######################################

# en\_factionEvents & en\_events & en\_missionEvents & en\_quests are combined so need unique names

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# Rough Event Box size:

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# Set text editor to this size to estimate

# layout

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# Everything should look nicely spaced out.

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# INTRO EVENTS

# When scouting uncovers another faction's fort for the first time

# These may be replaced by quest events in some cases

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# Riffs Intro text

riffsIntro\_title= Granville Riffs

riffsIntro\_1= There used to be a local martial arts school here called the Granville Riffs. They were known for their strict training regime and even stricter code of honor. But this wasn't the kind of self-defense class you'd send your seven year old to. These guys trained to kill with fists, feet, sticks and swords.\n\n

The nice thing about a sword is, it never runs out of bullets.\n\n

It looks like all that training paid off as the Riffs are still alive and kicking. We spotted a group of them set up nearby. Guess we should pay them a visit.

riffsIntro\_2= We ran into these martial artists today called the Granville Riffs. It's like they walked straight out of a 70's kung fu movie with those yellow and black pajamas, but it's tough to be critical of anyone that heavily armed.\n\n

Those weapons weren't just for show. While we were chatting a zombie wandered over and one of those Riffs [put a shuriken through it's eye and into it's brain from 30 paces|split it clean in two from head to toe with her sword|stick his clawed-glove things into the zed's head and tear it clean off].\n\n

They said if we've got any "serious" business with them we can find them nearby.

riffsIntro\_3= What do you get when you teach an inner-city street kid the most deadly martial arts known to man? One badass zombie killing machine, that's what.\n\n

Multiply that a few hundred times and you've got the Granville Riffs, a martial arts dojo that took in the toughest gang bangers and turned them into a disciplined fighting force. Each one knows half a dozen ways to kill a man, or zed, with one hand held behind their back.\n\n

If what our scouts say is true, a bunch of Riffs survived the apocalypse and are right here in [CityName].

# Judgment Intro text

judgmentIntro\_title= Last Judgment Gang

judgmentIntro\_1= We saw a bunch of bikers tearing through a pack of zombies like a hot knife through butter. If the knife was large, ugly and covered in religious symbols, that is.\n\n

Seems they're called the Last Judgment Gang. Claim to be following the way of God, but given the way they were dragging that survivor behind them as they drove through city streets I'm guessing "Love thy fellow man" isn't high on their list of priorities.\n\n

We'll probably have to deal with them before long, either by making nice or by clearing them out of town.

judgmentIntro\_2= Figures a bunch of heavily-armed bikers would be tough enough to survive the end of the world. I just wouldn't have expected the biggest group of them to be Bible thumpers too.\n\n

The Last Judgment Gang are nasty bunch. The sort that are convinced that they are always in the right, no matter how violent, underhanded or misogynistic their actions are.\n\n

The idea of making friends with them rubs me the wrong way, but we need all the help we can get out here.

judgmentIntro\_3= I wouldn't have crossed the Last Judgment Gang even back when there were still police to protect us. Now that there isn't much in the way of civilization left... steer clear.\n\n

They're a gang of bikers who follow the word of God... when it suits them. They're quick with Bible quotes on how wives should submit to their husbands, but they ignore the bits about not violently murdering thy neighbor. I'm pretty sure that's in there.\n\n

These guys worry me as much as the zed do, but at least we might be able to cut a deal with the Judgment.

# Church of the Chosen Ones intro text

# never used

chosenIntro\_title= Church of the Chosen Ones

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

# Pig Farmers intro text

pigfarmersIntro\_title= The Pig Farmers

pigfarmersIntro\_1= We met some creepy and surprisingly well-fed fellas today. They were chubby, pale and wouldn't stop chuckling to themselves. Reminded me of this one mall Santa who used to look at me kinda funny.\n\n

They're pig farmers. Seems they were able to shore up their farm pretty quickly when the dead started to rise. With plenty of meat on hand they haven't had to scavenge for food like the rest of us.\n\n

Maybe they'd be willing to trade for some of that meat? From their waistlines it looks like they've been eating like kings.

pigfarmersIntro\_2= The thing about a meat cleaver is it's already made to go through flesh and bone, so when you turn it into an impromptu weapon half of the work's done for you.\n\n

Cleavers are the favorite tool of the Pig Farmers. They're a group of butchers who own a sizable farm nearby. With their seemingly endless supply of food, they've done a lot better out here than most of us.\n\n

We should see if they'll trade us some of their tasty meat. I just hope they clean their blades between cutting up zed and carving up pork.

pigfarmersIntro\_3= We've been hearing stories about this group of pig farmers who survived the collapse of civilization with their farm mostly intact.\n\n

Word is they're a friendly if strange lot. A passing survivor mentioned being invited into their heavily-walled compound for dinner (mmm pork), but we haven't heard from anyone who's taken them up on it.\n\n

Maybe we should visit their farm and see if we get the same offer. I mean, if there's plenty of food to go round in there, maybe they'd be up for sharing a bite?

# Luddies intro text

luddiesIntro\_title= The Luddies

luddiesIntro\_1= We ran into a group of hillbilly farmers today who call themselves the Luddies. They seemed friendly enough, if a little fond of their tinfoil hats. They said they had to make sure we weren't government spies or something called a "reptilian" before they would talk to us.\n\n

Once we'd convinced them that we were an OK sort of people they were happy to chat. They let us know where to find their farm if we ever want to trade for some food.

luddiesIntro\_2= We spotted a heavily fortified farmstead today. It's run by a group called the Luddies, a bunch of hippie farmers who seem friendly, if a little paranoid.\n\n

They refuse to let any electronics on their property and checked us thoroughly for "Illuminati tracking devices" before we could enter. Once we got past that they were happy to share a song, a story, and a nice salad with us. I was careful to stay off the topic of their conspiracy theories.

luddiesIntro\_3= Back when we had things like the Internet and reliable electricity, I never understood people who insisted on living "off the grid". But now that we have to survive without that stuff, those folks don't look so silly anymore.\n\n

After civilization started to fall apart, a bunch of those technophobe-types got together and started a commune here in [CityName]. They call themselves the Luddies, and you won't find a better bunch of farmers here or in the afterlife.

# St. Michael's intro

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

stmichaelsIntro\_1= Two of our guys got ambushed by a group of boys in school uniforms today. They had hilarious improvised weapons: socks full of quarters, dull swords made from fan-blades, and modded Nerf guns that shot real darts.\n\n

They were kids from an old-fashioned boarding school called St. Michael's, where they're fending for themselves now that the teachers are gone.\n\n

They let our guys go, but warned us to be careful around their school unless we want a dart or two in the butt. Ouch.

stmichaelsIntro\_2= You know how urban schools have those solid iron-wrought fences for keeping students in? Seems like they're also good at keeping zed out.\n\n

We just got word that St. Michael's School for Boys is still holding out against the hordes. Having sturdy gates, tight passages and some of the wiliest kids this side of the rocky mountains has helped keep their school zombie-free.\n\n

Not sure what happened to all the teachers though. Sounds like only the kids are left. We can try asking the boys about that if we send someone to trade.

stmichaelsIntro\_3= The St. Michael's School for Boys is the oldest boarding school in the district and was long known as a place to send your "difficult" child when other private schools refuse to take him.\n\n

I guess their prison-like discipline combined with students well-versed in the art of schoolyard violence have done a good job of fending off the undead. Pity none of the teachers survived the experience.

# Government Intro text

governmentIntro\_title= The Government

governmentIntro\_1= We spotted a military operation today: six soldiers in US army fatigues clearing the streets along with a small tank. I briefly hoped they were here to rescue us, but no such luck.\n\n

They're part of a surviving Government body trying to take [CityName] back for themselves, and cleaning out any "undesirables" in the process. They shoved past us and continued into the city, mowing down any zed in their way.\n\n

We'd better convince them we're not "undesirables", or we might find ourselves be staring down a military firing squad.

governmentIntro\_2= Politicians are like cockroaches. With their pig-headed stubbornness and the brainwashed masses as meat shields, not even the end of the world could finish them off.\n\n

A group of them have a fort here in [CityName]. Not sure what branch of the Government they represent, but it's all the same: Pageantry and bureaucracy designed to keep itself running and the people docile.\n\n

I just hope they aren't expecting us to pay taxes anytime soon.

governmentIntro\_3= As the world fell apart the Government did what it did best: took care of itself. The military was recalled to protect it's "strategic leaders" and the rest were left to fend for themselves.\n\n

Now it seems some of them have come back and are trying to retake [CityName] from their heavily fortified military compound. This time they aren't even trying to keep up the pretense of being here to help the common man. They're only out for themselves.\n\n

We should probably see if they're willing to talk before they label us as enemies.

# Rotten intro text

# Rotten's slightly different, they're more mysterious & don't look like a faction at first

# Instead you're prompted with a quest to investigate their subway

rottenIntro\_title= Strange Sightings

rottenIntro\_pictureColin= false

rottenIntro\_1= We caught sight of some figures moving around one of the subway entrances nearby. They looked kind of slow and sick, but didn't move like zombies.\n\n

They disappeared when they saw us, and we didn't have much luck finding out more. They've surrounded the entrance with a maze of old junk and warning signs. We could investigate further... or maybe just avoid that area.

rottenIntro\_2= Something strange is going on in [CityName]. A couple of our scouts ran into a zombie today that didn't attack them. A zombie. That didn't attack. This is a first!\n\n

It - or she - just kind of hissed like a cat with a lisp and ran off into one of the old subway tunnels. Not sure what we're going to find down there, but if we're feeling brave (or completely crazy) we could poke in and investigate.

rottenIntro\_3= We've been hearing some odd stories from passing survivors. They've run into what look like zombies around a nearby subway station. Except the strange zombies don't attack, they just cry and shuffle off.\n\n

We should probably look into this, but I'm sure as hell not volunteering to go into that subway station alone.

# Dahlias intro text

dahliasIntro\_title= The Dahlias

dahliasIntro\_1= I almost bought the farm today. A couple zed had me cornered in an alley and I was trying to remember the words to Hail Mary when suddenly the zombies' heads exploded. Boom! Boom! Scared me more than my imminent death had.\n\n

I was still shaking when this group come out of a ruined building nearby, lead by a woman with a smoking rifle. They were part of a group called the Dahlias who live nearby. I'm not sure if they're some military group or what, but they seemed pretty comfortable with those guns. We'll probably be seeing more of them soon.

dahliasIntro\_2= I don't normally get nervous when new survivors show up at our gate, but these people looked like they'd raided a riot squad's armory.\n\n

They were with a group called the Dahlias. The lady leading them said they were there to check on our women. They've been taking it in hand to keep girls and women safe since civilization collapsed.\n\n

Given the number of people who've gone all "Lord of the Flies" since the zed rose, I can't say it's a bad idea. After they were sure no one was being mistreated they thanked us and headed out.

dahliasIntro\_3= We've been hearing about this new group in town called the Dahlias who'll offer safe haven to anyone who's willing to follow their rules and behave.\n\n

I heard they were some kind of suburban women's book club back before everything fell apart, but I don't know any book clubs with access to that many guns.\n\n

They must have found a stash or had serious connections, because they're doing a fine job making their safe zone a reality.

# 1337cREw intro text

leetcrewIntro\_title= 1337cREw

leetcrewIntro\_1= It looks like someone in [CityName] still has electricity. Some of our scouts nearly got themselves fried when they stumbled upon some live electric fencing.\n\n

The area's occupied by a commune of tech-types who called themselves the 1337cREw. They don't look well armed, but I'm guessing with all the traps they've placed around their base they don't need to worry about uninvited guests, living or dead.\n\n

Maybe they'd trade for some of that tech if we ask nicely. Or at least let me use their generator to charge my iPad.

leetcrewIntro\_2= For the past couple of weeks we've been seeing nightly spotlights coming from a distant part of the city, but it's been too dangerous to investigate until now.\n\n

Turns out the lights belong to a group of basement dwellers called the 1337cREw. After society fell apart, their top priority became finding an alternative power source to keep their computers running. Those generators also run defenses to keep their compound safe from intruders.\n\n

They're a little leery of outsiders, but I think it could be useful to have them as friends.

leetcrewIntro\_3= The 1337cREw was one of the most feared FPS clans and infamous hacking groups, back when we were all still connected to the hive mind that was the Internet.\n\n

I wouldn't have expected a group like that to have much in the way of survivals skills, but there's a bunch of them here in [CityName] and they've survived just fine thanks to a collection of jury-rigged defense turrets.\n\n

We should see if they'd be up for trading. It probably takes a lot of fuel to run those generators of theirs.

# Pharmacists intro text

pharmacistsIntro\_title= The Pharmacists

pharmacistsIntro\_1= I can never tell if those Pharmacists are hipsters or gang bangers. A guy showed up at our fort yesterday and his [\*tweed jacket and thick-rimmed glasses|knitted scarf and skinny jeans|post-boy cap and side burns] were seriously clashing with the [\*machine gun and briefcase full of drugs|large number of anarchy symbols tattooed on his arms|ugly switchblade he kept flicking open and close].\n\n

He came to let us know that if we ever want a pick-me-up, we should talk to them. According to him, you won't find a better supplier of mood-altering chemicals.\n\n

Which is probably true, since most of their competition is long since dead, either at the hands of zombies or another gang.

pharmacistsIntro\_2= Our scouts found a walled-off pharmacy emitting clouds of strange purplish-green smoke. When they got close enough to breathe it in, the effects hit them like a semi-truck and they spent the next half hour giggling uncontrollably.\n\n

The building is owned by the Pharmacists. They're a loose organization of thugs and hipsters with a seriously anarchist streak, and they make some of the most potent drugs you can still get.\n\n

They'd be happy to sell us some of their product should we want any. Our scouts sure enjoyed it.

pharmacistsIntro\_3= I wouldn't have thought a bunch of anarchists would have been able to organize effectively enough to survive the apocalypse, but it seems this group of Pharmacists has done just fine.\n\n

They'd been involved in the drug trade for a long time and used the proceeds to stockpile weapons for the inevitable confrontation with "the man". That was, until "the man" was eaten by "the zombie".\n\n

We should head their way if we're ever need of a little pick-me-up.

# Gustav is introduced as a random event instead of in response to uncovering his fort

# his caravan suddenly spawns beside the fort the first time with this event

# [square] = location Gustav has setup at

gustavIntro\_title= Gustav

gustavIntro\_1= A funny little man with a caravan full of trade goods just pulled up. He has a thick accent and an even thicker mustache.\n\n

\_"Greetinks my friends! I am Gustav, peddler of ze strange and exotic. I sell anythink you need... if you can afford it."\_\n\n

\_"If you wantink good deal, you come meet me at ze [square]. We will make, how you say, good business transaction."\_

gustavIntro\_2= Can you believe people are still trying to make money these days?\n\n

This funny little trader named Gustav has parked his heavily armored caravan at the [square] just outside our walls and has been calling to us on a bull horn to come over and experience his \_"Amazink deals!"\_\n\n

Maybe we should send someone over to trade with him? He might even have some ramen noodles. It's been so long since I had any. I miss the sweet sweet taste of MSG.

gustavIntro\_3= It looks like capitalism is still alive and well even with the undead chewing at what is left of society.\n\n

A merchant named Gustav has setup a temporary camp at the [square] just next to our fort. It looks like he has food of all sorts to trade, and even a few more exotic items to boot.\n\n

His bodyguards are a little intimidating though. They're liable to get rough with you if you get too close to any women traveling with the caravan. Well, unless you are willing to pay for the privilege.

gustavIntro\_4= A trader named Gustav stopped by the fort today. Between his accent and his short stature I almost expected him start ranting about trying to capture \_"ze moose und sqvirrel"\_, but it looks like he's more interested in making a profit than going after local wildlife.\n\n

He's pitched his camp at the [square] just by our fort. If we're interested in seeing what deals he has we should send someone over there to trade.

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# OTHER FACTION EVENTS

# Triggered regularly by FactionManager, not random events

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# lost a building to zed while at war with us

factionShrink\_title= [Faction] Overrun

factionShrink\_picture= youLose

factionShrink\_pictureColin= false

factionShrink\_pictureColin2= false

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

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

# replace if we had an attractor there

factionShrinkAttractor\_title= [Faction] Overrun by Attractor

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

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

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# SABOTAGE

# Triggered by units on the map

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# they blew up our research

# {1} is the tech name

factionSabotageTech\_title= Tech sabotaged

factionSabotageTech\_picture= lab

factionSabotageTech\_pictureColin= false

factionSabotageTech\_pictureColin2= false

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

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

factionSabotageTech\_effect= Research mission cancelled

# they blew up our building

factionSabotageBuild\_title= Building sabotaged

factionSabotageBuild\_picture= rubble

factionSabotageBuild\_pictureColin= false

factionSabotageBuild\_pictureColin2= false

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

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

factionSabotageBuild\_effect= Building destroyed, mission cancelled

# they attracted zombies

factionSabotageZombies\_title= Saboteur attracted zombies

factionSabotageZombies\_picture= zombiesBored

factionSabotageZombies\_pictureColin= false

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

factionSabotageZombies\_2= There's some kind of noise maker just outside the [square], whistling and banging and attracting all the zed for half a mile. Who the hell put that there? It must have been [faction].\n\n

We destroyed it, but now that the zombies aren't distracted by it, they're turning on us...

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

# they pulled the wall down

factionSabotageWall\_title= Wall destroyed by Saboteur

factionSabotageWall\_picture= zombiesBored

factionSabotageWall\_pictureColin= false

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

factionSabotageWall\_effect= Building lost

# we caught them

factionSabotageWon\_title= Caught saboteur

factionSabotageWon\_picture= pawnshop

factionSabotageWon\_pictureColin= false

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

factionSabotageWon\_2= [Name] found a suspicious [woman|man] messing with our wall at the [square] today. It looks like [she|he] was trying to plant a kind of simple noise maker that would have attracted zombies. Sneaky, sneaky.\n\n

[She|He] slipped around a corner and disappeared before [Name] could question [her|him] further.

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

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

factionSabotageWon\_5= We found a spy from [faction] in the middle of our fort last night. Not sure what [she|he] was doing there, but when [FormalName] spotted [her|him] [she|he] jumped at [him] with a knife. There was a scuffle, and the next thing [Name] knew [he]'d killed the spy with [her|his] own weapon.\n\n

The [guy]'s pretty choked up about it. It's one thing to shoot zombies from a distance, but killing another human being in close combat... it really makes you wonder what kind of a future we could possibly have ahead of us.

# choose to let her go or interrogate to varying degrees

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

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

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

That's how we found them. Now what do we do with this mysterious stranger?

factionSabotageCaught\_option1= Let [her|him] go

factionSabotageCaught\_option2= Question [her|him]

factionSabotageCaught\_option3= Interrogate [her|him] roughly

# let go (discover faction, +respect)

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome1\_1= The moment [she|he] was free to leave, the saboteur donned [her|his] backpack and marched out the door towards [faction]... so we can probably assume [she|he] was one of them.\n\n

Hopefully they'll appreciate that we were decent about it; I'm not sure they would have done the same thing.

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

# question (discover faction and maybe mission, -strength)

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

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome2\_2= The spy was surprisingly talkative once we offered [her|him] a comfy chair and a glass of water. You just have to know how to make people feel comfortable, you know?\n\n

"Oh yeah," [she|he] admitted, "they sent me to totally screw up your deal here." [She|He] said that could be anything from attracting zombies to a weak spot in the walls, to sabotaging important missions.\n\n

We took [her|his] stuff and sent [her|him] back empty handed. [She|He] promised not to come back... but I wouldn't count on it.

# interrogate (maybe kill, discover faction & mission, --strength, -happiness)

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

I guess that's one less [factionAdjective] spy to worry about.

factionSabotageCaught\_outcome3\_2= [Name] interrogated [her|him] rather roughly (hey, we did catch [her|him] red-handed!) and discovered [she|he]'s a member of [faction].\n\n

We might have gotten more out of [her|him], but [she|he] escaped when [Name] ducked out to take a leak.

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# GENERAL RANDOM EVENTS

# multiple factions may produce these events

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handouts\_title= Handouts

handouts\_picture= food

handouts\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

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

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

handouts\_3= We found a wheelbarrow full of [cabbages|lettuce] outside the gate with a note:\n\n

Hope these heads give you the strength to keep yours. - [faction]

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

deserterArrives\_title= Faction Deserter

deserterArrives\_picture= gate

deserterArrives\_1= The last time we visited [faction], a [man] [FormalName] pulled me aside. [He] said [he] was interested in coming over to join our fort, but [FactionLeader] forbade [him] from leaving.\n\n

Today [he]'s at the gate, asking to be let in. [Faction] will be pissed...

deserterArrives\_2= Someone named [FormalName] stopped by the fort today. Until this morning [he] was one of [faction], but [he] said they'd sent [him] on one dangerous mission too many, and it was time [he] get out of there.\n\n

I know [FactionLeader] and [faction] will be annoyed if we poach one of their people though... should we let this [guy] join us?

deserterArrives\_3= Looks like there's some drama going on over at [faction] and a few people have split off. One of them, a [man] named [Name], is here now asking if [he] can join us.\n\n

I'd love to invite [him] in, but I'm worried that [FactionLeader] might think we stole the [guy] away from them.

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

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

deserterArrives\_option2= Invite [him] to join us

deserterArrives\_option3= Turn [him] away

deserterArrives\_outcome1\_picture= [FactionBackground]

deserterArrives\_outcome1\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

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

deserterArrives\_outcome2= [Faction] won't be thrilled that we're stealing people from them, but screw those guys, they can think whatever they want. We're happy to have [Name] join us and we can seriously use [job]s like [him] on our side.\n\n

[He] did have some interesting things to say about the conditions in their fort. [Sounds like they ran out of toilet paper last year and have taken to wiping like they do in India|Their leaders found a big stash of gin last week and have been on a bit of a bender since then|They've got secret escape tunnels under their base, but they're infested with zombified rats|Nobody knows how it started, but they have regular karaoke parties every Friday night].

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

needBuilder\_title= Construction tips

needBuilder\_picture= gate

needBuilder\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

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

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

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

Our builders could probably show them how to make those spikes more than just eye candy...

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

needBuilder\_option2= Give them a few tips

needBuilder\_option3= Turn them away

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

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

needBuilder\_outcome3= [FactionLeader] accused us of being bad neighbors, like the one who always borrows your hedge trimmers but never brings them back.\n\n

I always imagined myself more like good-time Larry from Three's Company, or that guy Wilson from Home Improvement who always had his face behind the fence. But this time, well, we're keeping our advice to ourselves.

protectionMoney\_title= Protection money

protectionMoney\_picture= gate

protectionMoney\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

protectionMoney= Some thuggish looking guys from [faction] are milling around our gates. They say they've been protecting us from zombies since we arrived and it's time for us to pay for their services.\n\n

They hinted that it would be terrible if somehow the zombies got through the walls tonight.

protectionMoney\_2= A "Zedsterminator" from [faction] showed up today with a bunch of goons in tow. He emptied a sack of zombie heads at my feet and demanded compensation for keeping the undead menace at bay.\n\n

If we don't pay them, they implied that the next sack of heads might "accidentally" end up in our water supply...

protectionMoney\_3= A surly looking group of people marched up to the main gate of our fort today. Said they had spent the day putting the undead back in the ground and could do with a meal before heading back to [faction's] base.\n\n

They hinted that if we weren't neighborly enough to pass round some food, they might have to go pick it from our farms themselves.

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

protectionMoney\_option2= Pay them the 10 rations

protectionMoney\_option3= Tell them to screw off

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

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

protectionMoney\_outcome3Success= We stood our ground and said we wouldn't pay. They'd all turned to leave, when suddenly one of them spun around and started firing shots around, seemingly at random. We reacted quickly, diving out of the way and shooting back at the madman.\n\n

[Faction] left, dragging the shooter with them. We'll put an extra watch on in case they come back tonight to make good on their threats.

protectionMoney\_outcome3Fail= We stood our ground and said we wouldn't pay. I thought they were just going to leave, when suddenly one of them drew his gun. We were slow to react and [Name] was hit in the leg.\n\n

Then [faction] just took off. We'll put an extra watch on in case they come back tonight to make good on their threats.

killingPayment\_title= Tip your zombie killers

killingPayment\_picture= gate

killingPayment\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

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

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

killingPayment\_3= We heard a commotion outside at the [square] earlier today. I sent a couple of scouts out and they reported that they'd seen a bunch of people from [faction] bringing down some undead monstrosity that was lurking there.\n\n

The group turned up at our main gate a few hours later looking haggard. Maybe we should give them something to eat before they head out.

killingPayment\_option1= Give them 5 rations

killingPayment\_option2= Give them 10 rations

killingPayment\_option3= Say thanks and give nothing

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

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

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

killSquad\_title= Zombie Kill Squad

killSquad\_picture= street

killSquad\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

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

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

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

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

# Scavengers Mugged - Happens with weaker, sneakier factions (Pharmacists, St Michaels, 1337crew, Rotten) if they don't like you. They'll show up at the end of a scavenging mission and demand you give them the goods. You can choose to fight (dice roll based on your/their attack strength) or give up the goods.

# reporter talks about his own injuries if you lose the fight

mugged\_title= Your money or your lives

mugged\_picture= pawnshop

mugged\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

mugged\_1= [We]'d just finished up [missioning] and were on our way back when [we] suddenly found {1} blocking our path.\n\n

They'd been waiting for [us] to do all the work of collecting everything useful from that [square], and now they're demanding [we] hand it over. If [we] do, they say [we're] free to continue on [our] way.

mugged\_2= You ever have one of those days where nothing goes right?\n\n

[We]'d just finished [missioning] at the [square] when [we] heard [\*a polite cough|some shifting rubble|a sharp order to turn around from] behind us. [We]'d let {1} sneak up on [us].\n\n

They want everything we just found, and they aren't going to take 'no' for an answer.

mugged\_3= [We] had [our] [p|eye|eyes] open for the usual dangers while [missioning]: zed, wild animals, maybe a building close to collapse. Suddenly running into {1} just as [we] finished up was an unpleasant surprise.\n\n

They pointed a couple rusty shotguns at [us] and told [us] to hand over anything we'd found in the [square], "nice and easy like."

mugged\_pharmacists= some ugly looking Pharmacist thugs

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

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

mugged\_rotten= a collection of decomposing Rotten

mugged\_option1= Attack them

mugged\_option2= Hand over the spoils

mugged\_outcome1\_success= It was tense for a couple minutes there, but after I broke [\*one guy's nose|one of their wrists|one of their rusty old shotguns], they backed off and let us leave in peace.\n\n

Hope that teaches those thieves to mind their own business from now on.

mugged\_outcome1\_fail\_pictureColin= true

mugged\_outcome1\_fail= Well, now we don't have anything from the [square] and I've got a [\*new hole in my foot|black eye|couple cracked ribs].\n\n

After the thieves gave us good beating, they took everything [we]'d gathered together, thanked us for our 'donation' and left chuckling to themselves.

mugged\_outcome2= We gave them everything we'd found in the [square] and they let us leave as promised.\n\n

I hope this doesn't become a regular thing.

# Hey, That's Mine! - The player reclaims a square adjacent a faction's base and they ask for it instead (IE they think you are taking over 'their' territory.) It provides extra choices when the player is doing well against the zombies by making it harder to do well against the other factions at the same time.

# [square] - Square claimed

thatsMine\_title= Hey, That's Mine!

thatsMine\_picture= [FactionBackground]

thatsMine\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

thatsMine\_1= We were finishing up reclaiming the [square] when [FactionLeader] from [faction] came by, banging at our gate and asking us what the hell we were playing at?\n\n

[FactionHe] seems to think the [square] is part of their territory and we're trespassing. Apparently if we don't clear out of there "toot suite" as [factionHe] put it, we're gonna be in a heck of a lot of trouble.

thatsMine\_2= It was bad enough dealing with the [factionAdjective] catcalls coming from over the wall as we were reclaiming the [square] by their base, but now that we've finished walling the area off, [FactionLeader] has come by saying they "own" the land we've cleaned up.\n\n

I doubt that they have any legal documents to back up their claim, but [factionHe] isn't going to be happy if we're still there come tomorrow morning.

thatsMine\_3= I would have thought [faction] would have been happy to have the zed cleared away from their walls, but it seems they're all in a lather about us claiming the [square] next to their fort.\n\n

I'm half-tempted to just open the gates and let the zombies take it back, but that wouldn't do either of us any good.

thatsMine\_option1= Hand over the [square]

thatsMine\_option2= Keep the [square]

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

thatsMine\_outcome1= I'm not happy about giving up the [square], but I suppose it doesn't hurt to keep [faction] happy. Especially when they're going to be our new neighbours.

thatsMine\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] wasn't pleased when we told [factionHim] to go [suck an egg|kiss a zombie], but that [square] is ours now, and there's nothing [factionHe] can do about it. It doesn't matter how many guns [factionHe]'s lining up on the other side of the wall....

thatsMine\_outcome3= We talked [factionHim] into letting us have the [square], saying we've got their back and all. [FactionLeader] was a tad mistrusting of us as neighbors with good reason, but [factionHe]'ll come around once [factionHe] gets to know us a little better.

# Mother Nature Hates Everyone - A natural event damages a factions fort. Player can supply a skilled builder or building materials to fix if they want to help.

# [square] = square affected

factionDisaster\_title= Mother Nature's Wrath

factionDisaster\_picture= [FactionBackground]

factionDisaster\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

factionDisaster\_1= Thunderstorms visited [CityName] last night. Lightning struck an unprotected [square] in [factionAdjective] fort and burnt the building to the ground.\n\n

They've asked for our help in rebuilding, because, well, that's what we do.

factionDisaster\_2= A small earthquake gave [CityName] a shake yesterday. We're all OK, but a [square] over in [faction's] fort was badly damaged.\n\n

They're asking for help with putting the thing back together. Seems most of their people are too busy fending off the zed. I'm guessing their walls didn't fare that well either.

factionDisaster\_3= A fire broke out in the [factionAdjective] fort last night. You could see the flames dancing all the way from our walls. It was really quite pretty.\n\n

They came by this morning and asked if we could help them put their [square] back together. They're a little short on building supplies and were hoping we might have a few usable 2x4s to spare. Or at least a few nails.

factionDisaster\_option1= Send over a builder (need lvl 5)

factionDisaster\_option2= Provide 10 building materials

factionDisaster\_option3= Send builder and 10 materials

factionDisaster\_option4= Don't help

factionDisaster\_outcome1= The structure was rebuilt so quickly that it was like one of those Amish barn raisings, assuming they used power tools. The building may even be in better shape than it was before. Needless to say, [FactionLeader] is very grateful for our help.

factionDisaster\_outcome2= The building is rebuilt, if you don't mind the leaky roof and having a traffic sign for a door. I don't think it would pass code, but in this day and age I score it a solid B+ effort.

factionDisaster\_outcome3= [FactionLeader] was stunned by our generosity. [Name] helped them rebuild that [square] better than it had been in the first place. That is what we're doing here in [CityName] after all, regardless of who owns or uses a building.

factionDisaster\_outcome4= We do not like them enough to help, and we do not dislike them enough to fix up the building and then seize it from them. Whatever.

# Weaponized - angry faction demands a weapon or ammo

# {1} "a weapon", "a sword", "The World-Ender"

# [Name] a level 8 soldier if there is one, or a random guy

factionWeaponize\_title= Weaponization

factionWeaponize\_picture= [FactionBackground]

factionWeaponize\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

factionWeaponize\_1= [FactionLeader] is furious with us, and pretending I have no idea what [factionHe]'s talking about isn't getting me anywhere. [FactionHe] demands that we give [faction] some sort of weapon to apologize, and to show that we aren't planning a war with them.

factionWeaponize\_option1= Give them {1}

factionWeaponize\_option2= Give them 5 ammo

factionWeaponize\_option3= Teach them tactics (Needs lvl 8 soldier)

factionWeaponize\_option4= Refuse

factionWeaponize\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] tossed the weapon to a subordinate and growled "find some use for this junk". But [factionHe] couldn't hide [factionHis] pleasure at getting what [factionHe] wanted out of us.\n\n

Hopefully this will stay off a war between us, though if that day comes they'll have a bit more of an edge now.

factionWeaponize\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] seemed on the verge of refusing such a paltry tithe, then said "it'll have to do" when it was clear that was all they were getting.

factionWeaponize\_outcome3= [Name] went over for the day and gave [faction] some advice on their walls and weakspots. Hopefully we won't be facing these defenses any time in the near future.

factionWeaponize\_outcome4= [FactionLeader] barked threats at me until [factionHe] was blue in the face, but I wouldn't budge. It seems inevitable that we'll be fighting [faction] soon, and we'd be foolish to arm them before that happens.\n\n

I told [FactionLeader] [factionHe] could go to hell, and left.

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# SPECIFIC RANDOM EVENTS

# unique to a specific faction

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# Spreading the Word - Judgment wants you to convert. Can listen or tell to go away. Gain bonus to listening if player has church.

judgmentWord\_title= Spreading the Word

judgmentWord\_picture= gate

judgmentWord\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

judgmentWord\_1= Father O'Grady and some of his Last Judgment bikers rode up to our gate today. [He got up on a crate and started preaching loudly over our walls.|They seem to be nailing crosses to our outer walls.|Now they're lounging around out there, drinking what looks like sacramental wine.]\n\n

I'm not entirely sure, but I think they may be trying to get us convert.

judgmentWord\_2= We got a knock on our gates today and opened it to find Father O'Grady with [some bored-looking men with ugly mustaches and biker leathers|two uncomfortable-looking women in historically inaccurate and embarassingly tight nun outfits|another clean-shaven man in a white shirt, leather vest and a tie with little crosses on it].\n\n

They asked if we'd "heard the Word of our Lord."

judgmentWord\_3= The Last Judgment cleared out some zed and set up a little campsite not far from our gate. Since then they've been [singing hyms. Or torturing cats. I'm not sure which.|stopping anyone who tries to leave our fort to invite them for a Bible reading.|calling any men they see over for drinks and yelling abuse at passing women.]\n\n

I think they're trying to get our attention, but they're doing it in the most obnoxious way possible.

judgmentWord\_option1= Invite them to visit our church

judgmentWord\_option2= Listen to what they have to say

judgmentWord\_option3= Tell them to get lost

judgmentWord\_outcome1= The group seemed surprised that we actually might have a spiritual side. We showed them around the old church we had fixed up and bonded a little. Father O'Grady invited us to visit them so they could return the favor. This Sunday's sermon is on "[the evils of loose women|Jesus and His disciples: the world's first biker gang|God's flaming sword of justice, the M4 Carbine AR-15]." {1}

# replaces {1} above if we have at least 2 devout survivors

judgmentWord\_outcome1\_devout= \n\nOur most devout survivors were pleased to host some fellow Christians for the day.

judgmentWord\_outcome2= The group spent hours preaching to us, going over all the rules and regulations we need to follow if we want to avoid a fiery burning eternity after the cold grave. They eventually left looking satisfied.

judgmentWord\_outcome3= When we made it clear that we weren't interested in what they had to say, they packed up and left. They didn't seem happy about it. {1}

# replaces {1} above if we have at least 2 devout survivors

judgmentWord\_outcome3\_devout= \n\nOur most devout survivors were upset that we turned away fellow Christians.

# Can I Borrow a Cup of Gas - Judgment Need Gas, can either give some fuel or let them drain a gas station

judgmentGas\_title= Lend the Lord Some Gas

judgmentGas\_picture= gate

judgmentGas\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

judgmentGas\_1= Father O'Grady and some of the Judgment boys showed up at our gate this morning with long faces and empty gas canisters in their bikes.\n\n

Seems they burn through a lot of fuel driving around the city and were hoping we had a little to spare.

judgmentGas\_2= One of our scouts just spotted a group of grumpy-lookin' Last Judgment members not far from our walls. It looks like their bikes ran out of juice and they've been stranded there for the past couple of hours.\n\n

We could probably help them out if we had a bit of gas to spare.

judgmentGas\_option1= Give them gas (5 fuel)

judgmentGas\_option2= Let them use your gas station

judgmentGas\_option3= Don't help them

judgmentGas\_outcome1= They were grateful for the gas and soon after we heard the sound of their engines revving in the distance.

judgmentGas\_outcome2= I thought that gas station was dried right up, but they managed to siphon enough dregs from the bottom of the tanks to get themselves home. Father O'Grady said a little prayer over the station's pumps, they all touched the gasoline to their foreheads and crossed themselves, then one of them fired his gun in the air. I guess our gas station is blessed now?

judgmentGas\_outcome3= They left empty-handed and lookin' depressed. They abandoned their bikes somewhere. Chances are those things'll soon look just like all the other rusted metal husks littering the streets.

judgmentWomenPolicy\_title= Make me a sandwich

judgmentWomenPolicy\_picture= gate

judgmentWomenPolicy\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

judgmentWomenPolicy= I met with Father O'Grady to talk about setting up a no man's land between us and the Last Judgment. He pulled me aside at one point and told me he'd heard our new policy on "letting women out of the kitchen" as he put it. He said:\n\n

"It's good you're nipping that in the bud, [sonny]. You start giving women guns, and in my experience they'll just turn around and point them at ya."\n\n

"[Timothy 2:11, 'A woman should learn in quietness and full submission.'|Genesis 3:16, 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.'|1 Timothy 2:12, 'I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'|Ephesians 5:22, 'Let wives be in subjection to their husbands as to the Lord']"

judgmentWomenPolicyEven\_1= I met with Father O'Grady to talk about setting up a no man's land between us and the Last Judgment. He pulled me aside at one point and told me he'd heard our new policy on "letting women out of the kitchen" as he put it. He said:\n\n

"You're making a serious mistake, [sonny]. The lord was clear on what a woman's role should be, and that's back home where she's safe with a man to protect her."\n\n

"[Timothy 2:11, 'A woman should learn in quietness and full submission.'|Genesis 3:16, 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.'|1 Timothy 2:12, 'I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.'|Ephesians 5:22, 'Let wives be in subjection to their husbands as to the Lord']"

# Those Damn Kids - The St. Michael's boys cause some stereotypical teenage vandalism around the player's fort

stmichaelsVandals\_title= Those Damn Kids

stmichaelsVandals\_picture= street

stmichaelsVandals\_pictureColin= false

stmichaelsVandals\_1= I heard a banging on the front gate late last night, but all I found when I opened it was a flaming paper bag and the distinct smell of burning poop. I could almost feel disappointment in the air as I refused to step on it.\n\n

As I shut the gate I caught sight of a couple orange St. Michael's school jackets disappearing around a corner. I guess everyone deserves a chance to pull childhood pranks, even hopelessly outdated and inappropriate ones like this.

stmichaelsVandals\_2= Looks like the St. Michael's boys have been spray painting our outer walls.\n\n

Nothing artistic, just a few [things about how much "We drool" and "St. Michael's rules!"|derogatory messages about our parentage|scribblings that I think are meant to be gang-signs] and [\*a lot of comments about "butts"|some impressively elaborate drawings of genitalia|a painting of a six foot tall spraycan].

stmichaelsVandals\_3= Some of the lookouts have noticed St. Michael's boys lurking around at night. I think they're trying to vandalize our fort, but they don't have enough supplies to make much of a dent.\n\n

We've seen a few unraveled rolls of toilet paper here and there and some yellow splotches that might have been egg or piss, but it all gets lost in the dirt, grime and blood stains that already coat our makeshift walls.

# Underage Drinking - Requires Bar, St. Michael's asks for booze, offers major reward, turns out to be dud

stmichaelsDrink\_title= Underage Drinking

stmichaelsDrink\_picture= gate

stmichaelsDrink\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

stmichaelsDrink\_1= Rufus and a couple of young St. Michael's School boys came around, wistfully peeking over the walls at our bar. They asked if there was any way we'd could slip them a beer... or six, or twelve. They said they'd give us their "totally rad" Bazooka in trade for some.\n\n

These kids are 12 years old, 13 at best - far too young to be drinking... right? Though I noticed they aren't too young to have pistols on their hips.

stmichaelsDrink\_2= We saw some kids from St. Michael's School for Boys watching our fort earlier today. When we confronted them, they admitted they'd heard we had a bar and were hoping they might score some booze.\n\n

I don't like the idea of feeding these prepubescent kids our moonshine, but they said they knew where to find a mean lookin' Bazooka that would help us bring down the zed.

stmichaelsDrink\_option1= Give boys booze (5 food)

stmichaelsDrink\_option2= Tell them to go back to school

stmichaelsDrink\_outcome1= The kids were happy with the [mason jars of moonshine|40s of flat beer|bottle of skank Mezcal] we gave them. They're probably going to go down to the old railyard now to drink and throw rocks at Zed. Ah, youth.\n\n

Rufus turned over the "Bazooka" to us... which turned out to be the name of a 12 year old bulldog they'd found. The old beast still has a little fight in her, but mostly all she does is sleep, snore loudly, and fart.\n\n

Welcome to the team, Bazooka.

stmichaelsDrink\_outcome2= We told the kids to get lost. Depriving your brain of oxygen by drinking mild poisons requires a certain level of maturity.

# A Challenger Appears! - The Riffs challenge you to fight their strongest warrior, [Name] is the player's un-injured survivor with the highest offense

# Gain respect (+reward?) if win, gain small respect if lose but [FormalName] is injured, lose respect if decline to fight

riffsChallenge\_title= A Challenger Appears!

riffsChallenge\_picture= gate

riffsChallenge\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

riffsChallenge\_1= A group of Granville Riffs showed up today in their their matching black and yellow pajama-robes. Malik wants to challenge our strongest fighter to face their champion in one-on-one combat, to prove which of our groups is stronger.\n\n

[FormalName] took one look at their champion, [a huge guy with tree-trunks for limbs|a harmless looking old man with a walking stick|a teenage girl with wide eyes and spiky hair|a middle-aged woman with steel streaks coursing through her dark hair], and said [he] could take [him|him|her|her]. I'm not so sure about that, but if [he] really wants to try...

riffsChallenge\_2= Malik delivered message for [FormalName] today. Apparently the Riffs have heard of [his] [\*combat prowess|zombie killing-expertise|badass skills] and want to see how [he]'d do in a real fight.\n\n

If we're willing, Malik wants to pit [Name] against their champion. In a fight not to the death... but to the \_pain\_.\n\n

Actually I have no idea what sort of fight this will be, but they assure us [he]'ll probably live through it.

riffsChallenge\_option1= Agree to fight

riffsChallenge\_option2= Decline the challenge

riffsChallenge\_outcome1\_success= The match lasted into the night with a lot of posturing and near misses, neither fighter giving any ground. After the third break, just as the clock struck midnight, [Name] dropped their champion [\*with a well-timed two fisted hammer punch|an incredible crane kick to their head|a stunning German suplex].\n\n

Afterwards, Malik seemed to look on us with new-found respect. He even bowed to us before they dragged their fallen champion back home.

riffsChallenge\_outcome1\_fail= The fight was short and decisive. Hopefully [Name's] recovery period will quick as well, but [he]'s going to [\*have an ugly black eye|be missing a few teeth|have to reset that broken nose] when [he] finally wakes up. Still, Malik seemed satisfied with the encounter and saluted us before they left.

riffsChallenge\_outcome2= Malik didn't seem happy about us refusing to participate in their little dust-up, though it's hard to tell for sure what he's thinking behind those shades. The last thing we need is one of our guys accidentally getting [his] skull broken open.

# Nothing to See Here - The Government blockades a square, won't tell anyone why they're doing it. Square cannot be scouted/attack/etc until they leave (run end event)

# [square] is the random square being blockaded

governmentBlockade\_title= Nothing to See Here

governmentBlockade\_picture= pawnshop

governmentBlockade\_pictureColin= false

governmentBlockade\_1= We just got word from one of our scouts that a bunch of [\*generic black vans|surprisingly well armored vehicles|cars with large secret-service logos] have driven up to one of [CityName's] [squares]. The place is crawling with [\*people in Hazmat suits|burly looking soldiers|men in black suits and dark glasses] who won't let anyone near the site.\n\n

I think they must be with the Government. I guess we better stay away from there for a while.

governmentBlockade\_2= I was heading over to one of [CityName's] [squares] to see if I could find [\*some dry fire wood|some usable paper products|something to eat that wasn't covered in mold], when I was stopped by a [youngish woman with horn-rimmed glasses|guy who looked like his nose had been broken one too many times|middle-aged man with a beard you could lose a small bird in|lady with sharp cheekbones and a no-nonsense glare] [\*in a plain gray suit|covered head-to-toe by a radiation suit|wearing a worn bullet-proof vest|with camouflage netting wrapped around their shoulders].\n\n

[She|He|He|She] said they were with the Government and the area was off-limits. I was going to argue, but their [\*blank stare was|large rifle was|blood-covered shoes were|active Geiger counter was] kind of unnerving.

governmentBlockade\_3= Some Government [\*soldiers|scientists|officials] just rolled up to our gate and told us to stay away from one of [CityName's] [squares]. Wouldn't say why, just that it was restricted. Who do these people think they are?\n\n

Well... probably the people who [\*still have robotic strike drones at their command|have access to large cache of deadly military weapons|have some of the best analytical equipment available to what's left of humanity].

governmentBlockadeLifted\_title= Nothing to See Here

governmentBlockadeLifted\_picture= pawnshop

governmentBlockadeLifted\_pictureColin= false

governmentBlockadeLifted\_1= The Government has cleared out of the [square] they were blockading as quickly as they had arrived. I guess we can start poking around there again.

governmentBlockadeLifted\_2= Our scouts say that there aren't any more government types at the [square]. No sign of what they were doing there. Even the zombies seem untouched.

governmentBlockadeLifted\_3= I was curious to see if I could get a better look at what the government were up to at the [square], but found it abandoned except for the occasional zed. I guess they finished whatever it was they were doing there.

# Commandeering - Government shows up and demands something from you - food, resources, specific equipment you have (cars?), maybe even a survivor for a few turns. You can say yes or no and respect will change accordingly. Happens even if they love you.

# {1} = Whatever it is they want to take.

governmentComandeering\_title= Duty to the State

governmentComandeering\_picture= gate

governmentComandeering\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

governmentComandeering\_1= [\*A bullet proof limo|An armored car|An all-terrain troop carrier] just pulled up to the main gate and Senator Davis got out with a[ small man with a pinched face| nervous looking older lady|n army general covered with medals].\n\n

They said they were here to commandeer {1}. I got the impression from Davis' tone that it was more like an order than a request.

governmentComandeering\_2= I had a meeting with Senator Davis and some of the Government's top people today and it did not go well. They're demanding {1} from us.\n\n

I'm not sure why they think they can still tax us, what with society crumbling around our ears, but they're determined to try.

governmentComandeering\_3= Senator Davis wants to commandeer {1} on behalf of the Government. [He] says all citizens of [CityName] have a duty to support their government. He also hinted that he's been authorized by a higher authority to use whatever force necessary to make sure we do.\n\n

I don't feel comfortable just letting them waltz in here and take things, but can we afford to make another enemy right now?

governmentComandeering\_option1= Let them have {1}

governmentComandeering\_option2= Tell them to get lost

governmentComandeering\_outcome1= Senator Davis thanked us for our continued support, and had his secretary give us a receipt.\n\n

It must be official. They put a seal on it and everything.

governmentComandeering\_outcome2= Senator Davis was unhappy with our response, but he didn't seem willing to push the issue... yet.

# Security Question - Someone from the 1337cREw shows up and tries to get security information from you. You can answer or tell to get lost (+/- reputation)

leetcrewQuestions\_title= Security Questions

leetcrewQuestions\_picture= street

leetcrewQuestions\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

leetcrewQuestions\_1= One of the 1337cREw stopped by today asking weird personal questions. Stuff like birthdates and mother's maiden names and "[\*What was the make of your first car?|What was your first job?|What's your favorite breed of dog?|Who was your childhood hero?]".\n\n

[She|He]'s still out there bothering the other survivors now.

leetcrewQuestions\_2= I met one of the 1337cREw at the main gate today. [She|He] handed me a piece of paper with a list of personal questions, along with brain teasers like "[\*If one train leaves Seattle at 60 miles an hour and another leaves Vancouver at 50 kilometers an hour, where will they pass?|What is six plus eight times twelve?|What is the airspeed of an unladen swallow?]".\n\n

I'm not sure I want to answer this stuff, but [she|he] won't go away until I do.

leetcrewQuestions\_3= I was outside the wall today looking for [\*some PVC piping to fix our plumbing|kindling to cook dinner|edible weeds] when I ran into one of the 1337cREw. After some small talk [she|he] started asking me a whole bunch of weird personal questions. Like where I was born, my old passport number, and random stuff like "[\*Who was your favorite high school teacher and when were they eaten?|What was your first concert and how did you explain it to your parents?|What's your favorite place to visit when it isn't crawling with zombies?]".\n\n

I'm not sure why the [girl|guy]'s asking these questions in the middle of a ruined building, but [she|he]'s determined to get answers.

leetcrewQuestions\_option1= Answer questions

leetcrewQuestions\_option2= Refuse to say anything

leetcrewQuestions\_outcome1= The list of questions [she|he] plied me with was pretty odd. Everything from "[\*What was the make and model of your first car?|What is your oldest sibling's middle name|Where were you when you had your first kiss?|What was your childhood nickname?]" to "[\*Where were you when the zombies first attacked?|What street did you live on before the zombies ate your family?|If you could turn into any animal to escape the zombie apocalypse, what would it be?|Where did you kill your first zed?]". After a few dozen of these random questions the 1337cREw member thanked me for my time and left.\n\n

I've no idea why they wanted to know all this random personal trivia, but I'm sure nothing bad will come from it. If you can't trust people from the Internet, who can you trust?

leetcrewQuestions\_outcome2= I stayed tight-lipped as my interrogator went through question after question. Eventually [she|he] got tired of asking things like "What road did you grow up on?" and "What was the name of your first pet?". [She|He] left in a bit of a huff.\n\n

I didn't want to be rude, but I don't think [\*Mr Bon-Bon|Fluffy-wuffkins|Petunia Fuzzbutt|Chairman Meow] is any of their business.

# Call of Honor - 1337cREw hosts an FPS tournament. With sufficiently high offence you can win.

# Character being invited should be randomly chosen as the one in the fort with the highest offense.

leetcrewFPS\_title= Call of Honor

leetcrewFPS\_picture= gate

leetcrewFPS\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

leetcrewFPS\_1= [FactionLeader] and a couple kids from 1337cREw came by today to drop off a message. Apparently they've hooked a bunch of computers up to an old backup generator and are holding some sort of gaming tournament. They want [FormalName] to join them in the virtual ring, and to make it interesting there's 10 {1} on the line.

leetcrewFPS\_2= [FormalName] and I met with [FactionLeader] from the 1337cREw today. She said they've got a bunch of old computers up and running and are arranging some sort of inter-faction FPS tournament. She invited us to come compete, and [Name] said [he]'d play on our behalf.\n\n

They suggested we put something at stake besides our pride, and suggested 10 {1} would do it.

leetcrewFPS\_3= It seems the 1337cREw can't get enough blood and death in their daily lives and are setting up a tournament for their favorite FPS game. They dropped off a formal invitation today asking if we'd compete. Entrance fee is 10 {1}, we get double that if we win.\n\n

[FormalName] says [he]'s interested.

leetcrewFPS\_option1= Compete in tournament

leetcrewFPS\_option2= Refuse tournament offer

leetcrewFPS\_outcome1\_success= I guess all that time spent blowing the heads off zombies with a rifle actually had some benefit... besides the trivial matter of keeping everyone we care about alive, that is.\n\n

[Name] smoked everyone else in the tournament and brought home a shopping cart full of [\*old game cartridges and broken motherboards|remarkably intact mid-90's computers].

leetcrewFPS\_outcome1\_success\_2= [Name] beat them senseless. While the opposition did spend an inordinate amount of time [\*making remarks about [his] sexuality|inventing derogatory racial epithets|insulting [his] maternal figures], I think they were grateful for the competition.\n\n

We took our winnings and declined a rematch.

leetcrewFPS\_outcome1\_fail= These 1337cREw gamers are deadly with a keyboard and mouse. [Name's] screen was an endless cavalcade of blood splatter and loading screens as [he] waited to recover from death after death.\n\n

If nothing else, the people [he] was playing against had fun and accepted us as part of the group. At least, I think that's what all the [\*cries of "LOLOLOL!!!!! NEWB!!!"|dancing around my virtual corpse] meant.

leetcrewFPS\_outcome2= We declined the invitation to compete in the event. I don't think the 1337cREw liked our response much, but we're fighting for our lives here. We don't have time to [\*play some silly video game|run around shooting pretend guns when there are real ones that need shooting more|fight for our lives in a virtual place... we've got plenty of real opportunities to do that every day].

# the 1337cREw have developed a new card game. Only shows up if you are getting on well with them? They teach it to your people and morale improves.

leetcrewCCG\_title= Holo Decks

leetcrewCCG\_picture= tech

leetcrewCCG\_1= The guys from 1337cREw salvaged an old industrial hologram printer and are using it to make collectible cards for a new sci-fi themed game they invented. They gave us a few sets and it's spreading like crazy through our fort. I have to say it sure beats our old Thursday night tournaments of "[\*guess the number of fleas on [Name's] head|dumpster diving for fun, prizes and new skin diseases|zombie head hackysack|who can tell the saddest story]".\n\n

1337cREw's game is a silly one, but it gives us a chance to forget the terrors we see on a daily basis... for a little while.

# they come back to sell us expansion packs

leetcrewCCGAgain\_1= The 1337cREw are back with a new expansion for their collectible card game. The new set has more hologram cards like "[\*space duck|conveniently stable wormhole|inconvenient probe|improbable laser sword]" and "[\*crazy man with a magic polyhedron|retrofitted flying naval submarine|spaceship that is in no way meant to represent a particularly rude body part]".\n\n

Everybody wants the new cards, but this time it's going to cost us 10 food.

leetcrewCCGAgain\_2= There's a new set of hologram cards for the 1337cREw's super popular collectible card game, and they're willing to sell it to us for 10 food. Some of the new cards are "[\*remarkably human looking alien|green alien friend zone|comically obnoxious robot]" and "[\*alien species curiously obsessed with earth despite having greatly advanced civilization and technology|eight hundred and second hero's journey legend|systems of government that strangely parallel those on earth]".\n\n

People are so excited to get their hands on this new expansion set.

leetcrewCCGAgain\_option1= Buy the new cards

leetcrewCCGAgain\_option2= Say no

leetcrewCCGAgain\_outcome1= Everybody's hooked and having a great time playing the game, so who am I to say no? And now I'll finally have the cards I need to complete my "[\*Alien Affinity|Venusian Bloom|Aggro Android|Five-Color Combo]" deck.

leetcrewCCGAgain\_outcome2= I could never get a handle on those weird games with a thousand different cards you have to collect, even back when the little pieces of paper actually meant something.\n\n

Give me a good game of [\*four finger fillet|lawn darts (or as we used to call it, 'Who loses a toe first?')|strip-backgammon|pin the stick of dynamite on the zed] any day.

# Run Pig Run - The pig farmers chase a guy to your fort saying he did something bad. You can choose to turn him over or not. Get pig farmer rep if do, loose pig farmer rep if don't and gain a survivor with a negative backstory.

pigRunner\_title= Run Pig Run

pigRunner\_picture= gate

pigRunner\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

pigRunner\_pictureColin2= true

pigRunner\_1= This guy showed up at our fort today completely out of breath. Between gasps he told us he'd been running from the Pig Farmers and they were hot on his tail.\n\n

Didn't take long for Farmer Bucket to show up and demand we hand him over. He claims the guy [\*attacked one of the farm hands|stole the farm's last chicken|killed the farmer's pet dog] and now they're lookin' for some sort of restitution.

pigRunner\_2= I didn't expect to be staring down the barrel of Farmer Bucket's gun this afternoon, but you can never really predict how a day's going to turn out anymore.\n\n

Somehow I ended up between Bucket and this other guy who swears he didn't [\*get one of the farmers' daughters pregnant|sleep with another farmer's wife|cheat in any card game]. But given the carbine thrust in my face, I don't think Farmer Bucket believes him.

pigRunner\_3= A stranger slipped unnoticed into our compound last night. We had no idea until Farmer Bucket came banging on our front door this morning looking for him. Seems the Pig Farmers want to [\*tar and feather him|use his guts for garters|feed him to their pigs] for some reason, but the fella won't say why.

pigRunner\_option1= Hand him over to the farmers

pigRunner\_option2= Protect the man

pigRunner\_outcome1= Even though Farmer Bucket thanked us for our help in capturing their quarry, I couldn't help feeling a just little sorry for the guy as he was dragged away [\*sobbing quietly to himself|murmuring a prayer under his breath|clawing at the chains around his wrists].

pigRunner\_outcome2= I was seriously afraid that the farmers were going to start something when I told them to get lost, but in the end they backed off, telling me that any further trouble the guy committed would be on my head.\n\n

The fellow, whose name is [FormalName], happily joined up with us. I just hope I don't come to regret this decision.

# Pig Farmer BBQ - Get invited over for a BBQ. Only if have good relations with pig farmers. Get food, but also find bits in it.

pigBBQ\_title= Neighborhood BBQ

pigBBQ\_picture= [FactionBackground]

pigBBQ\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

pigBBQ\_1= We just got a message from the Pig Farmers. They've got an excess of spare meat from somewhere recently and are asking if we want to join them an old fashioned barbecue.\n\n

It seems they'd love to have us for dinner.

pigBBQ\_2= I just had a long chat with Farmer Bucket of the Pig Farmers. He just couldn't stop going on about how succulent belly meat it is. The unique texture. The way the juices just flowed out of it when you bit down....\n\n

Meat definitely seems to be his passion. He even invited me to come over to the cook up they're going to be having this evening.

pigBBQ\_3= I was out [\*collecting the least poisonous looking mushrooms I could find|looking for wild animals with poor survival instincts|just trying to keep downwind of the zed] when I ran into Farmer Bucket. The Pig Farmers had just finished filling up a huge hole, where they said they'd buried a bunch of zed.\n\n

We chatted for a bit and he invited us to visit their farm for dinner tonight. "If'n yer lucky," he said with a wink, "we'll have sumthin' \_special\_ fer dessert.

pigBBQ\_option1= Accept the invitation

pigBBQ\_option2= Decline

pigBBQ\_outcome1= The Pig Farmers's BBQ was fun. We passed around some moonshine and ate till we were stuffed. There was even enough meat to take some home in a doggy bag... but I had to excuse myself after I found [\*some teeth in my burger|a finger in my sausage|what looked like the remains a pacemaker in my rack of ribs].\n\n

Some things will just put you off your dinner.

pigBBQ\_outcome2= While I'm sure the Pig Farmers would be happy to ensure we never go hungry again, I declined their offer. I think that was the best choice for everyone involved.

# pigSellDubious etc moved to en\_mission.properties because they're the result of a trade mission

# the pig farmers like/hate your policy on cannibalism

pigCannibalPolicy\_title= To Eat or Not to Eat

pigCannibalPolicy\_picture= [FactionBackground]

pigCannibalPolicy\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

pigCannibalPolicy= Farmer Bucket came by to say he's pleased with our very sensible stance on what to do with bodies of the deceased. He told me we've got the right idea, and "why waste that meat when there are empty stomachs what need fillin'.".\n\n

He gave me a gap toothed grin and reminded me that the Pig Farmers are always available to trade.

pigCannibalPolicyAngry= Farmer Bucket heard that we rejected the idea of eating people. "If they's dead," he argued, "they aint' feeling nothin', so they ain't gonna care, right?"\n\n

But I was adamant that we don't want any of the Pig Farmer's funky "meat" anywhere near our fort. If I find out they've been selling to any of our people there'll be hell to pay. I told him so, but he just started long and hard at me, spat a black glob of tobacco on the ground, and stomped off.

# Free Sample - Pharmacist stops by with new drug (Bath Salts). If accept, morale improves but survivor becomes addicted (addiction perk = permanent +attack, +happiness).

# [Name] is the person addicted.

pharmacistsSample\_title= Free Sample

pharmacistsSample\_picture= gate

pharmacistsSample\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

pharmacistsSample\_1= A group of Pharmacists showed up at our main gate today, including Tiff, Thirion, and a guy with [\*the word "ironic" ironed on to the front of his shirt|a neck tattoo that said "ask me about my poetry"|a military jacket two sizes too small] and a large suitcase handcuffed to one of his wrists.\n\n

The suitcase was packed with "Bath Salts", a drug of the Pharmacists' own creation. They're here to offer us a special "new customer" freebie.

pharmacistsSample\_2= Some Pharmacist gangsters rolled up to the fort today, complete with bandanas, machine guns and a dented low-rider covered in a disturbing amount of dried blood.\n\n

Said they were doing deliveries of their signature 'Bath Salts' concoction and had a bunch left over. We're free to try some if we want.

pharmacistsSample\_3= Tiff, Thirion and a Pharmacist girl wearing a shirt that read [\*"Capitalism is the crisis"|"Property is theft"|"Eat the Rich"] stopped by our fort looking to sell us some stuff.\n\n

Sounds like it's really an excuse to get us to try some of this new drug they're calling 'Bath Salts'.

pharmacistsSample\_option1= Trade for Bath Salts

pharmacistsSample\_option2= Ask what the drugs do

pharmacistsSample\_option3= Refuse to trade

# pharmacistsSample\_outcome1 is just a regular trade

pharmacistsSample\_outcome2= Tiff grinned a bit maniacally "It makes you feel crazy powerful, like you could lift cars or crush zed skulls with your bare fists." She mimed crushing a zombie's head with her hand. "And you're totally not afraid, like, of anything. It's a serious trip. We give it to all our soldiers before they go out on rounds, they can't get enough of the stuff."\n\n

Sound like it's addictive, but will give us a combat boost and make people happier.

#pharmacistsSample\_outcome1\_success = The Pharmacists sure make some potent stuff. It'll help us forget our worries and the danger waiting for us outside the wall, make no mistake.\n\n

#Still, I'm a little worried about [Name]. I know [he]'s been having a rough time of it recently, but [he]'s going through [his] share at a scary rate.

#pharmacistsSample\_outcome1\_fail = Who would have thought buying drugs would be this complicated?\n\n

#We spent a couple of hours arguing about prices before we called it quits and the Pharmacists headed out, taking their product with them.

pharmacistsSample\_outcome3= I told the Pharmacists that we didn't need any of the sort crap they were peddling.\n\n

We may be sick, cold, starving, desperate and in a constant battle against the elements and the undead just to survive, but we have our pride.

# Anarchy Rules - The anarchistic Pharmacists protest the man and demand greater freedom, either through vandalism, demonstrations, or pamphlets. List 2 specific policies with restrictive options selected.

pharmacistsProtest\_title= Anarchy Rules

pharmacistsProtest\_picture= street

pharmacistsProtest\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

pharmacistsProtest\_1= Our [\*east|west|south|north] wall has a new mural. We woke to find it covered in colorful slogans like "[\*Deeds Not Words!|Make love not zed|Revolution is not a dinner party]" and "[\*Had enough?|Never had it so good|Three Word Chant!]".\n\n

I'm guessing it's the work of those Pharmacists, who seem to disagree with our policies on {1} and {2}. It's got some of our people arguing about politics.

pharmacistsProtest\_2= Those Pharmacists were having some kind of protest outside our main gate today, chanting and carrying signs like "[\*Each for all and all for each|The rich get richer and the poor get poorer|No War but Class War]" and "[\*Bigger cages! Longer chains!|Every Man a King!|Power to the people, not the zed!]".\n\n

Sounds like they don't like our policies in {1} and {2} and now they've got some of our survivors all upset about it too. Haven't we got more important things to think about...

pharmacistsProtest\_3= One of the Pharmacists showed up earlier today to hand out pamphlets titled "The Laws of Anarchy." I'm not sure how anarchy has laws, but apparently it's a well known thing.\n\n

The pamphlets criticized our stance on {1} and {2}, which got people all irritated. I had to kick the Pharmacist out... guess that cements my role as [\*a member of bourgeois|the "man"|another propagator of the systemic oppression of their movement].

pharmacistsDeal\_title= Deal Some Drugs

pharmacistsDeal\_picture= gustav

pharmacistsDeal\_pictureColin= gustav

pharmacistsDeal\_1= Gustav's caravan just pulled up to our gates. He's got a special deal for us if we act fast: half-price Bath Salts. A LOT of them. I bet if we can't use it all ourselves, we could sell it to the Pharmacists or some other faction for a good price.

pharmacistsDeal\_option1= Ask where he got them

pharmacistsDeal\_option2= Buy 10 for 10 food

pharmacistsDeal\_option3= Buy 50 for 50 food

pharmacistsDeal\_option4= Decline and tell the Pharmacists

pharmacistsDeal\_outcome1= \_"The Bath Salts, they, how do you say... they... fell off the wagon."\_ Explained Gustav. He frowned. \_"No, wait, that iz not right... The truck, they fell off the truck, iz what I meant to say."\_\n\n

Still not sure what he's talkig about, but I suspect it involved stealing from the Pharmacists.

pharmacistsDeal\_outcome2= "Do not think of selling them back to me," he laughed and touched the side of his nose, "Gustav remembers."

pharmacistsDeal\_outcome3= "Do not think of selling them back to me," he laughed and touched the side of his nose, "Gustav remembers."

pharmacistsDeal\_outcome4= I politely said no, then mentioned it to Tiff and Thirion the next time I saw them. Tiff was furious.\n\n

"Can you believe that thieving bastard?" she asked her husband. "He told us that shipment was lost in a zombie attack!"\n\n

They thanked me for telling them and vowed to get revenge on Gustav.

# Fire (Arms) Sale - Dahlias stop by selling ammo from their stockpile. They need food because their people are too busy killing the undead.

dahliasSale\_title= Fire (Arms) Sale

dahliasSale\_picture= gate

dahliasSale\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

dahliasSale\_1= A [\*young woman in simple traveling clothes|an older lady in well fitting business suit|a hefty woman with a rifle slung on her back] came by the fort today carrying a basket of goods to trade.\n\n

I asked if she had any muffins in there, but she just laughed and started laying out bullet cases of every caliber under the sun. The Dahlias are having a sale on ammo and now's our chance for some mad deals.

dahliasSale\_2= We saw the Dahlias' out in the field today mowing through a gaggle of zed. I got a chance to talk to them after they finished making it rain zombie chunks.\n\n

Their leader Nell told me they've had a bad harvest this season and are low on food. They offered to trade us some ammo from their stockpile at cut-rate prices.

dahliasSale\_3= A couple of us joined the Dahlias for tea and a book reading today. "[\*Pride and Extreme Prejudice|Sense and Senility|the Zed survival handbook]" was delightful, but the tea was watery and we only got half a dry biscuit each. It seems they're low on food...\n\n

Then our hosts started laying ammo out on the coffee table and the meeting turned into a kind of Tupperware party for bullets. This is our chance to pick up some rounds at excellent prices, and help the Dahlias feed their growing fort.

dahliasSale\_option1= Buy 10 ammo for 5 food

dahliasSale\_option2= Buy 20 ammo for 10 food

dahliasSale\_option3= Buy 50 ammo for 25 food

dahliasSale\_option4= Decline

# same 2 results for options1-3, that's fine

dahliasSale\_outcome1\_1= They were happy with the prospect of getting some food in their bellies, and with this ammo we should be able to keep our survivors out of zombies' bellies.

dahliasSale\_outcome1\_2= I know [\*ten cases of ferret food|a months supply of raccoon jerky|a crate of turnip puree] doesn't sound that appetizing, but the Dahlias were satisfied with it. Better than nothing.

dahliasSale\_outcome2\_1= They were happy with the prospect of getting some food in their bellies, and with this ammo we should be able to keep our survivors out of zombies' bellies.

dahliasSale\_outcome2\_2= I know [\*ten cases of ferret food|a months supply of raccoon jerky|a crate of turnip puree] doesn't sound that appetizing, but the Dahlias were satisfied with it. Better than nothing.

dahliasSale\_outcome3\_1= They were happy with the prospect of getting some food in their bellies, and with this ammo we should be able to keep our survivors out of zombies' bellies.

dahliasSale\_outcome3\_2= I know [\*ten cases of ferret food|a months supply of raccoon jerky|a crate of turnip puree] doesn't sound that appetizing, but the Dahlias were satisfied with it. Better than nothing.

dahliasSale\_outcome4= Unfortunately we need all the food we've got. They're going to have to make do like everybody else; keep eating grass soup and dumpster mushroom souffle.

# Rescue Princess - One of your survivors is saved by a Dahlias. Happens anytime, does nothing

# Name/FormalName - Male survivor getting rescued

dahliasRescue\_title= Getting Rescued

dahliasRescue\_picture= street

dahliasRescue\_1= That was a close one. [FormalName] almost got [his] face eaten off when [he] was out in the city this morning. [He] got cornered by a cluster of undead on [his] way back to the fort and found [himself] [\*hiding in a dumpster|clinging to a fire escape ladder|fending them off with a chair].\n\n

Luckily a few of those Dahlias stumbled onto this scene. They cleared [him] a path and [he] bolted for home. Maybe we should send them a thank you card or something.

dahliasRescue\_2= [FormalName] nearly got [himself] killed again. [He] was out quietly [\*hunting feral dogs|trying to find some clean drinking water|looking for a working sparkplug], when [he] tripped over a fallen road sign, stumbled, collided with a store display of tambourines, reeled, then put a hand on a car to steady [himself] and set its alarm off. Within moments [he]'d attracted a horde of undead.\n\n

Good thing one of the Dahlias was nearby. This woman just smiled, lit a stick of dynamite and chucked it into the swarm. [Name's] hearing will be spotty for a few days and it'll take a while to clean all of the zombie chunks out of [his] hair, but at least [he]'s alive.

dahliasRescue\_3= [FormalName] tried to do the "white knight" thing today and save a damsel in distress when [he] saw her fighting some zed in the street. But [he] only ended up getting [himself] in trouble as [he] yelled to get the zombie's attention.\n\n

Fortunately the "damsel" was one of the Dahlias' enforcers, and she got [him] out of there with only couple minor scrapes. All that blood on [his] shirt belongs to someone else.

dahliasWomenPolicy\_title= Make your own damn sandwich

dahliasWomenPolicy\_picture= gate

dahliasWomenPolicy\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

dahliasWomenPolicy= Nell McClung and a couple very intimidating women with bandoliers crisscrossing their chests just stopped by. They wanted to talk about our stance on the role of women and men in our fort.\n\n

Nell couldn't believe we've actually mandated women "staying in the kitchen" as she put it. A hundred years of fighting for equality... obliterated, just like everything else around here.

dahliasWomenPolicyEven= Nell McClung and a couple very intimidating women with bandoliers crisscrossing their chests just stopped by. They wanted to talk about our stance on the role of women and men in our fort.\n\n

Nell was pleased we're taking a progressive move towards gender equality by enforcing equal time in domestic and outside duties. "It's the only way to break the cycle of societally-enforced gender roles," she noted, "plus everyone should know how to use a gun, these days that's just common sense."

# Mob Stash - You see a bunch of Dahlias poking around a square. You can interrupt them (-rep) and if you do you either find a mobster's cache of weapons/ammo, or a booby trap (someone injured + gain clumsy?).

# Name = person who interacts with the Dahlias and is injured if things go bad, on a scouting mission

# square = place the encounter takes place

dahliasStash\_title= Weapons Stash

dahliasStash\_1= One of our scouts, [FormalName], noticed a couple Dahlia women picking around at an old [square]. We're not sure what drew them there, but we overheard them say the word "[high-powered assault rifles|C4|machine guns]" and maybe something about the mafia.\n\n

Do we want to try to bully the Dahlias out of there and take whatever it is they're searching for? Or should we leave them alone?

dahliasStash\_2= The Dahlias set up a perimeter around an old [square] and posted a couple guards. [FormalName] managed to speak to one of them while scouting nearby. She said they're hunting for some mafia guy's weapons cache they think is in the area.\n\n

The Dahlias won't be happy if we butt in, but we could use those weapons if we can find them first. Do we want to interrupt their search?

dahliasStash\_3= [FormalName] stumbled onto something interesting while scouting. When [he] ducked into a [square] to avoid a pack of zed, [he] ran head first into two Dahlia scouts who were surveying the area.\n\n

[He] warned them of the zombies, and in thanks they let [him] in on a secret: they'd heard that a mobster buried a stash of weapons nearby and they're close to finding it.\n\n

I feel like a heel taking advantage of their trust, but more firepower would be handy against all the ravenous undead out there. Do we want to try to find the stash ourselves?

dahliasStash\_option1= Find and take the weapons

dahliasStash\_option2= Leave them alone

# 50% chance of success flat

dahliasStash\_outcome1\_success= [Name] was lucky that the Dahlias didn't have any backup nearby. [He] breezed in, found the weapons, and got out of there before they could do anything but shout after [him] in anger.\n\n

There was a lot of good stuff in this stash. I wonder how they knew about it in the first place.

dahliasStash\_outcome1\_fail= [Name] and the Dahlias exchanged some strong words, but the Dahlias decided they weren't looking for a fight today and left.\n\n

Unfortunately, they either didn't know or didn't mention that the stash was boobytrapped. The explosion destroyed whatever had been in there and gave [Name] a lesson in flying. [He]'ll live, but chances are [he]'ll be walking with a limp when [he] recovers.

dahliasStash\_outcome2= We let the Dahlias keep whatever it is they've found out there. It's the right thing to do.\n\n

And besides, who knows how many people they have keeping watch from conveniently hidden sniper nests in the area.

# Zombie Makeover - The church of the chosen ones have been prettying up the zombies

# [Name] person who saw the chosen dressing up the undead

chosenMakeover\_title= Zombie Makeover

chosenMakeover\_picture= pawnshop

chosenMakeover\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

chosenMakeover\_1= There's something weird going on in [CityName]. We've been seeing a whole lotta zombies wearing fancy evening wear. Good stuff too. Freshly pressed tuxedos, classy ballgowns, that sort of thing.\n\n

Some of our people think it's the work of that loopy Church of the Chosen Ones. [Name] saw one of them running around with a bunch of clothing under [his|her] arm. Maybe they're trying to make the undead more respectable?\n\n

What I want to know is how they're dressing the undead without getting their faces eaten off.

chosenMakeover\_2= You know, I think the zombie that attacked me today had fresh makeup on. Let me tell you: mascara, painted lips and manicured nails doesn't make the rotting creature trying to claw your eyes out any less horrific.\n\n

I wonder if someone from the Church of the Chosen Ones did it... Zed seem to ignore those people and this is just the kind of thing I'd expect from those wack jobs.

chosenMakeover\_3= I saw something odd today. It looked like some guys from the Church of the Chosen Ones wandering around in their yellow robes ambushing zombies. The thing is, they weren't killing the undead... they looked like they were trying to dress them up.\n\n

Each zombie emerged from the group with freshly combed hair, new clothes and even the occasional splash of makeup to bring out the color in their rotten flesh.\n\n

Aside from being completely off-the-wall crazy, what I want to know is where they got all that green concealer.

# Crack Suicide Squad - A group of chosen kill themselves outside the player's walls. Adds a good number of zombies to the square

# [square] = square the zombies are being added to.

chosenSuicide\_title= Ritual Suicide

chosenSuicide\_picture= pawnshop

chosenSuicide\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

chosenSuicide\_1= I don't believe it. You know that crazed group of cultists that worship the zed? A bunch of them just held some weird ritual at the [square], the one right next our fort. Their chanting and dancing got more frenzied as the day went on, then suddenly they all drank a shot of purple liquid and dropped over dead.\n\n

Minutes later they started rising back up as zombies, and now the [square] is just crawling with undead.

chosenSuicide\_2= I got the strangest invitation today. A group from that Church of the Chosen Ones stopped by to ask if I'd join them in a [\*rousing zombie carol sing-along|scripture reading using a set of their new all-leather tomes|homemade wine-tasting] at the [square] right next to our fort.\n\n

I'm kind of glad I didn't go, because the thing ended with all of them killing themselves in some sort of bizarro suicide pact. Now the place is swarming with their undead corpses.

chosenSuicide\_3= Looks like we'll have to clean out the [square] next to our base again. It's been covered in zombies since this morning when the Church of the Chosen Ones paid it a visit.\n\n

They hosted one of their bizarre rituals there... I'm not sure if the zed finally had enough of their chanting, or if the cultists just up and killed themselves, but every one of them is now brain-hungry undead monster.

# Technology Bad: Pick a random researched technology and insert it in {1}. The Luddies don't want you to research it. You can agree to stop (zeroes research and cancels mission) or reason with them or ignore them.

luddiesAngryTech\_title= Technophobia

luddiesAngryTech\_picture= tech

luddiesAngryTech\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

luddiesAngryTech\_1= The Luddies think our fort is emitting [\*radio waves|quantum particles|ionized ozone|a miasma] that is [\*giving them brain clouds|causing their kids to develop a stutter|going to wake the creature in the sewers|scaring away the wildlife].\n\n

"King" Owen Ludd has asked that we please stop researching new technology like {1}.

luddiesAngryTech\_2= The Luddies hate our {1} and our [\*freedom|home-cooked food|moxy|straight teeth]. They've asked that we quit researching new ways to destroy the world, and just be happy with the technology we have now.

luddiesAngryTech\_3= We just got a message from the Luddies. Owen Ludd says our {1} research is too advanced and they're worried about where all our fiddling with technology might lead.\n\n

They think we should stick to doing things the old fashioned way. Like [\*hand churning our own butter|plowing a field with our bare hands|using a simple wood fire to warm our homes] and [\*using a good dose of leeches to treat our ills|starting our fires by banging a couple of rocks together|walking, not driving, through the zombie infested streets].

luddiesAngryTech\_option1= Agree to stop research

luddiesAngryTech\_option2= Reason with them (lvl 8 Engineer)

luddiesAngryTech\_option3= Refuse to stop

luddiesAngryTech\_outcome1= Ludd was relieved when we gave him the news. He expounded the virtues of doing things by hand, saying "there's nothing like [\*having a refreshing cold bath in a pond, as nature intended|picking the perfect strawberry, unspoiled by electromagnetic radiation|weaving your own clothes from wild grasses, even if they are a little itchy]."

luddiesAngryTech\_outcome2= One of our engineers patiently explained to the Luddies that wifi and cell signals are just radio waves, which harmlessly inundated our cities for generations before the zombies. And electric fences don't even work on these principles at all... they're really quite safe, so long as you don't touch or pee on them.\n\n

I don't think they understood the stuff about the inverse-square law, but they seemed mollified for now.

luddiesAngryTech\_outcome3= The Luddies who claim to suffer from "electromagnetic hypersensitivity" and "radio wave sickness" have taken to wearing straw hats lined with tinfoil to keep the harmful waves out. They stay well clear of the "radiation zone" around our fort... which is just fine by me.

# Muzzling Scientists - The Luddies sabotage your current research and reset it to 0. Requires the Luddies to not like you and for you to have an operational lab

# [Name] - person duped by the Luddies

luddiesSabotage\_title= Muzzling Scientists

luddiesSabotage\_picture= tech

luddiesSabotage\_1= Those Luddies really want to keep us in the stone age. They broke in and let a zombie loose in one of our labs, trying to make it look like an accident except [Name] saw them sneaking out of there.\n\n

We managed to kill it, but it wrecked all our research. We're back to square one.

luddiesSabotage\_2= A [woman|man] named "[\*Professor Harvard|Doctor Library|Eminent Smith]" came visiting today. We should have known [she|he] was a Luddie spy from that stupid stereotypical white lab coat, but [Name] was so eager to share [his] work that [he] let [her|him] right into the lab, no questions asked. The spy then [\*started a fire|contaminated our samples|stole our notes] and destroyed all of our {1} research on {1} in the process.\n\n

We're going to need to start again from scratch.

# Different Points of View - A rebellious Luddie farmer comes to us looking for some tech. Will reward us if we give it to him, but will piss off other Luddies.

# {1} = Some researched tech

luddiesRebellion\_title= Leaving the Luddies

luddiesRebellion\_picture= gateStranger

luddiesRebellion\_1= We've got some old farmer outside the gates. Says [she|he] was with the Luddies but had enough of their backwards ways and is striking off on [her|his] own.\n\n

[She|He] also said [she|he]'s heard we know a thing or two about {1} and was hoping we'd be willing to trade that knowledge. [She|He]'ll give us enough [\*turnips|brussels sprouts|broccoli] for a thanksgiving feast.\n\n

We could use the food, but the Luddies won't like that we're making deals to their ex-members, especially for tech.

luddiesRebellion\_2= I never thought we'd meet someone who was too crazy for the Luddies... but here [she|he] is at our front gate, ranting about [\*cyborg hunting rabbits|cannibalistic flowers in the sewer|a clown that was stalking him]. [She|He]'s leaving town after a fight with her fellow conspiracy theorists, but stopped by to offer us a bushel of food for our knowledge of {1}... which [she|he] thinks will help in the fight against that terrible (if completely imaginary) foe.\n\n

Seems harmless enough, but the Luddies aren't going to like that we're offering tech secrets to one of their former members.

luddiesRebellion\_3= We ran into a couple scientists wearing straw hats and overalls today. They'd been hiding out with the Luddies, but the group's anti-technological rhetoric and rampant paranoia was too much for them.\n\n

They're going to start out on their own, but came by to ask if we could teach them about {1} before they went. They've got a whole bunch of food to give us in return. I'm just worried the Luddies will be offended... they've never liked the idea of knowledge being spread around.

luddiesRebellion\_option1= Share our research

luddiesRebellion\_option2= Refuse to share

luddiesRebellion\_outcome1= Who cares what the Luddies think? We've got more food in our bellies and we've given someone a better chance of survival.

luddiesRebellion\_outcome2= We apologized but said we couldn't give our research to anyone else. I feel bad, but at least we won't have angry technophobic farmers at our gate any time soon.

# Golden Geese - Luddies offer to supply the player with fertilizer that improves the output of their farms in return for medicine.

# [Name] - person bitten by the geese

luddiesManure\_title= Golden Geese

luddiesManure\_picture= farm

luddiesManure\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

luddiesManure\_1= The Luddies' prized Canadian Geese (yes... they're raising geese over there) have been creating more manure than they know what to do with.\n\n

Owen Ludd's asking if we want to trade some of our medicine for their goose poop. He says if we sprinkle just a bit of that stuff on our farms, our food output will go way up!

luddiesManure\_2= [Name's] been nervous about going back to the Luddies' farms ever since [he] was attacked by their geese. Those birds are vicious.\n\n

But they're worth it. They don't eat them (all the Luddies are vegan) but they use the goose poop to fertilize their fields. Apparently it makes for some mighty healthy vegetables.\n\n

They'll trade us some in exchange for some of our medicine. It's a good deal, but we should send someone other than [Name] this time. The welts on [his] ankles still haven't healed.

luddiesManure\_3= The Luddies have been breeding an impressive collection of geese. We've been trying to buy a couple off them (mmmm roast goose!) but those veggie-eaters will have none of it.\n\n

What Owen Ludd will trade us, however, is some of the stuff that comes out of the geese's rear end. It seems goose manure is one of the best things for helping a farm crop grow big and strong. In exchange they're asking for some medicine to help them when things get rough.

luddiesManure\_option1= Trade 5 medicine for manure

luddiesManure\_option2= Trade 10 medicine for manure

luddiesManure\_option3= Refuse the deal

luddiesManure\_outcome1= The Luddies are now healthier and for the next few days, our farms will be too. I just wouldn't go down wind of them for a while.

luddiesManure\_outcome2= The Luddies are now healthier and for the next week or so, our farms will be too. I just wouldn't go down wind of them for a while.

luddiesManure\_outcome3= We had to tell the Luddies sorry, but need what little medicine we've got. The manure won't do any good if we're too sick to get our there and work the fields.

# The Cut of his Jib - Cutter shows up at the fort. If left alone clears zombies beside fort.

# [Name] = person who spotted Cutter. Gets injured if try to attack Cutter?

rottenCutter\_title= The Cut of his Jib

rottenCutter\_picture= street

rottenCutter\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

rottenCutter\_1= [FormalName] reported a really ugly lookin' creature with a badly cut up face rummaging through our garbage at the [square]. It looks like a zombie, but it isn't acting like one. Our first clue was when it spotted [Name] it hid behind an old fridge, rather than trying to eat [his] face off.\n\n

It's creeping me out knowing it's out there. Should we deal with it?

rottenCutter\_2= [FormalName] just got the fright [his] life. [He] was picking [his] way through one of the run-down buildings outside our walls when [he] ran head first into a really ugly lookin' zombie. The thing's face was so badly cut up it looked like it had tried to headbutt a blender.\n\n

[Name] booked it back to the fort and the thing predictably followed [him], but not in a zombielike way... more like it was sneaking along, ducking behind things, trying not to be noticed. It's hanging around outside the walls now, snarling at the other Zed. What should we do about it?

rottenCutter\_option1= Approach it

rottenCutter\_option2= Shoot it from the walls

rottenCutter\_option3= Leave it alone

rottenCutter\_outcome1\_pictureColin= true

rottenCutter\_outcome1= That could have gone better. [Name] went out to find the creature and ended up with a knife in [his] knee for the trouble. But the thing didn't finish [him] off; it just snarled something like "Leave Cutter alone!" and slunk away.\n\n

It must have been one of the Rotten... but I've never seen one so badly beaten up before. They usually take better care of themselves.

rottenCutter\_outcome2\_pictureColin= false

rottenCutter\_outcome2= The ugly creature kept dodging from cover to cover and [Name] couldn't get a clear shot at it. Pretty un-zombielike behavior... I'm guessing it's one of the Rotten, not a full zombie after all. That doesn't mean it's not dangerous.\n\n

When [Name] finally winged the thing, it screeched what sounded like "Cutter hates you!!" at us, then ducked behind a garbage bin and disappeared completely. We've seen no trace of it since.

rottenCutter\_outcome3= The creature must be one of the Rotten, because your regular zombie couldn't wield a knife with that kind of skill. Also they don't usually spend their afternoons cutting apart other zed and seeing how far they can throw the bits.\n\n

The thing left as the sun set, and turned back once with a triumphant cry of "Cutter!!!". Now we've got fewer zed to worry about at that [square], though [Name] drew the short straw and has to clean up "Cutter"'s mess.

# The Dead are People Too - The Rotten show up to promote Rotten awareness

rottenPromotion\_title= The Dead Are People Too

rottenPromotion\_picture= [FactionBackground]

rottenPromotion\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

rottenPromotion\_1= Jesse and some Rotten came to visit today. The [\*little girl with a ponytail and a single eye|one-armed, no-legged old man on a skateboard|fridge-shaped guy missing most of his face] was a bit unnerving, but they said they came to promote a peaceful co-existence between man and undead. Or as Jesse put it, to "have a lil' git ta know ya."\n\n

They boosted morale with their good cheer and handmade [\*sock puppets|bouquets of sewer lichen|(but suspiciously green) pastries]. One Rotten woman insisted on shaking everyone's hand until her own fell off.

rottenPromotion\_2= A few of us went over to the Rotten encampment last night to watch them put on a Shakespeare play. It's one in a series of events Jesse set up to improve human-undead relations and "help all us folks git along" as he put it.\n\n

It was a unique interpretation, and we all laughed when [\*Yorick's head started talking back to Hamlet|Julius Caesar got back up with Brutus' dagger in his back and kicked his butt|Juliet bit Romeo's lower lip right off during a passionate kiss]. Good fun and a nice boost to morale.

# Repeat; rotten guy begs and gets mad if you give him something useless

# rotten need to be visible on map and not at war

# [Name] main leader, who is also the reporter

rottenReggie\_title= Two-Arms Reginald

rottenReggie\_picture= wallCrack

rottenReggie\_pictureColin1= false

rottenReggie\_pictureColin2= false

rottenReggie\_1= Zed reach through cracks in our wall all the time, but this one was different. It... he... smiled. He winked. And his arm wasn't trying to grab my neck, it was cupped upwards, begging.\n\n

"Help old Two-Arms Reginald out, would ya [son]?" he wheezed. He was a one of the Rotten: green decaying flesh, missing teeth, terrible breath. And I noticed the arm he was begging with wasn't even attached to his body; he was holding it with his other hand.\n\n

What should I give him?

rottenReggie\_option1= Offer 1 food

rottenReggie\_option2= Offer 1 medicine

rottenReggie\_option3= Offer 1 ammo

rottenReggie\_option4= Offer nothing

# -1 food, -3 respect

rottenReggie\_outcome1= He seemed disappointed. "What's a Rotten like me supposed to do with [an apple|this bread|astronaut ice cream]? You're teasing old Reginald, ain't ya?"\n\n

He sighed and shrugged hopelessly, but he did keep the food, and wandered off into the city mumbling to himself.

# -5 respect

rottenReggie\_outcome2= This made him angry. "Pills??" He hollered and I dodged a spray of spittle. "Where were the pills when I got bit, huh? Where were they when I felt the fever, and when my teeth came out? And my arm! My arm! It's too, too, TOO LATE!"\n\n

He threw the medicine back through the crack at me and stormed away.

# -1 ammo, +5 respect

rottenReggie\_outcome3= He rectracted his severed hand and eyed the prize. "Shiny bits of death," he murmured approvingly. He rolled the bullets around, mumbling and caressing them. He seemed to have completely forgotten I was there, but I guess he's happy.

# -5 respect

rottenReggie\_outcome4= Reggie stayed at the wall for the rest of the afternoon, smiling and winking at everyone who walked by, thrusting his dismembered arm through the crack at them and laughing wheezily when they jumped in fear.\n\n

Eventually he gave up and went home empty handed.

# The Loan Shark - Gustav lends you food when you're starving then comes later to collect at exorbitant rates

gustavLoan\_title= The Loan Shark

gustavLoan\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavLoan\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavLoan\_1= Gustav is at the gates and his caravan's piled high with sacks of rice and dried beans. Since we've been down on our luck he's offering us 30 food now as a loan, and he'll come to collect on the debt later.\n\n

Should we take his food?

gustavLoan\_2= We haven't eaten properly for days, and some of our people are saying Gustav's wagon load of food is nothing short of a miracle.\n\n

I'm not so sure though... that schemer doesn't do handouts, or coincidences. He's offering us a "loan" of 30 food now, but chances are he'll be back looking for payment in the future, and it won't be cheap.

gustavLoan\_option1= Take his 30 food

gustavLoan\_option2= Refuse the handout

gustavLoan\_outcome1= Gustav threw a couple bags of [rice|pasta|pinto beans] down to us, and reminded us that he'll be back in one month to collect on our debt, plus "interest".

gustavLoan\_outcome2= As hungry as we are, there's no telling how much Gustav would demand in interest when the time came to pay him back. We said no.

# Gustav comes back to collect on his loan. Select appropriate result based on what food is available

# {1} = Amount of food taken if there isn't enough

gustavCollect\_title= The Loan Shark

gustavCollect\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavCollect\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavCollect\_1= It's been a month since Gustav loaned us 30 food, and today he came back to collect on it. He brought half a dozen armed mercenaries with him... there was nothing we could say really. We stood by warily as they went through our food stores and took what he said we owed him.

gustavCollectInsuffcient= Gustav returned today to collect on the loan of 30 food, but said we didn't have enough to pay. He instead took {1} as interest, and said he'll be back in two weeks for the rest.\n\n

If it continues on like this, we may never be free of this debt. And here I thought we'd gotten a fresh start after all the world's credit card data was lost. I guess borrowing more than you can afford is just a part of life, or human nature, or something.

gustavCollectNone= Gustav returned today to collect on the loan of 30 food and was upset to find us as hungry as ever. He made some veiled threats about our fort's security, then said he'd be back in two weeks.

# It's a Gamble - A guy comes by offering a bet. Can chose to play or leave it. 60% to win. Gain or lose resources.

# Hmmm.... There's a lot of logic to this. Should it be in the code?

# {1} resource to gamble for

# {2} how much of resource you have left

# {3} jackpot prize

gustavGambler\_title= Gambler's Ruin

gustavGambler\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavGambler\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavGambler\_1= Gustav brought an interesting woman by today... a rather large lady dressed in a purple burlesque corset and a miniature top-hat. From the folds of... I'm not sure I want to know where, she produced a miniature roulette wheel and a set of casino chips.\n\n

"Welcome to Madame Rita's Roadside Roulette," she rolled her Rs suggestively, "Buy-in is 10 {1}, and you're going to \_adore\_ the grand prize."

gustavGambler\_2= Gustav visited today with Madame Rita, a very large and sultry woman in a revealing burlesque outfit and top hat. She presented a little roulette wheel with slots painted black, red, and one labeled "Jackpot".\n\n

Rita sensually rubbed two casino chips between her fingers and wiggled her eyebrows at us. "The minimum bet is 10 {1}. Care to try your luck?"

gustavGambler\_3= Gustav is back at the gates, this time with "Madame Rita", a former burlesque entertainer who now runs Gustav's traveling casino. A heavyset woman, her revealing velvet corset suggests nothing of either decency or defense against the undead.\n\n

"Care to play some Roadside Roulette? Today's bet is 10 {1}."

gustavGambler\_option1= Bet 10 {1} on Black

gustavGambler\_option2= Bet 10 {1} on Red

gustavGambler\_option3= Bet 10 {1} on Jackpot

gustavGambler\_option4= Decline

# 60% chance of this outcome for option 1 or 2

gustavGambler\_win= [\*Rita flicked the roulette wheel with a long purple fingernail|The wheel spun agonizingly slowly as we drew in close to watch|The roulette wheel made a "fzzzzzz" sound as it spun|Rita deftly spun the little wheel|The roulette wheel stuck and wouldn't spin. Embarrassed, Rita pulled the front off it, blew the dust out of it, and tried again].\n\n

[\*We won 10 {1}!|Lady luck is smiling down on us, we won 10 {1}.|Luck is on our side, 10 {1} for us.|We're on a roll, 10 {1} for us!]\n\n

We have {2} {1} left. Should we keep going?

# fail outcome for option 1 2 3

gustavGambler\_lose= [\*Rita flicked the roulette wheel with a long purple fingernail|The wheel spun agonizingly slowly as we drew in close to watch|The roulette wheel made a "fzzzzzz" sound as it spun|Rita deftly spun the little wheel|The roulette wheel stuck and wouldn't spin. Embarrassed, Rita pulled the front off it, blew the dust out of it, and tried again].\n\n

[\*We lost 10 {1}.|Poor luck, we lost 10 {1}.|This game must be rigged, we lost 10 {1}.|A loss, 10 {1} down the drain.|Dammit, wrong number again... is she controlling this thing somehow?]\n\n

We have {2} {1} left. Should we try again?

# 10% chance of this outcome for option 3

gustavGambler\_jackpot= [\*Rita flicked the roulette wheel with a long purple fingernail|The wheel spun agonizingly slowly as we drew in close to watch|The roulette wheel made a "fzzzzzz" sound as it spun|Rita deftly spun the little wheel|The roulette wheel stuck and wouldn't spin. Embarrassed, Rita pulled the front off it, blew the dust out of it, and tried again].\n\n

Jackpot!! We got it! Rita produced 50 {1} and {3} from some mysterious pocket of her skimpy outfit.

# outcome for option 1 2 3 if you run out of supplies

gustavGambler\_youBust= We should have known better than to try to gamble with what little we had. We're out of {1} now and have nothing to show for it.\n\n

Rita smiled sympathetically, but victory sparkled in her eyes. "[It appears prosperity is not yours today, but maybe next time.|Sadly fortune was not with you this time|I hope we see you again soon]."

# outcome for option 1 2 3 if you've won too much

gustavGambler\_theyBust= I slapped another 10 chips on the table, but Rita sighed and shook her head. "You've cleaned me out I'm afraid, you'll have to wait until next time."\n\n

"Unless that is, you'd accept a show as payment?" She wiggled her oversize hips suggestively. When I gulped in response, she laughed and said she was only kidding.

gustavGambler\_outcome4= I declined, saying I didn't think survival was a game. Rita pouted and packed away her things.

# Gustav's special stock - Gustav likes you enough (or is strong enough?) to sell you special stuff and double his trading inventory from now on. Announce this with an event.

gustavSpecialStock\_title= Gustav's Special Stock

gustavSpecialStock\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavSpecialStock\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavSpecialStock\_1= Gustav came by today to let us know that we've been such good customers he's willing to give us exclusive access to his 'special' inventory.\n\n

Hopefully this new stuff is worth it, and [doesn't smell like it was pulled out of a dumpster|actually works|isn't covered in mold] for a change.

gustavSpecialStock\_2= Gustav's obviously been doing well for himself. His caravan [\*looks like it has a new paint job|has been plated in chrome|is barely able to move it's so heavily loaded with goods] and his new bodyguards [\*are all armed with the best refurbished weapons|look like the sort that eat broken glass and floss with barbed wire|look like they've had actual military training].\n\n

When we asked him about it he told us that this was thanks to all the business we'd given him, and to show his appreciation, he was going to give us access to his 'executive' goods.

gustavSpecialStock\_3= Gustav and his [brother Boris|sister Vera] stopped by to give us a message. They've been doing so well (thanks to all the business we've been giving them) that they've been able to stock up with a bunch of special gear. They're giving us first crack at it too.\n\n

Maybe this means I'll finally be able to get that [\*pony|Zombie Killer 3000|air rifle] I always wanted.

# Gustav's Love Caravan - Gustav's infamous love caravan, trade food for happiness. You'll interact with it through dialog, not a trade menu like the regular trade. Outcomes vary from funny to disturbing. You can optionally talk to them instead of using their services. The more times you do this, the better you get to know one girl who is a builder and you can steal her away.

gustavLove\_title= Gustav's Love Caravan

gustavLove\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavLove\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavLove\_1= Gustav's courtesans have arrived in a convoy of campers and dirty mattresses. They pulled up in a semicircle around our gate, the girls posing in the grungy camper doorways and displaying their most (relatively speaking) alluring features. Gustav assures us it's all \_"berry berry romantic"\_ once you're in there.\n\n

Should we hire them?

gustavLove\_2= A collection of old campers has pulled up at the gate, led by that sly businessman Gustav. Girls are peeking shyly out from behind the curtains at us.\n\n

Gustav says if we want to get to know any of them 'better', all we have to do is pay him a modest fee.

gustavLove\_3= Gustav's collection of courtesans have done the best they can to make themselves look enticing... though some of them could use more makeup to hide the dark shadows under their eyes, and the tight clothes reveal that they're not getting fed real well. I remember when that look was sexy, back in those Calvin Klein ads.\n\n

Should we hire them to raise the men's spirits?

gustavLove\_4= I'm guessing many of the women Gustav rounded up for his 'Love Caravan' would have chosen a different occupation, if the world had more opportunities and fewer ravenous undead.\n\n

But Gustav reassures us that no one's there against her will and that his girls like to \_"make man feel strong"\_. Should we hire them to raise the men's morale?

gustavLove\_5= The 'Love Caravan' is filled with women who move like dancers, sing like nightingales, and can do amazing things with a folded sheet. At least if Gustav's sales pitch is to be believed.\n\n

Should we see for ourselves?

gustavLove\_6= Gustav's "Love Caravan" just pulled up, and ladies are waving and blowing kisses from the doors. I'm not sure where Gustav found so much lingerie, but the girls are all kitted out in frilly undergarments.\n\n

According to Gustav, they're just waiting for men to help them disrobe. Should we oblige?

gustavLove\_option1= Hire the girls and take part (10 food)

gustavLove\_option2= Hire the girls for the others (10 food)

gustavLove\_option3= Decline the offer

# Kathleen is hidden until you hire then talk to them once

gustavLove\_option4= Talk to Kathleen

# join in with a girl of your own

gustavLove\_outcome1\_1= I've heard about 'talking dirty', but that girl Alice was downright rude. I don't think my ears are ever going to be the same again.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_2= Alice was beautiful, but she got really into insulting me and putting me down. From the way she glared at Gustav when he came to say our time was up, I'm guessing she was taking out her frustration with her boss on me. It's odd but... I liked it.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_3= Candice's pillow fort was really impressive. I've don't think I've ever had that much fun laying a siege before.\n\n

Except that, well, using bed bugs as a defensive line was a little unfair!

gustavLove\_outcome1\_4= I picked Candice, an older woman with a streak of silver in her hair, and simply spent the night wrapped in her arms.\n\n

I miss having someone to take care of me. I think we all do.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_5= Maria wanted me to act out some kind of bizarre fantasy where I was a zombie come to "ravish" her. Nope, not into that. Definitely a big fat N-O-T going to happen.\n\n

She relented, but I think she was secretly still imagining it.

gustavLove\_outcome1\_6= I chose Candy, who was wearing six inch heels and the frilliest lingerie I've ever seen. As soon as we got inside, she kicked off the heels and complained that her outfit "itched like hell", that the bed was uncomfortable and the food was terrible and she had a splitting headache. Then with a sigh she laid back and said "okay, let's get this over with".

# don't partake

gustavLove\_outcome2\_1= It's been a long time since I've seen so many smiling faces in this fort. Quite a few of the caravan's girls looked satisfied too, but I worry about the ones who just seemed to be tired.

gustavLove\_outcome2\_2= The caravans were quieter than I expected them to be. I snuck a peek through one of the windows and saw was the camper's inhabitants fast asleep in one another's arms.\n\n

It's been so hard on everyone recently, I'm not surprised that when our guys get behind closed doors they just want someone to hold them.

gustavLove\_outcome2\_3= One of the girls introduced herself as "Kitty" with a childish giggle. She was obviously too young to be in this line of work, maybe 14 at best, and was playing it up by wearing her hair in pigtails and clasping a teddy bear. I was disgusted.\n\n

I forbade her from joining in and tried to have a kind of parental chat with the girl instead, but she stomped on my foot and stormed off, pouting.

gustavLove\_outcome2\_4= Our men paired off with Gustav's ladies and took turns in the little caravans. One of them was rocking so hard Gustav thought it might fall over. He rushed around banging on it and yelling \_"I tell you! Do not do it like that! I tell you many times!"\_

gustavLove\_outcome2\_5= Everybody wanted to pick Dasha, a stunning blond who looked like she just stepped out of a swimsuit catalog. It nearly came to blows before I had them draw straws and [FormalName] won first go.\n\n

[He] came out an hour later looking oddly disappointed, and shook [his] head to the next guy in line for Dasha. "No man, pick someone else" was all [he] would say.

gustavLove\_outcome2\_6= Okay, I had to peek. I mean, there were barn animal noises coming from that one caravan, and sounds like breaking dishes. All I can say is, [FormalName] definitely knows how to have a good time. I took notes.

# sometimes either hire backfires and devout and others are angry, replaces outcome1 or 2

gustavLove\_upset\_1= Some of our people were pretty upset that we'd take part in such a barbaric practice. Others are happy, but I can't help but wonder if I made the wrong choice. We're supposed to be building a new civilization after all, and is this kind of treatment of women really something we want to preserve?

gustavLove\_upset\_2= Not everyone was keen to visit Gustav's caravan. Most of the women, for one thing... and the devout among us are pretty angry that we'd even let Gustav park those sinful trailers so close to our fort.

gustavLove\_upset\_3= A few of our people put up a protest. They're calling Gustav's caravan "degrading to women", "human trafficking", and "a sinful convoy of hellbound hussies". They're urging us to send Gustav away the next time he shows up.

# offered after outcome 1 or 2, {1} is either talkGirls or talkKathleen

gustavLove\_outcome1\_option1= Talk to {1}

gustavLove\_outcome1\_option2= Done

gustavLove\_outcome2\_option1= Talk to {1}

gustavLove\_outcome2\_option2= Done

# replaces option1 ("Talk to the girls afterwards") after the first time

gustavLove\_outcome\_talkGirls= the girls afterwards

gustavLove\_outcome\_talkKathleen= Kathleen

gustavLove\_outcome3\_1= We declined Gustav's offer. These girls look unclean and unhappy, and I don't want to make their lives any worse today than they already were.

gustavLove\_outcome3\_2= We told Gustav we weren't interested. He fumed and bustled around to each girl, grabbing them and showing off their best features, saying \_"How do you not want zis??"\_\n\n

The ladies were uncomfortable, but I think a little relieved, too.

# Kathleen story parts in order

gustavLoveKathleen\_pictureColin= true

gustavLoveKathleen\_part1= Most of the girls just giggled or glanced at the bodyguards and shook their heads. All except Kathleen, a young woman with a wry sense of humor and a rough, short haircut that I suspect she did herself.\n\n

She told me that Gustav could be a brute sometimes, but at least there were regular meals and the bodyguards were there to keep her safe. Except that, from the way they watched her sometimes, she wondered if they were actually there to keep her from running away.

gustavLoveKathleen\_part2= Kathleen regaled me with stories of her past clients. Like the one about [the guy who wanted to be tied up... and had nearly turned blue by the time she managed to get all the knots undone.|the contortionist who, in the end, didn't need any help from her at all.|the guy who came in just after being bit. He turned while they were in the act and she had to bash his skull in with a brass cherub.]\n\n

She was happy to have someone from outside to chat with, because talking with the other girls is too depressing. She said many of them are unhappy, but resigned to the belief that this is their only hope for survival.\n\n

Kathleen's not so sure that's true.

gustavLoveKathleen\_part3= Kathleen's frustrated with Gustav and the caravan. She says she used to be an artist, but it's been forever since she built something with her own two hands. Gustav caught her whittling a piece of wood one day and angrily took her knife away, saying she might hurt herself with it.\n\n

If things continue like this, Kathleen says she's going to head out on her own. She's not sure how she'll avoid the zed, or even if Gustav will let her go, but enough is enough.\n\n

Maybe we could talk to Gustav about letting her leave?

gustavLoveKathleen\_part4= Kathleen didn't want to talk today. Something had obviously troubled her and you could tell she'd been crying. She just mumbled an apology and closed the door.

# Quest available after gustavLoveKathleen\_part3.

gustavKathleenLeave\_title= Fed Up With Love

gustavKathleenLeave\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavKathleenLeave\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavKathleenLeave\_1= Gustav was taking inventory when I met up with him. He twittled his moustache. \_"Kathleen, yes... I see you spend much time with her, but my payment box iz empty just like before. Maybe that girl iz tryink to cheat me?"\_\n\n

I explained that she wants to leave the caravan, and the little man grunted. \_"Well... iz not that she iz prisoner, you understand? Iz just, I pay for that girl's food and bed and bodyguard to keep her safe. I need return on my investment..."\_\n\n

He rubbed his fingers together.

gustavKathleenLeave\_option1= Offer 50 food

gustavKathleenLeave\_option2= Convince him to let her go (8+ leader)

gustavKathleenLeave\_option3= Steal her away in the night

gustavKathleenLeave\_option4= Leave her with Gustav

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome1\_pictureColin= true

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome1= Gustav seemed satisfied with the deal and released Kathleen with his blessing.\n\n

Kathleen thanked us for our help. While she was fairly sure she could have made it out on her own, it could have been a lot messier.\n\n

She offered to join up with us and we were more than glad to have such a skilled artist on our side.

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome2\_pictureColin= true

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome2= It took a bit of negotiation but Gustav eventually agreed he was better off leaving with Kathleen with us. The disaster stories she told us of her previous clients helped to convince him. She wasn't really cut out for that line of work.\n\n

In fact Kathleen seems to be a skilled builder and artist. We happily accepted her into our fort, "just so long," she said "as I get my own bedroom."

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome3\_pictureColin= true

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome3= We left Gustav's camp and came back in the middle of the night, slipping past the guards who were busy watching out for zed. They didn't notice our group of "clients" left with one extra person.\n\n

We got safely back to our fort without incident. There Kathleen asked to join up with us and we were happy to take her up on the offer.\n\n

Unfortunately Gustav found out, and is fuming mad about it. We better give him time to cool off...

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome4\_pictureColin= false

gustavKathleenLeave\_outcome4= Kathleen wasn't there next time we visited Gustav's camp.\n\n

Talking with one of the guards, it sounds she'd upped and left in the middle of the night without anyone noticing, and they hadn't heard from her since.\n\n

I hope she's doing alright out there.

# Gustav's Man Wagon - Gustav's Man Wagon comes in with men for hire. Trade food for happiness.

# [Name] = Woman other than speaker using men's services

# No "Kathleen" equivalent at this point. I've left the option in, but I would like to come up with a different story if we wanted to go that route.

gustavManWagon\_title= Gustav's Man Wagon

gustavManWagon\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavManWagon\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavManWagon\_1= Gustav's showed up at our fort with his 'Man Wagon' today. A collection of old campers full of fit men with luxurious heads of hair and surprisingly good teeth.\n\n

He's advertising it as an alternative to his 'Love Caravan'. These men are here to help our ladies (or men who are so inclined) to have a little fun and blow off some steam, if we're interested in hiring them.

gustavManWagon\_2= The 'Man Wagon' is at the front gate and there's a group of handsome men of every shape and size are lounging around making 'come hither' smiles at anyone who happens by.\n\n

At least Gustav is considering both genders in his attempt to make a profit from the carnal desires of those of us left in this ruined world. Should we hire them?

gustavManWagon\_3= A collection of workers from Gustav's 'Man Wagon' (the male version of his 'Love Caravan', obviously) wandered into the fort today, stripped down to their swim trunks, set up a volleyball net and started up a game.\n\n

I realize this is an advertising gimmick, but there's something about the way their lean and well-oiled muscles bounce up and down in the sunlight.... Maybe we should hire them?

gustavManWagon\_4= The 'Man Wagon' is Gustav's latest attempt to make profit in this dying world. Filled with dapper and surprisingly experienced young men, he shops them around from fort to fort where they provide entertainment, and more, for anyone willing to pay them for the service.\n\n

Our fort is next on their tour of [CityName]. Should we hire them?

gustavManWagon\_5= A collection of well-built men wearing sparkly underwear and little else seem to have started up a dance routine outside the fort walls.\n\n

I think this is Gustav's attempt to advertise for his 'Man Wagon', the all-male equivalent to his infamous 'Love Caravan'. But I'm a little worried one of these poor gigolos is going to catch cold. Or get eaten.\n\n

Should we take pity on them and hire them?

gustavManWagon\_6= The latest bunch of young men that Gustav has recruited into his 'Man Wagon' could give any of the old boy bands a run for their money. That is if any of them had managed to survive the apocalypse.\n\n

Still, between their soulful blue eyes and pouty lips, there are more than a few women (and perhaps men) in the fort who wouldn't be against spending the night with them. Should we let them take advantage of the situation?

gustavManWagon\_option1= Hire the boys and take part (10 food)

gustavManWagon\_option2= Hire the boys for the others (10 food)

gustavManWagon\_option3= Decline the offer

gustavManWagon\_option4= Talk to the men

gustavManWagon\_outcome1\_1= I spent the evening with Luke. He gave the most amazing foot massages. It didn't hurt that he was pleasing to look at too. He seemed untouched by the harshness of our new world. Not a single scratch or scar on him. At least on the outside.

gustavManWagon\_outcome1\_2= You've heard the expression of someone who has body so hard you could bounce a penny off them? Well, Lance does coin tricks with his abs that would blow your mind.\n\n

He managed to get one coin to fly off his stomach, across the bed, and into a miniature basketball hoop. If only we still had Youtube, he'd be a star.

gustavManWagon\_outcome1\_3= Danny has the most amazing way with words. I could spend the whole night listening to him read poetry.\n\n

He's pretty good at using his tongue for other things too.

gustavManWagon\_outcome1\_4= I spent a couple hours with Jase. He was... sweet, but bit naive and trying way too hard.\n\n

I think he's worried if he doesn't perform well, they're just going to leave him on the roadside for the zed. Poor guy.

gustavManWagon\_outcome2\_1= Everyone who wanted to got a few hours alone with a man of their choice, and as a bonus the caravan workers acted out a few scenes from Pride and Prejudice for us. I think Mr.Darcy usually wears more clothes than that...

gustavManWagon\_outcome2\_2= I think our women had a good time the most part. Not everyone was interested in the "full deal", but the men were good listeners and fine with chatting or cuddling if that's all the client wanted.

gustavManWagon\_outcome2\_3= Is it wrong that we made them wrestle for our amusement?\n\n

Ok, it wasn't really wrestling. The men couldn't really get a grip on one another with all that oil they'd smeared on their half-naked bodies, so it ended up being more of a jumble of flailing arms and legs, but it was fun to watch.

# sometimes either hire backfires and devout and others are angry, replaces outcome1 or 2

gustavManWagon\_upset\_1= Some of our people were pretty upset that we'd take part in such a barbaric practice. Others are happy, but I can't help but wonder if I made the wrong choice. We're supposed to be building a new civilization after all, and is this kind of debasement of humans really something we want to preserve?

gustavManWagon\_upset\_2= Not everyone was keen to visit Gustav's man wagon. Most of the men, for one thing... and the devout among us are pretty angry that we'd even let Gustav park those sinful trailers so close to our fort.

gustavManWagon\_upset\_3= A few of our people put up a protest. They're calling Gustav's man wagon "degrading", "human trafficking", and "a sinful convoy of hellbound homosexuals". They're urging us to send Gustav away the next time he shows up.

gustavManWagon\_outcome3\_1= We told Gustav to take his gaggle of men elsewhere. And to get them some proper clothes while he was at it.

gustavManWagon\_outcome3\_2= Honestly, I find the thought of selling sex just as sleazy when it's with the guys as it is when Gustav does it with the ladies. We told the lot of them to get lost.

gustavManWagon\_outcome4= The men were friendly enough, but these guys took their jobs seriously and unless we were willing to pay, they weren't looking to spend much time talking.

# How much for your weemen - If you use the love caravan enough, Gustav will offer to buy one of your female survivors. In R2 she goes quietly... maybe this time she'll refuse at the last second and punch you and run away. Gustav will shrug and philosophically say "I guess it wasn't meant to be", but still pay you half what he promised.

# [Name]/[FormalName] = Person Gustav has his eye on.

# Added a third option to allow the player to vent on Gustav for trying to buy/sell people. Was thinking it could be used to raise the morale of the fort at the cost of respect from Gustav.

gustavWeemen\_title= How much for your weemen?

gustavWeemen\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavWeemen\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavWeemen\_1= Gustav's been leering at [FormalName] during the last few visits and it looks like things have finally come to a head.\n\n

He's asked if we'd be willing to part with [him] in return for a flame thrower he scavenged from a military base, and 100 fuel to run it. Gustav thinks [Name] would be a wonderful addition to his 'Love Caravan'.\n\n

[Name] doesn't want to go, but I think I could convince [him] it's in everybody's best interest and is probably safer than sticking with us.

gustavWeemen\_2= Gustav has a bad habit of looking at our women the same way he looks at trade goods.\n\n

[FormalName] seems to have caught his eye this time, and Gustav is offering offer to... I guess buy [him] from us. He's offering a flame thrower and 100 fuel to run it, if we're willing to let [Name] join Gustav's love caravan.\n\n

[Name] is unhappy, but I think I can convince [him]. Gustav does feed his ladies regular meals, and says he \_"never losink girl to zombie"\_.

gustavWeemen\_option1= Accept offer

gustavWeemen\_option2= Politely decline

gustavWeemen\_option3= Rudely decline

gustavWeemen\_outcome1= I laid it out to [Name]: in Gustav's caravan [he]'ll never go hungry, do guard duty or get [his] hands dirty. Plus [he]'ll be doing a great service to us.\n\n

[Name] didn't cry. [He] just rammed [his] steel-toed boot smartly in my kneecap, spat at Gustav, grabbed a bag of our trade goods and stormed out of the fort alone.\n\n

Gustav just shrugged. \_"I guess iz not meant to be with that firey one. I will give you gun for tryink, but only half fuel for no girl."\_

gustavWeemen\_outcome2= [Name] was totally relieved. I think [he] actually thought I was going to say yes for a minute there. Would never have happened. Well... probably not.

gustavWeemen\_outcome3= I flipped out at Gustav. I told him if he so much as \_considered\_ treating our people like property to be bought and sold again, he'd find his balls nailed to the front gate as a warning message to anyone else.\n\n

He took the hint and left in short order, unconsciously keeping a hand over his crotch.\n\n

I doubt he'll want to deal with us for awhile, but it sure made me feel better. And most of our people are in higher spirits since seeing the spectacle, especially [Name].

# Quest for Cigars - Gustav comes by to request we scavenge at a specific apartment/house. he's got a hunch someone there had a huge cigar collection. quest scavenge mission - no timeout. when you finish, Gustav appears just in time. trade him the cigars (+ food). keep the cigars (+ happy, - faction respect)

# [square] = place to search for cigars

gustavCigarStart\_title= Cigar and Stashes

gustavCigarStart\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavCigarStart\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavCigarStart\_1= Gustav stopped by the fort today with a proposal. He's heard of this wealthy local collector who lived in the suburbs somewhere in [CityName]. The [woman|man] preferred the finer things in life, like fish eggs, that fancy booze people drink for dessert, and most important to Gustav: a world-renowned stash of cigars.\n\n

Gustav doesn't have time to look for this place himself but if we're will to search the area, he'd reward us for any stogies we find.

gustavCigarStart\_2= Gustav just wandered through the main gate, a fat stogie poking out from under his stained mustache, belching smoke like a chimney. He told us his supply of cigars is running low and he needs to stock up.\n\n

He heard about a former Wall Street tycoon who had an impressive collection of tobacco, and lived somewhere in this area, but he hasn't the manpower to check it out right now. If we happen to head out that way he'd be happy to reward us for any cigars we bring back.

gustavCigarStart\_3= I've never liked smoking myself; It yellows your teeth and blackens your lungs. But that trader Gustav swears by those stinking fat cigars. To fair, we're all probably all going to be eaten by zombies tomorrow, so why the hell not go for it.\n\n

He tells us he's running low on those cigars, and he's heard of a collector's mega stash somewhere in the suburbs here. If we happen to run into it, he'll pay us a finders fee.

gustavCigarStart\_option1= Agree to look for them

gustavCigarStart\_option2= Say no

gustavCigarStart\_outcome1= Gustav gave us the addresses of three houses where he thinks the collector might have lived. We'll have to send our scavengers out there to search each one.

gustavCigarStart\_outcome2= Gustav said he'd ask somebody else who wasn't so busy.

# from the point of view of the main leader, not mission leader

gustavCigarEnd\_title= Cigars and Stashes

gustavCigarEnd\_picture= house

gustavCigarEnd\_pictureColin= false

gustavCigarEnd\_1= Seems the princess is in another castle. Err, I mean, we didn't find Gustav's cigar cache in this particular house, just some worthless junk like food and medicine. How are we going to smoke that??

gustavCigarEnd\_2= It looks like this wasn't the collector's house Gustav told us to find. Just some average suburban McMansion, same as all the others.\n\n

There was some food in the basement and the medicine cabinets were well stocked, so it wasn't a total waste, but we'll have to keep looking for those cigars.

gustavCigarEnd\_3= Nope, no cigars here. Either Gustav was wrong about that collector living here in [CityName], or his house must be one of the others that Gustav pointed out to us. We'll have to keep looking to be sure.

gustavCigarEndFound\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavCigarEndFound\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavCigarEndFound\_1= Getting killed while hunting for cigars in a booby-trapped collector's basement is not my idea of a valiant death, but we found the things and only lost a little dignity in the process. I'll call that a win.\n\n

Gustav came over as soon as he heard. I have to say, the way he held out his hand and grinned without saying a word was pretty obnoxious. I'm tempted to hang onto these things, reward be damned.

gustavCigarEndFound\_2= We found the cigars, but that's about it. It's weird, it was like someone had already been over the place with a fine toothed comb, but just didn't think the tobacco was worth it. I'm guessing they took those old no smoking ads to heart? Don't they know how valuable cigarettes are in prisons and post-apocalyptic movies?\n\n

Gustav seemed to magically appear as soon as we found them, and demanded I hand them over like he owned them already. I'll admit, I'm tempted to pass these cigars around the fort right in front of him. We took all the risk after all.

gustavCigarEndFound\_option1= Hand over the cigars

gustavCigarEndFound\_option2= Keep the cigars for ourselves

gustavCigarEndFound\_outcome1= It took half an hour to get Gustav to hand over the reward, he was so wrapped up in holding his new cigars up to his face, sniffing and rolling them. He did eventually fork over the promised sack of supplies.\n\n

It's probably for the best that we didn't keep them anyway. Smoker's lungs are a liability when you're running for your life with a zombie on your heels.

gustavCigarEndFound\_outcome2= Gustav was furious when I passed the box around to everyone, but soon his face disappeared the haze of blue smoke as we lit up and took long and satisfy drags on our new cigars.\n\n

Then we all started coughing and feeling sick. I'm pretty sure we've just cut a month off our maximum life expectancy... but when the odds are high we won't make it through next year, what difference does it make?

# Bo-oris the Builder - Gustav comes by with his brother Boris, who is a crazytalented builder. give him 20 food and point to any adjacent square, he'll reclaim it

# [Square] - Square the player selects

# {1} cost in food

gustavBoris\_title= Boris the Builder

gustavBoris\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavBoris\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavBoris\_1= Gustav introduced us to his brother, Boris, today. He claims his brother \_"Iz best builder in all [CityName]"\_ and \_"No one makink wall so fast as Boris."\_\n\n

This is a limited time offer, but if we pay them {1} food, Boris will clear out and reclaim any one of the buildings next to our fort, of our choice.

gustavBoris\_2= Gustav's brother Boris showed up at the fort today. He said he \_"iz lookink for job."\_\n\n

As far as I can make out through his thick accent, he's offering to clear out and reclaim a building of our choice next to our fort. All we need to do is pay him {1} food.\n\n

Should we take him up on the offer?

gustavBoris\_3= Gustav has a few siblings that travel with his caravan doing odd jobs. The one that showed up at the fort today was his older brother Boris.\n\n

Boris's English isn't great, but I think he's offering to reclaim any building we want that is next to our existing walls. All we need to do is supply him {1} food for himself and his laborers.\n\n

It's not a bad deal when all's said and done. Should we take him up on the offer?

gustavBoris\_option1= Pay {1} food to reclaim a building

gustavBoris\_option2= Say no thanks

gustavBoris\_outcome1= Boris's work was nothing short of amazing. He and his crew cleared out the [square] and had walls around it in hours, leaving nothing to show they'd been there except a few rusty tools and a discarded sardine sandwich.

gustavBoris\_outcome2= We thanked Boris for his offer, but told him we weren't interested in hiring outside help today.\n\n

He nodded and wandered off, muttering under his breath in some Slavic language. I didn't catch all of it, but I think it was something along the lines of: "[Well, don't come crying to me when your walls fall down|I didn't want to work for stiff necked bunch of so and so's anyway|May a goose lay claim to your hen house]."

# Vera the Violinist - Gustav brings his cousin Vera the violinist to town. Options: pay 10 food to hear her play +10 happy / don't do it

# [Name] = local entertainer

gustavVera\_title= Vera the Violinist

gustavVera\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavVera\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavVera\_1= Gustav brought over his sister Vera today. He's spent the past hour trying to convince us that we should pay for the privilege of hearing her play her antique violin.\n\n

I'm not sure anyone's playing is worth 10 food, but heaven knows we could do with some new entertainment. If we have to sit through another night of [Name's] [orchestrated belching|flatulent pyrotechnics|recitations of old cartoon theme songs] I'm going to put someone's eye out.

gustavVera\_2= A woman named Vera stopped by the fort today carrying an old violin case. She claims to be Gustav's sister. Given that she's asking for 10 food just to hear her play, I'm guessing the drive for business runs in the family.\n\n

I don't know if she knows [anything written in the past century|any of my favorite old video game themes|anything by Rupert Lally or Espen J. J\ufffdrgensen] but at this point, any music would probably raise our spirits.

gustavVera\_option1= Pay to hear her play (10 food)

gustavVera\_option2= No thanks

gustavVera\_outcome1\_1= Vera's music was nothing short of amazing. Her folk ballads from the old country brought people to tears, and she could pick up modern tunes from just a few hummed bars.\n\n

We all went to bed far more relaxed than we've felt in weeks.

gustavVera\_outcome1\_2= It was a concert I'll never forget. Vera's playing was so stunningly beautiful, I completely forgot the world around me and lost myself in her music for a few hours. I asked her how she learned to play that well, but she just shrugged and showed me her violin.\n\n

\_"Iz antique Stradivari,"\_ she said, \_"price two million dollars, once. Now, iz mine."\_

gustavVera\_outcome2= We told Vera we couldn't pay and she simply shrugged and turned her back without saying another word.\n\n

It's no big deal. I mean, it's not like on my death bed I'll be wondering if I just missed a live performance from an unparalleled virtuoso...

# Zombie Circus - Do you protest the inhumane use of zombies, or watch the show. Zombies turn on the troop during the show, do you try to help the troop, or just watch in sick fascination because that's entertainment baby.

# I went with "Don't pay for anyone, need high combat to rescue zombie tamer." and "Pay for group, automatic save but someone gets injured in the process"

# [Name] = person who gets injured in group rescue.

# [Name2] = the tamer

gustavCircus\_title= Zombie Circus

gustavCircus\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavCircus\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavCircus\_1= Gustav is advertising for his new Zombie Circus Spectacular: \_"Many thrills! Also have spills maybe! Circus iz action, adventure, even romancink!"\_\n\n

It sounds like he's got zombies doing tricks for the amusement of paying customers. I'm not really sure a zed can be trained, but it should be a spectacle if nothing else.

gustavCircus\_2= In lieu of getting exotic animals or talented acrobats, Gustav is putting together a circus of zombies. He's pulled them off the street and trained to do tricks... if that's even possible.\n\n

He invited us to the show's opening night. It should be an interesting performance if we want to get tickets.

gustavCircus\_option1= Pay for a few people (2 food)

gustavCircus\_option2= Pay for the whole fort (20 food)

gustavCircus\_option3= Say no

gustavCircus\_option4= Protest the abuse of zombies

gustavCircus\_outcome1= We could at least afford tickets for me and [FormalName]. [He] was bouncing with excitement over being chosen.\n\n

The show was... something else. [\*Somehow they'd trained one zed in a white suit to walk backwards to disco music. I think a red leather jacket might have worked better, but that may just be me.|They somehow found a speaking zombie whose shtick was telling off-color jokes. He wasn't bad, but it was kind of like watching a sad clown. It just left you feeling hollow inside.|The nice thing about putting a zombie in a cannon is that you're not too worried about how many pieces it's in when the thing goes off. I just wish they'd pointed it away from the crowd.|The fire eating in particular was a little hard to watch. The zed got torches stuck in their mouths and then just stood there looking confused as they slowly burned away.|The zombies strapped to the tricycles were fun at least. It was kind of like watching a deranged collection of bumper cars.|Even the trapeze act went well, until the zombie's wrist (which had been strapped to the bar) gave way mid-swing and hurtled into the audience.]\n\n

It was the zombie tamer act that finally went wrong. As he was coaxing five zed around the ring using an dismembered arm tied to stick, the tamer tripped. Within seconds they were on him.

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_option1= Watch in fascinated horror

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_option2= Try to save the tamer

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_outcome1= As the zed finished their first proper meal in days, I realized that unlike the Roman circus, we didn't have large stone walls between us and the lions. We made our way to the exit as the creatures started hunting around for dessert.\n\n

From the shrieks and sounds of gunfire in the tent behind us, I'm guessing this is the last performance Gustav's circus will have for a while.

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_outcome2\_success= It was touch and go for a bit there, but using my quick reflexes (and a convenient folding chair) I fended off the group of snarling undead long enough for Gustav's bodyguards to bring them down.\n\n

The tamer, [FormalName2], was beat up, but luckily wasn't bitten. He was so grateful he decided to join up with us. I guess the circus life isn't for everyone.

gustavCircus\_outcome1\_outcome2\_fail= Jumping into the ring with five ravenous zombies was perhaps the worst idea I'd had all week. It was all we could do to keep myself alive, let alone help the tamer.\n\n

Luckily Gustav's bodyguards managed to shoot the zed and pull me and [FormalName] out of the mess before we got too badly roughed up, but [Name's] going to be out of commission for a couple days.

gustavCircus\_outcome2= We were all in high spirits as we made our way over to Gustav's big top.\n\n

The show itself was... interesting. [\*Somehow they'd trained one zed in a white suit to walk backwards to disco music. I think a red leather jacket might have worked better, but that may just be me.|They somehow found a speaking zombie whose shtick was telling off-color jokes. He wasn't bad, but it was kind of like watching a sad clown. It just left you feeling hollow inside.|The nice thing about putting a zombie in a cannon is that you're not too worried about how many pieces it's in when the thing goes off. I just wish they'd pointed it away from the crowd.|The fire eating in particular was a little hard to watch. The zed got torches stuck in their mouths and then just stood there looking confused as they slowly burned away.|The zombies strapped to the tricycles were fun at least. It was kind of like watching a deranged collection of bumper cars.|Even the trapeze act went fine. At least until the zombie's wrist (which had been strapped to the bar) gave way mid swing and it hurtled into the audience.]\n\n

Things went bad when the zombie tamer came out, but he really should have known better than to try and stick his head in one of the creature's mouths. In seconds they were all on him.

gustavCircus\_outcome2\_option1= Watch in fascinated horror

gustavCircus\_outcome2\_option2= Try to save the tamer

gustavCircus\_outcome2\_outcome1= Even though we see death on a daily basis... it just isn't something I can ever get used to. Blood and guts were flung everywhere as the would-be tamer was devoured, onstage, for the sake of entertainment.\n\n

Once the zed finished their meal, they came limping towards the audience for the second course. Fortunately Gustav's men were in position by then and cut down the advancing dead with a hail of gunfire.\n\n

I think this might be the end of the circus though. I doubt Gustav's got an act that could ever top that.

gustavCircus\_outcome2\_outcome2= I don't know how we managed to get that tamer free without him being bitten, but we did. [Name] sprained [his] ankle in the process, but we mostly got away in one piece.\n\n

Afterward the tamer, [FormalName2], asked if [he2] could join up with us. It seems he's had enough of Gustav's circus to last him a lifetime.

gustavCircus\_outcome3= We didn't go. I don't think it's very ethical what he's doing with those zombies, but mostly I don't trust Gustav's security. Trained or not, I'm not paying to go into a closed space with a bunch of zed.

gustavCircus\_outcome4= I told Gustav I'm uncomfortable with the idea of watching zombies perform. Zombies were people once, and maybe they still are, deep down somewhere inside. Even if that isn't true, we should respect the bodies of the dead and put them to rest with decency. Dressing them up as clowns is horribly unethical and Gustav should be ashamed.\n\n

I sure as hell hope it doesn't happen to me when I go.

# Rotten praise you for saying no to Gustav's circus

gustavCircusRotten\_title= Rotten Approval

gustavCircusRotten\_picture= gate

gustavCircusRotten\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavCircusRotten= Jesse stopped by after what seemed to be a successful scavenging trip. The two Rotten brutes with him had heavy sacks across their shoulders, but they hardly seemed to notice the weight.\n\n

"I heard y'all didn't take to Gustav's circus neither," Jesse drawled, "an' that was right proper, what ya said to him." He tossed me a bag of [canned vegetables|pasta|dried beans]. "Food still tastes good goin' down... but ain't no point in it fer our lot."

# Muscle for hire - Gustav's got some very dangerous looking men you can hire. They can kill all the zombies in a building (you pick one), or attack another faction (click on them). It costs 10 food.

# {1} = the Faction they attack

# [square] the square they clean out

gustavMuscle\_title= Muscle for Hire

gustavMuscle\_picture= gate

gustavMuscle\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

gustavMuscle\_1= Gustav's getting into the mercenary business. He just stopped by with a gaggle of heavily armed men to offer us their services.\n\n

For the a nominal fee of 10 food they'll clear the zed out of any building we want... or even attack one of the other factions' bases. Should we hire them?

gustavMuscle\_2= Gustav says his bodyguards have been restless lately, getting into fights and being bad for business. He wants to rent them out to do some violence for other people so they can work out their aggression.\n\n

Do we want to hire them to clean the zed out of a building? Or we could get them to attack one of the other factions. They won't even know we were behind it.

gustavMuscle\_3= This big guy wandered into the fort today. Covered in scars and armed to the teeth, he pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket and began to read us a sales pitch slowly and carefully:\n\n

"Greetin's on behalf of da Gustav corporation. We is offerin' you dis opportunity today to hire your very own band of merce... mercen... thugs. We can kill zed, people, or anythin' you want hurt."\n\n

So if I follow that right, we can hire these guys to clean a building of zombies, or attack one of the other factions. Should we take them up on the offer?

gustavMuscle\_option1= Hire the muscle (10 food)

gustavMuscle\_option2= Decline the offer

gustavMuscle\_outcome1Faction= {1} have been getting too uppity for their own good, so we forked our food over to Gustav's men and sent them out.\n\n

I kind of wish I'd been there to watch, but from all reports it was a blood bath. Gustav's men tore in, shot up the place, and tore out again before anyone knew what was happening.\n\n

Now it's just up to us, or the zed, to finish them off.

gustavMuscle\_outcome1Zombies= If nothing else, Gustav's thugs are thorough. As soon as we handed over the food they marched off to the [square] and started making zombie giblets out of anything that moved.\n\n

They even offered to bring us back a trophy. I thanked them, but I've already seen enough rotting heads to last me a lifetime.

gustavMuscle\_outcome2= We declined the offer of for-profit violence this time. They'll just have to find someone else to pay them for their dirty work.\n\n

I just hope that someone doesn't decide to send these guys against us.

# from Blind Squirrel

# guy should sell us zombie traps instead and add gustav

# if you choose wisely, you get 5 traps

# if you have trap tech #1 he upgrades you to #2

# {1} either blank or {gustavTraps\_tech}

# rare singleton, gustav must not hate us

gustavTraps\_title= Artisinal Zombie Traps

gustavTraps\_picture= [FactionBackground]

gustavTraps\_pictureColin= false

gustavTraps= Gustav travels with some odd people these days. A man with an impressive handlebar mustache came riding over from their camp on one of those old-timey pennyfarthing bikes, pulling a brightly painted cartload of hand-hammered wooden spikes with a sign that read "Artisinal Zombie Traps".\n\n

"I deal only in experiences," he said. "Offer me something novel, and I will trade you my beautiful hand-crafted traps."

gustavTraps\_option1= Offer 10 food

gustavTraps\_option2= Offer him a book

gustavTraps\_option3= Tell him a story

gustavTraps\_option4= Punch him in the face

gustavTraps\_outcome1= The man was clearly offended.\n\n

"I can think of nothing so mundane as what you have offered. I require nourishment for my soul, no mere bodily sustenance. I must take my business elsewhere."\n\n

He got back on his goofy bike and rode off.

gustavTraps\_outcome2= The man smiled. "Cheeky. I get it - a \_novel\_. I do love a good pun."\n\n

He left us with 5 of his traps, which are indeed quite beautiful, though I doubt the zombies will appreciate that when they're busy impaling themselves on them.\n\n

gustavTraps\_outcome3= I told him about a daring escape I'd once made from a country club overrun by undead golfers.\n\n

He twirled his moustache until I came to the climax: riding on the roof of a golf cart, using my feet to steer while I decapitated zombies with a 9-iron. He clapped and said it was a truly captivating tale. I won't mention I made the whole thing up...\n\n

In return, he gave us 5 traps. {1}

gustavTraps\_outcome4= "Actually, not all that novel an experience at all." the man sniffed and rubbed his sore cheek. "Nobody appreciates true craftsmanship anymore."\n\n

He got back on his goofy bike and rode wobbily away.

# added if you have basic traps but not advanced traps

gustavTraps\_tech= He also noticed we knew how to make our own traps, and shared his research on Advanced Traps design.

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# DRINK THE KOOLAID - CHOSEN EVENTS

# triggered events

######################################

# 1. meet with the Chosen Ones, hear about the religion, chance to tell them to fuck off (-resp) or hear more (+cultist)

# no matter what we get one random cultist

# policy can appear after this

#

# NOTE: this replaces the default faction intro in factionEvents.properties

koolaidMeet\_title= Church of the Chosen Ones

koolaidMeet\_picture= gate

koolaidMeet\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

koolaidMeet= We heard a knocking at the main gate today and were surprised to find a group of people wearing light brown robes lead by an older woman with a bright smile and a large bundle of flyers under one arm.\n\n

They said they were part of a group called the Church of the Chosen Ones and asked if I was willing to accept zed as my personal lord and savior.

koolaidMeet\_option1= Ask what this is all about

koolaidMeet\_outcome1= Cassandra Starr has the most unnerving presence I've ever encountered. Her eyes stare through you like she's looking off into a distant universe, communicating with beings there. Her voice is soft but absolute, commanding, every word chiseled in a text so ancient it's imprinted in our bones, our DNA. Just standing near her makes you think deep, poetic thoughts.\n\n

She's also a bit of a nutball.\n\n

I have the opportunity to learn more about their unusual religion, if we want to hear it.

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_option1= Hear about their religion

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_option2= Tell her she's crazy

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_option3= Politely decline

# get +5 respect and an extra cultist

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_outcome1= "No human has ever reached enlightment." Cassandra began. "We come close, but our hearts are forever trapped by our corporeal forms." She touched a hand to her chest, then her forehead. "It is a tether which keeps us ever from Nirvana."\n\n

"The Chosen Ones have reached enlightment. They became perfectly moral beings, and their single desire, the one thought that consumes them, is to spread that enlightment to others."\n\n

So zombies are some kind of Buddhas? I was confused but thanked her for the lesson.

# -5 respect, -5 strength

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_outcome2= Cassandra gave me a slow smile like some kind of ancient goddess, and told me there are others among us who might believe differently.

# no effect

koolaidMeet\_outcome1\_outcome3= Cassandra gave me a slow smile like some kind of ancient goddess, and told me there are others among us who have already begun to believe. Should we be worried?

# any time after koolaidMeet, missionary from church arrives and wants to join the fort, you can let him or not, singleton

# [Name] the missionary created but not yet added to the fort

koolaidMissionary\_title= The Missionary

koolaidMissionary\_picture= gateStranger

koolaidMissionary\_pictureColin= false

koolaidMissionary\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidMissionary= A pleasant [man] named [FormalName] has come to visit us from the Church of the Chosen Ones. [He] is asking to stay and live with us, so [he] can help spread the word about their religion.\n\n

I'm not sure how I feel about this religious conversion, but the [man] seems nice enough and we could use an extra [job]. Should we invite [him] to join us?

koolaidMissionary\_option1= Let [him] join us

koolaidMissionary\_option2= Refuse [him]

# +5 respect with church of the chosen ones, Name joins the fort

koolaidMissionary\_outcome1= No sooner had [he] stepped through the door than [Name] started proselytizing. Honestly, the religion seems to have some nice points: they've found a way to accept the horrors of the disease, and bring peace to badly traumatized folks who need it.\n\n

Hopefully [he] won't get on people's nerves too much.

# -5 respect with church of the chosen ones

koolaidMissionary\_outcome2= [Name] didn't seem phased in the slightest. [He] smiled and said that's just fine, we could have a chat instead. As I slowly closed the door in [his] face, [he] still didn't seem to get it. "I'll just leave you a couple pamplets here then! You really must read these when you get a chance!" he shouted from the other side.

# need at least 10% cultists, + respect with church

# mentionedColin has the cultist trait

# mentionedColin2 does not (yet) but is eligible to become cultist

koolaidCorpse\_title= Strange ceremony

koolaidCorpse\_picture= corpse

koolaidCorpse\_pictureColin= true

koolaidCorpse\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidCorpse= [FormalName] had a strange request today. [He] asked if [he] could have the body of one of the zombies we killed on the east wall this morning.\n\n

[He] said it was for a religious ceremony to honor the dead. We don't usually have funerals for zombies around here, but I'm not sure I see the harm.

koolaidCorpse\_option1= Let [him] have the body

koolaidCorpse\_option2= Don't let [him] use it

# +5 chosen ones repsect, name2 becomes a cultist

koolaidCorpse\_outcome1= [He] thanked me and promised it would be quite a lovely ceremony, and quite hygenic, and that [Name2] would be helping out.

# minus 50 happiness

koolaidCorpse\_outcome2= [Name] accused us of stifling [his] religious expression and said [he]'d just have to do the ceremony outside the fort, or maybe over with the Church of the Chosen Ones.

# event reach 25% cultists, they take over a church or bar or random square, + respect with church

# if their bar is ever changed, will make our cultists unahppy + remove cultist trait from one colin

# [square] fortified church, if not bar

koolaidNewChurch\_title= Church for the Chosen

koolaidNewChurch\_picture= corpse

koolaidNewChurch\_pictureColin= true

koolaidNewChurch\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidNewChurch= About a quarter of our survivors have joined this new religion worshipping the "chosen ones" (aka zombies). Those who have seem to be a lot more peaceful and happy now that they feel the disease has a purpose. They're less eager to take part in missions to kill zombies, but dang are they cheery.\n\n

They took over our old [square] and turned it into one of their churches. Nobody seems to really mind.

# if 25%+, party at your own fort, minus food, can invite a faction, repeatable

# hide one or both invite options if there is nobody valid (visible on map, not at war)

# if dahlias always succeed, and chosen have a special result. otherwise, roll faction respect / 100.

# no matter what, it costs 10 food and gives +10 happy to all cultists

koolaidParty\_title= Festival of the Chosen Ones

koolaidParty\_picture= corpse

koolaidParty\_pictureColin= false

koolaidParty\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidParty= Our local chapter of the Church of the Chosen Ones is planning a party to celebarte the Festival of Change. I'm told this event is a joyous observation of the changing of seasons, of night into day, and of who we were into who we will be. Basically it's an excuse to throw down just about any time of year.

koolaidParty\_option1= Invite {1}

koolaidParty\_option2= Invite {2}

koolaidParty\_option3= Don't invite anyone

# special success if you invite the chosen ones, you get +5 respect but no -strength

koolaidParty\_inviteChosen\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

koolaidParty\_inviteChosen= Cassandra seemed to approve of our choice of venue and decor. When the music started up, she stepped out of her shoes and did a sinewy, slow dance with her arms raised above her head. Was it just me, or did she seem a little high?\n\n

We lined one of our outer walls with candles, flowers, and "offerings" consisting of small bits of raw meat and beef jerky. This attracted zombies who did their own kind of dance on the other side as they strained to reach the food. For one night, we let them do it. It was all tremendouslly weird.

# +5 respect and -10 strength

koolaidParty\_inviteSuccess\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

koolaidParty\_inviteSuccess= [FactionLeader] seemed a little out of place at the party, but [factionHe] seemed to keep an open mind, as if [factionHe] was visiting a strange foreign culture. Which it kind of was.\n\n

We played music, and lined one of our outer walls with candles, flowers, and "offerings" consisting of small bits of raw meat and beef jerky. This attracted zombies who did a kind of dance on the other side as they strained to reach the food. For one night, we let them do it. It was all tremendouslly weird.

# -5 respect after failing roll

koolaidParty\_inviteFail\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

koolaidParty\_inviteFail= We played music, and lined one of our outer walls with candles, flowers, and "offerings" of small bits of raw meat and jerky. The zombies did a kind of dance on the other side as they strained to reach the food. It was weird.\n\n

[FactionLeader] was not amused by the party. [FactionHe] couldn't get over the waste of food, though we tried to explain that the offerings represented embracing change by means of personal sacrifice. Honestly, it did sound a little BS to me too.

# nobody invited

koolaidParty\_outcome3= We played music, and lined one of our outer walls with candles, flowers, and "offerings" consisting of small bits of raw meat and beef jerky. This attracted zombies who did a kind of dance on the other side as they strained to reach the food. For one night, we let them do it. It was all tremendouslly weird.

# cultists may refuse to kill zombies and end up on vacation

koolaidObjections\_title= Conscientious Objections

koolaidObjections\_picture= wallCrack

koolaidObjections\_pictureColin= true

koolaidObjections\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidObjections\_1= [FormalName] has refused to kill zombies, saying [his] religion forbids it. I'm not sure if I'm eager to dignify the Chuch of the Chosen Ones by calling it a religion... "cult" is the word that springs to mind. But [he] got so worked up about the issue that I'm afraid there's no way to force it. [He]'s taking some time off now to cool down.

koolaidObjections\_2= [FormalName] is arguing about the ethics of killing zombies. These monster would just as soon eat your eyeballs as look at you, and [he] wants to defend them. For god's sake, the things killed ninety-nine percent of humanity. There's nothing ethical about \_letting them live\_.\n\n

It's that Church of the Chosen Ones. [Name's] been going to their meetings, and now they've got [him] worshipping zombies.\n\n

I gave [him] time off to reconsider... but I doubt [he]'ll come around.

# regular effect of having (or not having) the church created at 25%

# do not pop up unless they're rioting over missing church

koolaidChurch\_title= [Name] became a cultist

koolaidChurch\_picture= corpse

koolaidChurch\_pictureColin= true

koolaidChurch\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidChurch= [FormalName] has embraced the religion of the Chosen Ones after a sermon at our local chapter's church. Unlike other religions, the Church of the Chosen Ones has no fire & brimstone; no punishment in the afterlife for the sins of today.\n\n

Instead they define "Hell" as the old world, before God sent us the "Transformative Blessing" (aka zombieism). They say we're now witnessing the divine evolution of man into zombie. They call zombies "the Chosen Ones: creatures free of sin, like the angels".

# run this once ever instead of koolaidChurch if the church has been destroyed (not just taken by zombies)

# triggers rioting result.addEffect(City.EFFECT\_RIOTING, 2);

koolaidChurchMissing\_title= Riot over missing church

koolaidChurchMissing\_picture= angry

koolaidChurchMissing\_pictureColin= false

koolaidChurchMissing\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidChurchMissing= Our survivors are very upset at the destruction of the church they were using to worship the Chosen Ones. In fact everyone's up in arms, even non-believers, saying we stifled freedom of speech and denied the right to free thought and some other nonsense. They're refusing to work in protest.\n\n

I say it was an eyesore, and a dangerous cult, and it's gone now. Get over it.

# after 25%, with 1+ cultist, dahlias come and yell at you, option to listen (-cultist) or tell them to pfo (--resp)

# only if dahlias are visible on map + not at war, and we have at least 25% cultists

koolaidDahlias\_title= Operation Clambake

koolaidDahlias\_picture= gate

koolaidDahlias\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

koolaidDahlias\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidDahlias= Nell McClung of the Dahlias is here to perform some sort of intervention, it seems. She's pleading with us to stop working with the Church of the Chosen ones, and to root out cultists in our own fort.

koolaidDahlias\_option1= Listen to her

koolaidDahlias\_option2= Ask her to leave

# +5 respect with dahlias and -1 cultist (Name)

koolaidDahlias\_outcome1= Nell said the Dahlias had once been like us, with a few harmless followers of the cult in our midst. But before they knew it the cult had taken over. What started as a way to deal with daily stresses spawned new and worse horrors: people refused to protect themselves. They emulated the zombies, performed dark rituals, and committed terrible acts.\n\n

"We lost a lot of good people. " she said. "Please, stop this cult now while you can." It seems like at least [FormalName] was listening and took this to heart.

# -5 respect with ddahlias

koolaidDahlias\_outcome2= I asked Nell to respect our wishes and please leave us alone. She was disappointed, but I don't think she's given up on us yet. "You'll change your mind once you see what they're really capable of" was her warning.

# Church of the Chosen gets mad if you ban their literature; -5 respect

koolaidBanned\_title= Freedom of Belief

koolaidBanned\_picture= street

koolaidBanned\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

koolaidBanned\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidBanned= We met Cassandra and a troupe of Chosen Ones today. Almost mistook them for zed, the way they walked casually, lacking the frightened-mouse look of most survivors.\n\n

Cassandra stared deep into my eyes and told me she could ease my suffering, if only I would read her book, "the Science of Survival".\n\n

I had to refuse, since we've banned religious literature from their cult. I also told her that "science" would probably roll over in its grave if it read that book. She didn't like that.

# event when you reach 50%, get a cheevo, can do missionary work mission, singleton

koolaidFifty\_title= Halfway to Heaven

koolaidFifty\_picture= happy

koolaidFifty\_pictureColin= false

koolaidFifty\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidFifty= Half of our survivors have embraced the Church of the Chosen Ones. Collectively we've reached Protocol Level IV of the Church's doctrine. The "upgrade" costs are surprisingly steep; survivors have been saving their rations to pay for the courses and materials.\n\n

To reduce the cost, Cassandra Starr suggested we could begin performing paid missionary work for the church. We can send survivors door-to-door to other factions on preaching missions now.

koolaidFifty\_effect= We can now Preach to other factions at their fort

# at 40%+ someone tries to feed the zombies and we lose a square

koolaidFeed\_title= Cult of the Dead Cow

koolaidFeed\_picture= zombiesEating

koolaidFeed\_pictureColin= false

koolaidFeed\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidFeed= Someone dumped a helluva lot of fresh meat (hopefully cow?) just outside our walls last night. The smell of fresh carrion drew zed in from miles around, and when they realized the meat wasn't squirming, they turned to our defenses. We lost the [square], but luckily no lives.\n\n

The thing is, the evidence points to an inside job. There was blood on our side of the wall. But who among us would risk their own life to do this? Was someone trying tot \_feed\_ the zombies??

# at 50%+ happy suicide, or double suicide, or suicide-accidental-murder

# [Name] dies, [Name2] is another cultist witness or a second death

koolaidSuicide\_title= Chosen Transformation

koolaidSuicide\_picture= corpse

koolaidSuicide\_pictureColin= false

koolaidSuicide\_pictureColin2= false

koolaidSuicide\_1= [FormalName] has taken [his] own life. This isn't the first time I've reported on a suicide, but this one sure is a doozy.\n\n

[Name] was a follower of the Church of the Chosen Ones. [He] believed zombies were the next evolution of life on earth, designed to replace humans. [He] longed to be one of these "chosen", and went about it scientifically, injecting [himself] with zombie blood, then quarantining [himself] for the incubation period.\n\n

Kind of sad we had to shoot [him] after all that work.

koolaidSuicide\_2= [FormalName] killed [himself] last night in a Chosen Ones' suicide ritual. [He] stripped naked and jumped off the wall into the arms of the zombies below.\n\n

[Name2] witnessed the event, but [he2] won't explain why [he2] didn't try to stop it. [He2] even seems to be \_happy\_ for [Name].\n\n

What the hell is going on with these people?

koolaidSuicideDouble= [FormalName] and [FormalName2] killed themselves last night in a double suicide pact. They were followers of the Chosen Ones cult, and let me tell you they sure made a mess when they went.\n\n

They tried to turn themselves into zombies by slitting their wrists and rubbing zombie gore into the wounds... but it seems [Name] turned first, and ate most of [Name2] before [he2] had finished dying [himself2].\n\n

Yep, quite the mess to clean up.

######################################

# WAR AND ALLIANCE

# triggered events

######################################

# faction declares war by sending a courier with a letter

factionWar\_title= Declaration of War

factionWar\_picture= gateStranger

factionWar\_pictureColin= false

factionWar\_1= A courier from [faction] is here with a package for us. [She|He] seems a bit jumpy and eager to leave.

factionWar\_2= Someone is at the gates with a delivery, and they say it's for my eyes only.

factionWar\_3= There's a nervous young [woman|man] here from [faction]. [She|He] has some kind of package for us from [FactionLeader]. I wonder what it could be...

factionWar\_option1= Accept the package

factionWar\_option2= Ask what it is

# if they just hate us

factionWar\_outcome1\_1= The courier dropped off the lumpy newsprint-wrapped package and left in a hurry. I can see why: the thing stunk to high hell and was leaking a putrid grey liquid. I opened it gingerly using a pair of tongs and a welder's mask, just in case. It was a zombie's head.\n\n

Inside the mouth was a folded letter from the leader of [faction], so stained it was hard to read. It said simply: "This Means War".

factionWar\_outcome1\_2= Inside was a pile of loosely organized documents written in scribbled print, outlining all the transgressions our fort had committed against [faction]. It ended with an inevitable conclusion: a declaration of war between our two forts.\n\n

Looks like things are about to get ugly.

factionWar\_outcome1\_3= The courier slapped it into my hands and turned on [her|his] heel. Inside was a letter from [faction] leader [FactionLeader], politely addressed to me but filled with all manner of obscenities and insults. They hate everything about us, from our public policies to the way the smoke from our zombie disposal fires wafts over their fort. The gist of it is: they've declared war on us.\n\n

We should expect more raids and attacks from [faction] from now on.

factionWar\_outcome2\_1= The courier said [she|he] didn't know what it was, and bluntly added that [she|he] didn't want to know either. Then [she|he] put the package on the ground in front of the gates and left in a hurry.\n\n

The thing stunk to high hell and was leaking a putrid grey liquid. I opened it gingerly using a pair of tongs and a welder's mask, just in case. It was a zombie's head. Inside the mouth was a folded letter from the leader of [faction], so stained it was hard to read. It said simply: "This Means War".

# ask first

factionWar\_outcome2\_2= The courier clearly didn't want to talk about it. "I'm sorry" is all [she|he] mumbled, then handed me the package and left.\n\n

Inside was a pile of loosely organized documents written in scribbled print, outlining all the transgressions our fort had committed against [faction] since we arrived in [CityName]. It ended with an inevitable conclusion: a declaration of war between our two forts.\n\n

Looks like things are about to get ugly.

factionWar\_outcome2\_3= [She|He] grew suddenly angry. "You should know damn well what this is," [she|he] spat, "You sure asked for it." [She|He] practically threw the package at me.\n\n

Inside was a letter from [faction] leader [FactionLeader], politely addressed to me but filled with all manner of obscenities and insults. They hate everything about us, from our public policies to the way the smoke from our zombie disposal fires wafts over their fort. The gist of it is: they've declared war on us.

# faction you are allied with sends resources once a week, no text just a side notice

# {1} amount of the resource

# {2} name of the resource they sent you

# 10 food from The Dahlias

factionAllianceTithe\_title= {1} {2} from [faction]

# you know what you did to piss them off

factionAllianceCancelled\_title= No longer allied with [faction]

factionAllianceCancelled\_picture= [FactionBackground]

factionAllianceCancelled\_pictureColin= false

factionAllianceCancelled= Relations with [faction] have strained to the point that our alliance doesn't really make sense. They don't see the point in sending us supplies if we aren't going to hold up our end of the bargain.

# faction talks to you after you form a government

# {1} {factionCityhall\_riffs} etc

factionCityhall\_title= Foreign Relations

factionCityhall\_picture= [FactionBackground]

factionCityhall\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

# respect 65% and over

factionCityhall\_happy= I was summoned to meet with [FactionLeader] this week at the [factionAdjective] fort. [FactionHe] was disappointed that we didn't speak to them before deciding on our new government, but understood.\n\n

"We are different people with different values, " [FactionHe] said, "but I think we could find a way to become allies and share the governance of [CityName].

# if respect is between 35 and 65

factionCityhall\_tense= I was summoned to meet with [FactionLeader] this week at the [factionAdjective] fort. The mood was tense... They're offended that we officially formed a new government for [CityName] without consulting them first.\n\n

[FactionLeader] warned me that they're taking our "recent political actions" as an aggressive move against them. "We have no intention to live under your new laws, " [factionHe] told me, " and if you continue to lay false claims to the city we may be forced to go to war."

# respect 35% and under

factionCityhall\_angry= I was summoned to meet with [FactionLeader] this week at the [factionAdjective] fort. [FactionHe] was furious that we had the audacity to form a government for the city when [faction] are clearly the ones in the best position to run things here.\n\n

"\_You\_ should be living under \_our\_ rules, not the other way around." [FactionLeader] fumed. "I expect to see your traders here with a generous donation in the near future."

factionCityhall\_option1= Apologize

factionCityhall\_option2= Tell them to go to hell

factionCityhall\_option3= Leave

factionCityhall\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] seemed surprised that I would apologize. [FactionHe] thanked me and hoped our people can work together. [FactionHe] suggested we come by and meet with [factionHim] sometime.

factionCityhall\_outcome2= This made [FactionLeader] spitting mad, as intended. It sure made me and the rest of the fort feel good though. We don't need those guys.

# angry state doesn't mention alliance

factionCityhall\_outcome3\_angry= I left without a word. If that's how [faction] see things, we may be headed for war.

# happy or tense states

factionCityhall\_outcome3= As I turned to go, [FactionLeader] told me we should send someone to meet with [factionHim] regularly if we want to improve our relationship with them.

# If you are at war their enemy will come to help

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_title= The Enemy of my Enemy

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_picture= gate

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_pictureColin2= false

theEnemyOfMyEnemy= [FactionLeader] came by the fort with a bunch of very angry looking companions. [FactionHe] said {1} had caused them nothing but trouble in the past and [factionHe] was ready to help.

theEnemyOfMyFriend= [FactionLeader] came by the fort armed for war. [FactionHe] said that our enemies are their enemies and that they could help in our struggle with {1}.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_option1= Ask [factionHim] to sap the strength of {1}

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_option2= Ask [factionHim] to tear down the walls around one of their buildings

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_option3= Ask [factionHim] to kill {2}

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_outcome1= [FactionLeader] said [FactionHe] was glad to do it, they would throw flaming torches over the walls, harass their scavengers and generally be a headache to reduce their strength.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_outcome2= [FactionLeader] went right out and made it happen, they tore down the walls around one of {1}'s buildings. Didn't even know what hit 'em.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_outcome3= [Faction] ambushed {2} and scattered them to the winds. Have to send [FactionLeader] a [nice bottle of hooch|couple carts of cigarettes|couple of good books from our collection] as thanks.

theEnemyOfMyEnemy\_outcome3\_effect= {1} destroyed

# rare singleton random event

# must have met the rotten

rottenGunfight\_title= Gunfight At the Subway

rottenGunfight\_picture= gateStranger

rottenGunfight\_pictureColin= false

rottenGunfight= I thought one Rotten cowboy was weird. Apparently there's another, and he's at our gates, dressed in a poncho and a black, flat-brimmed cowboy hat.\n\n

"The name's Sheldon. I'm an outlaw." the creature spoke through gritted teeth in a Clint Eastwood impression. I tried not to stare at his peeling skin or the gaping hole in his neck.\n\n

"But I've been set up. That Jesse put me up on false charges... wanted posters all over town. Truth is, he just wanted me out. But I'm going back... for revenge."

rottenGunfight\_option1= Why tell us?

rottenGunfight\_option2= What were the charges?

rottenGunfight\_option3= How can we help?

rottenGunfight\_option4= Get lost

# first two get greyed out after chosen

rottenGunfight\_outcome1= "Well, I reckon you folks might have beef with the Rotten. If you help me kill their leader Jesse... well, the rest of them don't know dung from wild honey."\n\n

"I'm planning to challenge that rattlesnake to a duel in front of their fort. Get that crooked, two-bit sheriff out of office for good."

rottenGunfight\_outcome2= "I took to the life of a cowboy like a horse takes to oats, but Jesse, he's a pretender. I told him so it really soured his milk."\n\n

"Then he accused me of stealing a horse."\n\n

"Wish I had, to tell it true. But I ain't seen one in years."

# these two don't appear until 1 or 2 chosen

rottenGunfight\_outcome3= "It's a hell of a thing, killing a man. Take away all he's got and all he's ever gonna have."\n\n

"If you're up for the job or just want to see how a real cowboy operates, meet me at the Rotten fort. Bring a gun."\n\n

I'm not sure if we actually want to take sides with this 'outlaw', but we can head over to the Rotten and see what happens.

rottenGunfight\_outcome4= "Every man's got a right to be a sucker once." Sheldon chuckled breathily through the hole in his throat. "But mark my words, that Jesse's so crooked, he could swallow nails and spit out corkscrews. You watch yourselves."\n\n

He strode off and shoved a wandering zombie out of his way like it was nothing.

# when finishing the mission

rottenGunfightFinish\_title= Gunfight At the Subway

rottenGunfightFinish\_picture= [FactionBackground]

rottenGunfightFinish\_pictureColin= [FactionLeader]

rottenGunfightFinish= It was high noon when [we] strolled into the Rotten fort. The was no one out... just a bunch of dust devils twirling newspapers around. Then I noticed a pair of eyes peeking from behind a boarded-up ticket booth. So they are here, just hiding.\n\n

A figure - the outlaw Sheldon - appeared at the end of the street behind us, poncho billowing in the breeze.\n\n

Then the turnstile creaked as Jesse climbed the stairs out of the subway to meet him.

rottenGunfightFinish\_option1= Help Jesse

rottenGunfightFinish\_option2= Help Sheldon

rottenGunfightFinish\_option3= Just watch

rottenGunfightFinish\_outcome1= [We] strolled up to Jesse and stood shoulder-to-shoulder with him, facing off against the outlaw.\n\n

Silence. A gust of wind kicked up some dust. Then some invisible cue caused both men to go for their guns at lightning speed. Before I'd even drawn mine, Sheldon was lying on his back in the dust, dead.\n\n

I asked Jesse if the guy really did steal a horse.\n\n

"Horse?" he asked. "Horses are all dead, I reckon."

rottenGunfightFinish\_outcome2= [We] strolled over to the outlaw and stood beside him, facing Jesse.\n\n

Silence. A gust of wind kicked up some dust. Then some invisible cue caused both men to go for their guns at lightning speed. Before I'd even drawn mine, Sheldon was lying on his back in the dust, dead.\n\n

I got one round off before Jesse shot the gun out of my hand. I hit him clear through the heart... but of course that doesn't hurt the Rotten much. [We] dove to the side and scrambled out of there, defeated.

rottenGunfightFinish\_outcome2NoGun= [We] strolled over to the outlaw and stood beside him, facing Jesse.\n\n

Silence. A gust of wind kicked up some dust. Then some invisible cue caused both men to go for their guns at lightning speed. In an instant, Sheldon was lying on his back in the dust, dead.\n\n

Just as well because I didn't even have a gun. [We] dove to the side and scrambled out of there with [our] [p|tail|tails] between [our] legs.

rottenGunfightFinish\_outcome3= [We] hid behind a couple crates and waited with the other Rotten.\n\n

Silence. A gust of wind kicked up some dust. Then some invisible cue caused both men to go for their guns at lightning speed. In an instant, Sheldon was lying on his back in the dust, dead.\n\n

I guess there's only room for one zombie cowboy in [CityName], and Jesse's keeping that title.