

[Person asks what you can tell them about Rocketsburg]

Let me tell you something. I've lived in boxcars, trailers, subways, and rundown shacks. Compared to that shit, Rocketsburg is a fucking upgrade.

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At least here, I don't have to sleep with one eye open all the time - only sometimes.

[Person asks what you do here]

I make sure the local wildlife stays out of Rocketsburg.

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[Radscorpions](#), [yao guai](#) (YOW-GWHY), [ants](#) - someway, somehow, they find their way near this town itching for a meal. Sometimes it's stragglers. Other times, though? Well... there's a source, and I've gotta deal with it.

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The job ain't pretty, but someone's gotta do it. (Laughs)

[Person asks what's out there in the wasteland]

All sorts of wasteland critters. The kind that will get feisty if they just so happen to smell your fear.

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To be fair though, those creatures aren't so different from us. They need to eat, sleep, and shit like we do. Unfortunately for you and me, those things see us as breakfast, lunch, and dinner - even brunch.