= Medicine

resource\_medicine\_resourceInfo= Used to heal people during events

resource\_bombs\_resourceName= Explosives

resource\_bombs\_resourceInfo= Instantly kills all the zombies on one building

resource\_bombs\_confirmText= Pick a building with some zombies to blow up

resource\_bombs\_resultTitle= Ka-booom!

resource\_bombs\_resultText= We blew those zombies to kingdom come!

resource\_attractors\_resourceName= Zombie Bait

resource\_attractors\_resourceInfo= Lures in zombies from nearby buildings over time

resource\_attractors\_confirmText= Pick a place to install the Zombie Bait

resource\_attractors\_resultTitle= Zombie Bait Set

resource\_attractors\_resultText= We installed a Zombie Attraction System in that [square]. Once zed get a whiff of that bait, they'll be all over it like me on my first date.\n\nErr.. that wasn't very appropriate. I should say, they'll be all over it like zombies on a particularly stinky pile of fresh meat.

resource\_medkits\_resourceName= Medkits

resource\_medkits\_resourceInfo= Instantly heals an injured survivor

resource\_medkits\_confirmText= Pick an injured survivor to heal

resource\_medkits\_resultTitle= Miraculous Recovery

resource\_medkits\_resultText= No madam, it's only the miracle of modern medicine. We patched [Name] right up using one of our medkits.

resource\_traps\_resourceName= Zombie Traps

resource\_traps\_resourceInfo= Kills zombies in one building over time

resource\_traps\_confirmText= Choose a place to install a zombie trap

resource\_traps\_resultTitle= Trap Set

resource\_traps\_resultText= This [square] is now primed with a [CityName] patented Zombie Inhibitor System, designed to catch, kill or otherwise incapacitate zombies that enter the area from now on.\n\nIt starts out slow, but after a week you'll really see those bodies pile up!

resource\_fireworks\_resourceName= Fireworks

resource\_fireworks\_resourceInfo= Instantly improves survivor happiness

resource\_fireworks\_confirmText= Are you sure you want to light these babies up?

resource\_fireworks\_resultTitle= Fireworks!

resource\_fireworks\_resultText= There's fire in the sky, and I don't know why, but I think it's time to dance like it's 1999.

resource\_bathsalts\_resourceName= Bath Salts

resource\_bathsalts\_resourceInfo= Used like ammo to make soldiers happier & more effective

resource\_cure\_resourceName= Cure Doses

resource\_cure\_resourceInfo= New survivors will automatically be immunized

tutorial\_welcome\_caption= Diane Moon

tutorial\_welcome\_text= Eu n\u00e3o vou mentir para voc\u00ea [Name]... essa cidade ja viu dias melhores. It's overrun by the undead. No power, no running water, no food except what we scavenge or grow ourselves.

tutorial\_welcome2\_caption= Diane Moon

tutorial\_welcome2\_text= Drag the map to look around and scroll or pinch to zoom. We're safe in our 5 reclaimed buildings, but the darker ones outside are teeming with zed. [Tap] a building for more info.

tutorial\_guards\_caption= Dragging a survivor

tutorial\_guards\_text= Someone's defending this building, but there are no massed zombies nearby to defend from! Drag this survivor to another building and assign them to something useful.

tutorial\_fortBuildings\_caption= Reclaimed Buildings

tutorial\_fortBuildings\_text= Once we've reclaimed a building into our fort, we can use it for housing, farming, defense, or other things depending on the building type. Our goal is to reclaim [completionGoal] buildings.

tutorial\_nonfortBuildings\_caption= Outside Buildings

tutorial\_nonfortBuildings\_text= Buildings outside the fort might contain food, supplies, and survivors. But there are also zombies lurking out there, so watch out! Drag a survivor onto a building to send them on a mission.

tutorial\_scouting\_caption= Scouting

tutorial\_scouting\_text= We won't know what's in a building until we send someone to scout it. Scouting also reveals how many zombies are milling around there, and makes later missions safer.

tutorial\_recruit\_caption= Recruiting survivors

tutorial\_recruit\_text= Other survivors! We should recruit them, assuming we have enough houses and food for them. <font color="#003EBA">Leaders</font> are better at recruiting missions.

tutorial\_reclaiming\_caption= Reclaiming buildings

tutorial\_reclaiming\_text= If a building is beside our fort and zombie-free, it's safe to reclaim and extend our fort walls around it. <font color="#0DBA00">Builders</font> will get the job done faster.

tutorial\_scavenging\_caption= Scavenging for food

tutorial\_scavenging\_text= You'll have the best chance of finding food in houses or grocery stores. Places like malls may have valuable equipment. <font color="#E5B000">Scavengers</font> find more stuff, faster.

tutorial\_killing\_caption= Killing Zombies

tutorial\_killing\_text= Zed are everywhere. Drag a <font color="#EC1C24">soldier</font> out of the fort and pick the gun icon to kill zombies. Do it regularly so they can't grow into a massed horde and attack us.

tutorial\_killingStarted\_caption= Killing Zombies

tutorial\_killingStarted\_text= Clearing out stray zombies stops them from becoming massed hordes, but until you reclaim the building, new zombies will just keep shambling back into it.

tutorial\_tech\_caption= Research

tutorial\_tech\_text= Research projects can give many different fort-wide bonuses. For best results, assign <font color="#AE1CC4">engineers</font> to research in a laboratory.

tutorial\_workshop\_caption= Crafting

tutorial\_workshop\_text= Assign survivors to craft items in workshops, from ammunition to anti-zombie traps once they are researched in a lab. <font color="#AE1CC4">Engineers</font> are faster at it.

tutorial\_useless\_caption= Useless Building

tutorial\_useless\_text= Some buildings have no use to us. We should have a <font color="#0DBA00">builder</font> replace these with something better. Farms are a good bet since there's only so much food to scavenge out there.

tutorial\_radial\_caption= Mission types

tutorial\_radial\_text= Drag survivors onto buildings to assign them to missions. Stack extra survivors on to finish missions faster and with less danger.

tutorial\_stack\_caption= Stacked Survivors

tutorial\_stack\_text= [Tap] (or [tap] and hold) a stack of survivors to spread them apart so you can select individuals. Survivors assigned to missions together may become friends... or enemies.

tutorial\_colinPanel\_caption= Diane Moon

tutorial\_colinPanel\_text= [Tap] a survivor's name to see their skills and other information.

tutorial\_skills\_caption= A level 4 leader

tutorial\_skills\_text= Every survivor learns one skill: <font color="#003EBA">leaders</font> by leading, <font color="#0DBA00">builders</font> by building, and so on. They can change by training at a school. You're special [Name]: you can improve all five skills.

tutorial\_missionDanger\_caption= A dangerous mission

tutorial\_missionDanger\_text= Survivors can be injured or killed if they scavenge too far away or head out to kill zombies without scouting first. Drag on an extra <font color="#EC1C24">soldier</font> to make a mission safer.

tutorial\_starvation\_caption= Starvation!

tutorial\_starvation\_text= Adults need to eat 1 food ration per day. Running out upsets everyone, and people may stop working, become sick, or leave the city. Scavenge or reclaim a farm so we have something to eat.

tutorial\_hurt\_caption= Injury and death

tutorial\_hurt\_text= If someone gets injured, lucky for them it wasn't worse. They'll have to spend a few days recovering before they can work again. People recover faster in hospitals.

tutorial\_happiness\_caption= Keep them smiling

tutorial\_happiness\_text= See that smiley face on the left? That's the average happiness of our survivors. If it's low people might refuse to work, or worse. Churches, bars, and time off missions make people happier.

tutorial\_speed\_caption= Speed controls

tutorial\_speed\_text= Adjust the game's speed via the clock icon at the bottom right. If you switch it to paused, you can play in turn-based mode instead.

tutorial\_zombieUnit\_caption= A massed zombie horde

tutorial\_zombieUnit\_text= When zed gather beside our walls they turn into a dangerous massed horde. It will attack soon, so better post someone on guard duty beside it. <font color="#EC1C24">Soldiers</font> make the best defenders.

tutorial\_dangerHigh\_caption= High danger level

tutorial\_dangerHigh\_text= Zombies are massing at our walls! They'll attack the weakest adjacent building soon. The danger icon at the bottom left shows how bad it will be.

tutorial\_unpause\_caption= The go button

tutorial\_unpause\_text= Press the GO button to start time ticking. The game will pause automatically when a menu is showing.

tutorial\_factions\_caption= Gustav the Trader

tutorial\_factions\_text= Other factions have their own forts here in [CityName], and they aren't necessarily friendly. If they like us they'll send trading convoys. If not, watch out for raiders.

tutorial\_oneuse\_caption= Resources

tutorial\_oneuse\_text= Looks like you've got an instant-use item. [Tap] one of the resource buttons to the left to open the resources info menu. You can check the fort's inventory and use instant-use items from there.

tutorial\_materialsLow\_caption= Low on Materials

tutorial\_materialsLow\_text= We're low on materials. Our <font color="#0DBA00">builders</a> need them to reclaim or build buildings. We can get more by demolishing buildings or chopping wood in the forest.

tutorial\_ammoGone\_caption= Out of Ammo

tutorial\_ammoGone\_text= We've run out of ammunition. Any guns our survivors have equipped will no longer give a defensive bonus. Our <font color="#AE1CC4">engineers</font> can craft more ammo in a workshop.

tutorial\_equipment\_caption= Out of Ammo

tutorial\_equipment\_text= Each survivor can hold one weapon and one tool that improve their skills. If you find a piece of equipment in an event, [tap] on the +1 equipment icon to equip it.

tutorial\_houses\_caption= Need More Houses

tutorial\_houses\_text= Suburbs and apartment buildings each have room for [numColinsPerSuburb] survivors. We're full up, so we will need to reclaim or build more houses before we can recruit anyone else.

tutorial\_policies\_caption= Policies

tutorial\_policies\_text= Policies have permanent effects for the fort after you choose them. They can be changed later from the Government tab of the info menu.

tutorial\_infoMenu\_caption= Info Buttons

tutorial\_infoMenu\_text= [Tap] any of the icons along the left of the screen to open the info menu. It'll let you keep tabs on survivors, resources, other factions and government management.

tutorial\_goal\_caption= Diane Moon

tutorial\_goal\_text= Hey, looks like we're still alive! Good start. Remember our goal here in [CityName] is to grow our fort to at least [completionGoal] buildings.

square\_mall\_name= mega mall

square\_mall\_desc= People used to spend hours aimlessly shuffling around these temples of commerce. Nothing's changed, eh?

square\_mall\_descShort= People used to spend hours aimlessly shuffling around these temples of commerce.

square\_allmart\_name= Allmart

square\_allmart\_desc= Everything you could want from guns to decorative candles. Gardening shears big enough to cut a head off? They got 'em.

square\_allmart\_descShort= Everything you could want from guns to decorative candles.

square\_hospital\_name= hospital

square\_hospital\_desc= Survivors heal faster in hospitals, either due to the placebo effect or because once you're in there you'll do anything to get out.

square\_hospital\_descShort= Survivors heal faster in hospitals.

square\_laboratory\_name= laboratory

square\_laboratory\_plural= laboratories

square\_laboratory\_desc= Here our engineers can research everything from zombie behavior to how they used to get the caramel into all those Caramilk bars.

square\_laboratory\_descShort= Engineers can research here.

square\_police\_name= police station

square\_police\_desc= Police stations are the heart of our protection against the outside world. They give +[arg1] defense, and +[arg2] to neighboring buildings.

square\_police\_descShort= Increased defense by +[arg1], and gives +[arg2] to neighboring buildings.

square\_church\_name= church

square\_church\_plural= churches

square\_church\_desc= Our churches are multi-faith spiritual centers. Now offering over two dozen afterlives to go to when you die. Increases happiness.

square\_church\_descShort= Increases happiness especially in devout survivors.

square\_apartment\_name= apartment

square\_apartment\_desc= Home sweet home for [arg1] survivors, if they don't mind the 70's decor and avocado-green appliances.

square\_apartment\_descShort= Home sweet home for [arg1] survivors.

square\_burbs\_name= suburb

square\_burbs\_plural= suburbs

square\_burbs\_desc= Cookie cutter houses for [arg1] survivors to live in, assuming you can tell them apart to know which one is yours.

square\_burbs\_descShort= Cookie cutter houses for [arg1] survivors to live in.

square\_convenience\_name= 8-12 mart

square\_convenience\_desc= A convenient place to buy smokes, junk food, and cola by the bucket. How did we ever survive?

square\_convenience\_descShort= A convenient place to buy smokes, junk food, and cola by the bucket.

square\_gas\_name= Xxor gas

square\_gas\_plural= Xxor gases

square\_gas\_desc= Cities ran out of fuel during the early days of the big panic, but you can still find cars with gas in their tanks.

square\_gas\_descShort= Cities ran out of fuel during the early days of the big panic.

square\_mcnoodles\_name= McNoodles

square\_mcnoodles\_plural= McNoodles

square\_mcnoodles\_desc= What was that jingle? "You deserve a break today, have some noodles made your way". Makes my mouth water just thinking about it.

square\_mcnoodles\_descShort= Makes my mouth water just thinking about it.

square\_motel\_name= motel

square\_motel\_desc= I've heard bed bugs can survive for ages without food but I wonder just how long? [arg1] lucky survivors can live here and find out.

square\_motel\_descShort= [arg1] lucky survivors can sleep with the bedbugs here.

square\_office\_name= office

square\_office\_desc= We used to spend our lives in these offices, chained to desks, drinking cheap watery coffee to keep from falling into a boredom coma.

square\_office\_descShort= We used to spend our lives in these offices.

square\_trailerpark\_name= trailer park

square\_trailerpark\_desc= This place looked like a disaster zone even before the disease hit. There's room for [arg1] survivors to live here.

square\_trailerpark\_descShort= Room for [arg1] survivors to live here.

square\_warehouse\_name= warehouse

square\_warehouse\_desc= Adds +50 food storage. You never know what you'll find in these. Boxes of PVC pipes? A room filled with pillows? Expired dog food? Yum!

square\_warehouse\_descShort= Adds +50 food storage.

square\_graveyard\_name= graveyard

square\_graveyard\_desc= The dead never crawled out of their graves like in the movies, but zombies do seem strangely drawn to this horrible place.

square\_graveyard\_descShort= Zombies do seem strangely drawn to this horrible place.

square\_park\_name= park

square\_park\_desc= The squirrels, pigeons and rabbits have been multiplying like crazy. Good eating if you know how to trap them.

square\_park\_descShort= The squirrels, pigeons and rabbits have been multiplying like crazy and can be hunted here.

square\_field\_name= field

square\_field\_desc= The deer are thriving in the city's green spaces. They may be faster than the zombies, but they can't outrun a hunter's bullet.

square\_field\_descShort= The deer are thriving in the city's green spaces and can be hunted here.

square\_farm\_name= farm

square\_farm\_desc= Farms produce [arg1] food per day and provide valuable vitamins you can't get from canned SPAM. Farming here increases the yield.

square\_farm\_descShort= Produces [arg1] food per day and can be actively farmed for more.

square\_farmTall\_name= big farm

square\_farmTall\_desc= Big farms produce [arg1] food every day of healthy crops like chard and turnips. Posting full-time farmers here increases the yield.

square\_farmTall\_descShort= Big farms produce [arg1] food every day and can be actively farmed for more.

square\_rubble\_name= rubble

square\_rubble\_plural= rubble

square\_rubble\_desc= An ex-building. It probably burned down during the early days of panic and mayhem.

square\_rubble\_descShort= An ex-building.

square\_parking\_name= parking lot

square\_parking\_desc= Other than siphoning fuel from the cars' tanks, this parking lot is as useless as it is ugly.

square\_parking\_descShort= This parking lot is as useless as it is ugly.

square\_school\_name= school

square\_school\_desc= Survivors can train here to increase their skills. It's faster and much safer than the usual way.

square\_school\_descShort= Survivors can train here to increase their skills.

square\_bar\_name= bar

square\_bar\_desc= Sometimes you want to go where everybody knows your name. Or settle for any place with alcohol left. Increases happiness.

square\_bar\_descShort= Increases happiness.

square\_pawnshop\_name= pawn shop

square\_pawnshop\_desc= They've got enough used instruments here to start an orchestra. I call trombone!

square\_pawnshop\_descShort= They've got enough used instruments here to start an orchestra.

square\_grocery\_name= grocery

square\_grocery\_plural= groceries

square\_grocery\_desc= I never appreciated how we used to get strawberries all year round from markets like this.

square\_grocery\_descShort= I never appreciated how we used to get strawberries all year round from markets like this.

square\_drivein\_name= drive-in

square\_drivein\_desc= I wonder if the new [Batman|Star Trek|Wolverine|Bond] movie's out yet? Oh wait... right.

square\_drivein\_descShort= I wonder if the new [Batman|Star Trek|Wolverine|Bond] movie's out yet? Oh wait... right.

square\_subway\_name= subway

square\_subway\_desc= If you can stand the darkness, it's actually safer to travel underground these days. Zed don't seem to like it down there.

square\_subway\_descShort= Zed don't seem to like it down there.

square\_bank\_name= bank

square\_bank\_desc= Thick bank walls can hold out zombies for a long time. It adds +[arg1] defense, and +[arg2] to the buildings surrounding it.

square\_bank\_descShort= Adds +[arg1] defense, and +[arg2] to the buildings surrounding it.

square\_cityhall\_name= city hall

square\_cityhall\_desc= A glorious center of government. Civic pride.

square\_cityhall\_descShort= A glorious center of government.

square\_farmHuge\_name= huge farm

square\_farmHuge\_desc= Huge farms produce [arg1] food every day, and make an impressive corn maze in the autumn.

square\_farmHuge\_descShort= Produces [arg1] food every day, and can be actively farmed for more.

square\_parkHuge\_name= huge park

square\_parkHuge\_desc= The pond's covered with scum now that the filtration stopped working, but the fish are fatter and happier than ever.

square\_parkHuge\_descShort= The fish in the spond are fatter and happier than ever.

square\_river\_name= river

square\_river\_desc= Zombies mill on the banks here but rarely enter the water. We can't reclaim the river but it makes a great natural barrier.

square\_river\_descShort= We can't reclaim the river but it makes a great natural barrier.

square\_bridge\_name= bridge

square\_bridge\_desc= This is the only place zombies can cross the river. Or humans for that matter.

square\_bridge\_descShort= This is the only place zombies can cross the river. Or humans for that matter.

square\_woods\_name= woods

square\_woods\_desc= Impassible deep forest at the edge of the city. Few zombies come through here so we can safely keep our backs to it.

square\_woods\_descShort= Few zombies come through here so we can safely keep our backs to it.

square\_ocean\_name= beach

square\_ocean\_desc= Zed can't swim, they just sort of bob helplessly in place. They can't dance either, but that doesn't come up as often.

square\_ocean\_descShort= Zed can't swim, they just sort of bob helplessly in place.

square\_dojo\_name= dojo

square\_dojo\_desc= Karate skills aren't as useful post-apocalypse as you'd think. Going hand-to-hand with Zed is only for the desperate and mad.

square\_dojo\_descShort= Going hand-to-hand with Zed is only for the desperate and mad.

square\_pigFarm\_name= pig farm

square\_pigFarm\_desc= I haven't seen a pig in years, but chickens survived and like all birds they're immune to the disease. Produces [arg1] rations per day.

square\_pigFarm\_descShort= Produces [arg1] rations per day and can be actively farmed for more.

square\_pharmacy\_name= pharmacy

square\_pharmacy\_plural= pharmacies

square\_pharmacy\_desc= Land-o-drugs. Also post office, photo services, consumer electronics, groceries, home & garden and so much more.

square\_pharmacy\_descShort= Oost office, photos, consumer electronics, groceries, home & garden and more.

square\_bigBurbs\_name= suburbs

square\_bigBurbs\_desc= Subdivisions were named after what was destroyed to make room for them. "Pinewood Grove" has homes for [arg1] survivors.

square\_bigBurbs\_descShort= Homes for [arg1] survivors.

square\_skyscraper\_name= office tower

square\_skyscraper\_desc= Looks like a branch of Incredicorp, that old video game empire. I used to have all their games.

square\_skyscraper\_descShort= Looks like a branch of Incredicorp, that old video game empire.

square\_workshop\_name= workshop

square\_workshop\_desc= A place to make things, fix things, and take things apart.

square\_workshop\_descShort= Engineers can make things here.

square\_restaurant\_name= restaurant

square\_restaurant\_desc= Another one of those hipster eateries whose decor says greasy spoon, and prices say you're better off just eating your money.

square\_restaurant\_descShort= Another one of those hipster eateries.

square\_waterTreatment\_name= water treatment plant

square\_waterTreatment\_desc= The city's running water is dependent on this plant. Important for health and happiness.

square\_waterTreatment\_descShort= Important for health and happiness.

square\_powerPlant\_name= power plant

square\_powerPlant\_desc= A small natural gas plant that might be simple enough for a few engineers to operate.

square\_powerPlant\_descShort= A small natural gas plant.

square\_radio\_name= radio station

square\_radio\_desc= A tower like this could broadcast our message a hundred miles away. What should it be: easy listening, or golden oldies?

square\_radio\_descShort= A tower like this could broadcast our message a hundred miles away.

square\_clothing\_name= clothing store

square\_clothing\_desc= Trashy, revealing clothing for your darling angel teenage daughter.

square\_clothing\_descShort= Trashy, revealing clothing for your darling angel teenage daughter.

square\_games\_name= game store

square\_games\_desc= This store went out of business long before the zombies came. Replaced by digital markets, just like all the book and music stores.

square\_games\_descShort= This store went out of business long before the zombies came.

square\_fire\_name= fire department

square\_fire\_desc= Well I'm not on fire so it must be working.

square\_fire\_descShort= Well I'm not on fire so it must be working.

square\_hills\_name= hills

square\_hills\_desc= The beginning of impassible mountains at the edge of the city. There's nothing out here, not even Zed.

square\_hills\_descShort= The beginning of impassible mountains at the edge of the city.

square\_airplane\_name= disused farm

square\_airplane\_desc= There's an antique biplane on this old farm. I wonder if we could get it flying again.

square\_airplane\_descShort= There's an antique biplane on this old farm.

square\_cafe\_name= cafe

square\_cafe\_desc= Coffee always used to make me jumpy. Now I can get that effect for free just by taking a stroll outside the walls.

square\_cafe\_descShort= Coffee always used to make me jumpy.

square\_mallSmall\_name= mall

square\_mallSmall\_desc= People used to spend hours aimlessly shuffling around these temples of commerce. Nothing's changed, eh?

square\_mallSmall\_descShort= People used to spend hours aimlessly shuffling around these temples of commerce.

faction\_unknown\_factionName= Unknown Faction

faction\_unknown\_short= Unknown Faction

faction\_unknown\_ownership= Unknown Faction's

faction\_unknown\_nothe= Unknown Faction

faction\_unknown\_adjective= Unknown

faction\_unknown\_desc= Unknown Faction.

faction\_unknown\_specialty= Unknown Faction

faction\_riffs\_factionName= The Granville Riffs

faction\_riffs\_short= The Riffs

faction\_riffs\_ownership= the Riffs'

faction\_riffs\_nothe= Riffs

faction\_riffs\_adjective= Riff

faction\_riffs\_desc= Disciplined followers of the ancient art of Karate. Led by Malik, they respect strength and honor and may be hired as mercenaries.

faction\_riffs\_specialty= Specialty: katanas, roundhouse kicks

faction\_judgment\_factionName= The Last Judgment Gang

faction\_judgment\_short= The Last Judgment

faction\_judgment\_ownership= the Last Judgment's

faction\_judgment\_nothe= Last Judgment Gang

faction\_judgment\_adjective= Last Judgment

faction\_judgment\_desc= A fearsome biker gang who believe they have God on their side. Led by disgraced priest and former Hells Angel Father O'Grady.

faction\_judgment\_specialty= Specialty: guns, motorcycles, Bibles

faction\_chosen\_factionName= The Church of the Chosen Ones

faction\_chosen\_short= The Chosen Ones

faction\_chosen\_ownership= the Chosen Ones'

faction\_chosen\_nothe= Chosen Ones

faction\_chosen\_adjective= Chosen Ones

faction\_chosen\_desc= A strange but seemingly harmless cult led by the whimsical Cassandra Starr. They worship zombies who they call "The Chosen Ones".

faction\_chosen\_specialty= Specialty: new age music, suspicious koolaid

faction\_pigfarmers\_factionName= The Pig Farmers

faction\_pigfarmers\_short= The Pig Farmers

faction\_pigfarmers\_ownership= the Pig Farmers'

faction\_pigfarmers\_nothe= Pig Farmers

faction\_pigfarmers\_adjective= Pig Farmer

faction\_pigfarmers\_desc= Farmer Bucket and his sons tend to keep to themselves, but have a plentiful supply of pork that they'll trade at discount prices.

faction\_pigfarmers\_specialty= Specialty: cheap meat

faction\_luddies\_factionName= The Luddies

faction\_luddies\_short= The Luddies

faction\_luddies\_ownership= the Luddies'

faction\_luddies\_nothe= Luddies

faction\_luddies\_adjective= Luddie

faction\_luddies\_desc= "King" Owen Ludd runs this group of vegan farmers who think we're better off now without tv, cell phones or GM produce.

faction\_luddies\_specialty= Specialty: tinfoil hats, heritage tomatoes

faction\_stmichaels\_factionName= St Michael's School for Boys

faction\_stmichaels\_short= St Michael's

faction\_stmichaels\_ownership= St Michael's

faction\_stmichaels\_nothe= kids

faction\_stmichaels\_adjective= St Michaels

faction\_stmichaels\_desc= Rufus and the other boys in this private boarding school have been surviving on their scavenging skills since the teachers left.

faction\_stmichaels\_specialty= Specialty: pranks, food fights

faction\_rotten\_factionName= The Rotten

faction\_rotten\_short= The Rotten

faction\_rotten\_ownership= the Rotten's

faction\_rotten\_nothe= Rotten

faction\_rotten\_adjective= Rotten

faction\_rotten\_desc= Their bodies may be decomposing, but Jesse and the Rotten still have their minds. They live in the subway tunnels to avoid people.

faction\_rotten\_specialty= Specialty: blending in with the undead

faction\_government\_factionName= The Government

faction\_government\_short= The Government

faction\_government\_ownership= the Government's

faction\_government\_nothe= Government

faction\_government\_adjective= Government

faction\_government\_desc= Senator Davis leads the last remnants of the local government. They'll do whatever it takes to regain control, even if it means war.

faction\_government\_specialty= Specialty: bureaucracy, bloated military budget

faction\_dahlias\_factionName= The Dahlias

faction\_dahlias\_short= The Dahlias

faction\_dahlias\_ownership= the Dahlias'

faction\_dahlias\_nothe= Dahlias

faction\_dahlias\_adjective= Dahlia

faction\_dahlias\_desc= Nell McClung's suburban womens social club will do whatever it takes to get back to living their lives of carefree luxury.

faction\_dahlias\_specialty= Specialty: opulence, gender equality

faction\_leetcrew\_factionName= 1337cREw

faction\_leetcrew\_short= The 1337cREw

faction\_leetcrew\_ownership= the 1337cREw's

faction\_leetcrew\_nothe= 1337cREw

faction\_leetcrew\_adjective= 1337cREw

faction\_leetcrew\_desc= Dara "Cryptico" Yu and her gaming clan used to pwn the local fps servers before the Internet went down. Now they want back online.

faction\_leetcrew\_specialty= Specialty: hacking, flame wars

faction\_pharmacists\_factionName= The Pharmacists

faction\_pharmacists\_short= The Pharmacists

faction\_pharmacists\_ownership= the Pharmacists'

faction\_pharmacists\_nothe= Pharmacists

faction\_pharmacists\_adjective= Pharmacist

faction\_pharmacists\_desc= An anarchistic group of drug dealers, gangsters, political activists, and other misfits. Tiff is the closest thing to a leader here.

faction\_pharmacists\_specialty= Specialty: "bath salts", angst

faction\_gustav\_factionName= Gustav the Trader

faction\_gustav\_short= Gustav's group

faction\_gustav\_ownership= Gustav's

faction\_gustav\_nothe= mercenaries

faction\_gustav\_adjective= Trader

faction\_gustav\_desc= A traveling trader, Gustav's home is on the road with his caravan. He knows everything has a price: food, weapons, secrets, even lives.

faction\_gustav\_specialty= Specialty: the fine art of bartering

policy\_rations\_name= Rations

policy\_rations\_text= It's funny, I never really cared about food before the war. Sure I'd eat when I was hungry, but it just seemed like a necessity to living. These days I fantasize for hours about chocolate bars or roast beef, the kind crusted with herbs and spices and cooked slow for hours until it nearly falls apart on your fork.\n\nIt would sure make people happy to put together a decent meal once in a while, but I know we have to watch our supplies.\n\nHow much food should our survivors eat?

policy\_rations\_0= Regular rations

policy\_rations\_1= Decreased rations

policy\_rations\_2= Increased rations

policy\_rations\_0\_text= One ration per survivor, per day. The bare amount needed to stay strong.

policy\_rations\_1\_text= 1000 calories a day? I've had milkshakes with more calories than that. We can technically survive on it our supplies will last twice as long, but people aren't going to be thrilled with the decision.

policy\_rations\_2\_text= Save me some ding-dongs and caramel-corn, cause [daddy]'s hungry for snacks. I've lost 60lbs in the last two years you know; Lets see if we can put some of that fat back where it belongs.\n\nDouble rations won't just make people fat and happy of course. It'll give us more energy to run around fighting zombies all day, which is hard work. The terror and adrenaline alone burn like 200 calories an hour.

policy\_rations\_0\_effect= Survivors each eat 1 food per day

policy\_rations\_1\_effect= Survivors eat 25% less food per day and happiness decreases

policy\_rations\_2\_effect= Survivors eat 25% more food per day and happiness increases

policy\_ammo\_name= Ammo use

policy\_ammo\_text= Every bullet counts now that they aren't making them anymore. We can save a lot of ammo if our soldiers close in on zombies before they start shooting. But I for one feel \_way\_ safer shooting those effers from the top of some building... even if I miss most of the time.\n\nHow much ammunition should we use?

policy\_ammo\_0= Balanced ammo use

policy\_ammo\_1= Spray and pray

policy\_ammo\_2= Conserve ammo when possible

policy\_ammo\_0\_text= We'll use ammo at a regular rate. Guns still aren't very useful if we ever run out...

policy\_ammo\_1\_text= All guns will have increased defense and ammo will be used up faster. No sense in saving ammo when using it might save lives. Killing zombies from a distance is much safer... so long as we don't run out of bullets entirely.

policy\_ammo\_2\_text= Zed are slow and predictable, so the best thing to do is let them amble right up to you before you shoot them cleanly once between the eyes. Or if you've really got the cojones, bash their heads in with a baseball bat. Just watch that you don't get any zombie blood in your eyes or mouth.\n\nGuns will be less effective, but we'll conserve ammo for when we really need it.

policy\_ammo\_0\_effect= No effect on danger or ammo usage

policy\_ammo\_1\_effect= Survivors using guns gain extra offense, but ammo is used more quickly

policy\_ammo\_2\_effect= Ammunition is used more slowly, but survivors with guns are less effective

policy\_guard\_name= Mandatory Guard Duty

policy\_guard\_text= Our permanently posted guards can't stay awake 24/7, so some of us have been taking turns watching the walls after dark while they rest. But not everybody. Others sleep peacefully through the night, snug in their beds, like the world isn't ending out there. Sure, not everyone's handy with a 12-gauge, but that's no reason to shirk duty, right?\n\nShould nighttime guard duty be mandatory?

policy\_guard\_0= Volunteer guards are enough

policy\_guard\_1= Everyone must do guard duty

policy\_guard\_0\_text= It sucks for those of us who have to do it, but there's no sense in forcing people to guard the walls if they aren't any good at it. They'll probably nod off or fire at a shadow and get the zed all riled up... right?

policy\_guard\_1\_text= I spent the afternoon organizing a timetable for guard duty that gives everyone three shifts a week with a maximum of four hours per watch. I based it on the traditional two-section dogged watch of the British Royal Navy, adjusted to account for conflicting daytime duties. I think everyone will agree my schedule is fair and balanced, and quite the thing of beauty.\n\nPeople are going to complain, especially those with no real skill at defense, but we'll be more secure with their eyes on watch.

policy\_guard\_0\_effect= Regular defense and happiness

policy\_guard\_1\_effect= Increased defense but decreased happiness for non-soldiers

policy\_scavengerrisk\_name= Scavenging risk

policy\_scavengerrisk\_text= We've all been there: you've ransacked a deserted house and already found more than you can carry. You're about to leave when you hear something bumping around in the garage. There could be anything in there: bicycles, chainsaws, maybe even a rifle. But is it worth the chance?\n\nHow much risk should our scavengers take?

policy\_scavengerrisk\_0= Balance risk and reward

policy\_scavengerrisk\_1= Get the easy stuff and get out

policy\_scavengerrisk\_2= Scavenge everything

policy\_scavengerrisk\_0\_text= It's worth a little extra danger if there's a chance of finding something useful. Our scavengers have to take chances every once in a while or could end up with no food or supplies; starving and defenseless.

policy\_scavengerrisk\_1\_text= Our scavengers will be extra cautious and won't ever face off against a zombie if they can help it. Stuff is never worth a human life.

policy\_scavengerrisk\_2\_text= We're going to have to kill every one of these zombies eventually, so there's no point in having our scavengers shy away from them. They'll take everything they can find, even if they have to take it off the corpse... of a corpse.

policy\_scavengerrisk\_0\_effect= Regular scavenging danger and hauls

policy\_scavengerrisk\_1\_effect= Reduced danger and find less stuff while scavenging

policy\_scavengerrisk\_2\_effect= Find more stuff but take longer doing it

policy\_cannibalism\_name= Cannibalism

policy\_cannibalism\_text= Food's increasingly scarce, but casualties are as high as ever. We're getting familiar with the feeling of real hunger: the cramping, the cold and listlessness. That feeling that you'd kill - I mean \_kill\_ - for a ham sandwich.\n\nEvery death is a tragedy, and not just because a friend is gone, but because by burying them we waste a precious source of food. I know some people don't want to hear this but...\n\nShould we consider eating our dead?

policy\_cannibalism\_0= Decide on a case-by-case basis

policy\_cannibalism\_1= Reject cannibalism

policy\_cannibalism\_2= Eat all dead bodies

policy\_cannibalism\_0\_text= Yeah, let's put this decision off for now. I'm not keen to gnaw on some dude's butt until I absolutely have to.

policy\_cannibalism\_1\_text= Of course, of course, what was I thinking! I'd never even \_dream\_ of eating our comrades. No sir, last night I was dreaming of eating roast pork. That was definitely pork in my dream, not my friend [Name2].

policy\_cannibalism\_2\_text= This was a hard decision, but if it's me who dies next, I want my body to be of use to my friends.\n\nFirst, we draw straws for who chops 'em up. The hands, feet, head and innards get a proper burial since they're too... recognizable. We roast the rest until the meat falls off the bones then make a stew out of it with whatever else we can scrape together. I gagged the first time I tried our "[CityName] stew", but the truth is it's delicious. People are delicious.

policy\_cannibalism\_0\_effect= Ask every time someone dies

policy\_cannibalism\_1\_effect= Ban eating the dead, may upset some factions

policy\_cannibalism\_2\_effect= Automatically increases food when someone dies

policy\_chosen\_name= Books from the Chosen Ones

policy\_chosen\_text= Hand-printed pamphlets have been showing up with titles like "The Spiritual Zombie" and "The Zed in Each of Us". They seem to be propaganda from the Church of the Chosen Ones. They call the virus a gift, and say we should respect and even worship the zombies.\n\nPeople seem to like these ideas, because it suggests the disease - all this death, everything - might serve a higher purpose. But this cult could be dangerous. Should our survivors be allowed to read this stuff?

policy\_chosen\_0= Allow Chosen Ones literature

policy\_chosen\_1= Ban cult books and literature

policy\_chosen\_0\_text= We believe in freedom of speech and freedom of thought. We can't start censoring ideas just because they're a little controversial. Who knows, these guys might even be right. From the way I see it, the zombies \_are\_ better equipped to survive than us humans. Maybe we're the dinosaurs, here.

policy\_chosen\_1\_text= I feel bad censoring something that makes our people happy, but this "church" and its ideas are dangerous. We need to stop it from spreading before it's too late.

policy\_chosen\_0\_effect= Allows the spread of the Cultist trait

policy\_chosen\_1\_effect= Will anger the Church of the Chosen Ones faction

policy\_autoequip\_name= Assigning equipment

policy\_autoequip\_text= I'm sick of everyone coming to me when there's a new gun or tool to be handed out. We should define a fort-wide policy for this. The problem is, who gets the good stuff?\n\nWhen we find new equipment, should we automatically assign it to survivors?

policy\_autoequip\_0= Manually equip items

policy\_autoequip\_1= Equip skilled survivors first

policy\_autoequip\_2= Equip people at random

policy\_autoequip\_0\_text= New equipment will be put into storage as usual.

policy\_autoequip\_1\_text= It makes sense to have a few well-equipped people to do the important work around here, so the best builders will get the best tools, and the best soldiers will get the best guns.\n\nPeople are going to complain, but I'll tell the whiners to go do target practice with a pea shooter until they're good enough for a real weapon.

policy\_autoequip\_2\_text= Anybody who doesn't have a decent weapon or tool can draw lots for whatever our scavengers find. It wouldn't be fair to give the best guns to the best soldiers when having one is a matter of life or death. Maybe the best marksmen are only skilled because they had good weapons to practice with.

policy\_autoequip\_0\_effect= Equipment will not be automatically equipped

policy\_autoequip\_1\_effect= New equipment is optimally distributed, causes unhappiness

policy\_autoequip\_2\_effect= New equipment randomly assigned to anyone who doesn't have one

policy\_babies\_name= Having babies

policy\_babies\_text= The repopulation of the earth... is it time to talk about this already? I mean, we're going to have to start thinking about the next generation at some point, but are we ready for it?\n\nCan we really protect the children we bring into this world? And if we don't have children, what's the point of continuing on?\n\nShould we let survivors have children?

policy\_babies\_0= None of our business

policy\_babies\_1= Encourage couples to start families

policy\_babies\_2= We aren't ready for children

policy\_babies\_0\_text= People still have a right to make this kind of decision themselves without pressure from the community.

policy\_babies\_1\_text= Survival doesn't just mean staying alive. We lost a lot of children when hell broke loose, and without kids we don't have much to live for. We need to think of the future, starting now.\n\nI'm not saying we'll take people's condoms away or turn women into cattle, but if a couple is the right age we'll let them know that their duty to our community includes raising the next generation.

policy\_babies\_2\_text= Babies? During the apocalypse? We hardly know if we'll be able to feed ourselves from one month to the next; how the hell are we supposed to take care of a child? It would be cruel to bring a baby into a world like this, and a burden on the whole community.\n\nIf anyone in [CityName] is looking to get started on the next generation, we'll let them know this is not the time or place for it. I'm not saying we'll force a pregnant woman into anything she doesn't want, but we'll make sure she has options.

policy\_babies\_0\_effect= Regular chance for children

policy\_babies\_1\_effect= Children are more likely

policy\_babies\_2\_effect= Children are less likely, some people may become unhappy

policy\_women\_name= Gender roles

policy\_women\_text= Some folks feel that our women should be shielded from the horrors of the fight against the undead. That way they can focus on supporting our families and keep the fort running smoothly from the inside.\n\nOthers think women are just as fit to carry guns and blow the faces off things, and hint that men should do more of the cooking and cleaning around here.\n\nWhat is a woman's role in our new world?

policy\_women\_0= People can do what they want

policy\_women\_1= Everyone does chores and guard duty

policy\_women\_2= Women should stay safe at home

policy\_women\_0\_text= A woman's role is whatever she wants it to be.

policy\_women\_1\_text= If this apocalypse has taught us anything, it's that people are capable of more than they ever realized. We have a chance here to shrug off ten thousand years of socially-imposed gender roles and let people be who they really are regardless of gender, race or wealth.\n\nPlus let's be honest, \_nobody\_ wants to do those dishes.

policy\_women\_2\_text= In times of strife people are comforted by the familiar. Give them a reliable schedule, diversions from their old lives, and a sense of normalcy. Teaching women to shoot zombies or men to mend clothes is just going to stress everybody out, when what we should be doing is getting things back to the way they were, as much as that's possible.\n\nWe'll still be able to assign women to leave the fort, but they won't join in guard duty at night.

policy\_women\_0\_effect= No change in happiness

policy\_women\_1\_effect= Devout unhappy, women gain defense, angers some factions

policy\_women\_2\_effect= Devout happy, women lose defense, angers some factions

policy\_churches\_name= Churches vs bars

policy\_churches\_text= We've got a little food and supplies saved up for a rainy day, you could call it our "entertainment budget". We could either use it to spice up Sunday sermons, or throw a damn good party at the bar every now and again.\n\nWhat should we spend it on?

policy\_churches\_0= Finance churches and bars evenly

policy\_churches\_1= Give more to churches

policy\_churches\_2= Give more to bars

policy\_churches\_0\_text= The only fair thing would be to split it evenly between churches and bars.

policy\_churches\_1\_text= We shouldn't encourage people to drink, and let's face it: what the hell do we have to celebrate anyway? What people need is an explanation for all this madness, and the only place they're going to find that is at church.

policy\_churches\_2\_text= What's the point of going to church; so they can remind me of what I did to end up in this hell? Much better to lighten the mood around here with a little celebration at the old Crow & Gate. I think [Name2's] birthday is coming up next week.

policy\_churches\_0\_effect= No change in happiness

policy\_churches\_1\_effect= Doubles happiness effects of churches and preaching, halves bars

policy\_churches\_2\_effect= Doubles happiness effects of bars and bartending, halves churches

policy\_vote\_name= Rock the vote

policy\_vote\_text= There are still tough decisions in [CityName's] future, and people's lives may depend on the outcomes. Not everyone's cut out to have that kind of weight on their shoulders... and quite frankly, some fail to see the big picture and consider the greater good.\n\nHaving one leader call all the shots will make it easier to get things done, but so much power can corrupt a person. Our people would rather we elect a senate to do the voting, but they may be prone to infighting. So, who should vote?

policy\_vote\_0= Leader chooses policies

policy\_vote\_1= Leader and senate pick policies

policy\_vote\_2= All survivors vote on policies

policy\_vote\_0\_text= No offense to them, but some of the people around here wouldn't be voting with their heads. They just don't have all the facts like I do, and couldn't live with the hard decisions that I have to make sometimes.\n\nSome people may not ever understand this, but I'm doing it for them.

policy\_vote\_1\_text= The sweet spot between too much democracy and not enough. We'll vote for a couple people to be our senate, and they'll help keep me honest. Hopefully we won't see any fillibusters or other chicanery around here.

policy\_vote\_2\_text= The only right way to decide things is to do it democratically. From now we're going to vote on any new policies that come up. I'll still make decisions for smaller day to day things, but everyone should have a say for rules that affect the whole fort.\n\nThis should make everyone happy... though it may take a few weeks for people to appreciate the democratic process.

policy\_vote\_0\_effect= Regular policy system

policy\_vote\_1\_effect= Occasional government conflicts, happiness increases

policy\_vote\_2\_effect= Random policies will be chosen, happiness increases

policy\_strangers\_name= Stranger Danger

policy\_strangers\_text= We're not the only living people left in this city, but there's no telling how people we meet out there are going to treat our scavengers and soldiers. Sometimes they greet us with shouts of joy, sometimes with warning shots. Sometimes it might be best to shoot first. \n\nSo how should we approach strangers?

policy\_strangers\_0= With open arms

policy\_strangers\_1= With caution

policy\_strangers\_2= With hostility

policy\_strangers\_0\_text= The people out there are the same decent folk they were before the world went to hell. Some of them are scared, or desperate, but if we approach them openly and honestly it's likely they'll do the same.

policy\_strangers\_1\_text= I've met people in the last two years who would just as soon kill me and take my stuff as have a conversation. But I've also had my life saved by a total stranger. We should size new people up cautiously before we invite them into the fort.

policy\_strangers\_2\_text= As far as I can tell, we are the last bastion of civilization on this godforsaken earth. There are no innocents left, and anyone out wandering the city by themselves probably got kicked out of their last group for some good reason.\n\nWe approach survivors with weapons drawn, and trust no one till they've earned that trust. Other factions may not appreciate this attitude.

policy\_strangers\_0\_effect= Regular danger and success chance for recruitment missions

policy\_strangers\_1\_effect= Recruitment is less dangerous and less likely to succeed

policy\_strangers\_2\_effect= Recruitment is less dangerous and less likely to succeed

policy\_power\_name= Generators

policy\_power\_text= We've got electricity now but it takes fuel to run those generators. It's no picnic siphoning diesel from a truck while zed shuffle down the next block, and someday all those gas tanks are going to run dry.\n\nHow often should we run the generators?

policy\_power\_0= Never run the generators

policy\_power\_1= Run them in the morning & evening

policy\_power\_2= Run generators all the time

policy\_power\_0\_text= We're saving all our fuel for when we really need it. In the meantime we've got candles and batteries, and when those are gone, good old-fashioned moonlight.

policy\_power\_1\_text= People will be happy they've got power and light for a few hours every day. Not enough for aircon, dryers or ovens of course, but we can at least make coffee and toast... if we had something to toast.

policy\_power\_2\_text= Lights! Music! Video Games! A cool fan on a hot day. Maybe even that hydro-therapy foot massager I found in the Allmart. Aaaah, that feels good.

policy\_power\_0\_effect= No happiness change

policy\_power\_1\_effect= Increased happiness at cost of 1 fuel/week

policy\_power\_2\_effect= Increased happiness at cost of 2 fuel/week

policy\_drugs\_name= Bath salts

policy\_drugs\_text= Some of the Pharmacists keep trying to sell us this new drug they call \_"bath\_salts"\_. It's some kind of crystal you eat or shove up your nose or something, and I hear it makes you feel strong and fearless.\n\nNot being terrified? That'd be nice for a change, but the stuff's addictive and nothing comes without a price.\n\nShould we ban bath salts?

policy\_drugs\_0= Allow bath salts

policy\_drugs\_1= Ban bath salts

policy\_drugs\_0\_text= At worst, bath salts are a recreational drug you can get hooked on - just like alcohol or cigarettes. At best they might help our soldiers be more effective zombie-killers, or help people recover from post-traumatic stress.\n\nWe'll allow this new drug but keep our eyes out for people overdoing it.

policy\_drugs\_1\_text= We're banning \_bath\_salts\_. Drugs like this were the worst part of our former society. They make people feel so good that regular old I'm-happy-just-to-be-alive pales in comparison. It's not just the physical addiction; being high is like a liferaft for some people, and those people need to learn how to swim.

policy\_drugs\_0\_effect= Soldiers are more effective, consume Bath Salts and may become addicted

policy\_drugs\_1\_effect= Bath Salts won't be consumed, may anger Pharmacists

policy\_shower\_name= Shower Rationing

policy\_shower\_text= There was plenty of water in cities during the first year, but evaporation's been taking its toll and it's getting harder to find pools or water towers that are even half full. We need a gallon a day each just to drink and wash dishes, but showers use over a gallon a minute. These might be a luxury we can't afford anymore.\n\nHow should we ration water?

policy\_shower\_0= Reserve water for bare necessities

policy\_shower\_1= Limit showers to once a week

policy\_shower\_2= Unlimited showers

policy\_shower\_0\_text= We really can't afford to waste water with a luxury like this. Literally \_billions\_ of people used to live without showers in 3rd world countries. Sponge baths work just fine and use a fraction the water. Deal with it.

policy\_shower\_1\_text= You could survive for weeks on the water you use in one 10-minute shower. Our attempts to filter shower greywater to make it drinkable again haven't gone too well, mainly because we are so damn filthy. So for now one shower per week is a good balance.

policy\_shower\_2\_text= Living like we do in the filth of humanity's downfall (not to mention the occasional spray of gore) is unhygienic. And a nice warm - even lukewarm - shower feels \_sooo\_ good. We'll let survivors shower as often as they need to stay clean and happy.

policy\_shower\_0\_effect= No effect

policy\_shower\_1\_effect= Increased happiness but chance of water shortage

policy\_shower\_2\_effect= Increased happiness but chance of water shortage

policy\_loudspeaker\_name= Loudspeakers

policy\_loudspeaker\_text= The city's so quiet these days that you can hear our new loudspeaker announcements from twenty blocks away. Survivors passing through will hear it and come, but so will the undead if we keep it up for too long.\n\nHow often should we run the loudspeaker announcement?

policy\_loudspeaker\_0= Broadcast twice a day

policy\_loudspeaker\_1= Broadcast every hour

policy\_loudspeaker\_2= Never broadcast

policy\_loudspeaker\_0\_text= We'll be cautious and only run it at 10am and 4pm.

policy\_loudspeaker\_1\_text= We'll run it every hour on the hour. We need all the people we can attract, no matter the risk.

policy\_loudspeaker\_2\_text= For now we won't use the loudspeaker at all. Who knows if there's even anybody alive out there to hear it?

policy\_loudspeaker\_0\_effect= not implemented

policy\_loudspeaker\_1\_effect= not implemented

policy\_loudspeaker\_2\_effect= not implemented

policy\_experiments\_name= Zombie experiments

policy\_experiments\_text= Our engineers are researching the disease, but they tell me it'd be a lot easier if they had access to live subjects. The idea of having zombies in the fort makes people more than a little squeamish, but we might be able to make do with some infected rats or dogs.\n\nShould we experiment on living creatures?

policy\_experiments\_0= Use dead samples only

policy\_experiments\_1= Experiment on infected animals

policy\_experiments\_2= Experiment on living zombies

policy\_experiments\_0\_text= Just the idea of having living infected - even animals - in the fort turns my stomach. If one got out... better not take the chance. It's gotta be twice dead before it comes in these walls.

policy\_experiments\_1\_text= Experimenting on zombies would be way too dangerous, and more than a little inhumane. It's easy to forget those bloodthirsty monsters were - are - human in some small way. We should have enough respect not to torture them further, and will limit experiments to things like rabbits or mice that can be kept in very sturdy cages.

policy\_experiments\_2\_text= When the next chance arises we'll secure a couple human zombies for our researchers to experiment on in whatever way they need to.\n\nFinding a cure or some way to beat this disease is more important than qualms about animal testing or whatever. Those things are monsters - they can't feel pain. And even if they could, it's us against them, and science is the best weapon we have.

policy\_experiments\_0\_effect= not implemented

policy\_experiments\_1\_effect= not implemented

policy\_experiments\_2\_effect= not implemented

policy\_priority\_name= Our Highest Priority

policy\_priority\_text= We need to determine the basic driving force behind society in [CityName]. This ideology will determine how other factions see us, and have subtle effects on our daily lives. Will we focus on growth, on the military, on religion, or wealth?\n\nWhat is our highest priority?

policy\_priority\_0= Repopulating the world

policy\_priority\_1= Keeping people safe

policy\_priority\_2= Providing a religious moral center

policy\_priority\_3= Trading and prospering

policy\_priority\_0\_text= Step one will be keeping people alive and fed. Step two: better food and living conditions. Step three: expand and repeat.\n\nWe will embrace families and welcome any who wish to join us.

policy\_priority\_1\_text= No sense in getting high and mighty about our ideals if we're all dead. We need higher walls and more guards on them.

policy\_priority\_2\_text= The separation between church and state is what put us here in the first place; we're not making that mistake again. What [CityName] needs is a government with authority that comes from a higher power. No hesitation and no doubt, we will execute the word of God and trust in the church to keep us on the right path from now on.\n\nFor those who disagree, we are offering religious conversions every Tuesday evening at city hall. Missing your appointment may result in your being declared a heretic.

policy\_priority\_3\_text= We're planning to come out of this apocalypse with our pockets full. Many empires were founded on war, and ours will be among them.

policy\_priority\_0\_effect= More new recruits

policy\_priority\_1\_effect= Increased defense

policy\_priority\_2\_effect= Churches are more effective

policy\_priority\_3\_effect= Better trade deals

policy\_property\_name= Private property

policy\_property\_text= The question of private property is a sensitive issue in [CityName]. Some people wish we'd just leave them and their stuff alone. They wonder why we need so many laws and regulations to enforce what decent folks do naturally.\n\nOthers think the government should collect and distribute \_all\_ goods. Everything shared, and distributed to those who need it the most. That might work on a small scale, but can we run a society on those principles?\n\nHow much power should our government have over resources?

policy\_property\_0= People share all resources

policy\_property\_1= Some shared, some private property

policy\_property\_2= People keep their own stuff

policy\_property\_0\_text= Scavengers returning from duty must submit to a search if requested, and anyone suspected of hiding food may be docked rations until they either confess or are proven innocent.

policy\_property\_1\_text= We'll try to maintain a balance between public and private property. New survivors can keep their personal belongings, but scavengers must deliver everything they find - no keeping candy bars and cigarettes for their own stashes.

policy\_property\_2\_text= The right to private property will be upheld by the government. Anything people scavenge or produce on their own time can be kept or traded as they wish. The government has no right to interfere with survivor's homes or posessions.\n\nIf this results in some survivors being richer or better fed than others, it's probably because they deserve it from working so much harder than the others.

policy\_property\_0\_effect= Produce more resources, lower happiness

policy\_property\_1\_effect= Normal resources and happiness

policy\_property\_2\_effect= Fewer resources, increased happiness

policy\_wealth\_name= Wealth distribution

policy\_wealth\_text= How do we decide who gets the best apartment, or who gets luxury goods like tea and peanut butter cups? Sometimes there's only so much to go around, and I know we're all equal, but maybe some of us are more equal than others...\n\nIf we don't give doctors better food and nicer houses, maybe nobody will want to be one. But if a doctor's kids grow up in a nicer house eating better food, they'll have more energy to study hard and become doctors themselves. Is that fair?\n\nSo who gets the best stuff?

policy\_wealth\_0= Randomly assign luxuries

policy\_wealth\_1= Favor skilled survivors

policy\_wealth\_2= Favor the hardest workers

policy\_wealth\_3= Favor soldiers

policy\_wealth\_0\_text= Well I just hope I win the peanut butter cup lottery is all I'm saying. Hey, if I end up with a bunch of English Breakfast am I allowed to trade it for something else? Just saying I'm more of a rooibos and chamomile [man]...

policy\_wealth\_1\_text= Competition is one of the main principles of capitalism. If we don't treat our doctors and generals better than some other faction, why would they choose us over them?\n\nSure people might complain that this is unfair treatment, but they're just jealous of the talent they don't have.

policy\_wealth\_2\_text= It shouldn't matter how good a job you do so long as you try your best. There needs to be a just reward for people who work longer hours, try harder, and suffer more at their work.\n\nSo what if we attract fewer skilled survivors? If luxuries and status are all they're after, we don't want 'em.

policy\_wealth\_3\_text= Obviously those who put their lives on the line for the rest of us should be rewarded for it with better stuff and higher status. They deserve it for their selfless self-sacrifice.\n\nThough if they're only volunteering because of the perks of being a soldier, is it really selfless anymore?

policy\_wealth\_0\_effect= Normal happiness

policy\_wealth\_1\_effect= Happier high level survivors

policy\_wealth\_2\_effect= Increased happiness but fewer skilled recruits

policy\_wealth\_3\_effect= Happier soldiers and more soldier recruits

policy\_crime\_name= Crime and punishment

policy\_crime\_text= We need a policy for how we deal with criminals. I'm not talking, like, that jerk who borrowed my lighter but now insists he found it in an 8-12 last month even though we both know damn well that he stole it from me...\n\nAnyway I don't mean him. I mean people who break the foundations of our ethical code. Murder. Treason. Unthinkable crimes.\n\nHow harshly should they be punished? Should they be rehabilitated? Jailed? Or is that wasted effort in a world where every bite of food matters?

policy\_crime\_0= Take away their luxuries

policy\_crime\_1= Put criminals in jail

policy\_crime\_2= Kick them out of the fort

policy\_crime\_3= Capital cannibal punishment

policy\_crime\_0\_text= We need every worker out there. Assuming they're psychologically fit to work and won't be an immediate danger to others, even the harshest criminals will be allowed to do their time by hard, dangerous work.\n\nThey'll be given a curfew and have their shinies taken away until we feel their sentence is complete.

policy\_crime\_1\_text= When you break the law, you lose your freedom. Not forever, because we don't want to have to feed you that long. Just until we feel you're rehabilitated enough to come out.

policy\_crime\_2\_text= I can't think of a worse punishment than exile. Many survivors would rather die, I think, than be sent out there alone with nothing but a few day's food and a kick in the ass.\n\nHopefully this will be a harsh enough deterrant to make people think twice before commiting a crime here in [CityName].

policy\_crime\_3\_text= Waste not, want not. And by that I mean... their flesh. Why send a criminal out to be eaten by zombies when their body could provide valueable food for us? So we will do the humane thing and perform capital punishment, then dispose of the remains in the most efficient manner we can.

policy\_crime\_0\_effect= No time off, low order

policy\_crime\_1\_effect= Criminals jailed, normal order

policy\_crime\_2\_effect= Criminals exiled, high order

policy\_crime\_3\_effect= Criminals eaten, high order

policy\_nationalism\_name= Nationalism

policy\_nationalism\_text= It's a dog-eat-dog world out there, both literally and figuratively. We've got to draw the line somewhere between us and them. Between cutting off all contact with the outside world, and giving our storeroom keys to the next guy who comes by asking for handouts.\n\nWe've also got a burgeoning national identity to consider. If we let just anybody join us, will they have the same ideals and values? Will they take our jobs and our place in society? Or will more immigrants make us bigger and stronger?

policy\_nationalism\_0= Take care of our own

policy\_nationalism\_1= Help our allies

policy\_nationalism\_2= Help anyone who needs it

policy\_nationalism\_0\_text= We built these walls to keep more than the zombies out; they protect us from raiders, thieves and freeloaders who are too lazy or damaged to work. If you have skills or goods to trade, we can talk. Otherwise, keep out.

policy\_nationalism\_1\_text= "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours" has been a good policy since the dawn of man. We'll strive to form alliances with the other factions in [CityName] and treat our friends well even in their times of need.

policy\_nationalism\_2\_text= There are far too many people still out there who need help, and it's our duty to do what we can for them, without expecting anything in return. It's just the decent human thing to do.\n\nKarma will find a way to pay us back.

policy\_nationalism\_0\_effect= Increased defense

policy\_nationalism\_1\_effect= Friendly factions will like us more

policy\_nationalism\_2\_effect= More survivors will come to us

policy\_goats\_name= Children

policy\_goats\_text= I don't mean to be all "Damn kids get off my lawn!" about this, but these kids really don't get the idea of being seen but not heard. They're always running around bugging adults who need to work, and if you tell them to get lost they do, literally, and need to be rescued.\n\nThis is what school used to be for, to keep them occupied for 8 hours a day so parents could have a break. Maybe we should re-institute them?

policy\_goats\_0= Let kids be kids

policy\_goats\_1= Kids help their guardians at work

policy\_goats\_2= Kids should go to school

policy\_goats\_0\_text= With all the pain and terror and heartache in the world today, who needs tedious lessons or the opressive regime of standardized testing. Let kids have their childhood... for as long as it lasts.

policy\_goats\_1\_text= We'll assign children to work with their guardians as much as possible. They'll learn survival skills, which are far more valuable than anything we'd teach them in a classroom. Hopefully they'll be useful, and won't distract the adults from their jobs too much.

policy\_goats\_2\_text= School is where kids belong. There's a reason we've been using them for centuries.\n\nWe're going to take turns teaching them for now, the same way we handle nightly guard duty. Not sure which is worse... but most of us are probably better suited to the latter. We'll assign them lots of reading and homework to try to keep them busy. Hopefully worrying about schoolwork will keep their minds off the horrors outside.

policy\_goats\_0\_effect= Increased happiness

policy\_goats\_1\_effect= Kids help more on missions

policy\_goats\_2\_effect= Kids goof off less

backstory\_AmateurActor\_Step1= Back before all this, by day I was just your average working stiff. But, by night? I would dazzle audiences with my performance in the Scarlet Pimpernel on the local stage. The reviewer in our town paper said my performance would make the author turn in his grave... That's a good thing, right?

backstory\_AmateurActor\_Step2= At my last performance there was a commotion in the back of the audience and before I knew what was happening the crowd began to feed on itself.\n\nI'm lucky we had such a lousy seamstress on wardrobe or they might have gotten me and not the 4 feet of crinoline I left behind. I always wanted to inspire an audience to tear at my clothes, but not like this.

backstory\_AmateurActor\_Step3= While the rapier I snagged as I fled wasn't all that sharp, it still could stop one of those things cold when you put it through the eye socket and into the brain. I managed to fight my way to my car and just floored it until the thing ran out of gas.\n\nI'm lucky you found me when you did. I don't know if I could have survived out there much longer.

backstory\_InternetReviewer\_Step1= Me? Back in the day I used to make little review shows for the internet. Riffing on pop culture stuff, you know?\n\nI couldn't count the number of times I did a zombie movie or game and railed on it for how cheesy it was. And now look where we are.

backstory\_InternetReviewer\_Step2= It actually wasn't the zed that made me leave everything behind. It was my landlord.\n\nYou see, I had this massive collection of guns on my wall. Pistols, assault rifles, everything. Turns out he had seen them at some point. When everything went to hell, he broke in and took them all for himself.

backstory\_InternetReviewer\_Step3= So, my landlord breaks down my door with a fire axe and tells me to leave. Doesn't let me take anything. All I had was the clothes on my back. I had to scavenge to just survive.\n\nSaw him handing out my guns to a few of his buddies as I left. Jokes on them. They were all props for my show. Wouldn't even have been much use as clubs.

backstory\_AltFashionDesigner\_Step1= I had an alternative clothing store back in the day. Just a little place in a back-alley where I'd sell stuff I'd made.\n\nI was able to hold up there for a while when the Zed started showing up. A 6 inch stiletto goes through a rotten skull surprisingly easily.

backstory\_AltFashionDesigner\_Step2= I met a few groups while fending for myself and was able to trade a bit with them. There were a few female hunters who looked like they were taking the old amazon route and a bunch of bikers generally acting like jerks to everybody. Both groups liked looking tougher and I can add spikes to almost anything.

backstory\_AltFashionDesigner\_Step3= Eventually I started to run out of supplies and had to leave. To be perfectly honest, there isn't much call for my old trade nowadays. Wearing platform shoes and rubber pants really doesn't help when running away from the Zed.

backstory\_Sculptor\_Step1= Bah. I can't stand these cramped quarters. I just want to be left alone but... I wouldn't survive out there.\n\nMy old studio was above an old folks home. They kept to themselves and that was the way I liked it.

backstory\_Sculptor\_Step2= Problem was I didn't keep up with the news. Spent all day working on my sculptures. I didn't realize the Zed existed until they were bashing down my door.\n\nTurns out the old people don't run so fast and most of them were turned in a matter of hours.

backstory\_Sculptor\_Step3= After I barricaded the entrance to my studio I had to use my hammer and chisel to make a new exit. I'm surprised none of them caught me, given the racket I was making.\n\nI think most of the Zed trying to get in were the seniors who were already half-deaf. They probably wouldn't have heard a car alarm if they were standing right next to it.

backstory\_MiddleManager\_Step1= Yes, can I help you? What did I used to get up to? I was Secondary Marketing Manager for the "Dance with Numbers" calculator company. I managed our telecommunications division. Telemarketers, if you will. I... Where are you going?

backstory\_MiddleManager\_Step2= How did I survive when everything started? To be perfectly honest I'm not entirely sure. When the Zed started to show up at our building I ran to make sure all exits were clear.\n\nAfter all, if someone with intelligence and drive doesn't take responsibility for being there first, any others who try to get through might find some erroneously placed potted plant blocking their way... or something.

backstory\_MiddleManager\_Step3= As I made my way through the halls a couple of interns shoved their way passed me. Me of all people? Anyway, I must of hit my head because I blacked out.\n\nWhen I came to, I found they had both managed to get their heads staved in by the Zed. It was a such a shame, but really, they should have known better. In the end I dropped the dented fire extinguisher I was carrying and crept out the building to safety.

backstory\_Lizards\_Step1= That's a good boy Gerry. That's good boy. Eh? Who's this Gerry? Oh, it's the nice person who took us in.\n\nHave ya met my Gerry, skipper? He's my shoulder lizard. Yeah, he's a bit big for my shoulder, but no one messes with me when he's up there, do they?

backstory\_Lizards\_Step2= I used to have loads of lizards, ain't that right Gerry? Loads upon loads. Those bastards at Animal Control actually had the gall to say I had too many. Wasn't healthy they said to keep them all in a bachelor apartment.\n\nI had to split a few noses to make them leave. They never came back, neither. Though the flesh eating hordes that showed up outside shortly afterwards might have had something to do with that.

backstory\_Lizards\_Step3= In the end it was my babies that held the hordes off when I fled. Did you know that both Iguanas and Savannah Monitors bite whatever they're thrown at?\n\nIt hurt like hell to have to do it, but it was them or Gerry, and I weren't giving up on my Gerry. He's special.

backstory\_Janitor\_Step1= I tell you, it's a lot nicer here than it was keeping the school clean for those stuck up so and so's back at St. Michael's. I used to clean toilets there.\n\nTo be perfectly honest, the kids weren't that bad, but the staff had sticks shoved so far up their collective backsides...

backstory\_Janitor\_Step2= When everything started going crazy outside, the faculty started doing much the same. There was talk of this all being the "Wrath of the Heavens" or "Divine Will" or what have you.\n\nIt started to sound like some of them actually wanted the end to come. It creeped me out something fierce.

backstory\_Janitor\_Step3= I snuck out before it went all pear shaped. I felt sorry for the boys, but the staff had such a close eye on them, there wasn't much I could do.\n\nI tried to hide a note warning the kids to keep an eye out for their teachers, but don't know if anyone found it. I just gathered all the more dangerous cleaning supplies I could find and booked it. Don't know what happened after that.

backstory\_Colonel\_Step1= Sir? I was a retired officer prior to my entry into your forces, sir. I had been discharged for personal reasons, but I was still a capable soldier.\n\nWas looking to take up farming when society started collapsing around us. May have been for the best. I never had much luck getting my cactus to stay green.

backstory\_Colonel\_Step2= Sir! Did what I could to keep myself and my neighbors safe. Still knew a few people higher up in the military food chain and was able to get some supplies from them. The government always keeps the best back for themselves, sir.\n\nUnfortunately, in the end, we weren't able to get enough to make ends meet and we all had to go our separate ways.

backstory\_Colonel\_Step3= My discharge? If you must know, this was prior to the repeal of the "Don't ask, don't tell" law, sir. Some of my extra curricular activities weren't looked too highly upon by the command staff when they came to light.\n\nIf I may be honest sir, I'm still not sure if it matters who you end up in the broom closet with, or what is between their legs, sir.

backstory\_Optimist\_Step1= Greetings friend. Is it not a glorious day? There are less dead birds falling from the sky. The mold creeping over the window panes is most picturesque. Just take a deep breath and let it all in.\n\nYes, well maybe not that bit. The smoke from the burning corpse pile isn't the best for the lungs.

backstory\_Optimist\_Step2= I tell you friend, it's even nicer here than it was with the last group I was with. I used to be that person on the side of the road, greeting everyone and handing out leaflets saying the world was about to end. It got a somewhat mixed response.\n\nStill, when the world did end, I met some that were much more open to discussing the joys of oblivion, the Church of the Chosen Ones.

backstory\_Optimist\_Step3= They preached that the Zed were not a curse, but a blessing. That we may find peace in the midst of the shambling horde.\n\nAs much as I enjoyed spending time with them, it could not last. I have been a vegetarian all my life and they rarely had much in the way of food that I could partake in. Very much meat eaters. But what can you do? Nobody is perfect.

backstory\_ParkRanger\_Step1= I'm not sure why I came back into town. I was a park ranger, manning one of the fire towers deep in the forest when the dead started rising.\n\nAny human bodies in the woods had long since decomposed passed the point where they'd be up and walking the trails again.

backstory\_ParkRanger\_Step2= I was able to survive out there for a while until a group of hikers found me.\n\nThey were in rough shape. Hair caked with mud, bodies battered and bruised from trying to survive in the wilderness. They were such a mess, I didn't realize one of them had been bit until it was too late.

backstory\_ParkRanger\_Step3= Never give an urbanite a lit torch unless you can keep a close eye on him. By the time I'd come back from foraging, they'd taken what I gave them for warmth, then set fire to my station while trying to escape their now ravenous companion.\n\nI just left them to it at that point. There's only so much you can do for people.

backstory\_Biker\_Step1= What I wouldn't give to get some gas. I miss the days of riding my hog along the highways and backroads of this country.\n\nFeeling a powerful machine writhe and throb between your legs. There's nothing quite like it.

backstory\_Biker\_Step2= I ran with Black Dragons. With bikes darker than the night and the worst breath this side of the river, few had the guts to stand in our way.\n\nUnfortunately, the Zed tend to have guts to spare.

backstory\_Biker\_Step3= While our boss wasn't a bad guy, he was a bit of a Dungeons and Delvers nerd and didn't have much of a spine when the cow pies hit the fan. The Zed started rising and he was one of the first to bolt.\n\nThe gang didn't last long after that. I suppose those late night rolling dice was less of a bonding experience than I'd really given it credit for.

backstory\_WaterPark\_Step1= Dude, is there anyway we can get an industrial pump? I've got this great idea of how we can set up a slide down from one of the apartment buildings. And there's a pool on the roof that's full of rainwater.\n\nWe could create the most awesome water slide using that. It'd be soooo cool.

backstory\_WaterPark\_Step2= My parents owned a water park when I was growing up. I spent my days in the sun, either slipping down the slides or learning how to maintain them.\n\nWould have taken over the business if the customers hadn't decided to eat my folks and most of the staff.

backstory\_WaterPark\_Step3= I was on the opposite side of the park when the attack happened. I got back in time to hear the screams from the main building, then silence. Bastards...\n\nBut I got my revenge. You re-route an entire water park's water pressure to a single office and that place goes up like an aquatic nuke.

backstory\_ChemStudent\_Step1= You know, one of the best ways to pay for a chemistry degree is to use your resources and your know how to make pick-me-ups for your fellow students.\n\nNo one questions why you're getting the chemicals, and you can make sure none of your friends gets any poor quality stuff.

backstory\_ChemStudent\_Step2= Never did finish my degree. When you sample a bit too much of your own product you're bound to start screwing up.\n\nThe first report of a Zed came the same day I was called into the Dean's office. Guess a lot of things ended that day.

backstory\_ChemStudent\_Step3= Ran with a group called the Pharmacists when the world decided to take a bad trip. There were some nice guys and gals in there, but I got out when I saw they weren't going to last long term.\n\nThe problem with an anarchist society is if you've got no one who wants to man the wall when the Zed hit, it's very hard to make them.

backstory\_Larper\_Step1= Hail and good morrow, Sire!\n\nI have slain many a foul beast in the service of other noble lords and ladies. Please consider me your loyal knight errant and vassal, until which time the foul undead scourge has been vanquished.

backstory\_Larper\_Step2= I know not of these "Bean Bags" of which you speak. In the last conflict with the monstrous Zed I was calling upon the many and varied dark arts at my disposal to vaporize the loathsome dead with lightning bolts and missiles of magic!\n\nI... I was not just throwing crap at the darkness!

backstory\_Larper\_Step3= I don't understand why sword did not cleave that last creature in twain. It may look just like a pipe wrapped in duct tape and foam, but... it must be a magic sword. It has served me so well in conflicts before...\n\nIf the dead can walk then magic must exist... It must. Mustn't it?

backstory\_Decker\_Step1= I miss the days of the net. I've been a hacker for as long as I can remember. Everything from breaking into banking systems, to modding the old brick-like cell phones so I could listen in on other people's calls.\n\nThis whole real world business is for the dogs.

backstory\_Decker\_Step2= I made use of the net as long as I could after the world started to fall apart.\n\nI wasn't the only one, either. There were a few groups that tried their best to work out what was going on behind the doors of power while the little guys were getting literally eaten.

backstory\_Decker\_Step3= Last I heard one of the local groups was still operating in the area. The Elite Crew or something. Good guys. I was actually looking for them when you found me.\n\nThat said, I'm probably better off here. I don't know how they're faring offline, and I know from experience a keyboard doesn't last much past the first time it hits something in the face.

backstory\_Fled\_Step1= Sorry if I have bit of an accent. I am not from here originally. The country I from had some very... traditional views on marriage.\n\nIt was horrible, but at least they didn't try to eat us. Heh. They probably be too scared they would catch the "gay" or something.

backstory\_Fled\_Step2= My partner and I came to this country looking for better life. Unfortunately on the ship ride over people started to get sick... and then they began to turn.\n\nThe crew started locking anyone who looked even vaguely sick in the hold with the dead. Didn't want to take chances, the Captain said. When [he] broke into a coughing fit the rest of the crew turned on [him].

backstory\_Fled\_Step3= A day out from shore the Zed broke out of the hold and started coming after the few of us who were left. My partner and I managed to get one of the lifeboats into the water and rowed for our lives.\n\nAs we drifted away from the ship, all my love could do was just stare at the bite mark on [his] leg. Grabbing the boat's small anchor, [he] wrapped the rope around [his] neck and dove over the side with a simple "Goodbye".

backstory\_Receptionist\_Step1= Back when the world made sense, I was a receptionist for the "Spine, Torque and Fail" law firm. These guys took ambulance chasing to a fine art. Actually had paid off some guy at the hospital dispatch.\n\nProblem with spending so much time with the injured is that sometimes they die on you. And when the dead start getting up and walking, things get ugly.

backstory\_Receptionist\_Step2= Harry Spine came back from the ER ward one day, bandage wrapped around his leg, saying some kid in the ER took a chunk out of his ankle.\n\nGuess no one realized what they had on their hands yet. Or Harry was just BSing. He did that a lot. Emphasis on 'did'.

backstory\_Receptionist\_Step3= John Torque and Richard Fail took Harry up to his office and we don't hear from them for a while. That's when us in the front room get the news about the Zed on the radio.\n\nI goes to Harry's office to let them know what's what and the three of them jump me. It was all I could do to get the fire ax off the wall and let them have it. Ah well. I probably wasn't going to get that raise anyway.

backstory\_RiffsRival\_Step1= Greetings and honor to you senpai. I hope my skills can be of use to you. I am proficient in the noble and deadly art of "Nise No Budo".\n\nI have spent my days training my body to be the perfect weapon and my nights working as a security guard watching copious quantities of anime to better verse myself with my art's homeland of Japan.

backstory\_RiffsRival\_Step2= The school I belonged to cultivated a number of rivalries over the years, but none so strong as that with the Granville Riffs.\n\nThey were the toughest dojos out in the poor district. If they had the money to travel and compete they would have been one of the top in the country. That is, if they hadn't been kicked out of the league for all the gang violence they were involved in.

backstory\_RiffsRival\_Step3= I was actually sparing with Malik, the head of the Riffs, when the first wave of Zed hit the city. There we were, back to back and face to face, up against the horde. Wave after wave they came, but we kept crackin' skulls and bustin' knee caps.\n\nI'd have been dead if not for Malik. He was like a whirlwind of death and hair gel, leaving a trail of broken bodies in his path. When parted ways he said he was going to back to check on his school. Hope he got there OK.

backstory\_Super\_Step1= Greetings citizen. I am just a nondescript, mild-mannered individual who happened to work at a newspaper prior to the societal collapse. Nowadays I'm just doing my best to get by and help out where I can.

backstory\_Super\_Step2= And good day to you again, citizen. What's that? No, I don't know anything about the spandex clad individual that rescued that caravan last week while I was out on patrol.\n\nI must have just missed [him]. More's the pity.

backstory\_Super\_Step3= What's that poking out of my lapel, you ask? It's a... handkerchief. Yes, that's it. Let me just shove it back in there.\n\nIt matches the color of the cape of the person who has been seen helping survivors and battling the horde single handed? I wouldn't know anything about that citizen. I am just meek and mild-mannered, as I have previously said.

backstory\_ResearchSubject\_Step1= So... so, so, so... I used to be a research subject, yeah? Go into lab, get drugged, get probed, get money, yeah?\n\nNot a lot of money, sure, but you pick the right lab and you can stay high on something or other 24/7.

backstory\_ResearchSubject\_Step2= So, I was in the lab, strapped to a table. They were testing some new fighting drug on me. "Combat Enhancement" or something. Dunno. Was a lot of it on the table next to me.\n\nBut I'd been there a long time, and no one was coming. Was starting to get worried when something started scratching at the door, but I wasn't sure if it wasn't just the noises in my head again.

backstory\_ResearchSubject\_Step3= Door eventually falls inwards and this grey skinned guy starts limping over to me, yeah? I started getting really scared. Thrashed about until I knocked my bed over, right into the table of the drugs. Got covered in the stuff. Damn, what a high.\n\nTore my way out of there and didn't stop until I was halfway across the state. I think everyone I tore through were Zed, but honestly, I can't remember.

backstory\_Haberdasher\_Step1= Me? I come from a long line of haberdashers. We specialized in the finest head accoutrements for the discerning lady and gentleman. Our store in the high street had been there for almost 100 years.\n\nOK, it is now little more than a large hatless hole in the ground, but back when it was there it had class.

backstory\_Haberdasher\_Step2= When the Zed rose my Grandmother refused to leave the store. Said she had been born there, conceived there, and now she was going to die there.\n\nThose of our family that were still left rallied around her and defended it as best we could, but plate glass windows make for a poor barricade.

backstory\_Haberdasher\_Step3= The Zed tore through our impromptu barrier of ribbon and hat stands. Seeing this, Grandmother told me to run as she turned and hobbled her way back to the store kitchen.\n\nI was legging if for all I was worth when there was a deafening roar behind me and the building collapsed in on itself. I always said it was dangerous keeping the cleaning supplies so close to the old gas stove, but I guess Grandmother knew best.

backstory\_HRManager\_Step1= Hi there. How do you do? What is my role here? So glad you asked. I use my skills gained working in the Human Resources department of the Poncho Corporation to help keep the other survivors motivated.\n\nI already came up with a business statement: "To gather resources and fortify the base in the most efficient manner possible, while keeping the human to Zed deaths ratio as low as possible."

backstory\_HRManager\_Step2= Yes, the Poncho Corporation was a funny name, wasn't it? The odd thing was we didn't have anything to do with rainwear. We dealt with biological research for certain governmental organizations.\n\nTo be perfectly honest, it was all a bit over my head. I just focused on keeping smiles on everybody's faces and a full pot of coffee percolating in the break room.

backstory\_HRManager\_Step3= When the outbreak first hit us, it was my duty to inform the lab technicians that all leave had been canceled and the company was implementing a new "Barred Door" policy, which would require anyone wishing to exit the building to first get approval from the head of security, Kevin.\n\nFortunately I didn't need to leave the building as I was doing this all via email from home. Also, as I understand it, Kevin was the first one eaten, so getting approval was slightly problematic.

backstory\_Monastic\_Step1= Greetings child. I am a member of the Monastic Order of the Burning Goat. Our order isn't a large one, but we held a special place in the clergy.\n\nWe took in those brothers and sister that believed they were touched by the hand of our Lord, when our Holiness deemed that they were simply touched in the head.

backstory\_Monastic\_Step2= We had a small monastery far away from any true civilization that housed the two groups of our order, that of "The Dancing Flock" and "Those Who Wield the Purifying Flame". You can probably guess which was which.\n\nIt should come as no surprise that when members of the Dancing Flock began to report of hearing groans in the night the Purifiers paid them little heed.

backstory\_Monastic\_Step3= The deliveries of foodstuff to the monastery soon dried up. Late one night, after several weeks of surviving on scraps of gruel, we heard scratching on the main door of the monastery.\n\nEager to get some fresh sacramental wine in their bellies, the heads of the order swung forth the doors only to be greeted by a gaggle of wretched individuals that fell upon them like a pack of rabid dogs. I was able to slip away in the confusion, but it just goes to show that if you also don't listen to me, you could end up eaten like they did.

backstory\_Paranoid\_Step1= Hey! You! Yeah, you. You seen any colanders around? Or pots? They work too but I find colanders more comfortable.

backstory\_Paranoid\_Step2= It's to block out the rays, dude. The government put up satellites before all this started that beam down rays to read our minds!\n\nAnd there are still people from the government out there. You don't think a little thing like the end of the world would stop them, do you?

backstory\_Paranoid\_Step3= I was able to avoid the Zed for a while by hiding in my lead-coated bunker. Unfortunately I didn't plan my supplies too well.\n\nAfter 3 months of eating nothing but beans the air quality in a confined environment becomes an issue.

backstory\_SteampunkSinger\_Step1= Hello my child. Yes, your eyes do not deceive you. It is I, former lead singer of the "Clockwork Cabaret", the most avant-garde 19th century-themed jazz band.\n\nYou have not heard of me? My single of "By Mouth Organ and Gaslamp" was a number 1 hit over in Finland, 6 weeks running!

backstory\_SteampunkSinger\_Step2= The apocalypse has been hard on me. I was holding an online video concert when the undead made their first serious attack.\n\nBefore I knew what was going on, my viewer count started dropping like a stone, until it hovered in the double digits. I persevered for my remaining loyal fans, but it was touch and go.

backstory\_SteampunkSinger\_Step3= My manor house's Victorian wrought-iron fence was fairly good at fending off the few Zed that were out by us, but unfortunately my groundskeeper got bit on one foraging run.\n\nI was forced to put a harpoon through his brain, but not before he had made it back inside and turned half the staff. In the end I had to leave my home behind and have been fending for myself ever since.

backstory\_Historian\_Step1= I used to be assistant curator of the Imperial Fortenbrass Museum for the Preservation of Culture.\n\nI'm still doing what I can to keep up-to-date records of humanity's remaining works, but I've had little luck convincing my fellow survivors that a foraging run for the remaining Italian Renaissance paintings is vital to maintain a certain level of refinement.

backstory\_Historian\_Step2= When the dead rose I found myself locked out of my museum. With no where else to go I roamed the streets, avoiding the Zed, until I managed to find a group of survivors to band with. They were a little uncouth, but what can you expect from pig farmers?\n\nI got a surprising number of compliments upon joining. I believe the phrase "well marbled" was used. I assumed that was something similar to "statuesque". I may have assumed wrong.

backstory\_Historian\_Step3= It was when my bunk mate didn't come back from his shift at the slaughterhouse that I started to get worried. When the third person vanished after getting "grinder cleaning" duty, I decided it was time to take my leave and did so in the dead of night.\n\nAs I said, they seemed friendly enough, but their farm place just didn't have the acceptable safety standards.

backstory\_LosesSpouse\_Step1= I miss my husband. Harry was such a sweet guy. Always willing to help others. Always quick with a hug.\n\nJust... a little naive at times. Susceptible to outside influence. Heck, that may have been how I convinced him to marry someone like me.

backstory\_LosesSpouse\_Step2= When things went down the crapper, we did our best to survive but it was rough. Harry always wanted to help out every other survivors we met and, more often than not they'd take advantage of it.\n\nIt wasn't until we met the members of that weird church that we found somebody willing to help us. They called themselves the Church of the Chosen Ones but... gods, I wish we'd never gone with them.

backstory\_LosesSpouse\_Step3= They convinced Harry that the Zed were something to be both worshiped and pitied. It's something I never bought into, but they were feeding us. Who was I to complain?\n\nMaybe that's why the Zed came after me. Harry wanted to help, but rather that smash the thing's head in with a shovel, he just hugged it. It returned the favor by eating his face. I had to take the heads off of both of them. After that I left the cult and have never looked back.

backstory\_Librarian\_Step1= I used to take care of the children's section of the main library in our hometown. It was fun taking care of all the kids.\n\nI mean sure, there were tears, fights, and more vomit than you would really hope for, but it's not really that different than what we have to put up with today, right?

backstory\_Librarian\_Step2= It didn't take long for people to stop coming to the library as things went downhill. Most people think of knowledge and community as secondary to food and shelter, including the other librarians.\n\nThat said I did my best to comfort and care for those who still came through our doors. You might be surprised how quick our books on wilderness survival got checked out, but probably not how few were eventually returned.

backstory\_Librarian\_Step3= Before long it got to the point that more of our visitors should have had their heads buried in the grave rather than a good book.\n\nWith little else to do, I loaded up the mobile library van with any of the remaining pertinent literature and drove out into the night and through the grasping hands of the horde outside. There's something to be said for the momentum a couple of tons of books gives a vehicle.

backstory\_Nurse\_Step1= I was a nurse in one of the first hospitals hit by the outbreak here. I was on night shift when I heard the alert from one of the patients' call buttons. By the time I reached the caller's bedside he was already lying on the floor, blood everywhere.\n\nOne of the other patients had bitten a chunk out of him then fled. We never did find the attacker, but it wasn't long before the victim started to show some unusual symptoms.

backstory\_Nurse\_Step2= While the majority of the victim's vital signs were dropping, emotionally he was becoming more agitated and violent. We never bothered to restrain him as all signs pointed to the patient being too weak to cause any serious trouble.\n\nWe were so very wrong in that assessment. A few days after the first assault the initial victim broke out of his room and started trying to attack, maim and eat the other patients.

backstory\_Nurse\_Step3= By the time we had subdued him, a dozen or more people had been infected, along with several members of our staff. While we did our best to quarantine the casualties, the symptoms seemed to progress faster in each new victim.\n\nI never thought I'd find myself helping the police barricade people inside a hospital but with people dying left and right we didn't have any other choice.

backstory\_Oceanographer\_Step1= I'm a scientist! An oceanographer, to be specific. I used to study the flow of currents in the sea and weather patterns above it.\n\nDo I know how to pilot a boat? Oh no, I can't actually stand being on the water myself. Far too wet and messy. But the math that governs the interactions of the wind and waves is nothing short of beautiful.

backstory\_Oceanographer\_Step2= I was working late one night when I was surprised to hear a scratching at the lab door. When no one responded to my call for identification, I crept over and opened it just a crack.\n\nWhat saw was remains of the face of Frankie, our security guard, staring back at me. I don't know if you've ever seen an eye try to focus on you when it's half dangling out of its socket, but it's kind of fascinating.

backstory\_Oceanographer\_Step3= I wedged the door shut with a chair as Frankie started trying to batter it down. Not knowing where else to go, I hopped on one of the tables and clambered into the ventilation ducts.\n\nI only just managed to get the grating back in place as Frankie broke the door off its hinges. I'd never been so happy that our office head had insisted on having industrial level air quality before I had to climb through a couple of hundred meters of ductwork.

backstory\_FlowerSeller\_Step1= Before the outbreak... I struggled to survive, just like now. I lived on the street. But I never did anything illegal for money. I only begged, and sold plants they let me grow in a community garden.\n\nMostly lavender. People with money bought them to smell nice. And believe you me, some of those well-to-do fellas needed help in the smell department. And that's coming from someone who was lucky to get a bath once a month.

backstory\_FlowerSeller\_Step2= Being on the streets when the zed started to show up was good and bad. It meant I was better at taking care of myself than some of those yuppies who could no longer get their lattes, let alone clean drinking water, but it also meant I didn't have much to fall back on.\n\nStill, when people leave their houses in a rush, you can usually find something to fill your belly in the stuff they left behind.

backstory\_FlowerSeller\_Step3= Despite all the shovel heads that were soon shuffling through the street, it wasn't that hard to keep ahead of them. They're predictable and I knew all the nooks and crannies to hide in.\n\nIt was the other survivors that were the real dangers. I tell you, I was more scared to turn round a corner to a guy with a gun than a pack of zed. The zed will just chase you. The guy with the gun could as easily hug you as mow you down where you stood. You never knew.

backstory\_Crafter\_Step1= Hello there dear. You look cold. Would you like this hand-knit shawl? Made from the finest dog's fur. I also have a cup of acorn tea around here somewhere.\n\nI've always had a knack for making things with what I find around. I used to sell them at local farmers' markets and craft fairs, but those don't seem to be happening as much nowadays.

backstory\_Crafter\_Step2= I was taking down my stall at one of the last fairs when I met my first Zed. When Sally, one of my former customers, wandered over to me I assumed she was there to help me take down my banner and load up the van. If I had been paying a bit more attention I probably would have noticed the limp. And the lack of a nose.\n\nThose should have probably given it away. Not that some of the other people here aren't missing a body part or two, but it seems to bother them more.

backstory\_Crafter\_Step3= Before I knew what was going on, I found myself knocked to the ground and Sally was trying to pull my eyeballs out of their sockets. With nothing else in reach, I pulled my knitting needles from my belt and jabbed one in either of Sally's ears.\n\nMust have hit something important as she fell over with a groan and just lay there twitching. It's real shame, too. Sally was such a nice girl before she became obsessed with brains.

backstory\_BuildingInspector\_Step1= Yeah, yeah. Be friendly. Polite. All that jazz. I know, I know. I guess that means chatting. So whatcha wanna know about? \n\nMy past? I used ta be a building inspector fer one of the local municipalities. See if buildings were up ta code and all that. It was fun. Nothing better than telling a fella off fer not keeping the mold off their tenants' walls.

backstory\_BuildingInspector\_Step2= The last building I had ta check out was particularly ugly. The wallpaper was falling of the walls, the water coming out of the taps was yellow, and the place reeked of rotten eggs.\n\nThat said, it was the body I found in one of the bath tubs that was the kicker. All green and giving of that sickly sweet smell of disease. I didn't know what ta think. I certainly weren't worrying about turning my back on it when I went out the room to call the cops.

backstory\_BuildingInspector\_Step3= I was standing there on my cell, trying ta get a line through, when the thing jumped me from behind. I'm just lucky the thing didn't manage to get its teeth in me, 'cause it was trying something fierce.\n\nI kicked the creature back into the bathroom and managed ta get a chair wedged under the door before I bolted. Just hopped in my van and headed out, hoping fer the best. Unfortunately that wasn't the only body in the building and that part of the city was soon overrun.

backstory\_WantsAPony\_Step1= Oh... hi! You know, it kinda sucks that we don't have any horses. Unlike cars they don't need gas or flat roads. And they don't like the undead any more than we do.\n\nI was visiting some stables when I saw my first zed. Just visiting. I mean I've always wanted to own a pony, but those things are... were expensive.

backstory\_WantsAPony\_Step2= I was watching a Friesian horse canter around the yard when I heard a commotion coming from the farm house. I poked my head in and was shocked to see the lady of the house devouring one of the stable hands!\n\nI got to admit I screamed and ran. I mean, the workers had always been nice to me, but what was I supposed to do to something that could rip your head off and use it as a punch bowl?

backstory\_WantsAPony\_Step3= Realizing the Friesian would be trapped with that horrible creature if I didn't get it out of there, I swung open the gate to its pen and leapt on its back so we could both ride to safety.\n\nIt might have helped if I'd actually ridden a horse before. The Friesian reared and sent me flying. I woke up in a bush only to find it had run off. It was all I could do to limp away before the zed came after me.

backstory\_Entomologist\_Step1= Why, hullo there! The name's [Name]. I'm an entomologist, don't you know? Study insects, arachnids, creepy crawlies, that sort of thing.\n\nI'm at my happiest when I'm in waist deep in a rotting log, looking for a \_porcellio scaber\_ or what have you. Of course, I get bit from time to time, but where's the fun without a little danger, eh what?

backstory\_Entomologist\_Step2= I must admit, I'm curious as to what insects we'd find inside a zombie. Insects love rotting flesh, don't you know?\n\nI haven't had much luck finding out so far. The problem with trying to do an autopsy on a zombie is the thing won't stay still for more than a few seconds if there are brains nearby. And unfortunately that includes mine.

backstory\_Entomologist\_Step3= It's a pity we can't harness the some insects to deal with our zombie problem for us. All we'd need a good swarm of blowflies that we could release outside the walls.\n\nIn a week, between them and their maggots, all our zombie problems would be solved. I don't suppose you'd be willing to help me find some?

backstory\_Photographer\_Step1= Did you know I used to be a war photographer? I'd head out into the battlefield, alongside the men and women risking their lives to protect us, and document their brave actions for posterity.\n\nEven with all that, none of the horrors I've witnessed prepared me for what I'd see when I came back home. At least out there the enemy wasn't trying to eat us.

backstory\_Photographer\_Step2= I was on one of the last planes that landed stateside before the quarantine came into effect. I've had smoother landings, but any you can walk away from...\n\nIt probably would have helped if one of the passengers hadn't turned out to be infected. I have to give that pilot props: There's no way I could landed that thing with the undead beating on my cockpit door like that.

backstory\_Photographer\_Step3= Once I was on the ground, there wasn't much left of customs. I went looking for my girlfriend but by then all the communication lines had been cut.\n\nThere was no sign of her at her apartment... the clothes in her closet intact, the food in her fridge untouched. I spent a few weeks there, waiting for her. But she never came. At some point you just have to move on.

backstory\_GrowOp\_Step1= Duuuude. Hey dude. Dude! How ya doin'?\n\nAm I ok? I'm doing great! You got to try some of this stuff. It'll calm you right down. You won't even care that there are undead monsters out there trying to eat your brain. It's a great weight off the mind.

backstory\_GrowOp\_Step2= This stuff I've been getting from the Pharmacists is amazing. I mean, I had my own farm of the stuff back in the day, but it was near as potent as the product those chemists are sellin'.\n\nThe nice thing about my farm was that I could see anyone coming from a mile away and that includes the zed. When the bastards showed up I already had the old Volkswagen packed and was ready to head. Pity it didn't work out like that.

backstory\_GrowOp\_Step3= My getaway probably woulda been cleaner if I hadn't filled the old girl up so much. Seems a Volkswagen's suspension doesn't do too good with a couple of tons of grass weighing down on it. After the bottom fell out of the van halfway up the driveway I had to book it on foot.\n\nI still think about going back for my stuff every so often. The Pharmacists bud is nice, don't get me wrong, but there's just something about the stuff you grow yourself.

backstory\_Homebody\_Step1= Why hello there. You want to know about me, do you? Oh, I'm just a humble woman. I don't need much, and I serve the Lord and my husband as best I can.\n\nWell... I used to serve him... my husband, that is, while he was alive. Oh dear... I'm not sure I'm ready to talk about this yet.

backstory\_Homebody\_Step2= I was a good wife. I stayed home to cook and clean while my husband John went out to earn a living. The Lord never blessed us with children, but it was my duty to make sure John came home to a well vacuumed couch and a hot dinner.\n\nI should have known he had more than the flu when he couldn't make it out of bed for church that Sunday. John \_never\_ missed one of Reverend Billy's sermons, not for anything.

backstory\_Homebody\_Step3= I got back to find our front door open and no sign of John. I went to check if the neighbors had seen him, but all I found was another open door. And blood. So much blood...\n\nI never found my husband, but I know that wherever he is now, the Lord is walking with him. I would never wish ill of nonbelievers, but I can't help but believe we are being punished. I just try my best to live an honest, sin-free life, and I hope you do too.

backstory\_Prodigy\_Step1= Yes, what is it? You want to know about me? Hrm, well, there's not much to tell...\n\nI was mostly self-taught throughout childhood. Entered an Ivy League university at fourteen and graduated top of my class with honors three years later. Was captain of the university football team. Valedictorian. You know, that sort of thing.

backstory\_Prodigy\_Step2= I must admit, despite my accomplishments, I never really found my place in the world. All you plebs simply move so slowly.\n\nNot as slow as the zed, of course. There is that. And you aren't trying to make a meal of me. Not literally, at least.

backstory\_Prodigy\_Step3= Of course, I might have done better when everything fell apart if I'd had a few more friends. I only left my apartment when the local delivery places stopped answering their phones.\n\nThe city was in ruins by that point. Most of the people had fled. It was horrible. There wasn't even anyone left who knew how to make a decent decaf soy latte with extra cream.

backstory\_Homeless\_Step1= Hey bud, yah got a nickel? What? We don't use cash no more?\n\nI... sorry 'bout that. Old habits, don't yah know. When you been on the street as long as I have yah kind of fall into those... whatzit... patterns.

backstory\_Homeless\_Step2= Say... \*burp\*... say, yah know what's funny? Back when all the zed started to show up all those yuppie pricks in my neighborhood thought I was one of them.\n\nHeh. OK, so, maybe not having washed in a couple o' months, an' usually being half pissed probably didn't help the way I was coming across, but, yah know, it was fun to make those fellas run for a few days. Gentrification can kiss my... \*burp\*.

backstory\_Homeless\_Step3= O' course when the actual zed started showing up in my neighborhood things went bad pretty quick. Still, I've had worse times.\n\nYah see, there were now all these empty swank new apartments to hide in right? Most of 'em still had food in them too. Not that I always need a roof over my head or a burstin' belly, but it sure helps when some undead sucker's lookin' for you.

backstory\_FoodForGold\_Step1= Hey there friend, are you tired? Hungry? Down on your luck? Did you happen to stumble on a cache of someone's antique jewelry left behind as the previous owners ran for what truly mattered: their lives!?\n\nWell, then have I got a deal for you! Food for gold! Yes, we here at Food for Gold will give you real foodstuffs in exchange for any of your inedible gold valuables of yesteryear.

backstory\_FoodForGold\_Step2= Trussed pigeon carcasses for necklaces! A hand full of blackberries for ear rings. Half a dozen suspect mushrooms for a pair of cufflinks. We offer you the best deals, this side of [CityName].\n\nAnything? Nothing? Really? Pah! That goes for you and every sob-story in this joint. I don't know why I bother...

backstory\_FoodForGold\_Step3= Why am I looking for gold? I'll let you in on a little secret: I get a great deal for it from that trader, Gustav. Don't know what he uses the stuff for though.\n\nTo be honest, I prefer doing this shtick nowadays than back when I was fleecing little old ladies out of their valuables for paltry sums of cash. Those "valuables" are just useless hunks of metal nowadays. At least people can eat food. Even if it's going a little green.

backstory\_SexWorker\_Step1= Hey sweetie, how are you doing? That's good to hear. Me? I'm doing fine. A little tired to be honest, but that's my own fault. I'm not really used to being on my feet this much.\n\nWhat do I mean? Well... let's just say I used to do a lot of work from the bedsheets... if you catch my drift.

backstory\_SexWorker\_Step2= No, it never bothered me being in the sex trade. The pay was good, you met interesting people, and you could set your own hours. I know a lot of people said we were exploited, but it was our choice to be there.\n\nI even did it for a bit after everything fell apart. You know that trader, Gustav? He has a couple of caravans of people who do their best to raise people's spirits in these dark times. People's will to live may evaporate, but their libidos never do.

backstory\_SexWorker\_Step3= Gustav's not a bad sort. A little profit-driven, but he kept us safe and looked after those who were sick.\n\nI left his group more because I didn't like having a John telling me how to do business. Never have. And now I'm with you guys. The works different, but rewarding. And at least here we have some walls to keep the zed out.

backstory\_WomensStudies\_Step1= This is fascinating. Did you know that when all of the alpha males in a group of monkeys killed themselves by eating tainted garbage, the entire dynamic of the pack changed?\n\nOh, I'm sorry, yes I'm trying to keep up on my studies. We can't let a little thing like the end of the world get in the way of learning how to better treat one another, can we?

backstory\_WomensStudies\_Step2= Yes, I would consider myself a feminist. I know the word can get a bad wrap from some people... or at least it could before everything collapsed.\n\nHowever, I subscribe to the idea that a feminist is any person who simply wants women to be treated with the same respect as men. Of course I just wish the zed would treat all of us with some sort of respect. Or at least quit trying to eat us.

backstory\_WomensStudies\_Step3= I never realized how much I would need those self-defense classes I took back in the day. But I also hadn't expected the dead to rise and try and destroy the living either.\n\nNo, I haven't noticed any difference in the way the male or female zed act, but that is a wonderful idea! I will be sure to keep it in mind for future study. If we live long enough, that is.

backstory\_Aliens\_Step1= You! You're one of them, aren't you? AREN'T YOU?!\n\nYou're not? Really? Well, that simplifies things. Have a good day!

backstory\_Aliens\_Step2= They don't think I know but I do, I know it all... I know who made this disease, and how, and why they did it. And now they're TRYING TO GET INTO MY HEAD! But shhhhhh... don't talk so loud. Because they're listening, and they don't know we know, okay? So just act natural and everything will be okay.\n\nSO! How about that local sporting team and/or event?

backstory\_Aliens\_Step3= What's my problem? WHAT'S MY PROBLEM? I'll tell you what my problem is... ALIENS!! Everywhere you look! They think I can't see them but I know! I KNOW!! They caused all of this, just to see how we'd react. Just to watch us dance!!\n\nHow long have they been here? I don't know, since ancient times? Does it matter? They're here. And they'll get us, and all our things, if we're not careful.

backstory\_HospitalJanitor\_Step1= I... uhhh... GAH! Don't sneak up on a person like that! Sorry, I just... I just haven't been the same since the outbreak at the hospital I worked at.\n\nDoctor? No, no, no, nothing like that. I was the waste management technician... The janitor, yes.

backstory\_HospitalJanitor\_Step2= OK, yeah, I know a little bit about first aid. You can't help but pick up a few things when your hospital is understaffed and in one of the worst neighborhoods in the city for gang violence.\n\nI remember being in the ER and having to hold the guts in of this one guy who was dressed in some yellow pajamas or something. Looked like he jumped right out of a 70's kung fu movie. Managed to pull him through in the end. Of course, he wasn't one of the ones who tried to bite us.

backstory\_HospitalJanitor\_Step3= When the first of the zed started to show up none of the doctors had any idea what to do with them. They made them as comfortable as they could, but then they just left them there. Didn't even strap them down. Don't know what they were thinking. You can never be too careful.\n\nI left the hospital when the first Doc was bit. I don't mind helping out, but when the patients start fighting back, that enough for me. I'm done.

backstory\_FoodScientist\_Step1= Me? I'm a food scientist... Yes, it is a valid science. You know that pizza the military commissioned that could last 3 years unrefrigerated? I was part of that team.\n\nI kind of wish I'd hung onto a few of the prototypes. Sure, those ones would turn your urine a little green, but it'd beat starving.

backstory\_FoodScientist\_Step2= I've been trying to use my experience to stretch out our supplies a bit, but there's only so much you can do with these ingredients.\n\nTo be perfectly honest, you'd probably be better asking anthropologist or someone more familiar with the old-world preservation techniques. Still, the mouse jerky I've whipped up seems to be a hit with some of the younger members of the fort.

backstory\_FoodScientist\_Step3= Weaponize the food? Who the hell suggested that? Were they thinking of a pie gun or a pizza cannon or something? Aside from being a perfectly waste of good supplies this is real life here. It's not like those would even cause the zed to give pause.\n\nWell, unless they were filled with human meat or something. Hmmm... On that note, I wonder how long human jerky would last? I... Sorry, no reason. Just ignore me.

backstory\_EscapedConvict\_Step1= Mrm... yeah? Me? I'm just a nobody. I always was a nobody. And I'll be a nobody until the day I die. Get lost.

backstory\_EscapedConvict\_Step2= My crucifix tattoo? I... Yeah, I got it in prison, what of it?\n\nListen, when you're locked up you got a choice: Be one of the big league or get screwed. I made my choice and I'll live with it. And no, I'm not going to tell you why I was in there. Piss off!

backstory\_EscapedConvict\_Step3= No, I wasn't "released for good behavior" or anything. I was doing my time, sure, but things got cut short when one of the new prisoners came down all sick. You can guess what happened next.\n\nI was one of the lucky ones. I was out in the yard when the chaos started. As everyone started to eat or be eaten someone managed to get the gate open and those of us with any sense bolted. I don't like to think about what happened to those who were still trapped in their cells.

backstory\_RetiredTeacher\_Step1= You haven't seen any children around here, have you? I can't stand children. With their slingshots and their chewing gum and their beady little eyes watching your every move...\n\nWhat? Just wait until a gang of them have you cornered in a school cafeteria on a dark and rainy afternoon and we'll see how you like it! They're worse than zed, let me tell you.

backstory\_RetiredTeacher\_Step2= I... I used to be a teacher at that horrible St. Michaels school. The morning prep at that place wasn't cleaning the classroom or preparing your lesson plan... it was setting up your defenses.\n\nMy personal strategy was to pull my oak desk into the corner and build a roof using binders and paper clips. It made it hard for the kids to hear my lessons from back there, but at least I felt safe.

backstory\_RetiredTeacher\_Step3= I went on an indefinite "stress leave" a few years back, before all this undead business started. Not sure what happened to the school.\n\nIt's not that I would ever seriously wish harm on any of those kids, it just that... is it weird to say that I both miss them and I'm glad that I don't have to deal with them any more?

backstory\_GetAwayDriver\_Step1= Do I know my way around a car? You could say that. I used be one of the meanest street racers out there. There weren't nobody I couldn't beat from behind the wheel of my chrome-covered monster.\n\nOf course the best car in the world ain't any good when you run out of gas. Not sure where my beauty is now. Probably rusted up something fierce from all that blood left on it when I had to ditch it at the side of the road.

backstory\_GetAwayDriver\_Step2= Did I do anything else? Well... I did some "delivery" work. Getting packages or people from point A to B as quick as possible. Packages and people certain fellas in blue uniforms might have an unfortunate interest in.\n\nNow, I know it was a little shady, but I wasn't hurting nobody. And top of the line oil ain't going to pay for itself, after all.

backstory\_GetAwayDriver\_Step3= I was actually driving one such person the day everything started going south. A... McClung or something. She paid me a bundle to get her to her husband's mansion as the city fell apart. Wanted to rescue him, I think.\n\nI got her there without too much brain on my fender and even waited for her. She didn't come out with her husband though. Just had a steely look in her eyes and couple of specks of blood on that white blouse of hers. She got back in the car and we drove off without another word.

backstory\_AssemblyLine\_Step1= Yes, ah... sir... miss... sir... Sorry I... can I help you with something?\n\nDo I have any useful skills? Well, not really. I mean, unless you have an assembly line of electronics to be monitored. No? Didn't really think so.

backstory\_AssemblyLine\_Step2= No, I don't actually know anything about electronics themselves. I just had one of the managers tell me which warning lights to keep an eye on and I was to grab one of them when they went off.\n\nOf course, then they wouldn't know what to do and we'd have to get somebody from I.T. And then they'd have to get somebody from the company that made the assembly robots... You know, there was a lot of standing around waiting for people at my job.

backstory\_AssemblyLine\_Step3= OK, so, yeah, I did take the occasional computer card that I thought no one would miss. It's not like they really paid us anything. I had to learn to survive on half a bowl of ramen noodles a day!\n\nI had a couple of hacker friends who were always up for some extra gear. Didn't get much from them either, but at least they didn't look down on me like the managers did.

backstory\_SeedBomber\_Step1= This place isn't bad. Needs more greenery. But then, I always think a place needs more greenery. Green's good, you know? Means the land is healthy. And a healthy land means food.\n\nGreenery also means you've got a place to hide when some undead thing comes looking for you. That can be even more important nowadays.

backstory\_SeedBomber\_Step2= Making places more green was my passion, back when things weren't trying to eat us all the time. I was one of the best seed bombers on the west coast.\n\nGive me a couple of hours and I could impregnate every inch of spare earth at an industrial complex with seeds. Couldn't make things as nice as the unspoiled wilderness of course, but every little bit helps.

backstory\_SeedBomber\_Step3= Oh, I'd never engage any of the security guards. I'm a lover, not a fighter. Not that I usually needed to worry about that. I was good enough they'd never even knew I'd been there until spring came. By then they'd be up to their eyeballs in wild flowers and herbs.\n\nI have to admit, not being seen is handy talent to have nowadays. Of course, the undead tend to go more by smell than sight, but as I said, every little bit helps...

backstory\_LighthouseKeeper\_Step1= \*Yawns\* What time is it? I haven't got a lick of sleep it weeks. Everywhere I go I hear the zed incessantly clawing at the walls.\n\nThey're worse than the people. There was a reason I moved to a lighthouse; out there, the only noise is the sound of the ocean. No car horns. No yappy dogs. No... undead monsters chewing on the hinges.

backstory\_LighthouseKeeper\_Step2= I didn't want to come back to the city. It those damn government pencil pushers shutting my light house down! Saying things like "It just isn't in the budget" and "All the ocean debris you're storing in here is a health hazard."\n\nWhat was their problem? You find lots of interesting stuff on the beach. OK, the stuff might have been a little radio-active, but it's not like it was hurting anybody else.

backstory\_LighthouseKeeper\_Step3= It's been miserable since I got back to the city. I tried to buy groceries only to find the store shelves had all been looted. I went to talk to my new landlady and found her chewing on her husband. Why does everything happen to me?\n\nOh sure, you say it's gotten worse since the dead have risen, but I remember from back before the lighthouse... Well, OK, it's a little blurry, but that's what constant exposure to radioactive flotsam will do to a person.

backstory\_HealthCare\_Step1= Eh there squire. What did I do before all this? I was a health care worker. Spent time with people who had serious disabilities. Physical or mental issues that kept them stuck in a bed or a wheelchair or the like.\n\nI weren't no pure white angel bathin' their sores or nothin'. I just drove 'em places, took 'em on walks to the park, that sort of thing. Weren't glamorous or nothin', but put a smile on a face or two and made me enough to get by.

backstory\_HealthCare\_Step2= I... I was in the care home when the breakout happened. I'd just finished putting Gladice to bed when Teddy walked into the room. I was so surprised to see Teddy out of his wheelchair I didn't notice the green tint to his skin... or the bite-marks on his arm.\n\nI managed to shove Teddy back when he came after me, but he just turned around and started tearing into Gladice as she lay there, quivering, unable to move... and I'm ashamed to say seeing this... all I could do was run.

backstory\_HealthCare\_Step3= Everywhere I turned one resident was going after another and there weren't nothin' I could do. If I stopped and tried to help any of them... Fred... Sally... George... All it would have meant is the zed would have gotten us all.\n\nAnd the twisted irony of the whole thing was this was the first time in years many of those people had been able to get up and walk under their own power. And all they could use that new-found mobility for was to rip the heart out of the next poor soul they found...

backstory\_RightWing\_Step1= Greetings friend. I just wanted to thank you for your immutable hospitality in letting these good, hard-working, God-fearing folk take refuge in this fort of yours.\n\nI just worry you might be a little too... open in your welcoming policies. Not all of these are the "right" sort of people, if you catch my drift. Me? I used to be the host of the popular "In the Right" morning show, why do you ask?

backstory\_RightWing\_Step2= You want to know more about my old show? How could you have not seen it? We had national coverage right across the Bible Belt.\n\nIt was a talk show of sorts. We'd have these left-wing "activists" or "scientists" come on the show and discuss controversial topics like same-sex marriage or global warming and it was up to me to explain to them why they were wrong.

backstory\_RightWing\_Step3= OK, maybe we should have been a little more open to the reports of zombie activity. Especially when they started to come from our local area.\n\nThe final days at the station weren't pretty. I was only able to make it out of there by the skin of my teeth. Luckily for me, one of our young interns valiantly... ummm... "tripped" in front of the horde that was chasing us. It's a pity about that kid, but better him than me.

backstory\_JailGaurd\_Step1= It could be rough being a part-time jail guard at a small detachment. And it wasn't the drunks, or the gangsters, or the creeps that was the hard part. It was the sympathetic prisoners. The people I felt had broken the law for the right reasons.\n\nThe guy caught beating up the fella who assaulted his sister. The woman who'd shot her abusive husband. Hell, even the ones illegally protesting those bastards in power who answered to no one but themselves.

backstory\_JailGaurd\_Step2= There was a group like that in the night the zed attacked our detachment. Called themselves the Dogwood Acres Helpful Ladies in Action Society or something like that.\n\nThe lot of them had been dragged in for throwing rotten fruit at a politician who was trying to push some mandatory medical practices for all women. Apparently they gave him a fairly serious black-eye with a rotten tomato. I might not have gone to those extremes myself, but... well... I couldn't argue with the results.

backstory\_JailGaurd\_Step3= It was the scream from Billy at the front desk that let us know something was wrong. I saw the walking corpses on the security cameras tearing through Dispatch and did the only thing I could think of: hit the release button for the cells and ordered everyone to follow me.\n\nWe grabbed the pistols off a couple of the downed officers and blasted our way through the station to the back exit. For an affirmative action group, those ladies were scarily good shots. We actually managed to make it out of there without a scratch on us, even if we were a little covered in brain and skull bits by that point.

backstory\_ActualPigFarmer\_Step1= \*Nods\* How do? Me? Doin' fine. Fine. Miss my pig though. Weren't never a finer porker than ol' Bessy-Sue.\n\nYep, I were a pig farmer. Nothin' as big as them Bucket boys, o' course. They had one of the biggest pig farms on the west coast. I was just a small-town farmer. But let me tell you, my pigs won best of show five seasons runnin' at the annual Harvest Festival and Hootenanny. What other farmer can say that?

backstory\_ActualPigFarmer\_Step2= Farmer Bucket? Yeah, I knew him. Not well, but he bought a few of my prize boars for breeding stock. Though, I have to say, it wasn't a deal we made often.\n\nI never much cared for the state he kept his pens or pigs in. When I went to visit all his porkers were packed into their pens so tight they could barely move, and the place didn't look like it had been cleaned in months. Personally, I wouldn't trust any of his meat as far as I could throw it.

backstory\_ActualPigFarmer\_Step3= I actually got a message from Bucket as the zombies started to rise. Seems like he walled-off his place pretty good and was offering it as a safe haven for any of his old friends who needed a place to stay.\n\nI didn't take him up on the whole deal, but I know a few other farmers who did. Haven't heard from them in a while, but then, with the mess the world is in, who can say what's happening behind those walls nowadays?

backstory\_LittleLeague\_Step1= Have you seen the sorry lot 'round here? You need to whip them into proper shape. Give 'em a rousing pep talk. Puts a proper fire under them that does. Always worked for me during my coaching days.\n\nProfessional? Naw, nothing like that. I was a little league coach. My set of pint-sized power houses could tear up a baseball diamond like you wouldn't believe.

backstory\_LittleLeague\_Step2= I saw my first zed during our game against the St. Michael's boys. One of my outfielders had just disappeared into the underbrush to look for a long fly when we heard a scream and the kid came tearing out there with this shabby-lookin' one-armed guy in hot pursuit.\n\nAs much as I love my kids, I have to give it to those St. Michael's boys; they work well under pressure. Seeing my boy in trouble, they hefted their bats and charged at the shambling monstrosity, beating it into a bloody pulp. Their teamwork was thing of beauty, let me tell you.

backstory\_LittleLeague\_Step3= Seeing as most of my kids had their parents at the game and the St. Michael's boys had all been dropped off by their school, I crammed the lot of them in my van to get them home.\n\nI thought their headmaster was one of the zed the first time I saw him, what with grey skin and somber face. Still, he seemed relieved to get the boys back in that overprotective parent sort of way.

backstory\_Stargazer\_Step1= Have you ever looked at the sky? Like, really looked? Seen the constellations spiral through the heavens? The northern lights dance through the sky? Felt the cosmos breathe as it stares back at you?\n\nNo? Not even a little bit? Well... OK then.

backstory\_Stargazer\_Step2= For me, the stars mean peace. They're an escape from this wretched world. When I look at them spiraling on and on I can forget the death waiting for us outside the walls.\n\nAnd then I hear the scratching as another walking corpse tries to find a hole in our defenses and I'm snapped back to this horrible chunk of rock. And I realize this is going to be another night without sleep...

backstory\_Stargazer\_Step3= I always wanted to be an astronaut. Seeing the stars without any of this messy atmosphere getting in the way.\n\nSometimes I wonder what happened to the ones up on the international space station. Did they come back down and try to survive the horror with the rest of us, or are they still up there, held in the heaven's warm embrace? OK, they probably would have starved to death by this point, but you know what I mean.

backstory\_InternetTroll\_Step1= What the hell did I do to deserve ending up in a suckass place like this? This fort is pathetic! Why me??\n\nYeah sure, I used to mess with people on the internet, but who gives a crap, that was years ago. Besides, those losers deserved it for being so sensitive, they were seriously asking for it. I... "Karma"? What's that? Some kind of curry?

backstory\_InternetTroll\_Step2= I was all over TwitTube, Facespace, LOLchan, everywhere, getting lulz and putting those whiny SJWs in their place. They couldn't stop me - I had a thousand accounts and like 7 proxies.\n\nThen one day we're raiding this chick who thought she could make games (as if, amiright?) and I get a warning from some group called the 1337cRew. Next thing I know there's a SWAT team beating down my door 'cause they reported a kidnapping at my house. My mom was \_pissed\_.

backstory\_InternetTroll\_Step3= What did I do when the dead came knocking? What do think? I ran.\n\nMom wasn't going to make it far with bad leg of hers, so I left her behind. Dead weight, like a lot of the losers here in [CityName].

backstory\_Vegan\_Step1= You know it was a lot easier to be a vegan when there was a well-stocked tofu aisle at the grocery store. Now it's all you can do to try and find enough nuts and root vegetables to keep yourself standing.\n\nAnd that tofu aisle? It's not a good place to find yourself nowadays. I'm pretty sure the stuff growing there has become sentient by this point.

backstory\_Vegan\_Step2= You can still get good vegetables at the Luddies farm. They've not only managed to survive the undead uprising, but their old-world growing techniques produce some of the healthiest fruit and veg you could hope to find in this wilderness.\n\nOf course, you have to put up with their crackpot theories. But for a good cucumber, I'm willing to listen to some backwoods farmer rant for an hour about how the national flag is actually a hypnotic pattern designed to lull the masses into a false sense of security.

backstory\_Vegan\_Step3= I really don't want to become a zombie. No one wants that, of course, but I don't want to eat brains. No part of an animal has passed my lips since I was but a babe swaddled in my mother's 100% organic tie-dyed hemp cloth.\n\nOkay, there was Jello. But how were my parents to know that gelatin's made of boiled cow hoofs? Really, what sort of sick person would boil a cow's hoof and go "Mmmmm... this solid block of jiggly water looks mighty tasty?"

backstory\_Samurai\_Step1= Greetings sensei. Myself? I am but a simple swords[man], traveling this land looking for a true test of my skills. I am the lone wolf. I am the wind blowing through the trees.\n\nWhy am I here? Honestly, it's just nice to have an actual bed to sleep in for once. Do you have any idea how hard the actual ground is?

backstory\_Samurai\_Step2= The only people I have met in my travels who could hope to match my skill were the Granville Riffs. While they were little more than a gang in terms of discipline, the training they received made them formidable opponents. I relished every time I was able to match my steel against theirs.\n\nAnd sometimes it just nice to wade into a horde of zombies and slice a few heads off the slow moving things. Variety is the spice of life after all.

backstory\_Samurai\_Step3= Sometimes I wonder if I should give up this solitary life. Find a place to truly call home. To settle down and raise a family. But then I think "No. You must drive yourself onward. Become the perfect weapon."\n\nYeah, I know I'm still here, but there's a warm bed and food. And walls between me and the zombies. And... Look, are you trying to get me to leave? Don't test me. I'll do it! I will! Just... not today. Tomorrow maybe. Yeah, we think about it again tomorrow.

backstory\_NightGuard\_Step1= What am I doing up at this hour? Just like to spend my time keeping an eye on things. Never been a good sleeper or needed to eat much, so I always had a lot of time on my hands.\n\nThat's why used to go for the night shift when I was a security guard. Figured if I'm going to be up anyway, I may as well do something with myself. Sure, it's mostly just twiddling my thumbs, but at least I wasn't twiddling my thumbs at home every night.

backstory\_NightGuard\_Step2= So, the last night I was actually guarding something, I was at the front desk when I hear this pounding coming from the glass doors in the entrance hall. An incessant sort of 'thud... thud... thud'.\n\nI go to check it out and see this woman, drenched in blood, beating her head against the glass over and over. As I get close she slowly raises her face, the empty sockets where her eyes used to be stare at me for what seems like an eternity. And then she screams and smashes through the door at me!

backstory\_NightGuard\_Step3= I'm just lucky all that broken glass tore that zed to pieces or I would have been a goner. I looked at the creature lying there, twitching, and said to myself "Self, you aren't getting paid enough for this" and left.\n\nStill, just goes to show you the difference between what happens with glass in the movies and what happens in real life. Even a zombie ain't good for much if its body is sliced into a thousand pieces.

backstory\_CardShark\_Step1= So, what odds would give us surviving until tomorrow? I mean that seriously. I have a bet with one of the guys in Gustav's caravan. True, I have to be the only one to survive to collect the bet, but if everything falls into place the payout is going to be great.\n\nThat's the stupidest bet you've ever heard of? Pah! I've made far stupider ones. But what's life without risk, eh?

backstory\_CardShark\_Step2= I was known as something of a card shark back in the day... though I preferred to think of myself as a card dolphin. Slipping through the heady waters of the gambling tables unseen, ambushing the sharks preying on the fish they found there.\n\nNot that I wouldn't stop to eat a fish or two myself from time to time. A dolphin needs to keep up [his] strength, after all.

backstory\_CardShark\_Step3= The worst bet I ever made was with this sick looking fella who came into the casino in its last days. He bet me ten grand against a pound of flesh that there was no way I could beat his hand. It was a weird thing to bet but I took him up on it.\n\nWhat I hadn't expected when I lost was for him to try to claim his reward using his teeth right then and there. I had to wrench an arm off a slot machine and beat him with it until he stopped moving.

backstory\_Pyro\_Step1= The one nice thing about being taken back to basics is you get more campfires in your life. I can spend hours watching a fire. Seeing the flames dance. Slowly consume the wood.\n\nI used to try to capture that image of the flames in my paintings. I went through reds, oranges and yellows like there was no tomorrow. And blacks of course. After all, when the flame has burnt itself out, all you have left is the ash.

backstory\_Pyro\_Step2= When the zed came for me, I was ready for them. No one questions you as an artist when you regularly pick up flammable chemicals; Turpentine, acetone, hell I was even able to convince a few people that I used plain old gasoline for cleaning my brushes.\n\nZed don't feel pain, but after they burn for a bit they fall over like anything else. When any of those creatures came near my studio they became my new art piece, burning bright for a few beautiful minutes before returning to the earth as ash.

backstory\_Pyro\_Step3= Of course, all good things have to come to an end. A match got away from me and by that point my studio was saturated in chemicals it was just waiting for a spark.\n\nI watched the building burn to the ground from the safety of a nearby forest, the zed still tromping through the doors and windows, disappearing into the flames to find the tasty human that had been making all the noise. It was a glorious evening.

backstory\_ChildProtection\_Step1= Have I ever told you about my old buddy Dan? Great guy. We were part of child protection services. The last day I saw him, we got a call about two kids found crying beside a road. Seems they'd run away after their parents had attacked them.\n\nThe farmhouse we went to check out looked almost picturesque. Painted sky-blue, sitting atop a small hill in the middle of a green field. It was only the blood splatter on the white picket fence that broke the illusion.

backstory\_ChildProtection\_Step2= I went inside while Dan went to check the grounds. In the house it was like life had just suddenly stopped; The TV was playing Saturday morning cartoons and there was a mostly untouched breakfast laid out in the kitchen. There were no signs of a struggle anywhere. And then I heard the scream come from outside.\n\nThe chicken pen was filled in dead hens, each one a mess of feathers, like someone had torn them open with their bare hands. I called out for Dan and heard what sounded like a quiet moan coming from inside the coop.

backstory\_ChildProtection\_Step3= I peered in through a crack in the wooden boards and saw Dan. He was pinned to the ground, moaning in agony as these two figures in torn farm clothes ripped chunks of flesh from his body. They were eating him alive.\n\nI turned, emptied my stomach and then... ran for my life. I wasn't armed. I couldn't face a couple of psychos like that on my own. I left Dan there to die... I've never been a fighter, but... I'm not going to let that happen again. I \_can't\_ let that happen again.

backstory\_IndieMovie\_Step1= What did I do before the dead started trying open everybody's skulls to pluck out their tasty brains? That's a weirdly specific way to phrase that question, but... alright.\n\nI was an independent movie producer. Mostly geeky comedy stuff online. Heck, we were posting videos to the net before streaming video was a thing. OK, that doesn't mean much now that there's no internet, but I can still usually get people to crack a smile. At least when the crushing depression isn't beating down on me.

backstory\_IndieMovie\_Step2= We had a small studio that we did most of our online streaming from. It wasn't big but it held our props and gave us space to set up green-screen.\n\nIt was also easy to barricade with its narrow doorways and all the junk we had on hand. Did you know you can make a decent bar lock by drilling a couple of holes in a doorframe and wedging a boom mike in there? It works surprisingly well.

backstory\_IndieMovie\_Step3= We stayed there as long as we could, but we didn't have much in the way of supplies. There's a limit to how long you can stretch out the six-pack of beer and half a pizza that made up the content of our mini-fridge.\n\nOne-by-one we sent people on our crew out on supply runs and one-by-one they didn't come back. In the end I was the only one left, sucking crumbs out of the cracks of a pizza box for sustenance. Once those were gone I headed out on my own and you found me not long after.

backstory\_VaticanNinja\_Step1= Greetings child. How does the Lord find you on this most glorious of days? The undead scrabbling on our walls day and night not keeping you awake I hope?\n\nAm I a [man] of the cloth? Ah... of sorts. Don't worry your head too much about it child. All will become revealed in time.

backstory\_VaticanNinja\_Step2= Well, I suppose it doesn't really hurt to tell you at this point: I used to be an agent in service to the Vatican. I was responsible for covert operations on the Holy See's behalf. Dealing with things that... could prove embarrassing to the higher ups.\n\nOh, don't act so surprised. It's not like other countries didn't have their own spy networks. Ours was just a little more devout than some others.

backstory\_VaticanNinja\_Step3= A Vatican ninja? That's a somewhat puerile way to put it, but it does cover the bases. I... No, I was never in an action movie. Or a comic book. And I wasn't hiding Bibles in hotel bedrooms!\n\nWhat I did was serious work! The "problem" people weren't going to take care of themselves! If they didn't disappear... I... Wait. Forget you heard that last bit.

backstory\_Firefighter\_Step1= I miss the days when the only danger was burning to death. I understand how fire works. You respect it, you keep it at a distance, you watch for the smoke, and you'll get out fine.\n\nYeah, I was a firefighter. Rode the big red fire truck around the city to whatever emergency called us out. The dead coming back from the grave, however... That was one emergency we weren't trained to deal with.

backstory\_Firefighter\_Step2= Our last call brought us to an old building that I think had been converted into an artist's studio. I say "think" because it was completely ablaze by the time we got there.\n\nBarney was the first of us to go down. Who would have expected the sickly looking girl he found outside the building to suddenly spin around and bury her teeth in his chest. By the time we'd incapacitated her (with a fire axe) more of the creatures crawling out of the woodwork.

backstory\_Firefighter\_Step3= Someone started screaming at us to get back to the truck, but by then it was too late; The things were already clambering over the vehicle. Aiming for weak point in the crowd, I hefted my axe and made a break for the nearby wood, calling for the rest to follow.\n\nThe few of us who survived the night running through the dark wood decided to split up. Each of us had loved ones we needed to protect. I don't know if any of the guys made it to their people, but I can only hope they did.

backstory\_PrivateEye\_Step1= Yeah, I was a private investigator back in the day. Blackmail, adultery, murder. I handled it all. Though, to be fair, investigating murders became a lot harder when the murder victims started getting up and wandering around.\n\nOh, and when the victims started trying to claw at your eyes. That really didn't help matters.

backstory\_PrivateEye\_Step2= The last case I took was from a one Nell McClung. Seems she thought her husband was cheating on her and she needed someone to check it out discreetly.\n\nShe gave me all the standard warnings about "You need to be careful" and "He's got powerful connections." Nothing I hadn't heard before. Now, if she'd just said "He's one of the most violent mob bosses in the country", I might have paid more attention.

backstory\_PrivateEye\_Step3= The case was a gong show. Seedy bars, kidnappings, shoot-outs... I'm not saying it wasn't fun, but damn if I didn't near meet my maker half a dozen times on that case.\n\nIt all ended with a whole lot of blood in the McClungs' mansion. Still not sure exactly what happened, but going from all the bodies I saw and the pale fella in the suit with a hole between his eyes, I think the big man himself had been turned. Never saw Nell, but I'd bet dollars to donuts she's the one who finished it.

backstory\_RadioHost\_Step1= Damn, what I wouldn't give for some tunes. I used to be surrounded by music as a radio DJ. Mostly Christian rock, but we had our share of listeners. Some people just like music that moves their spirit, ya know?\n\nOf course, the problem with working in a small radio station out in the middle of nowhere is you may have trouble getting help if something goes wrong.

backstory\_RadioHost\_Step2= It was the night I was waiting for take-out in the station by myself. I heard a scratching on the door and it wasn't the regular delivery guy. Hell, I had trouble telling if the mangled thing even was a guy. I did know it was human though. The set of teeth that tried to embed themselves in me were distinctly human.\n\nEven though I slammed the door in its face, I could see through the windows that the thing wasn't alone. I tried to call for help, but all the phone lines were dead. With no other choice, I did the only thing I could think of: call for help on the radio.

backstory\_RadioHost\_Step3= I never expected help to come in the form of a dozen heavily armed bikers. My "fans" showed up just as the door began to give way and tore through the undead surrounding the station.\n\nI rode with bikers for a while. With these creatures showing up all over, they were good protection. Didn't last though. I just found their interpretation of the scripture to be a little... violent for my liking.

backstory\_Electrician\_Step1= Jeez, it's worse here than any of the ghettos I used to work in. Sure, I worked in some of the most crime-ridden parts of the city, but gang members don't tend to mess with electricians. They need to get power as much as the next guy.\n\nI even had good rapport with a bunch who called themselves the Granville Riffs. One of the toughest gangs anywhere, but they'd treat you fair so long as you did the same to them.

backstory\_Electrician\_Step2= I could have used their protection when I went for my last job. It was for old lady Grimson, one of my regulars in the ghetto. Everyone liked the old girl. Heck, most of the gangsters had grown up on her cookies, so they kept an eye out for her.\n\nThat was why it was so odd to find the front door of her apartment hanging off it's hinges and her main hallway looking like a pack of hungry dogs had run through it.

backstory\_Electrician\_Step3= There was no sign of her anywhere... at least until I tried to leave and saw her blocking the only way out. It was then I realized the front door had been smashed off it's hinges from the inside. And old lady Grimson was looking slightly green... and mighty hungry.\n\nI don't know if you've ever had an old lady with no teeth tried to gum you to death, but it isn't pleasant. She might have got me too if I hadn't made it to the fire escape. Fortunately for me, even as a zombie, her old hips weren't designed for stairs.

backstory\_Squirrels\_Step1= Greetings sibling. Have you heard the word of Nutbrush, her holiness of the fluffy tail? May her acorns seed the earth. It is she who protects us in these dark times. Her little eyes see all from among the tree tops, watching over man and zed alike.\n\nHow does a squirrel watch over a zed? Very carefully my friend. Very carefully.

backstory\_Squirrels\_Step2= Greetings again sibling. May the bows of the oak protect you and the divine acorn light your way in the darkness.\n\nYou're beginning to wonder if I belong on the other side of the wall with the zed? Ah... Well... thank you sibling, that is the greatest compliment one such as yourself could pay me.

backstory\_Squirrels\_Step3= Wait, wait, wait... You're saying you're not one of those Church of the Chosen whack jobs? You sure about that? Then why in the nine hells have I been putting that show on for you this whole time?!\n\nI'm really sorry about that. When the Cult approached me for the first time the only way I could figure to deal with their "worship the zed" nonsense was to come up with my own batty religion. I've been putting it on for so long now I tend to forget who I'm doing it for.

backstory\_Naturopath\_Step1= How are you doing today? I mean that seriously, how are you? Are you eating OK? What's your stool like? I... Sorry, sorry, just get worried about the people around me. Did you know stress is the number one killer in modern society?\n\nAlright, yes, fair enough, those stats are a little old. I can concede that dying from zed is probably more common nowadays, but second... OK, yes, then starvation, but all of these can lead to stress!

backstory\_Naturopath\_Step2= I am a doctor of naturopathy. You know, looking to the past to fix modern ills? It's amazing what you can do with a dose of licorice extract and an acupuncture session. The Luddies love the stuff. It's well in keeping with their rustic aesthetic.\n\nNo, I haven't found a cure for zombieism yet, but give me time. After all, there are legends of the undead rising across many cultures. I'm sure one of them will have a solution.

backstory\_Naturopath\_Step3= My first attempt to cure someone infected by the zed didn't go so well. I prescribed some ginger to settle his stomach, but he seemed to think that eating my receptionist would help more.\n\nI had to put one of my acupuncture needles through his eye to get him to stop. While I was grateful to get a chance to examine one of the diseased up close, I would have preferred a more sedate experience. It didn't help that an hour later I needed to use my acupuncture "cure" on my receptionist as well.

backstory\_Trucker\_Step1= I never thought I'd go by having a zombie gnaw away on my skull. I mean I knew I'd have to go eventually... hell, I was a trucker. We've got pretty much the highest accident rate in the country.\n\nJust thought it would be something a little more common like, ya know, a heart attack or a brain aneurysm or somethin'. Though I suppose gettin' eaten by a zed is more common nowadays.

backstory\_Trucker\_Step2= It wasn't just the long hours on the road or the poor lifestyle habits that could finish off a trucker; the people you meet could be just as dangerous. Hell, I was once delivering some pork and saw a truckload of guys waiting to ambush me before I made it to the unloading platform.\n\nI got out of my truck and told 'em "OK, I'm going to open the back. You've got one minute to grab what you can and then I run over anybody who's still behind me." And they did. Got away with two pig carcasses, but they didn't shoot me. I figured that was a win.

backstory\_Trucker\_Step3= The guy I was delivering for - Farmer Bucket - disagreed with how I handled that situation. Warned me that I didn't want to end up like their last driver, whatever that meant. I told him if it's a choice of my life or their meat, my life wins every time.\n\nEventually he admitted that was fair. He even gave me a couple of pork sandwiches as a way of apologizing. That said, I don't know if I'd actually buy any of their meat myself. Those sandwiches tasted kind of funny.

backstory\_NotALizard\_Step1= Yesss? How can I help you massster? My ssspeach? I'm terribly sssorry, I jussst happen to have a bit of a lisssp. Nothing to worry yourssself over.\n\nWhat did I do before the end of the world? Ssspent a bit of time underground doing sssome sssurvailance work for a mining firm. Nothing ssspecial.

backstory\_NotALizard\_Step2= Sssorry, yesss, I am sssitting a little clossse to the fire. Jussst a little cold. Alwaysss hard to warm up the old bonesss.\n\nThat cut from yesssterday? Healed right up. Don't you worry about me. I've alwaysss been a fassst healer.

backstory\_NotALizard\_Step3= Did I ever find anything interesssting working for the mining company? No, no, no... Jussst... ah... the usual. Rocksss and the like. Why would asssk that? What, did you exssspect me to find some ancient sssity of lizzzard people or sssomething?\n\nEven if I had it, itsss not like they would have let [him] essscape to tell anyone... Ah... I mean me. My essscape. Which didn't happen becaussse there wasss no hidden city.

backstory\_FireworksTech\_Step1= What was that? Do I have any special "kills"? Well, there was this one time I got a stick of dynamite right between this zed's teeth. When the thing went off, the shrapnel from its skull took out three more...\n\nOh, special \_skills\_. Sorry, my hearing isn't quite what it used to be, on account of all the time I spent playing with firecrackers as a kid.

backstory\_FireworksTech\_Step2= Yeah, I know a thing or two about explosives. All self taught, too. My hearing may be going and I may not have any eyebrows left, but I still have most of my fingers, and that's what counts.\n\nTo be fair, I did work in a fireworks store, so I always had access to plenty of things that went boom. Sometimes the manager even let me light them off in the store if I had been extra good.

backstory\_FireworksTech\_Step3= I took a whole bunch of stock from the store with me when the zed forced me to pack up and leave. Who needs a gun when you can blow a zombie into tiny chunks, right?\n\nToo bad I had to trade most of it away to some foreign guy. Being able to blow stuff up is great but isn't much use for hunting. I mean, I did manage to hit a rabbit with a "golden sun sparkler" once, but there wasn't enough of the little guy left to even make a decent sandwich.

backstory\_DinerCook\_Step1= You hungry, friend? Pull up a log, I've got a couple of leather shoes on the boil. Don't you worry, with my seasonings you'd swear they'd come right off the cow.\n\nI used to be a short order cook at a little backwoods diner. The owner was a stingy bastard and we never had enough of the ingredients we needed. I may not be the best cook, but I can stretch food out like no ones business. On that note, the shoe's done. You want ketchup or mustard to help get it down?

backstory\_DinerCook\_Step2= We didn't get many people at the diner. Mostly farmers and the occasional trucker. Oh, and this group of anarchist stoners that always stopped by for some reason. Think they must have had a commune or something nearby.\n\nThose fella's were nice enough, but \_wow\_... you could get a contact high just by standing too close to them. Some of the farmers started showing up at the same time, just 'cause they liked the buzz they got off anarchist's sweat.

backstory\_DinerCook\_Step3= Yeah, like everybody I got a zed story. Trucker shows up lookin' sick. Decides to eat the owner instead of my food. You know the drill.\n\nTurns out both farmers and anti-government anarchists like to carry guns with them. Blew that thing so full of holes I could have used it to strain soup. Not that I think that would have added to the soup's flavor much.

backstory\_ActualPirate\_Step1= 'Eh there. How you doin'? Me? I'm just happy to have solid ground under my feet again.\n\nI spent most of my life at sea on one boat or another. You never realize how much a death trap those things are until you get stuck on one crawling with undead. Meeting your maker by drownin' or havin' a zombie slowly peel off your skin ain't no a choice a [man] should have to make.

backstory\_ActualPirate\_Step2= Me and me mates were sailing not too far off the coast in international waters when we caught sight of this cruise liner that looked to be driftin'. Being the charitable souls we were, we went over to see if there was anything we could do to... uh... help.\n\nOnce on board we decide to split up to look for survivors. I get stuck with Drunk Larry and his itchy trigger finger again. Not to say that wasn't a benefit this time what with all the undead we ran into not ten minutes later, but usually we end up with way more bodies than hostages with that shotgun of his...

backstory\_ActualPirate\_Step3= Hostages? I... Yeah, ok, we were pirates, alright? It weren't nice, but we did what we had to survive. Not that many survived the cruise ship. Hell, after we got cut off from our boat, it was all me an' Drunk Larry could do to make it to one of the life rafts.\n\nO' course as we get there one of the zed manages to get its teeth in Larry's ankle. Larry, bein' Larry and all, goes and tries to remove the thing with his shotgun. Takes his foot clean off, the idiot. Felt bad about leavin' him there, but it's not like we carry peg legs around with us, an' one-legged man woulda just slowed me down, anyhow.

backstory\_ProfessionalSkeptic\_Step1= You think you recognized me from before the infection? Not surprised. I was a professional skeptic back in the day. Had a number of TV specials of one sort or another.\n\nI used to take on magicians and mediums to prove they can't actually make elephants disappear or talk to the dead. Of course, I need to reconsider that last bit now that the dead are up and walking about.

backstory\_ProfessionalSkeptic\_Step2= I was working in Vegas when I got a call that this guy near Seattle had a real-life zombie on his hands. I normally wouldn't even bother with this kind of thing, but you know, his TwitTube video of the walking corpse was convincing.\n\nI took a couple days and drove to the guy's house. He took me into his basement to show me the thing he'd got chained up there. He got so excited while we talked that he didn't realize how close he was to his "pet"... until it lunged and bit him.

backstory\_ProfessionalSkeptic\_Step3= We ended up in the kitchen with him hunting around for something to dress the bite in his arm and me calling for an ambulance. I sent him off in an ambulance, but stayed to spend some time with the thing downstairs.\n\nWhen I still hadn't heard from my host the next day, I hopped in my car to go see how he was doing. I never made it to the hospital. Hell, given the fires and the screaming, I didn't make more than few blocks into the city before I said "Nope" and turned the car right around.

backstory\_MaliksDeciple\_Step1= There are times I miss the Dojo. The time I was training to be one of the Riff's was some of the best of my life.\n\nIt was tough, sure, but there's nothing quite like waking up to a bucket of cold water in the face first thing in the morning. That is, if you weren't fast enough to dodge the thing. It's all part of the training, after all.

backstory\_MaliksDeciple\_Step2= I was one of Malik's premier students. He called me a prodigy. The rest of the gang just called me a bad ass mother...\n\nThere's no one quite like Malik. One of the best fighters out there. Hell, he could have easily taken control of the gang whenever he wanted, but he respected his master way too much. Of course, then the Judgment went and killed his master and he didn't have much choice but to take over for him.

backstory\_MaliksDeciple\_Step3= I was back east when it happened, but I hear Malik went berserk when he heard his master had been killed. Swore to take out every last Judgment member with his bare hands if he had to.\n\nI came this way to see if I could offer assistance but got trapped by the zed. Still would like to help Malik if I could, but I owe you for saving my life. And it's easy to keep up with my training, what with all the zed about to fight.

backstory\_OGradysValet\_Step1= How do you do sir and/or madam? I'm sorry, I didn't want to make any assumptions about how you identify. Each to their own their own, I always say.\n\nAdmittedly, that's not how my old master, Father O'Grady, would have put it. But well... there was a reason I left the Last Judgment and his service. Actually, there were a lot of reasons.

backstory\_OGradysValet\_Step2= I was Father O'Grady's personal valet back when he was a member of the clergy. Fetched things for him, kept his leather priest's robes pressed and conditioned. That sort of thing.\n\nHe wasn't the most... respectful person I'd ever worked for, but the pay was good, and when the zed showed up, being surrounded by the large group of bikers that made up most of his congregation was a great comfort.

backstory\_OGradysValet\_Step3= The zed showing up was actually where it all started to go downhill. Any men who couldn't fight were kicked out. Any women his bikers "rescued" were forced to wait on the Last Judgment hand and foot as their personal servants. Anyone who tried to run away were caught and thrown to the zed.\n\nEventually I was forced to handed in my notice, by way of a note placed quietly outside the door to his rectory. Sure, I had to sneak out under the cover of night, but I still like to think it was an amicable parting of the ways. As much as these things can be.

backstory\_StarYoga\_Step1= Hey there friend. Have you stretched this morning? It's important to stay limber. You don't want to pull a muscle when you're running for your life.\n\nI personally like to do a little bit of yoga. More for the stretching than the religious enlightenment, but I can understand if that's your thing. Just not my cup of tea.

backstory\_StarYoga\_Step2= One of the best yoga instructors I ever had was a woman by the name of Cassandra Starr. Aside from knowing her way around a king pigeon pose, she was an amazingly charismatic person. While I don't normally go in for the spiritual enlightenment side of things she could sell it like no other.\n\nI pretty sure if you shut her in a room with a zombie, she'd convince the thing to give up its addiction to brains and contemplate its place in the universe before you had a chance to go for coffee.

backstory\_StarYoga\_Step3= Outside of her class, Cassandra was always really friendly but you had to watch it around her. She was the sort of person who always had to be in control. Not that you would ever realize the way you were being manipulated. She was so good at wrapping people round her little finger.\n\nI've heard rumors about her joining some cult that worships the zed, but I have trouble seeing her as some lowly acolyte. Hell, if she ever did join a cult I doubt it would take her more than a month to be running the place.

backstory\_JebAndBub\_Step1= Howdy pardner! Ya know, I don't know what all these fellas are complain' about not bein' able to "find hot water" or "have a bath." I'm at my happiest when covered in mud.\n\nIt were somethin' I picked up from my ol' childhood friends Jeb and Bub Bucket. Their dad ran one of biggest pig farms round these parts. You ain't lived 'till you've mucked down with half a dozens sows.

backstory\_JebAndBub\_Step2= The days we spent run 'round the farm were somethin' special. Now, Jeb and Bub might not have been the brightest candle's this side o' puddle, but ya wouldn't find a jollier pair o' souls out there.\n\nSure, Farmer Bucket was never too happy when we tracked all that muck from our roughhousin' into the slaughterhouse, but Jeb and Bub's gigglin' were so infectious, he'd soon be laughin' too. Hell, he'd still be chucklin' as he wiped off all that mud we'd got the meat before he threw it in the grinder.

backstory\_JebAndBub\_Step3= When I got older I helped Bucket and his boys build that huge concrete wall 'round their farm. Sometimes I wish had somethin' like that to keep the zed out of our hair.\n\nNot sure why he needed somethin' so big just ta keep pigs in. I remember jokin' with Jeb and Bub that this thing would be pretty good at keepin' folks in if they ever wanted ta turn their place into a prison or somethin'. We all had a good laugh about that.

backstory\_LlamaFarmer\_Step1= Sure, these zed are grumpy, but ya ever seen a llama when it's got its goat up? At least we don't have spittin' zed, that's all I can say.\n\nYeah, I was one of these weird [dude]s who used to raise llamas. Sure, they're stubborn, ornery, and smell like a wet mop, but the stuff you can make with their wool... My llama-wool sweaters won awards at the local craft fairs.

backstory\_LlamaFarmer\_Step2= I'm not sure where you'd find llamas nowadays, what with the zed eatin' everything in their path. Heard those guys at the Luddies' farm might still have a few, but I don't know how they'd have kept them alive through all this.\n\nI actually knew that fella Ludd back in the day. I helped him out with a few of his llama inseminations and births. I tell you, if you think llamas smell bad normally, you see how they smell when you're elbow deep in 'em.

backstory\_LlamaFarmer\_Step3= Ludd was a nice dude when you got to know him. A bit rough around the edges, and had some weird ideas about the government controlin' everythin', but he was a good person deep down. You just needed to peel back a few layers to find it.\n\nI hope he and his crew are doin' alright. They were never the best in a fight, but if anyone could keep plants growin' in this wasteland, his lot could.

backstory\_RufusNeighbour\_Step1= You! I know what you've been up to. You don't fool me. I know better than to sleep. I've got my eyes on you 24/7.\n\nYou're just like that weirdo Dr. Agbayani that used to live next to me. Waving at me. Smiling. Up all night researching heaven knows what for the Center of Disease Control. You can't trust people like that. He was up to no good, you mark my words!

backstory\_RufusNeighbour\_Step2= The way that Dr. Agbayani worked I doubt he saw that little hellion of a son of his for more than a couple of minutes a day. If that. That's probably why he sent the little creature to that St Michael's boarding school.\n\nWhat was the kid's name? Raphael? Raffi? ... Whatever it was, I wouldn't trust him any more than his father. Always running amok through the neighborhood with his toy swords, and his slingshots, and his band of little degenerates. Pah!

backstory\_RufusNeighbour\_Step3= Rufus! That was Dr. Agbayani's son's name. I knew it was somewhere in this old noggin of mine. Never forget a thing, I do.\n\nOh sure, that kid would try to make you think that he was all sweet and innocent, mowing your lawn without asking and bringing you your newspaper. But I know better. He was a schemer that one.

backstory\_DavisSoldier\_Step1= Ahhh! I mean... Halt! Stand and identify yourself... Don't come any closer!\n\nOh, it... it's you. I'm sorry about that. It's just... Look, I know I used to be a soldier, but fighting zombies, the dead coming back to life... We weren't trained for this!

backstory\_DavisSoldier\_Step2= Me? I was just a member of the infantry. Never made it much higher, but I did serve under Senator Davis for most of my time in the army, back when she was a general. When you've got someone that decorated above you it counts for something, right?\n\nFought in the deserts overseas until I got nailed by an IED. My body recovered, but my composure... well, let's just say a soldier who loses it whenever a door slams shut too loud isn't much good for field work after that.

backstory\_DavisSoldier\_Step3= General Davis? She retired not long after I was discharged. Entered politics, became a senator for somewhere.\n\nNow if we'd had someone like that still in charge of our armies, I doubt things would have gotten nearly as bad as all this with the zed. But if she was a senator... there's only so much you can do when your hands are tied by paperwork.

backstory\_HelensProtestor\_Step1= This place is a mess. I spent years fighting for a better world and this is where we end up? Fighting as a soldier? Don't be ridiculous. I wasn't a tool of oppression. I was an activist!\n\nSure, some of the causes I championed were for women to have access to all roles in the military and LGBT individuals to serve openly, but that's about basic equality. An LGBT person or woman should have the same right to oppress the masses as a straight white male.

backstory\_HelensProtestor\_Step2= One of my best friends during my college activist years was Helen Vanderzalm. That was a woman with loins of steel, make no mistake. There's no one you wouldn't want more at your back when you find yourself on capitol hill, waving signs and yelling slogans.\n\nThat said, constantly fighting the man takes its toll on the best of us. After one too many bills by middle-aged white guys telling women what they could do with their body or trying to legalize discrimination, Helen finally called it quits.

backstory\_HelensProtestor\_Step3= Work inside the system? I think someone suggested that to Helen and she kicked his teeth in. It's one thing to give up the fight, and totally another to become part of the problem.\n\nI hope she's survived this mess. Last I heard she joined this group called the Dogwood Acres Helpful Ladies in Action Society. I think they did bake sales or something. I would have thought that a little tame for Helen, but maybe she just needed something lower impact.

backstory\_Intersex\_Step1= Listen, let's get this straight: I identify as a [dude], okay? I've heard you guys discussing my gender when you think I'm not listening, but it's none of your damn business what I've got in my pants. I'm a [man] and that's all you need to know.\n\nI... Sorry, I know I shouldn't jump down your throat over this. I guess the threat of a final and bloody death at the hands of monstrous undead is getting to me. Maybe we can talk later.

backstory\_Intersex\_Step2= My gender identity's always been important to me. I was born intersex... not fully a girl or fully a boy, but a bit of both. It's more common than you'd think, and like most parents mine had to flip a coin and go with it. I'm just thankful they didn't try to fix me with surgery or drugs like some poor kids.\n\nGrowing up was hard. Puberty's bad enough without the added confusion of a body that doesn't look like the ones in sex ed class. I learned to be tough to survive the bullying, and those skills helped me survive the zombies, too.

backstory\_Intersex\_Step3= I miss the Internet. It was my haven when I was growing up. As a confused intersex kid, it was the only place I could be anonymous, where nobody asked me humiliating questions about my body.\n\nI was part of this clan called the 1337cRew. We played games and stuff together, but I never met them in person. Then one day I found out that the leader, Cryptico, was a transgender girl - born a boy but became a girl when she was fifteen. And nobody in the clan cared or even mentioned it! I miss those guys.

backstory\_#Intersex\_Step1= [Sir]? That's not necessarily how I identify but OK. How are you to know? Well, you could ask! I... Sorry, I shouldn't jump down your throat. The threat of a final and bloody death from the zed is getting to me.\n\n

backstory\_#Intersex\_Step2= What is intersex? It's when a person is born with some combination physical or hormonal gender characteristics that could be considered either partially female or male, some combination thereof, or even neither.\n\n

backstory\_#Intersex\_Step3= No, intersex is not the same as transgender. Yeah, it did sometimes fall under the LGBT umbrella, at least before the zombies ate all the activists, but it rarely got the same visibility as the other four categories.\n\n

backstory\_MarrigeCounselor\_Step1= What did I used to do? Well, I was marriage counselor. I would invite couples into my cozy office, try to help them work out their relationship issues, and charge them exorbitant fees. I was pretty good at it too, if I do say so myself.\n\nThe counseling, not the fees. Not that I wasn't good at that too, but if you can get dishes to stop getting thrown around the house, people are usually willing to pay you pretty much anything you ask for.

backstory\_MarrigeCounselor\_Step2= It was the ones that were so far gone, you'd have no idea how they got together in the first place that confused me. I swear, some of those couples could be harder to deal with than the zed.\n\nOn the other hand, every so often you'd end up with a couple that were so lovey-dovey, you wouldn't know why they were even in your office. Not that I had an issue with taking their money, but still...

backstory\_MarrigeCounselor\_Step3= There was this one loving couple, Tiff and Thiron, who were particularly bad. I couldn't even get them to sit in separate chairs. They just sat there cuddling for the whole hour, cooing at one another. I think they must have been high on something.\n\nThough, to be fair, I mainly remember them because they paid their fees all in cash. Oh, and they were the only couple I ever met who had matching monogrammed uzi's. ... I made it a hard "no guns" policy after their visit.

backstory\_Hypochondriac\_Step1= Does this look infected to you? I know our medics say it's fine, but what real medical training do they have?\n\nI spent years researching the different diseases I probably have. I knew every doctor in the city by sight. And that's with all the emergencies in town. I mean, they were always getting paged. Every time they saw me coming they'd have to turn and run.

backstory\_Hypochondriac\_Step2= Sorry I missed dinner last night. I'm just not a big eater. Ever since I bought those Forest Scout cookies from that trader, my stomach gut bacteria hasn't been the same. Who knows what they put in those things.\n\nAlright, so maybe I should have questioned why the "Forest Scout" selling them was a huge Ukrainian guy in his 40's, but he was just so convincing...

backstory\_Hypochondriac\_Step3= Ah! My hand! It hurts! There must have been a zombie hiding in those wild flowers I was picking! Look at the rash! It means I'm turning, right? Right?!\n\nPoison ivy? I'm just having a reaction? I... I'm going into anaphylactic shock! Does anyone have an EpiPen? Hey, where are you going? Listen to my pain!

backstory\_SanitationWorker\_Step1= Have you seen the state some of these storm drains are in? If we aren't careful the whole city's gonna flood next time there's a heavy rainfall.\n\nYeah, I used to work the pipes under the city. Never made many friends, but that's what you get when you spend your days up to knees in raw sewage.

backstory\_SanitationWorker\_Step2= What that did mean when the zed showed up was I had plenty of bolt-holes to get away from the beasts. The zed hunt mostly by smell, an' there's way too many other smells in those tunnels to make out another human.\n\nO'course, most humans ain't too fond of those smells neither, but my nose hasn't been working since the "Great Backwash" of '92.

backstory\_SanitationWorker\_Step3= Still had a few close calls when hiding out from the zed though. While you can live in the sewers for a while, there ain't much to eat down there.\n\nI never thought I'd risk my neck for a packaged snack cake, but after 3 months of breathing in methane and licking slime off the walls for sustenance, you get real desperate for a palate cleanser.

backstory\_DogBreeder\_Step1= When they tell ya a dog is man's best friend, they ain't whistlin' Dixie. I grew up surrounded by dogs. My parents bred 'em, an' they taught me an' my sisters to love 'em just like they were our own.\n\nSure, the doctors told us we were getting a bit anemic from all the flea bites, but you didn't never need to worry about getting cold in the winter months when you got a great big bunch of furry friends to curl up with.

backstory\_DogBreeder\_Step2= I tried taking on the family profession when I was old enough, but by then our business was strugglin'. One too many cases of our adopters gettin' sick from our pooches... animal control was on us like a retriever on a particularly slow-movin' duck.\n\nWe snuck across the border with the few animals we had left to try and start things over, but then all this zombie business showed up an' that squashed that plan pretty fast.

backstory\_DogBreeder\_Step3= The dogs we had did their best to protect us from the zed, but those things shoved their way past our mutts and tore in to mum and dad before we knew what was happenin'.\n\nThe dogs at least gave me an' my sisters time to flee, but we soon lost track of each other, what with all the ravenous undead hot on our heels. I managed to get to the city and it was all I could to hide out 'till you lot found me.

backstory\_IndieGameDeveloper\_Step1= Me? I used to design video games for a living. No, no, nothing you've heard of probably. More like smaller, independent games that you might find on mobile phones and stuff.\n\nI admit, it's not a very useful skill now that we don't have working smart phones or computers, or electricicty to power any of that stuff.

backstory\_IndieGameDeveloper\_Step2= I was overseas when the infection hit, working on my next game and soaking up the sun on a beach in Madagascar.\n\nThe game was this arcade spelling puzzle platformer where you built Rube Goldberg machine/monsters to collect letters for your rapping dog. Totally would have been my most brilliant work, if the world had ever seen it.

backstory\_IndieGameDeveloper\_Step3= I managed to get on a boat and sailed back here to look for my family. It took nearly two years of hopping from island to island and living off what we could fish for.\n\nLet me tell you, some of those islands are zombie-free. But boring - I'd rather be here where the action is.

backstory\_CustomsOfficer\_Step1= Hey there kids! How are things going? Yeah, I know it's pretty miserable out there at the moment, but, hey, at least we got each other.\n\nWhat did I used to do? I worked in the customs office. Not right on the border, more helping out those immigrants having troubles, looking for asylum and that sort of thing. Sure, you'd have a rough case once in a while, but you did what you could to help them, right?

backstory\_CustomsOfficer\_Step2= I had a bit of reputation back at the customs office. Sure, the cloak and viking helmet I wore when the weather was bad didn't help, but they were comfy and what I had on hand.\n\nI'll admit, I probably should have worn something different that time the new director was showing that guy from head office around... Still, I'd worked there enough years. They should've known to give me a heads up before someone important showed up.

backstory\_CustomsOfficer\_Step3= My life outside the office was what I really lived for. Playing drums in one of our local bands, gaming, running around with a bunch of topless people granting wishes. It was important to keep things interesting, you know?\n\nI even had plans all ready when the zombies showed up, but I was away from home and I couldn't make it back to my family in time. I hope they made it out OK. To prepare, I taught the kids sword fighting as best I could. I got a few angry messages from the local schools, but at least I knew they'd be safe.

backstory\_Wiccan\_Step1= Everyone's energy has been particularly black this month. To be fair, the daily zombie attacks and all the death might be to blame.\n\nI'm a practicing Wicca, but even my talents have their limits. I've placed a few feathers on the outside wall as wards, but the zed just ate them. I tell you, the undead just don't have any respect for the energies of life.

backstory\_Wiccan\_Step2= No, I can't just wave my hands and cast a spell, any more than a Catholic priest can raise his cross and turn the undead. We deal more with the lifting of people's spirits.\n\nWhen the zed first showed up at my apartment I found a meat cleaver to be the most practical solution. It doesn't require any incantation, and if it's made of good quality steel it will go through more than a few zombie necks before it wears out.

backstory\_Wiccan\_Step3= A lot of people feel better with something to believe in. In dark times like this it might be a single god, a Parthenon, or simply the energies of life. The feeling of there being something more than meets the eye can be a great comfort.\n\nThere are as many religions and forms of spirituality as there are people on this planet. Each one of us must find what it is that brings us peace when our end finally comes for us. Be that end in the form of old age or the teeth of some ravenous zombie.

backstory\_RichKid\_Step1= I must say, it is absolutely dreadful being cooped up in here all the time. Day in and day out, living on tinned soup and stale crackers. I mean, having to share a room someone else? I've never heard of such a thing.\n\nI simply don't have that much experience dealing with you people. My family always had the sort of money that elevated us above the common folk. Where discourse and rational thought took precidence over the baser pleasures you all struggle for down here.

backstory\_RichKid\_Step2= Blasted father, insisting that we let the servants stay in our mansion when the zed showed up. I told him that we should let them fend for themselves outside. That's what they're good at, after all. And what happens? One of those plebs my father let in hid the fact he had been bitten.\n\nI snuck out while the dead were feasting on my parents' remains. It was only luck that I ran into a group offering shelter. Sure, it turned out they worshiped the zed, but so long as they kept us fed, I was happy to stay with them. I wasn't used to doing such common things like cooking of course.

backstory\_RichKid\_Step3= The cultists reminded me of some organizations I'd been part of during my halcyon days, what with their personality tests and their monotonous rituals you could lose yourself in. Less talk about aliens, though.\n\nWhen it came to the rituals, I drew the line at washing the zeds' feet. I'm not picking out the dirt from under anyone's toes, no matter how much you feed me. Especially when those toe nails are in the process of falling out.

backstory\_OnTheRun\_Step1= Hey friend, you're not one of those government types, are ya? Naw, I'm not a one of those paranoid so-and-so's that thinks the government is out to get them. I \_know\_ they're out to get me.\n\nWell, at least they were. I'm pretty sure the warrants for my arrest were destroyed with the rest of society, but you can never be too careful, right?

backstory\_OnTheRun\_Step2= Yeah, I was on the run for some time. Spent most of my time hiding out in the wilderness to avoid the cops. When I had to come to town I'd bunk with some guys I knew. Gangsters, drug dealers, hipsters. I couldn't be picky.\n\nI was well away from society when all this undead nonsense started. Didn't even know it was happening until I stopped by a local watering hole only to have the bartender try to remove my eyebrows with his teeth.

backstory\_OnTheRun\_Step3= I stayed away from cities as long as I could, but eventually I started to run on essentials and came back to restock. Leaves are OK, but nothing beats the luxury of three-ply toilet paper.\n\nI got trapped by some zed when I arrived, but I fought my way out. I guess no matter how long you hide away, some skills never leave you.

backstory\_Microbrewer\_Step1= \*Burp\* 'Scuse me. The doctors said that they'd cleaned all that yeast bacteria out of my stomach, but it still hits me from time to time. Yeah, yeast bacteria. I used to be a home-brewer. Mead mostly. Spent so much time around the stuff that it took up residence in my intestines.\n\nYou might think being able to get drunk just eating a bagel sounds like a dream, but it sucks when you get pulled over for driving under influence after visiting your local deli.

backstory\_Microbrewer\_Step2= I was at home when the first zed came for me. I kept out of sight and used some rotting meat to lure them down into my fortified basement. Given the way mead bottles can explode if you haven't gotten the fermentation cycle quite right, I always felt it best to have some secure place to keep them.\n\nWhere did I get the rotten meat from? Well, Easter was coming up and my attempt at rabbit-flavored mead didn't quite work out...

backstory\_Microbrewer\_Step3= I didn't stay in the house long after that. While there was no way the zed were getting out of there, it gets a little disconcerting to have the continual moaning and occasional rotten finger poke through your floor boards when you are trying to sleep.\n\nI ended up trading a case of chocolate/blackberry mead to a group of christian bikers for a ride out of town. They took me as far as [CityName] and left me here to fend for myself.

backstory\_GiantRobot\_Step1= Me? I used to work for a robotics firm. I designed all sorts of little drones based on the natural movements of animals. Balance was always the tricky bit.\n\nThe company's goal was to make a humanoid android that could function in our world. Open doors, drive cars, that kind of thing. Really wish they'd succeeded, cause having a helper the zed couldn't sink their teeth into would be pretty sweet.

backstory\_GiantRobot\_Step2= I always thought the company was thinking too small. If you're going to need a battery the size of a small car to run anything anyway, why not make a robot that fits the size?\n\nWhen the zed came for me, the last thing they expected was to find me riding on the shoulder of my home-built two-story tall walker of death and destruction. As they surrounded the house I burst forth, my machine a glorious testament to man's ingenuity, encased in chrome.

backstory\_GiantRobot\_Step3= The mechanical beast cut straight through the zed, crushing or tearing any who got in our in its way. For a trial run, I think it worked fairly well. We made almost four blocks before the thing broke a critical servo and collapsed under its own weight.\n\nThe bot wasn't much use after all that, and it was pretty much out of gas anyway. I ended up selling it to this trader with a thick accent and an ugly mustache and then got out of town. The trader probably scavenged the thing for parts.

backstory\_RoadWorker\_Step1= 'Ey boss, how goes? What am I doing lying in the sun? It's break time boss. Union rules an' all...\n\nYeah, ok, yah got me. We don't have much in the way of a union nowadays. More of a benevolent dictatorship. I'll get back to work.

backstory\_RoadWorker\_Step2= I used to ta be a road worker. Occasionally driving stuff, but mostly just holding a sign and directing traffic. Sure, I could have helped with the digging or whatever, but standing around pointing at cars is so much easier. At least when they aren't trying to run you over.\n\nThe last time I was clipped was by this guy in a huge yellow SUV. He came speeding through the site and nailed me with his mirror before going head first into a telephone pole. I suppose that's why they call it car-ma, eh? Get it?

backstory\_RoadWorker\_Step3= So, I picked myself off the ground and went to check on the guy. Didn't have much hope for the fella, given the way his head was resting on his horn, and his brains were dribbling down the wheel.\n\nColor me surprised when the fella makes a grab for me, getting brain juice all down my shirt. Luckily I had my metal stop sign with me. You might not think it, but those things can be pretty sharp. Sharp enough to take off a zed's hand at least. I've had to do that too many times since then, but you never forget you're first.

backstory\_Hyman\_Step1= Gosh I miss my cabin. It was so wonderful up there at night in my little clearing with all the stars. The zed didn't come up there very often... I guess the dense trees and the elevation discouraged them. Plus there wasn't anyone else out there but me, and I stayed quiet.\n\nLights out at dusk. You can see the stars better that way.

backstory\_Hyman\_Step2= I've always been a loner, even before it became a survival tactic. I just like the woods better than I like cities.\n\nNo offence! I like it down here too and I think you're doing good with these people. But if it's ever safe for me to go back to my cabin up there in the mountains, I think that's where I belong.

backstory\_Hyman\_Step3= I have something important to tell you... something I should have said when we first met, but I wasn't sure who I could trust.\n\nI know why those people kidnapped me and tried to drain all my blood. It's because I can't catch the disease. I'm immune. See? I've been bitten a few times. But what doesn't kill me makes me stronger, I guess.

backstory\_Diane\_Step1= You want to know more about me? Save it for when we aren't running for our lives, okay? We've got more important things to focus on.\n\nAlright, if you insist: I was a cop. In Seattle. Now let's get back to work.

backstory\_Diane\_Step2= I was married once, but it didn't work out. Sometimes I'd bring my work home with me, and he couldn't handle that. He wanted me to quit my job. I wanted to stay a cop. That's all I have to say on the matter.

backstory\_Diane\_Step3= I... I have a son, named Mason. He's nineteen now, wherever he is. We fought a lot after his father left us, but stuck together, even through the infection. Then one day he left a note and set out on his own.\n\nI know I drove Mason away... I was too protective, too controlling. But I know I'll find him again one day, and when I do things will be different.

backstory\_Goat1\_Step1= Hi. Well you already know all about me. I was born in a fort like this and I grew up in forts like this. I never even saw the world before the zombies. I never flew to France in an airplane or called Australia on a cell phone. And I never will, I guess.

backstory\_Goat1\_Step2= One thing nobody knows about me is I love to drive cars. My mom made sure I learned how, just in case of emergencies, but nobody ever let me do it because they thought I'd crash and get hurt.\n\nWell I'm an adult now, and I can do what I want. Sometimes I sneak out into the city and find a car that still works and I drive it around. I think about going farther sometimes.

backstory\_Goat1\_Step3= I love looking at maps. Someday I'm gonna get a car and drive out on my own to see what the rest of the world is like. Everybody says it's the same as here everywhere... But what if there's an island out there that the zombies never got to? Do you think I could get there?

backstory\_Goat2\_Step1= I used to have a pet rabbit when I was younger. I named her Rabbit (don't blame me, I was only five). One day, some men from our fort tried to take Rabbit because they were hungry and they wanted to eat her, but my mom showed them her gun. After that they left us alone.

backstory\_Goat2\_Step2= I took Rabbit everywhere with me in my backpack. One time me and her snuck out of the fort to go scavenging at a department store. While I was playing in the toy department, Rabbit got loose and ran away.\n\nI searched for hours in that store. I was so desperate and scared and I felt like everything was my fault. Later, my mom told me that's how she felt whenever she couldn't find me.

backstory\_Goat2\_Step3= When I found Rabbit, she was eating dried fruit (her favorite) in the candy section of the department store. I brought as much of that candy as I could carry back to the fort to share with everybody. I was like a hero!\n\nBut I couldn't tell them where I got it from because they'd be angry that I was scavenging alone. Instead I said something like "Oh the Candy Fairy must have brought it!"

backstory\_VanNooten\_Step1= I do not feel comfortable talking about myself... If you do not mind, I only want to be left alone.

backstory\_VanNooten\_Step2= Talk talk talk. If you want to talk so badly, you should talk to the trees like I do. There are plenty of good trees here to choose from. They are very good listeners, because they will not bother you with their own troubles.

backstory\_VanNooten\_Step3= Can't you see I am busy? I am concentrating right now and do not have time to talk with you.\n\nPlease stop trying to get to know me. I am not a person worth knowing. I have done a terrible thing you cannot imagine. All I can do now is forget.

backstory\_Goat3\_Step1= Well, there isn't much you don't know about me already. I like helping out on the farm and in kitchens and stuff. I love being around people and they always say I smile a lot.\n\nMy mom taught me that. She said if you smile all the time you'll always be happy, even when you're not.

backstory\_Goat3\_Step2= I've heard there's a gang called Last Judgement out there. My mom said they have a lot of guns and do 'bad things' with them, but she wouldn't say what. I guess they kill people... I think maybe they \_like\_ hurting people.\n\nI don't think I could ever be like them. I want to be strong and protect myself from zombies, but I would never want to hurt other people.

backstory\_Goat3\_Step3= My mom used to have a friend who was really nice to us, but he had a temper. If strangers ever came by, he'd make us stay inside while he went out to talk to them. I'd plug my ears and wait for the gunshots. Then he'd come back with gifts.\n\nOne time, he didn't come back. My mom cried, but she said 'well, you reap what you sow.'. I always try to stay easygoing, for her.

backstory\_Goat4\_Step1= You know how they say it feels like we've been fighting zed since forever? When I was a kid I thought there was literally never a time before zombies.\n\nThen one day I was running from zombies and had to hide in an old library. While I waited for mom and dad to rescue me I looked at old picture books, and was shocked: girls and boys were playing outside and there were \_no zombies\_!!

backstory\_Goat4\_Step2= I was so eager to know everything about life before the infection started - before I was born. I tried reading history books... but man, there is some depressing stuff in those. So much violence, so many wars... seems like life back then had as much fighting as we have now.\n\nI can't help thinking there's got to be a better way.

backstory\_Goat4\_Step3= From books, I learned that life wasn't all doom and gloom back before the disease. Back then we had scientists like Albert Einstein and Stephen Hawking who discovered all kinds of things.\n\nThere's still plenty we don't know, like, how does zombieism work? How can a body that is most definitely dead carry on walking around like it's alive?\n\nMaybe one day I'll make an amazing discovery of my own.

backstory\_Goat5\_Step1= Hi! I'm one of the Gen Z-ers, born post-infection. I know I was an accident... come on, who would choose to have a kid in a world like \_this\_! But my mom was religious about it, saying God had a reason for everything. I'm happy she had me of course, I'm just not sure God had anything to do with it.

backstory\_Goat5\_Step2= My mom thought I was special. No, like, \_really\_ special. While she was pregnant, she had a run-in with a zombie and got really, really sick.\n\nWhen she didn't die, she decided it was because of me. The reason she was still alive was so she could give birth to me and raise me, because I was going to save the world or something. So, like, no pressure, right? Thanks mom!

backstory\_Goat5\_Step3= I have a secret. I think I \_am\_ the reason my mom didn't die when she was pregnant. I think it's because I'm immune to the disease and I saved her from it.\n\nI was bitten last year... see? But I didn't get a fever or anything. Maybe mom was right.. I \_am\_ special.

MissionBuild\_buttonTitle= Build

MissionBuild\_resultTitle= Building Complete

MissionBuild\_action= building

MissionBuild\_tooltip= Replace this building with something else, costs materials

MissionBuild\_resultTitle\_typed= Built [a] {1}

MissionBuild\_action\_typed= building [a] {1}

MissionBuild\_title\_rubble= Demolish

MissionBuild\_resultTitle\_rubble= Demolished a building

MissionBuild\_action\_rubble= demolishing a building

MissionBuild\_tooltip\_rubble= Get material by turning building into rubble

MissionClear\_buttonTitle= Kill

MissionClear\_resultTitle= Zombies Killed

MissionClear\_action= killing zombies

MissionClear\_tooltip= Neutralize the threat

MissionClear\_title\_roamer= Kill Roamers

MissionClear\_tooltip\_roamer= Roamers target survivors outside the fort

MissionClear\_title\_mob= Kill Zombie Mob

MissionClear\_tooltip\_mob= Defending against mobs is safer than attacking them

MissionClear\_title\_massedUnscouted= Kill Massed Zombies

MissionClear\_title\_massed= Kill {1} Massed Zombies

MissionClear\_tooltip\_massed= Defending against massed zombies is safer than attacking them

MissionClear\_title\_zombiesUnscouted= Kill Zombies

MissionClear\_title\_zombiesUnit= Kill {1}

MissionClear\_title\_zombie= Kill 1 zombie

MissionClear\_title\_zombies= Kill {1} zombies

MissionClear\_tooltip\_zombies= Make missions safer and prevent zed from massing to attack

MissionDevour\_buttonTitle= Devour

MissionDevour\_resultTitle= Devoured the Living

MissionDevour\_action= devouring

MissionDevour\_tooltip= I can smell the blood in your veins

MissionFactionAttack\_buttonTitle= Attack

MissionFactionAttack\_resultTitle= Attacked Faction

MissionFactionAttack\_action= attacking faction

MissionFactionAttack\_actionShorter= attacking

MissionFactionAttack\_tooltip= Reclaims their building if adjacent to our fort

MissionFactionAttack\_resultTitle\_who= Attacked {1}

MissionFactionAttack\_action\_who= attacking {1}

MissionFactionAttackUnit\_buttonTitle= Attack

MissionFactionAttackUnit\_resultTitle= Attacked faction unit

MissionFactionAttackUnit\_action= attacking

MissionFactionAttackUnit\_actionShorter= attacking

MissionFactionAttackUnit\_tooltip= Send soldiers to kill this unit before it attacks the fort

MissionFactionAttackUnit\_resultTitle\_who= Attacked {1}

MissionFactionAttackUnit\_action\_who= attacking {1}

MissionFactionCult\_buttonTitle= Convert

MissionFactionCult\_resultTitle= Convert Faction

MissionFactionCult\_action= converting

MissionFactionCult\_actionShorter= converting

MissionFactionCult\_tooltip= Send leaders to talk about the Church of the Chosen Ones

MissionFactionCult\_action\_who= converting {1}

MissionFactionMeet\_buttonTitle= Meet With

MissionFactionMeet\_resultTitle= Met with Faction

MissionFactionMeet\_action= meeting

MissionFactionMeet\_actionShorter= meeting

MissionFactionMeet\_tooltip= Send skilled leaders to improve the faction's respect

MissionFactionMeet\_action\_who= meeting with {1}

MissionFactionRaid\_buttonTitle= Raid

MissionFactionRaid\_resultTitle= Raid

MissionFactionRaid\_action= raiding

MissionFactionRaid\_actionShorter= raiding

MissionFactionRaid\_tooltip= Better scavengers steal more stuff

MissionFactionRaid\_action\_who= raiding {1}

MissionFactionTrade\_buttonTitle= Trade

MissionFactionTrade\_resultTitle= Traded

MissionFactionTrade\_action= trading

MissionFactionTrade\_actionShorter= trading

MissionFactionTrade\_tooltip= Giving good deals makes other factions respect you more

MissionFactionTrade\_action\_who= trading with {1}

MissionFactionTradeUnit\_buttonTitle= Trade

MissionFactionTradeUnit\_resultTitle= Traded

MissionFactionTradeUnit\_action= trading

MissionFactionTradeUnit\_actionShorter= trading

MissionFactionTradeUnit\_tooltip= Giving good deals makes other factions respect you more

MissionFactionTradeUnit\_action\_who= trading with {1}

MissionPostChopWood\_buttonTitle= Chop Wood

MissionPostChopWood\_resultTitle= Finished Chopping Wood

MissionPostChopWood\_action= chopping wood

MissionPostChopWood\_tooltip= Builders make better lumberjacks

MissionPostFarm\_buttonTitle= Farm

MissionPostFarm\_resultTitle= Finished Farming

MissionPostFarm\_action= tending crops

MissionPostFarm\_actionShorter= farming

MissionPostFarm\_tooltip= Scavengers make better farmers and harvest more food

MissionPostGuard\_buttonTitle= Guard Duty

MissionPostGuard\_resultTitle= Finished Guarding

MissionPostGuard\_action= guarding the fort

MissionPostGuard\_actionShorter= guarding

MissionPostGuard\_tooltip= Protect adjacent buildings from zombies and other attacks

MissionPostHunt\_buttonTitle= Hunt

MissionPostHunt\_resultTitle= Finished Hunting

MissionPostHunt\_action= hunting

MissionPostHunt\_tooltip= Hunt for a steady supply of food, Scavengers are better at it

MissionPostHunt\_buttonTitle\_fish= Fish

MissionPostHunt\_resultTitle\_fish= Finished Fishing

MissionPostHunt\_action\_fish= fishing

MissionPostHunt\_tooltip\_fish= Scavengers make better fishermen

MissionPostLead\_buttonTitle= Preach

MissionPostLead\_resultTitle= Finished Preaching

MissionPostLead\_action= preaching

MissionPostLead\_tooltip= Increase the happiness bonus from churches with good Leaders

MissionPostLead\_buttonTitle\_bar= Bartend

MissionPostLead\_resultTitle\_bar= Finished Bartending

MissionPostLead\_action\_bar= bartending

MissionPostLead\_tooltip\_bar= Increase the happiness bonus from bars with good Leaders

MissionPostVacation\_buttonTitle= Time Off

MissionPostVacation\_resultTitle= Back to Work

MissionPostVacation\_action= taking time off

MissionPostVacation\_actionShorter= time off

MissionPostVacation\_tooltip= Relax and de-stress to gradually increase happiness

MissionQuest\_buttonTitle= Quest

MissionQuest\_resultTitle= Quest Complete

MissionQuest\_action= questing

MissionQuest\_actionShorter= quest

MissionQuest\_tooltip= Quest mission

MissionReclaim\_buttonTitle= Reclaim

MissionReclaim\_resultTitle= Reclaimed

MissionReclaim\_action= reclaiming a building

MissionReclaim\_actionShorter= reclaiming

MissionReclaim\_tooltip= Add this building to our fort faster with better Builders

MissionReclaim\_resultTitle\_what= {1} Reclaimed

MissionRecovery\_buttonTitle= Injured

MissionRecovery\_resultTitle= Injury Healed

MissionRecovery\_action= recovering from injury

MissionRecovery\_actionShorter= injured

MissionRecovery\_tooltip= Rest and heal after an injury

MissionRecoveryVacation\_buttonTitle= Time Off

MissionRecoveryVacation\_resultTitle= Back to Work

MissionRecoveryVacation\_action= taking time off

MissionRecoveryVacation\_tooltip= Take time off to relax and de-stress

MissionRecruit\_buttonTitle= Recruit

MissionRecruit\_resultTitle= Recruitment Success

MissionRecruit\_action= recruiting survivors

MissionRecruit\_actionShorter= recruiting

MissionRecruit\_tooltip= Sending a good Leader might convince them to join us

MissionScavenge\_buttonTitle= Scavenge

MissionScavenge\_resultTitle= Scavenged for Supplies

MissionScavenge\_action= scavenging

MissionScavenge\_tooltip= Good Scavengers find more equipment and work faster

MissionScout\_buttonTitle= Scout

MissionScout\_resultTitle= Scouted

MissionScout\_action= scouting

MissionScout\_tooltip= Reduce future danger and report on what's here

MissionScout\_resultTitle\_lab= Found Secret Lab!

MissionScout\_resultTitle\_labNo= No Secret Lab Here

MissionScout\_resultTitle\_survivor= Survivor Spotted

MissionScout\_resultTitle\_survivors= Survivors Spotted

MissionScout\_resultTitle\_food= Spotted Food

MissionScout\_resultTitle\_resources= Spotted Resources

MissionTech\_buttonTitle= Research

MissionTech\_resultTitle= Research Complete

MissionTech\_action= researching

MissionTech\_tooltip= Develop new technology faster with more Engineers

MissionTech\_resultTitle\_what= Research: {1}

MissionTrain\_buttonTitle= Train Skills

MissionTrain\_resultTitle= Training Complete

MissionTrain\_action= training

MissionTrain\_tooltip= Switch skills and gradually improve over time

MissionUpgrade\_buttonTitle= Upgrade

MissionUpgrade\_resultTitle= Upgrade Complete

MissionUpgrade\_action= upgrading

MissionUpgrade\_tooltip= Add stationary defenses faster with better Builders

MissionUpgrade\_buttonTitle\_advancedTrap= Advanced Trap

MissionWorkshop\_buttonTitle= Craft an Item

MissionWorkshop\_resultTitle= Crafted an Item

MissionWorkshop\_action= crafting an item

MissionWorkshop\_actionShorter= crafting

MissionWorkshop\_tooltip= Craft single-use items faster with better Engineers

MissionWorkshop\_resultTitle\_what= Crafted {1}

MissionWorkshop\_action\_what= crafting {1}

MissionWorkshopPost\_buttonTitle= Craft Many Items

MissionWorkshopPost\_resultTitle= Crafted Items

MissionWorkshopPost\_action= crafting items

MissionWorkshopPost\_actionShorter= crafting

MissionWorkshopPost\_tooltip= Craft single-use items faster with better Engineers

MissionWorkshopPost\_resultTitle\_what= Crafted {1}

MissionWorkshopPost\_action\_what= crafting {1}

MissionWorkshopPost\_resultTitle\_out= Workshop out of {1}

quest\_fatherHouse\_title= Search Rufus's House

quest\_fatherHouse\_action= investigating Rufus's house

quest\_fatherHouse\_tooltip= Scavenge to find Dr Abayani's research

quest\_fatherLaptop\_title= Hack Laptop

quest\_fatherLaptop\_action= hacking Dr Agbayani's laptop

quest\_fatherLaptop\_tooltip= Research Dr Agbayani's involvement with the disease

quest\_fatherSupplies\_title= Deliver Supplies

quest\_fatherSupplies\_action= delivering farm supplies

quest\_fatherSupplies\_tooltip= Bring farming equipment to St Michael's

quest\_fatherFight\_title= Save St Michael's

quest\_fatherFight\_action= saving St Michael's

quest\_fatherFight\_tooltip= Fight the undead swarming St Michael's

quest\_gangwarMall\_title= Prepare Arena

quest\_gangwarMall\_action= preparing an arena

quest\_gangwarMall\_tooltip= Build an arena at the Crossroads mall for a gang showdown

quest\_gangwarShowdown\_title= Finish Them

quest\_gangwarShowdown\_action= finish off the rival gang

quest\_gangwarShowdown\_tooltip= Fight the last of the rival gang

quest\_winGovernment\_title= Form a Government

quest\_winGovernment\_action= forming a government

quest\_winGovernment\_tooltip= Write a constitution

quest\_winLeave\_title= Leave the City

quest\_winLeave\_action= leaving the city

quest\_winLeave\_tooltip= Take up to 3 other survivors with you to the next city

quest\_investigateRotten\_title= Investigate Subway

quest\_investigateRotten\_action= investigating the subway

quest\_investigateRotten\_tooltip= Might be dangerous

quest\_gustavKathleen\_title= Discuss Kathleen

quest\_gustavKathleen\_action= discussing Kathleen

quest\_gustavKathleen\_tooltip= Ask Gustav to release Kathleen from his love caravan

quest\_gustavCigars\_title= Look for Cigars

quest\_gustavCigars\_action= looking for cigars

quest\_gustavCigars\_tooltip= Scavenge for Gustav's special cigs

quest\_banshee\_title= Kill Banshee

quest\_banshee\_action= killing the banshee

quest\_banshee\_tooltip= So we can sleep at night again

quest\_waterFix\_title= Fix Water

quest\_waterFix\_action= repairing the water

quest\_waterFix\_tooltip= Engineer repairs to the water treatment plant

quest\_waterClear\_title= Kill Zombies

quest\_waterClear\_action= killing zombies

quest\_waterClear\_tooltip= Clear the undead out of the water treatment plant

quest\_powerFix\_title= Fix Power

quest\_powerFix\_action= repairing the power

quest\_powerFix\_tooltip= Engineer repairs to the power plant

quest\_powerPart\_title= Make Power Part

quest\_powerPart\_action= making power part

quest\_powerPart\_tooltip= Engineer a mc-gf1n to fix the power plant

quest\_powerFinish\_title= Install Part

quest\_powerFinish\_action= installing power plant part

quest\_powerFinish\_tooltip= Have engineers hook the mc-gf1n up

quest\_farmersSneak\_title= Search the Farm

quest\_farmersSneak\_action= look for our missing person

quest\_farmersSneak\_tooltip= Look for our missing person in the Pig Farmers' fort

quest\_riffsOffence\_title= Get Gas

quest\_riffsOffence\_action= getting gas

quest\_riffsOffence\_tooltip= The Riffs need gas for their trip to New York

quest\_riffsScavenge\_title= Find Tools

quest\_riffsScavenge\_action= finding tools

quest\_riffsScavenge\_tooltip= The Riffs need equipment for their trip to New York

quest\_riffsScience\_title= Get Gas

quest\_riffsScience\_action= getting gas

quest\_riffsScience\_tooltip= The Riffs need gas for their trip to New York

quest\_riffsBuilding\_title= Find Tools

quest\_riffsBuilding\_action= finding tools

quest\_riffsBuilding\_tooltip= The Riffs need equipment for their trip to New York

quest\_riffsLeadership\_title= Get Gas

quest\_riffsLeadership\_action= getting gas

quest\_riffsLeadership\_tooltip= The Riffs need gas for their trip to New York

quest\_governmentChuck\_title= Find Chuck's ID

quest\_governmentChuck\_action= finding Chuck's id

quest\_governmentChuck\_tooltip= Search Chucklin' Chuck's old home for his driver's license

quest\_governmentHunt\_title= Capture Rotten

quest\_governmentHunt\_action= capturing Rotten

quest\_governmentHunt\_tooltip= Hunt down living Rotten for Government experiments

quest\_judgmentHospital\_title= Rescue Mason

quest\_judgmentHospital\_action= rescuing Mason Moon

quest\_judgmentHospital\_tooltip= Diane's Son is in trouble

quest\_airplaneWorkshop\_title= Build Propeller

quest\_airplaneWorkshop\_action= making a propeller

quest\_airplaneWorkshop\_tooltip= Engineer a part for the old airplane

quest\_airplaneFix\_title= Fix Airplane

quest\_airplaneFix\_action= fixing the airplane

quest\_airplaneFix\_tooltip= Have engineers attach that new propeller

quest\_airplaneWeapons\_title= Get Weapons

quest\_airplaneWeapons\_action= getting the weapons

quest\_airplaneWeapons\_tooltip= Retrieve a weapons cache to exchange for the pilot

quest\_airplaneKidnap\_title= Kidnap Pilot

quest\_airplaneKidnap\_action= kidnapping the pilot

quest\_airplaneKidnap\_tooltip= Sneak in and kidnap or convince the pilot to join us

quest\_airplanePilot\_title= Train Pilot

quest\_airplanePilot\_action= learning to fly

quest\_airplanePilot\_tooltip= Have one of our survivors learn to fly an airplane

quest\_airplaneFly\_title= Fly Away

quest\_airplaneFly\_action= prepping to fly away

quest\_airplaneFly\_tooltip= Take up to 5 other survivors with you to the next city

quest\_villainHall\_title= Visit Villain

quest\_villainHall\_action= visiting Clark's city hall

quest\_villainHall\_tooltip= Fight the villain, or try to talk some sense into him

quest\_villainAttack\_title= Attack Villain

quest\_villainAttack\_action= attacking Clark's hideout

quest\_villainAttack\_tooltip= There's just no reasoning with this lunatic

quest\_leetcrewTower\_title= Scavenge

quest\_leetcrewTower\_action= scavenging for the Government

quest\_leetcrewTower\_tooltip= The Government demands that we bring them what we find here

quest\_leetcrewHouse\_title= Scavenge

quest\_leetcrewHouse\_action= scavenging for the Government

quest\_leetcrewHouse\_tooltip= The Government demands that we bring them what we find here

quest\_leetcrewAnalyze\_title= Analyze Data

quest\_leetcrewAnalyze\_action= analyzing data

quest\_leetcrewAnalyze\_tooltip= Research the encrypted data from the Government computers

quest\_carrion\_title= Salvage Crash

quest\_carrion\_action= salvaging the crash

quest\_carrion\_tooltip= Scavenge whatever we can and look for survivors

quest\_schmoozeZombies\_title= Kill Zombies

quest\_schmoozeZombies\_action= killing zombies

quest\_schmoozeZombies\_tooltip= Clear out the undead so some faction will like us

quest\_alliance\_title= Alliance

quest\_alliance\_action= allying

quest\_alliance\_tooltip= Lead our two factions into a lasting union

quest\_schmoozeBuild\_title= Build Something

quest\_schmoozeBuild\_action= building

quest\_schmoozeBuild\_tooltip= A faction asked us to turn this building into something else

quest\_schmoozeTower\_title= Build Tower

quest\_schmoozeTower\_action= building a tower

quest\_schmoozeTower\_tooltip= Put up a defensive structure for another faction

quest\_schmoozeRoads\_title= Clear Roads

quest\_schmoozeRoads\_action= clearing roads

quest\_schmoozeRoads\_tooltip= Another faction wants us to drag all the cars off the road here

quest\_schmoozeScavenge\_title= Scavenge

quest\_schmoozeScavenge\_action= scavenging luxury goods

quest\_schmoozeScavenge\_tooltip= The Dahlias want us to retrieve some luxury goods for them

quest\_schmoozeRaid\_title= Raid

quest\_schmoozeRaid\_action= raiding

quest\_schmoozeRaid\_tooltip= The 1337cREw want us to attack zombies together with them

quest\_originHospital\_title= Search

quest\_originHospital\_action= searching for van Nooten

quest\_originHospital\_tooltip= Scavenge the hospital for signs of Doctor van Nooten

quest\_originSchool\_title= Search

quest\_originSchool\_action= searching for van Nooten

quest\_originSchool\_tooltip= Scavenge the school for signs of Doctor van Nooten

quest\_schmoozeRescue\_title= Rescue

quest\_schmoozeRescue\_action= rescuing faction member

quest\_schmoozeRescue\_tooltip= Some faction member's in trouble and it's up to us to save them

quest\_hopeEnter\_title= Enter

quest\_hopeEnter\_action= entering the lab

quest\_hopeEnter\_tooltip= Time to explore the secret lab

quest\_hopeExplode\_title= Kaboom!

quest\_hopeExplode\_action= blowing the lab open

quest\_hopeExplode\_tooltip= Blow the doors off the lab

quest\_antivenom\_title= Research Antivenom

quest\_antivenom\_action= researching antivenom

quest\_antivenom\_tooltip= Special research on a defense against the zombie disease

quest\_curePrepare\_title= Prep Lab

quest\_curePrepare\_action= prepping lab

quest\_curePrepare\_tooltip= Prepare the lab to manufacture the cure

quest\_waterFixAgain\_title= Fix the Water Plant

quest\_waterFixAgain\_action= fixing the water plant

quest\_waterFixAgain\_tooltip= So we can have running water again

quest\_cureExtract\_title= Start the Cure

quest\_cureExtract\_action= starting the cure

quest\_cureExtract\_tooltip= Extract brain material to make the cure

quest\_vanNuke\_title= Blow it all up

quest\_vanNuke\_action= blowing it all up

quest\_vanNuke\_tooltip= Set off whatever weapon the Government has hidden in there

quest\_badRescue\_title= Find Survivor

quest\_badRescue\_action= find a survivor

quest\_badRescue\_tooltip= Find out what happened to them

quest\_rottenGunfight\_title= Rotten Gunfight

quest\_rottenGunfight\_action= witness the gunfight

quest\_rottenGunfight\_tooltip= See the gunfight at the Rotten fort

quest\_vanStudy\_title= Study Plant

quest\_vanStudy\_action= studying Jesse's plant

quest\_vanStudy\_tooltip= Jesse thinks this purple bush can cure zombieism for reals

equip\_helmet\_name= Helmet

equip\_helmet\_desc= For more effective headbutt attacks

equip\_constructionhat\_name= Hardhat

equip\_constructionhat\_desc= Doin' it like a Doozer

equip\_multitool\_name= Multi-tool

equip\_multitool\_desc= Reid Co's bestselling five-in-one multi-tool

equip\_cowboy\_name= Cowboy Hat

equip\_cowboy\_desc= This town ain't big enough for two sheriffs

equip\_tophat\_name= Top Hat

equip\_tophat\_desc= A top-notch hat for the truly refined leader

equip\_guitar\_name= Guitar

equip\_guitar\_desc= Soothe the savage beasts and lift the sombre spirits

equip\_guitarrad\_name= Note's Guitar

equip\_guitarrad\_desc= Smooth sound but a sharp edge

equip\_megaphone\_name= Megaphone

equip\_megaphone\_desc= Can be heard a mile away on a windless day

equip\_radio\_name= Radio

equip\_radio\_desc= Communication is the key to good leadership

equip\_flaregun\_name= Flare Gun

equip\_flaregun\_desc= Works as a weapon in a pinch

equip\_booknovel\_name= Mirror Earth

equip\_booknovel\_desc= A tale of teamwork by Crawford and Yeo

equip\_stick\_name= Stick

equip\_stick\_desc= Everyone knows Donatello has the longest range attack

equip\_boomerang\_name= Boomerang

equip\_boomerang\_desc= She might fly off, but she always comes back to me

equip\_boomerangks\_name= Melanie's Boomerang

equip\_boomerangks\_desc= Tipped with razors for taking off zed heads

equip\_nunchuks\_name= Nunchuks

equip\_nunchuks\_desc= Hope the nose you break is not your own

equip\_nunchuksks\_name= Mierfa's Nunchuks

equip\_nunchuksks\_desc= Mierfa made these herself after a harrowing incident

equip\_golfclub\_name= Golf Club

equip\_golfclub\_desc= FOOOOOORE

equip\_shovel\_name= Shovel

equip\_shovel\_desc= Good for digging your way through a zombie's skull

equip\_baseballbat\_name= Baseball Bat

equip\_baseballbat\_desc= Swing away

equip\_pickaxe\_name= Pickaxe

equip\_pickaxe\_desc= Can I pick your brain for a minute?

equip\_nailboard\_name= Nail Board

equip\_nailboard\_desc= A board with a nail so big it will destroy them all

equip\_whip\_name= Whip

equip\_whip\_desc= Reinact your favorite scenes from Raiders of the Lost Ark

equip\_whipks\_name= Andy's Whip

equip\_whipks\_desc= More a toy than a useful weapon

equip\_sword\_name= Sword

equip\_sword\_desc= Don't hold it by the pointy end

equip\_swordks\_name= Sword

equip\_swordks\_desc= Makes you feel like a Ninja

equip\_crossbow\_name= Crossbow

equip\_crossbow\_desc= Uses ammo like guns

equip\_sledgehammer\_name= Sledgehammer

equip\_sledgehammer\_desc= Useful for construction or deconstruction of zombie skulls

equip\_chainsaw\_name= Chainsaw

equip\_chainsaw\_desc= Find some meat!

equip\_chainsawhand\_name= Handle with Care

equip\_chainsawhand\_desc= Groovy

equip\_fireax\_name= Fire Ax

equip\_fireax\_desc= A scavenger's best friend

equip\_knife\_name= Knife

equip\_knife\_desc= Officially Licensed RAMBO First Blood MC-RB2 Survival Knife

equip\_cricketbat\_name= Cricket Bat

equip\_cricketbat\_desc= Go Proteas!

equip\_pistol\_name= Pistol

equip\_pistol\_desc= Useless without bullets

equip\_pistolks\_name= Pea Shooter

equip\_pistolks\_desc= Literally shoots peas

equip\_shotgun\_name= Shotgun

equip\_shotgun\_desc= Aim in the general direction of the head

equip\_shotgunks\_name= Shotgun

equip\_shotgunks\_desc= Sturdier than the average shotgun

equip\_huntingrifle\_name= Hunting Rifle

equip\_huntingrifle\_desc= Without me, my rifle is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless

equip\_huntingrifleks\_name= Van Dijk's Rifle

equip\_huntingrifleks\_desc= I must master my rifle as I must master my life

equip\_submachinegun\_name= Submachine Gun

equip\_submachinegun\_desc= Ratatatat

equip\_assaultrifle\_name= Assault Rifle

equip\_assaultrifle\_desc= This is my rifle. There are many like it, but this one is mine

equip\_flamethrower\_name= Flamethrower

equip\_flamethrower\_desc= Smores?? My favorite!

equip\_minigun\_name= Minigun

equip\_minigun\_desc= Can cut a zombie in half at 100 yards, not that that would kill it

equip\_rocketlauncher\_name= Rocket Launcher

equip\_rocketlauncher\_desc= Eliminate everything in your path, including your path

equip\_flashlight\_name= Flashlight

equip\_flashlight\_desc= Find useful stuff in darkened buildings

equip\_binoculars\_name= Binoculars

equip\_binoculars\_desc= For more efficient long distance scavenging

equip\_binocularsks\_name= Octonoo Binocs

equip\_binocularsks\_desc= Official Binoculars of the Octonoo City Bird Watching Club

equip\_binocularsks2\_name= Moore's Binocs

equip\_binocularsks2\_desc= Spy on your neighbors up to 4 blocks away

equip\_crowbar\_name= Crowbar

equip\_crowbar\_desc= Can open almost any object, or at least smash it

equip\_crowbarks\_name= Crowbar

equip\_crowbarks\_desc= For prying open stuff... including rib cages

equip\_backpack\_name= Backpack

equip\_backpack\_desc= You could live out of one of these for years

equip\_pitchfork\_name= Pitchfork

equip\_pitchfork\_desc= Good fer pokin'

equip\_wrench\_name= Wrench

equip\_wrench\_desc= It's all about torque

equip\_saw\_name= Saw

equip\_saw\_desc= Man those were some bad movies

equip\_hammer\_name= Hammer

equip\_hammer\_desc= Bang bang went Maxwell's silver hammer

equip\_toolbox\_name= Toolbox

equip\_toolbox\_desc= All the tools you need to build your first birdhouse

equip\_calculator\_name= Calculator

equip\_calculator\_desc= Ancient but solar powered, these things last forever

equip\_book\_name= Science Book

equip\_book\_desc= Sleep with it under your pillow and learn by osmosis

equip\_bookks\_name= Science Book

equip\_bookks\_desc= A first edition! Before they fixed all the mistakes!

equip\_booknovelks\_name= Terrible Comic

equip\_booknovelks\_desc= So badly written that it inspires you to do better

equip\_doctorsbag\_name= Doctor's Bag

equip\_doctorsbag\_desc= Lets you diagnose almost anything, just not cure it

equip\_doctorsbagks\_name= Walter's Go Bag

equip\_doctorsbagks\_desc= Lets you diagnose almost anything, just not cure it

equip\_doctorsbagks2\_name= Doctor's Scalpel

equip\_doctorsbagks2\_desc= Lets you diagnose almost anything, just not cure it

equip\_sciencekit\_name= Chemistry Kit

equip\_sciencekit\_desc= A good set of glass beakers and a bunsen burner

equip\_bookphysics\_name= The Feynman Lectures

equip\_bookphysics\_desc= Arm yourself with physics

equip\_dogangry\_name= Bulldog

equip\_dogangry\_desc= The jowls say it: this is one mean dog

equip\_doghappy\_name= Retriever

equip\_doghappy\_desc= Wants to be your bestest friend

equip\_dogsmall\_name= Pomeranian

equip\_dogsmall\_desc= Adorable, when it finally stops yapping

equip\_kittenwhite\_name= Cat

equip\_kittenwhite\_desc= Nobody can resist this cat's charms

equip\_kittenblack\_name= Cat

equip\_kittenblack\_desc= A very special cat

equip\_bicycle\_name= Bicycle

equip\_bicycle\_desc= Keep fit and stay ahead of the mob

equip\_motorcycle\_name= Motorcycle

equip\_motorcycle\_desc= Drive right through those traffic jams

equip\_car\_name= Car

equip\_car\_desc= Surprisingly spacious trunk

equip\_kittcar\_name= KITT

equip\_kittcar\_desc= Heavily armored, but doesn't actually talk

equip\_armoredtruck\_name= Armored Truck

equip\_armoredtruck\_desc= Bulletproof and full of cash

equip\_baby\_name= Baby Boy

equip\_baby\_desc= Your own living, screaming, diarrhea machine

equip\_babygirl\_name= Baby Girl

equip\_babygirl\_desc= Your own living, screaming, diarrhea machine

equip\_youngboy\_name= Young Boy

equip\_youngboy\_desc= Full of youthful energy despite the horrors he's seen

equip\_younggirl\_name= Young Girl

equip\_younggirl\_desc= Full of sugar and spice and blood and organs

equip\_olderboy\_name= Older Boy

equip\_olderboy\_desc= Children grow up fast now, if they grow up at all

equip\_oldergirl\_name= Older Girl

equip\_oldergirl\_desc= Children grow up fast now, if they grow up at all

perk\_negotiator\_name= Negotiator

perk\_negotiator\_desc= Occasional bonuses while trading

perk\_preacher\_name= Preacher

perk\_preacher\_desc= More effective while working in a church

perk\_entertainer\_name= Musician

perk\_entertainer\_desc= Bonus happiness to others during missions

perk\_peacekeeper\_name= Peacekeeper

perk\_peacekeeper\_desc= Reduces chance of riots and fights

perk\_gunTraining\_name= Firearms Training

perk\_gunTraining\_desc= +1 Defense with anything from pistols to machine guns

perk\_meleeTraiing\_name= Melee Training

perk\_meleeTraiing\_desc= +1 Defense with swords, sticks or shovels

perk\_handToHand\_name= Hand to Hand Combat

perk\_handToHand\_desc= +2 Defense when no weapon equipped

perk\_commander\_name= Commander

perk\_commander\_desc= All survivors gain +0.5 defense

perk\_hoarder\_name= Hoarder

perk\_hoarder\_desc= Extra building materials while scavenging

perk\_goodCook\_name= Good Cook

perk\_goodCook\_desc= Bonus food production

perk\_greenThumb\_name= Green Thumb

perk\_greenThumb\_desc= Bonus food while farming

perk\_scrapper\_name= Scrapper

perk\_scrapper\_desc= Scavenging skill is also added to defense

perk\_hunter\_name= Hunter

perk\_hunter\_desc= Hunts faster and with no danger

perk\_redecorator\_name= Redecorator

perk\_redecorator\_desc= May automatically convert useless buildings

perk\_defensesExpert\_name= Defenses Expert

perk\_defensesExpert\_desc= Grant +0.5 defense to all buildings

perk\_artist\_name= Artist

perk\_artist\_desc= Happiness bonus when fortifying buildings

perk\_toolsExpert\_name= Tools Expert

perk\_toolsExpert\_desc= Double skill bonus from tools

perk\_fearlessReclaim\_name= Fearless Reclaim

perk\_fearlessReclaim\_desc= Can reclaim buildings with zombies on them

perk\_firstAid\_name= First Aid

perk\_firstAid\_desc= May prevent death on missions

perk\_bookworm\_name= Bookworm

perk\_bookworm\_desc= Research bursts, +2 engineering from books

perk\_crafter\_name= Crafter

perk\_crafter\_desc= May create extra items in the workshop

perk\_macgyver\_name= MacGyver

perk\_macgyver\_desc= Half of Engineering skill added to defense

perk\_halfRations\_name= Half Rations

perk\_halfRations\_desc= Eats less than other survivors

perk\_animalLover\_name= Animal Lover

perk\_animalLover\_desc= Extra skills and happiness if equipped with a pet

perk\_easyGoing\_name= Easygoing

perk\_easyGoing\_desc= Increased happiness

perk\_superdude\_name= Superhero

perk\_superdude\_desc= +1 to every skill and increase max level by one

perk\_loner\_name= Loner

perk\_loner\_desc= Improved skills when on a mission alone

perk\_teamPlayer\_name= Team Player

perk\_teamPlayer\_desc= Improved skills when on a mission with at least 3 survivors

perk\_fastRecovery\_name= Fast Recovery

perk\_fastRecovery\_desc= Recovers from injury faster

perk\_ninja\_name= Ninja

perk\_ninja\_desc= No penalty for how far away a mission is

perk\_devout\_name= Devout

perk\_devout\_desc= Extra happiness from churches, none from bars

perk\_camper\_name= Camper

perk\_camper\_desc= Sleeps under the stars, does not need a house

perk\_driver\_name= Driver

perk\_driver\_desc= May finish missions faster if equipped with a vehicle

perk\_scholar\_name= Scholar

perk\_scholar\_desc= Learns more from schools

perk\_skeptic\_name= Skeptic

perk\_skeptic\_desc= +1 engineering, immune to religions

perk\_intenseFocus\_name= Intense Focus

perk\_intenseFocus\_desc= -1 to all skills, but learns faster in missions

perk\_friendly\_name= Friendly

perk\_friendly\_desc= makes friends faster, more happiness from friends

perk\_stinky\_name= Stinky

perk\_stinky\_desc= +1 defense, but more likely to make enemies

perk\_brave\_name= Brave

perk\_brave\_desc= +1 defense, but may take the hit for another survivor

perk\_tough\_name= Tough

perk\_tough\_desc= Less likely to die, but hard to make friends

perk\_pacifist\_name= Pacifist

perk\_pacifist\_desc= Factions like you more, but no bonus from weapons

perk\_coward\_name= Coward

perk\_coward\_desc= Less likely to be injured, but -2 leadership

perk\_lightSleeper\_name= Light Sleeper

perk\_lightSleeper\_desc= +0.5 to all building defense, but decreased happiness

perk\_eccentric\_name= Eccentric

perk\_eccentric\_desc= Makes both friends and enemies easily

perk\_bornLeader\_name= Born Leader

perk\_bornLeader\_desc= +3 Leadership skill

perk\_fighter\_name= Fighter

perk\_fighter\_desc= +3 Defense skill

perk\_resourceful\_name= Resourceful

perk\_resourceful\_desc= +3 Scavenger skill

perk\_handyman\_name= Handyman

perk\_handyman\_desc= +3 Building skill

perk\_genius\_name= Genius

perk\_genius\_desc= +3 Engineering skill

perk\_doubleRations\_name= Double Rations

perk\_doubleRations\_desc= Eats more than other survivors

perk\_allergicPets\_name= Allergic to Pets

perk\_allergicPets\_desc= No benefit from equipping animals

perk\_clumsy\_name= Clumsy

perk\_clumsy\_desc= Increased mission danger

perk\_sickly\_name= Sickly

perk\_sickly\_desc= More likely to get sick

perk\_downer\_name= Downer

perk\_downer\_desc= Lowers happiness of other survivors when on missions

perk\_rebellious\_name= Rebellious

perk\_rebellious\_desc= May refuse to work

perk\_factionRiffs\_name= Former Riff

perk\_factionRiffs\_desc= Increases sway with The Riffs

perk\_factionJudgment\_name= Ex Last Judgment

perk\_factionJudgment\_desc= Increases sway with The Last Judgment

perk\_factionChosen\_name= Former Chosen One

perk\_factionChosen\_desc= Increases sway with The Chosen Ones

perk\_factionPigFarmers\_name= Former Pig Farmer

perk\_factionPigFarmers\_desc= Increases sway with The Pig Farmers

perk\_factionLuddies\_name= Former Luddie

perk\_factionLuddies\_desc= Increases sway with The Luddies

perk\_factionStMichaels\_name= StMichael's Dropout

perk\_factionStMichaels\_desc= Increases sway with StMichael's

perk\_factionRotten\_name= Rotten

perk\_factionRotten\_desc= Increases sway with The Rotten

perk\_factionGovernment\_name= Government Agent

perk\_factionGovernment\_desc= Increases sway with The Government

perk\_factionDahlias\_name= Former DAHLIA

perk\_factionDahlias\_desc= Increases sway with The Dahlias

perk\_factionLeetcrew\_name= Former 1337cREw

perk\_factionLeetcrew\_desc= Increases sway with The 1337cREw

perk\_factionPharmacists\_name= Former Pharmacist

perk\_factionPharmacists\_desc= Increases sway with The Pharmacists

perk\_factionGustav\_name= Friend of Gustav

perk\_factionGustav\_desc= Increases sway with Gustav the trader

perk\_cultist\_name= Cultist

perk\_cultist\_desc= Follower of The Chosen Ones, +10 happiness

perk\_addict\_name= Addict

perk\_addict\_desc= Regular user of the drug Bath Salts, +1 defense

perk\_immune\_name= Immune

perk\_immune\_desc= Won't die from a zombie bite, +1 defense

perk\_winLeader\_name= Leader

perk\_winLeader\_desc= Leader of the city while writing the constitution

perk\_pregnant\_name= Pregnant

perk\_pregnant\_desc= Gonna have a baby!

perk\_pilot\_name= Pilot

perk\_pilot\_desc= Knows how to fly a plane

perk\_noRations\_name= No Rations

perk\_noRations\_desc= Doesn't eat... food at least

perk\_omega\_name= Omega

perk\_omega\_desc= Necrotic skin, fits of rage and +5 Defense

perk\_gay\_name= Gay

perk\_gay\_desc= Hidden perk

perk\_passenger\_name= Passenger

perk\_passenger\_desc= Is invited to be on the plane out of here

perk\_billHyman\_name= Bill Hyman

perk\_billHyman\_desc= Guy from the Hope plotline

perk\_dianeMoon\_name= Diane Moon

perk\_dianeMoon\_desc= Tutorial lady

perk\_immortal\_name= Immortal

perk\_immortal\_desc= Can't die or be injured

perk\_formerGoat\_name= Former Goat

perk\_formerGoat\_desc= Came of age at 14 years while living in the fort

perk\_vanNooten\_name= VanNooten

perk\_vanNooten\_desc= Calls herself Gretchen

perk\_petOwner\_name= Pet Owner

perk\_petOwner\_desc= +10 happiness from having a pet

perk\_hasVehicle\_name= Has Vehicle

perk\_hasVehicle\_desc= No extra danger from far away missions

perk\_hasDefense\_name= Defended

perk\_hasDefense\_desc= Prevents death on missions

perk\_scoutingRange\_name= See Further

perk\_scoutingRange\_desc= Reveal adjacent buildings when scouting

perk\_recreation\_name= Recreation

perk\_recreation\_desc= Equipment prevents boredom

perk\_goatOwner\_name= Babysitter

perk\_goatOwner\_desc= +10 happiness from taking care of a child

perk\_politician\_name= Politician

perk\_politician\_desc= +leadership and one extra survivor

perk\_shopClerk\_name= Shop Clerk

perk\_shopClerk\_desc= +scavenging and +25% better trades

perk\_doctor\_name= Doctor

perk\_doctor\_desc= +engineering and -1 day to injury recovery

perk\_retiree\_name= Retiree

perk\_retiree\_desc= +building and +10% happiness bonus

perk\_policeOfficer\_name= Police Officer

perk\_policeOfficer\_desc= +defense and +1 from all guns

perk\_priest\_name= Priest

perk\_priest\_desc= +leadership, church, more devout survivors

perk\_hobo\_name= Hobo

perk\_hobo\_desc= +scavenging, +5 housing space

perk\_collegeStudent\_name= College Student

perk\_collegeStudent\_desc= +engineering, schools and bars 25% more effective

perk\_constructionWorker\_name= Construction Worker

perk\_constructionWorker\_desc= +building and half materials costs

perk\_gangMember\_name= Gang Member

perk\_gangMember\_desc= +defense and no happiness loss from death/injury

perk\_rockstar\_name= Rockstar

perk\_rockstar\_desc= +leadership and double respect with factions

perk\_pizzaDelivery\_name= Pizza Delivery Driver

perk\_pizzaDelivery\_desc= +scavenging and has a car and sword, and driver perk

perk\_programmer\_name= Programmer

perk\_programmer\_desc= +engineering and start with a lab and tech

perk\_developer\_name= Real Estate Developer

perk\_developer\_desc= Anyone who builds anything takes 1 day

perk\_gamer\_name= Pro Gamer

perk\_gamer\_desc= +defense and enemies are twice as powerful

rule\_he\_male= he

rule\_he\_female= she

rule\_him\_male= him

rule\_him\_female= her

rule\_his\_male= his

rule\_his\_female= her

rule\_hiss\_male= his

rule\_hiss\_female= hers

rule\_himself\_male= himself

rule\_himself\_female= herself

rule\_guy\_male= guy

rule\_guy\_female= girl

rule\_man\_male= man

rule\_man\_female= woman

rule\_dude\_male= dude

rule\_dude\_female= chick

rule\_boy\_male= boy

rule\_boy\_female= girl

rule\_bastard\_male= bastard

rule\_bastard\_female= cow

rule\_daddy\_male= daddy

rule\_daddy\_female= mommy

rule\_brother\_male= brother

rule\_brother\_female= sister

rule\_son\_male= son

rule\_son\_female= daughter

rule\_sonny\_male= son

rule\_sonny\_female= missy

rule\_father\_male= father

rule\_father\_female= mother

rule\_fella\_male= fella

rule\_fella\_female= gal

rule\_husband\_male= husband

rule\_husband\_female= wife

rule\_sir\_male= sir

rule\_sir\_female= madam

rule\_mister\_male= mister

rule\_mister\_female= miss

rule\_we\_plural= we

rule\_we\_singular= I

rule\_us\_plural= us

rule\_us\_singular= me

rule\_our\_plural= our

rule\_our\_singular= my

rule\_ours\_plural= ours

rule\_ours\_singular= mine

rule\_ourselves\_plural= ourselves

rule\_ourselves\_singular= myself

rule\_are\_plural= are

rule\_are\_singular= am

rule\_were\_plural= were

rule\_were\_singular= was

rule\_weren't\_plural= weren't

rule\_weren't\_singular= wasn't

rule\_we're\_plural= we're

rule\_we're\_singular= I'm

rule\_we'll\_plural= we'll

rule\_we'll\_singular= I'll

rule\_we've\_plural= we've

rule\_we've\_singular= I've