

## ## Major Settlements&Zones

### ### Noose Plains: The AFFU's De-Facto Capital

Noose Plains (pop. ~100,000 and growing) is the beating, dysfunctional heart of the AFFU's territory—a sprawling mix of small-town East Texas decay and nationwide radical influx. It started as a cluster of rural towns around a central plain (old cotton fields, now mostly dirt lots and barricades), but by February of 2023 it's the closest thing to a "capital" the crusaders have: where Charlie broadcasts from, recruits get bussed in, patrols roll out, and the movement's rot is most visible up close.

It's not a disciplined military stronghold or a thriving Ideopolis. It's a chaotic, traumatized shithole where schools limp along, churches host both sermons and executions, and the streets smell of gun oil, weed, teen sweat, and occasional decomposing bodies dragged into ditches. Civilians who didn't flee early either support the AFFU (Anti-Furry Front United) quietly (free security in a collapsed county) or keep their heads down and barricade at night. Sysco still delivers here too—trucks roll in under Humvee escort—but everything else runs on crusade logic.

### #### Layout & Zones

#### - \*\*Central Plaza (old town square + courthouse)\*\*

Charlie's HQ: repurposed county courthouse with sandbags, radio antenna on the roof, and a big flaming pike-cross banner. Daily radio broadcasts from a basement studio—coughing fits and all. Plaza used for rallies: Junior Crusaders in red armbands chanting, public executions by Flame of Absolution (flamethrower for "traitors"), and recruitment drives with folding tables stacked with flyers.

#### - \*\*Barracks Districts (suburbs and trailer parks)\*\*

Rows of seized houses turned into squad bays. Red Banner units in the nicer ones (with AC and looted TVs), Junior Crusaders crammed 20 to a house. Walls covered in Sharpie scripture, Nirvana posters, and kill counts. Constant noise: dirtbikes revving, .50 cal test-fired, Gen-Z kids blasting Soundgarden from phones while cleaning rifles.

#### - \*\*Patrol Streets & Checkpoints\*\*

Main roads barricaded with burned cars and concrete. Standard 12-14 man Humvee patrols (3 vehicles + Dawnbreaker overwatch) roll constantly—Senior Crusaders in full kit looking professional until you notice the rosaries, phone scrolling, and occasional wheezing coughs from cheap cigarettes. Checkpoints search for furry symbols, Pikewall plates, or anything suspicious. Civilians wave through if they flash a pike-cross sticker.

#### - \*\*The Strip (commercial drag turned red-light)\*\*

Where the movement's social rot shows hardest. Bars, abandoned strip malls, and motels now host open prostitution—including geared-up female Junior/Senior Crusaders at various pregnancy stages. Some work voluntarily (extra rations), others coerced into "non-combat roles." Serial killers like Adam "Smasher" Dubois prowl here—brain matter stains on sidewalks aren't rare. Zealots of Retribution (ZoR) drag deserters through these streets for the Children Of Judith (CoJ) to public shame or the Covenant Flame (CF) and Flame of Absolution (FoA) to publicly execute via flamethrower.

#### - \*\*Recruitment & Training Grounds (outskirts fields)\*\*

Buses roll in weekly from across the country—fresh kids with duffels, rifles, and accents from everywhere. Quick indoctrination: flyers, Charlie speeches on loop, then shuttled to Dovers Mill for real training. Local holding areas for overflow: tents, propaganda videos, Youth of The Flame in red armbands handing out energy drinks and "martyr packets."

#### - \*\*Civilian Pockets\*\*

Neighborhoods where non-crusaders still live: armed night watches, barricaded doors, kids playing in yards while Hueys thump overhead. Some families quietly back AFFU (cheaper than fleeing), others just endure. Schools open sporadically—teachers preach "purity curriculum" between air-raid drills. Churches packed: half genuine believers, half looking for rations.

### #### Daily Life & Culture

#### - \*\*The Grind\*\*

Dawn patrols, afternoon assaults prepped, evening radio sermons everyone half-listens to. Trauma is background: Red Banner vets with thousand-yard stares, shell-shocked kids muttering about red mist. Fresh recruits keep morale artificially high until their first perimeter run.

#### - \*\*Gen-Z Crusade Vibe\*\*

Phones everywhere—scrolling TikTok edits of past "wins," leaking Nirvana mid-patrol, live-streaming rallies until OPSEC cracks down. Music leaks from speakers: Nirvana, Deftones, Soundgarden on loop like a suicidal playlist. Jargon mixed with slang: "bounding overwatch, bro" while hitting a Juul.

#### - \*\*Hypocrisy & Decay\*\*

"Purity through fire" preached while prostitution thrives, teen pregnancies ignored, and Charlie's Parkinson's tremors hidden off-mic. Civilians tolerate it because AFFU keeps basic order—no gangs, power stays on, food trucks roll.

#### - Active serial killers targeting Junior Crusaders ( Adam "Smasher" Dubois, 6'5" white male muscular farmhand in early 30' s with muscular build – 250+ sledgehammer and curb stomp kills, bloodstains and brain matter are present in some places of Noose Plains.)

### ### Palisades: The Fortified Furry City-State

Palisades started as a sleepy East Texas town of maybe 20-25k—quiet suburbs, pine forests, a couple of strip malls, high-school football on Fridays. By February 2023, it's a walled enclave of ~40,000, roughly half original residents who never left (because property was dirt cheap or they had nowhere else to go), half newer arrivals drawn by the promise of a "safe space" where furry/therian culture isn't just tolerated—it's the dominant social currency.

It's not a magical anthro wonderland with actual walking animal people. It's humans in fursuits, partial suits, or casual gear (ears, tails, masks, collars) mixed with normies who learned to keep their mouths shut. Think permanent convention atmosphere: panels in repurposed school auditoriums, art alleys in abandoned strip malls, dance floors in warehouse raves, hotel ballrooms turned into perpetual dealer dens. The vibe inside is escapist hedonism—non-stop parties, commissions, yiff piles in private suites, furry-themed bars slinging neon cocktails. Outside the walls? Craters, rotting corpses, and Pikewall Bradleys on patrol.

#### #### Layout & Zones

- **\*\*Core Downtown (original town center)\*\***

Repurposed municipal buildings, old courthouse now a "convention HQ" with registration desks that never close. City hall is admin for the enclave—mostly furry oligarchs with good lawyers handling logistics and wiring money to Pikewall. Main street lined with pop-up shops: suit makers, badge printers, LED tail vendors, adult toy booths that would get shut down anywhere else.

- **\*\*Residential Suburbs\*\***

Quiet cul-de-sacs where original residents still mow lawns and fly American flags next door to houses with pride flags + pawprint decals. Newer arrivals bought foreclosed homes cheap. Backyard pools turned into chill spots for partial-wear meetups. Some blocks are 90% furry, others mixed—unspoken rule: don't harass the normies, they pay taxes (or what's left of them).

- **\*\*The Convention Strip (former industrial park)\*\***

Warehouses converted into massive event spaces. One's a 24/7 dance hall blasting hyperpop and EDM. Another is the "Artist Alley Annex"—hundreds of tables under LED lights. There's a dedicated fursuit lounge with industrial fans and hydration stations because Texas heat is brutal even in winter.

- **\*\*Hotel District\*\***

A cluster of mid-tier hotels (Holiday Inn, Best Western types) that never checked out after the first "emergency con" in late 2021. Now permanent residency—rooms rented yearly by wealthy furs who fly in seasonally but keep a home base. Top floors are suites for the big donors who bankroll everything.

- **\*\*The Wall & Perimeter (3-5 mile ring around the core)\*\***

Multi-layer: concrete barriers, shipping container berms, dragon's teeth, chain-link with razor wire, elevated guard towers every 500m. Pikewall runs it 100%. Inside the wall is a 200-300m "buffer park"—grass, food trucks, outdoor stages where residents can party and pretend the war isn't 500m away. Distant artillery thumps are just background noise, like living near a train track.

#### #### Society & Culture Inside

- **\*\*Class Divide\*\***

The real power is a small circle of rich furries/therians—convention organizers, big artists with Patreon empires, crypto bros who cashed out early, trust-fund types who always wanted a private Idaho for suits. They wire seven figures monthly to Pikewall and get veto power on policy. Everyone else—working-class suiters, locals, service staff—is along for the ride.

- **\*\*Daily Life\*\***

Sysco trucks roll in twice a week under Pikewall escort. Walmart still operates (stocked, but prices jacked). Schools? Homeschool co-ops or online—kids in ears/tails if they want. Jobs: suit repair, art commissions, bar tending, streaming from inside the walls. Unemployment is low because the donor class subsidizes everything to keep the vibe alive.

- **\*\*Rules & Enforcement\*\***

No open AFFU sympathy (instant exile or worse—Pikewall handles it). No photography of the perimeter carnage. No questioning the budget—it's "for our safety." Dissent is rare; most people are there voluntarily and know the alternative is going back to getting harassed online or IRL.

- **\*\*The Detachment\*\***

Residents know kids are dying outside. Some peek through drone feeds or hear the loudspeakers. Most cope by partying harder—"we didn't start the war, we're just defending our home." A few feel guilty and donate extra, but nobody's volunteering to negotiate peace. It's a gilded cage they paid to build.

Known furry/therian investors:

1. **\*\*Cassian Vale\*\***

Mid-40s tech exit lion. Sold his machine-learning startup to a FAANG subsidiary in 2020 for low nine figures. Known in the fandom as “Cass the King” — golden lion fursuit with actual gold-thread embroidery that costs more than most people’s cars. Lives in a gated compound inside Palisades’ hotel district, streams occasionally but mostly stays offline. Wires the single largest monthly chunk to Pikewall; rumor says Dresner personally briefs him on “security updates” over steak dinners. Views the whole war as a necessary HOA fee for the only place he’ll never get doxxed or harassed.

2. **\*\*Dr. Evelyn “Vex” Moreau\*\***

Late-30s snow leopard surgeon turned med-tech investor. Made her fortune licensing a minimally invasive spinal implant that got bought out by a Big Pharma conglomerate. One of the few openly therian-leaning donors — wears subtle ear/tail rigs in public and funds the enclave’s private clinic network. Cold, calculating type; reportedly told a closed-door donor call that “casualty ratios are the best ROI we’ve ever seen on community safety.” Keeps a low profile but her name’s on half the medical supply contracts that keep Pikewall mercs patched up.

3. **\*\*Rourke “Blaze” Callahan\*\***

Early-40s red panda crypto whale. Got in early on a couple of alt-coins that pumped absurdly in 2021, cashed out at the absolute peak, and converted most of it to stablecoins and real estate. Loudest and most visible donor — runs a public Patreon that openly lists “Palisades Defense Fund” as a tier reward. Posts suit pics from rooftop parties with captions like “living my truth while the haters cope.” Pikewall quietly hates him because he leaks too much on socials, but they cash his checks anyway. Probably the one AFFU kids hate the most by name.

4. **\*\*Marina Holt\*\***

50s wolf inheritor. Old money from her family’s commercial real estate empire in California; quietly furry since the 90s confabs. Bought up dozens of foreclosed properties in old Palisades early on, turning them into rental units for newer arrivals. Doesn’t suit in public anymore but still funds major infrastructure — power grid upgrades, water treatment, the buffer-zone “park” that lets people pretend the war’s far away. The ultimate silent partner: no social media, no drama, just steady wires and a seat on the unofficial council that approves Pikewall budgets.

5. **\*\*Jaxon “Jax” Rivera\*\***

30s hyena entertainment exec. Mid-level producer on a couple of streaming animated series that quietly cater to furry-adjacent audiences (think adult-oriented anthro shows that fly under radar). Used industry connections to funnel sponsorship money and “consulting” fees into Palisades accounts. Flashy but not stupid — throws the biggest invite-only suite parties in the hotel district, complete with custom LED installations and guest DJs. Known for bragging that “we turned a meme war into the safest con on Earth.” His donations are smaller individually but come like clockwork every pilot season.

### ### Dovers Mill: The CIA’s Quiet Logistics Hub

Dovers Mill was once a bland mid-sized town of ~20,000—grain silos, a small National Guard depot, tractor dealerships, a community college annex, and rows of ranch-style houses. Nothing special. By 2023, it’s the CIA’s de facto forward operating base in Weller County: a sterile, low-profile hub where the glowies stage gear, run training, and keep the AFFU looking factory-fresh without ever admitting they’re there.

On the surface, it looks boring and semi-normal: streets still plowed, a couple of diners open, high-school football field used for PT. But scratch it and it’s all unmarked SUVs, windowless warehouses, and quiet men in polos and cargo pants who never quite make eye contact. No AFFU patrols inside the core (they train on the edges), no Pikewall mercs (too obvious), definitely no fursuiters. Civilians who stayed learned fast: mind your business, take the indirect jobs, don’t ask about the convoys at night.

Population: ~20,000 fluid—original locals thinning out, replaced by agency contractors, logistics families, and a few AFFU recruits in “advanced” courses.

### #### Layout & Zones

- **\*\*The Depot (former National Guard armory + expanded yards)\*\***

Heart of the operation. Chain-link fences topped with discreet cameras, floodlights that “malfunction” on schedule. Rows of climate-controlled warehouses where Sons of Pygmalion (~5,350 personnel) refurbish gear: M4s polished, Humvees painted fresh, NVGs tested and reboxed like they just left depot. Looks like a normal motor pool until you notice zero serial numbers match and everything’s suspiciously pristine for a war zone.

- **\*\*Bootcamp Perimeter (outskirts fields and woods)\*\***

Where new AFFU recruits get their rushed 10-week basic and the Archguard get their 30-week training. Obstacle courses, live-fire ranges, classrooms in prefab buildings teaching FM drills and SALUTE reports. Iron Hands trainers (~500) — ex-SF types in plain clothes — run the show: no patches, no names, just clipped instructions and PowerPoint slides on “insurgency tactics.” Recruits think it’s

“patriotic volunteers”; reality is they’re lab rats getting just enough skill to die informatively.

- **\*\*Residential Core (old suburbs)\*\***

Quiet streets of mostly empty houses now occupied by agency families or short-term contractors. Minivans in driveways, kids on bikes (homeschooled or bussed out-county). Local diners serve as informal debrief spots—glowies in corners nursing coffee, locals paid not to eavesdrop. A few bars that cater to off-duty personnel: cheap beer, no questions.

- **\*\*Vehicle Yards & Airstrips\*\***

Gravel lots full of “civilian” Hueys, up-armored Humvees waiting for AFFU insignia, crates of M67 grenades and PVS-14s stacked like Amazon returns. Small private airstrip on the edge handles unmarked Gulfstreams and the occasional supply drop. Bottom Feeders (~600) run logistics: scheduling buses of fresh recruits in, shipping refurbished gear out.

- **\*\*Intel & Recon Nodes\*\***

Scattered plain houses converted to safe rooms. Eagle Eyes (~450) and Mind Of God (~400) operate drones, monitor AFFU radio chatter, and tag bodies post-massacre for data collection. No dramatic antenna farms—just commercial satellite dishes and Starlink rigs.

#### #### Daily Life & Culture

- **\*\*The Sterility\*\***

Everything runs smooth and quiet. Power never flickers (agency generators), Sysco delivers on time, trash gets picked up. Locals who stayed get indirect payroll—janitorial, food service, mechanical—and know better than to talk. Outsiders notice the lack of AFFU propaganda flyers or Junior Crusader recruitment tables.

- **\*\*The Disconnect\*\***

CIA personnel rotate every few months: burnout prevention. They live comfortably—AC barracks, MWR tents with PlayStations, DFAC food better than most bases. View the AFFU as data points, Palisades as “the client,” the war as a long-term study. No ideology—just metrics on radicalization pipelines, casualty ratios, and how long a capped insurgency can sustain itself.

- **\*\*Security & OPSEC\*\***

Low-visibility: no uniforms, concealed carry only, vehicles with local plates. AFFU recruits training nearby are kept segregated—glowies watch from a distance. Locals spreading rumors disappear quietly (relocated with cash, usually). Red Air occasionally overflies but knows not to linger.

#### ### Saint Ellie: The Independent Fundamental Baptist Holdout

Saint Ellie (pop. ~20,000, barely holding) is a grid of brick churches, modest ranch homes, farmland, and pine thickets on the eastern edge of Weller County—the last place still pretending at normal small-town gospel life amid the collapse. It’s a self-sufficient Independent Fundamental Baptist (IFB) commune: heavily fortified, paranoid, and running on equal parts King James scripture, reloaded ammo, and quiet hypocrisy. They denounce the AFFU as a violent cult of “modern Pharisees,” Palisades as Sodom reborn, Pikewall as hireling dogs, the CIA as agents of the Beast, and the federal government as Mystery Babylon. In practice, they’re pragmatic survivalists who sell ammunition to the same “dogs” defending Sodom because the cash keeps their bunkers deep and their families fed.

No AFFU presence inside town limits (raiders get repelled at The Gauntlet), no Pikewall contractors (trades happen off-site), no furry symbols on pain of immediate exile. Civilians here aren’t recruits or donors—they’re multi-generational congregants who never left, plus a few fundamentalist refugees who showed up early and proved useful.

#### #### Layout & Zones

- **\*\*Church Grid (town core)\*\***

A literal grid of a dozen red-brick IFB churches—each with its own steeple, fellowship hall, and attached parsonage. Main one (First Sovereign Grace Baptist) is Pastor Hawthorne’s: sandbagged bell tower used as overwatch, basement stocked with hymnals and .50 cal ammo. Sunday services still mandatory—morning preaching, evening sword drills (Bible quizzing for kids), Wednesday night prayer meetings that double as council sessions.

- **\*\*Residential Blocks\*\***

Neat rows of 1960s-80s ranch houses with vegetable gardens, chicken coops, and discreet fighting positions in backyards. Outer homes heavily bunkered: sandbags in windows, plywood shutters, homemade punji pits in ditches. Every family has a “retreat plan” to the nearest church if raids breach.

- **\*\*Farmland & Pastures (outer ring)\*\***

Working fields and cattle grazing—real food production that keeps them independent. Barns converted to reloading shops (Widow’s Tithe women running progressive presses), equipment sheds hiding technicals. Trail cams and trip flares everywhere; local hunters know every deer trail.

- **\*\*The Gauntlet (town outskirts—1-2 mile defensive buffer)\*\***

Pine thickets, overgrown pastures, dirt roads, scattered farmsteads turned forward bunkers. Barbed wire, abandoned vehicles as roadblocks, punji pits, burned-out AFFU Humvees left as warnings. No massive craters like Palisades perimeter—just smaller-scale ambush country where locals repel 75% of raids with IEDs, sniper fire, and fade tactics.

- **\*\*Trading Posts (discreet off-site clearings)\*\***

Neutral dirt-road meetups a few miles out where Widow's Tithe convoys hand off ammo crates to Pikewall buyers. Quick, tense exchanges—no small talk, cash or barter only, both sides heavily armed in case it goes bad.

#### #### Daily Life & Culture

- **\*\*The Rhythm\*\***

Dawn milking and PT for militia, morning devotions, school in church basements (Abeka curriculum + rifle cleaning), afternoon farm/reloading work, evening services with sermons on "the Lord's winepress." Raids come mostly at dawn or dusk—church bells ring alerts, families grab go-bags and rifles.

- **\*\*Militia Integration\*\***

Wardens and Floggers patrol in family groups—men in Sunday slacks + plate carriers, women in dresses manning radios or .50 cal on technicals named after Old Testament judges. Youth (Flockmen) drill but stay inside—no child soldiers sent out. Everyone fights on home turf only.

- **\*\*The Hypocrisy\*\***

Sermons thunder against "Mammon" and "compromise," yet everyone knows the Pikewall money buys diesel, medicine, and Level IV plates. Leadership justifies it privately ("better in mercenaries' hands than idolaters"), but it's an open secret that causes quiet resentment. Shunnings for anyone questioning it too loudly.

- **\*\*Blackpilled Faith\*\***

Under the piety is deep fatalism: journals and private talks admit they're buying time until the Tribulation or total collapse. Funerals for fallen militia are grim affairs—names read aloud, bourbon passed afterward. No delusions of winning the county; just "make the heretics pay for every inch."

#### #### Leadership & Key Figures

- **\*\*Pastor Elias "Preacher" Hawthorne\*\*** — late 50s, gaunt chain-smoker with gravel voice. Lost a son to opioids pre-collapse; blames everything on "worldly corruption."
- **\*\*Deacon Ruthanne "Sister Ruth" McAllister\*\*** — early 60s widow, iron-fist council runner. Personally mans a technical in her Sunday dress during big raids.
- **\*\*Mayor Caleb Grimes\*\*** — mid-40s ex-deputy, soft-spoken pragmatist who negotiates temporary ceasefires just to ambush AFFU on the way out.
- **\*\*Elder Josiah Pike\*\*** — 70s wheelchair-bound patriarch. His word is final; rumored Claymore under the porch.
- **\*\*Brother Malachi Dunn\*\*** — 50s ex-Marine pastor-deacon hybrid. Teaches tactics from old manuals, thousand-yard stare included.

#### ### The Gauntlet: Saint Ellie's Asymmetric Killing Ground

The Gauntlet is the 1-2 mile defensive buffer wrapping Saint Ellie's outskirts—a rural East Texas tangle of pine thickets, overgrown pastures, creek bottoms, dirt roads, and scattered farmsteads that's become the commune's permanent ambush paradise. It's not the apocalyptic moonscape of Palisades Perimeter (no WP craters or burning wrecks everywhere); it's subtler, smaller-scale, and far deadlier for the attacker because the terrain favors the defender who knows it intimately.

Unlike the open-ground slaughter at Palisades, fighting here is close-country guerrilla work: quick contacts, IED blasts, sniper duels, and sudden technical rushes before fading back into civilian homes. AFFU raids probe daily for ammo convoys or just to harass, but Saint Ellians repel ~75% of them on home turf. The ground smells like pine sap, wet clay, gun oil, and the occasional whiff of a body dragged off by hogs—mostly AFFU, since locals recover their own.

#### #### Layout & Defensive Features

- **\*\*Outer Probe Zone (1-2 miles out)\*\***

Scattered dirt roads and deer trails through thick pines. Trail cams and basic commercial drones give early warning. Wardens (local hunters in family groups) scout here—know every sight line, every muddy crossing that bogs a Humvee. First line of contact: pressure-plate IEDs (reloaded artillery shells or homemade ANFO) and trip-wire flares to spoil surprise.

- **\*\*Ambush Alleys (mid-buffer)\*\***

Overgrown pastures flanked by woodlines—perfect for hit-and-fade. Abandoned farmsteads turned into forward bunkers: hay bales sandbagged, roofs for Watchers with scoped hunting rifles. Punji pits (sharpened rebar in concealed ditches) and Vietnam-surplus Claymores traded on the black market punish dismounted probes. Burned-out AFFU Humvees from failed raids left deliberately as obstacles and warnings.

- **\*\*Fallback Ring (immediate town edge)\*\***

Barbed-wire coils across roads, vehicle hulks as barricades, fighting holes dug in graveyards and churchyards (because who raids a

cemetery hard?). Technicals (old pickups with welded plate and pintle M240s/DShKs) patrol here—named Gideon, Deborah, etc. Overlapping sectors from church steeples turned into sniper nests.

- **\*\*Civilian Integration\*\***

No clear “front line”—homes and barns blend into defenses. Families retreat to church basements on alert; women and teens relay radio traffic or reload mags mid-fight. Makes AFFU hesitant to use heavy fire (they’re not monsters, and some share doctrinal overlap).

#### #### Daily/Weekly Reality

- **\*\*Skirmish Level (daily, 50–100 AFFU)\*\***

Dirt bike scouts or Dawnbreakers in ghillies probe for weak spots. Locals spot them with trail cams or plain old binoculars (“that’s not a deer moving wrong”). Response: sniper fire, quick IED ambush, then melt away. AFFU loses a few bikes or a fireteam, pulls back cursing.

- **\*\*Raid Level (weekly, 200–500)\*\***

Heavier push with Humvees and dismounts hunting ammo convoys returning from Pikevall trades. Saint Ellians let them penetrate mid-buffer, hit with coordinated ambushes (Claymores + technical flank), then counterattack to torch a vehicle or two. AFFU usually withdraws after bleeding—success for them is grabbing a crate and exfiltrating, but that happens <25% of the time.

- **\*\*No Major Sieges\*\***

Charlie doesn’t commit armor or air here—Palisades is the obsession. Raids are harassment/retaliation, not conquest. Keeps losses “acceptable” for AFFU but grinds morale anyway.

#### #### Saint Ellian Tactics & Advantages

- **\*\*Home-Field Mastery\*\***

Defenders are lifelong locals—farmers, hunters, ex-military who grew up in these woods. AFFU attackers are mostly out-of-state Gen-Z with good training but no terrain familiarity.

- **\*\*Low-Tech Asymmetric\*\***

No Bradleys or Paladins—just rifles, reloaded ammo, IEDs, and knowledge. Counters AFFU’s conventional drills perfectly: bounding overwatch bogs down in thickets, combined arms can’t mass in narrow lanes.

- **\*\*Moral Restraint (Sort Of)\*\***

AFFU hesitates to level churches or civilian homes; Saint Ellians exploit it by integrating defenses. Makes escalation risky for the raiders.

#### ### Whipstone: The AFFU Airbase Stronghold

Whipstone (pop. ~20,000) is the AFFU’s aerial nerve center—a repurposed small-town airport and old National Guard depot about 30 miles northwest of Noose Plains. It’s where the Sons of Solomon (~3,500 ground crew, mechanics, armorers) and Angels of Death (~500 pilots/co-pilots) keep the crusade’s Vietnam-era air wing barely flying. The town itself is 80% military now: runways, hangars, revetments, and a sprawl of prefab barracks and container housing. The other 20% is die-hard civilian holdouts who work fuel trucks or cook for rations.

It’s loud, oily, and constantly smells of jet fuel, hydraulic fluid, and welding torches. F-5 Tiger IIs sit in neat rows painted matte black with white Templar crosses—looking menacing and ready for an aerial crusade, pride and joy. AFFU checkpoints on every road in; patrols heavy because this is the one asset Charlie can’t afford to lose.

#### #### Layout & Zones

- **\*\*Main Runways & Hangars (former municipal airport)\*\***

Two parallel strips extended with scavenged concrete. Hangars packed with 150+ F-5 Tiger IIs—all pristine restorations thanks to constant work from the Sons of Pygmalion (SoP). Angels of Death pilots have their own ready room: folding chairs, whiteboards with air-tasking orders, and a boombox playing whatever phone playlist some dude has on loop, probably phone and whatnot. Armory vaults full of retrofitted AIM-120s, 20mm ammo belts, and retrofitted ECM pods that decently work against modern threats.

- **\*\*Mechanized Yard (old National Guard depot)\*\***

Sons of Solomon territory: rows of M60A3TTS Pattons and M551A1 TTS Sheridans under camo netting, SoP mechanics welding suspiciously high quality reactive armor plates and ERA scavenged from who-knows-where to said armored vehicles, probably increasing survival chances. Maintenance bays run 24/7—engines roaring, sparks flying. Dirt bike parking lot for scouts; fuel bladders the size of swimming pools guarded by Knights of White Cross bunkers.

- **\*\*Barracks Town (expanded trailer parks and seized houses)\*\***

Cramped, noisy living: pilots in the better trailers (with AC and looted flat-screens), SoP and SoS ground crew stacked in shipping containers converted to bunks. Walls covered in nose art sketches, pin-up posters, and martyr memorials. Mess hall serves Sysco slop three times a day—long lines of greasy techs and cocky pilots trading insults.

- **\*\*Air Defense Ring (perimeter berms and treelines)\*\***

Hasty Avenger knockoffs (cobbled from civilian radar and whatever MANPADS the CIA slipped through) plus .50 cal nests. Dawnbreakers in ghillie suits on overwatch—more for show than effect against Red Air's standoff munitions. Early-warning is mostly guys with binoculars and radios yelling "INCOMING" when Apaches pop up on the horizon (which Red Air never does, they never attack Whipstone at all).

- **\*\*Town Proper (what's left of civilian Whipstone)\*\***

A few blocks of shuttered storefronts turned into supply shops: bootleg cigarettes, energy drinks, porn drives traded under the counter. Local bar ("The Afterburner") packed every night—pilots buying rounds for ground crew after successful sorties, everyone pretending the loss ratios aren't getting any better beyond the 40% win rate.

#### #### Daily Life & Culture

- **\*\*The Grind\*\***

18-hour shifts for mechanics: cannibalizing parts from non-flyable airframes to keep the "combat coded" ones up. Pilots run dawn CAPs, midday close-air-support for perimeter assaults (usually too late or chased off), and night medevac with Hueys. Success feels godlike (dunking on Red Air F-16s), failure is watching your wingman get Stinger'd because PikeWall sold the real air-defense to the other side.

- **\*\*Pilot Culture vs. Ground Crew Reality\*\***

Angels of Death act like Top Gun rejects—callsigns, aviators, bragging about kill tallies painted on fuselages. Ground crew know the truth: every sortie risks losing "irreplaceable" airframes (irreplaceable for the SoS, replaceable for the glowies and the US government anyways) because "spares dried up years ago" (they seemingly don't). Quiet resentment: pilots get better food and bunks, mechanics get blamed when something breaks mid-flight.

- **\*\*The Delusion\*\***

Propaganda posters everywhere: "Air Supremacy Through Faith" over photos of F-5 Tiger IIs in formation. Charlie visits monthly for wheezing speeches about how "our Crusaders will darken the skies over Palisades." Reality: Red Air still owns most air-to-ground, and PikeWall Avengers keep Whipstone's assets from ever massing for a real strike.

#### ### Tirewell Junction: The Black-Market Sprawl

Tirewell Junction started as a forgotten crossroads truck stop on a rural highway junction—big rig parking lots, a couple of motels, diners, and auto shops specializing in tire repairs (hence the name). By 2023, with the county collapsed and borders loosely controlled by AFFU checkpoints, it mutated into Weller's neutral(ish) trading hub: a sprawling, lawless bazaar where anything moves if the price is right and nobody asks too many questions.

Population floats around ~20,000—traders, scavengers, smugglers, deserters, locals who adapted, and transients passing through. No real government, no faction fully controls it. AFFU patrols the highways in but doesn't occupy the core markets (too many ambushes, not worth the headache). PikeWall mercs show up for big buys but travel in convoys. Saint Ellians send discreet teams. Even CIA types in plain clothes browse stalls. It's the one place in the county where a Red Banner vet might sell captured NVGs to a PikeWall contractor without immediate shooting—because everyone knows if you start a firefight here, the whole market packs up overnight and the money dries up.

#### #### Layout & Zones

- **\*\*The Core Market (old truck stop plaza + expanded parking lots)\*\***

Hundreds of shipping containers, semi-trailers, and canvas tents welded into semi-permanent stalls. Narrow alleys between them reek of diesel, gun oil, grilled meat, and weed. Categories loosely zoned:

- Weapons Row: AKs, ARs, hunting rifles, reloaded ammo crates, AFFU-surplus plate carriers.
- Tech Lane: NVGs (PVS-14s stripped from dead crusaders), drones, radios, burner phones, stolen Blue Force Tracker units.
- Pharma Corner: opioids, steroids, antibiotics, vet-grade ketamine—whatever keeps fighters going.
- Food & Fuel Alley: black-market Sysco knockoffs, jerry cans of diesel siphoned from abandoned rigs.

- **\*\*Motel Strip\*\***

Cluster of rundown two-story motels turned into flophouses, brothels, and safe rooms. Rooms rented by the hour or week. Some run by ex-Noose Plains prostitutes who fled AFFU "morality patrols." Neutral ground for meetings—PikeWall officers and AFFU quartermasters have been spotted negotiating in the same diner booth (separate times, heavy security outside).

- **\*\*Scavenger Yards (outskirts)\*\***

Acres of wrecked vehicles—burned-out Humvees, civilian cars abandoned during the collapse, even a few charred Bradleys towed in under cover of night. Gangs of mechanics strip parts, weld armor plates, or rebuild dirt bikes for whoever pays. PikeWall quietly sources spare tires and non-serialized parts here to avoid official supply chains.

- **\*\*The Pit (central open area)\*\***

Dirt lot where big deals go down: vehicle sales, bulk ammo trades, occasional underground fights or execution auctions (deserters sold to Zealots of Retribution). Ringed by food stalls grilling questionable meat—rumor says some of it's from battlefield "recovery."

**#### Rules & Enforcement**

There are no official laws, but an unspoken code enforced by loose coalitions of armed traders:

- No faction uniforms inside core market (cover up insignia or get robbed).
- No open preaching (AFFU recruiters get shouted down or worse).
- No stealing from stalls—thieves get curb-stomped by collective security (everyone loses if trust collapses).
- Disputes settled by "council" of the biggest traders—usually a quick vote or duel.
- Snitching to any faction gets you disappeared fast.

Security is provided by ad-hoc militias paid in goods—ex-military drifters, local gangs, even a few traumatized AFFU deserters who found niche as enforcers. They keep the peace just enough for business.

**#### Daily Life & Culture**

- Constant background tension: distant gunfire, Huey rotors overhead, the occasional drone buzz. Everyone's armed—pistols on hips, rifles slung. Deals happen fast, cash or barter only.
- Currency mix: USD still king, but ammo, fuel, and meds are hard currency. Crypto wallets on burners for big donors wiring from outside.
- Neutrality is fragile: every few weeks a deal goes bad and turns into a shootout, market shuts for a day while bodies get dragged out. But it reopens because everyone needs it.
- Deserters and burnouts wash up here—shell-shocked Red Banner vets selling gear, Pikewall contractors on R&R getting drunk, Saint Eilian traders pretending to be independents.

**### Palisades Perimeter: The Permanent Meat Grinder**

The Palisades Perimeter is a 10-15 mile ring of hell encircling the enclave—a layered, prepared killing ground that's less a battlefield and more an industrial-scale slaughter zone. It's not dynamic frontlines with advances and retreats; it's a static defensive belt where AFFU assaults come in waves, get spotted miles out, and end in the same predictable craters. By February of 2023, it's a permanent scar: acres of churned mud, wrecked vehicles, and unburied remains that no side bothers to recover because "why waste the effort on a warning."

The ground itself reeks constantly—burnt copper from explosives, gunpowder residue, acrid white phosphorus smoke that lingers in low spots, and the sweet-rot stink of bodies left for crows, dogs, and hogs. Rain turns it to ankle-deep slurry; dry spells kick up bone dust. Pikewall treats it like a no-man's-land lawn: patrol it, seed new mines, ignore the corpses because they deter the next wave.

**#### Layout & Defensive Layers**

- **\*\*Outer Approach Zones (3-5 miles out)\*\***

Open scrub, pine stands, and old pastures—drone overwatch heaven. Hawkeye Detail snipers and RQ-11 Ravens spot AFFU forming up before they even finish morning prayers. Any concentration larger than a platoon gets pre-emptive Thunder Legion fire: 155mm WP/HE from M109A7 Paladins turning assembly areas into firestorms. Survivors call it "the rain that burns."

- **\*\*Kill Box Proper (1-2 miles out)\*\***

Pre-registered artillery grids, minefields (mix of factory and improvised), dragon's teeth, and anti-vehicle ditches. Abandoned AFFU dirt bikes and Humvees litter it—riders reduced to red stains, rosaries tangled in handlebars. Vulture Team quad-bikes harass here: zip in to channel stragglers into worse spots, then peel out.

- **\*\*Berm & Wall Line (immediate perimeter)\*\***

Multi-layer: earthen berms topped with shipping containers, concrete dragon's teeth, razor wire coils, elevated Iron Shield turrets every 300m with remote .50 cal and grenade launchers. Gaps are deliberate kill funnels covered by overlapping fields of fire from Bradleys and MRAPs. Thermals and ENVG-B goggles mean night assaults fare even worse.

- **\*\*Buffer Park (inside the wall)\*\***

The cruel joke: 200-300m of manicured grass, food trucks, and outdoor stages where Palisades residents picnic or hold mini-raves while distant thumps echo. Speakers sometimes pipe in party music to drown out the screams.

**#### Daily/Weekly Reality**

- **\*\*Skirmish Level (daily, 50-100 AFFU)\*\***

Probing patrols or Dawnbreaker snipers get spotted, harassed by drones/Switchblades, and mopped up by Vulture quad-bikes. Ends with a few new craters and maybe one captured rosary hung on a Pikewall antenna as a trophy.

- **\*\*Raid Level (weekly, 200–500)\*\***

Red Banner assaults with Humvee support. They bound professionally, try smoke and suppression—but Pikewall lets them close to 1 mile, then drops staggered barrages. Survivors hit Javelins on the armor, Stingers/Avengers on any air cover. Retreat turns into rout; dogs feed well that night.

- **\*\*Siege/Major Battle (monthly/quarterly, 1k+)\*\***

Charlie’s “big push”—combined arms with Pattons, Sheridans, Cobras overhead. Looks impressive on AFFU radio until the drones feed coordinates and Thunder Legion walks fire across the entire front. Casualties hit thousands in hours; perimeter never seriously threatened. Aftermath: Pikewall rolls Bradleys out to recover usable gear, leaves bodies as object lessons.

#### #### Pikewall Operations Here

- Mercs work in shifts: Anvil Group in Bradleys for heavy response, Hawkeye for overwatch, Medusa Cell jamming AFFU radios with fake orders or just blasting Death Grips to demoralize. Dresner occasionally walks the ground post-battle—boots or barefoot, clipboard in hand, noting what worked.

- No heroics: everything at standoff range. Professional boredom sets in—some contractors bet on casualty counts or “how far the next wave gets.”

#### #### AFFU Perspective

- Red Banner veterans dread orders for the perimeter: they know the math. Fresh units still charge with screams of “Purity through fire!”—then radio chatter turns to panic, screams, and silence.

- Corpses are venerated in propaganda (“martyrs watching from heaven”) but left to rot because recovery means another wave into the same fire.

#### ### Black Hollow Airfield: Red Air’s Isolated Playground

Black Hollow Airfield sits 35–40 miles south of Noose Plains, carved out of pine thickets and old logging roads—a forgotten WWII-era auxiliary strip that got quietly reactivated and expanded into Red Air’s private domain. No town attached; just the base and a scatter of support trailers. Population: ~572 total (~100 pilots/co-pilots + ~472 ground crew, technicians, and intel support). It’s the most isolated major site in Weller County—deliberately so. No civilian traffic, no markets, no prostitutes or bars. Just concrete revetments, alert hangars, and the constant scream of turbines spooling up for another “training sortie” that everyone knows is live hunting.

This is where the sadists come to work. The three ex-IAF Apache aces—Nesher, Katzav, and Tsayyad—treat it like their personal kill pen, but the bulk of the roster is active-duty USAF personnel on “detached” assignments, plus a handful of other foreign hardliners quietly loaned out. The whole operation hides behind layers of deniability: official paperwork calls it “insurgency air-interdiction testing” or some other Pentagon euphemism.

#### #### Layout & Zones

- **\*\*Main Alert Ramp & Hardened Hangars\*\***

Rows of A-10 Warthogs under canvas, AH-64 Apaches chained down with rotors folded, F-16s in revetments painted nondescript gray (no flashy markings). The three ex-IAF Apaches have subtle Hebrew stencils and personal kill tallies—little skull icons for each confirmed AFFU vehicle or concentration. Armory bunkers stacked with AGM-114 Hellfires, Hydra 70 racks, and 30mm depleted-uranium rounds for the GAU-8.

- **\*\*Operations & Briefing Center (converted WWII control tower + prefab annex)\*\***

Air-conditioned war room: big screens showing drone feeds of the Palisades perimeter, real-time tracks of AFFU armor movements, and archived gun-camera footage pilots review for laughs. Briefing room has a whiteboard with running tallies—current streak for “most Hellfires on a single assault wave” belongs to Katzav. The three ex-IAF pilots have their own corner with a private espresso machine and a speaker that occasionally blasts “Hava Nagila” during pre-flight.

- **\*\*Barracks & Crew Quarters\*\***

Separate compounds: officers/pilots in air-conditioned containers with private rooms, flat-screens, and mini-fridges stocked with imported beer. Ground crew in longer dorm trailers—hot in summer, cold in winter, but better than most deployed bases. Chow hall serves actual good food (steaks on Friday, real coffee) because morale has to stay high when your job is stress-free slaughter.

- **\*\*Ammo & Fuel Farm (heavily bunkered edge of field)\*\***

Buried tanks, razor-wire perimeters, automated defenses. Unlimited supply chain—trucked in under cover or airdropped when needed. No shortages here; Red Air never has to ration like the AFFU air wing does.

- **\*\*The Kill Review Lounge (unofficial hangar corner)\*\***

Folding chairs around a big screen where pilots decompress post-mission watching helmet-cam and gun tapes. The ex-IAF trio narrate

in detail—mocking AFFU radio panic, replaying the moment a Hellfire chain turns a Humvee column into fireballs. Laughter is common. New USAF pilots either join in fast or request rotation out.

#### #### Daily Life & Culture

##### - \*\*The Routine\*\*

24/7 alert status: two Apaches always cocked for quick reaction, A-10s on strip alert for CAS, F-16s for sweep/SEAD. Most days involve multiple sorties—monitor AFFU buildup via drone, wait for them to commit, then roll in with standoff munitions. Ground crew turnover is low; they know they're on the easy side of the war.

##### - \*\*The Psychopathy Gradient\*\*

The three ex-IAF pilots are the visible face because Charlie obsesses over them (thanks to that leaked OPSEC screwup), but they're symptoms, not the disease. The broader culture is quiet professional sadism: USAF pilots who volunteered for this detachment because overseas deployments dried up. No ideology—just the thrill of live-fire with zero personal risk. Radio taunts are encouraged if they trigger useful AFFU panic.

##### - \*\*Isolation as Feature\*\*

No R&R in Tirewell, no visits to Noose Plains. Everything needed is on base: gym, movie server, fast internet (Starlink rigs hidden in trees). Keeps OPSEC tight and prevents pilots from seeing the human cost up close. Distance makes the gun tapes feel like a video game.

#### ### Weller County Border Access: The Reed Routes

Weller County never had real “borders” in the pre-collapse sense—no walls, no checkpoints on every dirt road. But by early 2023, as the AFFU solidified control of Noose Plains and the highways, the nine major ingress/egress routes hardened into what everyone calls the **Reed Routes**—named after David M. “Milhouse” Reed, the long-dead county executive (1980s–90s) who pushed through the rural farm-to-market road expansions that became these arteries.

They're just county roads (paved two-lane blacktop, mostly), but now they're the only practical ways in or out without bushwhacking through pine thickets for days. AFFU checkpoints own them at the county line; everything else (scavengers, Sysco trucks, desperate civilians) has to negotiate passage.

The nine routes fan out from the county's edges, each tying to a major internal settlement or hotspot. Sysco and neutral logistics use whichever route has the least shooting that week—usually escorted by Pikewall MRAPs inbound to Palisades, or AFFU Humvees outbound to Noose Plains.

##### #### Reed Route 1 – “North Gate” (leads to Noose Plains proper)

- **County line entry**: Old FM 2218 crossing from neighboring county.
- **Checkpoint**: Heavy AFFU fortification—concrete barriers, dragon's teeth pulled from Palisades surplus (ironic), dual .50 cal technicals, 30–40 Senior Crusaders on shift.
- **Traffic**: Highest volume. Weekly Greyhound-style buses of fresh recruits roll in here. Outbound: wounded on civilian ambulances (when allowed), deserters trying to slip out, occasional civilian exodus.
- **Reputation**: Most photographed by outsiders. External militias usually try forcing this one first—hence the burned-out pickup hulks lining the ditches from failed “reinforcement” convoys.

##### #### Reed Route 2 – “Whipstone Feeder”

- **County line entry**: Gravel transition off State Hwy 149.
- **Checkpoint**: Lighter—12-man patrol, two Humvees, dirt-bike scouts.
- **Traffic**: Aviation fuel bladders, mechanic convoys, spare parts for the F-5s and Cobras at Whipstone. Red Air supply drops sometimes parachute near here to avoid road risks.
- **Reputation**: Quietest route. AFFU prioritizes keeping it open for their own air wing logistics.

##### #### Reed Route 3 – “Tirewell Bypass”

- **County line entry**: Direct into the truck-stop sprawl of Tirewell Junction.
- **Checkpoint**: Nominal only—AFFU patrols the highway but doesn't occupy the market core (too many ambushes). Traders pay informal “tolls” in ammo or fuel.
- **Traffic**: Black-market everything. Scavengers, deserters, neutral truckers. Sysco occasionally routes through here when the main roads are hot.
- **Reputation**: Lawless neutral ground. Gunfights rare because everyone loses if trade dies.

##### #### Reed Route 4 – “Saint Ellie Gauntlet Approach”

- **County line entry**: Pine-flanked FM 747.
- **Checkpoint**: None permanent—AFFU probes rotate, but Saint Elliens contest the outer 2 miles with IEDs and snipers.
- **Traffic**: Raid traffic only. AFFU Humvee columns stage here for weekly harassment pushes into the Gauntlet. Outbound:

retreating wounded, captured ammo crates (rare).  
- **Reputation**: Meat grinder lite. Locals avoid entirely.

#### #### Reed Route 5 – “Palisades Perimeter Skirt” (the infamous one)

- **County line entry**: Long straightaway off old Hwy 84.
- **Checkpoint**: Pikewall-controlled outer gate (shipping containers, remote turrets). AFFU can't touch it.
- **Path**: Runs parallel to the Perimeter wall for ~500 meters—you can literally see the berms, dragon's teeth, and distant craters from the road. Then a deliberate gap in defenses (heavily mined approaches either side) funnels traffic through a fortified sally port straight into Palisades core downtown.
- **Traffic**: Primary Sysco artery—twice-weekly convoys of canned goods, fuel, medical supplies under Pikewall Bradley escort. Donor private jets land on the expanded strip inside. Occasional rich furry arrivals in armored Suburbans.
- **Reputation**: The “safe” route for neutrals with cash or contracts. AFFU snipers occasionally pot-shot from 1km out, but Pikewall drones and Hawkeye teams make it suicidal.

#### #### Reed Route 6 – “Dovers Mill Logistics Spine”

- **County line entry**: Discreet turnoff masked as a logging road.
- **Checkpoint**: CIA-run—unmarked SUVs, no insignia, polite but firm searches. AFFU escorts hand off supply convoys here and turn back.
- **Traffic**: “Clean” gear deliveries—fresh M4s, NVGs, Humvees straight from Sons of Pygmalion refurb lines. Recruit buses sometimes rerouted here for advanced training.
- **Reputation**: Ghost route. Civilians who stumble on it get “relocated” with cash and a warning.

#### #### Reed Route 7 – “South Pine Runner” (the long, empty one)

- **County line entry**: Farthest south—gravel FM 312 transition, barely paved inside county lines.
- **Checkpoint**: Light rotating AFFU patrol (one Humvee, 8–10 crusaders). Often unmanned at night because it's so far from anything.
- **Path**: 35–40 miles of dense pine thickets and old logging cuts. No settlements for most of the run. Occasional dirt side-trails vanish into the woods—rumors say some lead toward Black Hollow's outer security zone, but nobody's come back confirming.
- **Traffic**: Lowest volume. Scavengers hunting abandoned farms, rare deserter exfil attempts, neutral hunters/trappers. Sysco avoids it—too long, too risky if a tree falls across the road.
- **Reputation**: Creepiest route. Distant rotor noise sometimes echoes at dawn (Red Air spooling up?). AFFU patrols hate night shift here—too isolated, too easy for an Apache to pop up unseen.

#### #### Reed Route 8 – “East Farm Loop”

- **County line entry**: Ties into Saint Ellie's farmland ring indirectly.
- **Checkpoint**: Contested—AFFU tries mobile roadblocks, Saint Elliens mine it seasonally.
- **Traffic**: Local farmers (the few left) hauling produce to Tirewell. Occasional Widow's Tithe convoys heading to off-site Pikewall trades.
- **Reputation**: Unreliable. Closes for weeks after big raids.

#### #### Reed Route 9 – “West Scrub Trace”

- **County line entry**: Half-overgrown FM road from oilfield days.
- **Checkpoint**: Abandoned early on—too remote, too many ambushes.
- **Traffic**: Foot/deserter traffic only now. Some say small neutral holdout communities deep in the scrub.
- **Reputation**: No-man's-land. Even AFFU doesn't bother patrolling regularly.

Logistics reality: Sysco and big suppliers stick to Routes 1, 3, and 5 almost exclusively—escorted, scheduled, and “taxed” accordingly. Everything else is gamble territory. The Reed Routes keep the county fed and armed, but they're also the choke points where outsiders learn fast that Weller isn't taking visitors.