FALLOUT: LONDON

V1.0 by Songless

Well then lads, it's happened. The rationing, social unrest, European Civil War, and the Resource Wars back-to-back weren't bad enough, so on October 23rd, 2077 the British Isles were bathed in nuclear fire along with the rest of the world.

Welcome to the world of Fallout, but this time we're taking a look at the other side of the pond. It's now 2237, and in the century and a half since the end of the world, London has fared about as well as anywhere else, really. Much of the city is in ruins, the Thames river contains such a nightmarish level of pollution and radiation that sticking your finger in probably makes the flesh fall off in a matter of seconds, and between the mutated wildlife, violently antisocial nutters stalking the streets, and never-ending struggles for dominance between the city's numerous gangs, every day is a day worth living – because it might just be your last.

For decades, the cityscape has remained largely the same. The class divisions that plagued pre-war Britain have not only remained, but if anything were magnified by the hardships that followed the nuclear apocalypse. The contrast between mostly-intact Westminster and the devastated boroughs in the rest of London has never been so great, and the city seems destined to remain mired in endless, petty squabbles.

But below the (irradiated) surface, things are neither as unchanging nor as hopeless as they seem, and a great change has been building up for nearly two centuries now. Unknown to most, the city is coming to a turning point in its history, with events set in motion by the most unassuming happenstance.

The Gentry still give their orders from their palaces in Westminster… but few bother to listen anymore. It won't be long before their long-held rule is truly tested. But who knows what power will take their place as the new rulers of London – or if any even succeed?
Angel, a shadowy cabal that has been manipulating events from behind the scenes since before the bombs fell, has their own plans for what the future will look like. But though their reach is vast, they are not all-powerful. Even the enigmatic Smythe can't be everywhere all at once, and from the ashes of Ol' Blighty have risen more than a few factions who would contest Angel's dominance over the city… knowingly or otherwise.

You arrive here shortly before a group of Vagabonds sets out to loot a supposedly deserted underground lab, inadvertently throwing a wrench into Angel's schemes. You may start in any of the boroughs, such as Hackney, Eastminster, or wherever else makes sense for someone of your particular background. Where you go from there… well, that's up to you.

Oh, you do need to pay the fare, though. Here, have **1000 Tickets**, and remember: *mind the gap*.

Background

London's home to countless people, and from the eerily preserved streets of Westminster to the gore-covered pits of the Beefeater cannibals, few live in this city without some group to call their own. It pays to have friends - or at least folk who won't stab you in the back when you're not looking. You may choose one of the following Backgrounds, and may opt for either the full reincarnation package, where you become one of their members complete with a history, memories, social ties and so on, or you may choose to become a Drop-In with no past to speak of. Instead of starting as an existing member, Drop-Ins will instead find themselves easily accepted by their chosen Background.
You may start in any location within your chosen faction's territory, such as the Imperial War Museum for the *Tommies* or in Camden if you become a *Pistol*.

First, and most certainly the least-known, is **Angel**. Styled somewhat after the Freemasons of old, this secret organization has existed since before the nuclear apocalypse. Led by the enigmatic and seemingly-immortal 'Smythe', Angel's goal is ultimately very simple: to ensure mankind's continued survival by eliminating the dangers of poor decision-making by the rest of humanity. They have worked in the shadows for decades… but this may change soon, and all of London will quake with their reveal.

Second are the current rulers of London: the **Gentry**. Rich, influential, and utterly loathed by just about everyone else, the Gentry are the descendants of the British aristocracy at the time of the nuclear apocalypse. The self-serving wealth of their predecessors meant that Westminster was protected much better than the other boroughs, thanks to even greater blast walls, and the Gentry have maintained their excesses ever since. Concerned more with status and political standing than any kind of genuine problem-solving, for all their issues, one thing remains an undisputed fact: the Gentry own London, and though their power is becoming increasingly unreliable, only the strongest and most confident would openly defy them.

Your next option is the **Tommies**. Formed from the remnants of the British army, the Tommies are the de facto law enforcement for most of London. With access to military-grade equipment and substantial numbers, no other faction can fight the Tommies on even footing – but they can't be everywhere, and between the Hooligans and other threats, the Tommies are spread thinner than they'd like. Their one failing is their inability to decide on their own course – between somewhat incompetent leadership and social inertia, many see them as little more than the Gentry's lapdogs. But discontent within the Tommies is rising, and who knows? A new direction might just be in the cards for these battered men and women…

Moving outside of the established powers of London come the 'contenders to the crown'. The **Fifth Column** is proof that fascism remains an ever-alluring form of governance to those looking for someone to blame for their problems. Eschewing the supposed weakness of London's current and former rulers alike, Eve Varley and her allies seek to bring about a new world order – one with them at the top, and anyone opposing them in an unmarked grave, be they Gentry, Angel, or just one of various kinds of 'undesirable'. They're especially popular with the poorer

and more violent people of London, and are one of the only factions to have positive (if largely unknown) ties with the Miller's Men skinheads.

A diametric opposite to the scientifically advanced Angel, the indifferent Gentry, and the autocratic Fifth Column alike, **Camelot** stands as a champion of equality, democracy, and solidarity with the common man. Built upon the image of the knightly orders of old, Camelot holds itself to chivalry and honour. Based out of Wandsworth and without access to more heavy industrial support, many dismiss these would-be knights as little more than idiots playing pretend… but don't dismiss their power. Their numbers and influence are growing steadily, and they are far better trained and organized than most realize. Their long-term goal is the overthrow of the Gentry and the establishment of a more representative government – and they very well might succeed.

Moving on to the periphery are the smaller factions, gangs, and other such bands of misfits. Though their reach might be smaller, these groups tend to be the local powerhouses, controlling only a smaller amount of territory but having much more power and influence within that region.

The largest and most dangerous of these 'outsiders' are the **Isle Of Dogs Syndicate**. Built upon a culture of ruthlessness, ambition, and cunning, the syndicate has grown enormously over the past decade, ever since they betrayed and murdered the leaders of their rivals, the Vagabonds, at a diplomatic meeting that eventually became known as the 'Red Treaty'. Having become rich off of doing the Gentry's dirty work, the syndicate doesn't shy away from blackmail, extortion, murder, and outright slavery – so long as it's profitable to them. At the same time, their connections give them the greatest trade network of the city and an unmatched influence across much of Eastern London.

Opposing the syndicate are the **Vagabonds**. Calling Bromley home, the Vagabonds have been fighting – and losing – a war of attrition against the Isle Of Dogs for years. Their leader, Sebastian Gaunt, has vowed to end the syndicate no matter how much blood must be spilled on either side… and be it luck or destiny, the Vagabonds' fortunes might just change for the better in the coming days.
Years of hardship have turned the Vagabonds into a mismatched gang of misfits and eccentrics, but they're no less capable because of it – a Vagabond's life is one of adversity, and they've learned to be both clever, brutal, and creative in equal measures.

Over in Hackney, you've got the fun-loving mess of **Roundels**, whose interests mostly revolve around their scooter races and fashion shows… but don't let that bright and carefree lifestyle distract you. They're also involved in a brutal turf war with the skinheads of Miller's Men, and have been dishing out some serious damage. However, their leadership has become increasingly fractured: their once leader, Prince Pete, increasingly retreats into chem-induced stupors to deal with his trauma, and the rest of the Roundels' major figures no longer agree on how to handle Hackney's difficulties. Perhaps you can be the deciding factor?

The **Pistols**, based out of Camden borough, are a group united by a creed of equality, individualism, and cooperation in the face of adversity. That, and the age-old call for ‘anarchy in the UK’. Currently led by Apache Alice but regularly swapping leadership through democratic elections, the Pistols are a small but prosperous faction. Exuberantly contrarian but generally well-meaning, they have nothing but loathing for Westminster, and the fact that they are forced to pay the tithe to the Gentry to survive is one of their most hated facets of life.

And lastly… well, there’s a number of smaller, independent communities that largely stay out of wider politics, preferring to avoid the mounting tensions. By becoming **Unaligned**, you don’t commit yourself to a particular creed, instead becoming a resident of places such as Eastminster, Thameshaven, Brixton, or The Dome. Your people might not have much overt power, but don’t let that fool you: the majority of London’s civilian population shares your place in life, and the entire city is, one way or another, dependent on people such as you producing and trading the goods they need every day. And while there are plenty of others who are better at politics, fighting, or the like, no other faction can match your experience at *survival*.

Race

Plenty of folks call London home. But while there’s always that joke of not knowing who your da was, it might still be useful to pick *what* you’re going to be during your visit.

- Human (Free)

The majority of the population, despite everything that Ol’ Blighty has thrown at the survivors, are still your regular, run-of-the-mill humans, much like you might encounter in many other places. Aside from maybe a little more genetic scrambling, most people are no different from those who lived during the twenty-first century. You won’t stand out, but that can be both a blessing and a curse.

- Aquatic Mutant (100 Tickets)

Most commonly referred to as ‘Thamesfolk’, these people share a common mutation caused by both the widespread radiation and the intense pollution of the Thames. Resembling the classical ‘fish men’ from old horror movies, Thamesfolk are heavily adapted to an aquatic existence. They are much more resistant to radiation, capable of breathing under water, and mutated skin and gills mean they are effectively immune to environmental pollution. Where most would find all but the shortest dip in the waters of the Thames to be a life-ending affair, many Thamesfolk actually find it quite an enjoyable experience. You’re also immune to the affliction known as Tunnel Cough, which could well save your life depending on where you decide to explore or scavenge. Do note that there is a great deal of mistrust between Thamesfolk and regular humans, both due to past incidents and just good, old-fashioned racism.

- Just A Bloody Tree (100 Tickets)

Resulting from a mixture of radiation, pollution, and the consequences of a reverse-engineered G.E.C.K. melting down in one of London’s Pindar stations, the mutants known as ‘Dryads’ are commonly seen in the parks and wilder areas surrounding London. Part human and part tree,

most Dryads are little more than feral creatures acting on instinct… but exceptions do exist, as the ‘High Priest’ Gordo proves. With this option, you gain many of the traits of Dryads, but much like Gordo, you retain your old identity and personality. Being a merger between conventional human biology and plant-like mutations, your skin resembles bark more than flesh, and you’ll find your body more resistant to harm as well. Photosynthesis means you’ll not starve so long as sunlight is available. Finally, you are much more resistant to radiation, and sunlight even allows you to metabolize radioactive compounds, undoing any accumulated damage from radiation exposure so long as you ‘soak in some rays’. Sunlight rays, that is, not gamma rays. Note that due to the extreme rarity of intelligent dryads, you might draw more attention than you’re used to, though the novelty likely also means folks won’t discriminate against you… or at least, no more than they would anyone else.

- Commuter (200 Tickets)

The nickname given to the Ghouls of London, these people were once human – before receiving a life-altering dose of radiation. Their mutations generally leave them with an emaciated appearance, many missing their noses, losing hair, their skin appearing almost rotten off, and generally evoking the classical ‘zombie’ image. But despite their looks, Ghouls have a number of major advantages over ordinary humans as well. Ghoul physiology barely operates on ordinary biology anymore, and their seemingly withered muscles and other tissues are just as effective as they were before their transformation. They are functionally immortal and will not age past the point at which their transformation occurred. Their ability to absorb radiation means they are not only not at risk of radiation poisoning, but actually allows them to go without food or other sustenance, thanks to London’s background radiation. In radioactive ‘hot spots’, this even reaches the point that Ghouls will rapidly heal any wounds so long as they remain exposed to high rad levels.
Unlike ordinary Ghouls, you are not at risk of losing your faculties and going ‘feral’. Ghouls are common enough, even among the Gentry, that few are openly hostile to you solely due to your nature.

- Tin Soldier (200 Tickets)

In the years before the nuclear apocalypse brought it all crashing down, humanity made great strides in the field of robotics and artificial intelligence. Where the United States was dominated by RobCo and General Atomics, here in London, the most commonly seen robots are those built by Upton-Burke and the Turing Corporation. With this option, your new form is either the domestically focused (but unexpectedly deadly) Robo-Margot or the more militarily focused (if more mass-produced) Atkins robotic soldier. Both variants are vastly more difficult to harm than ordinary humans thanks to heavy armor plating (not to mention the lack of vital organs), and whether you’re using electromotors or hydraulics, you can expect a superhuman level of strength combined with near-perfect motor control and dexterity. You also run on an internal power core, so you don’t need to eat, drink, sleep, or do much of anything other than maybe get some maintenance if you take damage. You also have a notable edge in interfacing with other computers, and with circuits instead of a brain, you’ve got basically perfect recall to boot (though your intelligence is no better or worse per se).

If you decide to become the (normally mute) Atkins model, we'll throw in a jury-rigged voice box for you as well at no extra charge. Pantomime and written cards can only get you so far, after all.

- Clone (+100 Tickets)

You could be a loyal member of Angel, some discarded test-case, or an early attempt by one of the other factions, but you're… well, not you. Or at least, not the first one. Whether your original still exists or not, you were created as a clone of some other individual. Although you are physically no different from most humans, you suffer from a reduced talent for creativity and a tendency to simply follow instructions rather than come up with your own goals in life. Furthermore, while you are not *quite* as short-lived as most of Angel's clone soldiers, your lifespan is greatly diminished. Although you'll start as the equivalent of a young adult, the years weigh heavily on you, and you'll age several times faster than any other human. By the time your ten years here are up, you could be little more than a geriatric. Switching to any alt-forms confers the same detriments - no cheating.

Perks

Skills pay the bills, as they say. Coming to London without at least some way to make a living is not the best idea, so grab some Perks to ensure your stay is a pleasant one. Or at least that it's not cut tragically short.

Angel

- Unfettered (100 Tickets, free for Angel)

It wasn't nuclear weapons that left London the ruined wasteland it is today – those were merely the last small domino in a much longer chain of events. No, what damned old humanity was something far simpler. *Human nature*. Unchecked emotions, ego, and simple banal short-sightedness demanded no less… and so the world burned.
Angel was built for a simple reason: to ensure that in the future, the choices made would be the right ones – ones like yours. Whatever kind of unconscious biases, moral qualms, emotional dissonance, or other such flawed reasoning might normally influence your decisions, these won't get in the way of cold, hard logic unless you deliberately allow them to. Certainly, many might call you ruthlessly amoral for it, but when 'morality' has failed mankind in such a manner before, the only sane choice is to leave it behind.

- Human Resources (200 Tickets, discounted for Angel)

Any sufficiently large organization needs people, be it to do the jobs that need doing… or to have the jobs that need doing done to them. Getting the right subjects in the right positions isn't a trivial challenge, but you excel in both of these endeavours. You are uniquely talented at gauging another person's prospective performance, loyalty, and overall value to your (or your group's) goals, and will more easily find even the more uniquely gifted or eccentric of

prospective hires. Likewise, you are remarkably capable in… *acquiring* test subjects of various kinds. Whether you need a sizable group of never-missed homeless, a control group of Ghouls, or just a large number of children to test your latest genetic breakthroughs, you can usually figure out where to find them.

- In The Shadows (400 Tickets, discounted for Angel)

You can't run a conspiracy without a good secret or two, but more than that, you can't expect secrets to *stay* secret, either. But you have little reason to worry: you're the kind of spymaster that could run a conspiracy for decades without revealing anything of importance… but more than that, you excel at managing any leaks that *do* occur. It doesn't matter if a few people know the truth, so long as nobody believes them, after all. Likewise, twisting the narrative through some well-timed propaganda or 'revelations' of your own can completely change how the unknowing masses react to any information about your works that does make it into public awareness. Ignorant pawns are the easiest to manipulate, but tricking others into believing they've learned your 'true' goals when nothing could be more wrong can be just as useful.

- Reshaping Life (600 Tickets, discounted for Angel)

Why take a gamble with flawed humanity when a better alternative is available? Take the finest example of mortal existence… then *improve upon it*. Angel's power and influence come first and foremost from their long-term vision, and their mastery of biomedicine was turned to ensuring a continuation of their leadership and the values upon which the organization was built. With this Perk, you gain complete mastery of all of Angel's medical knowledge, most obviously being their skill at creating and modifying clones of various kinds. From evaluating genetic drift to creating superhuman 'shock troop' mutants and researching genetic curatives to hard-coding loyalty, the human genome is a blank canvas for your art.
Beyond that, however, you also gain a considerable understanding of the various (medical) devices employed by the Angel conspiracy, such as biometric locks and the systems used to directly interface with neural tissue to 'transfer' personalities and memories from one body to the next.

Gentry

- An Eye For Decency (100 Tickets, free for Gentry)

The Gentry are the finest people that could call London their home, but even among the… 'less fortunate', some may still rise above their station and make themselves individuals of worth. If only barely. But although true greatness is likely beyond most such plebeians, it pays to know who does – and doesn't – have the potential for climbing the social ladder. After all, a successful protégé is often more a matter of having a great patron – and by *being* said patron, you could acquire considerably more social credit and influence yourself. You've got a keen eye for talent, cutting through most of the unpleasantness that might have other aristocrats turn up their noses at a candidate. Whether it's simply a temporary mercenary contract or a more long-term investment, you'll find it much easier to determine who's got the temperament and competence to fit into high society – and how the rest will bungle about making an embarrassment of themselves and anyone associated with them.

- Respectable (200 Tickets, discounted for Gentry)

Respect is something London really ought to offer more of. Too many think they can talk back against you just because you're not carrying a gun, or they're hungry, or some other nonsensical excuse. But greatness cannot be denied. London is the greatest city in the world, and the Gentry are the greatest of those who reside therein. You'll be treated with respect – and you'll not tolerate mockery or disobedience from lesser men. You've got a particular talent for forcing others to treat you rightly, even if circumstances might dictate otherwise. After all, though you yourself might not carry a gun (unless you fancy the occasional bit of gunplay, anyway), there's no reason you can't bring a bodyguard or two to ensure compliance. Fear will keep them in their place. Even if those you interact with hate your guts, they'll not insult you or raise their voice against you unless they're willing to come to blows over it.

- Aristocratic Domination (400 Tickets, discounted for Gentry)

Guns? Muscles? True power comes from *influence*, and influence comes to those who know the system. The law applies to all, at least supposedly, but as with any set of rules, there are always the finer details to consider. Context. Interpretation. Loopholes, even. You're the kind of person the Gentry would look up to – or fear – with reason, because you're a *master* of bureaucratic manipulation. Whenever you participate in any kind of legal, regulatory, or other such system of rules, you'll find yourself practically drawn to whatever parts are most applicable – and beneficial – to you. This means that you can easily find the 'grey areas' where there are ways to push your own plans through without *actually* breaking any laws, while at the same time weaponizing those same rules and regulations to stop those you oppose. With enough prep-time and maybe a silver tongue, you could drive any kind of lawmaker to fits – and present yourself as the more law-abiding side, to boot, no matter what the reality of the situation might be!

- Justly Affluent (600 Tickets, discounted for Gentry)

Working for your money? What are you, some sort of plebeian? For anyone who's anyone in this world, the proper order is that *money* works for *you*. While the vast majority of London sees the Gentry as little more than stuck-up parasites, none can deny their wealth – and the power they derive from it. Whether you're properly 'high class' or not, you'll find yourself becoming richer merely by being rich – or even just anything short of completely broke. Even if your own contributions are negligible (or even detrimental), with this Perk, whatever business ventures, financial deposits, organizations, mercenaries, orphaned servants, and anyone else in your employ just start bringing in more money. Others might claim you're rolling in the Tickets doing nothing – you just rebuke it with the simple fact that you're simply better than them at handling money. Your assets won't necessarily be any more competent or successful by any other metric, but simply getting a lot of extra income should not be underestimated. Merely having a lot of Tickets to throw around is its own form of power… and with the kind of money you'll have access to with a clever investment or two, you'll be powerful indeed.

Tommies

- Army Traditions (100 Tickets, free for Tommies)

Formed out of the remnants of the British Army, the Tommies have by far the longest military tradition of the factions in London… ignoring the pirates of the Jack Tars, anyway, but good luck getting any kind of competence out of *that* lot. Where most others have had to learn how to survive in a now much more hostile world, the Tommies have always had the advantage of proper training and experience – and it shows. Whether you're a full member or merely have friends in the right places, you've received a level of combat training most people in London can only dream of. You know your way around just about any kind of ballistic weapon, be it handling various rifles and machine guns, or keeping your gear clean and unaffected by the hardships of life in a contaminated ruin of a city. You're also a solid grenadier and won't have much trouble flushing Hooligans out of cover with a well-placed grenade or two.

- Readiness (200 Tickets, discounted for Tommies)

Sure, you might be drawn in by the idea of heroic combat against Hooligans and other deserving targets… but being a soldier is often just a whole lot of drudgework and waiting. But have no fear, for you are the perfect soldier – at least in one aspect. You're incredibly disciplined and can maintain combat readiness even when faced with seemingly unending periods of boredom. Others guarding that checkpoint for days and days on end will probably end up sleeping on the job at least somewhat, but you'll be the one to spot that sneaking scout ahead of a major assault.
As a secondary benefit, this also makes you far better at handling the bullshit spouted by any incompetent superiors you might have. Which could actually be more valuable than keeping an eye out for Hooligans and Radgers, if we're honest.

- Delegation (400 Tickets, discounted for Tommies)

A soldier can't be everywhere at once. If nothing else, *someone's* got to keep track of all this paperwork, to say nothing of guards and so on. Sometimes, there just isn't enough manpower available to do all the things that need doing – but for such occasions, there's no better option than hiring a few outsiders to do the dirty work for you. Mercenaries, guns-for-hire, 'independent liaisons', or even just a random band of thugs with enough sense not to shoot you on sight… whatever temporary assets you recruit for your cause tend to work out far better than you'd expect. Sending a single desperate, if modestly competent, traveller to clear out an entire building of violent lunatics or pave a path through a mutant-infested hellhole probably still won't end well unless you get very lucky, but anything short of that? They'll get the job done, they'll accept the pay, and so long as you're not trying to cheat them out of their agreed upon Tickets, they won't even stab you in the back.
As a side effect, you're also far better at forcing yourself to read through paperwork like reports. At least enough to know what your subordinates are doing out there – and what they're not doing, so you know where to put that little bit of extra help where it can do the most good.

- Rule, Britannia! (600 Tickets, discounted for Tommies)

You'd have to be insane to take on the Tommies – and they're not shy about telling that fact to anyone who'll listen. For all their faults, the Tommies are the undisputed master of battlefield superiority – and you're everything their organization aspires to be. Your ability to leverage superior equipment, exploit numerical or qualitative advantages, or simply overcome obstacles through raw power is unmatched. Whether you're used to working solo, achieving success by relying on the finest weapons and armour London offers, or you're a commander leading forces with keen insight into flanking, volume of fire, and tactical teamwork, you'll find that any edge you've got over your adversaries is one you'll push to greater and greater benefits.

Fifth Column

- Fash (100 Tickets, free for the Fifth Column)

Say what you will about the Fifth Column, but they know how to make it look good. More than that, the black boots and overcoat of a single member don't instill terror for their appearance, but because of what they *represent*. Merging appearance and intimidation is old hat for Varney's lot, and you learned from the best. You know how to look tough and intimidate others… but while anyone can simply growl and look scary, your particular talents become *vastly* more effective if you're part of a larger or more powerful group.

- Excise The Rot (200 Tickets, discounted for the Fifth Column)

True strength can only come through eliminating weakness. There are always those who disagree, those who merely speak the words but don't believe them, or who might be driven to more *seditious* acts if not caught in time. But none can hide from your all-seeing watch, because you're a savant when it comes to finding discontent in your subordinates. Whether it's through some basic intimidation or leading questions, or an entire counter-intelligence scheme with fake reports and covert observations, you'll find that any of your attempts to weed out the disloyal are easier and more effective than ever before. Play your cards right, and you can figure out who's disloyal before they even reach the point where they'll actively work against you. After that, all that remains is to… make an example.

- Britain, Awake! (400 Tickets, discounted for the Fifth Column)

The status quo only ever favors the powerful. For things to change, they have to *change*, and what is mayhem and disaster to one is just opportunity to another. The Fifth Column loves to incite unrest so they can take advantage of the resulting chaos - and you'd be one of their greatest assets for it if you felt like it. Whether it's usurping leadership of a group by taking advantage of discontent and rebellion among the rest of its members, fuelling resentment and divisions within once-unified rivals, or simply forcing groups to follow your chosen path by starting a civil war and ensuring the victors are in your debt, there are *always* cracks for you to widen. True unity is an illusion… all that matters is that when the dust clears, your side stands victorious, and you're the kind of person who could take a faction that's stood for years and leave it mired in infighting and instability in a matter of days.

- A New Path Forward (600 Tickets, discounted for the Fifth Column)

Truth? The truth is not what's real; it's what people *believe* is real. If propaganda, twisted narratives, and outright lies ensure that people believe something completely opposite of the facts, can you really say they're wrong? No, you can't - if only because doing so makes you an enemy, and everyone knows you don't listen to enemies.

Much like Eve Varney herself, the truth is little more than putty in your hands. Whether it's rewriting history to make yourself look better, erasing knowledge that runs contrary to your goals, or outright eliminating anyone who might prove that you're lying through your teeth… well, what people around you believe has a habit of changing to suit your needs. Those who define history have power over the future, and you know just how to twist the facts so people believe your version of events - even to the point that those who know *something* is off about your narrative won't even be sure of their own experiences anymore. You could become a master demagogue with ease, create a cult of personality with carefully curated or censored rumors, or eliminate potential rivals without anyone realizing the real reason.

Camelot

- Victory Or The Grave (100 Tickets, free for Camelot)

Change might start with an idea, but an idea needs *people* to make it a reality. Convincing others of your point of view can be a difficult task indeed, but at least you've got a bit of a leg up in this particular case. Much like Arthur himself, you're an experienced public speaker and know how to make your voice heard to the masses. You can give speeches with confidence, stay calm under scrutiny, and generally present yourself as a man, woman, robot, or other individual worth listening to.

- The Missing Piece (200 Tickets, discounted for Camelot)

Plenty of people think of themselves as leaders-to-be, but few stop to consider what they can contribute as they are instead of daydreaming about unlikely futures. You're the kind of person anyone would welcome as part of their group, because you'll find that you have a particular talent. Any organization you join, be it from a small group of peers or an entire faction like Camelot itself, will find that you're just what they need to succeed. Maybe you've got just the skills they were lacking before, a new perspective that revitalizes their methods, or it could simply be a lucky break where you show up in the right place at the right time. But whatever the case may be, those you decide to help will be all the better for it.

- Ideals (400 Tickets, discounted for Camelot)

The big problem with democracy is that different people want and need different things. It's a challenge to get people to work together without simply trampling their freedoms, but there's a reason that Camelot has managed to make it work - and so can you. The choice between freedom and organization can be hard, but you are an outright savant when it comes to getting folks to follow you without forcing them. Recognize when your desire to control things would be detrimental in the long run, and instead embrace diversity: you can easily anticipate friction and future issues when different groups of your followers might interact, and establish ways to prevent or at least peacefully solve such conflicts. Further, you know how to keep even wildly

differing perspectives in mind when trying to find a way forward, and convince folks to work together instead of going it alone - and in doing so, combine their differing talents in a way that becomes more than the sum of their parts.

- Atomic Chivalry (600 Tickets, discounted for Camelot)

Many believe Camelot to be little more than fools 'cosplaying' the knights of old – and therein lies their folly. After the corrupt, self-destructive shortsightedness of the Pre-War world (not to mention the continuation thereof by the Gentry), is it a surprise that the founders of Camelot chose to model themselves after a tale of courage, wisdom, and integrity? Whether you're a member or not, you embody what perhaps gives Camelot its surprising degree of power. Unlike many, you are very capable of seeing the flaws inherent in existing traditions and can build upon the past without forgetting to look to the future. This applies to both society, where you might see the long, inevitable decline of poor choices, but you can also easily combine modern knowledge with old-school traditions and approaches to keep the best of both. Low-tech weapons are commonplace in London and looked down upon by many. But a knight of Camelot will recognize that while a micro-fusion warhead is too fragile to fire out of a gun… *a longbow can launch one just fine*.

Vagabonds

- A Motley Lot (100 Tickets, free for Vagabonds)

The bigger organizations often have some sort of codified training, shared methodology, and similarly 'uniform' approaches. The Vagabonds… have anything *but*. After the hits they've taken over the past number of years, they're holding on due to spite more than anything else, and many of their more successful members could be considered dysfunctional at best. Yet somehow, they make it work – and so can you. You are a savant when it comes to working together with folks that might all be, ah, 'missing a screw or two', and can get eccentric or clashing personalities to cooperate far more easily than you'd expect. They might still get into fights (verbally, anyway), and you'd better have a solid tolerance for insults and general cussing, but with some effort, you could make a surprisingly harmonious community out of nutters, weirdos, and strays.

- Off-The-Wall Inspiration (200 Tickets, discounted for Vagabonds)

When the obvious solution to a problem isn't possible, it's time to look for *less* obvious ones. You might not be any better at coming up with plans per se, but you're unmatched in terms of how creative your plans can get. While others might scoff at basing a scheme on the plot of a 005 comic, or ask 'why not just blow it up then?' without expecting a wholeheartedly enthusiastic answer, you'll not discard any options available to you just because they're not what you'd expect. Even better, whatever 'out there' ideas you come up with seem to be just as effective as more conventional plans.

- No Fair Fighting (400 Tickets, discounted for Vagabonds)

Those tossers in the IoD think they're civilized just 'cause they've got some fucked up code, but don't let anyone forget *they* were the ones who abandoned any kind of morals when they killed

ours during the Red Treaty. This is war, and in war, there's no rules. You thrive in chaos, in kicking over the anthill, sending it all tumbling down and taking advantage of the mess. Knock folks off-balance, and none can match you in hitting whatever vulnerable point your opponents left open while on the back foot. Be it because they're not paying attention, or just by assuming no-one would be crazy – or ruthless – enough to hit it. You were *born* for guerrilla warfare, and with a bit of sneaking and a whole lot of bombs, you could crack open the most secure prisons, armories, or other centers of hostile power... and hey, if it causes even more chaos? All the better.

- Back From The Brink (600 Tickets, discounted for Vagabonds)

Adversity is a familiar companion to those living in Ol' Blighty. Sometimes, things just go wrong. Mistakes, betrayals, or just a run of bad luck can bring anyone to the edge… but some are just too stubborn to admit defeat, and they'll make the rest of the world blink before giving up. The Vagabonds know how bad things can get, but they never let it stop them. Like them, you are unreasonably good at turning things around when shit gets bad, a mixture of grit, spite, and unrelenting refusal to lie down and die, letting you push through anything coming your way. Plus, folks around you know you're never leaving your guys behind, and will do their best to follow your example. Grit your teeth and bear it… and before you know it, things will start looking up, if you don't mind taking a chance now and then. Things can always get worse, but sometimes all it takes to make them *better* is one person too driven to call it quits – and that person might just be you.

Syndicate

- Cordial (100 Tickets, free for Syndicate)

Too many people in this world allow themselves to be ruled by their emotions. Ambition, hatred, and sheer, blind stubbornness can drive a man to make mistake after mistake. Not so for you. You can keep a clear head when dealing with others, even if you hate them with every ounce of your being. Taunts and insults will not find purchase under your skin, you'll have the patience to deal with the petulant and uncivilized, and you can generally figure out how to at least talk to them without the guns immediately coming out.
There's no guarantee it'll *work*, but if a cordial discussion with one you'd have every reason to loathe beyond all reason is the best way forward, you can at least try.

- Put 'Em In Their Place (200 Tickets, discounted for Syndicate)

Power can mean many things. Influence. Tickets. Having a bigger gun than the next guy. But ultimately, power simply comes down to people doing what you *tell* them to do. The Syndicate has built itself through the ruthless application of any form of power, both towards outsiders and, just as importantly, also to their own. Few could match you in utilizing your talents for maintaining order and obedience, especially through intimidation of your peers and subordinates. Like the 'Sniffers' the IoDS employs to root out dissent and keep the younger members in line, you have a nose for discontent and rebellious offenders.

- Legitimate (400 Tickets, discounted for Syndicate)

Everyone's got dirty work that needs doing, everyone's got a dirty past, but so few are willing to act like it and get their hands dirty in the first place. Crime's just another way of life. But for someone willing to provide them, solutions to… let's call it 'lawfully challenged economics' can be very profitable, not to mention great for one's influence and standing. You've got a keen eye for profiting off criminality, not necessarily in terms of doing crime yourself, but especially when it comes to taking advantage of high levels of criminality around you. So long as you're putting at least a token effort into reducing overall crime (or at least making it *look* like less of a problem), many folks will be far more accepting of your criminal activities. And sure, turning criminals and other undesirables into forced labour, then working them to death, *and* then turning their corpses into fertilizer is a ruthless business model. But tickets are tickets, and so long as you're keeping the streets empty of folks asking too many inconvenient questions, those in power will be all the gladder their problems never come back.

- It's Just Good Business (600 Tickets, discounted for Syndicate)

Manipulation is a delicate art, and far too many ruin any chances they have with a far too heavy-handed approach. After all, the best way to get someone to do what you want them to do is to make sure they decide to do so on their own… and like the IoDS, you readily recognize the value of tainted motivations.

Creating systemic incentives and making that initial push are easy enough, but paradoxically, you're even better at corrupting people to do your will when they know they really shouldn't work with you. By setting things up to take advantage of someone's better (or worse) traits, you can often put others into a no-win situation where they'll resign themselves to doing your bidding – without you having to even put any pressure on them yourself! After all, getting folks to worry or guilt themselves into doing the worst on their own without involving yourself much means they've got nobody to blame but themselves, and makes them that much less likely to turn on you.

Roundels

- Shoppe Regular (100 Tickets, free for Roundels)

Scooters are the Roundels' preferred rides, but there's other vehicles around if you're less picky. Whether it's got two wheels, four, or it's something else entirely like the Ferryman's boat, a good source of transportation can be incredibly handy – not to mention fun! Fortunately for you, you've spent enough time behind the wheel that you can drive just about anything. So long as it's motorized, you can make it move, and usually in the right direction as well. Better, the state of London's roads (or what's left of them, anyway) has given you an incredible ability to handle uneven terrain, potholes, and other such obstacles without slowing down much.

- Functional Fashion (200 Tickets, discounted for Roundels)

If your clothes don't say something, you might as well not exist. The Roundels live for the flair, the show, the fashion – and if you're going to stand out, you'd do well to be good at it. Fortunately for you, your talents at putting together and modifying outfits are second to none, and you can effortlessly achieve a level of eye-catchingly unique style that others might need

years of practice for. Perhaps just as importantly, you've learned well how to combine aesthetics with function. London's a dangerous place, so making sure your outfit protects you well is no less important than looking good. But in your hands, even a crudely hammered metal chest plate can become the shining star of a catwalk… and this city will *fear* the day you get your hands on a good supply of Ballistic Fiber.

- Gearhead (400 Tickets, discounted for Roundels)

Sure, the Roundels are most known for their motorbikes and racetrack tinkering, but don't let that fool you. Beyond the flashy paint and thrumming engines lies an organization that prides itself on its technical expertise – and it shows. Anyone can grab a jury-rigged rifle and try to shoot you, but piss off a Roundel and there's a good chance you're going to see the wrong end of a plasma pistol. You'd not look out of place at the Shoppe, because you're a gearhead through and through. Though you're not particularly knowledgeable per se, you're a master at improvisation, making use of damaged or worn-out components, jury rigging solutions, and generally making use of the boundless 'treasures' the ruins of Ol' Blighty provide. Likewise, you're pretty good at figuring out what any particular piece of tech does – if only to make sure it doesn't explode when you plug it into your scooter.

- Inspiring (600 Tickets, discounted for Roundels)

A good leader guides his people into the future. A great leader doesn't even have to. While most people only really consider a 'legacy' something left behind after one has already died, that's not actually necessary – and you're the kind of person who could inspire people for years on end through a mere handful of actions. Much like the 'Princes' of the Roundels, the example you set will continue to drive others forward in your name, even when you're no longer present (physically or mentally). At the same time, your reputation becomes much more resistant to any kind of tarnishing. If things go sour for you, so long as folks know your situation is only temporary and you'll keep working towards earning your respect once more, they'll not lose faith in your cause or your name. Be it illness, drugs, simply being left a grieving wreck after some tragedy, or even all the above combined, folks will remember who you once were – and who you'll be again, so long as even a shred of hope remains.

Pistols

- Cyberfox Star (100 Tickets, free for Pistols)

Crank up the volume and dance the night away – the Pistols' love of music surpasses almost anything else, and there's no better way to make a name in Camden than to take centre stage. This Perk makes you one of the best musicians in London (though admittedly that's not as high a bar as it used to be), and you're at the very least competent at anything from singing vocals to creating electronic beats. Also, it looks like you've become completely immune to tinnitus, so spending your days right next to the speakers won't cause you any lasting issues either. Maybe all that radiation's done your eardrums some good?

- We're All In This Together (200 Tickets, discounted for Pistols)

Too many folks can't see beyond their own little troubles. Selfishness, greed, and most of all *egos* already destroyed the world once – no point in making the same mistakes again. The Pistols know you need to work together to get through things, even if everyone has wildly different views of how that should work in reality. But if nothing else, you've got what it takes to show the world how it's done. You're far better at getting people to share stuff, especially if you do the same first. From something as simple as a cigarette or bottle of booze to establishing an entire polycule of free romance, so long as you make an effort to be generous, you'll find that those you share with will be vastly more likely to respond in kind. It's most effective on a personal level, but hey, start with the little guy, and the bigger things will follow suit, right?

- Integrity (400 Tickets, discounted for Pistols)

You can't build a community out of people who only care about themselves. It takes teamwork to get anywhere… but even if you gather enough decent sorts, there's always a bad apple or two. Trust is a two-way street, but you're a natural at figuring out who's genuine and who's only playing along. Sure, a gut feeling's not enough to condemn someone, but simply recognizing something's *off* is the first step to finding out what people are hiding. And you're pretty good at that too, because you've got a nose for investigations and spotting the details folks are trying to keep out of the public eye. Hiding foul play, betrayals, or other secrets from you is no easy feat, and if you *really* dig in? Even the most well-buried motives can be brought to light.

- For A New World (600 Tickets, discounted for Pistols)

It's so easy to assume that the revolution's finished when the old powers are dethroned, but more sensible people know that's merely when the real work starts. Tearing things down is easy. Building them back up is anything but. Fortunately, you're pretty decent at organizing counter-movements, but more than that, you're the man (or woman, or robot) who rebuilds after. You're superbly capable when it comes to establishing new societal structures, and your ability to integrate the remnants of the 'old guard' while establishing equality and justice for everyone is second to none. You could set up systems of government that get people *involved*, rather than merely coasting along doing the bare minimum, ensuring that whatever society you build will be far more robust, with better representation and unification than most others – even if it's built out of people who'd otherwise have little in common.

Unaligned

- A Tiny Spark (100 Tickets, free for Unaligned)

There's no other way to say it. London, like many other places these days, is *shite*. Most folks only focus on just making it through the day – survive first, thrive later. But you're no stranger to hardship, and you've learned to not just endure but to actually *live* even during great hardship. You've got tremendous mental fortitude and can easily find bits of happiness even in the bleakest of places. Sometimes, all you need to liven things up is a bit of decoration like a nice painting, a new game to play outside with the kids, or trying a new kind of booze to shake up the monotony. And who knows? If you smile more, others might decide to give that whole 'happiness' thing a try, too.

- Unimportant (200 Tickets, discounted for Unaligned)

You've got enough to deal with as it is. Let the ponces over in Westminster prance about, or the Tommies try and fight the Hooligans, no business of yours. Folks like you know to keep their head down… and usually, it even works. In fact, you're particularly unlikely to be bothered by big, important things if you try to be left alone and deliberately avoid getting involved. You might still need to do the occasional spot of self-defense or say the right empty platitudes to the tax collector, but otherwise? Gang wars pass you by, grand conspiracies will target some other place to torch, and if there's a huge, mutated beastie making trouble somewhere the most you'll see from it is a couple of adventurous types passing through to track it. It's a quiet life, but that's just the way you like it – no better way for *staying* alive, after all.

- Stable Connections (400 Tickets, discounted to Unaligned)

Making a living in London means adapting to circumstances. Even a pacifist sometimes needs a good gun, and all that. Nowhere is this more visible than in the traders that keep the Tickets flowing across London, because few know better how important it is to work with those you might otherwise only sneer at. You're an excellent trader yourself – or at least, you could be, with how easily you set up new connections. You're ok at haggling and bartering, but where you truly shine is in working with more *exclusive* groups. From the Gentry to the Isle Of Dogs and Brickton to Miller's Men, so long as you're not outright shot on sight, you can convince just about anyone to do business with you. With a little work (and maybe a few carefully placed bribes), you could become the archetypal 'guy who knows a guy', with access to all manner of high-end goods, hard-to-find replacement parts, and other valuable commodities that would otherwise be difficult to acquire – or for most, not even on offer at all.

- Apocalyptic Endurance (600 Tickets, discounted for Unaligned)

'Another day' leads to 'another week', and then 'another year'. Survival comes in many forms, but carelessness and short-sightedness can get you killed as surely as radiation poisoning. The people of London have made their homes in some of the harshest environments known to man, and they've done it through cautious ingenuity and adapting to the danger rather than simply pushing forward regardless of the situation. Places like the Dome or Croydon have endured beyond almost any reason, and you could surpass them both if you wished – and not just figure out how to survive, but how to *thrive*. You're a master of evaluating environmental hazards like radiation hotspots or contaminated water sources, and can easily turn the resources of an area to your purposes. Frequent Radstorms and sterilized farmland are making food scarcity a threat? The right mutated plants can solve that issue, and if a barely-educated Brahmin herder can figure out how to make milk that reduces radiation poisoning, you can probably do something better. No reliable supplies? Improvise something with the scrap left from before the bombs, and it'll work long enough to get a more permanent solution. Even hostile wildlife can be an asset rather than a problem – Thameshaven has tamed Thameshounds and Mittenlurks, the Dome produces said mutated milk with spectacular anti-radiation benefits, and even beasts like Radgers can be brought to heel by a clever trainer. And you… well, you're still alive, so you're definitely more clever than some.

Miscellaneous Perks

- Collector (50 Tickets)

Don't you just hate it when you find a couple of cool pieces of a set, only for the rest to remain tragically lost? Despite the radioactive devastation, there's still plenty of collections you could start in London these days, from music Vinyls to cigarette trading cards and beer coasters to cuddly dolls. And with this Perk, you'll find that doing so is just a bit easier, too! While you won't notice much at first, as you begin building any particular collection, you become increasingly likely to find whatever pieces you were still missing. You won't suddenly find one-of-a-kind artifacts in any random puddle of mud, mind you, but so long as it's at least somewhat possible? You could have a smoke and guarantee you're getting a collectible animal card you didn't have yet, rather than yet *another* copy of the one you already found back when you started, for example.

- A Kind Word (100 Tickets)

The world's a rough place, and people merely trying to survive can struggle to see beyond their own personal needs. But even in a world as bleak as this, some people still try to help. Whether you've been to St. Paul's Sanctuary or not, you certainly seem to embody some of its ideals. You have a particular gift of seeing the best in people, and though they might not always agree with your assessment, you're also a bit better at bringing it out into the open. Redeeming a lifetime of misdeeds may still be possible, even if whoever you speak with doesn't believe it's possible anymore… though it's obviously much easier to bring folks back to 'the light' when they're not so far gone just yet.

- Serendipity (100 Tickets)

When all your skill and talent fail, sometimes it's worth trusting to blind luck. Though you're not any luckier in general, you do seem to have a knack for finding at least one option when you don't have any other leads or paths forward. Trying to track down a conspiracy with zero actual information on where to start? You can probably get at least a name to track down or an area to dig through for more. Or maybe it's that one last computer that's still running in a broken lab that *just* happens to have a bit of useful context you were lacking. Hell, sometimes you might just have to start asking around and find that you're getting a bit more clues than you'd expected. It's never much, and it doesn't eliminate the need for some good, old-fashioned effort, but that first step in some monumental task? You'll pretty much always be able to take it, be it by accident or by looking for it.

- King Of The Hooligans (200 Tickets)

Sure, Great Britain has a queen, but who needs some barmy Ghoul nobody's seen for a decade? The streets are ruled not by some fancy bint with a crown, but by those with the will and the ruthlessness to *claim* their power. And though your title's nothing official, you're definitely the kind of leader to thrive in the lawless periphery of the boroughs. You're an old hand when it comes to finding targets of opportunity or setting up raids, borne not necessarily out of leadership skill but more that one talent nobody else seems to have: recognizing who *not to fuck with* without a lot more backup. You can easily gauge anything from solitary figures to entire

strongholds, and see if they're weak enough to hit, a bit of a challenge, or so powerful they'll obliterate your entire crew before you can yell 'Britannia'. In London, survival's the only measure of success, and you intend to live a long, long time.

- A Right S.P.E.C.I.A.L. Guv (400 Tickets)

Imagine yourself. Rolling out of a cloning tank, knowing nothing about the world or even who you are. You start with nothing, then just… sort of master hand-to-hand combat, social manipulation, energy weapon technologies, and more, potentially no more than a mere month or so later – and all without any kind of formal instruction. Hell, you could even just spontaneously mutate eyes that see better at night, or find your stomach becoming unreasonably resistant to irradiated food.

What kind of person would you need to be to pull that off? The kind of person that's just a bit *special*, no doubt.

With this Perk, you can achieve just such kinds of feats, because you gain the same incredible rate of learning and self-improvement that the Wayfarer shows during their travels. The immediate effects of this are twofold. First, you automatically develop yourself through overcoming adversities, with greater challenges providing similarly greater progress, regardless of what other methods you might use to learn or train. As an example, fighting for your life for weeks on end will see your overall abilities and competence skyrocket, while occasionally picking a lock would have a comparatively minor effect (though it would still benefit you). Second, the manner in which you improve is no longer linked solely to what you're doing. You could become a better boxer by persuading others or hacking computers, learn how to barter with merchants by shooting a lot of Hooligans, or get better reflexes after tinkering with your armor... though, regardless of what you decide to improve upon, the skills or abilities you develop should be those found in the world of Fallout.
As a side-effect, you'll also be able to learn and further develop your use of Angel's *Video Assisted Targeting System*, without the need for an Atta-Boy or similar kind of supporting device.

Items

London's home to some of the finest museums known to man – though many of them are little more than rubble these days. But if you're worried about arriving a century late to get a souvenir, why not pay some Tickets here to get what you want?

You may freely import similar items into your purchases here, combining their functionalities as appropriate. You may reduce the price of one 50 Ticket purchase to **free**, and **discount** one purchase each of 100, 200, and 300 Tickets to half price (including suitable choices for 'Britain's Finest, if you wish). And since nobody says 'no' to a good deal, you may also use your discount on a cheaper purchase if you really want.

Unless otherwise specified, all purchased items will slowly repair themselves to full functionality if damaged, come with unlimited fuel or other expendable resources, and are replaced after one week if spent, destroyed, or otherwise rendered permanently lost to you.

- Ol' Blighty's Tunes (Free)

The clicking of your Geiger counter might not be very relaxing, but there are other things to listen to around here as well. You can tune in to the various radio stations from Fallout: London, and they'll continue to play music, offer (humorous) commentary on local happenings, and occasionally play various ads to keep the lights on. They'll even broadcast in other settings you visit, providing similarly enjoyable tunes and/or news wherever you go.
Also, you get a collection of vinyls delivered to your Warehouse with all the various songs played on the radio. Not sure why you couldn't get it in a more modern format, but hey - nothing beats the classics! Assuming you can find a working record player somewhere.

- Wish You Were Here (Free)

Even now that London's a shattered, radioactive wasteland, one tradition remains true: visit your local pub, and enjoy a cold one. You receive a free beer coaster or other such collectible every time you visit a new pub, which is automatically added to a convenient coaster board found in your Warehouse. Somehow, the board never runs out of space, no matter how many dozens, hundreds, or even thousands of pubs you end up finding your way to.
The coasters won't give you any special powers, though. That's just weird.

- Britain's Finest (Variable Cost)

From the tricks of a rusted butterfly knife to the roaring carnage of the 'Hun's Buzzsaw' and plate mail straight out of a museum to state-of-the-art riot gear, having the right equipment in Ol' Blighty is of vital importance – especially in a fight. Although many of the weapons used by the locals are improvised, a substantial supply of Pre-War equipment spread across the city ensures that you'd do well not to underestimate the dangers you'll face. So why not even the odds?
With this option, you can purchase customized gear to ensure you're ready for the challenges that London might throw at you. You have a few options here, all of which you can purchase multiple times if you like.

First, you may purchase a single weapon of your choice, with whatever suitable modifications you'd like (like scopes or customized receivers) as well as a 'Legendary' effect of your choosing, for a price tag of only 100 Tickets. As examples, you could acquire a longsword that heavily irradiates anyone you strike with it, a Service Rifle that is exceptionally powerful against a single type of enemy (such as robots), or a Zap Pistol that somehow fires two blasts with every pull of the trigger. This weapon comes with an arbitrary supply of ammunition (if it needs such). You'll still need to reload, but you can just pull out a new magazine, power cell, or other such ammo any time you do so.

Second, you may purchase either a single piece of armor or other worn apparel (typically for your head, chest, or one of your arms or legs) for 50 Tickets, or a complete set for 200 Tickets.

After all, the best defence is not a good offense – it's a good defence. Like the weapon option above, this equipment comes with whatever suitable modifications you like, as well as a Legendary effect of your choice. Examples of the kind of pieces you could gain here are a reinforced combat helmet that enhances your awareness and reflexes, a leather chest piece modified for better camouflage and that reduces the damage you take from animals such as Radgers, or a lightweight metal leg guard that improves the rate at which you recover from intense exertion. You can mix-and-match armor types if you wish.
No power armor, sadly – most of those are on the wrong side of the Atlantic, so you'll have to do without West-Tek's leftovers.

- Creature Comforts (50 Tickets)

The world's changed, but mere nuclear fire can't dislodge some of Britain's most cherished traditions. This purchase grants you a somewhat scuffed tin containing a wide variety of tea variants, which slowly replenishes as you use up the tea kept inside. You also get a small garden (either located in your Warehouse or placed somewhere convenient in-setting) for harvesting ingredients, in case you want to make your own custom blends.
And don't think that the ol' cup and saucer seem rather lacklustre – much like London, the tea brewed there has changed with the times. The numerous mutated plants that are used for brewing tea in this new future can give it a range of beneficial effects. They might not be quite as potent as the Pre-War drugs Britain once abused, but these teas also don't carry any risk of addiction, overdose, or other such medicine-related risks.

- Creepy Cuddly Company (50 Tickets)

This pre-war Lovecraftian doll has seen better days, one of its eyes fixed with a button and the stitching looking a bit rough in places… but despite these facts, this 'Cutethulhu' seems to have weathered the last century or two with surprising resilience, and even still has all of its 'face tentacles' attached.
It's obviously just an ordinary bit of fabric and stuffing, but you swear that sometimes it moves when you're not looking. That there's something... *more* about it. You swear there's a faint sensation of curiosity and gentle support coming from it, like some vast, unknowable, but not actually hostile entity enjoys watching your adventures through it.

But then you shake your head, and it's just an ordinary doll again.

Regardless, whether it's an eldritch blessing or just a trick of the mind, you still feel like things go your way a bit more often when you carry it. One day, your words are just a little more convincing, a vague feeling letting you pick the better option in a conversation. The next, you just happen to notice the kind of crucial detail you've missed countless times prior. A gentle nudge here, a lucky break there, it's never something flashy, never something obvious… but you'll not regret carrying this little stuffed guy with you on your travels.

- Breathe Easily (50 Tickets)

Something of a rarity in London these days, this gas mask has endured the past decades surprisingly well. Ensuring a complete airtight seal of your face and airways, the mask keeps

you safe from Tunnel Cough as well as any other inhaled dangers you might encounter, and also protects your eyes from any similar irritants as well. Somehow, the filters never get clogged or damaged, and the mask remains fully functional no matter how many times a hooligan takes a Cricket bat to your face. That said, it doesn't really offer any protection against such attacks.

- Doctor's Orders (100 Tickets)

London's a dangerous place, and plenty of people meet their end in its ruined alleyways and grand boulevards. Be it bullet holes or radiation poisoning, you'd better be prepared to patch yourself up again. This purchase grants you five Stimpaks to fix up physical injuries, one each of Rad-X and Radaway to manage radiation exposure, Antibiotics for the countless mutated diseases and parasites you might encounter, and Painkillers to just generally 'take the edge off'. This supply replenishes every day, and you also receive the recipes to make more, which are guaranteed to be achievable even with non-existent skill and improvised local materials – ensuring you'll be able to make more without relying on the supplies found in London.

- Wasteland Chemistry (100 Tickets)

Though long-term use is rarely a good idea, drugs and stimulants are commonly used across Ol' Blighty to give someone the edge they need to succeed. With this purchase, you receive a small case containing a single dose of each drug (and their variants) commonly seen in London, from the mind-boosting Clarity and psychotic strength of Roid to trippy Wonderland and the superhuman power of Excalibur. Each of these doses is guaranteed not to cause any addictions… but in case you decide to partake of more such drugs elsewhere, the case also contains the miracle cure known as 'Sober', which can cure any addictions the user might be suffering from. Like the medical purchase above, this case also contains the appropriate recipes and guarantees you'll be able to make more in the future.

- The Wealth Of The Old World (100 Tickets)

Not all that glitters is gold, but this most certainly is. Thirty bars of genuine, pure gold with at most a negligible amount of radioactivity to boot! Plus, you can prove you didn't rob the Bank Of England: the bars still in the vault there are just ordinary steel with a thin coating instead of the 'real deal' like these.

London doesn't exactly have much use for gold (except maybe for the Gentry's vanity), yet there's no shortage of fools who'd pay handsomely for this glint of a bygone age. Likewise, these bars somehow retain the value they had before the bombs fell at all times, while nobody will see anything odd about trading with or for them. It's a genuine treasure, and if you can find the right buyers, the kind of funds you could secure with these bars will take you far.

This wealth is replaced at the start of each jump, and may remain the same kind of gold bullion you acquired here in London or be altered to a suitably valuable substitute in other settings where gold doesn't quite shine as bright (financially speaking).

- An Impossible Cure (200 Tickets)

The British Isles might have a queen… but unknown to most, her Ghoul nature has long since seen her go 'feral'. Now, with her mental faculties lost, she's become little more than a violent animal governed by instinct instead of royal decorum.

Yet not all hope is lost – a cure might eventually be found, and with this purchase, you could beat Doctor Herbertson to the finish line and gain your own miracle medicine. Even better, it cost only a fraction of the inhumane experimentation to get it working!
This serum will, when administered properly, cure or reverse one otherwise-permanent affliction, be it physical, mental, or something else entirely. Each jump, you receive a single dose of serum and the recipe to make more, and you may choose a new affliction found in your current setting for your latest 'delivery' if you wish. This *does* mean you could choose to treat something other than Ghoul degeneration for your first serum batch… but could you really look upon the world's need and decide not to restore Britannia's beloved and rightful ruler to health and sanity?

- Cut Through The Static (200 Tickets)

It might look a little dinghy, with a handful of obvious, improvised repairs done to it, but don't underestimate the value of this portable radio set. Aside from letting you communicate with anyone else in London (assuming they've got a transmitter and receiver of their own), this radio has one particular quirk that should make it especially useful to you. Somehow, any time a transmission is sent that you'd be interested in or that applies to you personally, this transmission is automatically picked up by the radio. It somehow has access even to frequencies or encrypted messages that you otherwise couldn't possibly access – even those not normally sent over radio. Whether it's hostile factions telling their followers to get ready for an attack on you, juicy intel you could use for your own upcoming schemes, or simply keeping tabs on what the general populace thinks of you, keeping an ear to this radio will rarely be without benefit. Likewise, if you try to respond to whatever the radio picked up, your own broadcast can't be jammed or disrupted.
There is no guarantee you'll actually be able to *do* anything with the information you gain, or that folks on the other side will care about what you'll say… but wouldn't you agree that knowing is half the battle?

- Ruination (200 Tickets)

London's already been blown up once before - but why not try a do-over? This set of demolition charges doesn't necessarily look like much, but they're far more terrifying than they have any right to be. For one, they're unreasonably difficult to find - anyone checking your pockets while you're undergoing some sort of security check will just happen to overlook them or assume they're something else. And once placed? Well, these things can shatter a military-grade naval hull with ease, using far fewer bombs than you'd expect. Worse (at least for your targets), these explosives stay as hard to spot until they're right about to blow… at which point they instead become very, very obvious, including making a very noticeable 'boom'. Consequently, you're basically guaranteed to get the maximum amount of panic and alarm out of your target while still ensuring that any attempt to defuse them is *just* a little too late to succeed. Whether you want to cause a distraction or just turn something into a lot of *smaller* somethings, these bombs will get the job done. You receive enough explosives that a fit survivor can barely carry them all, and any that are used up replenish after a week.

- Sinful Paper (300 Tickets)

A secret's a secret only if only one person knows it… but you'd be surprised how many people don't trust themselves to just remember it. And lies can be especially hard to keep track of, so why not write them down? Well, you really shouldn't, but this journal is proof that far too many people underestimate how often such notes fall into the wrong hands.
Initially appearing like nothing more than a slightly worn but otherwise empty logbook, its power only becomes apparent once you write the owner's name onto the first page. Once you do so, the journal quickly fills with whatever notes, reminders, or other details they could have written down about their greatest secrets – and all in their handwriting, too. Whether you need to steal some closely guarded secrets, reveal years-long treachery from those who thought they'd tied up all loose ends, or you simply need a signed confession with a bit more 'weight' to it, this'll get you access to a treasure trove of illicit knowledge, blackmail material, or circumstantial evidence. That said, there's no guarantee the information within will be useful to you – just that it's something the owner really doesn't want to get out.
The book loses its special powers once filled, but you receive a replacement after one year.

- Lovely Weather, Innit? (300 Tickets)

The crown jewel of the British Imperial Meteorological Office, this unassuming holotape contains the access codes for a satellite network originally designed for highly precise manipulation of the weather. Just prior to the nuclear apocalypse, this network could alter the weather across the entire nation on a moment's notice.
The system has enough power to turn a hot summer day into a snow-blanketed winter wonderland, though nowadays only a single B.I.M.O. satellite is still online, and the effects are somewhat limited. That said, even that one system is enough to directly alter the weather across an area of roughly a single square mile, with the implemented changes realized in a matter of minutes at most.
The changes tend to 'smear out' at the edges if the changes are more extreme, but for the survivors of London, being able to end a drought with 'on demand' spring rains or deflect heavy winds away from where they might damage communities can't be underestimated.
Or you could do what just about everyone else would in your situation: drown Westminster in a never-ending Radstorm and see how *they* like the sound of clicking Geiger counters.

In future settings, you can deploy a single such satellite upon your arrival, and the schematics for the weather control system are included in this purchase. Good luck doing more without a way to get extra satellites into space, though. But… maybe there's an ICBM silo or a nuclear missile sub somewhere you could use?

- InstaClone (300 Tickets)

The result of a somewhat-failed experiment by one of Angel's more ambitious scientists, the organic sludge in these small vials is a nightmarish biological weapon. Literally, as simply smashing the vial on the floor causes the compound inside to rapidly form into a so-called 'Super Clone: a seven-foot-tall musclebound brute strong enough to bend metal with its bare hands, and tough enough to treat light gunfire as a mere annoyance. They are a surprisingly effective shock weapon and disposable asset in one, and Angel will eventually use them to

break the heaviest opposition they face. You can give your created clones instructions, and they'll follow these without hesitation or fear – but do consider that in terms of intelligence, they're about on par with a Protectron. You'll want to keep your orders short and simple – maybe you can just point at something and yell 'kill!'?
You receive a set of ten vials, each of which is replaced one day after the created clone is killed or otherwise dies (their lifespan is extremely short, regardless, lasting perhaps a few weeks or so). You also gain the recipe for making more of this bizarre compound, needing little more than common biological or pharmaceutical ingredients and a completed vial as a catalyst. That said, 'home-brewed' vials aren't replenished automatically like the initial set is.

- We All Live In A Nuclear Submarine (500 Tickets)

A century underwater hasn't done this covert killer much good, but unlike the German U-96 vessel stuck in the Thames River, this particular submarine remains fully functional and mobile. It's stealthy enough to avoid most pre-War detection systems (to say nothing of whatever's left these days), resilient enough to withstand the crushing depths of the ocean and light weapons fire alike, and armed with regular torpedoes but most of all… it's not called a nuclear submarine merely because it runs on a nuclear reactor. Four strategic ICBM launch tubes are present, loaded and ready for activation, and while you may choose to include A.I. controllers modelled after famous German philosophers, this is both optional and guaranteed not to result in any unpleasant 'surprises' like them deciding to launch themselves without your approval. Each missile contains multiple heavy atomic warheads, each sufficient to obliterate a city like London (and a whole lot of other things besides) at a range sufficient to reach most of the globe.
Few would trust you if you reveal you have this kind of firepower… but fewer still would openly say so. If there's one thing the people of London have learned since the nuclear apocalypse, it's how to survive even when confronted with well-armed lunatics.
The launch system is controlled from the sub itself, though nothing's stopping you from adding some sort of radio signal or other remote activation method. Each used ICBM is replenished after one year or upon arrival in a new jump, whichever occurs first; torpedoes are replenished on a weekly basis.

- One's An Army (600 Tickets)

Equal to Smythe's brainchild, this top-secret and well-hidden underground laboratory complex is filled with enough advanced technologies to change the course of history. Specifically, it comes with a vast number of large glass containment tanks, each of which can be used to rapidly grow a clone to the equivalent of adulthood. Mental imprinting and conditioning likewise enable you to 'upload' skills, personality traits, and even memories to further fine-tune the individuals you create. The cloning complex is almost entirely automated, with any remaining tasks carried out by 'blank' clones produced specifically for each role – ensuring you could manage the entire complex on your own, if you felt the need or just don't have anyone else you trust with the job.
By default, the clones this facility is set up to produce use your own genetic material as a starting template, adjusted and optimized for superior physical attributes and unshakable loyalty… but at the cost of a shortened lifespan and only limited capacity for creative thinking. With these parameters, the facility can produce a few hundred such clones per month. That said, feel free to make some *adjustments* if you have a different type of minion in mind – invest

more time and resources to produce superior models, focus on creating loyal ‘replacements’ for existing individuals, or you could even move away from a human template to create an army of cloned Radgers, Wombles, or other such beasts instead.
Finally, once per jump, this cloning facility can restore you to life in the event of your death, guaranteeing a continuity of consciousness between your demise and re-awakening. Certainly, starting your next life in a tank filled with nutrient solution might not be very glamorous, but it’s much better than the alternative.

Companions And Followers

London might not be as busy as it was before the apocalypse, but anybody who says it’s pointless to have a few pals is someone who’s never had to watch their back. So why not share the fun around and bring along (or make) a few friends?

- Chavs, Clones And Corrupt Aristocrats (Variable Cost)

Sure, you can wander around London on your lonesome like some freshly turned Commuter, but where’s the fun in that? Get yourself some friends, start a new gang, make some noise! Of course, a lot of folks out there are right proper wankers, so you might want to make sure you find some actually decent folk to watch your back – or just start with a team you trust.
You may import an existing Companion, or create a new one according to your wishes, for a price of 50 Tickets each. Alternatively, you can go for the group option and get a set of eight at once for 200 Tickets. Each Companion receives a background, 300 Tickets to spend on whatever purchases they fancy, and may take Drawbacks for additional points if they wish.
You may also keep purchased Companion slots unfilled, allowing you to recruit existing individuals from this setting as new Companions. Maybe you want to give Mountbatten something to look forward to again, or you feel that your team just isn’t complete without a Smythe (or eight)? Recruited Companions receive no Tickets and may not take Drawbacks, but instead receive for free all Perks discounted for the Background that best matches their personal situation.

- Man’s Best Friend (50 Tickets)

Dogs have remained some of mankind’s most trusted companions, even after the end of the world. Sure, running into a pack of feral mutts is likely to see them try to rip your throat out, but plenty of domesticated dogs can be found throughout London. You receive one of these loyal animals as a follower, be it an ordinary dog like Churchill, one of the mutated, amphibious ‘Thameshounds’ like Sushi, or even a bizarre, smoldering creature from Croydon known as a ‘Hellhound’. Whatever the case may be, they’ll follow you to the ends of the earth without complaint or hesitation, they’re whatever personality you’d enjoy most, and they’re not afraid of anything – be it Hooligans, energy weapons, or even the behemoth form of a Mittenlurk Queen. Perhaps part of that is due to the fact that they are unreasonably tough, and can take an amount of gunfire that would leave most other animals as little more than shredded meat. Maybe the radiation gave them a bit of a helping hand there?
If your dog does die for whatever reason, you’ll find it patiently waiting for you the next day.

- The Chapeaus' Nemesis (50 Tickets)

Pigeons are one of the few species that survived the nuclear apocalypse relatively unscathed… but *these* ones make a mockery of those feathered survivors. Originally constructed by Angel for use in surveillance and disruption, you now gain your own flock of 'Robo Pigeons'. Smart enough to follow basic commands like keeping track of anyone passing through a certain area, these machines are a great option for anyone looking to establish an intelligence network. They're not especially resilient, but they do carry a moderately effective energy weapon for use in emergencies. You can get a set of twelve Robo Pigeons with each purchase, and any that are lost in the line of duty are replaced after a week. You also get the schematics to build more, if you want.

- Machine Mates (50 Tickets)

Although most of London's denizens are humans - or at least human*ish* - there's also a sizable minority of robots of various kinds. With this purchase, you gain a measure of robotic assistance in the form of a customized Atkins like Pendragon, a Robo-Margot or their derivatives (such as the nautical 'Barry The Boat'), or even a heavily modified 'dumb' system such as the Protectron Guido. Each is hardcoded to be unfailingly loyal to you to the point they'll readily sacrifice themselves to protect you, and you may freely decide how complex their personality is. In particular, you can choose to have a non-sapient servant or opt for a fully self-aware identity, be it one that was originally designed as such or one that developed 'naturally' over the years since the end of the world.

These robots do not count as Companions, but can easily be restored from a backup and 'respawn' after one day if destroyed or otherwise rendered inoperable. They can retain modifications such as software refinements or jury-rigged energy weapons, though one-of-a-kind systems are not replaced.

- A Little Slice Of London (Variable Cost)

As they say, 'there's no place like home'. Even if said home is merely a slightly less irradiated hole in the floor, why settle for second-best?

With this purchase, you become the mayor of a small community somewhere within Ol' Blighty. Or perhaps you're in some other suitably respected position, like a respected protector, a charitable sponsor, or you're simply worshipped as a god by a cult of deranged cultists. It's pretty well-run, so you don't need to constantly go there to help out, either. Just imagine if some guy badgered you to help them out each time you visited, without doing anything themselves!

The base settlement costs you a total of 100 Tickets, and consists of a variety of scavengers, farmers, craftsmen, and other types you'd expect to find in a small but self-sufficient community. For an additional 50 Tickets each, you may incorporate one or more upgrades, each of which also increases the overall population of your settlement. Upgrades may be bought multiple times and stack as appropriate; having one of each will probably put you on about equal size and standing as the community that's sprung up around Trafalgar Square.

First, you can opt for a uniquely beneficial location, such as your settlement being built atop or even inside one of the 'Pindar' bunkers scattered throughout London, having access to a rare

resource or type of vegetation nearby, or simply being in a central location compared to everyone else.
Second, you can upgrade its defenses. After all, living without fear means occasionally putting the fear of god into some other assholes. This could involve stronger walls, a number of turrets or robotic guardians, or even something like a small Tommy garrison to keep your settlement nice and secure. Or maybe you're now the boss of a gang of Hooligans - the best defense is a good offense?
Your third option is to add a bridge toll, brewery, or other such source of income to your settlement. There's no better way to stay in charge than occasionally sharing the wealth around, but even if you do so, you'll find a substantially better income for you from your leadership position - be it in Tickets, favors, or some other suitable 'tax'.
Fourth, you can add a number of merchants, traveling or otherwise, that call your settlement home. There's no better way to stay connected with the rest of London than through regular trade, and though you won't see as much of the profits as the previous option, you'll definitely enjoy easier access to all manner of goods and other resources you might not produce locally.
And finally, your fifth upgrade adds some much-needed knowledge and technical expertise. Be it a doctor that's actually received some medical training, the remains of an old robotics factory that lets your people program or maintain machines with ease, or a school good enough that even folks from other towns know to send their kids there, your people not only have brains but show it too!

Drawbacks

What's that? You think London's *not dangerous enough* for you? That brutal trek through the radiation, Hooligans around every corner, and clone conspiracies, fascist mobs, and medieval cosplayers threatening an all-out war just feels like a pleasant stroll to you? Well, you *could* earn a few more Tickets if you really want to by taking one or more Drawbacks… but remember: with the state of the city as it is, there's no return policy.

- Redacted (+0 Tickets)

Reality may not be malleable, but people's perception of it most certainly is. The British Ministry Of Information has been twisting the truth since well before Angel was but an errant thought in Smythe's mind… and who are you going to believe, if not the government? Who's to say what is or isn't actually *real*?
Well, this toggle gives you a limited measure of certainty, at least. You can include or exclude different parts of the Fallout setting from the 'continuity' of the world during your visit, ensuring that particular aspects of the setting are canon... or nothing more than rumours or outright fabrication. For example, you could declare that everything leading up to Fallout: New Vegas (such as the survival of House and the various groups that would re-settle the regions around Vegas) will occur as normal, but that Old World Blues and the associated events and locations don't actually exist. Or perhaps you'd like to make it so you don't have to worry overmuch about the Zetans and their surveillance of the planet?

The one limitation is that you can't alter anything depicted in Fallout: London itself, though you can decide the Wayfarer's overall talents and personality, if you don't take their place with the Drawback below.

- Know Thyself (+0 Tickets)

The story of Fallout: London is, above all others, the story of the *Wayfarer*. With this toggle, you'll get to experience their journey up close… for better or worse.

Whatever background you choose to be is required to be the 'Drop-In' variant, as you'll no longer have any kind of history in London: you instead become the protagonist of Fallout: London.
You don't arrive here at your normal starting location, instead finding yourself deep underground, in one of Angel's biomedical laboratories. By default, you'll wake up in a large, glass tank filled with some sort of medical fluid, with a pair of doctors discussing various aspects of your new existence. That said, if you bought a non-human race or otherwise created a 'build' that substantially deviates from the default Wayfarer, events will adjust accordingly. If you're a robot, you might be the result of Angel branching out into synthetics and mind uploads, for example, while a different race could simply mean you get exposed to a nice, big dose of mutagens during your escape. And you *will* need to escape, because you'll only have moments before the facility catastrophically fails – a Vagabond 'supply run' gone sideways causing more mayhem than it's built to withstand. Fire, explosions, and more than a few other dangers aren't the friendliest welcome to London one could get… but it's all you'll have.
And once you're out? There's an entire city out there, and enough questions about just who – and what – you are to drive you forward.

Seek the answers you need, but take care: those who know the truth won't be glad to share. You'll inevitably find yourself at the centre of the coming events, though where you go with them is up to you. The danger will be great, but so too will you have the chance to influence events. You will stay here until the coming conflict is concluded, be it by Angel's triumph or the victory of one of the other 'contenders'.
Once London has a new master – or just an old one finally having achieved their long-sought goal – you may leave this jump early if you wish, without waiting for the end of your normal ten years.

- Not So S.P.E.C.I.A.L. After All (variable reward)

Adversity creates strength – and London's definitely a challenge to live in these days. Despite the radiation, lack of reliable food, and other such woes, the people living in the wastes of Ol' Blighty are as mighty, brilliant, and suave as any from before the bombs fell… and quite a few are even better than that. But you're not one of them.

Strength. Perception. Endurance. Charisma. Intelligence. Agility. And finally, Luck. Seven attributes that describe and define the overall potential and talent of those living in this world.

For +50 Tickets, you'll be limited to only about the 'human average' in one of these facets of your being, and you'll find it much harder to enhance your affected performance, be it by chems, equipment, or other such measures, and any such attempts will be temporary at best.
Alternatively, for +100 Tickets, you will instead be limited to more or less the absolute minimum in one of these attributes – enough that your reflexes are about those of a Protectron, for example, or you'd be about as intellectually gifted as 'Mad' Jack. You also won't be able to improve this aspect of your being at all through any means you possess, so those noodle-thin arms won't get any stronger no matter *how* much Roid you take.
You may take this Drawback up to seven times, once for each of Fallout's attributes.

- Restless Dreams (+100 Tickets)

Whatever trials you might face during the day, at least you can always retire to a nice, comfortable bed. Or at least a lumpy, half-rotten one. Too bad that's not where you'll wake up, though.
With this Drawback, you find yourself with a problem not unlike the 'Sleepwalker' trait. Any time you fall asleep or otherwise rest for an extended period of time, you'll somehow come back to your senses somewhere completely different, with no memory of how you got there. Even if there's no (reasonable) way for you to even reach your new spot. Nothing seems to work to stop you from wandering off, either, and somehow nobody even notices it happening until you're suddenly gone. Hell, it could be aliens teleporting you for a laugh for all you know. Oh, and you still need to sleep even if you normally wouldn't - even as a robot, you'd just need to power down for a bit of diagnostic routines or something.

- Forecast Failure (+100 Tickets)

It wouldn't be the British Isles without their iconic weather… though admittedly, the nuclear apocalypse hasn't done this place any good. With this Drawback, that only gets worse, because rare indeed will be the day you'll see a clear sky. Whether it's smog, fogbanks rolling in from the Thames, or just lots and lots of (radioactive) rain, you're going to be struggling with poor visibility pretty much nonstop. At least you can count yourself lucky that the weather doesn't cause any further trouble - aside from muddy boots, maybe, you won't be getting any more irradiated from that rain than you would've without it, for example. Still, perhaps it'd be a good idea to pack an umbrella.

- Contempt (+100 Tickets)

You're just doing your thing, minding your own business, then *bam*. "Stop running around like a cock!". Or maybe it's the ever-classy "Ugh. I live in fear knowing you people can breed.". The bombs destroyed much of humanity, but their capacity to be grade-A assholes certainly survived the nuclear apocalypse just fine. You'll find that during your stay here, pretty much *everyone* is a jerk – at least to you. This won't make folks any more difficult to work with, per se, and they won't be any more hostile to you than they would have been before. But there's going to be so many more insults coming your way, both entirely new and creative ones or just the same ones over. And over. And over. You'll never know for sure, and isn't that something to enjoy? No? Well, if nothing else, you'll end your time here with a nicely expanded vocabulary to express your disdain with.

- Not BBM Approved (+100 Tickets)

Before, the boroughs were already vaguely identifiable based on their speech. Now, you could practically make a dictionary! Whatever accents, British slang, and so on that people might have used before are vastly magnified. From the drawl of Bromley's locals to the posh nonsense of the Gentry's 'Queen's English', everyone, everywhere, is going to talk in their own way – a way you'll never manage to fully mimic yourself.
At least Croydon's Shakespearean theatre speech doesn't seem to be affected… but those guys were practically speaking another language already, so that's probably for the best.

- Longing (+200 Tickets)

Everyone wants something, but to really want something takes practice. Addictions remain commonplace in London, not helped in the slightest by the widespread despondency of the population. Like many other junkies, you've got it bad, and need a regular supply of *something* to get you through the day. You simply can't function without your vice of choice, be it tea, cigarettes, chems, booze, or even human flesh. Although at least you can use canned dog food for that last one – thank the boys over at the Prilladog factory and their sketchy business practices for that one. You can choose what you're addicted to, but the more common your selected option, the more of it you'll need. Going without for too long will result in increasingly severe withdrawal symptoms, from shaking hands to nausea and (after a long while) your death.

- Enforced Ingenuity (+200 Tickets)

Improvisation and creativity are vital skills for anyone living outside of Westminster, and it shows in everything from the crude hovels people call 'home' to the jury-rigged weaponry they use to murder each other over said hovels. And you'd better be good at them, too, Jumper. Anything you use that's better quality than… well, let's be frank and describe it as *kludged together junk* will become vastly less useful in your hands. Furthermore, the amount of wear and tear it'll experience will go through the roof, as well. Things just tend to break, rust is an ever-present companion, and even finding that brand-new (relatively speaking) suit of Riot Armor will just have it become indistinguishable from said junk before long. Try not to get mistaken for a Hooligan, will you?

- Youthful Enthusiasm (+200 Tickets)

The world is a harsh place to live, no matter how old you are. The struggles of London's children can be as great as those of the more adult inhabitants, even if they are more often overlooked. Folks grow up fast in Ol' Blighty, and you'll get to experience just how unforgiving the world can be to the younger Londoners: instead of your normal age, you'll start your time here as a child of about seven or eight years old. Assuming you make it through the coming decade, you'll only just see the starting line of adulthood by the end of your stay. Expecting others to treat you with the respect they'd offer an adult when you need a stool to reach the higher shelves might be overly optimistic… but at least you and Archie can bond over complaining about the grown-ups' obvious lack of common sense?
For obvious reasons, any powers, alt-forms, or other such methods you have can't be used to mitigate your (apparent) age.

- Tick, Clank, *Boom* (+200 Tickets)

Aren't you just the cuddliest little underfed, irradiated schmuck? Well, there's a Naval Walker out there that certainly thinks so, and they're just dying to give you a hug. Considering that Naval Walkers are basically sea mines with robot legs, you should read that *literally*. Unless you want to get blown sky-high by a walking explosive with questionable sentience, you'd better be ready to open fire the moment you see one appear… and maybe stick to places they can't easily reach. Whenever you destroy the one hunting you, a new one is activated, though it starts at a random location in London rather than anywhere nearby. It will need to make its way to you first… but considering it's a giant bomb, nobody's going to try and stop it before it finds you. One silver lining: at least they go into a diagnostic mode when you're trying to sleep, so you don't have to worry about an alarm clock waking you up with a five hundred pounds worth of high-explosive enthusiasm.

- Conflicted (+300 Tickets)

Everyone's got baggage they deal with. Even a clone fresh out of the growth tube would still need to figure out how to interact with the 'original', and you've likely experienced a *lot* more already. But the past has a strange tendency to pop back up again... and much like the path behind you led you here instead of any number of other places, the future is likewise uncertain. And that uncertainty isn't so easily dealt with. Much like numerous individuals you might encounter in London, you've got something you need to do. Perhaps one of your inner conflicts was left simmering for too long and rears its ugly head during your stay. Perhaps it's just being reminded of past actions that force you to reconsider your goals and your place in the world. It could be a crisis of faith, or who knows, maybe it's a sudden insight into your future - or lack thereof - that's left you adrift.

Whatever the case may be, you've got a lengthy road of self-discovery to travel before you can put your doubts to rest. And while closure may well be found at your eventual destination, you might not like what you learn along the way... and you'll not get there quickly or easily.

Too bad the inside of your head is a place you can't fix with a few well-placed bullets, eh?

- London Lamb (+300 Tickets)

Ignorance is bliss, and innocence is a virtue. But if there's such a thing as *too* trusting, you're basically it. Whether it's a lack of perception, unreasonable optimism in the nature of man, or just a case of bull-headed arrogance, you seem incapable of believing that anyone would betray you. You might still consider it, even anticipate it to some limited extent, but it'll always come as a surprise to you when it does happen. Even if someone's done so before, in fact, because you somehow find it in yourself to forgive (or if nothing else, accept) even the most untrustworthy individuals at least once. If this blind spot extends into the rest of your nature, your benevolence could make you a welcome member of Sanctuary… but in the meantime, there'll be a lot of less scrupulous asshats more than ready to take advantage of you and leave you as a corpse for the Radgers. Or Beefeaters.

- Hooligan Central (+300 Tickets)

Cursed and hated more than even the Gentry - and that's quite an accomplishment, really - are the Hooligans. Disorganized bands of raiders and murderers that haunt the ruins of London, held in check only by the ruthlessness of their leaders and ready to slit a man's throat for little more than a few Tickets, a laugh, or their next meal. Literally, in the Beefeaters' case. They are the scourge of Ol' Blighty, and with this Drawback, it's only gotten worse. Where before the Hooligans were merely numerous, now they are seemingly without end - and they'll be coming after you no matter where you go. Many are little more than wastrels armed with tire irons and other old, kludged-together weapons… but some of the gangs out there have been around for years, and their members are some of the toughest, meanest, and deadliest assholes this place has ever seen. Stay in one place too long? Kill too many of the same gang's members? That's when the gloves come off, and you start seeing the stronger members, with everything from scavenged combat armor to Atkins robots with rocket launchers. Good luck fending 'em off - you might just need it.

- Relentless (+300 Tickets)

A strong will and the drive to succeed can take you far… but you should keep in mind what the price of success can be. You have the unfortunate tendency to push too hard, too far, in pursuit of your goals, without ever taking a step back and considering alternatives. After all, anyone standing in your way can either get out of the way or get *fucked*, and you've got more important shit to deal with than the poor little bruised egos of those who're stupid enough to disagree. And if it's something truly important to you? Hurting your allies and friends as much as your enemies is easily in the cards - just ask Sebastian Gaunt how far he'll go to see the Isle Of Dogs driven out of London. Few will easily work together with one so ceaselessly focused… and fewer still will survive the experience.

- Fresh Off The Tube (+300 Tickets)

Didn't you pay attention? You should have known to make sure you've got all your belongings before getting off at your stop… but instead, you're missing a thing or two. Or rather, *everything*. For the duration of your stay, whatever Perks, Items, or other advantages you might've brought with you from other jumps are unavailable to you, and you can't access your Warehouse. For all intents and purposes, you're reduced to only your Body Mod and whatever purchases you've made for this jump.

- Blighted Ol' Blighty (+600 Tickets)

Radiation. Insane cultists who might be more right than anyone expects. Tunnel Cough. Giant shellfish with psychic powers. Dryad spores, hallucinated glimpses of a past long buried, whatever the bizarre reason for the ever-burning Gehennas and Hellhounds over in Croydon might be…

Be it the eerie but still (mostly) mundane dangers of a world bathed in nuclear fire or the more supernatural elements that the series has never shied away from, Fallout: London has continued a storied tradition of a world that's, let's be honest, *pretty messed up*. But where before it was still a struggling but functional city, now the remnants of the British Isles have become nothing less than a true nightmare. Environmental hazards and eldritch occurrences

are vastly more common, mutated wildlife has become much more monstrous and lethal, and even Angel's biological experiments are all but guaranteed to succeed in the worst possible way. Forget fearing the infamous Womble or breathing too deeply in the red haze of the plague zones – there's far, *far* worse out there now. Try not to die… or if you do, at least die clean.

Ending

So, your time in London has come to an end. Whether you served Queen And Country or instead pushed for Anarchy In The UK, you've got a choice to make. Regardless of what you end up choosing, your Drawbacks, including any detrimental effects of your chosen race, cease to affect you before you make your choice.

First, maybe a glimpse of Britain's grim future was all you needed to lose your desire for more travels, and you'd rather just **go home**. You return to your dimension of origin, retaining whatever Perks or other things of note you've acquired during your chain but abandoning your endless journey. This is the only choice available to you if your time here in London ended with your death.

Second, perhaps this new and extra radioactive version of the U.K. has grown on you, and you'd like to **stay here**? Your chain ends, the finish line right here in London, and you'll spend the rest of your existence in the setting of Fallout. You keep everything you've acquired during your chain, but you'll never jump again.

And finally, of course, you could head out and **move on**. There are plenty of places still to see out there, and you might have had your fill of radioactive Thames water for now. You move on to your next jump using whatever process your chain employs, retaining whatever purchases you acquired here. Wherever you end up next, who knows? A spot of tea and a stiff upper lip might still get you through whatever awaits.

Notes

All else fails, fanwank responsibly and have fun.

Any technologies and the like you acquire here will continue to function in future worlds, even if not 'fiat-backed' by being purchased for CP/Tickets, unless the setting in question actively interferes with it (like a planet-wide anti-technology spell or some such). They won't respawn or have any of the other benefits normally associated with bought items, though.

Taking the protagonist toggle without a good amount of power and experience from other jumps or taking, at the very minimum, '*A Right S.P.E.C.I.A.L. Guv*' is not advised. Unless you're suicidal. Also, in case it's not sufficiently obvious, that Perk basically lets you develop yourself as though you were a player character in Fallout: London (or Fallout 4).

If you're not sure what to expect out of the InstaClone purchase, Angel's Super Clones are basically Fallout: London's counterpart to Boston's Super Mutants seen in Fallout 4, if with a much shorter lifespan.

Before you think you're being clever, *please* don't try to abuse some of the (admittedly entertaining) gameplay bugs with certain purchases. I don't care if you bought it with 'London's Finest', a Never-Ending Musket Rifle does not work like that!