

A FREE NPC PACK

Faces of the Long Road

12 ready-to-use post-apocalyptic NPCs, with portraits

Twelve people worth meeting

Every name in this pack is a real person in the Rustbelt, a thousand miles of ruined highway fifty-two years after the Bright Week: someone with a job, an organisation, a place you can find them, and a history that ties them to everyone else. Drop any of them into your own post-apocalyptic game as they are — a contact, a rival, a quest-giver, a suspect — or borrow a face and a voice and change the rest.

Each entry gives you who they are, which organisation they answer to, where they are usually found, and enough of their story to play them tonight.

> In **rustbelt** these people are already waiting. The AI Dungeon Master knows where each of them lives, who they work for and what has happened to them in your campaign. Meet them at rustbelt.world; read every one of them, and three hundred more entries, in the Lexicon.



Administrator Lenore Achterberg

Chair of the Directorate's Board — who intends to count every living soul in the Rustbelt.

ORGANISATION The Ledger Houses
FIND THEM Continuity

Lenore Achterberg rose through the Allotment Office, where she learned that a population you can count is a population you can feed. As Chair she has doubled the census routes and halved the hunger inside Continuity's walls.

She does not think of herself as a conqueror. She thinks of the unregistered settlements as people dying of disorder, and of herself as the cure. She keeps a map on which every town is marked in one of two colours, and she is patient about the ones still in the wrong one.



Baron Ignatius Creel

First among the Cistern Lords — who has been waiting twenty years for a dry summer.

ORGANISATION The Cistern Lords

FIND THEM Lake Tarnish, sometimes Dry Wells

Ignatius Creel holds the old municipal water tower at Lake Tarnish and the filter beds beneath it, and styles himself Baron because nobody has been in a position to object. He is cultured, hospitable and serves guests a glass of his own water with some ceremony.

He has spent two decades buying pump parts, bribing well-diggers and paying for news of the level at Dry Wells. He does not wish the Wellkeepers harm. He simply expects arithmetic to deliver them to him, and intends to be gracious about it.



Big Annie Dufresne

Road-captain of the Blacktop Sisters — six foot one, one eye, and never late.

ORGANISATION The Blacktop Sisters

FIND THEM The Long Road

Annie Dufresne lost her eye and her first convoy to the Firebrands at nineteen. She built the Sisters out of the women who walked away from that wreck, and she has delivered every load she has signed for in the twenty-two years since.

She drives the lead rig herself. She is generous with her crew, short with fools and respectful of the Tollmaster, whom she expects to succeed. She keeps the Sisters' list in her head: every raider who has touched one of hers. The list gets shorter, and not because she forgives.



Brother Ember

First Kindled of the Ash Choir — who has walked to the Cradle and back nine times.

ORGANISATION The Ash Choir
FIND THEM The Glass Flats

Nobody knows the name he was born with. He came out of the Glass Flats as a young man with burns down one side and a calm that has never left him, and he has led the Ash Choir's pilgrimages ever since. Nine crossings should have killed him several times over.

Brother Ember is gentle, persuasive and entirely sincere. He will guide a lost caravan out of a Hot Zone and ask for nothing. He teaches that the Bright Week was not an ending but a beginning left unfinished — and that the Cradle is waiting for someone to complete it.



Census-Marshal Corbin Ashe

Head of the Census Corps — a gentle man who has never forgotten a name he wrote down.

ORGANISATION The Census Corps
FIND THEM Greenwell, sometimes Barrow Ford

Corbin Ashe grew up in Greenwell when it was starving and remembers the wagon that saved it. He joined the Corps at sixteen and has walked more of the Rustbelt than anyone outside the Roadies. He sincerely believes he is the best thing that can happen to a town.

He carries no weapon. He listens well, remembers children's birthdays and has personally written every entry in the ledger the Corps calls the Deferred List: the settlements that said no. He visits each of them again, every year, to ask whether they have changed their minds.



Colonel Josiah Mercer

Commander of the Ninth Garrison — third of his family to hold a post nobody has relieved.

ORGANISATION The Ninth Garrison
FIND THEM Fort Sorrow

Josiah Mercer's grandfather heard the Last Order with his own ears. Mercer inherited the command, the fort and the duty, and carries all three without visible doubt. He is courteous to civilians, exact with his officers and merciless to raiders.

He believes the order came from a government that still exists somewhere and will one day ask for an accounting. Privately he has had the Relay's recording of the broadcast played to him more than once, listening for something his grandfather might have missed.



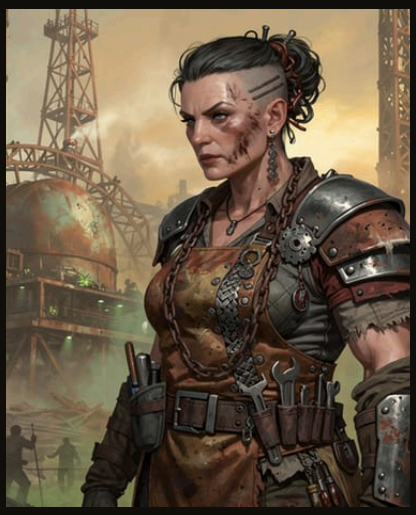
Doc Marisol Vega

Founder of the Red Satchels — who wrote the remedies book in the margins of a seed catalogue.

ORGANISATION The Red Satchels
FIND THEM Halfway Bridge

Marisol Vega was a veterinary student Before, which made her the nearest thing to a surgeon for three hundred miles After. She walked the settlements for forty years, treating anyone, and wrote down what worked in whatever paper she could find.

She is past eighty, nearly blind and still teaching at the Satchels' only fixed house, a clinic at Halfway Bridge. She has stitched warlords and census clerks on the same table. She tells every apprentice the same thing on the first day: you are not here to decide who deserves it.



Forge-Mother Hanna Petrov

Mistress of the Ironmonger Lodge — who relit the Cinderworks furnace with her own crew.

ORGANISATION The Ironmonger Lodge
FIND THEM Cinderworks, sometimes The Glass Flats

Hanna Petrov was a ruin-rat who could read. At nineteen she walked out of the Glass Flats with a mill engineer's handbook under her coat and spent the next twelve years working out what it meant. The furnace at Cinderworks has not gone cold since she lit it.

She judges people by what they have built and forgives almost anything except waste. She will teach any outsider who brings her a pattern she lacks. She is also quietly buying every chit of coke on the Long Road, and has not said what she plans to cast.



Jack Scratch

Warlord of the Firebrands — soft-spoken, patient, and the reason towns pay before they are asked.

ORGANISATION The Firebrands
FIND THEM The Carrion Yards

Nobody knows where Jack Scratch came from, and the stories he tells of it do not match. He took the Firebrands from their last warlord in a single evening, without raising his voice, and has led them for eleven years.

He keeps his word exactly, which is the worst thing about him: when he says a town has until the new moon, it has until the new moon. He reads, plays chess with captives and has let more than one go for beating him. He has never explained what he wants the Carrion Yards' thousand engines for.



Old Thom

Speaker for the Quiet Kin — a Turned man who remembers the world Before.

ORGANISATION The Quiet Kin
FIND THEM The Cradle

Thom was a rail engineer of thirty when the Bright Week caught him at the lakeshore. He did not die, and he has not aged in any way anyone understands. His skin is grey and cracked like dry clay, and his voice is the mildest in any room.

He speaks for the Kin when someone must. He is the only living witness to the first night of the Bright Week, and he has told what he saw to exactly three people. All three joined the Ash Choir within the year, which is why he no longer tells it.



Tollmaster Ruth Okonkwo

Called Redline — the convoy boss who keeps the Tollman's Truce, by argument or otherwise.

FIND THEM The Long Road, sometimes Continuity

Ruth Okonkwo was a girl in the back of a fuel truck at the Halfway Bridge when the Truce was sworn, and she has spent her life making sure it holds. As Tollmaster she settles disputes between convoy bosses, sets the toll each season and decides who may fly the mark.

She earned the name Redline driving a burning tanker out of a toll post to save the people inside it. She is fair, loud and deeply suspicious of the Directorate, whose census wagons have begun asking for a discount she has no intention of granting.



Warden Silas Crane

Warden of Beanfield Hold — who was a boy on the doorstep on Opening Day.

ORGANISATION The Cellar Compact

FIND THEM Beanfield Hold

Silas Crane was nine when the door opened, and saw his father shot on the threshold by a man whose family had been left outside it. He has been warden for twenty years and has never forgotten either half of that.

He is exact, courteous and immovable. He trades fairly, shelters travellers in the yard and will not let a stranger below the first landing. He believes the Prepared owe the surface a debt for the Sealing and that paying it carelessly would kill them all. He is still working out the instalments.

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rustbelt

Meet them in person.

Every face in this pack lives in a world your table can play tonight, run by an AI Dungeon Master that remembers who you helped, who you crossed and who you left for dead.

Scan to read the whole cast in the Lexicon, or visit rustbelt.world.
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