

Overview

A city built from an ancient junkyard, Trashbelt is equal parts chaos and viciousness, a metal wasteland as foul as it is industrious. A few days north of New Miami, Trashbelt is well fortified within its metallic trash heaps and foxholes, labyrinthine pathways that weave between mountains of detritus and debris. No one who hasn't grown up there has ever seized or taken control, though many- even super mutants -have tried. The current leader of Trashbelt is a Type II ghoul named Markus Raaji, who's ruled for the past 27 years.

The population within has varied wildly throughout its 102-year existence, with Raaji and Little Cubano's reigns being the most stable and prosperous. They survive through various unethical means, prolifically, raiding other settlements near and far. Some of the smaller farms and hermits pay homage to Raaji, and he generously accepts, protecting them with his raiders if ever needed. But other leaders haven't been so kind and have slaughtered without reason simply for the glory of Trashbelt.

Many different subsections of raiders exist within Trashbelt, who prefer to stick to themselves. Markus' reign has put a stop to the infighting between them, but the tensions are still tumultuous, especially when food and water run short.

Society

Each section of Trashbelt is controlled by at least one faction, which gets the privilege of dues from however they see fit to extract them. Loan sharking, prostitution, gambling dens, drug trafficking, protection money, and occasionally legitimate businesses serving the needs of the region.

Many industries are largely controlled by a faction that is contracted by others to do the bulk of the work. Except for slavery, which is exclusively under the domain of Markus, most factions have smaller-scale operations for projects they do in-house.

The situation is dire for most residents; life is brutish, where one is at the mercy of whatever the current lackey of a gang is feeling today, which is why they cling to the gangs they work for. They pay tribute by doing any number of favors that the faction leaders and the goons they command find satisfactory.

Factions

Men of La Mancha

Largely melee and simple pipegun-oriented raider gang that gets the majority of its income through protection money, with strict hierarchies of territorial control, with their soldiers contracted as mercenaries. Current led by Don Hernandex, a loud and brutal leader who wears equipment taken straight from the knights of a millennium before. Largely not seen as a serious contender in the power struggle, they nevertheless do quite adequately in the purpose of gathering protection money for themselves and others in the city. They are also often contracted for contract enforcement.

They are a crafty group more than capable of using simple contraptions and engineering to cripple forces that move into their territory, ambush them in close quarters, and utilize Chems. Largely hostile to synths thanks to the group's rivalry with the Enlightened, and the fact that Markus doesn't allow them to charge them extra on account of having fewer needs than a typical person.

Societally, they structure themselves much like knightly orders from which they borrowed their aesthetics.

The Enlightened

On the opposite end of the spectrum are The Enlightened. Preferring energy weapons, shunning the use of more addictive Chems, and mass adoption of higher tech solutions, they are by far the most advanced gang in the city. Whereas the Men of La Mancha fight defensively and as dirty as possible, the Enlightened prefer uncompromising offense through the use of explosives and small unit tactics.

Their leader, Maverick Cromwell, is one of the only people in the city to possess a pair of working power armor, an asset the Enlightened use for no small amount of energy rifle rattling. Their technical expertise is why they're trusted by Markus to maintain a plurality of the energy infrastructure and ensure that production taxes are enforced. The only major faction in Trashbelt to have acceptance for Synths; this has led to tensions between them and other factions.

Societally, they structure themselves much like scientific organizations from which they borrowed their aesthetics.

Markus's Finest

Markus, originally a member of a disparate faction, was responsible for the peace agreement that has, for now, kept the city from infighting. Markus's group would become his elite guard, with the best and brightest in Raider society recruited to be his lackeys. Many of them utilize

formal attire associated with business on most occasions. This projects their power and is its own type of intimidating, the confidence of not needing armor because no one would dare lay a finger on your head.

This is not to say they do not have combat equipment. No self-respecting raider would leave home without it. They take the part of 'dues collection' from gangs within Trashbelt, and of course, make an example of those that do not fall in line with Markus's orders. Their biggest claim to power, and why some seek to get rid of his regime, is that Markus's Finest have a monopoly on both slave selling and the production of slave collars.

Doombringers

Assassins, people dedicated to the act of killing targets without leaving a trace of their own involvement. Hired by factions of all stripes, they are the most advanced chemists and murderers in the city. Daggers, sniper rifles, false flag operations, almost nothing is off the table for them. Despite their specialty, they make a significant amount of caps from their part in the chem trade, one hard-earned through many, many assassinations. They are known for their in-depth rituals for aspects of their life, from taking a job, turning it in, and burying their killed in action. Many of them came from backgrounds in slavery, the reasoning for why they wear slave collars that have been taken apart, their clothing adorned with the remaining chunks. Their current leader is a woman who takes after this tradition, going simply by the name of 'Dulsa'.

Disparates

There are, of course, many disparate gangs that operate through, in, or around Trashbelt. Lacking an overarching theme between them, the rule of the day is 'whatever gets me the most caps'. Currently the majority of the disparates are firmly aligned under Markus's Finest.