

SUN BURN

Subscribers quit



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About the Game

Neuland, a vast wasteland erected from the ruins of the old world; stretched from the sea to the west to the Border River in the east, these radiation infused sands have been collecting blood ever since.

Sun-Burn is a post-apocalyptic LARP which takes place in Israel, or at least what used to be Israel, 100 into the future-after a Nuclear War destroyed the world and Israel took the full impact of the Middle East.

The LARP takes place in New Tel Aviv, a central trade spot in Neuland, which has the only known source of fuel lying underneath it. New Tel Aviv was founded by an organization called Harmony, which managed to locate the fuel source about 90 years ago. For 90 years the city prospered and became somewhat of an empire.

A year ago, New Tel Aviv was attacked by a militant force called the Negev Brigade. The Brigade took over the city and sealed it to outside trading, a decision which ended up costing them their lives.

3 months ago the city was sieged by the three largest factions in Neuland:

The IDF-(Itself's Defense Force) A militant factions belonging to the Tel-Haim Council which holds a few bases in the far north of Neuland. They hold many militant resources and strictly disciplined.

Cassit-Are located in Neuland's center. They are the keepers of culture and history in the new world, and hold human knowledge above all. The faction sees itself as the Elite and they hold enough power to enforce that claim.

Magog-Not much is known about this group of Bikers. In the past, the Magog bandits used to terrorize the south of Neuland, but lately they've settled in an abandoned Water Purification Facility, fixed it and established their lesser-known hedonistic society.

These three factions, led by the group of lawmakers known as the Judges, as formed an alliance over freeing the city.

The battle was long and bloody and lasted for 2 weeks, but eventually the Alliance managed to break through the city walls, destroy the Negev Brigade and take over it while taking the Brigade's leader, Gabriel Cohen, hostage.

This is where our game begins, 2 days after the war ended, when the dust finally settles and the dead are all counted, all that's left to see is what the future holds for New Tel Aviv.

The Game will take place on January 5th-7th 2017

Looking forward to seeing you at the end of the world.

Game's World

Dawn of the Wasteland

The year 2016 is the last year of what is known as the Old Age

The world was at the edge of extinction, the world's most powerful countries have embarked on an all-out nuclear war as a last chance for victory and the rest of the human race has migrated into a new reality: the desert. They names this reality the Wasteland.

Wasteland became the commonly used term for this time, as the ground quickly dried up, agriculture became more and more difficult to sustain and life on the planet swiftly died down. The war has burned through woods, sucked the last drop from the lakes and the Desert spread across the land until the final annihilation of the world's ecological system, shifting its natural balance. The climate grew warmer, the icebergs melted away and oceans overflowed the land they once surrounded. Governments fell and borders were erased. What was once a familiar reality quickly turned into a distant memory and in its wake, a new order has risen-the Age of the Wasteland.

In this new order, chaos and anarchy ruled supreme, humanity banded together into groups and factions, fighting for control over the last few resources the planet had left to offer. Some acted as rogues and bandits, ambushing whatever came across their paths, while others claimed control over resources, like wood, fuel, water or other commodity and settled around it. But not all who managed to survive also managed to keep their humanity in this new world; as radiation spread, it started rewriting some human genetics, turning them into a different race altogether, sub-humans pushed aside to edges of society.

What was once order and rules put in place to maintain humanity was quickly forgotten and in its place came the golden rule for making it in the Wasteland: the strong survive and the weak perish. But a great deal can be said for human instincts, and humanity soon began restoring itself by adapting to the new reality.

Despite all the wars and tribulations, humans have managed to overcome and 100 years after the Dawn of the Wasteland, it seems like some order starts rooting in the chaos...

What is the Wasteland?

The Wasteland is the name given to the new world-it's the crumbling cities, the dried up lakes, the bomb craters and the absent woods, everything that used to be our world is now the Wasteland.

But what resides in it? It's hard to tell; the Wasteland is roamed by carefree riders who attack and rob whoever foolish enough to take the road, traders trying not to stray from their safe path, creatures that have evolved from humanity but are by now anything but human and the few cities and settlement fighting for borders in a world where they no longer exist.

Many tried to explore the Wasteland and find whatever remnants were left of the Old World, or a safe place to spend the night. Those who dared explore it, found the New World much less hospitable than legends of old have told them-danger is in every turn, there are stories

of bands of Mutants and bandits who kill, maim and enslave whoever dares cross their path, but few of those who dared to venture into the Wasteland have ever returned, and so most of it is still speculations only.

Even though, the city officials keep sending out their warriors and explorers to search through the endless desert, as if somewhere out there, buried beneath the sand, they could find humanity's salvation.

100 Years After the War

Time has passed, the horrors of the nuclear war were forgotten and whatever was left of humanity has started to rebuild itself with a new set of rules.

Humanity has restarted its year count, with year 0 the year when everything was destroyed, formerly known as 2016. For a hundred years cities were erected, trade routes were established, the old ways of money for service were replaced to bartering and favor exchanges. The once scary and unknown Wasteland has become somewhat familiar, new maps were drawn, the populations grew and slowly but surely, civilization returned.

Of course, not all of humanity's endeavors has reaped fruits, and many things that were common place in the new world became almost impossible to achieve in this new reality; such as the wide distribution of water or electricity, not to mention communication lines. Electricity is a luxury, only available to the richest and most influential, and even then it's still unstable most of the time. News of other places can only be given in tales told by traders and refugees, and are hard to verify.

Memories of the new world has dwindled down as even those who were children when the war started, who know more about it from their parents than from their own memory, are long dead from old age.

In the following years more and more cases of humans born with strange genetic defects have surfaced. Some of these defects had some surprising upsides, and those who had them managed to adapt and survive, despite being shunned from society. The so called "Mutants" managed to live either by themselves or in small groups scattered in the Wasteland, detached from humanity and its budding cities. Some have managed to be accepted into the human society with organization like the IDF and settlement like New Tel Aviv, but some were also taken to be enslaved and sold by other organizations, like Magog and Cassit.

Despite humanity slow recovery and its settlements, the rules of the new world still lean on the survival of the fittest, seeing as there are no rules enforced to overcome the basic human nature. Incidents like theft, slave trades, rape and destructions are no less common than they were in the years following the war, and more often than not the culprits are free to continue their operations in peace. In the absence of proper penal system, revenge and vigilance are the most common ways to handle these cases. The one crime that is still considered vile and unforgivable is murder, as humanity is desperate to maintain what's left of it. Murderers are often condemned to exile, and lose whatever protection the human society has to offer. They are often hunted down, some even put out bounties on their heads.

Those in charge of whatever judgments humanity still enforces are called the **Judges**; starting out as self appointed individuals in charge of carrying judgment in the Wasteland,

they have evolved into a formal organization whose presence can be felt in every settlement throughout Neuland. They've gained reputation and are revered across the land as some sort of legal authority, one that can oversee agreements and function as witnesses and notaries. The Judges' word is the final word, and those who defy it are no longer protected by what little law enforcements left in the New World.

Sometimes the Judges would act as mediators and overseers in conflicts and disputes. It's commonplace to see folk approach a Judge to give him permission to settle their differences in the old fashioned way-a battle to the death.

Today's Israel-Neuland

Most of Israel has turned into a desert in the years following the war. Few places in the far north still hold some greenery and the river of Jordan, which was blocked by a dam, has remained the only sweet water source. During the harsher winters the Hermon mountain turns into a battleground for control over the snow, which is a unique source for clean water. The war that dried up the land also erased its borders, changed its terrain, extinguished its government and was left in chaos and anarchy. The desert that spread across almost 80% of the land has dried the Dead Sea and many sweetwater lakes, the Sea of Galilee is all but gone and the lush woods that were once the face of the north has made place for grey, dusty plains. The fauna disappeared completely.

Over the years, a few organizations has proved to be dominant in Neuland. The first and oldest is the **Tel-Haim Council**, an organization that has taken over a few bases around the north. The Council, using the equipment they found in those bases, has created the **Itself's Defence Forces (IDF)** and made into their main military force. They started enrolling people and took over the north. The Tel-Haim council concentrated its efforts to fortify, restore and keep their own properties and people only, which was done using a strict set of rules, closely enforced by the IDF. In Tel-Haim, every man or woman is expected to carry their weight by working for the Council-no free time, no personal interests and no games. All is one and even mutants are used for their unique abilities. The Council is very similar to the USSR. As befits an organization that prides itself on its military history, Tel-Haim Council holds a vast amount of firearms stored in the IDF's warehouses.

Another empire that has risen in Neuland is **Cassit**, which has taken over the center. Cassit are the gathered descendants of Old Tel Aviv's residents, pushed to the inner land after the flooding of the Coastal area.

Members of Cassit take pride in their intellectual heritage, and consider themselves the guardians of this culture that promotes thought, progress and art. They've managed to find and restore many of their forefathers' lost secrets and are proud of preserving this history. This heritage has allowed them to grow into the third strongest faction in Neuland.

Other than those strong settlement, the Wasteland is littered with small factions and groups, nomads and small settlements. These settlements are always in danger of being attacked by bandits and wild mutants; one of the most prominent groups in the Wasteland is **Magog**

Little is known about the Magog riders, only the few stories told by the survivors; they tell tales of dust clouds, loud engines roaring, foreboding in the distance-one last warning before

the raid and slaughter. In the past decade it seems like Magog grew tired of their bandit lives and has made a home for themselves in an abandoned Desalination Center which they managed to fix and turn functional again. They started trading water with the nearby settlements and has earned a name as a powerful organization. It appears the bandits have settled down and are now a part of the new society, at least by their hedonistic standards.

New Tel Aviv-Harmony

What was once underwater wells and water sources has turned black with Crude Oil and are now known as the Black Lakes. Scholars say that the changes caused to the earth's ecological system has warmed up earth's core and made oil surface up where it's easier to reach than it was before. One of those Black Lakes was the foundation of one of the biggest settlements in Neuland-**New Tel Aviv**, which was built in the Yehuda Mountains.

New Tel Aviv was founded 95 years ago, in the year 5 NC (new counting) with the discovery of one such oil source. The city was erected by a faction known as **Harmony**, a group of builders and revolutionaries whose goal is to create a better future for humanity by encouraging peace through trade, research and collaboration.

The city quickly turned into a cultural trade center; a free city in the middle of the Wasteland, an oasis of a sort for future society to plant their roots. They provided the rest of Neuland with fuel and supplies and managed to bridge between Neuland's most prominent factions: Tel-Haim Council, Cassit and Magog and allow them to trade between themselves and the city. NTA is one of the most advanced settlements in the Wasteland-many technological devices that were thought to be the stuff of old legends still exist in it, and some say it was made possible thanks to trade agreements with the mythic Mutant City. Some say Cassit were also founded by Harmony, and are the reason they managed to recover much of the knowledge lost in the war.

Nothing is perfect, but despite the tribulations, life in New Tel Aviv were good; the city grew larger and many new factions were formed and started settling and repairing humanity. Some sort of economy started forming and even the IDF has reported of successfully planting plants in their once barren grounds.

These days NTA is overcoming its latest crises-its occupation by the **Negev Brigade**, which took over the city a year ago and has closed it to all trading and access until it has been reclaimed by the **IDF, Cassit & Magog** with the help of the **Judges** only 2 days ago.

Time will pass, the world keeps turning, the desert still spreading with every day that goes by; but humanity still holds, surviving and rebuilding as they always did. In many ways, the wheel keeps on turning and we're all left to wonder-what's coming next?

Harmony & New Tel Aviv

"With this sword, as was in the days of old, I hereby execute the leaders of Harmony to mount their heads upon the city walls!" this was what Gabriel, head of Negev Brigade, said as he condoned four out of five of the leaders of Harmony to death.

But who are Harmony?

In the Old Age

There isn't much information that can be found about Harmony's past, but most of it can probably be found in its secret archives. It is said in legend and urban tales that it is buried under the city, stranded somewhere in the wasteland or even hidden in the clouds, but most agree that it probably doesn't exist anymore, left to be remembered in children's tales.

The elders say that in the Old Age Harmony was like the Freemasons, a secret order which was the cornerstone of civilization up until the End.

It is certain, though, that Harmony has been around for over 100 years, and its involvement started even earlier, before the Wasteland.

Many tall tales surround the organization; some claim its members are immortal, some can vow they've seen them riding flying vehicles across the sky, that they have machines that can manufacture food and water out of air, and even that they were capable of creating artificial life forms meant to serve them.

Most of the tales are dismissed as urban legends, and all agree there's little to no way to find the truth behind them.

Harmony in the Wasteland

In the early days after cataclysm, Harmony has managed to locate several fuel sources in the South. There might have been some prior research involved, or maybe it was just luck, but as the war died down and the nuclear residue was still slowly spreading throughout the world, Harmony set out to find a new home for itself.

An old, rotting monument displayed in the museum depicted 30 healthy, experienced men emerging from the ground and making their way south. Scholars speculate that they must have had an atomic shelter and working vehicles, otherwise they could never have survived that distance and chaos of the Wasteland at those days. Harmony searched for a year until it finally found this very spot, where New Tel Aviv was born.

Founding New Tel Aviv-5 NC (new counting)

About 5 years after the end of the war, the little 30 people village known as New Tel Aviv was standing in the desert. It had nothing more than one permanent building and a few tents, but it seemed like the leaders of Harmony had bigger plans.

The city was erected on the foundations of an old settlement, ruins found in it and the neighboring settlements provided the materials to build the city. More materials and equipment has started finding their way to the city-unused resources and tools.

As rumors spread, the nearby population heard of the construction and came to verify the tales. Within a week New Tel Aviv has accepted those who were formerly known as Arabs

and Jews into its little settlement; long as they left their old orientations and took the mantle of residents of New Tel Aviv, they were allowed in.

With the right planning, wisdom and money left from the Old Age, Harmony has established New Tel Aviv, the new oasis in the Wasteland.

New Tel Aviv's Early Years-5-90 NC

The population grew, the never ending construction work lead by the aging Harmony has made wonders to the city. Using the new technology, they managed to utilize the fuel source under the city and construction of the Tap has began.

The tap was one of Harmony's top secret projects and only a select few were involved in its construction process. The common assumption was that the Tap was the part of the pipe that sucked the raw oil from the ground and delivered it to the factories to be turned to usable fuel. Its location was a well guarded secret and Tap itself was protected by Harmony's many resources. Many treasure hunters went out to find it but most returned empty-handed; those were the lucky ones. The unlucky ones were those who managed to find it but returned ill. Some has managed to recover, with the unpleasant side effects of grey, scarred skins, extra limbs and other mutations. Some deteriorated to a point where they were taken away by Harmony representatives to be tested and treated, never to be seen again.

The city was quickly built, the Nour free market was established and invited anyone who wished to to come a trade within the city. Walls and fortifications were erected to ward off raiders and bandits. Buildings were built, new economy was established and trades with the surrounding settlement became common, even trades agreements were signed with Tel-Haim Council and Cassit and their people started to be seen around town.

It seemed like Harmony has managed to build the city of the future.

Hiring the Negev Brigade and the fall of Harmony-90-99 NC

The city grew and prospered, Harmony was inherited by their children who were, at turn, replaced by their children. Trade routes and agreements were established and trade was even achieved with the outlandish Magog over water and fuel. This new approach to trade was more liberal, relying over the strength of the city to propel it upwards. Harmony made sure to maintain and keep the city and its establishments working and its Market became the biggest free market in the Wasteland.

With the increase in population, crime inside the city grew more rampant as well, cults emerged and the city became a hot target for bandits who staked out for traders moving between the settlements.

In the year 90 NC, a man named Gabriel Cohen came to the city, with his little army called the Negev Brigade. He offered to secure the city in exchange for food, accommodations and promises for high ranks in the future Harmony was building. After much deliberations, the leaders of Harmony agreed to Gabriel Cohen's deal, and made the worst mistake of their lives.

For 9 years (99 NC) Gabriel Cohen and his Brigade successfully protected the city from criminals and bandits, as well as abolishing the mutants' Green Sun Cult from the city, granting a sense of security to the city's citizens.

But this time of prosperity came to an abrupt end when the Negev Brigade decided to take over the city from within.

A Year After the Negev Brigade Took Over 99 NC

After the Negev Brigade took over the city and executed 4 out of 6 Harmony members they were able to find, the remaining city patrons went into hiding and things quickly deteriorated. Gabriel enclosed the city, unabling it from trading outside the city, limited civilian firearms and prevented fuel from leaving New Tel Aviv.

Gabriel broke the most important commandment in the Wasteland: "Kill Not", and ignored the Judges' ruling for justice.

Things quickly worsened-the market was most badly hurt and hunger became rampant. The Green Sun Cult returned and began preaching and recruiting mutants to its ranks. The city was closed off to supplies and its citizens were starved, but Gabriel Cohen didn't seem to care; no one could tell what his agenda was, but he clearly intended to break the delicate balance in Neuland-maybe even control it.

Gabriel's reign was hard and cruel, he destroyed any remembrance of Harmony, every document burned and everyone who dared speak their name was quickly executed.

New Tel Aviv was on the verge of complete destruction.

The Judges, Israel's authority for justice, could not let that pass, and so they secretly contacted the IDF, Cassit and Magog and formed an alliance to take back the city.

Conquering the City From the Negev Brigade Using the IDF, Magog & Cassit

Taking back the city was inevitable; after less than a year of preventing fuel from leaving the city, the three biggest factions in the Wasteland had burned through their emergency supplies.

The IDF, Cassit and Magog, for the first time in recorded history, has formed an alliance.

For 3 months they planned the attack, New Tel Aviv was well fortified and mutants were used to infiltrate and gather intel. The biggest step towards the war was when the Judges decreed that the Negev Brigade and any activity linked to them are outlawed and punished by death.

The battle for New Tel Aviv began on December 28th, 99 BC and lasted for two weeks until it ended on January 10th, 100 NC

Victory Over the Negev Bridage and Thoughts of the Future

After the victory over the Negev Brigade the city as still in ruins, but operated just like Harmony has planned for it to-quickly picking up the its pieces and restoring itself. The market returned to business and its shelves slowly filled up again. The city's Tap still remains hidden, for its location was only known to the members of Harmony and Gabriel, which is, of course, unwilling to share that information.

There are still plenty of problems: with no definitive authority to force order, no security against the criminals of the city or the bandits and mutants from outside of it, and worst of all-the 2 remaining members of Harmony haven't been found yet. Gabriel Cohen has been imprisoned for the past 2 days and everybody are still counting bodies.

Many questions haunt the Neulanders:

What will happen to the city? Who will take the reigns? Where's the secret information held by Harmony? What will happen to the Negev Brigade survivors? Where's the city's Tap? All these questions need to be solved quickly, or the city's future will become much less probable.

Economy & Trade

"Not all that glitters is gold, might just be radiation"

Nueland's economical system has long abandoned the silly idea of coins and bills as currency; in a society not with no government or trade regulations, bartering is usually the only way to reach an agreements between two sides. A common phrase among travelling traders is: "Show and Receive, Exchange and Pay".

Common means of trade are spare parts, empty bullet shells, ammunition and in some places in the Wasteland even tin caps. Caps are not ideal for trading, but can convince the other party to close the deal-of course, the rarer and more beautiful the cap, the more it's worth.

Work can also be used as a mean for payment-it's not uncommon to see young men and women offering labour in exchange for food, or Crafters' apprentices working for their training.

Collaboration is also a very important part of Neuland's society; Groups and factions are much more durable and stand a better chance to survive than individuals. It's also quite common to see members of different groups working for their keeping, or give out vital resources to their members for free.

Outsiders, of course, are not included in this social contract, and groups tend to steal from each other and fight for resources.

Most importantly: there's no such thing as worthless; one man's trash is another man's treasure.

Economy in New Tel Aviv

Before it was taken by the Negev Brigade, New Tel Aviv had the biggest market in the Wasteland: Nour Market (in arabic: light). The market was a free trading spot for traders, artists, farmers and treasure hunters looking to barter freely. Harmony kept the market free from any interference, and enjoyed its contribution to the city. The more citizens and guests came into the city, the more important became Harmony's monopoly over its fuel source. In the 24/7 market you could find anything from livestock, to slaves, scraps and even toys.

The Meat Market

The Meat Market was created within the city walls; if Nour Market encouraged free trade, then the Meat Market did so even more. The Meat Market is a slave market, offering every illegal thing you could think of and operated almost entirely by slavery.

The market's main principle is recycling-even the lowliest slave's body is utilized after death-grinded and chopped for food. Nothing is wasted.

The Market is right outside the city walls, as Harmony forbade it from existing inside of it.

Game Instructions

Trade in the game will be between players or establishments using bartering (exchanging of goods and services). Every item can be used for trade as long as both parties agree on it. Screws, nuts, empty shells and scraps of metal are all viable currencies to use for products and services in the game. Printed tin caps can also be used as currency and their worth is determined by their looks and condition. Non-printed caps are the equivalent of cents and pennies, and are worth next to nothing. This rule is in place to avoid abusing the trade system by ordering non-printed caps as stocks and to allow the game a dirtier look.

Radiation

The new world has many radiation pockets; some areas contain deadly little fractions of radioactive substance, others have radiation seeping from the ground, some are even known to move around with no foreseeable pattern. The few settlements erected in the Wasteland have been built upon areas where these wandering radiation pockets never appear, although no one is quite sure why. Some speculate that iron in the ground prevents these manifestations. Some think it's only a matter of time before even these settlements will succumb to the radiation.

In order to navigate the Wasteland from one shelter to another, many survivors managed to find or build mobile radiation detectors, which allows small groups to escape the radiation pockets and make it to safety. Anyone who leaves the sheltered city without one of those radiation experts is sure to be exposed to deadly radiation.

Mutants

In the aftermath of the war there's more than just humans roaming through the Wasteland. Exposure to radiation has caused some humans to be born with strange birth defects. At first, there were rumors about children glowing in the dark, or shooting sparks from their bodies, but eventually rumors became a reality and Neuland filled with these strange creatures.

Some call them the Children of the Atom, some call them monsters, but one thing is certain-they're not entirely human anymore.

Through the years, mutants were categorized into 4 types-Elephants, Nukes, Defibrillators and Wilds.

Playing a Mutant

A player may add 1 kind of mutation to their character, as long as they follow the regulations regarding its look, abilities and his group's regulation. Some groups limit mutants and others accept them more openly. Any player who wishes to play a mutant is required to send out a picture of his character in full makeup to be approved by the Game Coordinators, and only after they've been approved they can officially be registered in the game.

The amount of players who can play mutants with mechanical advantages (Elephants, Nukes and Defibrillators lvl. 2 and up) is limited.

Mutant Types:

Elephants are mutants who were, due to radiation and harsh living conditions, born with incredibly thick skins. These mutant have grey and disfigured bodies, hence the name: Elephants; according to legends these creatures used to have thick skin and strange looks. Elephants are known for their incredible strength and fortitude. Some say their skin can be made into an armor that's as flexible as fabric but as hard as steel.

Nukes are strange and disturbing creatures one can expect to see roaming the Wasteland; their milk white skin and bony physique can chill even the most experienced survivor. The Nukes may have a frail body and a sickly life, but they have an incredibly high toleration to radiation. Radiation pockets that would cause a human to wretch blood and shake in pain, are little more than a nuisance to these Mutants who were conceived by it.

Defibrillators are harder to spot than the aforementioned mutants; some of them may not even get a second glance at the market, and some of them cannot go into a room without attracting everyone's attention. For some unknown reason, these strange creatures' body

has electricity coursing through it, much like a battery. The Defibrillators are able to discharge this electricity by touching a conductor. Some people are born as Defibrillators, while others only start experiencing the mutation later in life. The severity of the condition is also prone to change during the mutants' lives. Defibrillators that have reached higher level (lvl.2 & lvl.3) experience terrible pain throughout their bodies if they don't discharge the current from their bodies regularly and if unable to do so for a prolonged period of time they might experience dire pains, fainting and even death.

Defibrillators are categorized into 3 levels of mutation:

Lvl.1 - A Defi at this level has a very limited amount of electricity in their body and it suffices to light no more than a simple flashlight or minor zap a human. These Defis usually so not appear much different than regular humans and they can go through their entire life without discharging what little electricity they can produce without suffering any pain for it.

Lvl.2 - At this level, a Defi would have substantial amount of electricity in their body, enough to power most electrical devices and appliances in the Wasteland. When fully discharging onto a human, a lvl.2 Defi can cause him physical damage. They tend to sport weird colored eyes and hair, and some may even have light coming out of their skin.

A lvl.2 Defi can go up to 6 hours without discharging before they start experiencing pain.

Lvl. 3 - Defibrillators at this level are rare, some would even go as far as to call them a legend. At this level, a Defi has an extreme amount of electricity in their bodies and they can generate enough of it to match a generator.

When fully discharging, a lvl. 3 Defi can either shock a human into unconsciousness, but can also be used for good. These mutants are in a state of constant pain and must discharge very often in order to function. They are strange creatures with bright hair and bright eyes, flickering lights and strange bodies.

Wilds are humans who display a clear physical mutation but cannot be categorized into 1 of the aforementioned categories. Some have animal-like features, horns, green skins etc. They are called Wilds because some of them have lost their touch with humanity and started displaying wild, animal-like behaviour (like Ghuls in Fall-Out)

Wilds' appearance is open to the player's interpretation, but they do not have any mechanical powers or definitive flaws like the other types. That being said, Wilds are also the target of prejudice and racism in the game, and need to provide an appropriate costume and makeup.

When going to the Wasteland, a player can come upon hostile Wilds played by NPC's.

Summary-Mutants and Looks

Elephants - thick grey skins

Nukes - pale and sickly

Defibrillators - not distinguished

Wilds - any type of mutated looks that doesn't match the other mutations

Tales from the Wasteland

Jerusalem-Mountain of Radiation

"We call them Shadows; the Shadows on the mountaintop."

Jerusalem; Shalem; City of David; the Old City was called many names throughout the years. When doom came, and the deadly clouds of radiation started to engulf the land, the Sacred City had suffered like no other. The pavements, once carrying hundreds of feet of people from all cultures, are now empty and sip out deadly radiation. The ancient structures that have withstood hundreds of years and dozens of wars are still standing still, a relic of history that will never repeat.

At a first glance, one could think the Old City is empty and peaceful, but nothing could be further from reality. Jerusalem is the city where no sane human would ever dare set foot, for the radiation would be the least of their problems.

As with many relics of the old world, Jerusalem was bound to attract all sort of fanatics. These days it is known as the Mountain of Radiation, and is controlled by the strange people (if you choose to call them that) that will stop at nothing to protect it. Little is known about these strange folk living in the radioactive clouds of the city. Stories are told of black wearing figures moving through those ancient streets, their bodies limp and their speak muffled. The Neulanders call them the Shadows, shadows of ideas long past, of an extinct nation; shadows of people and places.

When travelling through the Wasteland, one would be wise to keep distance from the City of David and its shadowy inhabitants, for none will dare to go in, and none will ever come out. But if you keep your distance, and are lucky, you might witness the Shadows some down from their mountain to wash in the polluted lakes outside the city.

Groups-Outsiders

NPC's

Road Bandits

"Live fast, die young and leave a mangled corpse behind"

At the outskirts of human society there are those who have decided to defy what little law is left in the Wasteland. They would not hesitate to take a life in order to get their hand on a little bottle of fuel, a can of reserves or just for the thrill of it. Bandits usually start as little more than outlaws; fights always manage to find them, their crops always fail to grow, their water is always spilled from a poorly closed bottle and everybody is to blame but them. This people will usually be outcasted from society, and their jealousy usually manifests itself in the form of theft, murder and general harm.

Going out into the Wasteland is one way to survive once you've crossed humanity's lines, while the other leads to the Hangman. In the Wasteland a lone wolf only has his skill and resolve to take that which is another's. Sometimes these individuals band together into violent packs of bandits roaming through the Wasteland, threatening passing travellers-since they have nothing to lose.

Wild Mutants

"Werkuokmlgfhskdfllju!"

Some say they're nothing but tormented human souls, others would rather refer to them as animals walking on their hind legs. Wild mutants in the Wasteland have never been pleasant to look at. They tend to travel in little packs, hiding whenever a group of humans approaches them. That is, until they're hungry enough to attack.

The origin of these Wilds is usually babies left out in the Wasteland to fend for themselves that miraculously survived. Sometimes these are civilized mutants who have been cast off from society due to their strange looks, mental deterioration and prejudice. But the one thing all of them have in common is their terrifying looks and hunger for flesh.

NPC's Wanted!

Sun-Burn needs you! Good people who wish to play it a little dirty. As part of the NPC's crew, you will play different characters who will visit New Tel Aviv, and among them you will also pose as threats for the city as Bandits and Wild Mutants. Not all roles require you to play the

antagonist, but we would be glad for any player who can play a few different characters during the day. Being an antagonist includes physical effort and tight schedules, which is important to remember when volunteering.

NPC's will enjoy a discounted ticket for the game. The NPC crew will work with the game staff on their costumes and props.

NPC's could take a "break" during the game, wear regular post-apocalyptic clothes and go wander around the game. Enjoy the music, atmosphere and crowds.

How to sign up?

If you wish to play an NPC in Sun-Burn, please contact the game management, state your name, age and what kind of NPC you would like the play, special skills and anything else that might seem relevant to you and send it to npc.sunburn@gmail.com

The Judges

"No! I beg you! I didn't mean to kill her! She.. Was just... I'm sorry... So sorry..."

The crying man was chained to pole.

"You have broken the most important law in the city, 'Thou shalt not kill'. You are facing trial in front of a judge, like every criminal before you and every criminal after you."

The man continued crying, while the audience awaited eagerly for the judge's verdict. The judge walked around the criminal, opening a book bound by a heavy metal chain and recording the events. After a few seconds of uneasy silence, the judge closed the book with a thump. The sound echoing. The crowd is on edge, waiting for the end of the trial. "I condemn you to 30 years of slavery. Your master will be the highest bidder". The chained man seemed heartbroken. The crowd whispered excitedly among themselves, withering quickly when the judge turned to face the crowd. "Let this man is an example to all of you. The law is above all, breaking it will result in punishment. Breaking it with malignant intent will result in an especially harsh punishment. Remember that thus shall happen to he who breaks the law."

The judge turned abruptly and left the stage. His robes billowing in the dry wind, and his heavy iron book clutched in his hand.

The Judges are an exclusive latitude group which represents the law in Neuland.

Judges are the high legal authority around New Tel Aviv, they are stern and have a sense of purpose to maintain life in the Wasteland.

The Group is a small group for extra-responsible players. Other than an extensive inner play, the group members have an important role in all of the Neulanders lives and are expected to show commitment for their role.

The Judges spread all around the Wasteland, and as such you can also be a part of any outsider group (Magog, Cassit or the IDF), of course-if agreed upon with the relevant captains.

Cassit

Cassit is the name of the new civilization. Historical evidence given by people related to the leadership families claim that this organization was brought together even before the Fall of the old Civilization. Its purpose is the preservation of culture, history and knowledge, all crucial to humanity and its future.

Cassit, a name taken by the organization as its own after the Fall, was a mythological coffeehouse which was the headquarters of bohemian life in Tel Aviv in the 1940's. The members of Cassit take this legacy extremely seriously, and see themselves as the descendants and continuation of this culture, which reverts art, philosophy and progress.

The organization sees itself as responsible for the salvation and future of humanity and its culture, and accepts with open arms human- and humans only*- who have not been lucky enough to be born into the organization, but wish to adopt its beliefs.

Cassit is directed by a Council of scholars, led by the supreme leader, the Alterman, who dictate and manage the day-to-day life of the organization's members, and are responsible for relations with the other groups in power. The people of Cassit are known as providers of medical care to any human who seeks it, and as skilled technicians and craftspeople. Cassit maintains a unique center of scholarship and instruction, and invites outside scholars to use it, providing they become permanent members of the organization and dedicate themselves to the preservation and resurgence of human culture.

Cassit's area of influence increases continuously, as more and groups rediscover the ways of humanity of old, encouraged by the Council of scholars.

To join this group, please contact co-captains **Darya Hadas** or **Gilli Cohen Arazi**

* Please note that mutants may only join Cassit as slaves owned by another player character in the organization. The number of mutants in the group will be limited.

The IDF

No military force in the New-Land is greater than the Tel-Haim council. They are one of the oldest forces in the wasteland. The Tel-Haim council has made itself patron of the Galil area in the north and has occupied most of the north by taking over six military bases of which they took over over the years.

The Council has developed from the settlement Tel-Haim about 25 years ago. Before that it was an isolated and peaceful agricultural settlement, detached from the rest of the wasteland. All that changed when its leadership changed and started occupying the surrounding grounds. As Tel-Haim grew, the **IDF** was formed, and soon enough it became the most powerful military force in Neuland.

The IDF forcefully and ruthlessly occupied the north, one settlement after the other by stating a simple term: you either join or you burn; no middle ground.

When you enroll into the IDF you get a function, which you serve from youth until death, like a well oiled machine. It has a strict code that states: every man or mutant is equal, as long as they do their part.

After the Negev Brigade took over NTA and the city no longer traded fuel with Tel-Haim Council, the IDF was sent to see that this problem is solved; and so they allied themselves with Magog and Kasit to fight for the city. Now that the gates have opened it's time to see what will happen to it, and Tel-Haim might consider expanding its grip to the south.

For registration please talk to the IDF captain: **Yoav Shvlab**

Magog (18+)

Raiders and bandits scour the barren landscape for opportunities since the world changed, each of these groups has their own identity and while varying in their levels of viciousness, it is common sense to steer clear of most of them. One group however stands apart from the others if not only by the atrocities they have committed then certainly by their rise to power not too long ago.

The Magog death cult has earned their infamy by terrorizing any who cross paths with them. The deranged, malicious and psychotic are but a few who fill out their ranks. Once a small raider group with a particular flare for the cruel and unusual, they have grown in numbers since their acquisition of the "yarkon-negev" water reservoir after massacring the settlement who tended the rig ever since the end times started.

In short time the settlement became a haven for the insane and corrupted. The leader of The Magog preached that cannibalism will fend off disease and mutation as part of their death worshipping doctrines, though not many live that long to find out due to their extreme and suicidal way of life. This bastion protects its depraved inhabitants and ensures diplomacy from neighbouring groups as long as they control and maintain the aquifer, the security and resources gained allowed them to thrive in their own vicious ways.

The Magog deals in death, first and foremost, from their religious doctrines to their entertainment, their innovative ways of torment and cruelty are a testament to human ingenuity. Their other, more prolific, ventures deal in human\mutant trafficking and unique narcotics found only within the tall walls of the bastion. The Magog use slaves to maintain the complex amongst other duties, many of them are willing individuals who rather face enslavement and forego their freedom for a chance of a meagre yet stable life. Violence, drug abuse and rampant hedonism is another staple of the group, essentially all members are lunatics with drug-induced psychosis. In a way, it is the drugs they create which allow a semblance of order to be achieved; the group's core keep the secret of creating these obscene substances and coupled with ritualistic intent and nightmarish hallucinations that fuel their fervent zeal, the hierarchy of the Magog stays intact.

Magog is for players ages 18 and up. To join Magog please talk to the Magog captain:
Julian Palaia

Groups-New Tel Aviv

The Rangers

"We are born from the ashes and forged by radiation, we capture the sun and wander the wasteland, from the ruins we will find hope and we will rise to build a new and stronger world"

-A' the first ranger.

We the new tel aviv ranger's, are the only ones who have the ability and the courage to go out and scout the wasteland, what everyone wants but are to afraid to it, except for us of course, we know to wasteland better than anyone else.

It ain't easy being a ranger and all but it's rewarding, very rewarding. Who else brings junk and supplies to the city? Who else can catch the city by the balls with all the trouble the happened over the years?

Who was there when everything went to hell and order was needed?

Every question has an answer and we are the answer to the biggest question, who is crazy enough to go out into the wasteland.

Every ranger is build by training and experience, only the strongest survive. Rangers have their reputation out at the wasteland and it is well advised not to interfere while they're out scouting, it usually doesn't end well...

Known as tough survivors and dangerous people, rangers often go around wearing an armor and carrying a close range weapon and the best firearms the slik has to offer.

As rangers it is our duty to assure to survival of everyone living in new land and to protect new tel aviv from any threat by any cost.

The rangers is a group that focuses trading, militant activity, scouting and discovering radiation (the ability radiation expert is a must have for a ranger).

In the game there is also room for character building and politics. The group will be in deep roleplay in and outside the city.

For more information please adress **Gal Porat**.

The Destitutes

Neuland's world is a dog-eat-dog world; those who live alone die alone and does it fast, which is why most people will find a place to belong.

Whether a small settlement, a group of bandits or one of the Great Organizations of the wasteland, every man needs a home, and sadly-not all are able to find it. Through the years, New Tel Aviv has attracted hundreds if not thousands of wanderers, orphans, poor people and outcasts. Not all will tell you why they ended up alone, some of them try to forget and other has long forgotten. In this world, lone folk will die in a matter of days, or even worse: be sold to slavery or worse. That's why all those lone wolves decided to band and survive together.

In the outskirts of the city stands a building, they call it the Palace. If you're looking for shelter and no other place will take you, if you're being hunted by slavers or worse-this is where you're likely to end up. We eat together, survive together and bury our dead together.

In this dog-eat-dog world, those with no teeth have to unite; we are the Destitutes, the homeless, the poor, the ones with no future. But we do have one thing-each other.

For more information please refer to the group captain **Or da Shire**

The Cache

It was another hot day in New Tel Aviv, as a trio of men in worn-out leather coats, heavy boots and stylish facial hair walked into a small tin shop in the city.

In the store stood a young woman, just in the process of cleaning dust off the counter. As the three men entered the shop she lifted an apathetic gaze to them.

“Save us the introductions, doll” said the biggest of the group. He took a gun out of his pocket, which looked like two metal pipes screwed together and wrapped in duct-tape, and pointed it towards the young woman. “I ain’t afraid of no judges around here, and I ain’t got no remorse about taking life, so empty the register. Now!”

The woman’s still face twisted into a sarcastic half smile as she retorted; “did you really think you could come and rob a gun store with this little home-made toy?” She fixed her gaze on the man’s gun, “ I mean, it’s not like I have anything against independant production, but you do realize that by the time you even load that broomstick of yours I can make your and your friends’ legs look like swiss cheese with MY little toy.” She said as she took out a polished black gun from underneath the counter.

“Now, I can recommend the M16. It’s not as nice as this little baby I have here, but we have plenty of them left from before the Wasteland, so they’re pretty cheap. I can even offer you and your friends a discount if you promise to leave my store and never show your ugly face in this town again. Oh, and never hold that gun of yours this way again.” She touched her gun’s barrel to the man’s shoulder, where he stabled his gun just a moment ago. The man flinched in pain. “Yeah, that’s not how you hold a gun, it’ll destroy your shoulder and I’m sure the clinic won’t be as nice if you threaten them like you just did.”

It was another hot day in New Tel Aviv, as a trio of men in worn-out leather coats, heavy boots, stylish facial hair and newly purchased guns walked out of a little tin shop, mounted their motorcycles and rode far away from the city.

The Cache has miraculously stayed the same as it was before the war-a sturdy tin wall with a sign: “The Cache-New Tel Aviv’s Weapon’s Store”, a beaded curtain as a door and pictures of weapons, people and places from an older time hung on the wall. By the door there’s a small sign-Help Wanted.

New Tel Aviv’s weapon store, known as the Cache, is run by **Aya Ilan**

The Crafters Guild

The Crafters Guild is one of the oldest organizations in New Tel Aviv. It was first founded by the first settlers, due to the needs for builders and technicians to fix the mounts of equipment that arrived at the city each day. The Guild is one of the city's pillars. In a world where everything is broken, rusted and in need of fixing, those who can fix it are priceless.

If it has anything to do with manual work, the Guild has people to do it: welding, woodworking, sewing and even operating tools from the Old Age-the Guild does it all. As the most talented people with the best hands the Wasteland has to offer, the Guild has earned a name for itself and attracted dozens of customers to the old structure.

Today it's a very private section of society, which transfers their secrets from father to son and recruits only the best of the best. Around the art and craft they've developed ceremonial habits that has began to resemble a cult that blesses the thought and effort put into the Guild's creations. The Crafters Guild rules New Tel Aviv's economy like no others for without them scraps could not be recycled, damages could not be repaired and survival will become much less likely.

The Crafters Guild is led by **Yoav Sochen**

End of the Road Club (18+)

"Welcome to the End of the Road, you feeling it? 'Course you do. Are ya'll having fun? Do you love the music? Are you flying high? For all your flying need please be sure to see our Aviation Specialist. Just kidding, it's just your Friendly Neighborhood Dealer; say hi, honey. Good.

Welcome to another bitchin' night at the End of the Road club, where it's Sadom all day and party all night! Whatever you need, we got you covered! Our waitresses' job is to make sure there's no sober mind in the house tonight. Make sure to tip them and treat them right, otherwise you might find yourself less than whole on your way out.

If you're longing for some company, just let us know what you want, we got them in all shapes and colors, and specialities. Everything goes tonight. It's the End of the Road isn't it?

One last thing, guys, before we can get this party started; we don't have a lot of rules, but breaking those few might cause some... unwanted results. So just don't, K?

No. 1: Bitch, don't kill the vibe. Let's have fun alright?

No. 2: We can take your weapons if we want to. You can have them back later.

No. 3: You touched it, you pay for it. Don't like it? You can take your complaints to somebody else, 'cause I don't give a damn.

No. 4: Back room is staff only. You're caught hanging in there-you'll find yourself one limb shorter on the way out.

No. 5: In case you forgot by now, rule no. 5 is a lot like rule no.1, only a bit harsher; BITCH, DON'T KILL THE VIBE

So are we all good? Good. We can get this party started then.

Oh, almost forgot, make sure you take the time to try our house drug-Baby Boom; it's gonna blow your mind."

"The End of the Road" Club is New Tel Aviv's never ending party. The place prides itself of being able to provide each patron with his fancy-be that music, alcohol, drugs or a warm body for the night; Once you've entered the club the lines slowly blur and the night turns

technicolor. The club is looking for staff members-from operators to prostitutes, End of the Road collect people from every kind, race or gender.

During the day, it functions as a chill meeting place for people to talk over drinks, satisfy their physical needs or purchase your favorite drug. But as night falls it turns into the wildest joint in the Wasteland, neon colors and bright lights illuminate the night, the music is carried to the heavens and everything is possible.

Players can play the club's staff or prostitutes working in it. Mutants employed by the End of the Road are not considered slaves and are free to act as they like, as long as they remember who provides the roof over their heads.

End of the Road is managed by **Ayuki NM & Yuval Riffkin**

The Hospital

Did you know that when death takes a man's last breath, exactly 21 grams disappear from the body? These 21 grams are the soul, these are the difference between the living and the dead.

We know every bit of your body, we can even tell how long do you have left - the clock is ticking. We have the most advanced equipment and the most experienced minds in the field. But that's not enough, the knowledge humanity used to have, before the cataclysm, is still hidden; the majestic human body is still ridden with disease, violence and aging.

If you are brilliant and extraordinary, if you are gifted with sharp senses sharp enough to notice a single contaminated drop of blood in the arteries - then you might get an invitation to join the Medical Society and learn the secrets of the trade the makes the difference between the living and the dead.

If you're interested please contact **Noga Geshur** or **Dudy Kaufman**.

The Meat Market (18+)

“Without the Farm, there will be no meat, without meat there will be no life”

That’s the motto that rules the city’s Meat Market. The Farm itself is located at the outskirts of the city. Not many has ventured inside and those who did don’t seem to want to talk about it. The resident of New Tel Aviv has learned long ago to never ask “where did you get that”.

The Farm is the no.1 food provider for the city for years and resides on what is probably the last workable field in the area. Add to that the pens, cowsheds and hen houses and you’ll get a food and drink industry that relies on the free work force known as slaves.

Some of them had chosen to work to pay off debts or care for their family, others were convicted for crimes against the city and others were captured by the Rescue Unit, as it’s called around the city, be it seriously or ironically.

A whole syndicate was formed around New Tel Aviv’s food industry which serves mostly itself. New executives were recruited, like the Rescue Unit which takes care of “acquisition” of work force, the Traders, which banter and negotiate with clients and expand on the client-base and products the syndicate offers and their armed forces known as “Customer Retention”, and of course the management will attempt to work the system in a way the benefits (almost) all.

This is a mixed group of traders with interest among most of the city’s factions, so if you’d like to center your game around economy, power struggles and self interests like only an era of post-apocalyptic poverty can provide you, and you’re aged 18 and up, please send your ideas to **Vova Furman**.

The Green Sun Cult

“It starts, like a ny good tale, with an act of betrayal. Man betrayed nature, harnessing its power for his own personal gain, and used it to create a power beyond his control. The world withered like a flower when faced with the Atom’s mighty storm...”

The Sun Cult was created under the idea that Mutants are the next level in human evolution. They believe that when the radioactive Green Sun will rise, the Mutants will be those who inherit the earth. The Cult sees any Mutant in the Wasteland as their brother and act to abolish slavery, improving mutant lives and offer them tools to understand and utilize their powers.

Some say the Cult was formed shortly after the war and has been around ever since. Their members wander around the Wasteland, looking for lost mutants and collecting them into their ranks. The Sun Cult believes this is their calling: to aid forth the rise of the mutants over the humans, which they refer to as Damaged, and usher the great event known as the Green Sunrise; where humanity will be destroyed and being with it an age of prosperity where only the Mutants who have survived will be dim fit to walk the earth.

The Sun Cult is led by a small council called the Sun Beams, which are governed by the Reactor. They have ancient rites and the superhuman gifts associated to the Cult will attract the strongest and most grotesque of Mutants.

The Cult has returned to New Tel Aviv after 20 years in the Wasteland to honor the new-found peace in the city and offer a safe haven to an Mutant who seeks it, and to preach the tale of the Sun to anybody who would listen, so they can grant the Green Sun’s gift to those who ask for it.