



FRONTIER SCUM is a fantasy tabletop roleplaying game; just as games may draw inspiration from sword and bow times, this game also draws inspiration from gun and hat times.

It is not a vehicle with which to propagate the racist, sexist, homophobic, and otherwise bigoted stereotypes and tropes of the Old West or any other era.

FRONTIER SCUM

A game about wanted outlaws making their mark on a lost frontier

Every Night & every Morn
Some to Misery are Born
Every Morn & every Night
Some are Born to sweet delight
Some are Born to sweet delight
Some are Born to Endless Night
— William Blake

A game by Karl Druid.

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Visit <https://frontierscum.com> for:

- character sheets
- rules reference sheets
- third-party license
- ... and more!



COVETT CITY, GC

Covett City rises from the tarry swampland: a slag-slayered behemoth, a hive of factories and steel skyscrapers that pierce the heavens and blight the earth. From plush boardrooms atop the tallest tower ever built reigns the Trust and their miserly master, Melancthon P. Murrsum. The city swells, bloated by the teeming and exploited masses living and dying by the whims of the Incorporation.

This foul profiteer collective leers over the Lost Frontier, avaricious as a buzzard above a field of ripe corpses. Not a single soot-blackened coin is spent in Covett City that they do not profit from. They rule the Incorporation, and the Incorporation rules the modern world. Every building in the city, all industries, all ideas any dare to dream are theirs to lease and to plunder. Any enterprise—be it coal mine, haberdashery, or crocskinners—is coerced, indebted, subsidized, and bled dry by their Incorporation.

All manner of earthly, artificial delights are crafted in their haven of hedonism and endless consumption. This city, Covett City, this factory capital of the world is subjected to countless, untold atrocities and experimentations, both industrial and technological, that ensure the Incorporation's monopoly and supremacy. Everything can be made here, no tradition is safe from facsimile or counterfeit, and anything not found in stores

can be ordered bespoke from an indentured artisan and delivered by debt-shackled courier.

To ensure the endless material hunger metastasizes throughout the Lost Frontier, roiling trains shriek through Cathedral Station like knives in a swine. These marvels' origins, and those of the Eternal Rail they run upon, were lost in the Great Covett City Fire. None know for sure this railway's true span or how many souls died building it, though freighthoppers will say with certainty that these black-iron rails run all the way to Hell itself.



WASH OFF THAT SWAMP-TAR STINK AT THE

CROCODILIAN LOUNGE

PROHIBITIVELY EXPENSIVE...
FOR GOOD REASON!



HOT BATHS | HIGH-STAKES TABLES | RARE DELICACIES

DELOIN-HATTERY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

◆ HATS YOU CAN TRUST ◆

WHALEKNUCKLE CLASSIC CHOWDER

"By chums, for chums"



— OFFAL SOUP
 — RED SOUP
 — BREAD SOUP
 — SOUR SOUP
 — RUTABAGA SOUP
 — SOUP OF THE DAY
 — SOUP OF THE NIGHT*

THE WHISTLING LADLE

SOUP SALOON



*SPY THE CONTENTS FOR A FREE REFILL

SUNKEN HILL, GC

At Sunken Hill's acrid swamp, folk chain coffins shut, for something beneath this bone orchard causes corpse parts to bubble up from the ground like a bilious sludge. The first settlers buried their dead en masse, and at that original interment, the air grew foul and the earth loose and boggy. Sweltering heat dominates Sunken Hill, oppressive enough to blur vision and send trespassers stumbling into nearby wilds or this ravaged, upturned mire's hungering mud.

Folktales claim the wind carries the ringing grave bells and clanking chains of those buried half-drowned, luring looters to damnation yet also guiding those lost in the bogs. They say you hear them at your most desperate, and to follow them is to choose one doom over another. Covett City doctors dismiss the sounds as delirium caused by the vicious heat and wretched corpse-sludge stink.

THE COVETT CITY TOMBKEEPER'S ASSOCIATION
IMPLEORES CEMETERY VISITORS

HIRE A CERTIFIED AND LICENSED

GRAVE GUIDE

AVOID THE TROUBLES OF

- TOMB BANDITS
- MOURNING SICKNESS
- INVOLUNTARY BURIAL
- MIASMIC DELIRIUM
- GHOULS
- TRUE GHOULS

CARCASS COUNTRY

The ancient bloodgum trees throttle the earth with a brute strangler's tact: digging deep and rising tall, ever watchful upon the border scrublands. These primal woods bleed, itch, howl, hunger. Old roots have tasted human blood, and they crave the delicacy. Creeper vines and razor briars strangle roads and railway tracks, prodding like a trapper pondering how best to snare their quarry.

The Incorporation has taken to burning excess lumber to preserve their precious market's delicate balance, a cold comfort to the laborers breaking their backs at the forest's edge. Toil plants dark ideas in minds who will not suffer another crack of the taskmaster's lash. The forest crawls with killers, victims of industry whose rancorous appetites rival the trees that shroud their step.

Stick to the trails in Carcass Country. The underbrush is ripe with rot, baiting the desperate and the broken. Cadavers and carrion appear faster than buzzards and coyotes can tend to them, flesh ample enough to make one plump for the butcher's block. Worms and seeds bearing strange and horrid fruit garnish these offerings, but civilization's malcontents can scarcely deny such succor.

QUELL THE CARRION AFTERTASTE

HAG'S BRAND

**BLACK
BOG
SALT**



SALT



"MAKE ANY MEAT ... A VULTURE'S TREAT"