

TRAVELING

Travelling is rare and dangerous. A regular citizen of Vegas or Miami would not dare to set foot outside the city gates. The horizon is, for many people, the symbol of danger, mystery, and the unknown. Nothing that comes from behind the horizon could possibly be good. Monsters, gangers, and mutants are what arrive from over there. One day Moloch will appear over the horizon eventually. Why go there, then?

First, barely anyone flies anymore. Hot air balloons and small prop engine planes are the State's airways nowadays. Do I still have to explain why no one flies anymore? It is rather obvious... no fuel, no skill, and no trust in the pre-war equipment. Regardless, if you have the skill to fly, the fuel to spare, and an old pre-war machine you can trust, you can bet your ass is getting shot down by the first idiot

who has the chance to do so. You will be a trophy to brag about for the next ten years. And if you're lucky and you've managed to get into the air, and there's no cretin trying to get you back to the ground, then a typhoon, tornado or a storm will. Let us forget flying, shall we?

There are the highways and prairies, plain and simple. The highways, especially the interstate ones, are still in good shape. Obviously, the highways are where the gangs and bands of mutants prepare their ambushes. What did you think; they would be waiting in the bushes in the middle of the desert? There are no bushes there. However, along the highway, you can find roadhouses, which is nice if you are looking for some gas and rest. The highway is all a gamble, risking an ambush to reach a roadhouse every couple hundred miles with a chance to have a safe night. It sure

beats legging it through the desert. There are no inns, no gas stations, but plenty of mutant hordes, as are wild animals and all the gangs that have enough screws loose to live in the sandbox. The redskins also like to fry their butts in the desert.

Of course, a horse beats a car in terms of not breaking down on you. However, a vehicle can take a bullet, whereas a horse cannot. One takes fuel, the other takes grass, and both are scarce. Other people argue that you can mount a vehicle with a machine gun, but not so much with a horse. You can always go on foot too. In fact, many people who hit the road do so on foot.

So why do people travel? Well, it is worth spending a moment to think about where you are going and for what reason. Some people travel in search of adventure, some are just looking for trouble, and some are running from theirs. There also are the gatherers who roam the States and seek out all the "divilles" where you could possibly find something interesting to sell and make cash. There are many of those, to be honest. It sometimes happens that there is a whole village walking, sometimes as many as twenty people travelling, usually when their land has been contaminated or destroyed. They pack their stuff and off they go, to find a new home. Such caravans more often than not become the prey of gangers and bandits.



Have we said anything about rivers? I guess not... Some of the rivers are still navigable, and you can travel by them. I will let you know, though, that what happens on the water is hell in comparison to the highways. On the water the mob rules indivisibly, even a muddy puddle has its boss.

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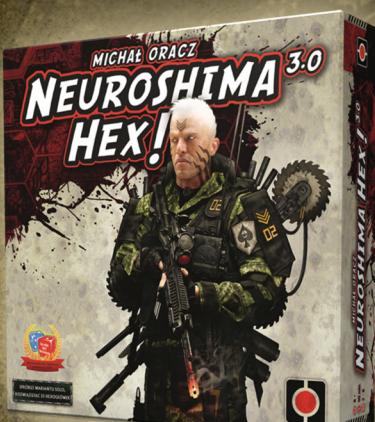
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