

THE SCAV

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FORT CROW

BARON TEETH DECLARES FORT CROW AS NEW CAPITAL

By Dusty Graves,

FORT CROW - Once a husk of crumbling ruins and forgotten ghosts, the city of Crow has been reborn, this time under the iron rule of Baron Teeth and his infamous Fanghold Barony. The once-lawless wasteland of rusted skyscrapers and gutted highways now stands as a fortified military stronghold, its new name etched into the bones of the land: **Fort Crow**.

"It's a statement," said General Dreg, Baron Teeth's right-hand man and chief enforcer. "This place was dead, just like the rest of the world. Now? Now it's alive. And nobody's gonna take it from us."

The Fanghold Barony has spared no expense in fortifying their new capital. Walls of steel and concrete now surround the city's core, watchtowers line the perimeter, and the local militia patrols the streets with a discipline not often seen in the wastes. If you're planning a sightseeing trip, you might want to reconsider. The only visitors Fort Crow welcomes are



THE ROAD TO FORT CROW IS WELL MARKED.

those bringing tribute or willing to pledge allegiance.

Opinions on the move are, as expected, mixed. "Fort Crow is bad news," said one scavenger outside of Rust Saddles. "First they take Crow, then they start looking at what's next. Ain't no way Baron Teeth stops expanding." Others, however, see opportunity.

"More order means more business," said a merchant known as "Long-Haul" Jess, who claims to have already established a trade route with Fort Crow. "Sure, Baron Teeth's got a reputation, but at least he's got rules. Better than some places."

As for the Baron himself? In a rare public address, he made his intentions clear. "The wastes belong to those strong enough to claim them," Teeth growled from atop a repurposed tank, his voice echoing through the ruins. "Fort Crow is just the beginning."

A statement that surely has his neighbors watching their borders.

"MINER'S MINORS"

EVERYONE EXPECTS NIGHTMARES

By Patch Thompson,

JUNKTOWN - Pack your bags and prepare your nerves, because the Junktown Pathfinder has made the choice, and it's a doozy. The next expedition into the Sprawl will be heading straight into Miner's Minors Daycare, a pre-apocalyptic childcare facility built for the hard working miners of old.

"Yeah, it's probably full of zombie kids," said local scavenger Grim Nate, casually sharpening a rusted machete. "No way a place like that doesn't have zombie kids."

The Pathfinder's selection of the daycare has stirred a mix of curiosity and deep, existential dread among veteran wastelanders. The Sprawl itself is already infamous, the massive underground network of abandoned mines, industrial ruins, and sealed-off corporate vaults, all left to rot after the corporations mined out whatever was beneath it. But a daycare facility? That's new.

"I heard they had, like, one of those automated naptime assistants," mused Mira 'Clicks' Jenson, a known tech-scavenger. "What if it's still running? What if it thinks we're the kids?"

When asked about concerns over potential horrors waiting inside, seasoned adventurer One-Eyed Jeb simply took a long drag from his cigarette and shrugged.

Despite the unease (or perhaps because of it), there's a growing list of wastelanders eager to sign up for the expedition. The daycare is rumored to contain untouched caches of pre-apoc supplies, food rations, first aid kits, maybe even rare tech. But many are in it just to say they did it.

"Can you imagine the bragging rights?" laughed Slick Danny, a wannabe treasure hunter. "Telling people you survived the haunted daycare? That's legendary

material right there."

For those interested in joining the expedition, sign-ups are open at the Junktown Pathfinder's headquarters. Just remember to pack extra ammo, night-vision goggles, and maybe a lullaby or two. You never know what might help.

The Junktown Gazette will provide updates on this expedition... assuming anyone comes back to tell the tale.

BLUE BITE PANIC GRIPS FRONTIER TOWNS

By Inky Dunwich,

Reports of strange blue-tinged bite marks have been spreading across the wastes like wildfire, and with them, a storm of paranoia, barroom brawls, and heated arguments over what they truly mean.

The initial rumors were dire whispers that a blue bite, if treated like an ordinary zombie wound, would guarantee death or something worse. Tales of survivors who thought they were in the clear, only to suddenly drop dead weeks later, have made their rounds through trading posts and watering holes. But at the same time, dozens of doctors and medics have come forward claiming they've treated the wounds just fine using standard anti-infection procedures.

"I've patched up three people with those bites in the last month," said Doc Everett, a well-known sawbones in Camp Remembrance. "None of 'em keeled over, none of 'em sprouted fangs or started foaming at the mouth. Just another bite. Clean it, burn it, dose 'em up with antibiotics. Move on."

Despite the reassurances, many wastelanders aren't convinced.

"You willing to bet your life on it?" growled Hank 'Six-Toes' Mallory, a bounty hunter out of the Reclaimed Zone. "One bad treatment, and boom, now we got some kinda new plague spreading 'round. People say these

blue-biters act differently. Ain't right."

The "acting different" part is where the story gets even stranger. Those bitten and treated have reportedly shown subtle but unsettling changes. Nothing as dramatic as turning feral or rotting in the streets, but enough to raise suspicions.

"My brother got bit," said Tess Weaver, a guild rancher. "He's fine. At least, I think he's fine. But he don't talk much no more. Just kinda, watches people. Stares longer than he used to. And he don't sleep as much."

Tensions over the blue bites have boiled over into outright violence in frontier settlements. In the past week alone, at least four bar fights have broken out in taverns from Halsey to Crow, as wastelanders clash over whether a blue-bitten man should be trusted, quarantined, or put down.



More bite marks have been found.

"Guy walked in with a bandage on his arm, and some drunk just tackled him screaming 'He's turnin'!'" said Trapper Joe, an eyewitness to a scuffle in the Dust Bowl Saloon. "Whole place went to hell real quick. I think someone bit someone else, which is a real bad way to argue against biting, if you ask me."

For now, there's no concrete evidence that blue bites are any worse than the usual horrors of the wastes. But in a world where paranoia keeps people alive, it's unlikely the fear will die down.

F.O.O.D.

THE DAWN OF DELICIOUSNESS

By Grub Malone,

In a land where the only thing hungrier than the people are the things trying to eat them, a group of determined survivors has emerged with a radical idea: making sure nobody starves.

Enter F.O.O.D. (the Farmers of Organized Distribution) a new coalition of wasteland cultivators, foragers, fishermen, and chefs hell-bent on bringing reliable sustenance to the starving masses.

Operating out of makeshift greenhouses, underground hydroponic farms, and even a few well-defended fishing holes, F.O.O.D. has begun charting the wasteland's edible ecosystem. From cataloging what mutant critters can actually be eaten to perfecting the safest ways to cook glowing fungi without growing an extra limb, their work is already revolutionizing how settlements survive.

Eating Through the End Times

F.O.O.D. is doing more than just supplying food. They're teaching wastelanders how to be smarter scavengers, better hunters, and less-likely victims of food poisoning. Their efforts include:

- A growing compendium of wasteland edibles, from relatively safe mutated crops to questionably nutritious (but still chewable) critters.
- New preservation methods to keep rations from rotting overnight, including sun-drying techniques, radiation salting, and fermentation methods that don't immediately kill you.
- Farming experiments, including attempts to cultivate edible fungi, radiation-resistant grains, and even genetically stabilized livestock.

Their end goal? Self-sufficiency. The

more settlements can grow and sustain their own food, the less they have to rely on scavenging dwindling pre-apocalypse supplies.



The elusive but tasty double dill.

New Finds on the Menu?

Of course, F.O.O.D. is also in the business of discovering new sources of nutrition, some more questionable than others. While their researchers insist they don't put anything in their guidebooks unless it's "safe-ish," wastelanders are encouraged to test things at their own risk.

Here are some of the latest additions to their ever-growing menu:

Meats:

- Radshell Crab: Found in the shallows near irradiated coastlines, these massive crustaceans have a shell tough enough to stop bullets but taste like a mix between lobster and regret. The trick is cooking them long enough to burn out the lingering radiation.
- Gore Elk: A massive, aggressive breed of mutated elk that secretes a spicy pheromone from its flesh. Surprisingly edible if cooked properly. Less surprising: it will try to kill you first.
- Bog Swine: A water-dwelling pig species that has adapted to living in irradiated swamps. The meat is fatty and nutritious, but the creatures themselves are highly territorial and known to drown unprepared hunters.
- Fire Roach: Despite its name, this oversized insect does not

- spontaneously combust. It does, however, have a natural smoky flavor when roasted, making it an easy yet unsettling source of protein.

Vegetation & Fungi:

- Glow Moss: Found in caves and ruins, this bioluminescent moss is rich in vitamins but must be dried before eating unless you want to see sound and taste colors.
- Thornroot Tubers: A stubbornly resilient root vegetable that grows deep underground. Tastes like old leather but can be ground into flour or mashed into a somewhat edible paste.
- Bloat-fruit: A bulbous, watery fruit that thrives in high-rad environments. Extremely juicy, but overconsumption has led to cases of mild hallucinations.
- Spore Corn: This mutated maize produces edible kernels, but also releases spores when disturbed. Eating too much raw bloat-fruit can cause "lung mushrooms." Cooked, it makes a passable substitute for popcorn.

Preservation Techniques:

- Red-Brine: A new preservation liquid made from distilled radiation-free water, salt, and certain crimson fungal extracts that slows rot without giving you gut-wrenching sickness.
- Solar Smokehouses: Using magnified sunlight to dry and smoke meats, F.O.O.D. has been working on making jerky last longer without the need for scavenged preservatives.
- Cold Pits: By digging underground chambers in select locations, they've managed to create primitive refrigeration without power, just watch out for burrowing predators.

(F.O.O.D: Continued)

A Wasteland Movement in the Making

F.O.O.D. isn't just a group, it's an idea that is spreading fast. From Junktown to the ruins of Old Salem, more settlements are embracing the knowledge they provide. Their growing presence is starting to challenge the monopolies of big trading companies, who have long profited off of controlling food supplies. Not everyone is happy about this shift, and rumors persist of raids on F.O.O.D. storage depots by those who'd rather keep the wasteland hungry.

Despite the risks, F.O.O.D. continues to expand its mission, promising a future where wastelanders don't just survive, but thrive. Whether or not they succeed depends on if they can get enough people to believe in a future where food isn't just a desperate scavenger's prize but a reliable, renewable resource.

What's in It for You? Factions at Each Other's Throats

By "Lucky" Jim Rourke

The big four (The Kingdom of Columbia, The Commonwealth of Cascadia, The Fanghold Barony, and The Guild) have been circling each other like hungry radwolves, and things are heating up fast. Border skirmishes, trade disputes, and a whole lot of chest-puffing have set the stage for what might be a full-scale turf war in the lands surrounding Junktown.

But while the higher-ups bicker and play war games, the real winners might just be the independent operators. Merc work is booming, information is more valuable than ever, and smart players are finding ways to turn this tension into caps. Need proof? Just take a walk through Junktown's bars. You'll hear whispers of bodyguard gigs, sabotage jobs, and even full-on bounty hunts.

One seasoned fixer, known only as "Smiler", put it best: "These big boys can't get their hands dirty without losing face. So they hire folk like us to do it for 'em. Best part? They're all too proud to admit it. So nobody's keeping proper

track of who's paying who."

Translation? If you play it right, you can take caps from all four factions before they figure out they're paying the same mercs to shoot at each other. Just try not to get caught.

BLOOD ON THE BORDER CASCADIA AND COLUMBIA CLASH

By Deacon Graves

Tensions finally snapped in the contested territories west of Junktown as Columbia and Cascadia troops exchanged fire over control of a fertile stretch of farmland. The "Harvest Skirmish," as locals are calling it, erupted when a Columbia knight patrol reportedly attempted to "secure" a Cascadian-controlled grain silo. Neither side is admitting to firing first, but the end result is clear: sixteen dead, three burned-out vehicles, and a lot of angry soldiers on both sides.

An anonymous Kingdom officer claims it was "a preemptive measure to stop Cascadia from hoarding food supplies." Meanwhile, a Cascadian scout tells a different story: "Columbia's just mad they didn't get there first."

While full-scale war hasn't broken out, both factions have dug in their heels, reinforcing their outposts and preparing for further clashes. If this keeps up, it won't be long before Junktown starts seeing refugees, or worse, recruiters.

EDITORIAL:

WHY THE GUILD HOLDS ALL THE CARDS

By "Sharp" Alice Carter

The Kingdom of Columbia's got the muscle. The Commonwealth of Cascadia's got the skill. The Fanghold Barony's got the brutality. But you know what really runs the wasteland? Caps. And you know who controls the caps? The Guild.

While the other factions bicker over who gets to plant their flag where, the Guild is playing a different game. They don't need to conquer cities—they own the trade routes, and they're buying loyalty instead of spilling blood.

You think Columbia's soldiers fight for honor? Think again. They need supplies, and those come from the Guild. You think Cascadia's leaders care about farmland? Only as long as their people have the ammo to protect it, which the Guild provides. And the Barony? Even Baron Teeth himself can't pay his warband in smiles.

Mark my words: The faction that wins this struggle won't be the one with the biggest army, it'll be the one that can still afford to eat.

THE BOTTOM LINE BARONY RAID ON TRADE CONVOY

By Josiah "Dirt" Turner

A Guild-backed trade convoy heading toward Columbia territory was hit hard by a Fanghold raiding party last night. The aftermath? Smoke, blood, and nothing left but wreckage.

Eyewitnesses say the Baron's men ambushed the caravan at night, hitting it with explosives before moving in to butcher the survivors. Some of the cargo was taken, but much of it was left burning in the dirt, a clear message from the Barony.

What's surprising is that the Guild has yet to retaliate. Normally, an attack like this would shut down trade routes for days, if not weeks, but reports say the next convoy rolled through just hours later, heavily armed and twice as large.

If Baron Teeth thought he could choke out Guild supply lines, he might have just bitten off more than he can chew.

LAST WORDS

Tensions are high, bullets are flying, and the wasteland is holding its breath. Will one of the factions make a big move? Or will it be business as usual, just with more casualties? One thing's for sure—whether you're a merc, a trader, or just someone trying to survive, the smart ones will be watching closely.

And the real smart ones? They'll be making caps off the chaos.