

The Glamorous Hutton Sisters Gang

[\[The Day After Ragnarok\]](#)

Grand Junction, Colorado -- or, possibly, Grand Junction, Greater Utah, assuming that the folks running Salt Lake City ever get tired of the status quo -- is arguably the easternmost outpost of the USA north of Texas. Which basically means that you can send a letter from Grand Junction to California and get a reply, five times out of six. But good luck trying to get help, men, weapons, money, and sometimes even attention from the West, though. The town's on its own.

The town mostly doesn't seem to mind, much. It's a lawless place, but not a disorderly one; there are three factions that run it. The first are the folks at the formerly shut-down sugar beet mill (it's reopened enough to allow for local ethanol production). The second is the old governmental experimental oil shale facility at Anvil Points (*they're* producing enough oil to allow the region to use crude flamethrowers). And the third is the Hutton Gang, slightly remarkably led by Lizzie and Merrie Hutton.

The two sisters were actresses and singers of some note, prior to Ragnarok, and it must be said that they have

adapted to life in post-apocalyptic America with a great deal of enthusiasm. It must also be said that, as gangs go, the Hutton Gang is tolerable enough; the locals pay them for protection, and there are a lot of monsters coming from the East to make 'protection money' **not** a pseudonym. Merrie's the one who runs operations from their sprawling base; Lizzie's the one leading fleets of ethanol-fueled cars armed with homemade flamethrowers against giant toads and snakes. It all seems to work out.

Their gang (about 200 people, including spouses but not children) practically worships them, of course; both Lizzie and Merrie are beautiful, by now good at their jobs, and take excellent care of their men. Hollywood would probably worship them now, too, if and when word of Grand Junction's dramatic protectors makes it back west. The adventure films would pretty much write themselves -- and, shoot, the two could even play themselves. They'd **love** that, in fact.

But they will **not** be trifled with. Neither of them. Flatter them, put the moves on them, pitch woo at them, and even take a tumble with one or the other -- but do not *trifle* with the Hutton Sisters. One of the things that they enjoy most about being independent gang leaders is that there

are **consequences** to messing with them now. Wise adventurers should keep that in mind.

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