

# The Rochester Job

[[The Day After Ragnarok](#)]

I have a job available, if you're daring enough. *And* if you're smart enough to know when to use guile, instead of a gun.

It goes like this. You've heard how the Stars and Stripes still fly, in the Uttermost West? Good, good. Well, the generals and admirals there struggle to keep our fighting men supplied with the things they need to hold a watchful line against the Japanese. When you're not rich, you need to get smart, and daring. So... they build what they can, loot what they must, make do, or do without. Such are the duties of war-leaders of a remnant nation. The Sky Generals need to be the smartest and most daring of all, if they want to keep their birds in the air. They're always looking for angles; and one of them remembered that there's a factory in Rochester that made glasses for their aviators.

These were *special* glasses, the kind that let a man fly above the clouds and not get blinded. The Sky Generals want those *Ray-Bans*, as many as can be gotten. They also want the tools used to make them, because those are worth just as much. Getting craftsmen who worked the production line? ...Well, nobody expects miracles

anymore. So they sent me east to Chicago, with enough gold to pay for a salvage party. After all, Rochester is in the middle of the Poisoned Lands, and frozen Canada to boot. We assumed it'd be just a matter of fighting through monsters and savages to find the ruins of the factory, loot what was there, and bring the booty to Omaha Base.

Oh, yes, they'd send a plane East for this loot, trust me. They'd even let the people who collected it come back with it, to a place where the sky is blue and the water's clear. Cheap at the price, really.

You already realize the problem, though. Rochester lives. It's part of this Golden Horseshoe League that keeps making Boss Daley smile through gritted teeth. Worst of all, they're traders who'll know the worth of the treasure I was seeking; and -- like most of the Poisoned Lands -- they have no love for the Uttermost West. I will be honest with you, adventurers. I do not have enough gold to pay for even the glasses, at the prices they'll seek.

I do, however, have enough gold to pay for *stealing* them. It's not a gun-job. We'd go in quietly, scout out the ruins of the factory, loot it under cover of night, and abscond with what we can. Tools first, and whatever glasses we can carry, and I intend to figure out how to carry quite a lot. You know best how to operate in these Mayoralities of

yours, so I'll let you figure the details of our trek west. What's important is that we get to Omaha Base with enough to justify a plane.

Once we do? Well, the offer of a flight to the Uttermost West still stands. If that doesn't appeal to you, I assume that more gold would? California is full of the stuff.

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