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# 1 - Amateur Actor

# Entertainer, Negotiator, Melee Training

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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\n

I'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\n

I'm lucky you found me when you did. I don't know if I could have survived out there much longer.

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# 2 - Internet Reviewer

# Entertainer, Hoarder, Gun Training

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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\n

I 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\n

You 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\n

Saw 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.

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# 3 - Alternative Fashion Designer

# Redecorator, Last Judgment

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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\n

I 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.

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# 4 - Sculptor

# Loner, Artist, Crafter

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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\n

My 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\n

Turns 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\n

I 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.

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# 5 - Middle Manager

# Defenses, Government

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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\n

After 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\n

When 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.

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# 6 - Owned a large collection of lizards

# Animal Lover, Fast Recovery

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Have 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\n

I 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\n

It 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 7 - School Janitor

# St. Michael's, Demolitions

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

To 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\n

It 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\n

I 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.

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# 8 - Retired Colonel

# Government, Team Player, Brave

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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\n

Was 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\n

Unfortunately, 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\n

If 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 9 - Optimist

# Easy Going, Chosen Ones, Preacher

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Yes, 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\n

Still, 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\n

As 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 10 - Park Ranger

# Camper, Loner, Tough

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Any 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\n

They 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\n

I just left them to it at that point. There's only so much you can do for people.

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# 11 - Biker

# Driver, Judgment, Tough

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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\n

Feeling 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\n

Unfortunately, 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\n

The 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.

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# 12 - Owned a Water Park

# Easy Going, Defenses

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

We 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\n

Would 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\n

But 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.

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# 13 - Chem Student

# Scholar, Pharmacist

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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\n

No 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\n

The 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\n

The 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.

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# 14 - Larper

# Eccentric, Melee Training

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backstory\_Larper\_Step1= Hail and good morrow, Sire!\n\n

I 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\n

I... 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\n

If the dead can walk then magic must exist... It must. Mustn't it?

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 15 - Decker

# Skeptic, 1337cRew

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

This 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\n

I 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\n

That 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.

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# 16 - Fled persecution in another country

# Green Thumb, Good Cook

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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\n

It 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\n

The 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\n

As 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".

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# 17 - Receptionist

# Bookworm, Melee Training

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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\n

Problem 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\n

Guess 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\n

I 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.

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# 18 - Rival dojo to Riffs

# Hand to Hand, Riffs, Ninja

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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\n

I 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\n

They 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\n

I'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.

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# 19 - Depressed Inconspicuous person->Super Hero

# Brave, Superhero

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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\n

I 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\n

It 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.

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# 20 - Research Subject

# Addict, Pharmacists

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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\n

Not 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\n

But 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\n

Tore 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.

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# 21 - Haberdasher

# Crafter, Negotiator, Demolitions

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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\n

OK, 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\n

Those 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\n

I 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.

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# 22 - HR manager

# Team Player, Government

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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\n

I 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\n

To 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\n

Fortunately 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.

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# 23 - Now / Monk

# Preacher, Devout, Chosen Ones

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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\n

We 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\n

It 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\n

Eager 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.

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# 24 - Paranoid

# Eccentric, Luddies, Stinky

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

And 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\n

After 3 months of eating nothing but beans the air quality in a confined environment becomes an issue.

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# 25 - Avant Garde Steampunk Singer

# Entertainer, Eccentric

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

You 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\n

Before 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\n

I 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.

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# 26 - Historian

# Bookworm, Pig Farmers

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

backstory\_Historian\_Step1= I used to be assistant curator of the Imperial Fortenbrass Museum for the Preservation of Culture.\n\n

I'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\n

I 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\n

As I said, they seemed friendly enough, but their farm place just didn't have the acceptable safety standards.

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# 27 - Loses spouse to cult

# Skeptic, Chosen Ones

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backstory\_LosesSpouse\_Step1= I miss my husband. Harry was such a sweet guy. Always willing to help others. Always quick with a hug.\n\n

Just... 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\n

It 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\n

Maybe 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 28 - Children's Librarian

# Bookworm, Scholar

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I 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\n

That 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\n

With 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 29 - Nurse

# First Aid, Fast Recovery

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

One 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\n

We 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 30 - Oceanographer

# Bookworm, Skeptic

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Do 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\n

What 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 31 - Flower Seller

# Green Thumb, Camper, Stinky

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Mostly 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\n

Still, 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\n

It 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 32 - Former Craft Store Mogul

# Crafter, Redecorator

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I'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\n

Those 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\n

Must 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 33 - Building Inspector

# Tough, Redecorator

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

My 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\n

That 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 34 - Wants a Pony

# Animal Lover, Coward

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I 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\n

I 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\n

It 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 35 - Entomologist

# Scholar, Stinky

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I'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\n

I 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\n

In 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?

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 36 - Photographer

# Brave, Artist, Firearms Training

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Even 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\n

It 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\n

There 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 37 - Ran a grow-op

# Easy Going, Green Thumb, Pharmacists

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

backstory\_GrowOp\_Step1= Duuuude. Hey dude. Dude! How ya doin'?\n\n

Am 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\n

The 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 38 - House Husband/Wife

# Devout, Pacifist

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Well... 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\n

I 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 39 - Prodigy

# Superhero, Loner, Scholar

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

backstory\_Prodigy\_Step1= Yes, what is it? You want to know about me? Hrm, well, there's not much to tell...\n\n

I 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\n

Not 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\n

The 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 40 - Homeless

# Camper, Half-Rations, Addict

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

backstory\_Homeless\_Step1= Hey bud, yah got a nickel? What? We don't use cash no more?\n\n

I... 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\n

Heh. 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\n

Yah 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 41 - Food for Gold!

# Gustav, Negotiator

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Well, 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\n

Anything? 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\n

To 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 42 - Sex Worker

# Gustav, Entertainer

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

What 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\n

I 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 43 - Women's Studies

# Dahlia, Bookworm, Hand-to-Hand

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Oh, 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\n

However, 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\n

No, 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 44 - "Aliens!"

# Luddies, Hoarder

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

backstory\_Aliens\_Step1= You! You're one of them, aren't you? AREN'T YOU?!\n\n

You'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\n

SO! 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\n

How 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 45 - Hospital Janitor

# First Aid, Coward, Riffs

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Doctor? 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\n

I 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 46 - Food Scientist

# Good Cook, Pig Farmers

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I 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\n

To 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\n

Well, 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 47 - Escaped Convict

# Last Judgment, Hand to Hand, Tough

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Listen, 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 48 - Retired Teacher

# St Michaels, Defenses Expert

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

What? 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\n

My 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\n

It'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?

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 49 - Getaway Driver

# Driver, DAHLIA

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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\n

Of 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\n

Now, 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 50 - Assembly Line Worker

# Half-Rations, 1337cRew

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

backstory\_AssemblyLine\_Step1= Yes, ah... sir... miss... sir... Sorry I... can I help you with something?\n\n

Do 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\n

Of 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 51 - Seed Bomber

# Pacifist, Ninja, Green Thumb

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Greenery 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\n

Give 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\n

I 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...

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# 52 - Lighthouse Keeper

# Light sleeper, hoarder

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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\n

They'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\n

What 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\n

Oh 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.

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# 53 - Health Care Worker

# First Aid, Driver

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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\n

I 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\n

I 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\n

And 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...

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# 54 - Right-Wing TV Host

# Preacher, Government

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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\n

I 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\n

It 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\n

The 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.

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# 55 - Jail Guard

# Firearms, DAHLIA

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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\n

The 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\n

The 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\n

We 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.

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# 56 - Actual Pig Farmer, rather than a "Pig Farmer"

# Animal Lover, Pig Farmer

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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\n

Yep, 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\n

I 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\n

I 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?

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# 57 - Little League Coach

# St. Michael's, Team Player

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Professional? 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\n

As 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\n

I 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.

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# 58 - Stargazer

# Camper, Light Sleeper

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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\n

No? 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\n

And 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\n

Sometimes 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 59 - Internet Troll

# Coward, 1337cRew

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Yeah 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\n

Then 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\n

Mom 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].

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# 60 - Vegan

# Cook, Luddies

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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\n

And 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\n

Of 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\n

Okay, 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?"

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# 61 - Wandering Samurai

# Melee, Loner, Riffs

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Why 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\n

And 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\n

Yeah, 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.

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# 62 - Night Security Guard

# Light Sleeper, Half rations

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

That'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\n

I 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\n

Still, 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.

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# 63 - Card Shark

# Gustav, Ninja

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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\n

That'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\n

Not 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\n

What 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.

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# 64 - Pryo

# Demolitions, Artist

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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\n

I 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\n

Zed 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\n

I 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.

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# 65 - Child Protection Services

# Pacifist, Team-player, St Michaels

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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\n

The 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\n

The 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\n

I 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.

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# 66 - Indie Movie Producer (LRR)

# Entertainer, 1337cRew, Kludge?

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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\n

I 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\n

It 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\n

One-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.

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# 67 - Vatican Ninja

# Devout, Ninja

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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\n

Am 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\n

Oh, 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\n

What 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.

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# 68 - Firefighter

# Fast Healer, Brave, First Aid

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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\n

Yeah, 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\n

Barney 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\n

The 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.

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# 69 - Private Eye

# Firearms, Brave, Dahlia

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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\n

Oh, 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\n

She 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\n

It 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.

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# 70 - Christian Radio Host

# Entertainer, Devout, Last Judgment

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Of 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\n

Even 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\n

I 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.

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# 71 - Electrician

# Riffs, Redecorator, Mechanic?

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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\n

I 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\n

That 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\n

I 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.

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# 72 - Master of the Squirrels

# Preacher, Chosen Ones, Animal Lover

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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\n

How 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\n

You'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\n

I'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.

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# 73 - Naturopath

# First Aid, Luddies

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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\n

Alright, 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\n

No, 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\n

I 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.

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# 74 - Trucker

# Driver, Pig Farmers

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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\n

Just 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\n

I 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\n

Eventually 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 75 - Not a lizard

# Fast Healer, Ninja

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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\n

What 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\n

That 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\n

Even 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 76 - Fireworks Technician

# Demolitions, Gustav

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Oh, 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\n

To 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\n

Too 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 77 - Diner Cook

# Cooking, Pharmacists

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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\n

I 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\n

Those 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\n

Turns 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 78 - Actual Pirate

# Tough, Hoarder

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

backstory\_ActualPirate\_Step1= 'Eh there. How you doin'? Me? I'm just happy to have solid ground under my feet again.\n\n

I 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\n

Once 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\n

O' 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 79 - Professional Skeptic

# Driver, Skeptic

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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\n

I 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\n

I 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\n

When 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 80 - Malik's Disciple

# Riffs, Hand-to-Hand, Superhero

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

It 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\n

There'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\n

I 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.

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# 81 - O'Grady's Valet

# Devout, Easy Going, Judgment

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Admittedly, 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\n

He 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\n

Eventually 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 82 - Was in Cassandra Starr's yoga class

# Church of the Chosen Ones, Pacifist, Artist

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I 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\n

I 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\n

I'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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 83 - Friends with Jeb and Bub

# Pig Farmers, Stinky, Defenses

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

It 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\n

Sure, 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\n

Not 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 84 - Llama Farmer

# Luddies, Animal Lover, Crafter

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Yeah, 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\n

I 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\n

I 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.

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# 85 - Rufus's Neighbor

# St Michael's, Light Sleeper, Loner

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

You'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\n

What 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\n

Oh 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 86 - Soldier, served under Senator Davis

# Government, Firearms, Coward

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backstory\_DavisSoldier\_Step1= Ahhh! I mean... Halt! Stand and identify yourself... Don't come any closer!\n\n

Oh, 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\n

Fought 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\n

Now 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 87 - Protested alongside Helen

# Dahlias, Hand to Hand, Negotiator

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Sure, 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\n

That 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\n

I 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.

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# 88 - Intersex individual

# OK, while I realize we're not going to be referencing Dara's transition much (as the fact she is Trans shouldn't matter and it isn't her only defining characteristic), I did want to acknowledge that it occurred as a side thing, and also having an intersex backstory gives the option of highlighting a group that has even less visibility than the LGBT community.

# 1337cRew, Artist, Crafter

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I... 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\n

Growing 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\n

I 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

#It's just... well, my identity is important to me. I was born intersex, so I faced a lot of confusion over my gender when growing up, both from my family and people at school.

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

#For a long time doctors would try and... "normalize" babies born with these characteristics to be one gender or another. Sure, surgery might be needed if certain "waste management processes" were having trouble working, but a lot of the time these surgeries were unnecessary and more for the benefit of the doctor or the family than the baby.

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

#Not that we didn't all need equal treatment. Heck, one of my best friends growing up transitioned. The wonderful thing was her entire FPS clan supported her in this. You don't always see that camaraderie.

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# 89 - Marriage Counselor

# Pharmacists, Negotiation, Easy Going

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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\n

The 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\n

On 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\n

Though, 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.

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# 90 - Hypochondriac

# Gustav, Half Rations, Eccentric

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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\n

I 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\n

Alright, 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\n

Poison 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!

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# 91 - Sanitation Worker

# Stinky, Stealthy/Ninja, Redecorator

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Yeah, 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\n

O'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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 92 - Dog Breeder

# Animal Lover, Team Player

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Sure, 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\n

We 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\n

The 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 93 - Indie Game Developer (\*Whistles innocently\*... Feel free to veto =p )

# 1337cRew, Skeptic, Superhero

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I 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\n

The 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\n

Let me tell you, some of those islands are zombie-free. But boring - I'd rather be here where the action is.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 94 - Customs Officer

# Based off the person who passed away while we were camping last summer... Is there any chance we could attach a specific name/gender to this one? I know some restrictions for the back stories are going to be needed (age/family/gender/etc), but a specific name might be a little different. If not, that's perfectly fine, I just wanted to get his memory in here. And yeah, this is probably a case of truth being stranger than fiction. =)

# Easy-Going, Eccentric, Governement

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

What 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\n

I'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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 95 - Wiccan

# Preacher, Camper, Luddies

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I'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\n

When 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\n

There 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 96 - Formerly Rich Kid

# Pacifist, Coward, Chosen Ones

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I 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\n

I 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\n

When 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 97 - On the Run

# Camper, Pharmacists, Demolitions

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Well, 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\n

I 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 98 - Microbrewer

# Cook, Light Sleeper, Last Judgment

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

You 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\n

Where 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 99 - Giant Robot

# Bookworm, Driver, Gustav

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

The 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\n

When 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\n

The 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 100 - Road Worker

# Melee, Fast Healer, Driver

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Yeah, 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\n

The 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\n

Color 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 101 - Bill Hyman (hope questline character, may be carried over to later cities)

# Camper, Loner, Immune

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Lights 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\n

No 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 102 - Diane Moon, tutorial lady

# Born Leader, Tough, Defenses Expert

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Alright, 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\n

I 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 103 - Kid who grows up in the fort

# Loner, Driver, Camper

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Well 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?

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 104 - Another kid who grows up in the fort

# Animal Lover, Brave, Resourceful

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

I 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\n

But 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!"

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 105 - VanNooten, masquerading as Gretchen

# Loner, Eccentric, Intense Focus

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Please 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 106 - A third kid, very gentle (first half from TheBrickMan)

# Friendly, Pacifist, Easygoing

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

My 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\n

I 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\n

One 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.

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

# 107 - Fourth kid, nerd (from Objection)

# Bookworm, Pacifist, Scholar

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

Then 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\n

I 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\n

There'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\n

Maybe one day I'll make an amazing discovery of my own.

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# 108 - Fifth kid, immune and weird and religious

# Skeptic, Tough, Immune

# ------------------------------------------------- -------------------------------------------------- -

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\n

When 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\n

I was bitten last year... see? But I didn't get a fever or anything. Maybe mom was right.. I \_am\_ special.