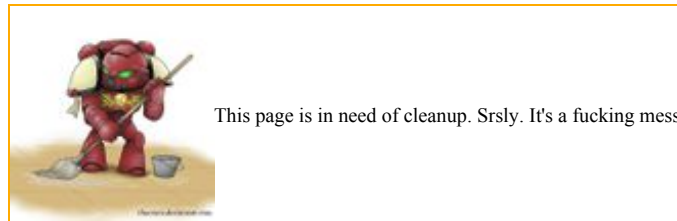




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# Walmart Apocalypse

From 1d4chan



*Journal of Cibo, last survivor of the Tallahassee WalMart Conflagration of 2234:* It is now seventy-three years since I left what remained of my home. I have not found an end to the WalMart. It just keeps going.

WalMart Apocalypse is a homebrew setting that got started when an Anon asked about a homebrew they had heard of called WalMart Apocalypse.

Not knowing anything about the setting except for an Anon's brief description, /tg/ decided to make its own version. Awesome ensued. Another few anons started some more threads a few years later, and awesome continued to ensue, culminating in a fleshed-out campaign setting.

After the collapse of civilization only giant stores are left, now sometimes the size of small countries, who's spread heralded the fall and where the survivors scavenge even now, hiding from the heavily armed Stocker robots and the insane Cults of the Smiling Face.

Abridged version, as of 19/10/12 : <http://pastebin.com/ThbRDism>

WalMart Apocalypse Drawings: file expired, need to be salvaged from archived threads

WalMart Apocalypse Suggested Savage Worlds Origins Spreadsheet:

<https://docs.google.com/spreadsheet/ccc?key=0AnmtDpUP8miZdHVpMzl0REY1Um9ObEVKU29iRGZNbmc#gid=0>

/tg/ threads:

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/6188951/>

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/6218622/>

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/21056469/>

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/21083240/>

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/21093664/>

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/21103728/>

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/21124413/>

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/21141286/>

Original Wizards thread:

[http://community.wizards.com/go/thread/view/75882/19558846/walmart\\_post\\_apocalypse](http://community.wizards.com/go/thread/view/75882/19558846/walmart_post_apocalypse)

## Contents

- 1 DEPARTMENTS
  - 1.1 AUTO & TIRES
  - 1.2 BABY GOODS
  - 1.3 BARGAIN BIN
  - 1.4 BOOKS
  - 1.5 CINEMA
  - 1.6 CLEANING SUPPLIES
  - 1.7 CLOTHING
  - 1.8 ELECTRONICS
  - 1.9 GARDENING
    - 1.9.1 Greenthumbs
    - 1.9.2 Gnomers
  - 1.10 GROCERY
    - 1.10.1 CEREAL
    - 1.10.2 PATHS OF CEREAI
  - 1.11 HARDWARE
  - 1.12 HEALTH & BEAUTY
    - 1.12.1 Pharmacy
  - 1.13 HOMEWARE
    - 1.13.1 Lighting
  - 1.14 JEWELLERY
  - 1.15 MEDICAL
  - 1.16 MUSIC
  - 1.17 PAINT & HOME DECOR
  - 1.18 PETS & ANIMALS
  - 1.19 RAFTERS
  - 1.20 RESIDENTIAL
  - 1.21 RESTAURANTS
  - 1.22 RESTROOM
  - 1.23 ROOF
  - 1.24 SPORTING GOODS
  - 1.25 STATIONARY, OFFICE SUPPLIES & SCHOOL SUPPLIES
  - 1.26 TOBACCO
    - 1.26.1 PACHINKO-LOTTERY
  - 1.27 TOYS
  - 1.28 Other
- 2 SAMPLE CHARACTERS
  - 2.1 AUTO & TIRES

- 2.2 CINEMA
- 2.3 ELECTRONICS
- 2.4 JEWELLERY
- 2.5 HARDWARE
- 2.6 PETS & ANIMALS
- 2.7 RAFTERS
- 2.8 SPORTING GOODS
- 2.9 STATIONARY, OFFICE SUPPLIES & SCHOOL SUPPLIES
- 3 EQUIPMENT
- 4 ENEMIES
  - 4.1 AMBULOCETI
  - 4.2 SMILERS
- 5 QUEST HOOKS
- 6 LEXICON
- 7 Note to GMs
- 8 Stories
- 9 See Also

## DEPARTMENTS

(minor contradictions present, if confused refer to Abridged/original threads)

### AUTO & TIRES

Auto & Tires: "Mercuries" people who have a fondness for goesfast in the form of motorized vehicles, most only have mopeds and segways only a few actually have cars, constant thrill seekers, work as (unreliable) messengers to feed their habit and upgrade ride such as adding rocket boosters to mopeds, have a rivalry with Radicals, biker messengers from Sporting goods

### BABY GOODS

Baby Goods: Creepy does not do it justice. Think Silent Hill meets all the guys from to catch a predator. Inhabitants called Powder Ghosts. DO NOT ENTER! Constantly expands and shrinks randomly, creepy nursery music softly in background, strange rituals may allow you to pass (i.e.g accompanying a quiet child who doesn't cry/tricking a nevergrown into entering.), called White Hell for a reason. Any more description would just ruin our minds.

### BARGAIN BIN

Bargain Bin (Bargain Hunters, suppose they would meet up here?): Mix of gold diggers/pioneers, delve in older areas of Mart to find rare pre-Uprising abandoned receipted items to return to Altars (return desks). If lucky (return desk doesn't recognize) receive limited coupons for valuable old first hand Wal items. Good NPCs, high level quest givers etc. Couponed items however draw attention of Smilers who will seek them and attack owners due to being granted by Great Sam. Higher level Bargain Hunters can mix and match coupons into combos for better items and maybe even, if campaign allows it, cash so it's one of the few ways of PCs getting money in a campaign

### BOOKS

Books: Archivists, insular, don't interact much with other departments

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Officers: Masters of the written word, this group of warrior monks share a lineage with the Books, who came to the Office department with a band of mercenaries in search of the Word, but stayed when they saw the potential the meager Office tribes had.

Processed at birth, the young are split into the three groups. The feeble of body are sent to work as assistants to the various Archivists and writers of The Office. The feeble of mind act as guards, armed with simple tools and a warrior's mindset. The majority of the Officers possess minds and bodies of equal strength, and are adopted into society as normal children. If a child is so unlucky as to be cursed with feeble body and mind, the child is simply left at the department edge, at the mercy of the Wal.

Young girls will be taught in the ways of archiving, recording and archery, while young boys are taught in the ways of poetry, art and swordsmanship. Each form is trained to precision. It is said that by the age of 15, young women should be able to place an arrow through a barbarians heart at 200 paces, record his life and death with immense detail, and then archive it before the body hits the ground.

## CINEMA

Cinema: Groups mostly of deluded nerds who believe in fragments of media franchises left over. As well as some hardcore western-movie lovers who think they're biographies of things that actually happened in history. Everyone avoids them. The dukes and the patoons are the known historica fans. The fiction genre fans contains: Disciples of Ash and Highlanders and other cults. There are also smaller groups dedicated to lesser franchises with in both like the 'masks of bat' or the 'Friends of kruger' . Everyone thinks they're all crazy, but they think everyone else is crazy too.

## CLEANING SUPPLIES

Cleaning Supplies: Ocean of chemical waste, filled with oozers, Cleaners live on decaying boats wearing homemade hazmat suits, use chemicals for warfare, extreme germophobes, cultures emphasises ritual scarring to remove germs, 'Cleansing' means you're an adult and independent (dunk yourself in chemicals for a while), cheerful due to acceptance of harsh settings and need for cooperation, live on botched together boats so close-knit family unit, wonder why no one helps each other (like Quarrians without the boohoo and more naïve helpfulness+germaphobic OCD), members of Families identify each other by different nice smells of fragranced cleaners, best incendiary weapons? due to being able to mix together various chemicals, have super-clean artificial island/repurposed cruise ship (which has "eliminated 100% of all germs" and "guaranteed clean" and is called the Avalon, yes we like Arthurian mythology) where families can meet as trading hub, maintained by family boats on rotation, only high level Cleaner leaders know about it and can navigate to it, must always be kept clean ALWAYS. Possible origin could be Avalon was originally won by a cleaner in lottery super ages ago, things snowballed from there, defended with weapons from Pirates of Scum Sea? Need to leave cleaning to get supplies and parts to for decaying ship/island and their own boats.

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Some portion of the cleaning supplies department is clean and safe, partially due to the efforts of the stockers, partially due to the efforts of travellers who've created pathways through this department. The other sections are different though.

Cleaning supplies is a toxic wasteland sea of spilled chemicals and catastrophic reactions caused by the caustic and highly poisonous substances contained therein. The fumes alone stretch over the area in fog and just passing through the department quickly can lead to lung damage. The place is home to a horrific variety of human and

animal mutants who are products of a twisted adaptation process. They feed upon food tainted by the poisons of the cleaning supplies department and become more and more poisonous and acidic as they build up the toxins in their systems. Birds are a real danger to travelers since their excretions are acidic and rife with toxic substances. Arguably the worst of the creatures that dwell here are the Oozers.

No one knows where the oozers came from, some blame the mythical Arendee since it's well known that many of the most horrible dangers are a direct result of the Arendee's quest for...something horrible. Others say the oozers are a product of the doctors out of WalMedical or a curse from the great Sam. Regardless one fact remains, they are a deadly adversary.

Humans, twisted, bloated, weighing at least 300 pounds, covered in weeping luminescent pustules these creatures are totally incapable of speech. Their bodies ooze poisonous caustic fluid from every orifice and their eyes glow with a strange green light. You can always hear them coming because they slosh when they so much as twitch, and their bodies are constantly full of rumbling, roiling, reactive chemicals causing frequent expulsions of gas from the mouth, nostrils, and anus. (they fart and belch a lot.) The creatures can spit, and vomit acid and poison (depends on their unique chemical composition.)

Oozers come in many different types, human ones are merely the most common but bird and rat oozers are a close second. Destroying the creatures is very risky since they're carriers of a highly combustible gas and if electric or flame weapons are used on the gas will combust since, upon death, oozers burst open in a terrific explosion of volatile chemicals. Fire mixed in with toxic waste is bad enough, but in cleaning supplies its a hazard the likes of which few Aislars can imagine.

The Cleaning Supplies department is one vast toxic spill, as the stockers try to clean it, it just spreads in a different direction, the volatile chemicals endlessly migrating around the department as the stockers belatedly try to put the genie back into the bottle.

Cleaning Supplies is covered in a thick miasma that contains fumes from every single chemical in the spill, and that miasma is flammable like you can't imagine, a single spark and the whole department becomes a raging inferno that will burn for years.

Their culture might use chemical burns for ritual scarring, and use 5-gal buckets for armor plating with bucket lid or trashcan lid shields, occasionally with a full trashcan side (The big grey ones) as a tower shield, while jabbing past it with a mop handle topped with simply a glob of...something. Nobody outside of Cleaning Supplies knows what these globs are made of (Occasionally they're attached to nylon ropes and flung as lobbed projectiles), but everyone does know what happens when they contact organic material (Hence the use of plastic or metal handles or rope instead of wood or twine). If properly treated, these globs can emit noxious or poisonous gas, or burst in a small area shortly after being doused in another, also unknown chemical. However, due to the instability of this last method, it is used fairly sparingly.

(Add in living on boats Quarian-ish(?) fresh smelling, pirates, Avalon etc from Abridged section.)

## CLOTHING

Clothing: Medieval, feudal society, classes, warring between brands (Gucci goes to war with Armani, both were bought out by WalMart duh), focus on ranged combat, classes determined by fanciness and price of branded clothing worn, use terrain to their advantage such as hiding in clothes stacks and jumping out at enemies and using security tag arrows to draw Stockers (Apparel tribes part of clothing with Big and Talls?)

## ELECTRONICS

Electronics: 'Tron fetishists (called 'TronBoyz from Elec, jokey joke) and Tech Support priests, trying to build ultimate 'Tron, take inspiration from scientists real life and fictional (mecha makers, Egon, Tesla, Iron Man, Edison) but more hodge-podge, grimy 'home made' stuff. Have VEE-R tombs for those scientific advancement worthy entombed, constantly spend time trying to build up works of ancestors, tribes each venerate different great ancestor (Sons of Megas, Disciples of Edison), teslawatt combined souls of all great ancestors pervades 'tron, mostly build impractical stuff due to focus on science rather than survival, believe they channel teslawatt when they build/develop science, have cathedral/fortress on top of VEE-R to guard from Smiler Crusades, The Primes are tribe who lead defense of VEE-R tomb, Disciples of Edison villain faction, 'Tron more powerful='Tron more random and dangerous, overclocked and heat up

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No, not a martial sect, though there may be members of the group who do this. Electronic tribes seek out 'Tron, electronic devices. Then they improve these devices or "improve" them by stripping down some electronic devices and using those parts to upgrade other electronic devices, they do a lot of trading with/perform a lot of raids on Auto&Tires and Hardware for the supplies requires to build 'Tron augmented weaponry and armor. Their society revolves around oneupsmanship, everyone wants the best 'tron, THE BEST. Their settlements are built around workshop-shrines where the members of the settlement build ever larger more impressive displays of 'tron.

Being the flashiest, and among the most dangerous tribes out there they often find themselves on the receiving end of Smiler raids who claim worship of false idols as an excuse to raid for sweet 'tron. Tech support priests are the ones who have a genuinely well thought out grievance with the Elecs.

'TronBoyz revere the scientific accomplishments of their ancestors, appreciating the science and technology they developed as the principles upon which 'Tron are built. The older and greater the scientific achievement, the more revered they are. Eventually some individuals develop entire tribes devoted to them and their deeds. What they're not really aware of is that some of those 'ancestors' were entirely fictional characters having never really contributed anything, like Egon or the Iron Man. 'Tron is built to further these discoveries and scientific foundations for the next generation.

Each of the subgroups venerates a figure, real or fictional, Stark devotees wear red and gold, or gold, or grey, or red and silver, there's no noticeable rank really they argue about which colors are the best and never agree. They don't come to blows and just decide to prove that their color scheme is the best by making the best power armor they can. Egon Devotees wear grey jumpsuits, and use bulky equipment and use really complicated techno babble most of the time but seem genuinely interested in helping people. Yo,u get the idea.

The Disciples of Edison are hated by everyone though, they steal other 'TronBoyz tech, then claim it was their idea all along,

The Disciples of Edison typically operate out of enormous fortress and call themselves "Sorcerer Scientists" (confusing the hell out of Any Dorfs or WalCinema Fanboys present) and will never be satisfied with any amount of control they gain. If they managed to conquer the whole of electronics they'd start on the Wal. To their credit their designs work and they have a decent grasp on science and 'Tron modifications. However there is one problem that hamstrings all their plans.

They are obsessed with Direct Current (DC), calling it "The True Current" 90% of WalMart items are designed to run on Alternating Current, any designs they steal have to be heavily modified to run DC and some flat out won't. They execute enemies using electric chairs and pose them around territory to look like casually sitting in a chair. But even they will stop to defend the VEE-R tombs (Teslawatt is called Ediforce by them.) But 'TronBoys are nearly always developing impractical stuff and are still light-years behind WalTech

The learned Nye is many a young 'Tronboy's first exposure to science. Via his sacred recordings we come to learn many of the basic truths of the our world's underlying mechanisms. For that we revere him, even if he never produced much in the ay of 'tron he chose the selfless path, one lacking in glory barter. It is to him our mind turns when we think of that selfless lot, the educator.

(Suggested DM note: More experimental 'Trontech->more dangerous 'Trontech. Don't let your players get away with bullshit, but try to have fun with it. When the 'tron malfunctions make it melt, blow up, spit out fiery sparks, something that makes your 'tronboy cautious of going batshit with his designs.

Also: Tronboy Rule 1: Don't hack the system, Shodan doesn't like it. You will get ripped to fucking pieces if you try exploit the resources of the Wal. You are not allowed to command WalTech.)

## GARDENING

Gardening: Gnomers and Greenthumbs, growing food for other departments, sometimes use enemies as fertilizers for gardens, greythumbs eaten plant and bonded with it, greenthumb leaders, fearful of fire,when they die they decay, conflict between charcoalers and propaneers of Gnomers, Gnomers good relations with Homeware, DO NOT MESS WITH GNOMES.

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Separated into two groups the Greenthumbs and the Gnomers

### Greenthumbs

Greenthumbs are at one with nature, they encourage it's growth and worship the soil it sprouts from. They would love nothing more then to see the entire mall overrun by trees and plants, brought down by the inevitable return of mother nature's wrath. On the outside they are a friendly bunch, will even feed you fruit, however you will soon fall sleepy and doze away. At this point your body will be ground down into a bloody pulp and used as the purest and richest fertilizer. They abhor virtually every other department in the Wal with only a grudging respect for the Petmasters, whose animal affinity is seen as a crucial next step in Mother Nature's rise. Even then they still are likely to turn a Petmaster into fertilizer if it is deemed they do not share their vision. Everyone else are viewed as nothing more then food for their trees, with a special burning hate for those from Lumber and Hardware or the Gnomers.

Some Greenthumbs undergo a special ritual, the Decaying Rebirth. They ingest a special fungus that was created as a unintended byproduct from one of the many R&D projects, the fungus corrupts and spreads throughout the body at an alarming speed. It merges with the host's mind and creates a disturbing symbiosis, the host forever referring to itself as 'we'. These are referred to by greenthumbs as the Decayed-Ones, or grey thumbs to everyone else.

Greythumbs are both respected and feared by the greenthumbs, seen as wise and powerful beyond peer but also mad and frail at the same time. Their ideology is largely the same as Greenthumbs with the added note that they feel there is no true death, everything rots and is reborn within the scavengers and fungal matter. They spread forth massive fungal farms in the darkest and dankest sections of Greenthumb territory, providing food for the rest of the Thumbs. They are in charge of every death ritual and funeral for the Thumbs and when they enter battle, they regenerate nearly every wound they receive, the fungal symbiote serving as vitals should any be compromised. They hiss, shriek and back away from fire, where normal Greenthumbs throw themselves in anger at one bearing fire. And should one behead a Greythumb, the body quickly rots away for good.

### Gnomers

Where the greenthumbs have taken over the simulated outdoor sections of Plants and Gardening, the Gnomers have taken over the lawn care and maintenance section.

Being so close to the greenthumb territory, they too breathe in whatever pollens or pesticides it is that make the greenthumbs so crazy, and are just as crazy as them. However they are OCD, perfecting the art of 'Lawncare' to dizzying heights. Their territory is composed of massive fields of perfectly trimmed grass and hedgework that leave suburbanites drooling with envy. These gnome hat wearing people have souped up lawnmower tractors they use to maintain their lands as well as to run down intruders.

However, they are the opposite of the Greenthumbs when it comes to outsiders, it is speculated that the art of their lawncare provides a zen like effect on the Gnomers, similar to what one experiences when caring for Bonsai trees. With the exception of the Greenthumbs they will cordially invite travelers into their territory for a few drinks and food from their great many grills. The surest way to a gnomers heart is to bring back meats from the grocery section of the Wal, and you will be treated as a king in a mighty feast. They will take massive pilgrimages in a caravan composed of their lawnmower tractors towards the nearest grocery department once a year. They will load up ice trailers with the meats and travel back for celebrations.

There are two minor subfactions within the Gnomers, the Charcs and the Propaneaneers. They will argue to nearly bloodshed about whether charcoal or propane is better for cooking, at which point a cookout is held. There has yet to be a clear winner with the participants wholly satisfied with full bellies.

You know you are entering Gnomer territory by the lawn gnomes that are at their borders, and spread all throughout their lands. It is highly advised one NEVER touches a Lawn Gnome without permission, or belittles the gnome. Or they shall find themselves run down by a full stampede of Gnomer Mowers, a grisly fate. The lawn gnomes are worshiped by the gnomers and the sole focus of everything a Gnomer does. They ask the Gnomes for advice, and seem to be 'answered' by some voice in their head. Even the greenthumbs have learned that they are not to disturb a lawn gnome, for the wrath that would arise would be truly great.

Relationship between Thumbs and Gnomers is highly strained at best, bloody at worst. Thumbs hate the Gnomers need to control and prune nature, and Gnomers find the weeds ugly.

## GROCERY

Grocery: Groups of survivalists (barbarians?) living in a biome with various hazardous environs, balkanized, band together during the food raids, different cultures for each section of good (lots and lots including frozen vikings and cerai), NPC races, good starting point for campaign (lots more on this later)

### Frozen

Eskimo-type people who live in the huge walk-in freezers, with the ability to be stable on almost slick surface. They tend to be traders, and are constantly trying to trade enough with Sports to get them to trade them a Zamboni from the ice rink section, so they can bring their homeland with them. Tend to favor icicle weapons if it's cold enough, otherwise use any sort of spike weapons they can fashion. They're also skilled at scaling vertical slick surfaces as well using the spikes like crampons.

### Produce

Misters, basically the people hide in the piles of fruit and produce until the "mists" and fake thunder come (About once every hour or less), at which point they emerge from the subsequent fog and strike, leaving dead victims hog-tied with plastic bags and with apples stuffed in their mouths. Strict vegetarians, but unless they can use water or another concealing cloudy environment, somewhat out of their element and exposed (However, while still not a match for Powder walkers, they're the next most dangerous thing in a Baby Department)



## Meat

Jolly sort of viking culture, with prestige and challenges accomplished via feasting and eating competitions. Affably friendly (Probably the most so out of the entire Grocery section), and very welcoming to travelers provided said travelers help contribute to the nightly feast in some way. Well-known as abhorring cannibalism, and hunting down those who consume the "tainted long pig" with a near-religious zeal. Very dangerous with various cleavers, meat hooks, and small cutting-board bucklers, while their usual girth from their feasting lends them a surprising degree of toughness.

## Canned

This section actually has no permanent residents due to the value of its contents. Instead, Canned section operates more like a mining operation, as various factions (including others in Grocery) send in slaves and scouting parties to recover as much food from there as possible. A few rare sections have resident populations of cowed Canners, guarded by the nigh-insane Jolly Green Giant Mascotbots with the Greenpeace AI hack, but most of them are no-mans lands. In addition, since canned food is damn near commonplace all over due to its convenience and lasting capacity, pseudo-plate armor made of layered large squares of flattened cans is actually the most common type of scrapbuilt armor in the Wal.

## Cooking (So stuff like flour, oil, etc)

Due to the high influx from the Home Cooking section and the cannibals and occasional Gnomers, Cooking is also fairly sparse as any groups within are hard-pressed to avoid the murderous Home Cooking supply parties. However, the rare few that do live here are hardened veterans, capable of dousing an opponent in burning oil in a heartbeat, or filling an entire area with a single sack of flour before lighting it and incinerating the intruders in a fireball. The occupied territories are marked with measuring spoons or measuring cups, with the size of the measuring implement indicating the prestige of the occupant. While only the foolhardy would even intrude on a half-teaspoon territory, it is unequaled suicide to enter the realm of a full Cup, even for a few minutes.

## "Ethnic" foods

Xenophobic group consisting of independent groups, usually lone individuals. They fight with woks acting as shields, and either blowdarts using hot-sauce-poisoned bamboo skewers or metal shishkebab rods, kept either straight for stabbing or bent for raking attacks depending on the user preference. Also use chili or curry-powder tear gas bombs to disable the opponent before coming in for the kill, and while individual ethnic food denizens rarely kill another denizen when they encounter each other and engage in combat, they usually leave with fresh scars for the loser and another "Made in Walmart" sicker for the shield or helmet of the victor

## Whole Food Section

An offshoot of Grocery as a whole and containing elements otherwise unique to each section, they are remarkably relaxed and open to others taking their foods. However, as many of their products are soy or tofu-based, the unappetizing nature repels most would-be bandits. As a result, they've actually usually managed to form a remarkably advanced culture and with a long history of tradition thanks to the lack of disturbance from almost anything but stockerbots. Normally this would make them a prime target for would-be slavers, but for whatever reason the diet from their section, combined with a regime of "Vital-men" pills that would make a Page weep with envy, has produced surprising strength in many of their population, allowing them to repel the occasional assault without too much difficulty.

## Cereal

These members are akin to the Paint Masters of the Hardware and Paint departments, dressing themselves in bulky armor made from cereal boxes that allows them to emulate a small pallet of boxes when they freeze. Indeed, many of them have banners on their back containing a replica of the actual words of Sam on them, fooling most casual onlookers and even the occasional stockerbots. However, unlike the Paint Masters who rely on such concealment for the duration of their attack, the Cereal members pres their attack once discovered, relying on blades made of layered cardboard and glued together with layers of sugared water and honed to incredible edges. Opponents who underestimate their colorful costumes quickly realize

that the colorful exterior covers dozens upon dozens of layers of cardboard hardened in the same way as their blades, repelling all but the most penetrative blow. Their natural enemies are the Nevergrow, as they will swarm these warriors (Who usually operate individually or in limited groups) in an attempt to find the "Prize" within (Presumed to be a euphemism for the armored warrior inside)

## Seafood

Very, very dangerous and usually a no-mans-land. Unlike Meat, where everything that is sent there is completely slaughtered and processed, Seafood relies on "Fresh-caught!" (Read: Farmed) sea life of whatever kind they dredge up in the nets. However, many, many areas seem to have faulty mechanisms making sure the fish are gutted or properly clubbed and killed (And some of the fish are too large for this to be effective). As a result, if the cooling mechanisms break for whatever reason in this section, it usually results in the melting of the iced displays, and thawing out of the members within. Any puddle of water you can't see every bit of the bottom of is a danger, and given that more and more of the catches are bringing up Medical experiments or giant squid, sometimes you can be under attack without even touching liquid. Only the most foolhardy and successful Meat members set up shop here, and are named "Kings of the Sea" (Others, especially pets, derogatorily call them Chickens instead, for reasons lost to time)

## Bakery

Bakery has become a sort of desert, as the people keep the oven doors wide open, all the time, and turned to full blast, desiccating the area. They build their homes between these open ovens, forcing any would-be attackers to come at them straight on to avoid passing in front of the blazing heat of the open ovens. The people themselves subsist on bread interior, with clothes made out of the crust (Which they believe is tainted and should not be consumed), and with the higher-ranked individuals wearing clothes instead made out of bags, with elaborate clip necklaces for the high nobility. They are deadly warriors, using raw pizza dough thrown onto the enemy as a sort of dough net to entangle them, or stunning them with pizza peel (the long wood thing with the big flat end), and then closing in with their bread knives. As a result, bread is a surprisingly scarce commodity in most diets outside of this section, and especially outside of Grocery as a whole due to the danger involved in retrieving even a single loaf.

## Dairy

Very few people ever meet a person in Dairy face-to-face and up-close, but all have heard of their notorious penchant for olfactory chemical warfare. They repel attackers from afar, lobbing rotten eggs and expired milk over a shelf in order to corner an enemy or drive them back onto an area of buttered linoleum. They also use the canned bread dough to create noisemakers, and particularly skilled Eggers (As they are known) can set off these cans with such skill and in such rapid succession that they can fool enemies into believing that they possess a particularly powerful Sport. Eggers almost never are without armed allies, who they help drive the enemy towards and who they reward with delicacies like fresh butter and the mysterious drink called "Ednod." These warriors typically come from Meat, as the boisterous residents of Meat claim that "You can't have a good breakfast without Eggs and Bacon," believed to be an old saying indicating an ancient treaty and alliance with the section. The Eggers don't believe in this, but don't mind the brute labor that comes with it.

## Liquor

As previously stated, Liquor are crazed hooligans. At near constant war with Meat over a source of beer and ale for their Feasts, as well as others seeking their wares for recreational, medicinal, or flammable purposes, they tend to be very paranoid and proverbially trigger-happy. While the stereotype rightly exists as them preferring thrown Molotov cocktails as a weapon, if given enough time beforehand they can set up flame traps to corner invading forces as walls of fire spring up in front or behind them. One favorite trick is to set up a large spiral of alcohol, and light an edge when the enemy enters the center unwittingly, creating a rapidly-closing series of concentric sheets of flame. While their favored weapon is simply the end of a broken bottle, Liquor residents have surprisingly high pain resistance for a time (Sort of this setting's barbarians rage), and can go into a fury if sufficiently sauced.

## Soda and Drinks

A few mad escapees from Medical reside here, having discovered the magic of electrolytes and their holy substance Caffeine. They regularly whip up whatever substance they can figure will give the best strength, recovery, agility, alertness, etc that they can, combining sodas, energy drinks, powder and pills, energy shots, all into unholy brews (Occasionally supplemented with other supplies from Pharmacy or Home Cleaning). They too are protected by mercenaries from other Grocery sections or departments, but they tend to insist that their guards try their latest creation.

## CEREAL

(sample NPC faction in Grocery)

Cereal (put here again for reference): These members are akin to the Paint Masters of the Hardware and Paint departments, dressing themselves in bulky armor made from cereal boxes that allows them to emulate a small pallet of boxes when they freeze. Indeed, many of them have banners on their back containing a replica of the actual words of Sam on them, fooling most casual onlookers and even the occasional stockerbots. However, unlike the Paint Masters who rely on such concealment for the duration of their attack, the Cereal members press their attack once discovered, relying on blades made of layered cardboard and glued together with layers of sugared water and honed to incredible edges. Opponents who underestimate their colorful costumes quickly realize that the colorful exterior covers dozens upon dozens of layers of cardboard hardened in the same way as their blades, repelling all but the most penetrative blow. Their natural enemies are the Nevergrow, as they will swarm these warriors (Who usually operate individually or in limited groups) in an attempt to find the "Prize" within (P resumed to be a euphemism for the armored warrior inside)

I'm imagining them wearing a sort of very bulky version of samurai armor, almost mecha-looking with the squared edges, and a very samurai back-banner they can use as a fake price tag thing. Probably see Stationari as honorable opponents, and have duels with them when unchallenged by other, more pressing enemies as a matter of honor. Different Cereal members view the various sugar cereal mascots as their patron saints, with those of the "Unsugared Rooster" being seen as outcasts.

## PATHS OF CEREAI

(Expanding fluffaggotry on the Cereai since I think they could easily be a viable PC class.)

Each Cereai follows a different incarnation, what they believe to be the shining example of their craft and one they should follow in spirit as much as possible. As a result, depending on the different incarnations of their mascots, as shown on the boxes and the occasional still-working adbot or screen, they have emerged with differing traits, fighting styles, and philosophies:

### Path of the Captain

These Cereai are natural leaders, and take the head of any situation. They are confident and tend to attract followers, who they lead with skill and valor. Cereai following this Path fight with skilled bladestrokes, but oftentimes lead their allies well enough that they never need to unsheath their blade at all.

### Path of the Tiger

The Cereai who worship their god they call Anthony the Great, value strength above all else. They oftentimes boast of their power, and will gladly take up any deed or challenge that allows them to demonstrate their strength (Their "Greatness"). Tiger Path Cereai fight with powerful bladestrokes, chopping down enemies and cleaving through their defenses.

### Path of the Rabbit

Rabbit Path Cereai fight with a fervor unmatched when faced with attacking Nevergrown, and seek so keenly to kill as many of them as possible that many have posited that there is some ancient enmity

between the factions. These Cereai are skilled at disguises when not clad in their armor, able to impersonate other people well enough to pass cursory guards, and in battle display great relish in leaping forward in overhand strikes or jumping off of low shelves onto their foe, felling the opponents before they can raise their guard.

### **Path of the Green Man**

As with the Path of the Rabbit Cereai, these individuals seem to have an ancient grudge against the Nevergrown. However, in this case the history manifests itself as abject fear of the tiny figures, and a Cereai of this Path is hard-pressed not to flee in the face of them. When not encountered by the Nevergrow, the Green Man Cereai can move with incredible speed, and are unparalleled among the various Paths at setting up and executing ambushes, springing from target to target as if able to simply teleport at will, and they are as equally skilled as the Rabbit Path Cereai in disguises, even as inanimate objects or as part of a shelf. They cherish the Season of the Leafy Green Men, and the spirit of this Season so encourages them that this is the only time of the year that they can face Nevergrown in open combat (But even then they will still probably flee if vastly outnumbered)

### **Path of the Three Brothers**

The Three Brothers are rumored to be Cereai themselves, long ago, and have since been immortalized by the Great Sam in the form of iconography on the various cereal boxes. The Three Brother Path emphasizes teamwork, and Cereai in this Path always form groups of three or more, and seek to overcome incredible challenges and deeds in order to gain the attention of the Great Sam, and possibly become immortalized themselves. The Three Brother Cereai are a bit vain, and enjoy attention and praise and keeping both their armor and blades as spotless as humanely possible, but are deadly fighters, able to hear the faintest of footsteps stepping on tile, and in combat can corner they form unmatched fighting units, cornering an enemy with snaps from the flat of their blade, cracking them over the head with their blade's pommel, and then popping or breaking their necks to finish them.

### **Path of the Dark One**

Very little is known about this secretive Path. Even the boxes of cereal that they derive their Path and its philosophy are difficult to find, and these Cereai are perhaps the most strange of the lot. They file their front teeth into a single sharp point, and will often eschew use of their blade if they have grabbed a lightly armored opponent, instead biting into their exposed limbs or neck and causing massive bloodloss from the sharpened "tooth" (In addition, the very few rare survivors from these attacks usually die a few days later from the infection from the bacteria and scum in the mouth and on the tooth itself). Dark One Cereai also fashion their armor to form a great wing or cape which they can use to glide short distances. Often, this is used to descend onto a target group unsuspected, where they silently eliminate as many of the enemies before they are discovered and forced to draw their blade.

### **Path of the Insect**

This Path is somewhat uncommon, but the individuals within it are very skilled healers. They can fashion poultices from their Path's cereal that have astonishing restorative powers, and fight with a very odd, jerky style in which they dodge seemingly at random, making landing a single swordblow on them difficult in the extreme. Singularly out of all of the Paths, the Insect Cereai actually poison their blades with a toxic venom they call "Rednumbra Fortee," which can paralyze or kill a target within minutes if not properly treated. In addition, Cereai following this Path are akin to TopDwellers in that they prefer to be elevated, although if grounded they can still fight competently and effectively, slaying foes left and right with stabs from their envenomed blade. In addition, for reasons unknown these Cereai seem to be able to achieve much, much older age than the other Paths, even without the aid of Age'B'Gone.

### **Path of the Bluebird**

These Cereai, similar to those following the Path of the Dark One, tend to fashion their armor to make something resembling a pair of wings. This is ideal for them as they are the most reliant on elevation, often spending a battle gliding from shelf to shelf while making swings at enemies as they pass overhead. While these Cereai are slightly ungraceful both in movements and combat while grounded, they can perform

outstanding aerial maneuvers, capable of evading even Dire Pigeons and the Taser Turrets for a time. Ranks for these Cereai is determined by colored stripes along their blade: The more stripes, the greater the rank and honor they receive from their peers. Given their propensity to attract turret fire, oftentimes they will make their way across the store to get an Elec to imbue their blade with embedded taserballs along the length, giving their blows an added punch.

### **Path of the Rooster**

These Cereai are supposedly the fallen, the outcast (Basically Ronin). Other Cereai treat them with shame, attacking them on sight if they dare to wear anything but blank cardboard armor. Especially prestigious Rooster path Cereai are allowed to instead use their Path's boxes for their armor, instead of remaining blank. However, these Cereai do not see themselves as shamed but enlightened, the "Sugarfree." They believe the honor and rigid caste path system is unnecessary, and shun it in favor of adopting whatever fighting style and techniques give them the greatest advantages, and so it is not at all uncommon to see one fighting with the style of the Tiger path while wearing armor that can glide like those of the Path of the Dark One. Obviously, the other Paths take a dim view on this, particularly those of the Dark One and Bluebird, and so will gladly take any given excuse to give the insolent Rooster a good thrashing.

There are other, smaller subfactions of Cereai, but these tend to be minor, like the Path of the Gorilla (Peace and diplomacy, make excellent negotiators and party faces, very calm and fluid-yet-forceful fighting style if the diplomacy fails), or uncommon due to other factors, such as the infighting between the Path of the Frog and the Path of the Bear over whose path is truly, as they say, "sweeter." (Their terms for honorable or dishonorable are "sweet," as in "This quest is sweet," and "bland," as in "Killing that innocent was bland.")

## **HARDWARE**

Hardware: Helpful repair/tradesman (for a dear price) who live a never ending quest for home improvement and better power tools (Dead Rising weapons may be a good reference), feuding merchant houses in form of Franchises led by High Foremen, Freelance are outcasts, hate homeware (never pay only kidnap), ask for goods from other departments in exchange, hated by everyone but needed by them, maintain trade outposts in other department (Wild West-ish shanty towns) where departments can get together and trade but ask for high tariff on items traded

## **HEALTH & BEAUTY**

Health & Beauty: Has Pharmacy at its center? crazy pill addicts (painkillers and beauty products) and makeover specialists, always raided because of importance of pills, robots occasionally roam out and find new victims to addict to pills, GlamFab culture emphasizes appearance, have Glamamesh as leader who hides face behind bag or glasses, see all those uglier as slaves, philistine slaves who are ugly skinless hairless worship GlamFab people, everything appearance, Enmuttu petmaster tribe serve Glamamesh as sort of praetorian guard

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FabGlams: the Fabs for men and Glams for women. They are the only ones to know HOW the beauty products really work. They pretend to ingest HUGE amounts of the products in front of the 'lower class', like filling shampoo bottles with water or something. They have deals with the Doctors to obtain high value medicine that keep them youthful like unexpired AgeBGone, and access to private facilities to bath and use the products properly in secret. In exchange they give Doctors test subjects every now and then, as well as serving as a 'front line defense' to keep people away from all the health supplies. They hoard all the Beauty products and use them as a payment system for the lower class, giving them out only when jobs are performed to satisfaction. Led by the GlamaMesh who hides his face behind a bag and sits upon a light display throne made of ancient 'Tron (all it really does is light up). Have control over some of the members of the Petmaster Dog tribe, called Enmuttu.

Philistines (Lowborn, Little People, serfs whatever you want to call them): These are the uglies, need a better name for them in my opinion. These are the vast majority of H&B, they honestly believe that to look like the models on the pictures of the products and like their GlamFab leaders, they must eat the products. The products 'cleanse' the ugliness of their souls, and focusing on specific products will make their souls more likely to have that beauty. For example eating a lot of shampoo makes the hair even more luscious and silky within their soul. However, in order to bring the soul to the outside, they must visit a Doctor.

## Pharmacy

If the Wal were flesh this place would be a pustule. Sampler bots roam the aisles catching unwary travellers and foisting "samples," doses of highly addictive substances, upon them. Many of them are Goners, those strange, crazy folk with no morals and a constant desire to own things, usually without a clear reason, or a purpose for the item once it is in hand. The Goners mean nothing to you, their inability to control themselves often leads to greeterification, combat with travellers, or death by consumption of any of the strange substances that pharmacy is rife with. No, you need medicine, Pain'B'Gone for infection and anesthetic, Limb'B'Back for regeneration of wounds, Age'B'Gone for the youth you and your kin desperately need to stay ahead of the winged death, the Black Racer with his grasping talons and rapacious appetite comes for those who cannot run, oldsters are beyond saving unless you can keep them healthy and hale. Mother is gone, but Father still lives, what you do, you do in his name,

## HOMEWARE

Homeware: Crazy 1950s Americana obsessives, slave labor, trying to build 'ideal home', create desolate area of incomplete, nightmarish architecture, slavery, homemade appliance weapons (toaster cannons), constantly at war over minor middle class squabbles, WalMart Underdark, White Hell lite or whatever. Cookery included (crazy cannibal cooking up people), run by suburbanites, filled with demented servant slave, suburbanites descendants or family of employees or those with Stock? Some have suggesting making tragic figure, easy enough, just emphasize their desire to build something beautiful and inability to escape obsession despite hints of wanting to seek something better.

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Suburbanites: Arguably one of the most twisted, demented sects of WalMartians that ever walked the Wal. They believe in a mythical place called "the suburb" where "everyman's home was his castle" where people had orderly hedgerows and "2.2 children" (whatever that means.) They worship a lost time, a myth from before the Wal consumed the world. They attempt to reach this goal, to build this beautiful paradise with their own two hands.

When they inevitably fail things get ugly, they blame union sympathizers and communists, which basically is anyone who isn't them. They raid the other departments for slaves, and make deals with immoral or Amoral members of Electronics, Hardware, Auto&Tires, and keep those men as slaves or "Business Partners" and then they try to build their perfect home.

What begins is a cycle of frustration, sometimes they build little shacks with one room before they quite. Sometimes they build multistory art deco monstrosities. They always find the end result imperfect.

Housewares is a twisted hellscape of discarded buildings, likely taken over by animals, mutants, or being torn down for raw materials for suburbanites who want to get resources without having to raid other departments.

Suburbanites raid for slaves, tools, and building materials, they inevitably murder their slaves and leave the corpses in completely random piles around the HouseWare department due to the fact that keeping slaves is considered un-American, apparently the fact that they are repeatedly enslaving and murdering people escapes

them.

Homeware is the core of an enormous empire ruled over by Suburbanites who have hereditary stock, so each month they make a small trickle of money. This gives them some small protection against the caprice of the Stockerbots and the Wal's defense systems so they have a lot more slack than other societies. They use this slack to raid the other department for supplies and have that whole perfect home thing we talked about.

Lighting, Cookware, Furniture are all part of their empire and have fiefdoms and settlements ruled over by administrators from homeware. From here the suburbanites send out raiding parties into their conquered territories and claim the natives as slaves, some of the natives serve loyally as vassals to the suburbanite empire in exchange for food and protection from the dangers of the Wal, Quislings basically.

Regardless the suburbanites are well armed, experienced remorseless killers and utterly psychotic. They are best avoided.

## Lighting

The Lighting Department would be sparsely populated. Not much of use there, to the other tribes. Perhaps Elec will occasionally send groups to scavenge flex and bulbs and the like from there. The inhabitants are... strange, even by the standards of the Wal. Small in number, a traveller will occasionally come across small groups of them, sitting silently in a circle of lit lamps. They spent their entire waking lives with their eyes fixed on the nearest light source. They eat, sleep and live, surrounded by as many still-working lights as they can find. They never speak, and will almost always ignore outsiders. Occasionally, without any obvious signal, perhaps ten of them will stand and set off into other parts of the store, in search of food, bulbs, and other necessities.

The players meet a young Elec, a member of a scavenging party that set off into Lighting. He tells of how eerie it was, walking through a group of people, who seem almost robotic, unreactive, quiet. A member of his team clumsily knocks over a lamp sitting on the ground. The lamp falls, its bulb smashing. Instantly, the Lighting tribespeople leap into action, screaming and wailing, cowering away from the spot of darkness. The Elec team, spooked by the sudden activity, flee into another part of the department, followed by the terrified screams of the Lighters.

## JEWELLERY

Jewellery: Criminal classes with a fetish for adorning themselves in gold equipment, graduate from young 'original gangstas' to join distinct criminal by smelting first piece of jewellery, group like yakuza, Italians etc, all about the bling, raids on highly guarded display booths, many die, low level gangstars have nickel and copper jewellery derisively called "coppers"

## MEDICAL

Medical: (WalMedical General alternate name) No one trusts the doctors of WalHospital General, intensive surgery addicts, modify bodies, create horrors (Frankenfran?) trying to heal within hospitals centers of their madness, addicted to NEV'R'DOZ and AGE'B'GONE to carry on experiments and treatments in twisted reflection of former roles (you have shortsightedness? Give you more eyes), overworked, overstressed, led by Surgeon General, very dangerous one of few pre-Uprising people still living. Also location of Wal nursing homes with infirm elderly hooked up to Age'B'Gone and being served by robotic nurses by using summon buttons (like old people liches). Medics less crazy, slightly more focused helpful but still super distrusted. 'Freaks' are relatively sane former experiments who have escaped from Medical and gone to other areas. Another generally avoided area (guess why?)

## MUSIC

Music: Separated into four major courts. The Court of Vinyl, Court of Instrument, Court of Compact Disc, and the Court of MP3. They gather at soundgardens, square stages surrounded on each side by bleachers which are segregated by court, to hold musical debates. A duelist from one party will challenge a duelist from another, or their own party, over a dispute of genres. The two participants will use music to out-perform one another while demonstrating the fallacies of their competitor and glories of their own genre using lyrics or other means. Vinylist duelists compete by DJing, scratching and mixing the records in complex ways. Instrument duelists perform their chosen instrument. MP3 duelists use elaborate and showy dance moves learned from music videos. CD duelists also DJ, but they use controllers and advanced CDJ decks that allow for lots of effects to be used as well. At the end of a debate, the four courts will vote on the performance, and the winner is chosen as the superior genre for a time. Because of this, the most popular genre changes frequently.

Old-world musicians are revered as spirits representing different moods, emotions, feelings, and ideals. None are objectively superior, though there are obvious preferences. Daft Punk, The Beatles, and Mozart are all very popular subjects of worship compared to Nickelback.

The music department also curates a handful of radio stations that can be heard throughout the Wal by those that manage to tune in, some sticking to a single genre, and others playing whatever it is that happens to be most popular at the time. It is said that for an entire year, one radio station played one song about never giving someone up, or letting them down, over and over again.

Due to Music's access to radio technology, they are visited often by other departments for trade. Those looking for the parts to repair their communications, and those looking to build radio communication networks journey here for the necessary Tron as it is less hostile to the good-willed than the Electronics section with its Edisons. That said, to intruders and attacks, Music is a force to be reckoned with. Entire aisles lined with monitors can be activated to blast drum & bass or symphonic death metal to totally deafen and disorient those not accustomed to harsh sounds, providing a grand opportunity for the arrow volleys of Music department archers stationed behind those monitors. Guitar battleaxes, boombox-bombs, razor sharp vinyl chakras, and blow-dart trumpets are all popular weapons in this eccentric department.

Music folk also have a few interesting phrases, the origins of which are now uncertain. The word, 'Freebird' is a sharp obscenity, and telling someone to , 'Play Freebird!' is akin to telling one to go fuck themselves, in common Wal-speak. Similarly, 'practicing Wonderwall' denotes a lack of skill or competence; for example, in the case that one's compatriot is fumbling with a locked door that needs to be opened, you might say, 'We're busy trying not to get shot by this herd of oncoming fatlords, and this jackass is squatting over here practicing Wonderwall with a locked door!'

## PAINT & HOME DECOR

Paints & Home Decor: Stealth specialists who use their mad color coordination to hide, some are illusionists with paints, Stalkers

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These People inhabit the paint section usually they keep to themselves but they'll often kill people who try to set up shop in their section. You'll never see them though since their mastery of color coordination makes them the stealth experts of the Wal. However this overspecialization makes them poor combatants, where as the Topdwellers where flashy attention catching garments and focus on maneuverability, speed, and deadly combat skills the Paint Tribesmen focus on patience, remaining hidden and striking from cover, if caught by an opponent



or if their attack fails they'll lay down a spray paint smoke bomb and run away in the hopes of making another ambush later. presumably wears minimal clothing and uses improvised weaponry like sharpened paint chippers and paint rolling spears.

## PETS & ANIMALS

Pets & Animals: Beast masters who live in harmony with monsters they tame, gain traits of animals as go on, nomads of Fearless Irwin go to each tribe, tribes split along genus, hunters tamers breeders in society, dogs sacred animal to them, ferocious, bond rare, least easy to domesticate (because of the irony, right?), exotic animals zone no one enters, marked off with bone markings and such. Now monster hunters preventing growth of dire animals, descendants of Seck-Er-Etee?, guards and jailors, exotic animals zone Alcatraz zoo, Stockers keep breeding and feeding dire animals, never ending crusade to capture/kill dire animals to stop their spread. (Wow, these guys seem to have gotten damn controversial, so some advice. You don't like them having animal traits, dump those, focus on them as rangers with animal companion. Don't like them at all? Don't use them at all.)

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The Pet Department has become a complete jungle of sorts from the rampant growth and spread of the mutated and genetically altered descendants of pets that live there. Chemicals such as Strong & Tuff and specialized growth hormones mix together into powerful cocktails that put steroids to shame, resulting in massive and brutish versions of ordinary animals.

To live here is to fight for survival, and that is precisely what the Petmasters embody in their very being. Generations of competing and cooperating with the animals for resources have changed them into stronger and hardier people who reflect the animals they revere the most.

The aisles of the department were separated based on the type of animals within, and each section received different growth hormones in their drinking water designed to enhance the best aspects of that breed. The Petmasters would drink the water and over time began to feel an affinity to those specific animals and developed minor physical traits. For example, bird tribes would have light and thin yet strong bodies, and hook/beak like noses with the most severe alterations being feathered hair or talon like fingernails. While feline tribes would be lithe and muscular in the way a gymnast would be, and often sports mane-like beards in the males, with the most severe examples would be slitted pupils or catlike skin colorations.

Every tribe in the Petmasters are separated into three distinct roles for their society, Tamers, Breeders, and Hunters.

Tamers are often what most people think of when they consider Petmaster's bonds with their animal companions. They exist to tame the beasts they live alongside, growing up from a small age with a baby animal they must raise and nurture into adulthood. They form a fast bond with this animal and consume even more of the hormone laced food and water meant for their chosen animal than the other roles of Petmasters. This not only means they tend to develop the most severe genetic alterations but they also begin to exude pheromones that aid in calming and controlling their tribal animal type. They ensure that there are no stampedes or unrest among the numerous animals they live alongside in their tribe, and provide immense aid to the breeders in controlling the more temperamental new breeds.

They are often sent out as negotiators with other Departments for the purposes of trading, as they are calmer and more controlled than a Hunter, the Breeders rarely leave home, and most importantly, the presence of a massive cat or lizard tends to help negotiations from going south. Typically these traveling groups are composed of one or two hunters and several different Tamers from various other tribes within the department.

Breeders very seldom leave the tribe, even to visit other Petmaster tribes within the Department. Their job is viewed as one of the most vital to survival of the tribe as a whole, they make sure the next generations of the tribal animal is strong, healthy, fertile, and intelligent. They carefully select breeding partners for the beasts, and ritualistically sacrifice the crippled and malformed of the litters. Runts are given a chance to prove their worth at survival, often serving as denmothers or trade commodities to other departments.

The existence of the Breeders also allows the other two roles to leave the tribe more often, for the breeders and their companions give no mercy to intruders. They defend their tribe with the full ferocity of a mother bear, making sure that the threat is completely neutralized. For this reason, outsider negotiations virtually never occur within the Pet Department, and even negotiations between other tribes usually have neutral territory they occur at.

The grand master breeders are the oldest and most skilled of all the Breeders. This is always a married couple, and their task is to discover ways to breed new variations of their tribal animal, encouraging an even lighter cat with long claws for digging into metal and climbing the aisle shelves with more ease, or giving a wolf thick horns to help pin down and immobilize prey for the pack. Due to the fickle nature of breeding and genetics, a Grand master couple is usually expected to achieve only a few successful variations in their life.

Hunters are the role who most often leave the pet Department, very seldom seen within the tribe itself. They are trained under a Master Hunter, constantly on the move. They learn to control the animalistic instincts and senses within them to a far greater extent than the other two roles, hunting alongside one or more tribal animals.

Where a Tamer forms a strong bond with an animal and pushes the strength and capabilities of an animal, the hunter trains alongside their companions growing stronger, more agile and animalistic. This makes them hard to deal with on a social level, but in combat where the Tamer's companion is fighting more in the defense of the Tamer, the Hunter and his animal companions fight as one pack.

There are two main types of Hunters, defenders and suppliers. The defenders take care of all potential threats to the tribe, be it particularly monstrous mutated beasts, bandit gangs, or even other tribes whose relations have gone sour.

The suppliers venture out from the department, hunting for more supplies and goods. They make raids on departments their tribe has yet to establish relations with, and bring back the resources to their own tribe. They also can accompany Tamers on diplomatic missions for added protection.

The Nomads are the spiritual leaders of the Pet Department, they help to ensure that the tribes do not war with each other and continue to grow their bond with nature. The nomads came into being by an early diplomatic group visiting the Wal-Cinema during a marathon of 'Crocodile Hunter'. They returned enlightened, and spread teachings of the animal kingdom and the 'Fearless Irwin' amongst all the tribes. Ever since all new prospective Nomads make the pilgrimage to Wal-Cinema for enlightenment from the teachings of the 'Fearless Irwin'.

(They now spend their time trying to prevent the spread of dangerous animals from taking over the Wal and have an elite sect who are descendants of Sekurtee who are monster hunters essentially. Check abridged.)

## **RAFTERS**

Rafters (TopDwellers): Crazy hyper agile people who live among the rafters, constantly migrating to avoid swarms of dealy birds preying on them, pragmatic due to constant death, stoic, disgusted by antics of materialistic grounded, xenophobic, get sick if on ground still for too long, strategic use of birdfeed on enemies to defeat using dire pigeons, Raptors are elite warriors who defend wear feather armor as sign of strength have to kill bird and make armor out of it, equipment not important (not so materialistic like others), make use of what's

at hand, migration caravan guards, drop anything not useful, not sentimental, very deliberate+careful, even hang corpses from rafters to distract birds whilst they migrate, almost a myth among grounded (Yes, they're a lot like Batman, just not as helpful.)

## RESIDENTIAL

Residential (not much done): Gigantic apartment buildings, lots and lots of rooms, generally at center of Wal cities, abandoned?

## RESTAURANTS

Restaurants (WalBurger, WalTaco etc): Bases of the Ambulecti, served by robotic serving staff, led by FryCook who order around a staff of lobotomized servers who were former raiders, glitch means he's only programmed to feed superfat ambulecti

## RESTROOM

Restroom (little discussion, putting it here anyway): Filthy hives of scum, expeditions have to be sent in to retrieve one of most valuable goods; toilet paper

Possibly partially collapsed due to water damage, no lights, blind tunnel folk (Ratters?)

## ROOF

Roof (Roofians): Hardy survivalists of the Roof, sunbleached, fight off mutant animals to grow measly crops, believe rest of the departments are a myth due to no contact, experience meteor showers which they then search for?, NPCs most likely

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I see Roofians wearing clothing made from aluminum foil or silver emergency blankets to repel heat. Warriors in a group wear armor on top of this, light armor made from roofing felt, heavier armor from layered Asphalt tiles. Travel on the Roof can be dangerous, as destroyed support columns or rafters can make a roof unstable, solar panels can fry anyone unfortunate to be caught on them when the sun rises as the heat reflects off of them. The Taser turrets you see occasionally in the Wal below are everywhere, although being solar-powered they primarily make travel during the day hazardous. In fact, the sheer volume of these turrets make ideal ranged projectile weapons when carefully disabled and dismantled with roofing-felt-lined gloves to protect against the electrical defense systems. Meanwhile, the other warriors who prefer to battle in melee use broken skylight or solar panel plexiglass as their blades, carefully honed to the point of being capable of splitting a hair.

They travel constantly, as the verminbots also act to repair disabled taser turrets. The herders among them have managed, long, long ago, to almost domesticate a flightless version of the dreaded Dire Pigeon, and these are a prime source of meat among the Roofians (However, the constant UV beating down has rendered their feathers brittle and unusable for the most part).

However, the most precious of all resources on the Roof is water. While rain is common enough in most areas to allow for survival, one has to be aware of the drier areas and prepare their water stocks accordingly, or risk traveling Inside to avoid the desiccating air above. Even in the more wet regions, the constant rainfall can make for flash-floods that can dash anyone caught in them to pieces against various vents and access hatches. Not to

mention in other regions the water is far more caustic than the normal slightly-bitter-yet-drinkable rainfall, and those caught unprotected in it are burnt or melted depending on the severity and concentration of the toxins within.

## SPORTING GOODS

Sporting Goods: Sports enthusiasts who occasionally manage to loot some guns and ammo, sparsely populated, have to avoid extreme gun security bots who are everywhere, HOOTERS symbology, Priests of the Owl refs, Superb Owl Sunday ultimate day of year (sport which is conglomeration of every sport+guns, super concultured rules), determines territory and clans, other departments can enter but so so confused, (Mad Den or Maid-Den?) sport Valhalla, one of them spends a great time preparing for the sport Valhalla is the Mad Den, the other Maid Den, push themselves to physical extremes to be worthy, taught by priests of Hooters, FIRST ONE leader priest, can and does make up rules on fly which then recorded and learned (legal precedent in sport), Priests take years to learn rules

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Due to they haywire "practice bots", as well as the heightened security surrounding the weapons, there are few to no true civilizations in Sporting Goods; it's an especially dangerous area. Occasionally, other civilizations will send elite squadrons and stealthy individuals in to take as much as they can salvage and get out quickly, or just rely on trade for Sporting Goods and trade or get the isle endcap stuff for ammo. However, there are a few rare desperadoes who call Sporting Goods their home. They're constantly on the move, and constantly fighting bots. On the plus side, ammo is everywhere. On the minus side, you have to be quick, be on your toes, and be a good shot, or you're not gonna last long. Also, fighting robots who shoot back really sucks some times. Sporting Goods people are few and far between and are both respected and feared for their fighting skills."

Since every Wal-Mart is the size of a large city, the Sporting Goods area should also be large enough to hold it's own stadiums and teams. The greenthumbs would hate Sport because they would have greenspace, both from the stadiums and practice fields, and from the untamed park area that the Camping Goods uses to test their rangers.

Once a year, there's a grand gladiatorial competition where every department sends their champion to fight in ritual combat, and incites a truce across Sport. It's a time of danger though, because the stockers love to "decorate" the area every year, but the festival of "Superb Owl Sunday" remains the high point of Sporting Goods's year.

## STATIONARY, OFFICE SUPPLIES & SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Stationary, Office Supplies & School Supplies (what it's called in the splat): Improv samurai using pencils, tiered Shoguns and feudal Japan stuff, paper etc to fight, neat freaks focused on spreading tidiness and organization through Wal through military expeditions, fail miserably of course. Have fierce rivalry with Cerai, similar ideals. Fold paper armor to be Stationari, only use paper armor as status symbol, disrespected and mocked by other Departments (damn Bakagaijin), keep their influence to a minimum, too unordered for realm

## TOBACCO

Tobacco: Native American smoke signallers, split between 'clean' Nicotine addicts and tobacco users, nicotine patch addicts are black lung raiders, fear Carcinnus and Tarrus demons who possess smokers and profess way of K'lean Livvin, live in makeshift temples, expels demons by removing lungs, (based on real life truth.org guys apparently but with even more hypocrisy), normal tobacco use lottery tickets as currency, have only working pachinko lottery machine (more on that later), no one gets winning lottery ticket, revere past winners?

Tobacco dwellers use large towers and mirrors that act as signal devices. They burn stuff in these towers and the smoke, and reflected light are used to send message, in all likelihood this sets off the sprinkler systems. You have two normal factions here, those who smoke tobacco and find a sort of zen in it, and those who heed the warnings of the feared surgeon general and use nicotine products instead.

It's also home to the Black Lung Raiders, a tribe of vicious savages who worship the deity K'Lean Livvun, they sacrifice people in his name and pray to him so that he will spare them from the demons of Tarrun and Carcinus. They believe the demons of Tarrun and Carcinus can only be removed from a person's body by cutting out their lungs. They mark their territory with the lungs and skulls of their victims. I assume they live in temple fortresses and shun tobacco and liquor as tainted products.

## **PACHINKO-LOTTERY**

Your players have actually managed to do it. They've found one of the rarest of items, a winning WalLottery ticket. It's an unheard of feat and with it comes the opportunity to acquire a wonderfully useful item no one's had in centuries; money. Now all they have to do is insert it into the pachinko lottery machine in Tobacco and hope for the best. Of course, it's more likely that they'll be once again endangered by this opportunity as you roll on the WalLottery chart for their reward...

WELCOME TO THE WALBRAND PACHINKO LOTTERY©\*

WHICH PRIZE DO YOU WISH TO RECEIVE:

>CASH

>ITEM

>YOU HAVE SELECTED CASH

- (Consumers should be aware that prizes are not available across all areas, may be valued less than advertised, may be valued more than advertised, recipient may not receive prize from intended category, statutory genetic information may be collected from prize recipient, recipient's contact details may be forwarded to advertisers and intelligence agencies, faults commonly occur with Wal-Brand Service Drones© in nearby area, potential recipients health may be endangered by ozone formed by WalBrand Pachinko Lottery© Machine and that WalMart© and associated companies are not liable for any damages caused as a result of using these services.)

THANK YOU CUSTOMER AND GOOD LUCK

(DM Side Note once we actually get d100 chart: If you don't wish to use the random lottery prize table, that's perfectly fine. Just make up something. Go on, it's alright. The more darkly humorous and ironically excruciating to your players the better. Make them fear the almighty pachinko lottery. They'll forgive you eventually. Probably.)

(Also, include joke about 25 pound diamond size of human head in d100 table, cursed item, useless )

## **TOYS**

Toys: Nevergrow and Dorfs, Dorfs build forts based on roleplay, have to share Toy with Nevergrows, Nevergrows feast on Age'B'Gone and are adults trapped in bodies of children (hence name), dorf forts constantly besieged by child bands, Dorf adventurers, Trappers etc, LARPers among them, RPG and recreation

enthusiasts, live on an island in a toy lake, probably use fighting styles most in line with old ones. Nevergrow declare Wails on forts, are at war with basically ever department, yumdrops, have Wally'Mon cult

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The Toy Department is a realm of horror and suffering, inhabited by children addicted to age regression substances with terrifying side effects the it has become a region infested with psychotic children who are literally incapable of understanding morality, personal boundaries, or restraint. This Department is separated into a series of islands on an artificial lake. These Islands are home to dozens of fractious tribes of horrible creatures that the inhabitants of the Wal have come to call Nevergrow. Many generations ago a tribe of Nevergrow discovered an island full of "Traditional Gaming" paraphernalia. Study of these items produced a tribe that venerated the rulebooks and boardgames as holy items, eventually they ceased consuming the tainted "yumdrops" and began to work past the physical, and psychological damage caused by these substances. By no means are the Dorfs a perfect society, but in comparison to their neighbors they are a utopia. This has led to a problem.

Children instinctively hate and fear that is what is different and they have an uncanny ability to sense weakness. Dorfs do not consume Age'B'Gone n the same quantities as their psychotic cousins do since much of it is several years past its sell by date and causes the psychosis that make Nevergrow so monstrous. This means that many of them have hit puberty, and many in fact do grow old and die of old age, they also become hairier and stronger than their nevergrow cousins. Having something shiny is a good enough reason for a nevergrow to stab another nevergrow, having a beard is enough of a reason for Priests of the Mouse to declare a Wail. The Never grow constantly attempt to destroy the Dorfs and this has led to a society used to dealing with hardship not on a daily basis, but on an hourly basis. The Dorfs must cross the Toy Department's lake on makeshift rafts or enter the maintenance tunnels to enter the rest of the Wal in search of supplies, or they can push through the Toy department.

The Dorfs who venture out into the Wal by these methods (likely to die horrible ignominious deaths) are known as Adventurers, those few who survive to return are hailed as Heroes. Trappers, Stealthers, Engineers and even the lauded Modelers are as nothing compared to the returning Hero. You have dreamed of high adventure in the Wal for years now, you dream of slain monsters, looted treasure chests and the inevitable feast upon your triumphant return. You will venture out into the Wal and return victorious, nothing else is acceptable, after all losing is never fun.

Nevergrow dorfs are what happens when Nevergrow move into the traditional games outlet and teach themselves to read, enlightened by the holy texts of "pen and paper" they begin taking up the sacred art of "modeling" eventually this group becomes ostracized by their former comrades and they're cut off from supplies of yumdrops, going cold turkey is painful and may destroy the colony of Dorfs before it ever starts but if they survive their sociopathic and kleptomaniac tendencies will recede... and be replaced with other different psychological issues but those are always unique to the person in question. Regardless the Dorfs find a game whose backstory they like and then they model their culture and look on it, emphasizing Dwarf friendly aspects and eventually turning their island home into a hellishly complex fortress.

### **Dorfan Arms and Armor**

Until Dorfs break into the maintenance vents beneath their island home, or until they build a navy to cross the toy department lake they are bound by the constraints of their home and must make use of the toy department bridges to gather resources from their Nevergrow cousins. Nevergrow will quickly realize that the Dorfs are different from them, the onset of puberty brought on by a lack of Yumdrops being the most obvious trait for Nevergrow to pick up on.

**Lacking steel and the resources to forge it the dorfs will be forced to use whatever is on hand, exacto knives, legos, knex, erector sets, modeling kits, children's costumes, make a teddy bear kits etc, etc, to forge their weapons and armor. Held together one part by ingenuity, one part by hope and one part by**

**modeling glue the early Dorfan efforts at arms and armor hold the line against the constant siege that their cousins place them under once they discover a population of strange, tiny adults among them.**

### **Dorfan Adventurers, Heros, and Ancients**

Dorfs who leave their island for the rest of the wal are called adventurers and greatly respected by their community, those who return are called heroes and their return is subject to an enormous celebration where the community feasts and celebrates and the returning hero regales his community with stories of his journeys.

Ancients are old dorfs, but they have useful knowledge and are first in line for Age'B'Gone doses when the gatherers bring these items back from raids, gathering missions or barter trips. The Ancients are subject to a form of hero worship and are revered for their knowledge and experience, many ancients are former heroes and the most likely candidate for nomination as an elder.

Some Dorfs Never stop wandering, some are old, quite old, no one knows how old for sure. But occasionally they stop in at Dorf Fortresses and trade goods, weapons, stories, and useful information in exchange for doses of Age'B'Gone.

(Dorfs are somewhat mentally unstable due to Age'B'Gone usage and will throw tantrums and occasionally violent outbursts etc)

### **Other**

Along with DIRE ANIMALS FROM CHEMS+ STOCKER FORCE FEEDING, TRIBES OF SEASONALS BLOODILY WORSHIPING CORPORATE HOLIDAYS (VALENTINES, CHRISTMAS), AGE'B'GONE, NEV'R'DOZ, FORCEFEEDING TO MAKE PETS, LAZY INCOMPETENT AIs WHO ARE INCONSPICUOUS, RANDOM INFORMATION WITHOUT CONTEXT, NO COMPLETE DATABASE, ONLY FRAGMENTS, RETURNERS, DAKKA AA TASER TURRETS ON ROOF, LIMB'B'BACK, ARENDEE IS A CURSE WORD, GUARDED WITH SECURITY TREASURES, GREETER ZOMBIES, (BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND MANAGERS DEAD IN UPRISING?), WALWORLD WITH SPACE MATERIAL RETRIEVAL TO FIELD MARTS, FATLORDS WHO WORSHIP BEETUS (OGRES) ON LAY'Z'BOY, LEGENDARY ITEMS BEING WALTECH, WALBURGER AND MORE

It has been decided that is is a darkly humorous world. Yes, it can be terrifying and can be hilarious but its contents should focus on "consumer satire" and mocking humor.

## **SAMPLE CHARACTERS**

(9 in total, all weirdly consistent in terms of length)

Possible greentext examples of how party can get together:

<http://suptg.thisisnotatrueending.com/archive/21093664/>

21099475

21099546

21100095

21100206

21101855

## AUTO & TIRES

### Mercury (Auto & Tires) Intro

“We’ve got a tank full of liquid oxygen, half a pack of spark plugs and we’re being chased by Stockers. Buckle up.”

Speed. There are very few who appreciate it and even fewer who can truly experience it. Within the confines of the Auto & Tires Department are a rare few that exemplify both traits. Acceleration addicts, daredevils and madcap stuntmen live within those aisles, ready to take any risk looking for their next big rush. Acting as messengers for other departments to feed their habit, each Mercury lives to improve his ride through whatever means he can. They’re more important than any other item, more important than your pride or dignity or the children you would have if you weren’t so consumed rapidly outpacing those deliriously slow Footpounders. It is a rather cruel irony then that, like so many other department inhabitants, you’re stuck with an embarrassingly underpowered vehicle, making you envious even of moped owners. You’ve made the best of the situation and ‘improved’ it as best you could but you still dream of whirling rims and roaring engines. One day your plans and grand schemes may come to fruition as you’ll leave everything behind you in a cloud of exhaust smoke. If you don’t end up as roadkill first.

## CINEMA

### Disciples of Ash (Cinema) Intro

“This is my sporting good! It cries War and lets loose the Dogs of Havoc!”

Those living within the confines of WalCinema find themselves constantly bombarded by images and soundbites, living within a discordant world of misunderstood, corrupted media franchises. With their only exit guarded by the powerful totem of the Arrow Hunter and their nutritional needs provided for by concession stands, there is little reason to leave. Isolated with endless reels of antiquated, deteriorating films and garbled hard drives, Nerds grow to base their entire lives around their favorite films, believing them to be biographical, and mirror their distorted, cinematic moments and quotes as much as possible. Wars are waged and lives sacrificed over the particulars of a certain scene. You however know the truth. One of the Disciples of Ash, a follower of the King of Alloys and Compositions and Things, you realize that the Deadite hordes who spread their heretical ‘Jedi Order’ and belief in ‘Only One’ are deluded, unable to comprehend the purity of the Guy with the Gun. You are a stalwart warrior, a pilgrim who has completed the journey to the Hardware to replace a limb with the very symbol of Ash’s power. Whilst you did scream throughout the procedure, you knew that it was necessary to gain the protection of Science. Now, chainsaw in hand, you ready yourself for the journey ahead, ready to venerate the Groovy One. You hope to one day to travel even to the legendary ‘Aisle Twelve’, most sacred shrine of the King, a feat few followers have returned from.

## ELECTRONICS

### Sons of Megas (Electronics) Intro

"Yeah I could make it go to eleven. OR I could make it go to TWELVE!"

To most Electronics is a wonderland of neon light, holographic images and blaring television screens. To those who call it home, it’s an arsenal without compare. With nothing more than a little eccentric ingenuity and discarded WalValue appliances, the self-titled ‘TronBoyz can turn seemingly harmless gadgets into garish,



whirling death-dealers. Working feverishly to advance their scientific endeavors, they study improbable designs and build upon their ancestors great works to earn a footnote in 'Tron history. But even with all that competition, there are some who are exceptional. Whilst others sought help assembling Do-It-Yourself kits, you shocked your peers with a superlative understanding of alternate current and circuitry. Seeking only perfection, you aim to join the VEE-R tombs of your most hallowed predecessors. If you were able to develop something actually practical that or an item that didn't immediately explode, you might even gain the privilege of communing with the spirits of legendary innovators like Egon, Stark and Volta, reborn as part of the Teslawatt which pervades all 'Tron. To stand on the shoulders of these Electronics giants, you know you'll need the height advantage that only a pair of mechanical legs can provide. You have a vision, a vision of holograms and neon tubes, a vision of laser beams and bullets, a vision of robotics feet and the anguished screams of your enemies. Chicks dig 'bots.

## JEWELLERY

### Gangstar Brethren (Jewellery) Intro

"Well, ain't this just a 24-carat run of bad luck..."

The Jewellery Department presents one of the grandest displays of human vanity ever seen by mortal eyes. Palaces constructed out of Rolex watches, gold-plated utensils, diamond-encrusted chains forged from smaller necklaces. Yet beyond this ostentatious facade lies a cutthroat culture where most won't survive to own their first shiny trinket. Here a man's worth is measured by his wealth in precious metals and anyone who is found wanting is left to die at the hands of a Stocker or, even worse, stripped of his bling. For every ring, bracelet and ridiculously over-sized chestplate, countless Gangstars died fighting security forces surrounding display booths. The gold market is rife with greed and treachery and exploitation is the only way to get ahead. Yet, despite all this, you've almost managed to make the big time. You've smelted your first piece of elaborate equipment, lifted your own weight in platinum rings, joined raids against the security forces and faced those who would challenge your worth. But it's still not enough. You earn for some further recognition, some vindication of your skills. Perhaps then you'll finally become one of the most Jee of all Gangstars.

## HARDWARE

### Freelance Repairman (Hardware) Intro

"For a few more cans of meat I can throw in a Warentee."

The Hardware Department is one of the most fought over pieces of real estate in the entire Wal simply due having all the resources on could want coupled with the tools required to build and repair weapons and fortifications. Rather than turning into an apocalyptic wasteland of screwdriver cannons and mobile log cabins, Hardware has developed into Franchises, tiny fiefdoms ruled over by feuding High Foremen controlling armies of Repairmen. Each Franchise is engaged in a never ending competition for more prestige, influence and ever greater power tools. They make the necessary repairs for other Departments, asking for tithes of water, loaned warriors and the occasional gold-plated golf club. The stranger requests are never fully comprehended by any but the High Foremen who most likely utilize them to participate in their misunderstood games of one-upmanship. Despised by the other Departments, yet requiring your supplies and services, you are simultaneously one of the most loathed and useful figures in the Wal. As a Repairman you journey to the Grocery aisles to trade for expired food, painfully replace the hands of Disciples of Ash and help 'TronBoys craft their Teslawatt shrine-fortresses. And Great Sam help you, you've just gone Freelance. Tired of the long hours, constant hazards and ridiculous taxes that were demanded, you've become independent, accepting the most embarrassing of jobs, bidding for Highlander merchandise and replacing broken faucets. Though it's demeaning and even more dangerous, you hope to build your connections and challenge the tyranny of your former Franchise. Once you've finished unblocking that backed-up sewage system that is.

## PETS & ANIMALS

### Petmaster Sekuretee (Pets & Animals) Intro

"Remember, show no fear in the face of the Pets, a man who fears the pets is their prey."

The Pets & Animals Department conjures images an past where of Parakeets chirping away in bird cages, Kittens playing in pens, and Puppies rollicking in wood shavings. This is not the Pets Department of the Wal. Generations ago someone placed something dark and terrible beneath its aisles and its horrible progeny spilled upward into the Wal, developed and bred by the dutiful Stocker hands. Vicious omnivorous birds, enormous hunting cats, mutated dogs that heeled to no man. When the Petmaster Elders speak of the past they speak with a certain nostalgic fondness. At first it seemed like the threat could be contained and prevented from spreading. But soon Sekurtee began a desperate, losing battle against the monsters that roamed the aisles. Now there's a new way of doing things. The monsters of yesterday are the friends of today. Flocks of birds are trained from birth to do the bidding of Tamers, Battle Tabbies are loosed upon enemies on a frequent basis and rarely the Dogs of War are allowed to rampages. The Lair of Arendee is now the source for 5 ton snakes with 3 heads, birds the size of buildings and massive ants that spit acid. Your tribe fights a never ending battle again monsters that others can scarcely imagine. Sekuretee is a sacred order that fights against a never ending wave of beasts that grow ever stranger and more deadly. Your people are used to hardship and terror, you are no exception. You have fought alongside Pets and hunted monsters in the field. You know your way around rifles and swords. Today you venture into the Wal to hunt.

(INTRO HASN'T YET BEEN FULLY APPROVED, SEK-UR-TEE IS DISPUTED, COULD USE OLD SPLAT DESCRIPTION IF YOU WISH. ALSO HAS BEEN EDITED SLIGHTLY.)

### OLD PETMASTER INTRO (put here for reference)

"In the Pet Department man is just another animal."

Deep in the bowels of the Pet Department live a tribe of hardy primitives who live as one with the strange ecology that has emerged there. Chemicals produced by Arendee mixed with the strange, hostile environment of the WalMetropolis have produced monstrous animals, Swarms of Canaries that can strip a man of his flesh in under an hour, Leopard Geckos that can devour a man whole, Tabbies that weigh up to 300 pounds and hunt in packs, and Dogs that Heel to no man. Only the hardest of people can survive in this strange, brutal environment and you are one of them, trained from an early age in the way of the Pets you harness the feral nature of your patron animal and stalk the Wal with the wild creatures of your department at your side. In your society the bond between man and animal is valued above all else. and your bond is strong. So strong that you begin to inherit the traits of your chosen beasts. Muscles strengthen, senses sharpen and you develop a strange appetite for dog food. You spent your entire life honing your bond with the animals of the Wal. The pets of the Wal have been with you your entire life, from your first step they were there watching and guiding. Your experiences in the Pet Department however have recently begun to feel... empty. The hunts no longer hold a thrill, the spoils of victory taste as ashes in your mouth. The nomads wander the Pet department, forever seeking to strengthen the bond between man and animal. On this day you take up your pack, call your Pet to your and set out into the Wal. Truly you were born to be wild.

## RAFTERS

### TopDweller Raptor (Rafters) Intro

"A Raptor must be sure of every action he take, lest his first step becomes his last."

The Wal is larger than even the greatest present-day city, stretching for miles in every direction. Few remember that one of those directions is Up. The TopDwellers choose to live among the rafters, far above the concerns of the scorned Grounded. To be a TopDweller is to live constantly on the move, swinging from department to department far above even the highest shelf. Survival is dependent on your ability to climb, planning each movement carefully before you make it for a single mistake could send you plummeting to a messy death on the tiles below. Those below fight with Stockers, Greeter Zombies, Pets, and of course, each other over petty goods. Your people fight the birds. Each day is spent constantly alert, prepared for the sound of flapping wings, and clacking beaks. Those who are not ready for the inevitable assault from the Fowl Beasts wind up as just another meal for the endless flocks that dwell above. You've defended your family from Budgies, Canaries, and even the dreaded Pigeon. You've seen friends fall to a horde of flashing wings and snapping beaks. The life you live is that of a true survivalist, if it isn't useful you don't need it, if it slows you down then it isn't worth owning. Life in the rafters is a harsh one, free of luxuries and indulgences. For reasons unknown, you now walk the aisles. The Grounded will learn to fear what lurks above.

## SPORTING GOODS

### Sportsmen Linebreaker (Sporting Goods) Intro

"Strike, take and never break!"

At first glance the Sporting Goods Department seems strangely barren. The aisles are devoid of any noticeable life, the occasional green playing fields sullen and uncared for. The lack of population seems to be a mystery to all but the Sportsmen themselves as they are the ones who experience the disinterested brutality of the automated security who roam the area, supposed to guard the mounds of weapons scattered throughout. Being WalMart products, it's unsurprising that these drones preferred to kill harmless children than prevent dangerous sporting goods from falling into the hands of unlicensed psychopaths. For those that do survive, life as a Sportsman is a constant game of escaping prying eyes and deadly claws and you know it more than most. Even with the constant aura of death, you worked to hone your skills shooting, tackling and sprinting whilst dodging laser blasts and your violent Teammates. You slowly improved, waiting for the opportunity of a lifetime; participation in the Superb Owl Sunday, the ultimate gathering of Sportsmen. You would score for your team, notice every improper pass made offside during the third quarter of overtime in a five point shooting zone, note every inebriated change to the rules made by a First One of either Mad Den or Maid Den. But that opportunity still hasn't come. No act seems to satisfy, no feat truly worthy. Not one for patience, you've decided to forge your own destiny and venture into the Wal with your sporting goods, seeking fame and experience enough to maybe earn you that prestigious spot.

## STATIONARY, OFFICE SUPPLIES & SCHOOL SUPPLIES

### Stationari (Stationary, Office Supplies & School Supplies) Intro

"Steel bends and paper tears, only Honor is Eternal!"

Stationary, Office Supplies and School Supplies, from these three territories the Stationary Shogun has carved an Empire, with fortifications of text-books, cardboard, and plastic the Shogun shuts out the rest of the Wal. He rules over a vast nation of illiterate peasants who serve as the bulk of his armed forces. The Stationari administer the rule of their Shogun, with only the Sensei to stand above them. The Departmental Diamyo yields a bounty of paper, plastic, cardboard, and metal. The Departmental Daimyo yields a bounty of paper, plastic, cardboard, and occasionally, metal. From these materials his forces are armed for his occasional campaigns of expansion, attempts to bring some sense of organized order to the Wal. Strangely they have all seem to have been miserable failures, leading to the deaths of distinguished Stationari at the pincers of rusting Stockers, and earning the ridicule of the other Departments. You have finally folded your first suit of armor under the wise guidance of the

Sensei and taken up the standard of those deceased warriors. The Bakagaijin may mock you but a true Stationari uses his Yard Meter Katana instead of trading insults with those scum. You are a proud, honorable warrior of the Shogun, and he has ordered you out, into the Wal as a representative of the Daimyos. With your elegant Origami clad hand you shall teach the Bakagaijin of the might of your Glorious Ruler.

## EQUIPMENT

(this section is lonely)

### Swiss Army Knife

Found in Sporting/Outdoors department. It will come in many varieties with the best and most expensive varieties most likely being displayed in glass cases, while the 'cheaper' ones will be less versatile and/or tiny things in plastic packaging on the aisles in massive numbers. Even in real life you can find these things hanging at the aisle ends throughout sporting/outdoors in little keychain forms.

**Sporting department will quickly realize that aside from their Sporting Goods (guns), these are the items that without a doubt, everyone needs and wants. Virtually every department will have obtained some from Sporting be it directly or indirectly, or even diplomatically or forcefully.**

**This is an item that will be in great demand despite virtually everyone owning one, because even the tiny keychain varieties are treated with care and handed down the family as heirlooms.**

**Think about it, how many of you guys have had a parent or grandparent passing down their pocket knife to you? remember that feeling of awe and respect, almost as if it was the first steps to manhood? These things are well cared for even in today when there is no need, in fact can get in trouble for carrying and using them in daily life. In the Wal, they are a lifeline, a tool that carries you throughout your whole life. The bigger and better ones of course are extremely rare and would show either one's ancestor was incredibly lucky or had a high position in the Department.**

### Cold Steel Weapons

Actually practical melee weapons like machetes and knives. Cold steel weapons are locked up and guarded by security robots of some sort, maybe little drones that alert the stockers and track you until you wreck the thing so you can escape.

**Tron tech.** Just a basic of what can be done without hitting whackyland.

Sabers- sometimes a member of the Jedi gets good enough at using there 'sabers' to deflect things and beat people to death that they can make the walk to the land of 'Tron and request that there 'saber' be one really made of 'light'. The exact nature of this is often a crapshot but all are equally hot enough to sever a limb and heat seal the wound in a single swing. Oddly Ash followers tend to team with the Jedi on travels in hopes they will help them with the normally deadly act of the purification of right science. Often The owners of true sabers are mention as 'dark lords' among the Nevergrowns own would be jedi followers.

Blastas- Batteries are EVERYWHERE in the Wal. From tiny ear-sized tabs to giant car-teries able to fuel a Razkull for months if not years. Blastas seem to able to suck all the power( or some in the case of boxy car golf, and 12 volts) out of a single battery and discharge it in a single blast. To an unarmored foe this is like a tazer strike with the safe restrictions off and leads in bare skin. But as most folks of the Wal tend to wear gear that is somewhat if not all rubber based, most of these weapons are Rendered useless until modified after long and hellish trips to places like home-garden, cleaning supplies and even Walmed. All done to add a aspect of fire or chemicals or even ice.

## ENEMIES

### AMBULOCETI

(sample enemy faction)

### Faction: Ambuloceti

Prowling the endless aisles and stocking cases of the Wal-Marts in their Rascals, the Ambuloceti live the bloody lifestyles of marauders, raiding settlements for sustenance and leaving little more than empty crisp packets and gnawed bones in their wake. Their incredible body fat percentages render them naturally immobile, and they would all swiftly go extinct save for a near-mandatory procedure which surgically welds the obese individual to a mobility scooter and installs "grabber" appendages, enabling the ambulocetus to perform tasks that his or her flab would ordinarily prohibit. Because their metabolic systems are intertwined with their carts, they are driven to despicable acts by a maddening hunger. Ambuloceti require a steady diet of high-fructose corn syrup, greasy food, and sugary snacks to avoid falling into a foodless depression, or worse, having their scooters power down for lack of energy.

The Ambuloceti (Latin for "walking whales") picked up their namesake from a popular slur in the early 21st-century when an unprecedented obesity epidemic swept across the first world, leading to severe social upheaval and the eventual stigmatism of obese individuals. In the aftermath, the fat exiles retreated into conclaves of like-bodied beasts, and after generations of inbreeding, they ensured a stable population of increasingly bitter and overweight people. While few if any are aware of the original epidemic, a lingering distrust and revulsion force the Ambuloceti into the roles of social pariahs, not that they mind too much.

The race is almost universally loathed for their greed and rapacious hunger, referred to in hushed whispers as "ham demons" or "fatspawn". They make frequent raids on the automotive department for scooter parts and the foodstocks of otherwise peaceful tribes for sustenance. In times of great hunger (longer than a day without eating), they resort to cannibalism, and will attempt to kidnap children and weaker members of neighboring groups to supplement their grisly feasts. Archivists and historians speculate that they may also kidnap more petite humans to manually aid the nigh-impossible task of reproduction. They tend to wander sectors nearest the candy and junk food aisles, keeping a wide berth around the hated vegetable and Whole Foods areas. Denizens of those sectors are deemed "too stringy" for consumption and are mostly left alone.

More advanced conclaves of Ambuloceti have acquired access to La-Z-Boy Hovercarts, making them closer to swarms of obese locusts than mounted nomads. These wandering bands of "Hoverhams" wreak untold destruction on the the unfortunate villages and settlements that lie in their wake. Most fatty warbands hold uneasy truces with various Wal-Mart departments, trading in slaves and valuable supplies in exchange for the advanced technology that enables their marauding lifestyles.

The race of fatlords worships a combination of Genetics and Fate - a bizarre form of scientific-fatalism and likely a method of reconciling their horrific fatness with their self-perceived inability to do anything about their weight. Some Ambuloceti warbands worship a terrifying being they call "The 'Beetus" and offer him human sacrifices in hopes of staving off the numerous obesity-related diseases that plague their corpulent frames. On the front of their carts, they paint the number 888 in Nutella, a mystical totem called "The Mark of the Feast" which they believe empowers them to pursue even bolder acts of flagrant gluttony via the powers of darkness. Legends speak of a food-centric Ragnarok - referred to in epic poems as "The Great Food Fight" - that will raise them to Godhood over the "skinny assholes".

When ambuloceti inevitably die as a result of their ravenous lifestyles, their bodies are carted off to grand funeral processions in the recreation department, where the widespread use of barbeque grills makes the dead useful one last time. Bring a napkin.

Now based in WalMart restaurants (WalBurger, WalTaco etc) where they're fed by automated drones who you really should not messed with. They're glitched to only feed those who are super-duper fat. Robot FryCooks lead the kitchen staff (and would be a high level encounter) and command kitchen slaves, lobotomized serving staff.

(Still don't get it? Think Krew from Jak 2, riding about his hover chair. Now make him HUGELY more disgusting, more greedy and super-duper pathetic and sickening. You get the idea.)

## SMILERS

Okay Smilers can't buy walmart employee uniforms, even greeter zombies just have their face altered so they're always smiling. So they wear what they can find, polo shirts, dress shoes, vests, and dress clothing and do their best to emulate walmart dress code.

They think they're immune to stocker wrath, but really they just don't do anything worthy of stocker notice 90% of the time and when they are notice they're slaughtered to a man because running away or resisting doesn't occur to them.

The greet each other with "Always Low Prices" in reference to the battle for always low prices and finish the greeting with "Always WalMart" in reference to idea that Walmart always has been and always will be.

Smiler Cultists always smile, and act friendly, but the lot of them are bloody psychopaths who worship the great Sam and will gladly murder you if they think it will increase their favor with the great Sam.

They build shrines of commerce around checkout aisles and, probably call their fortresses and settlements shrines of commerce or at least build those around them. These places are where they venerate the great sam and give bloody sacrifices in his name.

Smiler Crusades are launched when the Smiler Cultists feel that the great Sam has been offended, which happens whenever someone tries to change things in the WalMetropolis, anyone who builds large structures or accumulates great wealth becomes the target of a smiler crusade, really its just an excuse to steal someone's shit, but Sam's on your side so it's cool.

They paint their faces yellow when going into battle and mark their territory with smiley faces. They launch crusades against areas and people like the VEE-R, advanced WalTech they believe was gifted to them by the Great Sam.

## QUEST HOOKS

(need more, need extending)

Fatlord have been attacking Meat Vikings. Now you must battle them and then destroy their WalBurger home.

Your group has just found out that there is an exit but no idea where it is or what waits for them outside. Now they just have to figure out what to do.... (Leaving the store should be the end goal of the epic level campaign.)

Your group has found a winning WalLottery ticket and must now trek to Tobacco and insert it into the legendary Pachinko Lottery machine (expect 25 pound diamond to be involved somehow)...

Your group have apparently found someone with a weapon which he used Employee Eye-Dee to purchase. All he ask is that they complete a few quests for him and he'll let the group use it. However, all may not be as it seems

A Bargain Hunter has offered your group a rare coupon if only they would rescue his daughter from a Nevergrow Wail.

You have been asked to help defend the sacred VEE-R tombs of the 'TronBoys from a Smiler crusade.

The Glamamesh, leader of all of Health&Beauty, has asked you to retrieve a 25 pound diamond from the Gangstars so that it may bask in his beauty. He'll even let you examine his throne of ancient 'Tron if you can just get it back. However, you never did ask what the throne actually did...

## LEXICON

Cult/Temple/Path of the Smiling Face/One - cults that worship Wal-Mart, and Management. The smiley is seen as their holy icon; messing with stockers/greeters/etc is a grave sin to their faiths. They're effectively all the same, but claim dogmatic differences that divide them.

The Great Sam - Sam Walton, though none know him by this name. The Cult of The Smiling One revere and worship him vehemently, and most others at least recognize The Great Sam as a creator figure from the before time. A common phrase in the Wal is, 'Great Sam!' or 'By Sam and the Smile...' typically denoting awe, wonder, surprise, or fear.

Sport - War. The original word has been forgotten, and since "sporting goods" are designed to kill things...

Sporting good - Gun. Occasionally used to refer to blades or armor, but rarely.

Department - Loosely refers to the actual departments; for practical purposes refers to the group of people that live in said department.

Unstocked - A "blind spot" for stockers. These are few and far between, and used for housing.

Shrine of Commerce - One of the old registers in the Auto, Pharmacy, Elec, and Garden zones. Useless (since no one has any money), but kept by the CoSF/SO/whatever.

Stocker - 15-foot tall giant machines of death and restocking.

Greeters - Lobotomized cyborgs that do menial work for the stockers. Ostensibly they greet customers.

Shelf - a village or small township built into an unstocked shelf, high above the floor of the Wal, but equally beneath the realm of the Topdwellers. Incredibly safe due to the difficult climb and the distance from sweepers, raiders, stockers, and greeters, and their locations are often kept a secret only revealed to dear friends. However, due to their location, and the lack of merchants, they are very strained for supplies at any time, and struggle to keep rations and working technology at appropriate levels with intrepid scouts scrounging and retrieving.

Sekyuritee - 25 foot tall bulletproof robot, more agile and strong than any stocker, complete with the iconic smiley face. Armed with a high caliber machine gun and a tear gas grenade launcher, this mechanical monster no longer takes prisoners. Smilers worship it as the manifestation of The Great Sam, punishing those that blaspheme and violate the store, most others revere Sekyuritee as the god of death, patrolling the aisles, reaping those unfit to truly survive. Even the most dimwitted child knows that if you see red and blue flashing lights, you should run or hide.

Customers - No one. No one has money, so there are no customers. The Stockers/etc do not realize this, and never will.

Nevergrow - Munchkins who run the toy department. Vicious, but playful... in the same way that Jigsaw is playful.

Greenthumbs - Denizens of the Gardening department that worship plants and want them to reclaim the Wal. Grind up outsiders for fertilizer.

Topdwellers - Ninja-monkey folk who live in the rafters. Some have made working gliders for transit. Most stick to grappling hook travel.

The Stockroom - Where the stuff comes from. It's known that the stockroom is supplied by mechanized trains that carry goods from distant farms and factories, but any attempt at boarding them has been disastrous. The Stockroom is truly Employees Only.

The Lounge - Home to Greeters when they aren't "on duty" (read: sleeping). A cramped, disease-infested barracks.

## Note to GMs

“Your intoned words permeates the Departments, heard at every terminal, register and help desk. It’s a a clear symbol of the omnipresent dangers your players will face. You serve as the voice of the WalMaster and every Smiler and Greeter and Tabbie and Stocker is yours to command. Every danger, threat and hardship is both directly and indirectly the fault of the Wal and you now command its multitude of horrors.

Fun ideas for a potential Walmaster include:

Let loose flesh eating, mutated bees developed upon your group during a trip across an oozing, toxic chemical lake.

Bring peace to a dying friend by travelling to the fabled VEE-R Booths to entomb him, fending off Smilers and of Greeters assaulting the defending ‘TronBoys.

Watch in horror as you spill bird seed whilst sneaking through the Exotic Animals section.

Experience terrible anxiety as you slowly insert a near-mythical ticket into an outdated, decaying WalLottery machine and await a reward that’s probably ironically excruciating.

WalMart Apocalypse, at its heart, is both absurd and brutal, being an extensive satire of consumer culture. And yet its aisles hold the potential to be horrifying, hilarious and saddening. You’re in control of everything but the player characters. Write an adventure. Have fun.”

## Stories

No one knows what year it is. The calendars have all been stuck on 2032 for as long as anyone can remember - probably a virus.

This much is certain; whenever a business fell, Wal-Mart was there to replace them. The Detroit auto industry was first, replaced with WalMotor. Then came Walton Electronics. Wal-Volt power. The Wal Apartments. Wal State University. Somewhere amid all that, the governments of earth began to fall - no one really noticed. The Wal was everywhere by then. The Wal was everything.



400 feet in the air, the white girders of the ceiling gleam above. A flicker of movement catches your eye - one of the top-dwellers. You've never understood what they see in living up there - oh, sure, there's less stockers, but it makes it hell to make supply runs. You've got your Rascal out, hot-wired, of course, with the half-back cart and the locator chip fried, and you're on the way to the electronics department. You just hope that none of the other departments have declared Sport on them this week - you don't think you could handle that. Oh, sure, you've got your own Sporting good at your side - a nice little sawed-off model. But you're low on ammo, and you just don't have the barter for more right now - not since the latest Nevergrow incursion.

That's when you hear the telltale beeping behind you. Gunning the engine, you tear off into the distance, as the monolith with the smiley face roars after you.

>SHOPLIFTER. ACQUIRE. RESTRAIN. ACQUIRE. RESTRAIN.

You run off a string of curses that would make Saint Sam keel over with rage, and dart down one of the aisles for housewares - rugs. Rugs everywhere. Figures that they'd restock THIS section today - winter is nowhere nearby, no one needs rugs! And worse, there's nothing you can use to get the stocker off your derrière. You're not going to end up a greeter... not today. Pulling a bootlegger turn, you skid back into the aisle, hoping that the move will shake the stocker off of your ass. It doesn't, but it might have slowed it a little bit.

With no other recourse, you load your Sporting good, aiming for a tire. It blows out - the thing has five more, but the front corner's dragging. You've got a chance. Snapping the overboost, you manage to get across the department line - the stocker comes to a shuddering halt. This isn't its section. It radios off for another one to find you - that'll take a good long while. They're not too organized around here, and the Elecs have taken apart most of them for spare bits. You manage a brief victory cheer... before your Rascal crawls to a halt. Shit... out of juice. One more thing to barter for...

It's cold here. Not frigid, but the AC is always too high. The Elecs like it that way. They say the colds good for the rigs. You have no idea if that's true or not, but you figure it's more pleasant to lug stuff around in the cool, rather than the unconditioned heat of the auto center.

As you draw closer to the Elec zone, you can't help but notice that there are entire swaths of shelf that are missing. It's only when you round the corner to the Elec Shrine of Commerce that you see why.

They've harvested the -shelves-. There's an enormous structure, stretching into the air, boxy and dense. Crackling and hissing noises escape it, and you can see a few Elecs running around, carrying bits. You can't believe the stockers are letting them get away with this - then again, they've probably harvested the stockers, too. No wonder the other departments have been declaring Sport on them... they're intimidated. As you stare, you feel a thump on your back.

"Auto?"

"Ya."

"Got the barter?" You unsling your pack, and dump the contents on the ground.

"Fuses, plugs, and 10W40."

"Good man!" The old timer crackles with laughter, his long blue vest-coat bending in entirely unnatural ways as he bends over to scoop up the gear. Must be the way it's stitched. "Come on in. We've got your stuff ready for you. Gonna need a jump for your ride?"

"Ya. How'd you know?"

"Security feed." You nod. A few of your guys have tried plugging into the camera feeds before - it works, just not too well, and always goes dead after a few days. As he ushers you into the building, your jaw drops. You're staring at something made from three stocker hulls, the Smiling faces ripped off, and extra junk Stik-Walded onto the side. The front is what really strikes you, though - it looks like it's carrying the biggest Sporting good you've ever seen. You've seen nevergrow arms that were smaller - and those just shoot big balls-

"You're not one of those guys from the Path of the Smiling One, are ya?"

"Huh? No." You return your attention to the old fellow.

"Good. I know they'd throw a fit. Here you go. Six stock guns - with the chargers. Just point at the shelf, click, and hit your number. You've got about two months before the system realizes that it's not a stocker command. More if you use `em sparingly."

"Awesome."

"And... a jump cell. Good luck." You nod, about to head out, and then turn back to him.

"Hey. Why did you let me see that thing? Isn't this-"

"Kid, Auto's the one department we haven't had any problems with. I figure this will keep it that way. Now shoo." You do so, silently glad for the logic by which these guys operate. If you'd been in produce... you shudder.

---

I've lived my entire life without having to go into a Restroom. I've met people who have: usually have acid burns on them, often smelling of some unidentifiable substance. We would avoid them entirely, but the sinks are a reliable source of water, given that the water fountains are too open to be of use (except to those roving merc bands) and we like to have the soap for some semblance of hygiene.

They tell of labyrinthine halls lined with stalls, patrolled by Cleaners. They fight an endless battle against filth, but they don't realize that they'll never win: the toilets all backed up long ago, and the combined cleaning agents and years of human waste have formed the most horrific slurry imaginable. The guys who go in their always wear masks boots, both of which they change every time.

You'd never catch me anywhere near one of those hell-mazes.

---

Greg let out a small sigh and adjusted his terry cloth bathrobe, searching the pockets for his method of payment. Just a small payment for his supplies in the form of a trinket. Watches and a flashlight that one could wind up to charge.

"No no.. Sir. Take them. You've done so much for us already. If it weren't for your warning, we'd all have died. No one wants to help our department."

Greg looked up at the much younger man before him and smiled. He wasn't shocked. Who had use for writing materials anymore? He was their most frequent customer. Cataloging the activities of the associates took a lot of paper and a lot of ink. His long association with them had left him feeling he had the duty to warn them of the yearly 'Back to School Sale'. They evacuated their homes just in time to avoid being crushed under the feet of redecoration and stocking.

"Here.." He handed over the watches, "I don't need more than one. Knowing what time it is will keep your people safer than anything else. Just stay out from under the feet of the Stockers." He coughed a bit and leaned heavily on his hockey stick. Not even he was old enough to remember what the hell hockey was, but it was useful for

those times he felt unsteady.

The boy looked at him in worry. Greg smiled back and waved him off, "I'm fine.. just old."

"If only this were pharmacy instead! I'd be glad to give you something for that cough."

Greg let out a laugh and patted the boy on the shoulder, "You're a good boy. Thank you. I wish your people could have a more vibrant department, but we all have to deal with the lots we get in life." Another pat before he stuffed the collection of wide ruled notebooks and pens under his arm and headed off. He had so much to do still. So much to still figure out about their world. He'd wasted his youth just getting a grasp on the basic workings of this place. He wasn't about to stop now.

The task was daunting though. He was one of few to know how truly massive The Wal was. He'd walked up and down it in his lifetime. So little time left though.. it made his old body feel all the heavier.

He stopped suddenly.. and peered over his shoulder. A hand stroked his beard in thought. "BOY!" He called. The teenager startled and came over to him, "Forget something, sir? You can have your pick. Nobody else wants all this stuff."

He shook his head and turned around, "No no. How would you like to come with me?" He took the boy's hesitation to answer as a sign he was receptive to the idea even without hearing the details. So Greg continued, "I could teach you. Teach you how to read The Wal. I could teach you that which I spent a lifetime gaining. The ebb and flow here. It's hard work.. and dangerous. You can't be seen by the Stockers but must still be so near them. You'll never want for anything though. Not ever again. Many will trade a king's ransom for what I know.. and what you could know."

The boy looked at him dumbfounded.. "Well..." The old man smiled and added, "Maybe even share your wealth with your home. It would be good trade. You'd live good lives.."

"...I.. Uh... J.. Just let me get a few things first!"

The boy ran off in a hurry. An apprenticeship with the great Sage Gregory! How could he refuse?

---

No one goes to Health & Beauty unless they have to...

Sure, it sounds like a bonanza. Bandages, medicine, tampons, everything you need to keep you going just a little bit longer in this fluorescent purgatory. And soap... goddamn, most of us would kill for the chance to wash our dark places once in awhile.

But H&B's, they're... unpredictable sometimes. Half of 'em are strung out on aspirin, mouthwash, diet pills, and certain more palatable brands of shampoo. They rummage in the makeup aisles, painting and sculpting themselves in the image of the advertising placards they adore. Sometimes you can trade with them, but you never know when mascara-streaked eyes might fall upon you in judgment, and decide you need a...

"Makeover."

---

Shit! This is bad. You check your Sporting Good for the third time, still out of ammo. Your Rascal lies in a heap not two aisles away mixed with the remains of a stocker - why'd you have to run into one in Foods of all places?!?

The cold humming of the fridges accompany you down the aisle masking any sounds near you. Another stocker could be anywhere around here and you need cover now. Suddenly as you pass an Intersection a huge shadow blocks the lights above. You mutter quick prayer to The Great Sam and close your eyes as a huge metal hand reaches down toward you...

>TRY THIS WAL-MART BRAND CHICKEN AND DUMPLINGS SIR OR MADAM! REMEMBER - ITS WAL-LICKING GOOD!

You open your eyes in shock! A legendary sample boy! The huge stocker is clothed in a gigantic apron and plastic hat, is seems insistent on you taking a plate stacked high with meat and potatoes. Quickly you grab the plate and scarf down the filling meal trying to smile and keep the stocker in your sight the whole time. >WAS IT GOOD? "Yes," You tell the metal monster, putting the plastic plate in your pack. Do you think... I could have... one more?" Suddenly the stocker stands up strait is red eyes flashing, >ONLY ONE SAMPLE PER PERSON! The things huge spatula slams down right next to you as you start to make a run for it...

---

Word around WalBurger is that the Smilers finally did it.

No, not that damned smiling monolith of theirs. No one cares about their freakish shrines. No, I'll tell you what does matter - Eye Dee.

Yeah, that shut you up, eh? There's a rumor goin' around that one of their head priests may have finally located one of the damn things. That's news, big news. Could you imagine what those madmen would do? This may be our last days before we end up packed into a giant Smiling Face! Somebody better stop them before they learn to use it, or we're doomed.

---

Past the doors were a massive open space, I could hardly believe it. The lights were an odd shade of blue, and there was dirt, DIRT, just spread over thick everywhere, up too a couple feet in some places.

I had heard of this place, but only in rumors: Landscaping and Gardening.

Only a few feet past the door, the floors, the walls, all covered in thick greenery. Everything from grass, to bushes, to every color of flower I had seen in magazines, and then some, even a few short trees. Produce had been looking for this place since as long as I could remember, if I could barter the location, I could very well be a rich man for simply having been there.

I heard rustling in the bushes then. Of course, along with the rumors of Landscaping and Gardening, there were just as many rumors of The Gardeners themselves, who'd take people away for fertilizer. I used to discard the stories as fabrication, but I didn't risk staying there another second.

---

I finally held one in my hand.

For years, decades probably, I could remember the yearly restocking for the festival of the Green Tree and the Red Man. The songs will forever ring within my mind, but I distinctly remember The Cake. We lived in an unstocked shelf near the clan of the Mark of Hall (Which was filled with kind, neighborly people who always seemed to know the best thing to say).

During the festival of the Tree and Man, they would get new pictures in their section, and many, many of them referenced The Cake. While I couldn't read what the pictures said (Almost nobody can read nowadays), the few elders who could said that the Cake was mocked and ridiculed. However, even as a child, I could see the glisten

of sugar, fruit, and more inside a Cake just from the pictures, and I vowed I would one day taste such a delicacy for myself.

Shortly after the restock for the festival of the Tree and Man, I found traces of the Cake; Broken-open containers bearing pictures of the pieces of fruit used to make the Cake (Perhaps they are still used for this. All I know is that Cooking and Houseware has used their ovens for...unspeakable things). I followed the trail, and managed to catch a band of Nevergrows unaware before they were able to rip open the last of a package of the long-sought Cake!

---

Holding my breath, I stumbled into the sticky abode of a Restroom to wash my mouth out, to banish the foul taste. Tears filled my eyes as I realized that the Cake was a terrible lie, rightly mocked by the unseen makers of the pictures the clan of the Mark of Hall showed me long, long ago.

I had just managed to wave my arms under the surprisingly clean tap and get a single gulp of water when a noise boomed out.

"CLEANUP REQUESTED IN RESTROOM AB45-SECTION 567!"

I looked up suddenly, and saw a gently pulsing glow above a freshly-thrown switch, and a single sneering face I recognized as one of the accursed Nevergrows disappear back behind the corner. However, I had little time to dwell on that, for I could quickly hear the whirr of a custodial-bot approaching...

---

You've been out of ammo for your sport for days. You don't have the barter to buy more ammo and even if you did it wouldn't matter worth a damn. You shouldn't have come here, you shouldn't have let the taunts of your friends get to you. You should've born their taunts and listened to your elders. You were warned, you knew this would be your doom TopDweller.

You've been stranded at the top of a shelf, all your grapple lines are cut and the gutted carcass of one of your foes lays just a few feet away. They thought they could starve you out. They thought they could force you to play their game.

They were wrong, you've been eating the little monsters for days. They throw themselves at you in waves, or they wait until you're asleep and try to get you then, a pair of them even dressed up in the skin of a dead woman and tried to entice you. You killed them all with your sport.

Now you're down to the climbing the blades and claws sewn onto your boots and the grappling hook and chain you keep in your ruck sack.

Your climbing gloves and boots, your climbing chain and grappling hook, all of these weapons pale in comparison to your hate. You hate the NeverGrow and there's nothing you'd like more than to see every single one of them destroyed. The days pass by and one particularly inventive group tries to convince you that they're a search party from Auto.

The fact that one of them can't stop making "VROOOOOOOOM!" noises spoils it. You play along with it for awhile, one of them gets close enough and you snag him with your grappling hook. You pull him in, kicking and screaming all the way and you fall upon him tooth and claw, you slice him open and throw him over the side. The nevergrow respond by shooting at you with a small pistol.

The bullets punch through the shelf and you cling to the metal, snaking along and cursing the great Sam for this hell he has created. You hope the bullets strike you so that this hell will end, and at the same time you yearn for one more day.

Eventually they run out of bullets, by the grace of some unknown deity you survive. You briefly contemplate the divine intervention of the great Sam and then discard it. You know for a fact that the great Sam created the great Wal, he created the Wal and he's responsible for twelve nights of pain and terror among the Nevergrow. No the great Sam had nothing to do with this.

You look over the edge of the shelf, the Nevergrow are arguing, you briefly listen in on the argument. Apparently they're out of ammo for their tiny sport as well.

It could be a trick.

To the Lot with it.

You attach your grappling hook to the edge of the Shelf take firm hold of your chain and leap off the edge. The Nevergrow look up and stare at you in frank amazement. You fall two stories and the chain jerks to a sudden stop nearly tearing your arms out of their sockets. You let go of the chain at just the right moment and fall. One particularly Nevergrow is transfixed by your flight and you use him to break your fall.

A manic grin adorns your face as the Nevergrow's body crunches beneath your feet, blood spatters onto the black and white tiles and you lay about you with foot and fist. They come at you with knives and you respond with grace and agility that can only be gained at the top of the shelf.

After you slice open the jugular of one Never grow with a precise claw strike they decide to cut their losses and run.

You don't let them, there won't be a survivor. Not one fucking Nevergrow will survive your wrath. With their backs to you it's all too easy to snatch up one of the fallen knives, you're taller than them and stronger so chasing them down and slicing them to pieces is easy.

You spend a few brief moments breathing, your blood lust wanes and is replaced with self pity and fear. There will be no surviving this hell. No one leaves Toy Department alive.

You can only hope to take some of the little bastards with you.

---

As soon as I stepped into the Fresh Groceries section, I could tell something was wrong. It was the middle of the restock period, so while all the food was gone, I could reasonably expect that nobody would be lying in wait in order to grab produce as soon as it was restocked (or gank anyone trying to do the same).

However, it was completely silent. Normally the sounds of the cartbots pushing chains of carts hundreds-long filled the air. They were beautiful to watch if you had nothing better to do, and a pain to wait for them to cross if you needed to get past them (I will always remember the cry of "NO PLAYING ON THE CARTS" as my childhood friend was immolated by an electrical charge the cartbot emitted onto the cart chain he was trying to clamber over. Only in the most desperate of times have I ever crossed a moving cart-chain, and even then I usually got the edge of the charge numbing my arm for a few hours afterwards).

Looking around a corner, I could see the cart-chain, spilled across the floor, and an overturned and gently smoking cartbot sitting in place, in its center a smoking hole I could see right through. I was immediately on-guard, since the only thing that I'd ever heard of that could do this would have been a rare Sporting Good. However,

looking nearby, I noticed that the rafters were better-illuminated than normal, driving away a handful of bats that resided there. I didn't think anything of it as Lighting was adjacent to this area, and they tended to be fairly introspective and private folk.

Then I heard a subtle, audible "clink," as if a shelf of glassware had been gently shook, once. Then I heard the noise again, and again, louder each time. I noticed the glow in the rafters was getting brighter and brighter, but before I could flee, they rounded the corner. One of the Lighting people was in front of me, and had some large elaborate contraption of multiple round panes of glass in his incredibly clean hands (The Lighting people were very odd about keeping clean, cleaner than most outside of Makeup, saying something about "Tiny invisible creatures crawling on you all the time"). Behind him was another Lighting person tugging a generator and a Sporting Good lightstick, one larger than I had ever seen before.

Upon noticing me he quickly stooped down and yanked the cord, gunning the generator to life and causing the lightstick he held (Attached to the generator by a wire the thickness of my thumb). I dove behind a nearby shelf of canned meat (Long since expired, they were bulged out like balloons I once saw as a boy) just as they fired...whatever it was. A beam of white light so strong it hurt my eyes lanced past and into the linoleum I had just occupied, melting it to bubbling slag in a small explosive pop and pelting me with grubby flooring pieces. The beam swept towards me, following my leap, and as soon as it hit the pallet of cans, there was a series of bangs louder than any I could recall, and something hard struck me in the back of the head.

As I blacked out, I could only recall the smell of cooked rancid meat, and hearing one of them say "We should truss him up and take him back. The Lensman wants to examine the insides of this one while he's still breathing..."

---

'Tron Prayers of Sam:

"Line 0: There is no CEO but Sam, and to say otherwise is != and heresy.

Line 1: The Wal is all.

Line 2: And we are Sam's People, blessed within the Wal

Line 3: While (We return our blessings to Sam), He protects us

Line 4: For (Sam is the glory), Creator of the Wal and everything within.

Line 5: If (Sam is doubted or the Wal is not judged to be infinite), return to 0."

---

You hear a war cry and you spend a precious moment looking behind you. The walking wounded have taken up sport and 'Tron weapons and they're charging the Smiler ranks. Some are missing eyes or ears, or limbs and still they have weapons in hand. how can you do any less.

You charge the Smiler lines, even with all the casualties the wretched fanatics still manage to get a few people past the kill zone of your tribes master stroke and so you reward them for their dedication to their cause the only way you know how.

Your people are better at killing, each strike of your electrogauntlets proves that. But the smilers have more people to throw at your tribe. You don;t know if your tribes 'Tron will be enough to see the end of this day, but by Tesla you intend to go down with blood on your tongue and hatred in your heart!

The cry rings out among the smiler cultists "ABOMINATION!" it's is repeated and carried and chanted and the cultists drive their secret weapon before them. Greeter Zombies, the Greeters shuffle forward, their eyes milky and white, pus leaking from wounds that refuse to heal properly. Their teeth are yellowed and jagged and their skin varies in shade but it's never quite human, yellow, blue, purple, red, always the color of a wound or infection. The moan piteously and alternate between stock greetings and sobbed entreaties for the sweet release of death.

The monument to your clan's tron stomps forward and opens fire, Sport guns combine with 'Tron and Lightning, Lasers, and Bullets scythe into the ranks of the Smiler forces like a gust of wind air from the Lot itself. Heedless the smilers and greeters charge into the fire with a screamed prayer to the great Sam.

Your friends lie dead at the microwave guns, and your lover lies in a medic's tent far behind you at the corp of your village. You're quite literally the last defender standing. Your people and the smilers have been fighting for days, they're on the ropes and so are your people, either way the Smiler Crusade ends today.

You drop into the honor stance and bring your lightning wreathed fists up to bear. If you're going to die you might as well go out swinging. Then you hear it, the hum of probably the loudest electric engine you've ever heard. You resist the temptation to look behind you.

The smilers however are staring at something behind you with a mix of rage, hatred, loathing, and fear. You glance behind you and then you see it.

Dozens of shelves welded together to create a box shaped hull, neon tubes welded onto the surface blazing in a kaleidoscope of color, six massive legs that shatter the linoleum of the floor with each step. A pair of armored turrets and an observation blister for the pilot.

You fire and another thunder bolt sounds out the death of a Sam Cultist. Ozone competes with the smell of cooking meat and you carefully place your 'Tron gun on the ground. You're completely out of batteries and you've probably touched your last piece of 'Tron, but by Tesla it was a wild ride wasn't it? You look down at your gloves and you pull up the sleeves of your nut and washer chainmail jacket. You find the activation button and power dial on your right gauntlet, you press the activation button and crank the dial up to eleven, then you do the same for your left gauntlet. There's a brief moment where nothing happens and you feel your gut lurch. You did right right didn't you? You're absolutely sure you accounted for- and then the power field springs to life, your fists crackle with lightning.

Out of the smoke where your settlements produce facing wall used to be come more smiler cultists. Their faces are painted yellow and they have "master crafted" weapons in hand.

"FOR YOUR HIGH PRICES YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!" The Smiler bears down on you, in one hand he has WalCraft Sword and in the other he clutches shield made from some cloth straps and the plasterboard planks of a shipping crate. His uniform is spotless and and his eyes are full of religious fervor.

You take aim with your 'tron rifle and pull the trigger. KRACKA-KOOM, thunder fills the air and the stink of ozone fills your nostrils as lightning bursts out of the wide, silvery dome of your 'tron gun. The bolt of lightning slams into the smiler cultist and he dances to a rhythm played out by the patron gods of Watts, Volts, Ergs, and Ohms. You work the lever mechanism on your 'Tron gun and a battery ratchets out of the weapon and clatters down onto the waxed floors, it smokes and stains the linoleum as you load a second battery into place.

"HHHHIIIGGGGHHH PRRRIICCESS" snarls another smiler cultist, this one's fat, he barely fits in his uniform and he has warhammer clutched in his fat, greasy fingers.



"JUST DO IT!" You hear them coming before you see them and you swear. You place your package in the Razkull's basket and use a pair of bungee cords to tie it down, then you leap into the Razkull's seat. "JUST DO IT!" You turn the key and rev up your Razkull's engine. The electric motor hums to life and you can see that you have a charge level of 75% that should be enough to reach your destination. you strap yourself in and burn rubber, your Razkull screams across the linoleum tiles and leaves a long trail of black skid marks behind you. "JUST DO IT!" but they're on your heels, insane really, the speeds you're going at are unsafe, to catch up with you they'd have to- You hear a loud crunch and a crash and the clattering of cans upon linoleum. In your rearview mirror you can see a Rascal with an overhauled engine and a large swoosh mark painted prominently on the hood careening towards you on the side.

You dodge it instinctively, it's only then that you see the Greeter.

He slams into the metal bars that keep objects from flying through your windshield space and clutches feebly at you. You can see past him, just barely, but enough to see where you're going. "JUST DO IT!" the crazy bastards want your package, and they're willing to risk death by collision if that's what it takes.

"Wh- Whe- Whelcuum tooo Waaaalmurt" Croaks the foul smelling thing that rests its shattered body upon the hood of your Razkull. You ignore it and focus on the aisle in front of you. You memorized the way to the settlement, barring the caprice of Sam this should be a sure thing. "Pleeez," The Greeter locks its milky, pus weeping eyes on you. "Pleeez help me." You reach down to the holster on your boot and grab your 'Ware. You press the muzzle of your nailgun against the eye of the Greeter. "Thaaaank Hyuuu-" You pull the trigger, a nine inch nail is propelled deep into the greeter's skull. His body goes nerveless and he tumbles off the hood of your Razkull into the aisle behind you.

"JUST DO IT!" You see a Swoosh Cart behind you, it bounces over the body of the greeter, tumbles and spills its occupants into the aisle. Their bodies hit the linoleum with a loud, twisted crunch. They leave red greasy smears on the black and white tiles. A quartet of Swoosh ATVs suddenly pulls out ahead of you and you gun your engine, managing to push past them by some miracle granted to you by the patron saints of NASCAR. The swoosh ATVs follow you without fail, there's two people on each of them, one driving, one clinging to the driver, none of them wear helmets, all of them bear the Swoosh. Two of them draw sport from a holster of their ATVs and start opening fire. "JUST DO IT!" you press a button on your dashboard and a small compartment in your under carriage empties. Sharpened metal jacks hit the floor and spread out behind you. You increase your speed as much as you dare. one of the ATVs hits the jacks and spins out of control, the riders go flying and hit the ground like ragdolls.

You're near the end of the line, almost safe, you turn a corner and then you see it, a barricade of sacks, probably full of rice or some other food stuff. Doesn't matter what it is. There are Swoosh Nazis behind it and they won't need guns to kill you if you hit the barricade at the speed you're going. You see your only chance out of the corner of your eye. A ramp, its safety rails looted long ago by some enterprising aisler. You turn your razkull and drive up the ramp with your finger pressing on the "turbo boost" button as hard as you possibly can. Your razkull flies over the air and clears the barricade with an inch to spare. Your bumper smashes into a swoosh Nazi's face and pulps his skull. You ride on across his corpse completely undeterred. "JUST DO IT!" that was way to close, you adjust your rear-view mirror, one of the swoosh Nazis is clinging to your cargo basket, You hit cruise control, turn in your seat and aim your 'Ware. "JUST DO I-" you fire and the man's scream becomes a burbling cry.

You turn around and hit cruise control again, once more in control of your Razkull you add in an extra burst of speed as you make the final stretch. You approach the Hardware fort and slowly ease off the juice as you come within range of the wall mounted nailguns. Within a few moments the door to the structure opens and a burly man dressed in overalls, plaid cloth and a hard hat comes out. He's got a large suitcase with him. He approaches you calmly and within a few moments he's leaning on the bloody hood of your Razkull with a disinterested air.

"You got it?" he asks. You point to your cargo basket and he checks the box for the components you were assigned to transport. He nods to himself and straps the suitcase to your cargo cage with the bungee cords before making a "away you go" gesture. "Don't be a stranger now!" he says in a jovial tone. You murmur an appropriate response, Turn your Razkull around and gun your engine, its time to go home.

---

We never stop for too long near the Fashion 'Part, it's too dangerous. The painted, shiny women that come out to mock us won't hurt us, but if the mood strikes someone to snatch some pretty gems? Well...they come. Big things.

They're at least ten Shelves high, big as Sec-bots! Covered in thick, black hair that's held back by their Sporting Good proof, blue armor.

I've seen them do awful things to anyone young, dumb or confident enough to pick a fight with their smaller friends. They can rip a man clean apart, stomp him into chunks and eat the pieces.

You never go to the Fashion 'Part.

---

We'd done it, we'd found the exit we'd been searching all our lives for and it was completely beyond our grasp. Hundreds of greeters stood between us and the doors. Still, we had enough of this nightmarish hell and prepared. All of us grabbed our Sports and whatever armor we could fashion and charged the exit. Our sports thundered, our bats quaked in our hands, I could feel the clawing of the Greeters and kept going desperate to reach the doors. Suddenly I was free, the crush was behind me and I was somehow alive. I looked around for my friends and family but had no time to ascertain their assuredly grisly fate. The doors creaked and opened for me and I was through! I was free! I looked about the darkness around me and saw the sign that chilled me to the bone. I fell to my knees and wept. The sounds of greeters shambling towards me meaning nothing to my ears.

"Welcome to Wal-Parking!"

---

Legions of power armor wearing genius electricians stood massed in rank, their blades held aloft as lightning arcs across them. Their expressions grim and sullen, ready for desperate battle.

A voice rings across the group.

"THE PIGEONS ARE COMING! THE PIGEONS ARE COMING! READY YOUR SWORDS!"

---

Taming a dog is almost unheard of among the Petmasters. Controlling such a ferocious and massive animal is a sign of a true gift with animals, a portent that that particular individual is designed for grand, and often treacherous, fate.

The last one to accomplish such a feat, generations, is only spoken of in hushed whispers during the initiation of a young Petmaster. Evelyn the Unforgettable, an extraordinary and terrible woman, was said to have to led the Pet and Animals aisle to countless victories against the other departments. It is also uttered, though only in confidence, that she nearly brought the department to total ruin and was betrayed by the very people she fought for.

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(Sample dialogue of a Gangstar from Jewellery):

You see this motherfucker right here with his pants falling down? Why do you think his pants are falling down? No, it isn't because he likes it like that. It's because, in a society as individualistic as the Gangstar lifestyle, you gotta fend for yourself. And when you don't have any bling, when you barely have enough to eat, you're given whatever hand-me-down clothes you can find. Those trousers are just too damn big for him and they endanger his life frequently. No, no, you can't try to help him. He needs to learn to take care of himself, to learn how to get. To grow strong. No, I don't care if he's 35 years old, he still got to work for it.

---

Sample conversation:

"Go to the aquatic section, they said. Easy meal, they said."

"Great Sam Above, whose been feeding you all these lies!"

"The same speed freak assholes who told me accepting gifts from the pharmacy tribes was a good idea."

"Ah yes, Auto. I have been told stories of their sense of 'humor'."

"Why would you accept anything from Pharmacy? It's all junkies and robots who want to make more junkies down there."

---

You mean the Hardware Redoubt? Can't say I know too much about them, can't say anyone really does. They just stay holed up in that wood and stone fortress of theirs. I don't know of a sporting good in existence that could get through those walls. I've heard of some from there who left, in self-imposed exile. Never actually met one myself. Anarchitects, we call 'em. You might find one of their 'off-the-grid' dwellings every now and then, but they're usually just about impenetrable save for small slots where they might barter for food or items in exchange for their strange constructions of wood and metal.

---

You check your surroundings, straining every sense, no beating wings, no bird calls, no clattering of talons on steel. Safe, for the moment. You quickly run through your list of required items and check your safety equipment. You attach your grapnel chain to a series of clips on your jumpsuit with that done All safety checks are clear and you reach into one of your many pockets. You carefully grease up your grapnel and then you place the hook on the zipline. You push off from the light fixture and within moments you're flying through the air along a steel cable with nothing more than your own strength and a steel chain standing between you and certain death. Despite the lubricant on the grapnel a hideous shrieking fills the air sparks fly where the metal of the grapnel contacts the metal of the zipline. You've hit terminal velocity, you're going as fast as physically possible for an object falling through the earth's atmosphere. It's one of the few thrills you're allowed in the life you live.

The sheer speed is an intense thrill that's all its own. You can feel your blood boil, but your arms are aching and the aisles of the Wal are rushing up to meet you. You have to get off this wild ride. You bob your body just so and you fly loose from the zipline, you're free falling through the air, even if you had a nearby perch to nab with your grapnel the forces involved would just tear your arms off. You carefully fit the grapnel into a velcro loop and reach down to your belt. You pull the chord and crack silk. A carefully stitched and lovingly made parachute blooms out behind you and the sudden drop of speed is almost like being struck physically. you reach behind you and take hold of two special chords, and with these you carefully steer yourself towards one of the shelfblock tops, its almost impossible to miss, the shelf itself is the size of a small building. You hit the shelftop in a tangled heap of cloth, chords, and clattering metal.

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## The Journal of Viator Sliteye age 14

## Day 74 of my exile

After my month living with the Topdwellers, I believe I have gained their trust. I have been given free access to weapons after my raid on the Elecs caravan. As I expected, my adaptations(see page 370) helped in both the climbing and the fighting that followed the release of the meat hooks. After we had disabled the 'TronBoyz, we carried off a bumper crop of 'Tron weapons, armor, and (my favorite spoil) a large ant farm. Rufus was extremely helpful in carting away the goods. After the raid, my hosts have presented the clothes of a Topdweller. I understand that this is theTopDweller form of adoption and accepted the gesture. I currently only go in half-dress to display my animalistic nature. I must stop writing now as we are moving and my companion, Rufus the Dire spiny-tailed gecko, is needed for the transport of the Elec goods.

The gecko TopDweller,

Viator Sliteye

---

Years of training make sure that when you hit Shelf Top you roll just so. Nothing is in harm's way and all of your gear is carefully stowed. It would not due to get impaled by one of your own knives during a descent to the aisles, your people are not so numerous that gatherers can be allowed to destroy themselves with their own ineptitude. You loosen the cords from yourself and your parachute falls away to become a tangled mess on the shelf top. You quickly check your surroundings, no birds, no humans, no robots, no other noticeable ground threats. You spend ten minutes carefully folding and stowing the parachute, you may need it later. Then you walk over to the edge of the aisle and look down. You feel a slight pull in your gut, even from up here everything looks so confined and cramped, it makes you feel insignificant, helpless. You shake your head vigorously to dispel those thoughts and remove one of your meathooks from your belt and gauge the distance to the other shelf. You can make that jump.

You give yourself the room you need for a running jump and you charge across the shelf top full speed, you send all the force you can muster into your legs and your honed muscles send you forward across the gap. Of course you don't make it to the other shelf top, there isn't a human alive who can do that. You do however make the arc you wanted. You swing your meathook forward, catching the tip in an inches deep crevice in the shelf space, the impact jars your arm and if you keep this up you'll be feeling the pain for days but you're TopDweller, you do what is required of you, no matter how painful, humiliating, or difficult you keep calm and carry on. You pull yourself up onto the shelf and switch the meathook over to your other hand. You've got some climbing to do if you want to get your mission accomplished and it's best if you keep the fatigue as spread around as much as humanly possible. You spend the next 3 or 4 hours (maybe you should get a timepiece?) leaping across aisles as you make your way.

You leap across the aisles, this time you have both meathooks in hand and you use them to scale the shelf until you reach a proper vantage point. From here you watch the battle royale take place. This will not do, you need those pills. You reach into your pockets and you retrieve it, the forbidden weapon. Birdseed, you approach the edge and remove the cap of the small jar and carefully consider altitude and angle. Then you casually flick your wrist and cap the jar. birdseed flies out into the air it lands among the goners. The flying man is the first to notice and he immediately grounds himself, though he still sees fit to fire lasers into the crowd of Goners. It starts with a rustle, then a sound of flapping wings, one, then two, then a dozen, then thirty, then fifty, then the sound of a hundred wings all beating in time fills the air and death descends on the crowd below. You affix your grapnel to the edge of the shelf, attach the chain to your safety line and you leap, entering the fray.

You slam into the back of a fully grown axebeaked finch and drive it into the hard linoleum floor. It screams in protest and you silence it by brutally slamming one of your meathooks into its jugular. You slam the other meathook into its eye and hold the beast down as its death throes play out, then you stand and retrieve your hooks. You look around yourself, the birds are tearing into the goners with a ferocity few could say they've ever witnessed first hand and lived to tell the tale. The birds are doing their best to go after the group of grounder warriors but their machine expert seems to be using some odd glowing bubble to keep them at bay. The pills are in that bubble, you need those pills. You steady yourself and charge forward, towards the bubble and towards the supplies your party needs. It is agony, heat unlike anything you've encountered plays over each micron of your skin that passes through the bubble. It takes less than a second, it feels like forever.

You almost pass out from the pain but you force yourself to stand. The strangers stare at you and you ignore them. you crouch, check the sell by date of the pill bottles, yes, still good. You begin shoveling them into the bag. One, two, three. The Sportsgrunder looks eyes on you. Four, five, six, he opens his mouth to speak. Seven, eight, nine you briefly look up, the Goners are dead and the birds are feasting. The Sportsgrunder is saying something but you aren't listening to him. You turn and leap through the force field. Agony,

But you're prepared for it this time and you work off the pain by swinging your hooks at anything stupid enough to get in your way. You have what you came for, part of it anyway. You charge across the aisle full tilt until you're out of range of the birds. You leap and slam your hooks into the shelf, you begin climbing. You're going to need a vantage point. After all you only have one item, and you have six more items to go. Hopefully the other six retrievals will be this smooth.

---

It doesn't take that long to find what you need, though figuring out how to get it is the major problem here. Goners, more than twenty of them besieging strange group of people, a man in pointlessly ostentatious golden armor, studded with gemstones, wielding a blazing, diamond studded sword. a woman wielding a steel spear, on the back of an enormous crab, her skin is blue and she seems to have developed natural armor plates on her body in some strange sympathy with her mount. A man wearing purple and gold cloth, draped over plastic padding, a shotgun in hand, his clothes declare him to be a "yellow jacket." Above the three hovers a man who wears a set of car batteries on his back, his boots spray fire and the strange gauntlets he wears blast the goners with bolts of burning incandescence. They appear to be guarding a collapsed display, pill bottles coat the ground, some crushed underfoot. The ghost image of a busty young woman declares that Age'B'Gone makes her feel like a 16 year old. You need those pills.

---

"One hand over the other now, oh and don't look down," Crikey says, giving him advice before the trial to come, "Now get up there and do Irwin proud."

He slaps his companion on the back, causing him to stagger the last few steps before the shelf. You take a deep breath and make sure your pouch is securely attached, its contents softly rustling at your touch. You begin your ascent, the handhold readily available from the imprints worn into the metal from generations of climbers. There's a ragged cheer as you pass the point of no return, past the "Ask Employees for Help," sign and the judging face of Sam.

"Don't look down, don't look down, don't look down, don't look --" your mantra broken as you reach for your handhold and find yourself slipping on a pile of bird shit. Your feet planted firmly but your upper body flailing, you fall forward into the pallets of rawhide bones. They scratch the skin and a few fall down to the linoleum below. You swear you can hear the packs of corgis already yipping towards it. With a shudder, you wipe the bird shit from your hand and continue your upward ascent.

With a groan you haul your way atop the final shelf, hours have passed and the worst has yet to begin. You stand, hand shielding your eyes against the harsh light so near the lamps. You reach into pouch and draw a fistful of birdseed, the rustling draws faint coos. You hear the flapping of wings, the whirring as the great 'tron guns follow the winged devils, and prepare yourself.

You drop the seed over the side of the shelf.

The flock dives after it.

With capture sphere in hand, you dive after the flock.

---

(Enemy Sportsman) "And what are you supposed to be? A paper airplane?"

"No! Shogun's Sharpener. no! I'm an honorable Stationari and will bring about your death!"

"AHAHA! Right."

(Stationari cuts him down easily) "Bakagaijinn idiot. Why can no-one appreciate an honorable warrior envoy? Are Daimyos really so unheard of in this damned aisle?"

---

Typical Stockerbot responses during Black Friday:

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY OUR COMPLIMENTARY COFFEE? (laser blast, kills target)

OUR PRODUCE IS NEARLY 100% ORGANICALLY SOURCED! (initiates whirling death blades)

EVERYTHING MUST GO, GO, GO! (kills everything in area)

---

(Glamamesh giving group a quest):

"You insignificant worms are nothing, not even remotely capable of truly understanding just how fortunate and lucky YOU out of all the other Lowly Ones are to be directly addressed and commanded by one such as I.

This alone should be incentive enough to beg for whatever favors you could possibly be capable of, despite how obviously improbable such a thing would be for anyone of your station in life. Go forth and bring me back the 25 pound diamond from the undeserving cows within Jewellery, and I shall let you gaze upon my throne without my glorious presence sitting in it, with sunglasses upon your worthless faces, instead of the bags that shield me from the sight I dread to imagine beneath it."

After completing the quest and getting nothing in return, you charge forward in disgust at having been so mercilessly used and tossed aside like a bit of tissue. You rip off the bags that shield him from your inferior gaze, and keep you from basking in his glorious sight without earning the right.

You barely catch a glimpse of his arrogant, self-righteous smirk and gaze, before it shifts and transforms into a visage of pure gorgeous wrath and rage.

He hisses at you with absolute grace and vehemence, "You lowly dogs DARE to greedily lap upon the sight of my glory!? You have the audacity to BELIEVE you can strike me with such UNWORTHY and PITIFUL pieces of scrap and trash manhandled together into something you pretend to call a weapon!? Then I shall punish you like the dogs you are!"

He snaps his fingers as you all begin to climb the steps to his throne of glory and fabulousness, massive and brutish monstrosities leap forth from behind the pillars they were hidden within. You quickly glance back to Glamamash after seeing these things appear, realizing that he vanished almost as soon as they appeared, not wishing to besmirch his magnificence with the presence of so much UGLINESS.

---

Sample reward from d100 table:

89: You receive a massive 25 pound diamond the size of a human head. It's completely useless. Despite this, everyone seems to want it. Muses from the Music department seek it for the most awesome and radical disco ball in the world. Tronboyz want to see if they can turn it into a laser lens. Smilers need it to finish their Statue of the great Sam. Nevergrow think it is shiny and pretty and thus must be taken. It's a cursed item, drawing the attention of Gangstars to GlamFabs to superstitious Tobacco tribesmen. You can't do anything with it except perhaps trade it with someone too dumb to accept its impracticality.

---

(Example dialogue of a Doctor in Medical):

Always more patients, always more patients... Never sleep, can't sleep, WON'T SLEEP! Ah, hello there. What seems to be the matter today? Oh, I see, your charts say you have hay fever. No, no, shhhh, don't try to struggle, everything will be better in just a moment. There. Isn't that better? Isn't that wonderful? No more hay fever. I've removed your nose you see, along with your eyes, your mouth and your ears. No more dangerous making you ill. Oh, why I am still yammering on? You can't even hear me...

---

His Holiness, most exalted Executive Samael Walton the First, Bringer of Low Prices, Bearer of the Sacred 25 Pound Diamond, and Persecutor of the Heretics looks on the works of the hated 'Tronboyz. The heathens have torn down the very shelves and used them as the most basic building blocks of the structure. Holo Emitters stud the outer surface, showing ghostly blue, red, and green images of the heathen's gods. Neon tubes stretch from the base of the structure to it's very apex, and it is crowned by fat a silvery disc that spews lightning bolts into the air. Samael shivers in the icy air and briefly wonders what happened to the Expedition of Crusaders, Seasonals, and Tech Support Priests who were ordered to find a way to alter the temperature in this department. Surely the favored of Sam would be able to overcome whatever dark works these Heretics wrought to create such a frigid atmosphere? But he does not ponder it long for he has work to do.

The exalted Samael retires from the observation post and carefully makes his way down the steps of the wooden structure. The Lumber would have been costly but promises of aid during future raids by the Suburbanites against the heathens bought him the wood at the low, low price of one tenth of his congregation. A bargain by any true Smiler's standards, after all making more new converts was easy enough, getting building materials at a discount was not a feat performed every day. The exalted Samael exits the observation posts and greets the group of believers with a benevolent wave of his hand. They are dressed in black, and gray, and white with carefully sewn and embroidered vests that bear the sacred smile. Some bare the wounds from pitched battle with the heretics hoping for divine healing from the Great Sam, others have not yet had the privilege of stepping into the fray to test their faith with steel and fire and hope for the Smiling One's favor in the test of Faith to come.

The Exalted Samael attends to his flock the best he can, he places a hand on a lightning burn and calls upon the Smiling One's beneficence to speed the healing of the carbonized flesh. He stands before a man who lost his leg to a mercenary's chainsaw hand and kneels, he spends five minutes begging the one who built the Wal to grant this man a new leg to perform deeds of faith in the name of the Smilers. He stands before the group of faithful smilers, those who have proven their faith in combat and those who have to do so and with tears in his eyes he

thanks them for their service and begs the mighty Sam to grant his people victory soon. He feels a hand on his arm, Joseph, his aid has come, obviously there are urgent matters that need his attention. The Exalted Samael apologizes to his congregation, with blessings gained and miracles promised they disperse to tend to their duties.

Joseph is a short man, balding, he wears the typical smiler uniform but like the Exalted Samael's uniform his is made with gemstone decorated buttons and fine silk. Unlike the Exalted Samael he wears a harness and from it dangle dozens of clipboards, he holds one in his hand now and taps it with a ballpoint pen. "The casualties are starting to pile up and the Doctors are incensed, you stiffed them on their tithe of personnel when you traded some of the flock away for the lumber, which while useful, isn't going to be healing the wounds of our Crusaders." Joseph is the only man who can speak to the Exalted Samael like this, after all he is the only true confidant Samael has ever had.

"Have the wounded given to the Doctors as a tithe, not as useful as healthy subjects for their...amusements but we have more than enough to pay our overdue...promises 3 times over." Samael briefly examines one of the sapphire gems on his chest and absentmindedly begins to buff it.

"Well that solves our Limb'B'Back and Age'B'Gone issue but we have the Anarchitects to worry about." Joseph makes a few notations on the iridescent blue plastic clipboard he's holding and picks up the navy blue wooden clipboard that dangles from his chest harness. "They're pissed that you went over their heads with the suburbanites and now they're threatening to suspend their trade agreements."

Samael chuckles quietly and stops buffing the dull-looking sapphire, there perfect. "Send the the Sacred Diamond as payment, keep it a secret get a glass replacement or something from one of our trade partners. We can say that one of the heretics stole it right under our noses and use it as a way to stoke righteous fury in the congregation."

Joseph makes a note on the wooden clipboard and drops it, then he snatches up a metal one. "One of the Tech Support Priests returned from the Expedition to reverse the curse that the heretics have placed on this area."

"Oh?" Says the Exalted Samael looking up from his ruminations on all the troubles the "Sacred" 25 Pound Diamond has brought him in the 3 or so years he's carried it.

Joseph spends a brief moment flitting through the pages on the clipboard. "and I quote 'Eternal Damnation, Blue Screen of Death, error will to live not found.' We couldn't get anything more out of him, he died," Joseph checks his gem studded fob watch. "Fifteen minutes ago. Roughly six hours after he returned from the expedition, to our knowledge the only survivor."

Samael ruminates on this and sighs. "So be it, we do not have any more men and women to waste on foolhardy objectives. We must cut straight to the heart of the matter. We must attack that garish abomination and strike its very memory from the history of the Wal!"

## See Also

- *Monument 14* by Emmy Laybourne, perhaps the first beginning inklings that this fate is around the corner for humanity, in setting.

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