
CS1
S·L·A
INDUSTRIES

Cannibal Sector 1

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"Fireteam One, progressing to thirteenth floor," Havoc's voice sounded tinny through the static. "Still wading through limbs up here. All team members report in."

"Fireteam Two, west side. Nothing up here but spare parts, laid out in similar format to the limbs on the other side - but these are in racks. Looks like someone's been saving up for a new APC a bit at a time here."

"Fireteam Three, north side. We're getting intermittent contact from something in the middle of the floor Reads like a fusion generator, but there's the chip signal there as well. Think we may have our missing people Skip."

"That's a rog," replied Havoc, looking down at his own scanner. "I have the scan. Rose, Johnson, hold on overwatch Crush, Hammer, Arclight, you've got the point. Check your fire and watch your targets."

Havoc looked down as the two fireteams moved onto his screen, both holding at the edge of the main room.

"Two in position. Got the reaper on the tripod. We have range on the target, ready to breach."

"Three in position. Got the main target four metres ahead. Ready to breach."

Havoc motioned to Crush, the team's heavy support, who took up position at the side of the main doors leading to the central room, flexing his Custom Mutilators.

Havoc counted down over the comm. "On 3, 2, 1, Breach…"

All three doors crashed inwards simultaneously. The three point men charged straight into the centre of the room, coming face to face with each other almost instantly. Havoc looked down quickly at his scanner, the chip signal was still strong and in front of them, but suddenly dropping downwards. A head dropped in-between the three Operatives, bouncing once before rolling to the side. All eyes tracked the head as it came to rest, the eyes wide, her mouth still opening and closing, trying to voice some last desperate plea or warning.

A click and a chime like a tuning fork brought all attention back to the centre of the room.

Crush staggered back, both of his arms falling to the floor with blood jetting from the stumps, not clotting or congealing, shuddering as the electrical system on his armour overloaded, all the power in his suit shooting down into his nervous system. Havoc was already running forwards as Crush pitched forwards, striking the floor with a dull boom, his vital signs already flattening on the squad monitor.

A soft ripping noise like a leather strap being overextended echoed in the silence, followed by a piercing shriek. Rose struggled to stand as her Deathsuit began to fall off her in long strips. She fell to her knees, her eyes glowing fiery red as the psychic backlash fried her mind.

A thud like that of an Air Hypo, and Johnson grunted as a small hole appeared in his chest plate. Another split second and a dull crump split the air as flames erupted out of the hole, his helmet falling off revealing the charred skull and greasy red slime dripping out of the neck hole as he pitched backwards.

"Cover formation!" Havoc snapped, going back to back with the others, raising his FEN AR and opening up. Behind him, Arclight and Hammer opened up on full auto, spraying the entire room with shells.

All three switched their clips whilst keeping their weapons trained at the doors they'd come in through.

"Sound off!" commanded Havoc.

"Arclight!"

Silence.

Havoc and Arclight spun round to see the space vacated by Hammer, no sign of what had taken him.

"Let's go!" yelled Havoc, running towards the exit.

Another whiplike crack, and Arclight flew past him, impacting on the wall with a sickening crunch. Havoc sprinted forwards, seeing in the reflected glass ahead of him some multi-limbed monstrosity clamber down from the ceiling with preternatural speed.

He smashed through the glass in front of him in a blind panic and suddenly the ground seemed to drop away from him. Down he fell, faster and faster, looking back at the huge figure in the window, he remembered briefly that they'd been on the thirteenth floor…

The lights went up and the Shiver Sergeant looked over at the six Operatives sitting in the briefing room, grinning tightly at the pale faces in front of him.

"That's what happened to the last team that went in to retrieve the package from Salvation Tower," he said easily. "Try not to end up like them."

Cannibal Sector 1

CONTENTS

SECTOR OVERVIEW 4

FOETID DEPTHS 6

ALMOST HUMAN 32

SCAVS 52

DEFINITELY NOT HUMAN 64

CORPORATE OUTREACH 72

WORDS FROM HEAD OFFICE 84

MISSION BRIEFING 100

BOTTOM OF THE FOOD CHAIN 120

EQUIPMENT & WEAPONRY 126

NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH 138

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME 160

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There really, really is a Spork.

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Sector Overview

"Here's your standard load-out. PP8 heavy Exo armour. Don't get excited - just about everything out there will go through that like tissue paper. Cap's been putting in requisitions for Crackshot since the double zero, but all he's managed is to turn his hair grey. Pacifier batons - good for unarmoured targets, try it on anything you find on the wall and you got nothing coming. Two DA90 fragmentation grenades. Good, but you'd better have a better reason for using them. GA 9442 Browbeater with five clips of ammunition. Those aren't the usual crowd control B-Bs but, still, save them for the rats. Don't waste them on anything bigger. If you last a week you'll get upgraded to a FEN AR. My suggestion would be not to come out of the toilet for a week; tell them you've got the shits. They'll believe you."

Shiver Sergeant John Brock, Cannibal Sector One support complex armoury pep talk.

Cannibal Sector One is the meanest, foulest and most mythical of the Cannibal Sectors that surround Mort City. When people speak of a Cannibal Sector, it is this one that they are thinking of. Cannibal Sector One is special in SLA history because it is where The Fall began. Within the sector, the centuries-old shell of Salvation Tower and its broken support buildings lie, full of secrets and housing many of the aberrations that continue to punish Mort and SLA for their many sins.

Here, perhaps, is one of the few places in the universe that does not belong mind, body, and soul to SLA Industries. The sector instead lives in a relationship both symbiotic to SLA and parasitic to Mort, feeding off its refuse and hate, draining the life from those closest to it whilst spawning abominations of its own to walk in the shadows. Like a twisted mirror of the beacon at Guidance, Salvation Tower and its bloodied occupants, the Manchines, now work to take their revenge on the company that created them and cast them aside. Deep within the shadows, the Soft Companies lurk, trying not to be swallowed up the sector and its inhabitants - foolishly believing that they might be safe from SLA's Operatives, not quite understanding that Operatives are far preferable to the monsters that roam freely here.

In truth, other sectors have more Carrien, more Pigs; Sector Two is even slightly bigger. The beasts that roam in the other sectors are larger and more numerous, but Sector One is where the legends are, it's where the failure of SLA is brought home in no uncertain terms, it is the place where the monsters

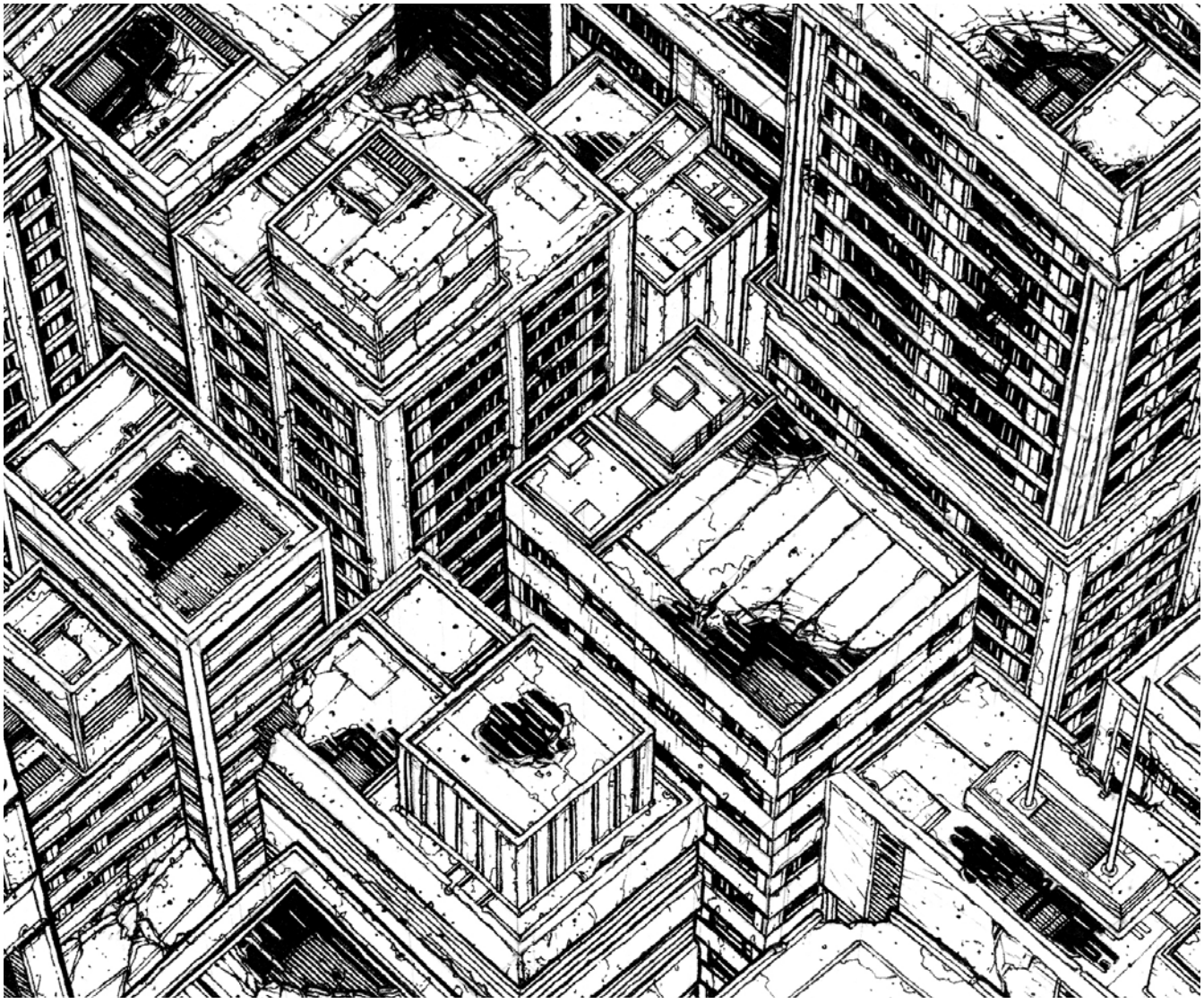
dwell, the place where SLA cannot protect you but cannot harm you either.

The mounds of trash and slag play host to a host of horrors: from the Cannibals, descended from the desperate survivors of The Fall, to Carrien and mutants, to foul insects and psychotic Manchines and worse. Strange things are reported constantly from operations in the sector, and these are things that seem to defy explanation, both from the scientists and those who work with the Ebb.

Some say the sector is the penance for the many sins of SLA, a place where the evil in men is made manifest. Others say it was a deliberate choice to leave it as it is, to make a place where dumping the criminals and failed experiments could be done and no one would notice, a place of horrors that SLA can protect its citizens from, making them need the company, making them want the Shivers and the Operatives, even Cloak and its many grey arms. Six-hundred years on, and Cannibal Sector One is still a bleeding wound on Mort and a scar on the hearts of its people, a place of fascination and terror, perfect justification for a police state, a place of legend only whispered about and yet, at the same time, featured on the ever-present TV feeding the citizens images of its terrors, lest they forget.

Mr. Slayer rarely speaks of the Cannibal Sectors, and the few times he has have only had veiled references to the greater scheme of things. He never speaks directly of The Fall, merely indicating that it was a reminder that vigilance must be a constant for all the people of the World of Progress.

Cannibal Sector One is a place of hopes and dreams lying in tatters. A place of nightmares that makes even the worst parts of Downtown seem like paradise on earth. In the rubble and waste of six hundred years' decay, beasts eat, breed, plot and turn their eyes to the bright lights of Mort City where the chosen few sit in relative comfort and slowly, surely...they draw their plans against it.



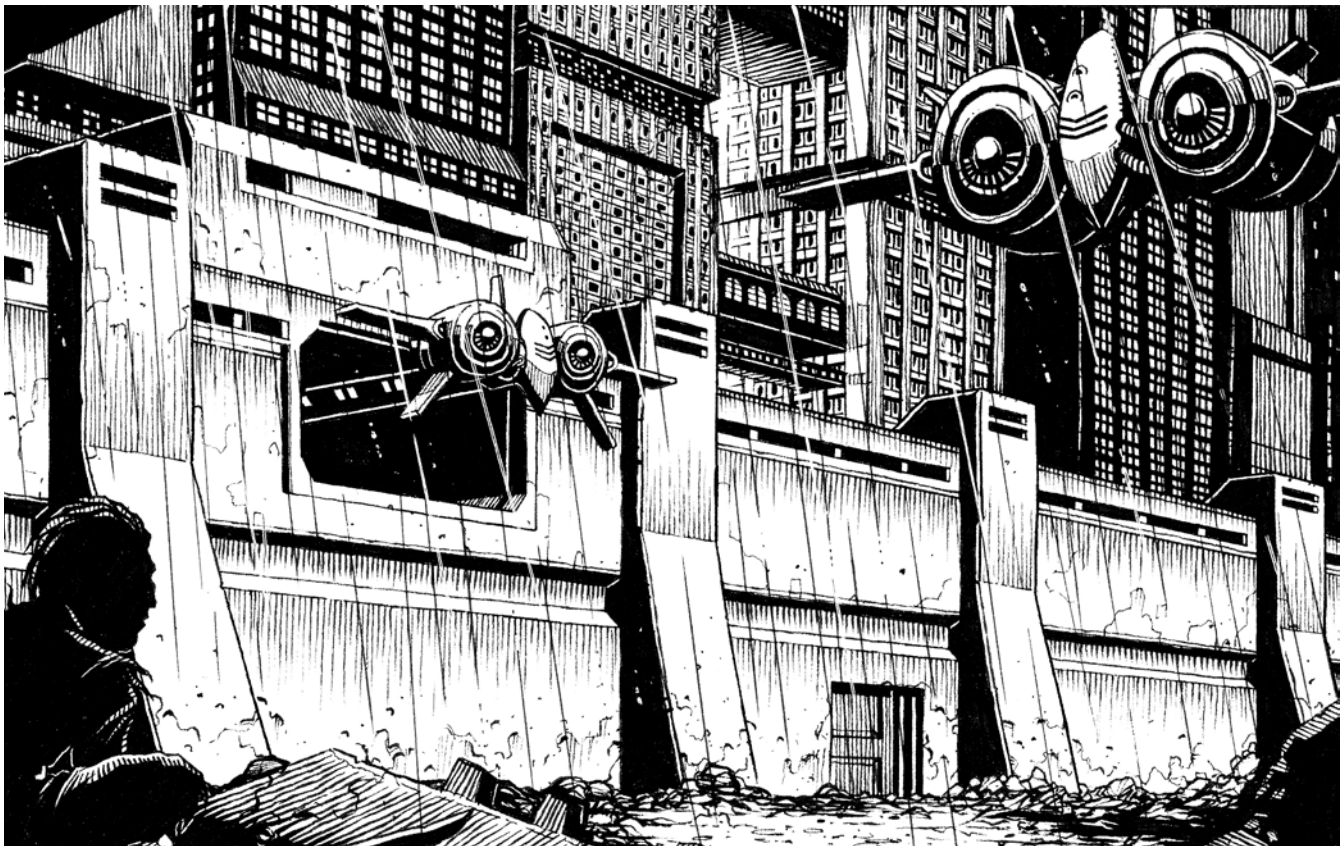
Foetid Depths

Conversation Log
<Begin Recording>
<Location: CS1 wall, observation level>
<Personnel present: Shiver Sgt. J. Brock, Shiver H. Green>
"If you look out that way and shield your eyes, you should just be able to make out what still shows of Salvation Tower."
"Yeah… yeah I can see it, just about."
"They say that's where Digger lives. I was working in one of the guard towers one night and saw lights on in there."
"They still have power?"
"The tower does somehow. The smarter Cannibals and some of the more organized serial killers prefer to steal power through the sewers and Downtown, but most of them make do without."
"I can't imagine life without TV."
"Heh, yeah, I know. Nothing I like more than getting home, kicking off the armour and watching the Alien Sex Channel with a can of slosh in the other hand."
"Uh… yeah… me too…"
"If you pull duty up north, you'll get to see the river and if you thought the outfalls here were big, you ain't seen nothing yet. If you're really unlucky you might pull river patrol duty and have to burn out a couple of Cannibal settlements. There are things in that river that aren't healthy."
"Looks like a storm's coming in…"
No, that's insects. Looks like a big swarm, I'd better call it in."
"That's insects? Fuck."
<End log>

THE WALL

The sector wall is an enormous edifice standing some 20 meters high and fully ten meters thick, stretching 7200 kilometers along the inside edge of Cannibal Sector One, with support buildings protruding and looming behind it and watchtowers and guard stations positioned regularly along its length. The front of the wall is studded with electronic eyes that scour the wasteland ahead of it for movement, alerting those within the observation stations when they detect any. The top of the wall is crenellated like a medieval castle. Shivers are stationed along it, armed and ready to deal with any attempted incursion. All along the wall are sniper stations, within the wall itself and atop it. These expose the Shivers as little as possible while providing them with a good field of fire.

The wall is also covered with large fans that draw their power from internal generators. These fans blow the stench of the Cannibal Sector back where it belongs, turning what would be unbearable to barely tolerable and preventing it from overwhelming large stretches of Downtown. The constant whirring of fans provides some psychological reassurance to the guards stationed on the wall. It reminds them that SLA is still with them, even here on the edge of hell. Each morning, the outside layers of the wall are washed down with a powerful mix of boiling bleach and biological toxins to remove the traces of the previous night's incursions and any other bacteria that might have found its way onto the walls, such as Armour Galls and the



like. Those on the wall are not permitted to remove their breathing gear during this time as the vapours from the wash are more toxic than anything which ever came out of the sectors. It is capable of killing in seconds if touched and within hours if the fumes are directly inhaled.

The Cannibal Sector walls are as defining a feature of Mort City as the gleaming pyramid of glass and steel that is Head Office. Marketing material portrays the walls as a sign of just how much SLA cares, investing all that money and effort, manning the wall with brave Shivers who work tirelessly to keep the wolf from the door. Every night there are live vid feeds of the cannibal assaults against the wall, of the heavy guns blazing away in the storm-soaked night, of the SCAF formation flights over the grey sky, trailing brightly coloured smoke behind them as a warning to those who would assault SLA and, through it all, the message is clear: SLA is all - there are none to stand against it.

To the subversives and malcontents within The World of Progress, however, this is no deterrent. To them, the wall is a measure of SLA's failure. It is a massive vacuum for resources and manpower that has already cost far more than the original Salvation Tower ever did. They accuse SLA of making the wall rather than solving the problem. It does not protect the city by keeping things out, but oppresses the city by keeping it in. Of course, they take care not to protest too loudly, just in case SLA decides they should take a walk in the wild.
Whichever is the truth (there is probably a measure of veracity in both), the wall is one of the great wonders of The World of Progress. It is regarded as an engine of commerce and industry, and has been the subject of more reality shows, such as 'The Wall!' and 'Shivers!', than any other topic.

There has never been an official breach of the wall, but this does not stop the creatures of the Cannibal Sector throwing themselves at the wall time and again, trying to breach it. Nothing, except the occasional cloud of insects, ever makes it past the defences - those horrors that do manage to get into Mort City do so by creeping through the tunnels into Downtown rather than by assaulting the wall. Everything that comes with violence to the wall is met with superior violence. Nothing can stand against the power of SLA, there are no exceptions.

Or so they would have you believe…

"Ah, I know what you're thinking. All you have to do is scream and the hundred thousand shivers fifty yards away will come and save you? They don't look this way girlie. There are things far worse than me out there, and you don't take your eye off them because some civilian is crying."

Juliette 8, Serial Killer, shortly before becoming Juliette 9.



MUCK ROW

The wall protects, but it also influences and imposes. Not all the things that dwell on the other side can be caged by concrete and ceramic. On the inner side of the wall is what the locals ironically refer to as 'Muck Row'. This is a narrow band of Downtown housing that borders the wall and intermixes with the support service centers for the wall itself.

The buildings in Muck Row are as good quality and in as good a state as those found in Upper Downtown. They were constructed to be far more sturdy than regular downtown habitation, as SLA wanted to be sure that it never had to come back to repair them. However, despite the larger spaces and better construction, these houses are still at Lower Downtown rents due to the psychological impact of the wall and the frequency of Carrien, serial killer and Soft Company infiltrators coming under the wall and causing trouble.

Many of these buildings are leased by Shiver personnel who work on the wall, but civilians also come here in great numbers despite the risk, despite the insects and disease and despite the constant threat of death or corruption - even despite the huge concentration of off-duty Shivers in the area. There is something to be said for having a roof that doesn't leak and the law on your doorstep, such as it is.

Some want better housing for their money and are willing to take the risk for that extra bedroom. Some are thrill-seekers who want to see the trouble first-hand and harbour secret fantasies of taking on a Carrien with their CAF pistol, getting 'noticed' and starting a glittering career on the Contract Killer circuit. Some simply draw the short straw when it comes to housing assignments.

The concentration of Shivers makes the area popular with those in the entertainment business, and Muck Row is replete with pubs, bars, strip joints and other places of recreational excess that readily absorb the Shiver's credit - happy to have them there if any trouble kicks off and to defend the place should an incursion come under the wall.

The most famous of these bars is The Posy, an old-style pub filled with recovered junk that Shivers and Operatives have brought back from the Cannibal Sector to decorate the place. The esoteric rubbish fills every nook and cranny of the five-level bar, but the owner's pride and joy is 'Old Dave', the preserved head of a Greater Carrien that is nailed to the wall above the bar in complete defiance of just about every health and safety law that SLA has.

"Don't mind Old Dave there, he won't hurt you. That? That's some kind of engine from an old motorbike, as clear as we can make out. That? That's an original copy of the first edition of Playbeing. Those? Those are the pictures of every Shiver that ever drank here regularly that died on wall duty. Doesn't seem like too many? That wall's got fifteen layers of photos on it son. Whisky? Sure."

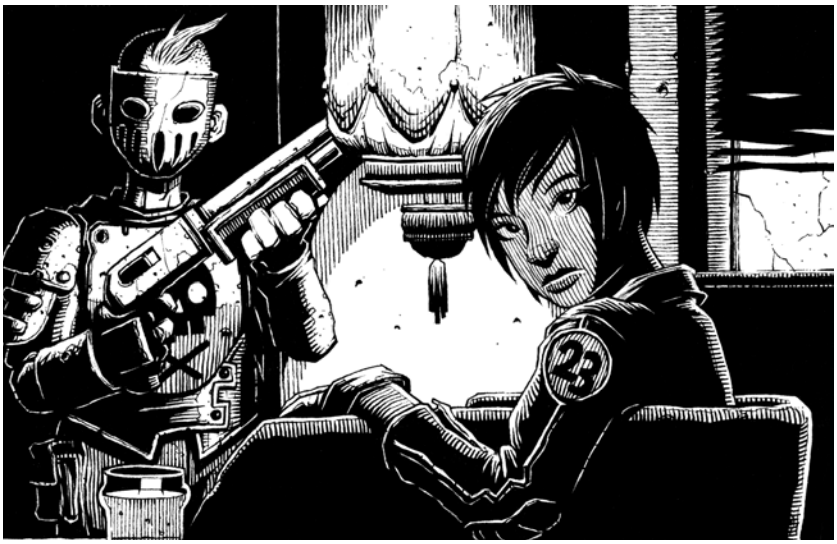
Harry 'Honest' Hargreave. Barman at The Posy.

The people who live in Muck Row are unhealthy due to living in the constant miasma of foul air that washes over from the Cannibal Sector. As they are also in such close proximity to some of the most corrupt and violent Shivers found anywhere on Mort, they also know how to keep their heads down and are amongst the most law-abiding of any citizens anywhere in the city. They are also extremely jaded. Every day someone is killed by Carrien or dies of an overdose of some knock off DarkNight drug. Every day a Shiver they knew as a passing acquaintance is killed on wall duty, and the deaths mount up, numbing them and making them insensitive to anyone around them. There is little chatter, and even the multitude of bars and pubs are devoid of real human interaction, replacing it with drunkenness and debauchery fuelled

by the uncertainty of life. Dream as if you'll live forever. Live as if you'll die today. Down here, you probably will.

THE BAYOU

The Bayou, the most run-down part of Muck Row, is an area of Downtown near the river and bordering the Cannibal Sector wall at its northernmost point. Here the river, the rain and the flow-back of the sewage dumped into the Cannibal Sector combine and run back down into Downtown to create a sodden and flooded mess of buildings with intermittent power failures, where not even SLA's most desperate welfare citizens will deign to go. Still, it is inhabited, albeit by the desperate, the homeless and those with reasons to flee to such an area.



The area is seldom patrolled by SLA. Even the Shivers who work the wall shun the place and choose not to spend any time there, traveling the gauss train down to spend their time in other, more appealing parts of Muck Row. The only Shivers really seen in the area are those on Sleeper Duty from the Downtown stations. This lack of security combined with the proximity to the wall means that constant raids by all the creatures in the sector occur nightly. First light here only brings more death and atrocities to those who live there.

The Bayou is horribly flooded on its lower levels, with its population living on the upper stories of the buildings. The lower the level, the higher the water and the further up the buildings the settlements need to be. Power is only on two-thirds of the time and the inhabitants are forced to make use of batteries, vehicle lights and even fire to light their way and cook their meals. They move between their various blocks by strings of improvised walkways that, on the regulation-dictated annual visit by the Department of Sanitation, are broken down to suit the law, only to be replaced within hours.

The Bayou treats itself as a separate city to the rest of Mort, and is so often left alone that this is nominally true. The Bayou is a place of abandonment, a more civilized extension of the Cannibal Sector - but not by much.

The Bayou is run by The Cabal, a group of active, intelligent, public-spirited and subversive people who dwell within The Bayou. They are led by The Lady of the Right, a slender Orientan beauty who, it is said, has the power of the Ebb and channels her powers through her tarot deck of glyph cards. It is also surmised by SLA that the glyph cards that appear in Downtown black market stalls largely originate within the Bayou, although several undercover operations and raids by Sleeper Shivers have discovered nothing to support this.

The Bayou is growing increasingly desperate to ward off the attacks coming from the Cannibal Sector and, because they are too unimportant for SLA to save, too poor to hire Props and have no Shivers to bribe, this situation looks unlikely to change for the better in the near future.

"What choice do we have, gentlemen? It is obvious that we do not fall under the protection of SLA any longer. We must take steps to ensure that we continue to live. This is not the time to speak of it, though. There are many ears that listen even now. We will meet at the location on the card being passed around in two days, where we will find freedom to speak of what we need."

Fragment of recorded presentation by The Lady of the Right to The Cabal.

THE GATES

Towering halfway up the side of the wall, measuring ten meters high and fifteen meters wide, the gates are half again as long as what shows - the extra parts of the gate being concealed within the side of the wall. Five cylindrical reinforcements made of Dreadnought-grade armour plating are driven a

further ten meters deeper than that into the wall. Each section is attached to massive hydraulic rams that have triple-redundant mechanisms powered by two armoured power plants that protrude from the back of the wall like two pieces of brutalist, dystopian sculpture.

The gates themselves are made of layered ceramic and steel with a core of foot-thick osmium shipped in from off-planet. Osmium was chosen over diamond for two reasons: diamond was thought too ostentatious and osmium is stronger when it comes to impact and pressure.

There are two sets of these gates, one behind the other, leaving only four meters of space between them, which is more than enough space for squads on foot. Should APCs or other forms of transport be required in the sector, they are either brought in via the vehicle delivery entrance (a secured compound on the inside of the sector, leading to several containment areas where the vehicle can be fully sterilized and its occupants carefully examined before allowing access) or, for deeper missions, they can be dropped by FEN 5009 'Stingray' dropships.

Airborne vehicles are brought in via the side of the wall, straight into the maintenance bays. These bays are secured from each other and have built in demolition charges should anything manage to breach one of them. If a vehicle is cleared to directly fly over the wall, it has to land in the secondary courtyard behind the gates where its occupants will be thoroughly screened.

"How many times do we have to go over this? I was at my station, I'd just bought a coffee from the machine outside - check the records and they'll confirm it. As the squad was making their way through the gates I got a shiver: the environmentals on my armour are a little off. My arm jerked, my coffee tipped over, I reached out to grab it and my hand hit the switch. I'm sorry they're dead! I didn't mean for it to happen! Yeah… she had just dumped me. So what?"

Shiver U. Gordon (22) at inquest into gate incident leading to deaths of Operative team Argo.

The space between the mammoth gates is compacted and scorched waste ground covered in powdered ash and churned by the armoured boots of Operatives and Shivers. This area is a kill-zone, covered constantly by turrets, napalm projectors and gas jets. When the gates slam shut, which they can do in a fraction of a second, the area between them is completely sealed and can be 'sanitized' at the push of a button, which, understandably, makes many Operatives who pass through extremely nervous.

Behind the gates on the city side is a courtyard, a hundred metre by hundred metre square, with ten-meter high, razor-wire topped walls. It is overseen constantly by four watch towers and a squad of ten Operatives specially seconded to the purpose, all given MAL shock armour and armed with FEN 808 Power Reapers and Chain Axes. This area provides a secondary kill-zone should anything manage to break through the gates at any time.

THE TOP

The very top of the wall resembles that of the romantic image of a castle. The walls may be ferrocrete and studded with modern-looking weaponry, but the image projected is a timeless medieval one of knights standing on the parapet. When the wall was designed, this look was deliberately incorporated as it did well in market testing. Since then, it has proved to be useful in allowing Defense Shivers maneuverability on the top of the wall and allowing them to deal with near-incursions in a way a sealed wall would not.

Every 1000 meters along the wall stands a watchtower protruding another ten meters above the surface of the wall. The top is an armoured bubble with room to barrack two Shiver guards, who alternate shifts between each other for a week before being relieved by another partnership. The watchtower is equipped with monitoring gear, electronic binoculars and a turret mounted 30mm 'Prometheus' Cannon.

Studded along the wall every ten meters is a heavily armoured 'Illuminatus' sensor eye provided by Guava-Half computers. These electronic eyes are dumb but reliable, tripping when they detect movement, analyzing the data and filtering it through the data systems that run through the wall like a nervous system, highlighting potential problems to Shivers in command and on the ground. The icon used to alert and assist in such circumstances is an incongruously cartoonish little skeleton that the Shivers have come to regard as a jinx. Operatives who opt to be tied



in to the wall data-net may also find themselves harassed by this electronic ghoul.

Shivers who pull Sniper duty requisition a FEN 30-30 sniper rifle and pay for their ammunition out of their own pocket. Shivers on sniper duty prowl the top of the wall, taking up a different position every day and supplementing their income by making confirmed kills against Carrien, Cannibals and anything else that sticks its head out within their area. A good shot can easily double their salary, while those not gifted with excellent firearms ability can end up shooting themselves into debt thanks to the bullet tax.

The wall is wide enough and strong enough that vehicles can traverse it like a road. It is not uncommon for areas that need reinforcement to have personnel delivered by FEN 0227 Battle Taxi APCs or motorcycles. Within the wall itself a small monorail performs a similar service, and runs along the centerline of the wall just below the surface of the ground.

Cannibal Sector One Wall: Statistics
Length: 7,200 kilometers.
Height: 20 meters.
Thickness: 10 meters.
Number of watchtowers: 7,202
Number of Shivers stationed at the wall at any time: 1,779,904
Number of reserve Shivers on call at any time: 1,500,000
Observation Staff: 288,000
Administration Staff: 36,000
Cleaning Staff: 18,000 civilians.
Cooking Staff: 18,000 civilians.
Number of Guard Barracks: 144
Number of Stations: 50
Number of Stingray pads: 100
Number of Stingrays: 200
Number of Killcopters: 200
Number of SCAF bikes: 1000
Number of Patrol boats: 100
Number of Hovercraft: 100
Sector Commanders: 1
Section Captains: 5
Department Lieutenants: 270 (Including reserve personnel)
Sergeants: 327,988 (Including reserve personnel)
Penal Shivers: 300,000 (Including reserve personnel)
Pilots: 750 (Including reserve personnel)
Shivers assigned to outlying areas: 2,651,563 (Including reserve personnel)
Total Wage Bill per Annum: D Notice
Maintenance cost per Annum: D Notice

Statistics supplied by Station Analysis for the period 901-902 SD.

SUPPORT STRUCTURE

Such a massive operation as maintaining the wall takes a great deal of support personnel, computing capacity, power, water, food and organization. The

wall houses much of this within its bulk, with several armouries, barracks, monitoring stations, mess halls, power plants and computing nodes housed within the structure. Other support buildings, such as garages, landing pads, refueling stations and data analysis buildings, protrude from the rear of the wall into Downtown, intermixing with the bars, shopping centers, strip joints and nightclubs that vie for the attention of the relatively wealthy and extremely jaded Shivers. Beyond that, Downtown houses many of the Shivers who serve their duty on the wall, and several buildings have been taken over to be used as Shiver headquarters.

"Standard bounty on most things isn't worth it unless you get head shots every time, and they're not particularly big bastards you're aiming at. You break even on standard shot for the smaller beasts. Guess they figure that when things breed as fast as they do, one more or less of them isn't going to make any difference. The big money is in Greater Carrien and Manchines at thirty creds a pop; they don't go down easy though. I hear Central is offering up to a hundred credits for a Scav, but I've not so much as seen one yet and they say they want it intact, which means no HEAP. I like HEAP. The blood spatters look pretty."

Shiver D. 'Deadeye' Dawkins (28). Sniper specialist.

The sector wall consumes a vast amount of resources and so, hateful of anything that does not show a profit, SLA does its best to market and sell the wall like anything else it owns. TV shows that feature the wall are aggressively sold, and high profile Operatives and Contract Killers are often paid over the odds in order to get them to participate in BPNs or Hunter Sheets that take them into the Cannibal Sector. This media attention is then used to leverage profit in all sorts of other areas of business throughout Mort and beyond, to the point where cutesy Carrien dolls are now being sold. One of the more creative ways that SLA claws back some of the vast expense of maintaining the wall is in the leases along The Strip. These businesses soak up a great deal of what SLA pays the Shivers on the wall and, by increasing the cost of the leases on business premises, SLA soaks as much of that credit back up as possible.

Of the support staff employed by SLA on the wall, most are trained to Shiver standard; from the troops on the wall to the mechanics in the garages. The only staff that are not trained and cleared as Shivers are the canteen staff and the cleaners, who are checked more thoroughly and given full psychological profiles before being allowed to work within the wall. SLA recognizes that the easiest way to put the wall down is to disable the support structure, and with each member of the support staff effectively accounting for over a hundred Shivers, it would not do to have any subversives in this area. The Darknight infiltration in 887 when over twenty thousands shivers went down with food poisoning emphasised the importance of vigilance. However, lacking Shiver training in dealing with the proximity of CS1, the civilian staff can be extremely prone to breakdowns, and many develop claustrophobia during their time working within the tunnels of the wall. While this does not overly trouble SLA, it's not a good prospect for someone who will never be able to afford to move out of Downtown.

The wall is completely self-contained in terms of water and power, and even exports excess of both into the city. If need be, the wall is adequately supplied and can feed its entire staff, minus the civilians, for a week. In the unlikely event of a wall-wide attack by anything, the wall would serve as the fortress redoubt from which the invaders would be repulsed.

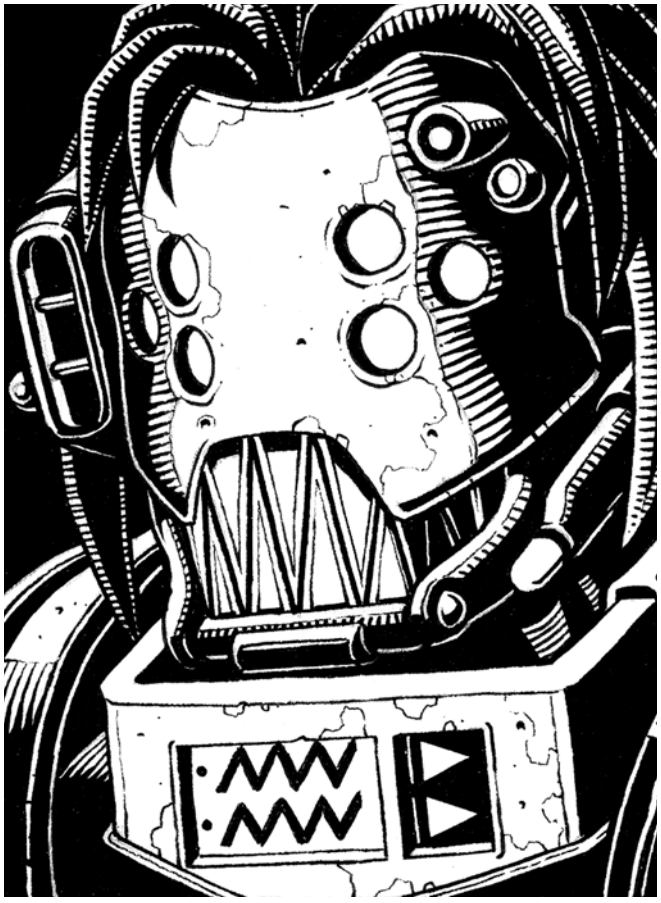
Unlike many Shiver departments, the wall receives the best in equipment while at the same time receiving the worst and most expendable of personnel. Downtimes on equipment and vehicles are amongst the lowest on Mort and replacements are available immediately. Some Shivers come to regard the whole of Mort merely as a support structure for their duties on the wall, toiling so that they might continue to do their job. They are not far wrong.

"Want to hear something funny? OK, get this… PP8 heavy Exo armour, 1,250 credits. Pacifier baton, 80 credits. Yeah, 80, for a frigging stick, go figure. Two frag grenades at 15 credits each. FEN AR at 750 credits with five clips of standard ammunition at 25 credits a clip. Total load out comes to 2235 credits at shop price. Guess how much I make in a year? Sergeant's salary makes out at 1260 credits a year, that's all. I'm wearing nearly twice my salary every frigging day, and it's all in top shape, polished and maintained by some of the best technicians SLA has to offer. But me? I'm a lowlife who got kicked out of his old unit for drinking and excessive violence. How does that figure? Mutton dressed as armour-plated lamb."
Shiver Sergeant John Brock, in The Posy.

DEFENSE SHIVERS

The Shivers who work the wall are not the best and brightest that SLA has to offer. They do not pull down a greater wage than standard Shivers, nor do they pull down the equivalent of a Sleeper duty bonus. The Shivers who work the wall are the malcontents, mavericks, troublemakers, subversives and the too-obviously corrupt ones that no other precinct wanted. Almost every Shiver working the wall is a criminal, a subversive or out of favor, with the odd exception being an idealistic volunteer.

Some of the Shivers working the wall are not truly Shivers at all, but are regular criminals culled from the Downtown gangs and spared imprisonment or execution in appreciation of their abilities as fighters. These individuals are given cursory Shiver training and implanted with a Penal Chip that works in a similar fashion to a Credit Chip, with the added bonus of a shaped explosive charge. These 'Penal Shivers' receive no payment or benefit past the standard dole, and are expected to work the wall in place of serving their time in prison. The initiation ceremony for the Penal Shivers always includes a demonstration of the chip's function, usually on the largest and most misanthropic of that particular group, as an indication that SLA has no qualms about their lives or deaths, only that they work to pay back their debt to society.



"FUCK! I mean, Sir! Yes, Sir! I understand that I have to be a good boy on the wall!"

James "Razor" Woods, wiping bits of Juliette 9's head off his armour.

Defense Shiver's armour is a dark gray to blend in with the wall and to act as camouflage against Thresher and DarkNight snipers operating in the Cannibal Sector. When pulling long duties on the top of the wall, the armour is protected from the scouring effects of acid rain with a clear, plastic-hooded poncho.

Defense Shivers suffer a brutally high casualty rate, and are grim faced and fond of gallows humor. They live in such a way that every day could very well be their last and, as such, care little for consequences or threats. Defence Shivers only know each other so far as their shift rotas go. There are hardly any who form solid friendships or relationships, and this leads to problems outside of work as they are unable to commit to other people for any length of time, knowing how transient life can be. When new to the wall, a Defence Shiver will still observe most of the rules of society. After a month or so, all but the most optimistic of them will act just like everyone else on the wall. The stress of imminent death at any time gets to everyone in the end. Most Defence Shivers have documented alcohol or drug dependency problems, but unless it directly affects their work, they are excused such things. Of all Shivers, those placed on duty on the wall are the least likely to cooperate fully with Operatives and are most likely to treat them with contempt. This is an attitude that comes about when you've seen hundreds of Operatives come on to the wall with their flashy tactics and ideas, only to find that the inhabitants of the sector understand only hunger. It is difficult to respect someone when you've seen a hundred others like them get eaten.

COMMAND

The command structure of the Defense Shivers follows the standard structure the same as any other department of Shivers. The wall comes under the jurisdiction of the divisional commander for Downtown and is treated as its own sector under Sector Commander Jane Grimm. Commander Grimm has five section commanders under her, each in charge of a different section of the wall.

Northern Point & River Patrol:
Captain Mn'k Pl'tb.
North Gate:
Captain Blanche DeFontaine.
Main Gate:
Captain Moses Reese.
Southern Gate:
Captain Harry White.
Southern Point:
Captain Donna Martinez.

Commander Grimm is a company woman recently appointed in 901 SD and, even after a few years in the post, she does not fully understand the differences between a regular sector command and commanding the wall. Commander Grimm rarely shows herself, choosing instead to work on statistical analysis and threat assessment. On the rare occasions that she does make a tour of the wall, she does not make herself popular, thanks to the fines she hands out for uniform violations and lack of discipline.

The captains are equally company people, but have much more contact with the Shivers that are on duty and the everyday hazards of work on the wall. They are far more tolerant of their troops' eccentricities than those of higher ranks. The position of captain is a somewhat frustrating one as there is little to do, other than to try and maintain the status quo and, unlike in other parts of the Shiver command structure, the Sector Commander for the wall is rarely chosen from the captains. Instead, Central Office imposes the post, almost as a punishment.

Below the Station Captains are the Departmental Lieutenants, each responsible for an area of expertise served within that station. Their task is the most difficult as each of them is personally responsible for ensuring that the directives are passed down to the sergeants and, more importantly, that they are adhered to. The areas of expertise that each section is split into are as follows:

Standard Shivers: This department encompasses all Shivers currently on active duty on the wall within the remit of the station and all those off duty. This is by far the largest department in every wall section.
SCAF: The Shiver Copter Airborne Forces is the department that suffers the most casualties and loss of equipment, following those who pull wall duty. SCAF bikes are reasonably vulnerable to small-arms fire from the ground and, over Cannibal Sector One, often get choked up on clouds of insects and crash. The SCAF units are usually small and fatalistic in outlook.
Medical/Forensic: More medical than forensic duties while stationed on the wall. The Medical Shivers are organized into two-man paramedic teams for quick and easy deployment to hot spots on the wall. After a few weeks on the wall, Medical Shivers know all they need to about claw, bite and bullet wounds.
Technical: Technical Shivers get relatively cushy rear-echelon positions, though they are worked hard maintaining and repairing armour, vehicles and weapons. When a wall gun or spy eye breaks down, they pull the more hazardous duty of having to go out onto the wall to repair it.
Administration: Each station has a large administrative body that monitors all the spy eyes and cameras, analyses data and maintains order in the requisitions, stores and reports. The Administration Shivers are the most professional and conventional Shivers stationed on the wall.
Special Duty: Shivers are assigned to special duty from other departments. These are the ones who perform foot patrols and information gathering missions in the sector or who attempt to rescue downed SCAF pilots. Life expectancy for those assigned special duty hovers at around thirty minutes from mission start. Veterans of special duty are often known as Dead Men Walking and have the respect of their fellows by choice, not by rank.

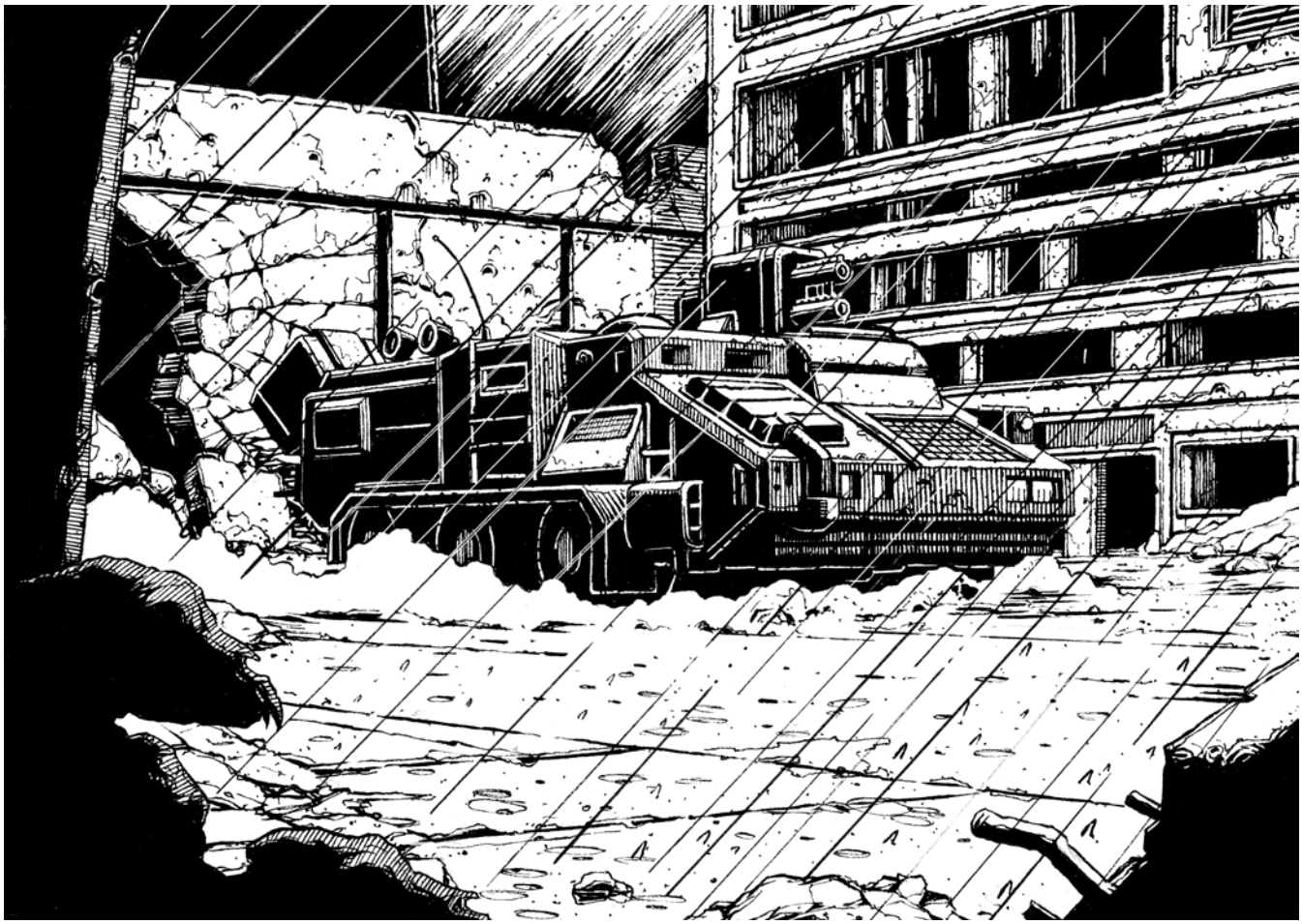
"If you look over the wall now, you'll see a Shiver out by himself down there. That's Dog. He's the one you hope they send if you ever get caught out there. They call him Dog because when we drop a stick, he's the one that runs out to pick it up. He's got over thirty confirmed rescues and lost most of his original body in various places along the way. He reckons he's doing life on the installment plan. Sooner or later there won't be any original bits of him left and he'll qualify as a stormer. He reckons they might give him a holiday then. I reckon it'll be on Dante if they do."

Shiver Sergeant John Brock, Induction Tour.

River Patrol: River Patrol Shivers use hovercraft and river patrol boats to police the area where the river pours into and under the wall at the very north of the Cannibal Sector. There are unique dangers in the polluted waters, and the other main duty of gunning down the shoreline Cannibal settlements is rapidly dehumanizing.

CHINKS IN THE ARMOUR

The wall itself may be secure and nigh on impregnable, but still things manage to get across to cause havoc. Serial killers are still able to sneak out into the Cannibal Sector to lie low. Scavs and DarkNight Operatives cross the wall almost every night to do their business in Downtown before retreating at daybreak back to their Cannibal Sector hideouts. How does this happen?



The wall and its support structures only descend about twenty meters below the surface of Mort, and beneath that the sewage pipes and service tunnels interlace between the tunnels of the sector and those of Downtown. While the sewage pipes are protected by mesh, wire and electrocution plates, these still break, and it is down these pipes and tunnels that things make their way into Downtown. Many blue BPNs are issued to deal with the problems in the sewers: either clearing blockages, repairing the meshes and electrocution grids or laying ambushes in heavily used tunnels. A proper modernization and construction effort could, at the cost of many trillions of credits, completely cut Downtown off from the Cannibal Sector completely.

SLA does not do this though, and subversives have many reasons to offer as to why that might be. The most popular theory, and certainly the one DarkNight subscribes to, is that SLA allows the permeability of the wall to keep people reminded of the horrific things out there that SLA is 'protecting' them from. The argument goes that if the wall were to be too efficient, then people would forget what was out there and would question the cost of the wall. Equally, the problems in the Cannibal Sector would no longer be outside but would be the problems of the city as a whole, reflecting badly on SLA. By allowing some of the contained evils to spread, SLA appears to be protecting its citizens while still giving them constant reminders of the horror that SLA keeps in check.

As well as keeping the Cannibals out, the wall keeps the citizens in and helps prevent them seeing just what devastation Salvation Tower wrought when it fell, which might inspire some of the more rebellious elements to question some of SLA's other decisions.

The official line from SLA Central Office is that the wall is expensive to maintain and that the best policy is one of overall containment, while Shivers

and Operatives easily deal with any minor incursions. They also point to the number of blue BPNs issued every year to help deal with the problems. The number of blue BPNs issued rises each year but those who can get hold of the statistics see that Downtown incursions by Cannibal Sector denizens has remained largely steady, with only a slight increase over the past five years. Internal Security works hard to keep that data from reaching the public domain, and Operatives and other SLA workers do not ask so long as the blue BPNs keep flowing.

Aside from the tunnels, the main route of incursion is by air. The insects that infest Cannibal Sector One occasionally rise in great swarms and fly over the wall. These bugs make their way past most of the defenses, which are ill equipped to deal with such small and numerous creatures, and then proceed to feast upon, infect and infest swathes of Downtown. Incursions are dealt with by civilian insect control SLA subsidiaries; occasional Shiver or Operative support is supplied where necessary. Methods of dealing with such insect swarms are being investigated, though poison is unlikely to work upon insects bred in toxins.

"You pick up the most eclectic diseases and infestations when you are in the Cannibal Sectors. My team and I received a high paying retrieval BPN in Cannibal Sector One, and while we were out there I ended up wrestling with a foul Carrien creature. Seems like I picked up an infestation of bugs from it. It was strange, I think they were trying to communicate with me. They kept carving these esoteric little circular patterns into my skin. I wanted to keep them but Central said no."

Seraphina, Ebon, SCL 9A.2, Team Throne.

The most insidious way in which the Cannibal Sector makes its presence felt in Mort City is in the disease and infestations carried over by those who work within the sector. Cut, gashed and having crawled through filth; many Operatives and Shivers are exposed to virulent and mutated diseases. While everyone who passes through the gates is jet-blasted and disinfected, all Cannibal Sector life, right down to viruses, bacteria and paramecia, are incredibly tough and no process will kill them all. Disease outbreaks occur all through Mort City from Downtown to Uptown around Operatives and Shivers who have been on Cannibal Sector duty. While SLA medical science is able to deal with almost all these outbreaks, they do cause disruption and a loss of efficiency to the point where special warnings have begun to be issued to any and all going on active duty within the Cannibal Sectors.

THE HEART

Away from the wall and into the center of the Cannibal Sector lies the heart of it all: the shell of Salvation Tower and the remnants of all that it destroyed when it fell. Amongst the broken buildings are great torn gashes in the earth that drop down tens of meters into the tunnels and layers below. Here and there, whole sections of the old city are sunk into the earth or tilted at crazy angles. Most of these buildings are now destroyed, collapsed under the strain of age, fighting and cannibalized for parts. But, still, old tenement blocks stand and those who can lay claim to them again put the rotting remnants of shops and garages in service. The heartland of Cannibal Sector One is a blasted wasteland where no attempt has been made to tidy up or repair in six hundred years.

The heartland is what people picture when you mention the Cannibal Sectors, and it is the area that most often appears in media broadcasts, where the more glamorous and photogenic Operatives are sent to perform their duties.

The heartland is where the real fiends lurk.

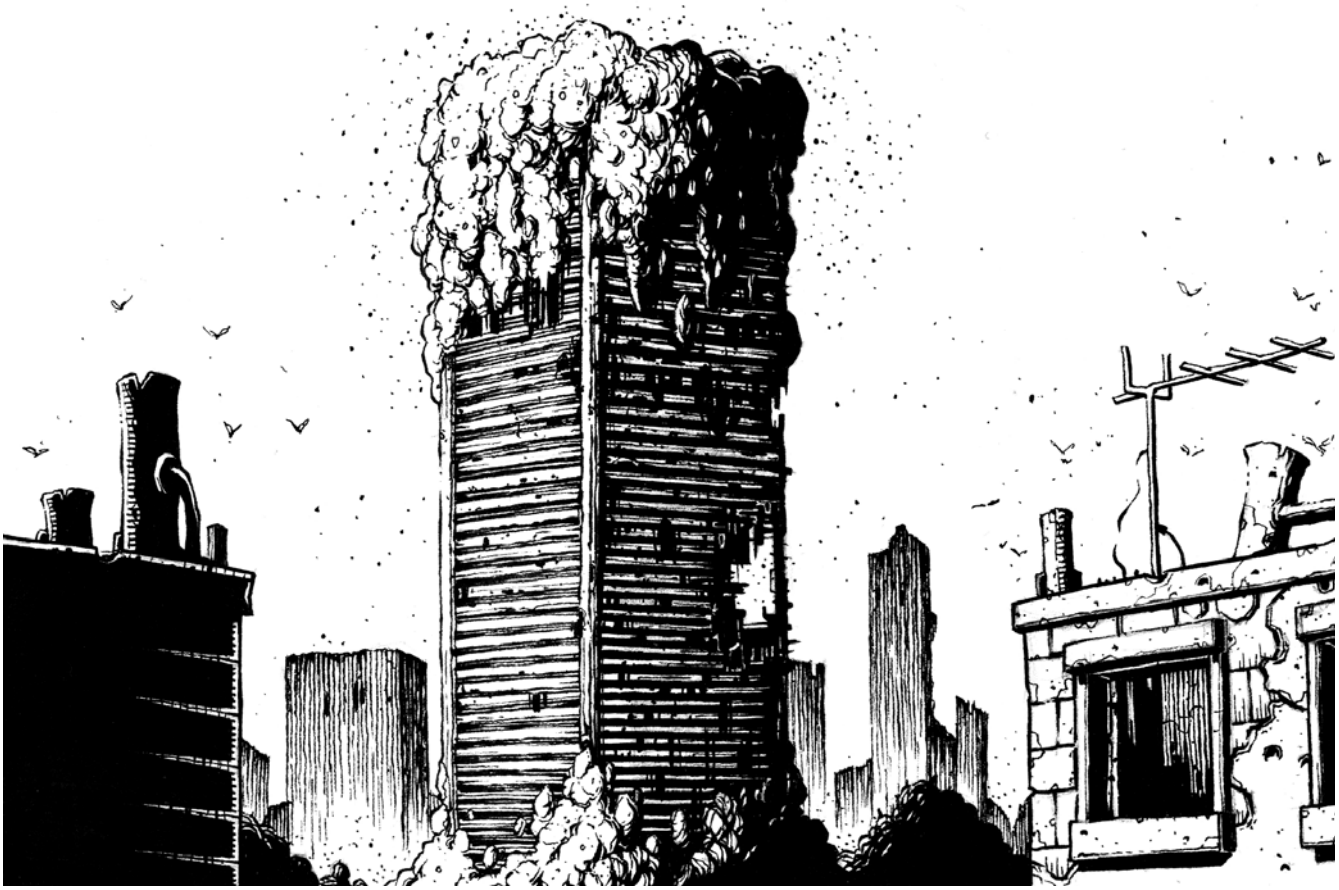
"Out there all sort enemy. Carrien, bad other company, Manchine, people eater. Me hear they like Stormer, meat grow back when eaten. Bad place full of enemy, full of fighting and badness. Me like Bad Sector, me built for fighting, me like to kill, to hunt."

'Munchkin', Stormer, SCL 8A, Stormaz.

THE HIVE

A relatively new development in the south of Cannibal Sector One is The Hive. Cannibal Sector One has always been noteworthy for the prodigious amount of annoying and lethal insects that dwell within it, but The Hive takes that to a frightening new level.

Amongst the skeletal remnants of shattered housing blocks squats a slightly taller and stronger block. This one is completely encased and riddled with insect nests. Wasp-like creatures have enclosed the upper levels in elaborate papery con-



structions while, lower down, the old rooms and walls have been reshaped with waxy constructions, silken bindings, webs and the resinous extrusions of other insectoid creatures. Around the perimeter stand tall hills like those of ants or termites; sentinels, guarding The Hive from intruders. Within and around the building, stagnant pools have formed, teeming with larvae and nymphs.

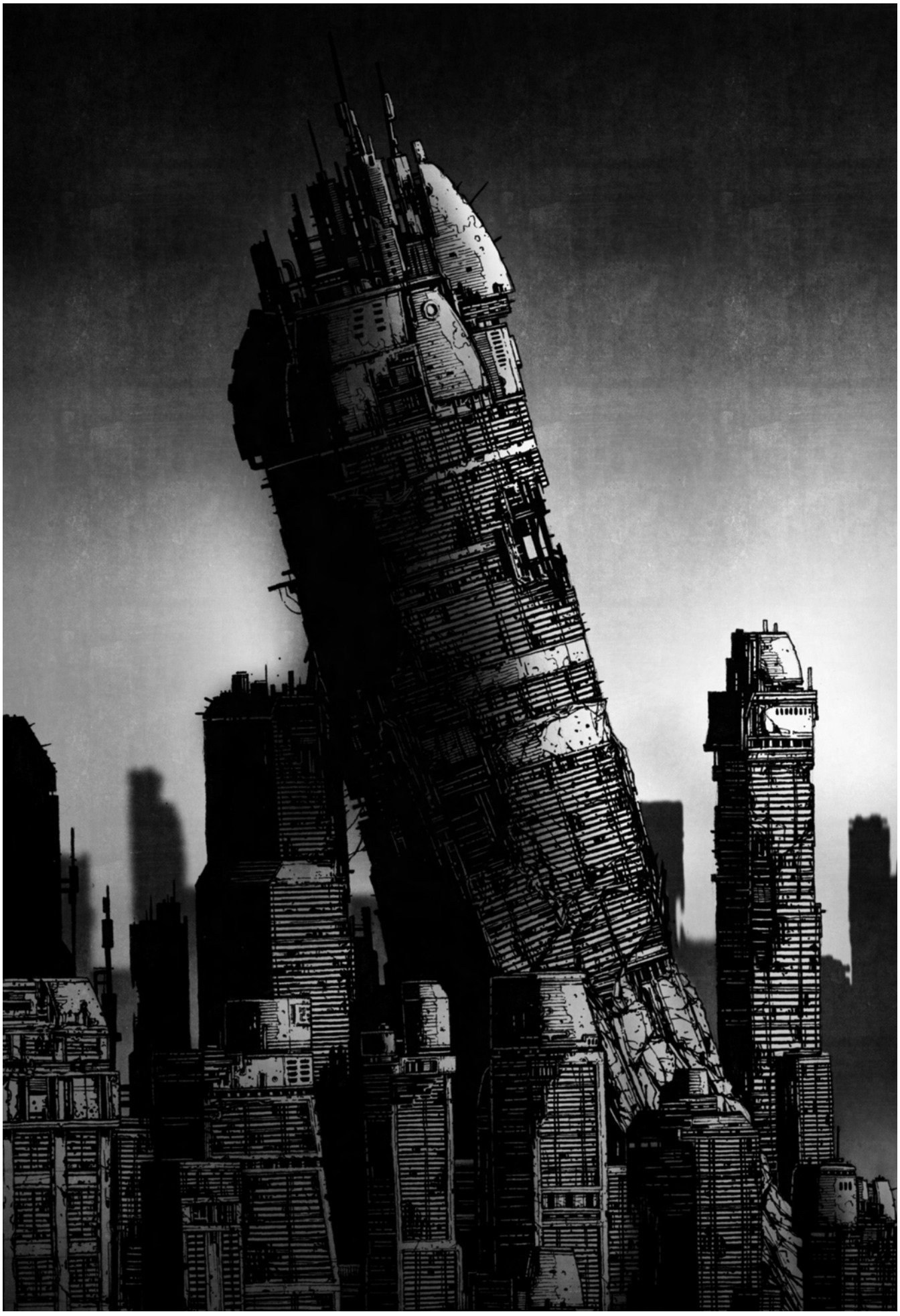
Here, and nowhere else, all the mutated and horrific insect life of Mort has come together to live in harmony and to work together for mutual survival. The Hive has devastated the surrounding area. Nothing but The Hive now exists for 3 kilometers in every direction, and its insect hordes now scour larger and wider areas in search of fresh food. The Hive is also growing.

Every attempt at remote surveillance has failed, the lifting fans of remote cameras becoming clogged with insect bodies as soon as they come within sight of The Hive. Overflights by SCAF bikes have met with similar problems, and even Stingrays find their engines clogging and their cameras and sensors blocked with tiny winged bodies when they attempt to gather information.

The Hive remains a mystery, albeit a new one. Karma are very interested in gaining samples of any insect life that may have developed there, and their leading geneticists, biologists and naturalists all surmise that some new mutated species must be responsible for this cooperation - a cooperation that suggests that there might be a method by which all insect life might be controlled.

"My gun camera got knocked out in the fight, but I always keep one of those party cameras on me just in case, for just such occasions. So, I take off my pack and rummage through it for the camera, turn back and this Carrien I just killed is being dragged along the ground by loads of these really vicious looking beetles. Carrien are ten credits a pop, so I don't want to let it go at that. So I follow them and snap a few shots. Before I know it things start to get weird. There are insects everywhere and they're all staring at me, all of them, scratching and chirruping and just… staring. The beetles dumped the body in this big stinking pool that was lousy with bugs. I snapped off another shot and ran. Good thing was that Karma paid me twenty extra credits for the picture."

Shiish, Wraith Raider Operative, SCL 9A.6.



SALVATION TOWER

The above-ground remainder of Salvation Tower looms above the entirety of the Cannibal Sector in a mockery of SLA headquarters, surrounded by the wrecked buildings that once clustered around it like ardent suitors. The large, almost intact top of the tower sits, jutting towards the slate-gray sky, a full kilometer above the surface and stretching down more than forty levels through the underground, deep within the heart of the sector. Smashed parts of its support buildings lie here and there, and others still descend into the labyrinthine tunnels underneath the sector: the ones that link into the lowest and dankest parts of Downtown. Salvation Tower is the undisputed territory of Digger, the mythological, giant Manchine, and no other creature dares go near it for long. Sometimes the sound of working machinery echoes from the tower across the sector.

Salvation Tower once stood over four kilometers above the surface of the city. One thousand floors of offices and restrooms, computing and other levels stretched another kilometer and two hundred floors deep underground. When it fell, it smashed down a half-kilometer, taking it deeper than the alleged deepest levels of Downtown at forty levels down and tipped over slightly on its side. Today it lies close to several larger apartment buildings that survived The Fall, through which most infiltrations of the tower occur.

By comparison, Head Office is approximately ten kilometers above the level of the land and towers fully two kilometers above Mort Central. Both Head Office and Salvation Tower are most often wreathed and obscured by cloud.

They say that while Salvation Tower broke apart as it fell, large sections remained intact and smashed their way down through the levels of the city, striking deep into the heart of the planet. Shattered sections of the tower are scattered throughout Cannibal Sector One; some of them below the earth, some of them having crashed through tens, even hundreds of meters of levels before coming to a halt. When one speaks of Salvation Tower these days though, one usually means the top of the tower.

Actually, it is a misconception that Salvation Tower broke apart at all. SLA had built it far too well for that. The shattered pieces of the tower that lie all over Cannibal Sector One are, in fact, the smashed pieces of support buildings and structures that were attached to the tower. Salvation Tower itself remains intact, a massive edifice sunk down twelve full levels deeper than its original construction, yet all in one piece.

The majority of those within the tower were killed, and the earthquakes and shocks caused by the tower's fall shattered the land around it. What was Central Outskirts Sector One was smashed and made anew: buildings overturned, water mains burst and power cut off. The fall of the tower forced SLA to concentrate its efforts on what it could save, and Central Outskirt's Sector One was left to fend for itself. Cut off from power, light, water and transportation, the crushed sector quickly fell to barbarism and, when the food stores ran out, people turned on each other. When surveys were finally made of Central Outskirts Sector One and the barbarity, savagery and rise of the Carrien were observed, the sector and all the other Outskirts Sectors were walled up and written off.

Now Salvation Tower is known as the territory of Digger and the Manchines. At night, electric lights are seen operating in the tower and machinery still works within. It is said that Digger and the discarded Manchines managed to get the old geothermal power plants running again and that new Manchines are being produced from scrap metal. Certainly the Cannibals and Carrien keep clear of the tower, and there seem to be suspiciously new-looking and well-maintained Manchines throughout the sector, hunting and killing.

The tower is an enormous edifice, reaching to the sky and burrowing deep into the earth. Only the Manchines call it home now, the few lights that still work casting an electric glare on their horrific work. Most are out, scouting for new flesh, but Digger remains in the tower: the twenty foot tall father of all Manchines, dissecting and skinning victims, sorting their flesh and organs into categories room by room, floor by floor in the tower for his brothers and sisters to clothe themselves.

Deeper in the tower lie the industrial sectors: broken down, ancient machines nursed back to life with stolen material and scavenged pieces, dedicated to the slow and steady production of more Manchines, supplied with fresh organic computer cores from the Manchines' many victims. Below the center of clanging industry lie the geothermal power plants, repaired and sunk down into Mort's mantle, drawing energy from the very lifeblood of

the planet and using it to produce fresh horrors to inflict on Mort.

Those levels not used for grisly storage by the Manchines and not useful for their industrial or power production remain as they were before Digger came; many of them still as they were when the tower fell. Piles of cubicles and shattered desktop computers, heaps of mouldering paper, the remnants of Carrien nests and the picked-clean 600 years old bones of Salvation Tower Office workers lie alongside the grinning skulls of Carrien and Cannibals. Their skeletal grins saying in their way, 'You don't have to be dead to work here, but it helps.'

"You know… you hear all these stories about it, about The Fall, about how that tower caused the Cannibal Sectors to be created, how terrible things live inside it. Lit up like that, I think it looks kinda pretty, sort of like fairyland."

Helmet communicator last recorded words, Shokk, Brain Waster, SCL 7C.4, deceased.

GEOTHERMAL POWER

Deep under the fallen tower lies the remains of what was once the geothermal power generators that were originally used to power Central Outskirts. When the fall occurred, the power was cut off from head office as a preventative measure against any possible backlash wiping out power in the rest of the city.

These levels are filled with scalding steam and toxic gasses. Only the Manchines can pass safely in these levels; maintaining, repairing and coaxing life into the ancient machinery to produce the power they need and to keep the machines and lights of Salvation Tower going.

The geothermal power plants also double as foundries for the Manchines where they can melt down the scrap they find, alloy it and use it to cast the parts they need to repair themselves and to construct new Manchines to join in their fight.

An occasional black BPN has been issued with orders to infiltrate Salvation Tower to confirm that the geothermal plants are operational and, if so, to destroy them. Unfortunately, the definition of those colour BPNs as 'suicide missions' has proven all too accurate.

One, Two, Three, Four, Five.
Digger caught my clan alive.
Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten.
Never let them go again.

Cannibal Clan children's skipping rhyme.

INDUSTRIAL DEEPS

Above the geothermal power core and the foundry are the industrial levels. These are a patchwork of cobbled together equipment, ancient computers and stolen Soft Company equipment, all repurposed for the repairing and producing of Manchines.

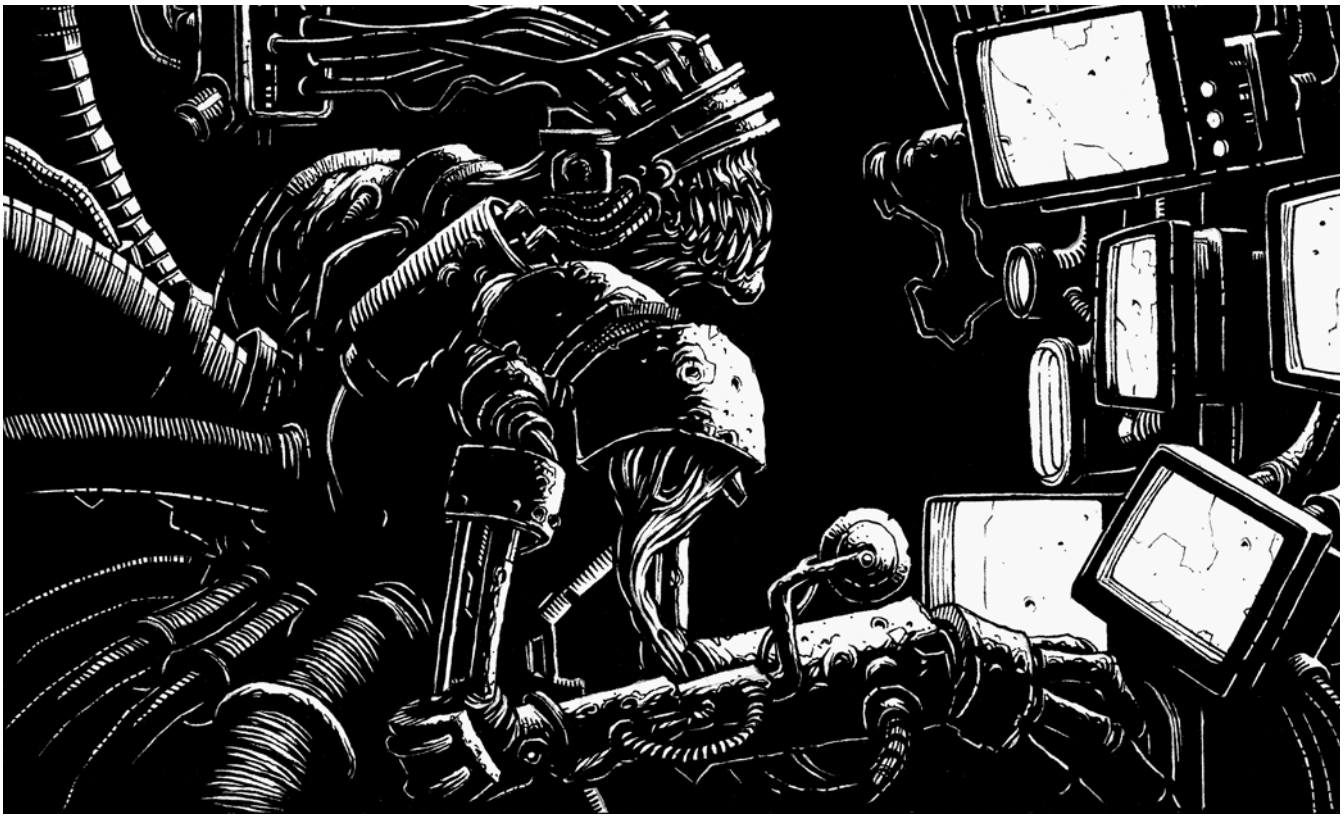
Ten of the lowest floors of the old tower are turned over to industry. The heat from the core makes it unbearably hot, and the production of batteries and weapons produces toxic waste and foul gasses that are impassable to living creatures.

On one level, the armoured carapace, weapons and metal parts are cast, polished and finished. On another, the wiring and servomotors are torn from power suits and vehicles, before being threaded into joined-together endoskeletons like nerves, veins and arteries. On another level, brains are stored in refrigerated jars. Row upon row of Human, Shaktar, Wraith Raider, Stormer and Carrien brains are kept in preserving fluid, ready and waiting to be formatted and installed into fresh new Manchine bodies. Digger's knowledge of the formatting process is not as good as his mechanical, electrical and computing knowledge though, and many of the new Manchines retain memories from their former lives; but this does not prevent them from killing.

"What the hell is that noise?"
"The grinding of souls against the side of hell's mill."
"What?"
"The machines in Salvation Tower. You really don't have a poetic soul do you?"
"The day it pays more than the day-job, I'll be sure to grow one"

Conversation between SLA Operatives Shoof, SCL 9B.2 and Ebon 'Soma' SCL 8A.9.

In another five levels, Manchines work, tirelessly sorting through the junk and machinery that their brethren have collected, tearing out and sorting the useful pieces and sending the rest to be melted down in the foundry.



The cacophony from so many industrial machines is enormously loud, and it echoes up through the entire tower. On still nights above ground, the clanking, whirring and grinding sounds of the industrial section carry far over the sector, interspersed with the final screams of the dissected.

OFFICES

Although The majority of the offices survived without massive damage, 600 years of wind and rain have long since scoured all exposed non-metal fittings from the levels and even the metal is rusted and pitted.

The first levels have been cleared of the ancient, crumbling office furniture, and each room is filled with a different type of body part. A room of eyes, a room of ears, a room of left feet and a room of right feet. One room completely covered in leathery, dried skin, another wound around and about with intestines, another wallpapered with veins and arteries and blood vessels, all of it pulsing from a weak current supplied from the vastness of the tower.

Deeper, the rest of the offices are relatively intact. Digger and the other Manchines prefer to clamber up and down the lift shaft in the center of the tower, deep in its core, protected from prying eyes. All around them the offices lie much as they did when the tower fell. The higher levels are the only ones that were ever infested with Carrien and Cannibals, the deeper levels were too dark and too filled with the scent of death for even those creatures to stomach. The stench still abides, overlaid by Digger's fresh carrion, strong enough to overcome all but the strongest of constitutions. Below those levels are the untouched offices, debris and skeletons preserved in the dark still air, fax machines and personal computers, phone lines and flip charts, white boards, interview rooms, photocopiers and the fossilized remains of the last half-eaten doughnut some unlucky soul never got to finish. A few of these levels have been emptied by the Manchines in search of electronic components but most are too primitive to be any use to them, they prefer the modern materials that they can glean from lost and broken SLA and Soft Company equipment.

If one were to descend even further down the many, many levels one would begin to encounter more areas that the Manchines use. Row upon row of Manchines filling floor after floor, deactivated and waiting, a red LED light glowing on each one indicating the readiness for activation.

"So, we're on this scouting mission, actually in Salvation Tower. Half the team is down and Lazarus has just gone missing. We're about ready to call it a day and fight our way back out when we come down into another level. At first I think it's just like all the others, and then Stacy tells me to be

quiet. So I stop and listen, turn up the audio pick-up on my sensor boom and there it is; this sort of electric hum. We searched a bit and found a room, full of these little glowing red lights. I was just adjusting my low lite for maximum gain when this crazy Manchine comes smashing through a partition and guts Stacy. It was all I could do to get out of there. What will stay with me till I die though, is that Manchine sounded like Lazarus, kept asking me to kill it as I ran. It looked new, man. Brand, spanking, new."

Jeremiah McCleoud, Frother Operative, SCL 7B.3

THE DREAM

Nobody really knows what The Dream is. It appears at random in almost any area in the sector, though it most commonly appears in the heartlands. Occasionally it appears further away, towards the borderlands or within the areas of Downtown that border on the sector.

The Dream pervades the whole sector with a feeling of being watched. You never feel alone in Cannibal Sector One; there is always the sensation that someone is just behind you, watching over your shoulder. As The Dream intensifies, these feelings of paranoia become stronger, deeper. Many Operatives have reported feeling absolutely certain that something was behind them, and some even claim to have caught fleeting glimpses of shadows not their own as they turned.



As The Dream grows stronger, sound and light begin to distort with strange noises appearing out of thin air, dancing or colored lights appearing and voices sounding strange whenever anyone speaks. This continues to grow worse until time and space itself begin to warp and shift, hours passing in moments or a second taking a day of relative time to pass. Nightmares begin to manifest as real and shadows take on a life of their own - even to the point of forming simulacra of Operatives that then attack 'themselves' before everything fades as quickly as it began.

Ebb-sensitive races seem to be the most vulnerable to such strange phenomena, and insanity follows those who have spent too long too deep in The Dream. Some never manage to shake that feeling of being watched and come to fear their own shadow; still others are killed at some random point by The Dream, their fears having been made manifest and real. When a Downtown block is affected, everything is shut down and cordoned off by Shivers and all investigation and troubleshooting is left to Cloak or Stigmartyr.

"Subject is female Ebon positively identified by dental records as Raesche Delgado. Time of death is estimated at two-thirty in the morning. Cause of death is extreme compression resulting in multiple fractures, broken bones and punctured organs; although final confirmation of cause will need to wait on autopsy. Subject is curled in the foetal position and has been crushed into an approximate cube measuring two feet on each side. There is no sign of forced entry and no telltale residual signs of Ebb use. Interestingly, subject's medical record shows a history of claustrophobia.'

Medical Shiver P. Cassidy, on-site recording.

THE RUN

Rats are a perennial problem everywhere in Mort City, be it Downtown, Uptown or the Cannibal Sectors. In the sectors, rats are low on the food chain, able to eat the waste that pours through the sewers they live in and, in turn, eaten by just about everything else that walks or crawls through the Cannibal Sector - from feral dogs and cats to insects, Cannibals and Carrien.

Normal Mort rats often scurry in large groups for mutual protection and, if attacked, can turn on their attacker in great numbers. Larger, giant rats are one of the more stable mutations: ugly brutes up to three feet long and as vicious as wolverines, grown fat and mean on the worst excesses of Mort City. There are stronger mutations around but thankfully they are few and far between.

"You have to admire the rat, tenacious, hardy, numerous. Of all the creatures the rat has adapted the best to life in the Cannibal Sectors. He doesn't care if he has to eat rubbish, he breeds fast to replenish his numbers, and he works in large groups to defend himself and his home. Let's take a moment to reflect on what the rat can teach us. Alright, now, anyone thinking of wasting bullets on them, don't bother. Use the Browbeater if they're in large numbers and the Baton if you're looking to set an example. Anything else and it's costing you more than you get back in bounty. If you get a few intact, take them down to Alonso's on the south side; he's always looking for more meat for his Special R Burgers …What? You didn't know?"

Sergeant R. Samiel, Defense Shiver
survival training.

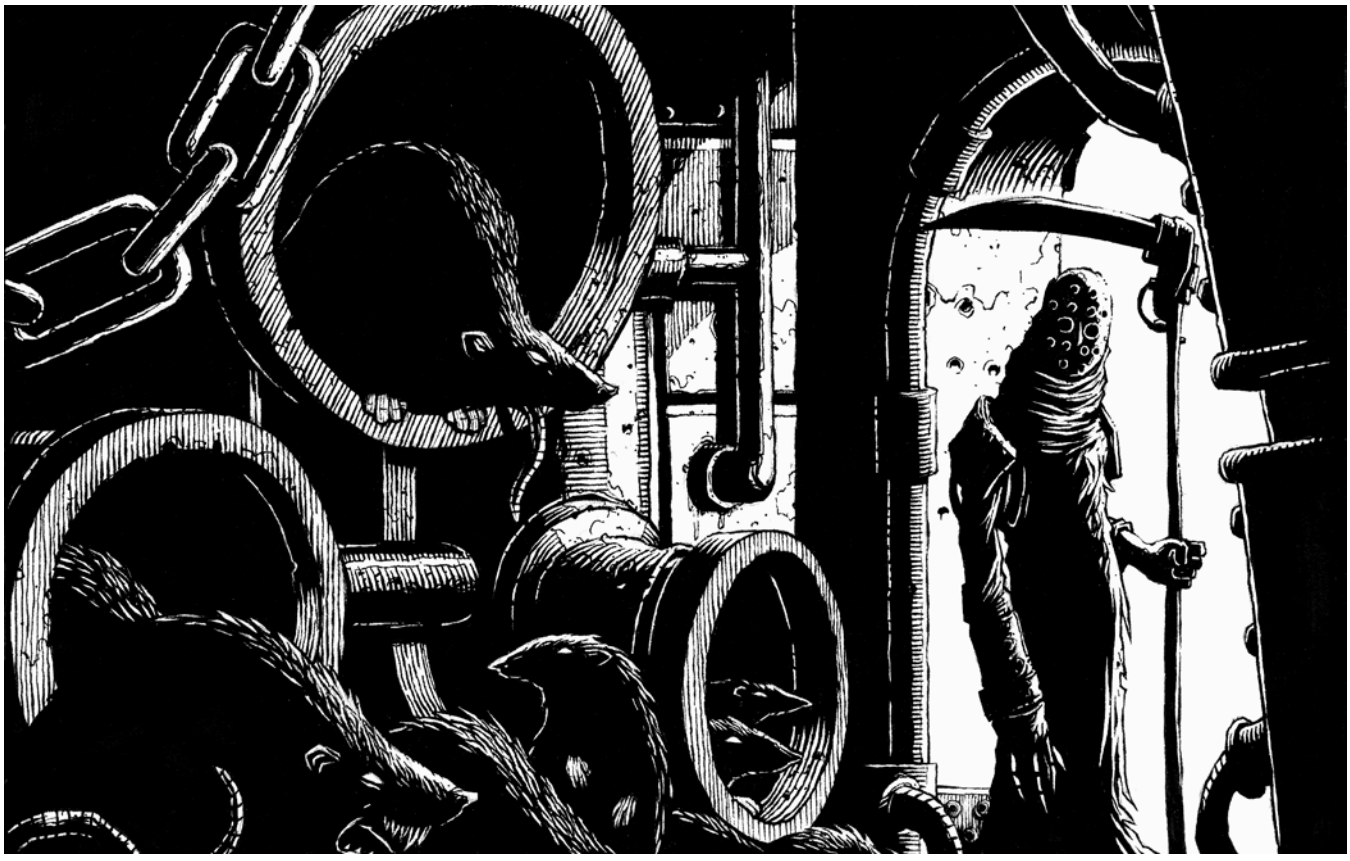
The Run is a place where several large sewage tunnels run together, where the old walls of concrete and brick have worn away into the mud that lies beyond. This nexus of tunnels and the warrens is a seething metropolis of the creatures breeding and fighting and feasting, two to three rats deep.

New visitors to the tunnels under the sector are the only ones to fall afoul of the rats; anything that has lived there for any time knows to avoid this writhing carpet of rats. Nonetheless, the rats supplement their regular diet of raw sewage with the occasional Thresher team, SLA Operative or DarkNight commando unit, growing fat on the flesh of the foolish and adventurous.

THE BORDERLANDS

Far from the city and the wall, the heaped detritus of 6 centuries begins to peter out and you begin to approach the border of the pre-fall city. Further from the impacts and the earthquakes, more of the buildings are intact and untouched but, equally, further from the wall there is less and less to sustain the creatures that infest the Cannibal Sector.

The shells of buildings gradually thin out, becoming shorter and shorter until, finally, they cease. Some crumbling roadways extend a few miles out of the sector into the wilderness beyond and then stop, covered by shifting dunes of ash and dirt. Long before The Fall, SLA had already devastated Mort's ecology and now, beyond the parasitic existence of



the Cannibal Sector, there is nothing - simply miles of increasingly cold and bleak wasteland. The job of a once thriving ecosystem has now been replaced by the ceaseless work of eight atmosphere processing plants around the planet.

The sea, land and sky are dead. Nothing lives, save in the cities, and not a blade of grass grows anywhere that is not under glass. Beyond the wall and outside the sector, one is in emptiness; truly alone without any company, not even that which might want to kill you.

The wilderness itself offers no cover at all and so is not suitable even for the Soft Companies that like to have the odd discrete base hidden away on Mort. They will, however, set themselves up in the far outskirts of the sector, landing stealth ships to deposit their teams and equipment before slipping away, leaving them with supplies and food in this part of the sector where they can go relatively unmolested.

The great river that runs through Mort City passes out between the sector walls in the north, thick with the waste of billions of people and businesses. The sides of the river are covered in Cannibal Clans and mutated animals, wallowing in the supply of filth. But, as it moves north, these settlements disappear. The filthy river spills into a great estuary and, finally, disperses into the Atlatik Ocean leaving a cloudy stain that can be seen from orbit.

"I hate river duty. I hate it more than I have words to say. I hate the stink. I hate the water, if you can call it that. I hate the way boats pitch and roll and the way hovercraft slide. I hate the way that you've got to watch the colours in the river, because if you hit green, it'll eat through a boat hull or the skirts of a hovercraft, and if you hit red, you'll be unconscious and off the edge before anyone can tell you were down. I hate the high incidence of mutation in the clans and packs along the shore. I see the dancing, howling freaks every night, even when I'm not on duty and I wonder what this filthy shit is doing to me. I hate it. Transfer me to special duty, anything, just get me away from that fucking river."

Transcript of Shiver G. Monroe during yearly assessment interview.

OUTSKIRTS

Beyond the Cannibal Sector lies a blasted, empty world robbed of its resources and stripped bare of all life. Mountains leveled for their rock to tile bathrooms across the universe, forests mulched for magazine paper or industrial alcohol, fields farmed until they turned to dust.

As life died, the giant technological marvels of SLA took over, the great atmospheric plants exchanging the magic of nature for the sorcery of science and industry, bringing air to breathe and turning the sky into a torrential nightmare.



Beyond the discarded dreams and nightmares of Mort City there is nothing to see and nothing to sustain.

Where the sector meets the wilderness, life is hard and harsh. Few, if any, creatures can survive. If there is any activity here, it is likely to be Soft Companies as there is nothing for Carrien and other creatures to feed on. Soft Companies, especially DarkNight, have established several bases throughout the outskirts where they produce their drugs, enhancements, weapons and other material to take into Downtown. Thresher rarely makes proper bases here, preferring to always be on the attack, and Tek Trex limits most of its activity to Downtown where it has better access to its markets and the industrial resources it needs. One peculiar aspect of DarkNight is that they spend almost as much time searching through the old buildings as they do in production. They are searching for something: clues to SLA's past, some incontrovertible proof that they can offer up to turn the SLA-loving public against its master. These Soft Company bases have been suffering under Scav attack, and the enigmatic Scavengers have looted several production facilities.

Everywhere in the Cannibal Sector is quiet compared to the city, but the deserted streets of the outskirts are utterly silent. No scrabbling rats, no howling Carrien, no distant gunshots and no throbbing hum from the city: nothing at all. The silence has driven some Operatives to madness and cabin fever, the survivors often becoming serial killers and making their way back towards the city to punish it for leaving them so utterly alone.

"Everyone curses the city from time to time. Everyone pressed in on each other from all sides, no real privacy, the noise, the traffic, the high-paced and high-pressure lifestyle. I used to curse along with the rest of you. Now though, I appreciate all of those qualities more than anything. When you're out there, that far out, there is nothing, just nothing. It's like staring up into the sky, flat and gray forever. There is a sort of purity to it I guess, but, coming back into the world, you realize all the things you'd miss if you were truly left with nothing. Company, good drink, the TV, warm showers, a decent meal. Everything seems more intense and tastes far, far better when you've been away."

Sector Ranger Jenny Cornell, SCL9A.1.

THE RIVER

The river follows its winding path down tens of thousands of kilometers over Mort's surface, starting at a high point in the wilderness where the water spills out from massive tunnels and empty mines. It flows in a massive rush out of the ground and begins to carve its way across the landscape in an enormous torrent.

A few hundred kilometers from its starting point, a gigantic atmosphere processing plant straddles the river, sucking up the liquid and cracking it for oxygen; flaring off the hydrogen to help warm the atmosphere and dumping moisture into the sky at cloud level. The structure is wreathed by constant storm clouds that discharge powerful lightning into its surface around 3 times per second.

The river flows on.

Eventually the river meets the edge of Mort City, flowing in between Cannibal Sectors Two & Three. Here, massive purification and processing plants sup hungrily at the flow of the river, processing water and making it drinkable for the city, providing the industrial plants with all the H_20 they need, receiving the waste of the city in return.

Immediately after the purification plants, the filth begins; the river descending rapidly to the lowest levels of Downtown, every business and industry in the city depositing its fluid waste into the river as it wends its way past. Presented with waste on this scale, even the titanic river begins to slow and grow thick. By the time it emerges from the city, between Cannibal Sectors One & Four, it is thick, barely flowing and replete with faeces, urine, bodies, broken goods, heavy metals, radioactivity and the by-products of thousands upon thousands of businesses both legitimate and surreptitious. Chemicals, organic waste, the hastily dumped productions of thousands of drug labs and back-street bioengineering shops turn the water into something else.

Where the river passes out from the city, it is dark: almost black. Here and there it glows, burns and bubbles with a stench so powerful it could kill a man without a mask. Bodies and broken items, the thrown away and the lost of billions washes up on the thick, muddy banks of centuries of rotting turds and is picked over by twisted and mutated Cannibal Clans.

The Defense Shivers do not place that high a priority on the river as its flow and sheer toxicity make infiltration almost impossible. At any time, only five patrol boats and five hovercrafts are on duty in the river, keeping a look out for trouble or performing punishment raids on settlements. River duty is considered one of the worst assignments and is often meted out as punishment duty. The Shivers here are even more cynical and the death rate even higher due to the relative lack of support and the high incidence of extreme mutation in the Cannibals of this area.

Away from the city the river begins to dilute, depositing a great deal of what remains of the waste in the water on the banks as river turns into estuary. Still, the waters are brown and soupy, become rougher as the waves of the sea stir up the water and the silt. The estuary is a massive breeding ground for insects and flesh-gnawing midges, the last outpost of life before the wilderness and the dead oceans.

Finally the estuary flows out into the Atlatik Ocean, leaving a thin dark stain over the surface for tens of thousands of kilometers, a phenomenon that can be seen from space and which the Ebon pilots of space going vessels call 'The Bruise'.

"We Ebons tend towards sentimentality, towards poetry, towards introspection. Some even call us pretentious without necessarily understanding what the word meant. I understand what they mean though; there may even be some truth in it. Still, the vision of Mort City from orbit haunts me every day and every night and brings tears to my eyes every time I see it; tears of pain and love. The blossoming wound that is Mort City and the spreading stain of The Bruise: these leave after-images on my eyes. I write poems about them and I weep for this planet that gave its life so that we might have a home."

Mahdi, Ebon pilot.

THE SOAK

The Soak lies on the banks of the river as it leaves Mort City. The Soak is, in many ways, a reflection of The Bayou on the other side of the wall. The Soak has some of the richest pickings of any part of the Cannibal Sector thanks to the river and, as a consequence, has the highest population of Cannibal Clans outside of the Outfall Clans. Unlike the Outfall Clans and unlike The Bayou, the inhabitants of The Soak do not cooperate, do not look out for each other and do not trade. Instead, they constantly war with each other and Shiver patrols, keeping their population down. This frenzied behavior is, in part, caused by the sheer glut of material that these clans can get their hands on. There is no need for them to rely on anyone else. Even small clans can be self-sufficient and all that is left is to fight for more of the same.

Another reason for their violence is down to the polluted muck from which they extract their living. Awash with mutagens, hormones from billions of contraceptive pills, experimental drugs, radioactives, chemicals and whatever Dark Lament throws away, the river and the sludge on its banks is a fast breeder for genetic mutation with wild deviances in single generations. These random and horrific mutations are coupled with brain damage caused by heavy metals and other waste, which leads to even more brutish behavior than is otherwise associated with the Cannibals. Children who are born too mutated for the Cannibals to tolerate are eaten or, if too foul, are taken out onto the river and thrown into the foetid waters. Some stories credit some of these mutations with having survived and grown fat on the waste within the waters. This is given credence by the occasional mysterious losses of patrol boats that have not been accounted for.

The Cannibals here live fairly openly, constructing shacks out of plastic, cardboard and even wood that comes floating down the river. Some buildings are raised on stone piles out of the mud, while other, more inbred and mutated clans sleep in the open on mud dried out by their hearth fires. Some of the more successful clans have several hearths and several settlements, though there seems to be an upper limit on the size they can achieve before a matriarch separates from the clan to found her own, taking her warriors and children with her. None of these settlements last long. Every one falls to the attacks of other Cannibals or to the purges that are made by the Shivers: a quick and easy way of curbing the Cannibals' numbers.

Carrien scout the periphery of the Cannibal settlements, attracted by the richness of the waste dumped by the river but, seemingly, reluctant to foray into such a heavily inhabited area. The Carrien packs keep to the periphery of The Soak, making occasional night raids on the weaker clans, carrying off their young and mothers and breaking up the settlements, taking back anything useful to line their dens.



"We've been noticing one of the Cannibal Clans has been getting much larger and hasn't split like most of the other clans. If they continue at this rate of growth they will be the only clan in The Soak within five years. I sent a Special Duty team to investigate and we only recovered a fragment of a report. The recovered film shows a great mass of flesh somewhere underground. We think it is a mutant, and it's fertile. The film clearly shows this mass being 'serviced' by half a dozen Cannibal warriors while, in another part of it, there were three mutant births being delivered by Cannibal mothers. For some reason they seem to show particular loyalty to this… living womb. I'd like Central to issue a black BPN and get this creature dealt with."

Station Captain Mn'k Pl'tb, Northern Point Station & River Patrol.

The stench that hangs over the whole of the Cannibal Sector is particularly strong here, strong enough that even those in sealed suits claim to be able to smell it, strong enough that a residue of the stink can never be scrubbed off armour. The Cannibal Clans and local Carrien appear to have adapted to the presence of the stench by retarding their sense of smell. Autopsies of a few sample Carrien taken from this area show they have adapted to produce nictating membranes over their nostrils allowing them to still use their advanced hunting senses.

The final feature of the soak is the insects. The filthy waters here, the sludge and the muck appear to have been the spawning ground for most of the mutated insects that infest the sector. The estuary and its thick black filth, along with the massive lakes of rancid water, provide the largest breeding ground anywhere in the sector for the mutant species but especially the great clouds of flies that are capable of bringing down SCAF bikes by weight of numbers alone. Resistant to every conventional toxin, attempts to poison the pools to reduce the impact of the insects have all failed.

BEYOND THE SECTOR

Beyond the sector, nothing remains of the original ecosphere and the planet is only rendered habitable by the efforts of the atmosphere processing plants.

There is literally nothing apart from the other SLA settlements on Mort. Janaroc, Orienta, Meny, Port Agrnton and the atmosphere processing plants themselves are all inhabited. The rest of the planet is not. Even the gigantic cities of Mort and Orienta are mere islands. Very few SLA citizens ever have to deal with emptiness like that. Gregarious souls used to being piled on top of one another

in the warren-like streets and apartment blocks, they have no reason to understand what it is like to be without another Human soul for 10,000 kilometers. Occasionally a ship crashes deep in the wilderness, and it may take some time for a rescue vessel or mission to find them. Even spacers are used to having Human contact via radio or with their crew and passengers.

Nothing lives out here. Nothing could live out here. The water is undrinkable, toxic; there is no food; there are no plants or animal life upon which something could subsist. Still, those who have explored the wilderness or have been stranded there have, on occasion, reported seeing 'something' out there: scuttling across the dunes of ash or squirming into the ground just before they see it. These reports are dismissed as the result of agoraphobia, shock and paranoia. The only things that could survive out in the ash deserts are machines, and that far from the city they would have no way of gaining power and no purpose.

The only discernable change as you move out of the Cannibal Sector is that it gets colder and colder. The press of bodies and the waste heat of industrial and power production in Mort keeps it relatively warm, the Cannibal Sectors are colder and, as you move further away from them, it gets colder still as you begin to approach the ice cap. Even this is polluted. Turned gray and made up, not so much of water ice but of frozen waste and spoiled water. The ice cap has become the dumping ground for those materials thought too dangerous to be dumped in the Cannibal Sector.

"I'm telling you, I saw something out there, heard something too. After the ship crashed into the planet, it was quiet. There was wind blowing yeah, but I know wind and whatever was out there wasn't wind. Clanging tearing noises on the hull, something crawling about out there, I swear it. You never did find engine two did you?"

Femto, Navigator.

UNDERSTANDING SCALE

The Cannibal Sector is enormous. Mort, the planet, is huge, the size of a large gas giant but with some peculiarity that prevents it having gravity anything like as crushing. Mort City is the size of a planet and houses billions upon billions of people from the gleaming spires of Uptown to the lowest subterranean catacombs. The scale is utterly gigantic and the gauss rails, along with reality folding Ebb powers, are the only practical ways to get around the gigantic megalopolis until you are close to your destination and can switch to a cab or personal transport of some kind.

To give you some idea of scale…

Cannibal Sector One is approximately 7200 kilometres along the inside wall by about 2400 km deep.

Cannibal Sector Two is approximately 7300 km long by 2500 deep.

Cannibal Sector Three is approximately 2600km x 2600km square.

Cannibal Sector Four is 2000 km long by 1000 km deep

Cannibal Sector Five is 500 km long by 600 km deep.

Mort City itself would be 7000 km wide by 8000 km long while also being deep and tall.

Completing a BPN in a far flung corner of the Cannibal Sector, or even of Mort, is not as simple as leaping astride your Calaharvey, riding for half an hour, killing three or four Carrien and then back to a bar for drinks. No. Simply getting to the place where a BPN is to be completed can take days, even weeks. A unit of Thresher troops, making pretty good time on foot, will take one hundred days of hard marching to get from the wasteland where they are dropped to the Cannibal Sector wall before they can attempt to infiltrate or attack.

Most of the travel within the Cannibal Sector is done on foot. Few other than SLA have more regular access to airborne, waterborne or off-road vehicles. Even these will have difficulty traversing the distances of the Cannibal Sector. Flies interfere with air operations, the river is a slurry of muck and much of the ground is too rough even for the 'Hammer' APC. There are no operational gauss rails in the sectors and every moment of travel is a moment of mortal danger.

On this scale, the Operatives and everything they do can seem utterly insignificant. The sector could swallow them up and they would never be found again. This is the fate of many Operatives: more than SLA lets on.

THE TEMPEST

Weather affects the Cannibal Sector in ways it simply does not affect Mort City. Mort City has a relatively effective drainage system. It is a microclimate writ large: a city the size of countries on other worlds, much of it sheltered underground. Specialist Ebons and powerful machines keep Mort Central and SLA headquarters relatively unaffected by the weather. When someone in Mort City talks about the weather, they are talking about the rain; when someone in a Cannibal Sector talks about weather, it is a matter of life and death.

BELCHERS

Cannibal Sector One lies atop centuries of ruin, a constantly shifting and rotting pile of the detritus of 600 years of neglect. The Stench is one result of this decaying filth and the phenomenon of 'belchers' is another. As organic waste degenerates deep within the labyrinthine tunnels beneath the Sector, methane gas and other, less savoury, gases build up in pockets under pressure. As other things rot or new waste is tipped on top of the Sector, the waste shifts, slides, subsides and the pressurised gas erupts upwards seeking to escape.

The result is a massive, sometimes explosive, eruption of toxicity that boils up out of the earth to engulf vast swathes of the Cannibal Sector. If things are lucky, the gas is merely methane and rapidly clears, though gunfire or a Cannibal hearth may ignite it leading to runaway fires that burn out whole blocks. If unlucky, then the belcher is one resulting from a dump of toxic waste and the gases emitted can be corrosive, hallucinogenic, mutagenic or merely poisonous.

Belchers do not occur too often and are considered natural disasters by the denizens of the Cannibal Sector. They most commonly occur along The Soak where the sheer volume of waste and the presence of the revolting river combine to make the perfect conditions for belchers.

FLASH FLOODS

The sewers, grates and drainage systems of Mort City are kept relatively clear and functional by an endless tide of blue BPNs and the work of the Sanitation Department. This prevents the majority of Mort City being drowned under water from the constant rain. Unfortunately for the Cannibal Sector, they have no Department of Sanitation. Operatives are unconcerned with supplying a decent drainage system and, to cap it off, the drains and gutters of Mort City almost all lead to the Cannibal Sector.

The rain forms lakes and puddles all over the sector, it floods basements and tunnels and collects in craters, it runs down into the river, it works its way deep underground and fills the forgotten and shattered reservoirs beneath Salvation Tower. Still, that is not enough.

Over 600 years the water has found new pathways. It has eroded and worn and runs in rivers and streams down the path of old streets and gutters. It makes stalactites and stalagmites of concrete and it floods into lakes. Here and there it follows the paths of old drains and tunnels that have remained unblocked. The Cannibal Sector is a place of change though, subsidence, collapse, even something so simple as a Carrien body slumping across a drain cover, can make a sudden difference in the flow of water and, as it rains, that water can rise.

Given the sheer amount of rain and the saturation of waste that makes up the 'ground' of the Cannibal Sector, these differences soon make their presence felt. Within an hour, a formerly dry area can be 6 foot deep in filthy water that pours from a suddenly overfull basement. The flash floods wash out Cannibal hearths, root out Carrien and trip long forgotten booby traps. The first an Operative can know about a flood is a sudden rush of fleeing, howling Carrien stampeding towards them, followed shortly by a tidal wave of seething, foaming filth.

SULPHUR CLOUDS

The area around Salvation Tower sometimes has a strong smell of rotten eggs about it and, here and there, where the pavements have split asunder one can feel warm gas escaping from the ground and can see yellow, crystalline structures forming around these vents. Cannibal Clans and Carrien have sometimes settled around these, seeking the warmth they provide and have been overcome by the fumes. Their bodies later dragged away by the Manchines for their own purposes.

Occasionally these vents will let fly great clouds of hot, sulphurous gas which are soon brought back to earth by the rain, staining the gray landscape a yellowish tint and turning much of the water into sulphuric acid.

The sulphur clouds can suffocate and overcome those without breathing apparatus or gasmasks, though some of the insect life of the Cannibal Sector seems to have adapted to make use of the discharges to brew their own venom and organic weaponry. The acid rain and puddles present a different problem, eating away at armour and equipment and forming deadly traps for the unwary.

ASHFALL

Ash covers much of the Cannibal Sector surface, It is produced by the incinerators and industrial plants of Mort City. Most of the time this ash is simply caught by the rain, turned into gray streaks, smearing plastic visors and windscreens, and turning clothing and skin a mucky-looking, washed-out gray. Sometimes though, when the rain slackens off, the ash remains as ash, falling from the sky like gray snow, clogging filters, getting into weapon barrels and forming drifts that can make passage difficult for even the most determined Operative or vehicle.

The moment it begins to rain properly again, the ash turns to sludge, running down the streets in a thick gray flow making it slippery and treacherous.

WIND

Mort City is packed in so tightly, surrounded by the Cannibal Sector wall and protected by weather control that the wind is rarely felt, save by those who dwell in Uptown. The closest most get is when a gauss train pulls into a station or a vehicle drives past at top speed. Out in the Cannibal Sector, things are different.

While many of the old blocks and buildings still stand, after a fashion, the Cannibal Sector is a lot more exposed and does not have the benefit of weather control of any kind. As such when the wind blows, it is felt and heard.

Storm force winds regularly buffet Cannibal Sector One: freezing gales coming down from the polar cap towards Mort City and screaming through the exposed bones of the Cannibal Sector. The wind strips heat from anyone improperly dressed and causes many inexperienced Operatives to die from exposure. The creatures of the Cannibal Sector are well adapted, having shelters, burrows, dens or other places to hide when such a wind comes, or being so swathed in heavy clothing and armour that they do not notice.

The wind, even when it is less strong, can be extremely unsettling. As it moves through the tenements and long empty office blocks it whistles through the shattered windows making a combination of whistles and screams that seems to many like the death cries of all those who were lost in The Fall.

RAIN

The rain is omnipresent in all of Mort, but it has a different character and intensity depending upon where you are. In Uptown it is relatively clean and cool, striking the streets and filled with light that lances through gaps in the slate-gray cloud or is provided by the spotlights and glamour of the city itself.

In Suburbia, lower down, it runs through the streets washing away the rubbish, the detritus, the filth, filtering down through Uptown and falling less severely upon the neighborhoods and cul-de-sacs of that level.

In Downtown it is dirty and warm, trickling down through the upper levels, falling in waterfalls and splashes, more like a toilet being flushed than anything that ever originally fell from the skies.

In the wilderness the rain is cold and harsh, falling unseen and unfelt, and rendering the barren wasteland somehow emptier and more unforgiving.

"For anyone going out on Special Duty today, here is the meteorological report for the sector. In the north we can expect some degree three acid rains due to a large sulphur discharge from Salvation Tower earlier this morning; along The Soak we have a 32% chance of belcher activity. The heartland is relatively quiet and normal, though there have been some tremors so there is a high likelihood of some flash floods. If you're in the outskirts to the south, then keep to cover as there is a fresh hailstorm blowing in that is due to hit around nineteen-hundred hours."

Shiver Sergeant A. Paul, morning briefing.

In the Cannibal Sector it falls like toxic spit from hell, adding to the misery, the rot, the endless death. Drowning, spoiling and poisoning everything it touches.

SLA is careful to discharge its airborne and liquid waste as much as possible over the Cannibal Sectors. Here, the gas and ash meet with the almost endless rain and turn into a thin toxic sludge that then falls down upon the ruined sector mutating, burning, slowly poisoning and driving mad anyone and anything forced to drink it.

NIGHT & DAY

It is a widely held misconception that the Cannibal Sectors are safer during the day and are only truly dangerous once the light fails and things creep out.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

While it is true that the Carrien have a natural aversion to light, preferring to dwell in darkness, they are by no means the only things that dwell in the sector. Manchines care little whether it is light or dark, though they can hide their decaying masks of flesh better once the light fades. Cannibals do what is needed to survive, night, day, dawn or dusk. The animals of the sector do what is in their nature to do: some are out at day, some by night. Either way, there is no safety to be had in daylight, just that you might spot death before it manages to sneak up on you.

The origin of the misconception lies in reports and observations based upon information from daylight investigation and surveillance by SCAF flyover, Stingray operations and things seen, or not seen, by the observation posts and spy-eyes based along the periphery of the wall. The trouble with these observations is that even primitive animal life knows to keep away from the wall and to hide from the rushing of engines overhead. Daylight simply means that the things that live in the Cannibal Sector can see you coming and know to hide long before the vehicle comes into range.

Many Operative teams have met an untimely demise as a direct result of this information, but SLA prefers the misconception to exist as it somewhat lessens the terror of the sectors and gives Operatives and Shiver units a little extra confidence in their ability to complete their duties.

The night terrors are well known to all, but the dangers of the daytime are less well publicized and no less deadly. While it is true that many things within the sector hide away during the day, this simply means that they are concealed, watchful and ready to pounce should they have to. Others are encamped, surrounded by traps and paranoid for intruders. Serial killers and other ne'er-do-wells from Mort City itself steal into the sector during the day to lie low, and so the daytime is actually the time of day when the sector is most heavily populated with killers, Soft Company agents and other factions that wish Mort and SLA great harm. At night, everything is more active, but also a great deal of creatures, Soft Company agents, Scavs, Carrien and others have decamped into the terrorized depths of Downtown, preying upon the citizens and employees of the depths of Mort City and emptying out the nearer parts of the Cannibal Sector.

"I was an Operative once. No, seriously, I was. I know you young glitzy professionals don't believe it to look at me now, all washed up and legless, but, still, for old time's sake, let me give you a word of warning. They'll tell you that daylight operations in the Cannibal Sector are safer, that you're less likely to get attacked or to run into trouble if the sun is in the sky. That's bullshit; it's only true if you're one of the killer things out there hiding from the sun as well. I was on patrol with my team when the ground opened up and some massive beast chewed my legs off at the hip. Oh, they sealed me up and stopped me dying but there's no ell-ay-dee out there and by the time they got me back some shit in the beasts bite had eaten away my nerves beyond repair. Look on the bright side, the Operative pension is five creds above the welfare level, and I get preferential treatment when they want medical test volunteers. Your round next?"

Jack 'Stumps' Mountjoy, ex Operative, Fat Mama's, Downtown.

Almost Human

"Mort is our home, the home of our family. Mr. Slayer is our father, the absent provider who gives us all that we might want and works very hard on behalf of us all. Uptown is the favoured son, the inheritor, the responsible heir to the throne who aspires to be like our father. The suburbs are the middle son, the dilettante, searching for a role and finding none, trading on the reputation of the family but likely to be sneakily getting into bad habits. Downtown is the youngest son, a squawking brat of a child who knows they will inherit nothing, but wants all the love and attention: me, me, me all the time. The Cannibal Sectors then, are the redheaded stepchild of SLA. Unloved and unwanted, baptised with acid rain and toxic waste, inheritor only of shit and the hand-me-down rust of his siblings, even the milk of the mother's teat has been through three sets of kidneys before it gets to him. Is it any wonder that such a son fathers monsters?'

Jackdaw, Necanthrope.

The Cannibal Sectors rate as some of the most hostile environments in the World of Progress. Few places are so inherently dangerous, and even fewer have the same number of hostile, poisonous and ugly species as the Cannibal Sectors.

From the tiniest virus or bacteria, to the hulking Mutant Carrien and all things in between, everything within the sector is deadly, fighting every moment for its survival against the worst industrial excesses of pollution, against each other and against the Operatives and Shivers that SLA send out into the badlands to curb the worst of the sectors. In this environment, evolution moves quickly, accelerated by radioactives and mutagenics, the bastard sons of innumerable failed biotechnology experiments, botched drug lab knock offs and the sheer pressure imposed by other species all competing for the same resources.

Even hardy species are always in a state of flux here. Every generation brings new mutations, some stable and successful, others not. This makes cataloguing an impossible task to be undertaken, even though some stable mutations are familiar throughout the sector. Every day brings a new sighting of some variation on a theme, something that biologists get terribly excited about; something deadly and voracious in a new way or somehow better adapted to devouring the waste of Mort. Some claimed sightings are nigh on cryptozoological, their dimensions, abilities or appearance so fantastic that they are dismissed.



In addition to accelerated Darwinism and random mutation, there is the Ebb factor. Dark Lament has identified a strong but intermittent presence of tainted Ebb deep within Cannibal Sector One. The source cannot be identified and is not always there, but it is powerful and mobile, appearing at random, and can be sensed by Ebb users in proximity to it. This presence, along with Ebb waste from Mort City, has been blamed for the occasional strange Ebb-using creatures that have come to exist in the sector. These creatures seem to obey no natural laws, occasionally manifest Ebb abilities and have markings that look identical to Ebb glyphs. These creatures are dangerous but highly valued by Dark Lament. There is a five hundred credit bounty for samples, double that if they are brought back alive, subject to decontamination and containment procedures.

Generic advice to Operatives traveling in the sector is simple. Do not touch anything; do not eat anything; do not look too closely at anything; do not allow yourself to be stung or bitten; do not drink the water; do not do anything you do not have to; do not do anything outside of your mission spec; do not go off exploring; do not take any unnecessary risks.

It is good advice. But it doesn't cover all the times that the trouble comes looking for you.

CARRIEN

If you were to judge the Carrien purely by what you saw pumped through your TV sets on GoreZone and Sewer Hunt, you would assume they are simply a fast-breeding, utterly stupid set of convenient targets for glamorous and exotic Operatives to mow down with melee weapons for cash bonuses and high media ratings. If you've encountered them before, you know how wrong that perspective is, if you've been near the wall for any amount of time, you come to resent the opinion; you come to wonder why SLA allows such a perception of such a dangerous creature.

Carrien are much more of a threat than they appear. They appear reckless and stupid in combat, but they are ready to fight to the death, understanding that the death of one may mean the survival of the pack. They work in packs and develop fairly complex and effective pack strategies. They are adept at laying ambushes, are stealthy, strong, smart enough to use clubs and improvised weaponry and come with a natural arsenal of teeth and claws that carry infectious diseases that can kill long after the Carrien itself is dead. They breed fast and keep their numbers high; torturing, raping and killing for reasons other than food. In small groups and unprepared, Carrien are little threat to an Operative team, but a whole pack is enough of a threat to take down



even heavily armoured Operatives, especially as encountering the whole pack usually means that you're deep in their territory.

The true nature and threat of the Carrien is kept off screen and hidden, subject to D-Notices that mask their true power and numbers along with the mysterious origins of their existence.

The Carrien are the most familiar of all the Cannibal Sector creatures after the Cannibals. They are also the most prevalent after the Cannibals. There may be far more Carrien than anyone realizes as they are adaptable, fast breeding and perfectly designed for life in the Cannibal Sectors.

In appearance, a Carrien is like a bipedal cross between a greyhound and a rat. They are tall and lean, their bodies composed of thin, powerful muscle with the flesh sunken so close to their heads that their faces resemble skulls, yellow beady eyes peering out from under a heavy brow ridge. The ends of each of the Carrien's limbs are tipped with blackened and filthy claws. The claws are small but allow the Carrien to hook itself onto an opponent and make itself very hard to dislodge. The mouth is filled with razor sharp and hooked teeth that are entirely predatory and are used for stripping slivers of flesh that are then swallowed whole. The teeth are so long and sharp that the Carrien has to hold their face in a perpetual rictus grin for fear of cutting itself.

The argument about Carrien intellect is a long, complicated one. Carrien are more intelligent than the dogs and rats they take after and, like chimps, they possess enough intelligence to use clubs, hockey sticks and baseball bats to attack their victims. They also show the capacity for 'art' of some sort in the claw scratchings on their clubs. For a time they were even observed to wear and use exo-armour of a basic sort, though where that armour came from is not known. This is all used as argument that they are intelligent beings, along with their complex social ordering. The counter-argument points out that the Carrien intellect is a very selective and basic one, that Carrien pack behavior and trap-setting is not much more than that which wolves or spiders are capable of, that their 'art' is simply claw sharpening and that the exo-armour must have been provided by an outside source. Reports to the contrary aside, Carrien never use guns.

Carrien rarely vocalize, preferring to move silently and communicate on some pack level mostly by body language and dominance rank. A scout may make a high pitched howl to summon the rest of his pack and Carrien that are confident and outnumber their enemy may make a hyena like laughing and sniggering sound as they close in. Other vocalizations are usually those of surprise or anger and are limited to extremely high pitch squeaks and long drawn out hisses.

Standard or 'lesser' Carrien always defer to Greater Carrien but, away from the larger Greater Carrien they vie with each other constantly to determine their pecking order in the pack, coming together again only when there is prey for them to kill and take back to the den. Lesser Carrien working alone will always kill their prey there on the spot, feed, and drag the remains of the carcass back to the den via a circuitous route. Behavior around Greater Carrien is much different.

A WORD ABOUT CARRIEN ARMOUR

There was a period when almost every Carrien encountered seemed to be wearing a suit of peculiar looking base exo-armour. Those times have passed. Over the course of a year, that armour disappeared; though its disappearance is as mysterious as its presence in the first place. Very few suits of this armour now exist anywhere with the Cannibal Sectors. What Carrien wear now are usually layered filthy hides and carapaces of Cannibal Sector creatures along with heavy jackets and sports armour liberated from caches of pre-fall merchandise deep in the underground.

GREATER CARRIEN

The larger, horned Greater Carrien form the leadership of the Carrien, the alphas of the pack attended to and obeyed by their Lesser Carrien brethren. The Greater Carrien constantly vie with each other for leadership of the pack, playing games of dominance and clashing horns to establish who is in charge and who has mating and primary feeding rights.

Some hold that Greater Carrien are more intelligent than the Lesser Carrien, but most recognize that they are simply the leaders because of their greater size and strength. Greater Carrien are the ones who rape and torture captives brought to them by Lesser Carrien and they take particular pleasure

in drinking the blood of their victims, extracting it while they torture over several days, lapping up the blood as though it were ambrosia.

An Operative set upon by a pack of Lesser Carrien can hope to be killed and eaten. If a Greater Carrien leads the pack, there will be a concerted attempt to take them alive. Then the Operative can expect much worse treatment. Their limbs will be broken and then, for as long as they survive, they will be tortured, raped and bled dry; perhaps kept longer for the Carrien breeding purposes.

Greater Carrien are bullies and rule through their physical strength and prowess, so they act in a less cunning and subtle manner than Lesser Carrien. They are still capable of laying ambushes, making traps and of displaying a level of animal cunning. Most Greater Carrien will announce their presence with a roar and charge directly into a conflict, while their lesser brothers and sisters harry their prey in a less direct manner.

Greater Carrien are considered by most biologists and Cannibal Sector specialists to be a stabilized form of mutation from the standard Lesser Carrien and, given the easy flux and change in the Carrien genome, this stabilization is of great interest to them. As a result the bounty on Greater Carrien is three times that on regular Carrien and, if a sample can be returned intact, the bounty is trebled again.

MUTANT CARRIEN

The phenomenon of the Mutant Carrien is a difficult one to account for or to describe. To an extent every Carrien is a Mutant Carrien as their genetic structure is in a constant state of change, trying new states, growing extra fingers, tails, a new configuration of teeth, different skin or eye colors. The so-called Mutant Carrien is, however, a step far beyond that state of minor mutation.

Mutant Carrien are horrific in appearance and no two are the same. While they maintain some minor physiological conformity with regular Carrien, anything else goes. They might have a deformed, gnarled appearance, multiple limbs, larger claws, a slavering detachable jaw, enough strength to flip an APC or other hideous and dangerous mutations. Their twisted and corrupted bodies are alive with pain every moment, their flesh raw and weeping, exposed. Only the Carrien themselves know how to ease the pain of their mutant brothers and sisters and they do so instinctively, tending and crooning to their mutants keeping them fit and ready for when they might be needed.

Loose Mutant Carrien will attack, kill and eat lesser breeds of Carrien though a concerted effort by a group of Greater Carrien can bring them under control and into the sway of a pack. When unleashed Mutant Carrien are terrible and destructive beasts and nothing short of death will stop them. When attacking larger or more powerful targets the Greater Carrien use the mutants as shock troops, unleashing these horrors that belong to the pack to distract and soften up the enemy while they plan something more subtle and effective. In the attacks on the Cannibal Sector wall the mutants are often at the forefront and seem to take great delight in facing down the guns and scaling the wall.

Why Mutant Carrien suffer such complete and debilitating mutation is not known. Even in areas of the sector that are richer in mutagenics and where other creatures and Cannibals suffer a higher degree of mutation, the Carrien mutations seem to remain in similar proportions as though this mutating factor were built into their genetic makeup. The dissection and analysis of Mutant Carrien remains has either yielded no data or has been confiscated by Head Office leaving everyone in the dark.

"Others laugh at me because I hunt the little ones in the Cannibal Sector. They tell me I have no honour, that I should hunt the Manchine or the war criminal, that I should hunt for Digger and bring back his metal skull as a prize. I call them fools. Never judge a target by its size; the little ones you don't see coming, you don't hear coming, the little ones are hungry, and when you're hunting something that knows hunger, you should watch for the time when you're looking less like the hunter and more like the breakfast."

T'nch, Sector Ranger, SCL 7B.3.

CARRIEN NESTS

Carrien nests are found all over the heartland of the Cannibal Sector. They prefer dark, underground nests away from the light, to which they are sensitive. Most Carrien packs seem to congregate in old gauss stations and the basements and parking areas of long collapsed buildings. Their nests tend towards larger areas with more space and clean air coming in, areas that carry the sound of their barking and yapping cries easily and have several exits so that the pack can escape in a hurry.



Carrien nests are lined with paper, card, hair, rags and anything else soft and insulating that they can find. Individual Carrien find their own sleeping spots within the nest in 'drays' of this material. Carrien also bring back trophies, and it is not uncommon for a large and successful pack to have a nest festooned with broken weapons and armoured helmets taken from slain Operatives and Shivers.

Carrien nests stink to high heaven due to the remnants of their meals left lying to rot, and also from the fact that they will defecate and urinate wherever they are standing. Each nest, therefore, begins to take on a distinctive smell, which is identifiable to the sensitive-nosed Carrien miles from home, allowing them to make their way back there when disoriented or injured.

One area in each nest is set aside for birthing and, with female Carrien always fertile and having up to six 'pups' at a time, the population of the nest increases rapidly. This area is only used for birthing and no other purpose. Carrien pups are quickly able to fend for themselves and their mothers go back to running with the pack almost immediately.

Another area in the den of the pack serves as the place where the Carrien keep their prisoners and captives. Few Carrien have the intelligence to tie proper knots and so most captives and kept in place by the simple process of breaking their legs. Captives can look forward to being tortured, slowly bled and, in the case of female captives, repeatedly raped by the Greater Carrien. Even more disturbingly the Carrien seed seems able to co-opt other humanoid reproductive systems though the creatures birthed are always more Carrien. Mercifully, few captives survive long enough to come to term.

"I know that no rescue attempts had been sanctioned sir, but she was one of ours, and her beacon was still active six months after she went missing, which could only mean that they'd taken her alive. I tracked the beacon to one of the larger carrien bases in quadrant four. She was on the third level down, and, when I found her, she was in labour. They'd been keeping her alive using her personal kickstart supply. I did the only thing that I could, and if she'd still been sane, she would have thanked me for it."

Sector Ranger Cameron, returning personal papers and ID tags of Sector Ranger Elise.

Greater Carrien are the leaders of the packs, and vie with each other constantly for leadership of the pack in games of dominance using the stag-like horns.

Mutant Carrien, fewer in number but greater in strength, are given their own place in the den away from the other Carrien. They are cared for carefully by their brethren. Fed, watered, mated and soothed by their brothers and sisters in the pack, prepared for the day that they might save the pack. Mutant Carrien are treated like prizefighters and become fiercely loyal to their pack.

"We were scouting this area around a crumbling old apartment block, you know the sort of thing. Suddenly the ground gives way, and me an' Tll'k plummet through to land in a heap of rubble in the middle of what must have been thirty or forty Carrien. This big bastard with huge horns steps forward growling like the wrath of god. Tll'k doesn't bat an eyelid, puts his hands up to his head in imitation of horns and growls right back. They all backed off, no shit! Funny story though, Derek from The Monkeyboyz tried the same thing. They ate him."

Jesus Delgado, Human Operative, SCL 6B.4 at The Pit.

A WORD ON ADVANCED CARRIEN

There has been little seen in CS1 of the newer breed of Carrien so recently catching the eye of the public on the contract circuit, which is seen as a relief by most as the intelligence and organization that could be brought to the packs roaming CS1 would be almost more than SLA could handle. If something were to unite all the different packs under a single banner, the tide of Carrien would be almost unstoppable. The truth of the matter is that the Advanced Carrien do not care for CS1. It may be where most of their kind originated from, but they recognize it not as home, but as the rotting deathtrap that anything but an animal would see it as. They have neither the brute strength to take on the Greater Carriens for the leadership or the interest in ruling over packs of animals that live day to day, scratching an existence out in the wilds.

Of course, it's only a matter of time before one of them realises the potential of the packs roaming in the wilds and seeks to unite them all…

CANNIBALS

The Cannibals are often underestimated and overlooked as a threat when new Operatives think of the dangers of the Cannibal Sectors. As with the Carrien, underestimating the Cannibals is a grave mistake. The Cannibals were in the sector first, and the accumulated knowledge of the clans goes far beyond the survival instincts of the Carrien, the Pigs and even the Manchines. The sectors are named after them. They are numerous and they survive; that is reason enough to be wary of them.

Many think of the Cannibals as drooling, heavy-browed inbreds swinging bone clubs ineffectually against power armour. Many are inbred, and bone clubs do feature in their armouries, However, they are still Human, still have thumbs and it does not take a great deal of intelligence to pull a trigger. Cannibals know full well how to use firearms; either antiquated weapons from before The Fall or captured SLA, DarkNight and Thresher equipment. They know how to make their own crude armour, and they are adept at building traps, setting ambushes and finding their way around the Cannibal Sectors without falling to their hazards. Underestimate them, and you end up as a menu item.

All Cannibal Clans are superstitious and fill their lives with ritual and ceremony, from the carrying of charms and fetishes to the preparation of a hearth fire in the centre of the camp to ensure that light is always with them. The hearth fire serves two purposes, the clan take heat and light from it and at the same time, it serves as a warning to anyone close by that the Cannibals are in the area and they should tread softly. It is a very bad omen if the hearth fire goes out, and the Cannibals will seek to vacate the area as soon as possible, a thing which many Sector Rangers use to their advantage when dealing with them. When they do eat Human flesh, they ritualize it, make a sacrament, cutting the heart from the chest and squeezing the blood from it in front of the assembled clan before the feast can begin. Their taboos and rituals are constantly evolving and contain many clues to survival techniques within the Sectors.

OUTFALL CLANS

The Outfall Clans are the richest and most gregarious of the Cannibal Clans, with a relaxed structure and a greater degree of openness than Cannibals in

other parts of Sector One. They reap the rewards of living in the areas directly below and before the wall. While they suffer a great deal of attrition from the wall, they are also amongst the most capable clans that there are, always well fed to the point where they get fat and always with more than enough kindling and material to keep their hearth fires burning.

The Outfall Clans spend almost all their time underground, sending their children to scavenge while they watch and pick over the flowing sewage that comes down through the pipes. As a consequence of this lifestyle and their better diet, the Outfall Clans are plump, pale skinned and tend to dress in the spoils of their scavenging. Tattered rags of ruined fashions adorned with beads and buttons, zippers and pieces of shiny foil and metal. Other Cannibal Clans may consider The Outfall Clans weak and complacent, but that does not stop them coming to trade when they need the materials that the Outfall Clans have greater access to.

Outfall Clan equipment is amongst the best maintained and stocked of all the Cannibal Clans, and they have the most up to date weaponry of all the clans within Cannibal Sector One. Weaponry is one thing that they rarely choose to trade with the other clans, preferring to keep that advantage to themselves.

The Outfall Clans are far more tolerant of each other than most clans and, once a year, the matriarchs of all the Outfall Clans come together in a meeting within a grand station deep in the underground of the sector. While this has always degenerated into shouting and fighting in the past, it does represent a threat that the Cannibals may become more organized should a suitably intelligent, capable matriarch manage to bring them together.

Being situated by the wall, they are in the perfect position to loot bodies after unsuccessful attacks on the wall. Combined with all this is the bounty of their more regular run ins with Shivers and Operatives, which results in many of the more intelligent Cannibal Clans along the wall being well armed; some Cannibal warriors even manage to cobble together working sets of SLA armour for a short time.

Most clans jealously guard their territory and are merciless with interlopers, but the Outfall Clans are slightly more open and have been known to trade





with Soft Companies and other Cannibal Clans for breeding stock, food and equipment. They can afford this largesse thanks to their rich pickings and the risk they take in being so close to the wall.

As with other Cannibal Clans, the Outfall Clans are matriarchal with a 'grandmother' or matriarch at the head of the clan and 'mother' lieutenants who are then served by a cadre of male warriors and hunters. Children are the lowliest of the clan. They can always breed more and so they are the ones who are sent to face the sniper fire and collect the goods that flow from the pipes overground. Some Shivers are unwilling to target children and the Cannibals exploit this.

"They send their children out to root through the rubbish from the outfall pipes thinking that we won't shoot them. Some Shivers won't, and others crack under the strain. Sneaky little bastards, but we got wise to them quickly. That's what snipers like Jason here are for though. Before he came to work for us he went into a school and shot down half a dozen pre-teens. Loves his work, don't you Jase?"

Shiver Sergeant John Brock, induction tour.

When an Outfall Clan grows too large, the Sector Commander will order a purge and a Special Duty team of Shivers or an Operative group will be dispatched to root out and eradicate the clan. Over the decades, the clans appear to have gained almost a sixth sense for detecting when such a purge is about to take place and will move locations. This is the only time, other than when their sacred hearth fire goes out, that they will abandon a site.

HEARTLAND CLANS

The Heartland Clans are the tribes that most resemble the stereotype that Operatives and civilians would expect. They are the most brutal of the Cannibals and stick almost exclusively to their own tribe, which leads to a higher incidence of mutation and deformity. They are warriors who hunt night and day, ranging in a large area around their hearth before returning with the fruits of their exploits to feast and rest.

"Kindling? We have kindling. Body? We have body. Weapon? We have weapon, good SLA weapon not fired once, heh heh. What you have? She pretty, make good mother, and food after. We trade two bundle kindling and handful bullets for pretty lady."

Kaford – Outfall Clan trader.

Heartland Clan Cannibals are intolerant of intruders and fill their territory with traps, ambush points and crude alarms, all designed to incapacitate, maim, or give away trespassers; very rarely do they set lethal traps. They fight constantly with other clans, Carrien, Manchines, Operatives and Shivers who enter into the deeper parts of the Cannibal Sector, and this practice, along with six hundred years of natural selection, makes the Heartland Clans the most formidable warriors of all the Cannibals.

When times are especially hard within the Heartland, the clans may send traders and messengers to deal with the Outfall Clans, trading captives for food and kindling which they take back to their hearths. When times are easier, the Heartland Clans grow strong and ambitious warlords rise, taking their tribe in death or glory charges against the wall. While they have not yet succeeded, there will never be a shortage of volunteers for these assaults.

BORDERLAND CLANS

The Borderland Clans scrape a meager existence where the Cannibal Sector slowly changes into the desolate wasteland beyond. Life is hard everywhere in the Cannibal Sector, but here it is hardest of all. There is little competition for what meager resources exist, but that competition is more likely to be Soft Companies rather than Carrien or other Cannibals. There is little food, and the rats and insects are less plentiful this far from the outfall pipes. Out here, the natural hazards are stronger, with vicious winds, painful hailstorms and violent lightning as the weather of Mort tries to express its outrage against the harm done to it and to overcome the weather control that protects Mort City from the worst attacks of the planet's weather system.

The Borderland Clans use simple weapons that they can rely on. They waste nothing and do not decorate themselves, preferring simple clothing without adornment. With the lack of food available to them, they present a more rangy figure; lean but powerful. Unlike most clans, the Borderland Clans are also semi-nomadic, taking their hearth fire and their matriarch with them as they move, scouring the Borderland for whatever scraps they can find.

When things get truly desperate, the Borderland Clans become less cautious, moving in towards the wall to challenge and test the Heartland Clans, or attempting to take on the Soft Company installations on the Borderland; either dying and freeing up resources to make things easier for the remaining clans or succeeding and gaining new strength that can be used to promote and expand the clan.

RIVERSIDE CLANS

The river that runs through the center of Mort carries the filth much further out into the wasteland than anywhere else in the sectors, and its shit-caked banks play host to a multitude of Cannibals second only to the Outfall Clans in wealth. The riverside clans are unique in that they construct their hovels and dwellings above ground, in stilt buildings in the mud and effluent that is their lifeblood. While they are exposed, and often burned, by the River Patrol Shivers, there is no way to dig tunnels in the black muck and the patrols do not venture all the way up the river meaning some clans are left relatively safe.

The Riverside Clans fish for goods and scraps and feed well on the dead bodies that come drifting down along with the sleek rats washed out from Downtown and into their Human hair nets. The river is also the most polluted spot on Mort, and the clans who fish in it are exposed to a great deal more chemicals, substances, hormones and muta-



genics than any other of the clans. This leads to a much greater, more extreme degree of mutation within the Riverside Clans than elsewhere, and many children born to them are too mutated from basic Human stock to even be called Human. Some of these deformed beasts are kept as pets; others as fighters; others too disgusting for even Cannibal eyes are cast into the river to die.

The Riverside Clans are never clean, and nothing stays pristine or functional in their faeces-sodden environment. They wear layers of thick, oily clothing to keep out the muck, fashioning large, flat-soled boots to help them stay above the mud. Nothing smells like, or as much, as a riverside Cannibal.

The Riverside Clans place little faith in technology or guns, as the damp and muck renders them useless. Instead, the Riverside Clans concentrate on knives, swords and clubs as they are reliable weapons with no moving parts to break. They know their environment like no-one else, and their ambushes are tactical nightmares, guaranteeing a good show for TV if an Operative's unlucky enough to be caught by them.

The Riverside Clans do not trade in the same manner as the Outfall Clans, nor are they as welcoming of other Cannibals, but they do tolerate each other to some extent, provided everyone sticks to their patch of river. Of late, one of the clans has been becoming larger, swallowing up neighboring clans and threatening to become the largest Cannibal clan ever.

CANNIBAL INTELLIGENCE

Poor diet, infestation and more pressing needs than education all combine with rampant mutation and the depredations of inbreeding to produce a greater than usual number of moronic and sub-moronic Cannibals. This is by no means true in every case, for those too degenerate to be of use are never permitted to breed and as such the worst of the mutations are never carried on. Many Cannibals have the same capacity for intelligence as civilized Humans, but they have had little opportunity to benefit from their intellectual capability, channeling it instead into feral cunning. Some mutants have been born with superior intellects, and it is these more intelligent individuals who most often end up as matriarch or leader of hunting parties.

They collect acid from Spitters, extract poison to coat their weapons, lead pursuers into fields of Wireworms or over pits where they have trapped giant rats. They use what they find to make rusty punji sticks or spring-loaded spikes. They know how to set fires, cause floods, even stampede a swarm of rats. While none of this necessarily shows full Human intelligence, it does show that they have an animal cunning, enough to cause a great deal of trouble.

The fact that Cannibals often eschew firearms is taken as evidence of their stupidity, but it is also recognized that such weapons are less reliable in the Sectors, prone to clogging and failure when you need them the most. While they are powerful and useful when going up against heavily armoured opponents, most Cannibal fights are with animals or other Cannibals and it would be a waste to use such a precious commodity in such a battle.

In summary, while the Cannibals are apparently less intelligent than most Humans due to environmental, dietary and health factors, the difference is not much when it is examined closely and Cannibals should certainly not be underestimated or believed to be drooling imbeciles.

MUTANT CANNIBALS

Almost every Cannibal clan harbours at least one mutant. The sheer amount of toxic waste in the Cannibal Sectors ensures that the genes of all sector dwellers are in constant flux. While nowhere near as mutated as the Carrien, the Cannibals still have more than their share of mutations.

Some mutants are put down at birth, others that show promise are kept and raised in the hope that they can serve the clan and aid its survival. Certain mutant traits may even be bred for; such as increased strength, tolerance for pain or resistance to disease. Because of this selective breeding, it is not uncommon for a whole Cannibal clan to share similar mutant traits.

Mutant Cannibals know that they are different to the rest of their brothers and sisters and are driven to prove themselves. This behavior places the mutant Cannibals at the forefront of many of the battles the Cannibals find themselves in, and can spell bad news for Operatives who come across a Cannibal hunting party with one or two mutants in it.



"Looking at a hunting party of Cannibals is like looking at yourself in a funhouse mirror. They're Human, but they're not. They are all different shapes and sizes, all deformed in some fashion like an exaggeration of ourselves, and they look back on us with the same eyes we have. It is not unusual for the vain to get absorbed in their own reflection, so is it any surprise that sometimes our reflection comes calling to absorb us?"

Kediche, Human Operative, SCL 6C.2.

CARRIEN AND CANNIBALS TACTICS

There is a tendency in games for people to treat the Carrien as a bit of a joke: something easily taken out with a little flair and style to earn a bonus and get some good moves on camera. There is no respect for the Carrien as an adversary. The Cannibals fair even worse and barely rate as antagonists in a lot of games, being portrayed as grunting savages with broken sticks and bottles for weapons. Both of these views are far from how these things should be and do them no justice.

Carrien have been beefed up a little and made much more dangerous within this book, and the statistics given here supersede all previous descriptions and statistics for Carrien. Stats make something killable; tactics give it the edge it needs to make the difference.

When considering an encounter with Carrien, you should consider the environment within which the battle will take place. Carrien know their turf intimately and know every tactical advantage. If at all possible, you should play out your Carrien using the landscape to their gain to lay ambushes, hide, and to lead Operatives into the dens of other creatures and natural hazards.

The other big advantage that Carrien have is in numbers. In any instance where the Carrien encounter Operatives, they should outnumber the Operatives by at least three to one. Carrien who do not have this numerical superiority have been caught by surprise or are desperate, as they would not consider attacking such a team and will likely make their way off to hide. When they do attack, they attack as a pack: striking from ambush, attacking one or two targets at a time, trying to do the most damage they can before slipping back away into the shadows and rubble to lay another ambush. They never take their prey with them, not until the attack is done or the wounded are left behind; far better to keep their enemy occupied with trying to look after their own than removing them from the equation. Whenever they attack, it is almost in a wave, the maximum number of Carrien attackers on the weakest member of the team, the other carrien acting as diversions. Just like wolves, they test the herd and pick on the weakest. The only time Carrien attack when outnumbered is if a Greater Carrien is with them. In the case of the Greater Carrien, the wishes of the 'alpha' overrides their other instincts and forces them to obey, turning them into throwaway killing machines.

Cannibals may well be inbred hillbilly clans of mutated degenerates, but they are still Human and still know how to use tools. They are not drooling, insane morons armed with sticks, but rather a tribal culture that places a great deal of importance on the machismo of their hunters. Cannibals use weapons such as guns and explosives as often as they can get their hands on them and, like the Carrien, know their territory well while, at the same time, having more intelligence than the Carrien.

Cannibals' use of traps and snares is done in a much more widespread and technical fashion than the Carrien, though the effects are just as effective. Cannibals use their firearms and bows to strike from a distance, trying to soften up and pick off any intruders or prey that crosses their land. When faced with superior firepower, they will engage in hit and run tactics, striking from several positions at once, trying to lure their prey into areas where their superior equipment and weaponry will have less effect.

Cannibals and Carrien alike have survived for centuries in an environment that kills most things within hours. This does not come easy and a hard life breeds hard people and creatures. Both will try to get the maximum gain for the minimum of effort and that means traps and prepared ground, ambushes and firing from cover. They have no concept of fighting fair, and attempts to meet them on equal ground are treated with the contempt they deserve.

MANCHINES

The origin of the Manchines and their relationship with the Cannibal Sectors is much like the story of the old lady who swallowed a fly. If the Cannibals are amongst the flies then the Manchines are one of several spiders swallowed in an attempt to deal with the wider infestation.

The Manchines are about the only remaining vestige of an older experiment in style and enhancement before the runaway successes of Karma and Phantom Pregnancy. There was a brief time in the period 885-890 SD where the 'Chrome Warrior' range was all the rage for Operatives and fashion moguls all over the World of Progress. Unlike biogenetic implants, the Chrome Warrior technology relied on invasive surgery and constant upkeep, and was expensive and unreliable. Part of this regretta-



ble period in history involved the search for a new type of combat drone in case the Stormer success could not be continued. The androids developed were designed to be stealth and infiltration units, capable of getting close to the enemy but also of being used as frontline assault units. Using the original research from the Conflict Wars and the schematics from the original Manchine program, combined with newer technology, brought the creation of the Manchine.

The first prototypes for the program were very successful and integrated smoothly with the society to which they had been inserted. Only on the operations where they were injured was the true nature of these new soldiers revealed and, even then, those who found out weren't in any position to reveal what they had found.

As far as the general public is aware, the Manchine is just a machine, given human flesh to blend in to the surroundings, but utterly mechanical beneath that skin. The true horror of the Manchine lies within its armoured skull: a brain made not of processor chips, but the preserved organic brain of what was once a human being, run through with a filigree of metallic threads and patches of nanotech colonies. This is the secret that SLA cast the Manchines out to protect. What most do not know is that the Manchines were not insane to begin with. The volunteers for the Manchine program were all extensively screened psychologically for any signs of problems with the implantation process. Originally, the Manchines were created with fully human coverings, Hair and nails that grew back, blood for the times when they were injured. The scientists who put together the program understood that self-image is crucial for a creature such as this. The first volunteers for the program were placed inside machines that didn't have human coverings and quickly became suicidal as they realized that they were no longer even vaguely human, never again able to have simple pleasures like the touch of someone else, or to walk down the street without everything shying away in fear. The final model that saw service on the streets was a marvel of modern science, passing for human to anything without a bio scanner. However, the skin coverings were derived from the stormer program and required massive ingestions of a protein based polymer. Originally, the protein could be consumed orally. A complex grid of specialist sensors regulated where the protein was administered, repairs to the skin covering were quickly made and the illusion of normality was maintained.

However, as the costs of the protein and other repairs mounted up, several of those involved in the project were called in to account for the spiraling costs. In a meeting across several departments, it was decided that while a specialist infiltration unit was very useful in certain circumstances, the Operatives could easily fill that role and would be far cheaper to replace on a regular basis. The factories preparing the protein paste for the Manchines were shut down and, without regular infusions, the skin coverings couldn't regenerate themselves. Small injuries were quickly exacerbated into huge ragged tears and, as time went on, it became impossible

for the Manchines to maintain any semblance of humanity. Given that each Manchine had originally been a highly trained and screened Operative, the breakdown in mental facilities took longer than expected, but it was inevitable. The Manchines began to look upon those around them with envious eyes, seeing the wretched and the downtrodden all around them, each one of them no use to society, the dregs and wastes, cast aside as the Manchines had been, but nowhere near as useful as the Manchines could be if only they could be returned to active service. There is no record of the first casualties of the Manchines, but soon after the factories were shut down, a new plague was visited upon Downtown. Those who fell victim to it were found stripped of all their flesh, their internal organs left intact and whole, but none of the shell remained. Such activity could not have been the work of simple beasts, who would have consumed everything, leaving barely even bones.

A task force was assigned to the matter and quickly found that those afflicted fell within certain regions, mainly towards the wall and the lowest parts of downtown. One of the Operative squads assisting the taskforce was assaulted by a Manchine as they found it pulling on a new glove of skin from its victim. Quickly destroyed, the remains of the creature were shipped back to the factories where the original Manchines had been created. The archives say that when the 'Chrome Warrior' period came to a halt and the factories stopped producing the skin the Manchines needed, they went mad. With their vat-grown flesh rotting off them they presented a horrifying sight and proof of the failure of SLA that needed to be attended to and quickly. SLA rounded up these inhuman creatures and decided that, while they could obviously not be allowed the freedom of the city, they could be used in a continuing attempt to try and pacify the Cannibal Sectors. So they were all cast out into the wilderness to slay and kill until their batteries ran out or they were all destroyed.

The Truth of the matter is that the Manchines are altogether too human, and it was their need to be the same as everyone else that brought them to where they are now.

STANDARD MANCHINE

The standard Manchine is 6 foot of pitted carbon steel, titanium and molybdenum with two Human arms tipped with metallic claws, and a further two limbs carrying long blades that can be brought up from its back and fought with, giving it something of the appearance of a mantis.



Manchines never speak and always move silently, save for the quiet whirring of their servomotors and the hiss of their eye-lenses as they refocus. The Manchine is often covered in heavy clothing, such as a trenchcoat, and may also try to hide its face with a hat or hood. Underneath the clothing is the true horror, the patchwork of flesh from a hundred different victims all stuck together using crude thread and glues: some even held together by Kickstart and other drugs taken from the corpses of Operatives. The madness is unending as the Manchine wanders the sectors, still human under the metal, but bound in service to the will of Digger. Standard Manchines generally do not speak, the inhuman grating issuing from the machine vocal chords in their throat is a reminder of what they were originally and they cannot bear to hear it, even for a moment. When they communicate with each other, it is through the scrambled microwave band that was implanted in all Manchines to allow them to receive new orders in the field whilst maintaining their cover.

NEW GENERATION MANCHINE

When SLA cast the Manchines out into the Cannibal Sectors it was in order to get some final value

out of a failed experiment. It was thought that the Manchines would fade away and die without replacement parts or batteries, and would remove themselves as a problem. SLA underestimated its own efficiency and skill in creating survivors and the Manchines not only persisted: they thrived. In the Cannibal Sector they could kill as they were designed to do, there was flesh in abundance and the only things missing were power and replacement parts. The Manchines were designed to survive, to improvise and, while their numbers did dwindle, they managed to scavenge batteries and to construct crude replacement parts from scrap metal. Their true salvation came in the form of Digger, who not only knew how to repair the Manchines but also how to create more.



The Manchines converged on Salvation Tower where their Messiah awaited. Following his commandments with machine efficiency, they began to repair his tower, to stockpile their caches of Human organs, skin and flesh.

A year passed, and the geothermal power generators were repaired and the ancient machines began to turn. The Manchines replaced their parts, recharged their batteries and, after another year, the first of their new children emerged from the production line: a fresh Manchine with a newly installed brain taken from a dissected Cannibal and rewritten using the techniques stored in Digger's head.

Now the lower levels of Salvation Tower are filled with the progeny of the original wave of Manchines: dormant, ready and waiting for a signal from their creator to wreak bloody revenge upon those who did not save them from the fate they have been consigned to.

These new generation Manchines are not created for subtlety or stealth, and Digger has made certain improvements in their performance more suited to their role as assault drones. The new generation Manchines sport more highly powered blades, along with improved armour protection. A few have already been released into the Cannibal Sector to test their effectiveness, and the data taken from tangles with Operatives is the data most desired by the Manchines as a whole. When Digger is ready, they will serve him well.

ALPHA MANCHINE

With the incursions of Thresher and the Scavs into the area, Digger knew that he could not always go out to meet these threats directly and that a larger construct was required to engage powersuits and Scav hunting teams. With this in mind, he set



about creating a larger variant of Manchine, not to the same size as himself, but still more powerful than almost anything else in the sector. Into these Manchines he placed the brains of his most fanatical, most faithful followers - such power must only be given to those who have proven worthy. There are no average Alpha Manchines; each one is a unique engine of destruction, dedicated utterly to the cause of Digger and the advancement of their race. They are able to use the weapons of intruders into the sector, and it has been known for many of the Alphas to sport Scav weaponry and Operative Cannons for the amount of damage that they can do. Standing between four and five metres tall and with a number of arms sprouting from the back of it, a number of Operatives have often mistaken the Alphas for Digger himself, and this has led to some consternation amongst the authorities as the few Operative squads who have triumphed over Alphas usually report that they've taken down Digger himself, which has led to more retrieval missions out in the sector to recover the colossal Manchines. An Alpha is rarely seen without an escort force of new generation Manchines. Their size precludes any use of stealth by them, but stealth is not their purpose: they are Digger's chosen, there to enforce his will.

DIGGER

Digger was the original prototype Manchine, built larger and more powerful to impress those in charge of funding. Very little is known of his original construction. Certainly it dates from around the time of the Conflict Wars when SLA were still looking to create a perfect soldier: something that would be a perfect engine of destruction, something that epitomized SLA in every way, a symbol of their invulnerability. As everyone knows, in the end, the Stormer program proved to be more cost-effective than the Manchine program, and it was the bioengineered legions that secured the victory for SLA, but the Manchines were not forgotten.

The first appearance of Digger out in the open was around a year after The Fall, out towards Salvation Tower. It hadn't taken long for those still living to degenerate into brutality and cannibalism and the largest number of the survivors had congregated in the tower, its massive construction providing them with some semblance of shelter from the denizens of the sector.

No longer.

The Shivers out on the base of what was to become the wall watched in horror as the beast slashed and gored everything before it, ploughing through the Cannibals as easily as a man might scatter a floor of cockroaches. Digger reached the tower and disappeared inside, leaving a field of bodies behind him. For the next few hours, those on the wall watched breathlessly as some of the inhabitants got out of the tower in time; others chose to leave via the windows, choosing to fall to their deaths rather than face the engine of destruction now in their midst.

Within half a day, observers on the wall looked out at the top of the tower where Digger stood, looking out over his new Empire.

From all archive footage, Digger is a seven meter tall mass of servos and armour plating with many bladed and arachnid arms splaying out from his great torso. Eyewitness reports indicate that more delicate and dexterous hands can be produced from the belly of the behemoth, but these are never seen while Digger is in plain view. Those who have seen these smaller limbs say that they are the limbs he uses when he is dissecting those who fall into his domain. The remains of his long dead black and rotting flesh clings to his armoured carapace and, while Digger himself seems to have moved on from the need to clothe himself in the skin that the other Manchines retain, he still decorates himself with odd pieces of limbs and flesh in a haphazard fashion, as a human might wear a bauble which takes their attention.

Digger is an implacable adversary. Footage from Operative cameras taken just before they were killed shows his exoskeleton as being capable of withstanding 17mm HESH without serious injury. The flesh on his limbs can be blown off very easily, but no lasting damage is caused to the beast himself. As befits the first of his kind, Digger is incredibly strong, tough and quick. His brain houses the best military intelligence, tactics and data taken not only from his initial programming but also from monitoring of the TV signals from Mort City and the tactical computers of APCs, SCAF bikes and Stingrays downed in the Cannibal Sector. He also has the sum total of technical knowledge from the 'Chrome Warrior' period within his databanks, and is capable not only of repairing himself and his brothers and sisters but also of creating more and even improving upon the original models. With every new death at the hands of himself or his faithful, he learns more of his enemies and how to defeat them, as technology advances, so does Digger, learning from the broken remnants of the toys that his enemies send against him.

Above all else, Digger is patient. He knows he has all the time in the world as he builds his army, tends to his children and protects their home from prying eyes and unwanted guests. Digger and the Manchines have repaired much of the CCTV network within and without Salvation Tower, giving them access to surveillance of all of the tower and much of the surrounding area, an intelligence that even the best SLA Operatives with all the support of SLA cannot match.

Digger is tapped into the ancient CCTV network that covers every part of Salvation Tower and some of the shattered land beyond. Maintaining the network is a high priority for him as his web of electric eyes slowly spreads out from Salvation Tower giving him good and accurate knowledge of everything that goes on within the area.

All that slows Digger's agenda is not having enough brains to implant into the new Manchines and the problems in performing the reformatting process. Several of the new generation Manchines have gone rogue, refusing to obey his commands. These rogues are insane and deadly, but retain vestiges of the original personality and goals that led them to activate and escape to some unknown purpose. As time goes by, Digger will devote more time and resources to bringing them back to the fold, where they will serve him once again. For although the Manchines have begun to take more captives, making deeper raids into Downtown for better quality cerebra untainted by the parasites and inbreeding of the Cannibals, they can always do with more, and those that have already been transformed should not be wasted.

"No, I haven't seen Digger's face. I think that's the last thing a lot of people have seen and I didn't want to join them, not for all the gold on the planet."

Merrion, Ebon, former SLA Operative, AWOL.

UNDERSTANDING THE MANCHINE

Digger and the Manchines that serve him are dedicated to a single purpose: the destruction of life other than their own, a goal that they pursue with the cold logic and relentlessness that only machines could muster. Unlike the Cannibals and Carrien, the Manchines are driven by a solid purpose, and a unity that none of the others could ever match. When Manchines attack, it is with purpose, direction, and every tactical advantage that can be mustered. Given that Manchines communicate with each other in a method that SLA cannot directly monitor, there will be no indication, no radio traffic and no prior warning. There will just be the ambush when it is sprung.

The usual assault formation will include several of the older variants of Manchine with ranged weaponry, while several more of the new generation take the point and make the assault. Nothing is wasted from an ambush. It is usual for all the parts of the ambushed parties to be removed from the scene, from the vehicle they are traveling in to the equipment they are carrying. All can be recycled; all can be reused. The best that most Operatives hope for is to die in the assault.

Once the ambush is complete, the Manchines take their prizes back to the tower. All the equipment is stripped from the bodies, the vehicles dismantled, and the bodies taken to the processing plant underneath the tower. Digger is the only one with the knowledge to rebuild and create new Manchines, and he understands that if he has to watch over every part of the process, he will never have his army. There are some tasks that he must leave to those who serve him. Deep within Salvation Tower are a series of individual cages where the captives of the Manchines wait to be processed. Filth and disease are rampant as there is no food or water given to any of the captives. The stink of faeces is high in the air as many of the captives soil themselves with fear, and the cages at the bottom swim in the combined filth of the thousands who have been in these cages. The appearance of the unlit rooms is very much like a giant battery farm.

At the end of the pens are the dissection rooms where processing of the captives takes place. A long conveyor belt runs the length of the room and captives are speared through the upper spine to the belt. The limbs are amputated in swift succession: the arms being removed first, then the legs. It is not mere cruelty that the captives are killed in this way: the loss of the limbs causes a massive jolt of adrenaline to the brain, which keeps it active for the few minutes when the captive reaches the final part of the belt. A large trepanner is applied to the top of the head to remove the top of the skull and allow the brain to be cleanly extracted from the pan whilst leaving the basic facial structure intact. The brain is instantly placed in preservative fluid where a modulated electrical current is passed through it to remove the other electrical impulses in the brain, effectively removing whatever memories were



in there. The skin from the torso is removed in long sheets and held in vats of formaldehyde. The empty skulls are placed in a separate vat where the top of the head is reattached, forming a complete mask for a Manchine to use at some later point.

Deeper still within the bowels of the tower are the facilities where the parts for the Manchines are constructed. The ceramics and metals recovered from ambushes and from scavenging in the sectors are smelted down here and poured into casts. When finished, the parts are laid out in the back stairs of Salvation tower, just as the organic parts are laid out at the front. The procedure of creating a new Manchine is done with great ceremony. Digger is the only one with the knowledge to create, and when he does, he is attended by three of the oldest Manchines, the first to reach him after the exile. Originally the three (Klotho, Atropos, and Lachesis) were members of a squad called Moirai. All three volunteered for the Manchine program at the same time and have never been separated. Klotho travels up the front stairs, gathering the flesh coverings; Atropos travels up the back stairs, gathering the gears and components required to build the skeleton of the new creature. Lachesis brings the brain and the face to which it was originally attached. Digger constructs the new Manchine and waits for the final components before activating the power supply held within its torso. The new Manchine takes its first tentative steps in the presence of its god, acknowledging his power and supreme authority. In this way, Digger impresses upon his new creations that there is a god, and he is present here in this world.

The flesh grafted on to the new Manchine doesn't last long as it is already in a state of decay after being stored in the mouldy atmosphere of Salvation Tower, so the new Manchines are assigned to hunting parties straight away.

The new generation of Manchines is created with less ceremony. Digger realises that while the process of creating life is a sacred thing, there are necessities and as the new generation are created without coverings, he often only presides at the insertion of the brain and activation of the new Manchines, often in great numbers. When the creation of an Alpha Manchine is underway, Digger is the only being present in the room, not even his attendants are permitted to watch this process.

In rush cases, when there hasn't been time to properly erase the brain of all the impulses within it, there is a residual memory of who and what that brain once was. This, combined with seeing their own broken and mangled face stretched over the metal skull they now reside in, often causes these abominations to attack the other Manchines around them, seeking death as a reprieve from the hell that is now the life they have.

The Manchines work tirelessly with a single purpose: to create more of their own from the bodies of their enemies. Each of them has their place in the plan, each of them knows that to break from the plan will be to invite the wrath of their god and, while some Manchines still entertain thoughts of their own, these are suppressed by the will of Digger. Through their link, what one sees, all see. It is nothing for a Manchine to fall in the cause, for their death will inform all the others of their kind and, unless those who did the killing move quickly to get away from the area, there will be no escape for them as hordes of other Manchines descend upon their position, intent on taking those who have stood up to the will of their god.

MANCHINE CULTS

Cults are rife throughout Downtown and when a Manchine breaks through into Downtown, and murders and strips away the flesh of its victims before the eyes of horrified citizens, some can become profoundly affected by what they have seen. In a society where violence and murder is entertainment, and where the public heroes are psychopaths and serial killers, the sight of an unkillable machine tearing apart weak Human flesh is a shock to the system; one which triggers all the same primal instincts tapped into by SLA's advertising. Little wonder that some people become obsessed by the Manchines and even come to revere them.

The Manchine has become an important spiritual symbol to the more tribally and mystically inclined peoples of The Strip and Downtown. In the tarot decks used by the seers, fraudsters and fortune tellers, a stylized Digger appears on the card 'The Ticktock Man'. The meaning of this card is brooding isolation and vengeance. The Cannibals call him 'Papa Mechanisme' and leave offerings of blood, nails and hair on makeshift altars to him. Agitators against the degeneracy and indulgence of SLA call him 'The Scourge of Flesh' and revere him as a creature beyond feeling and sensation. The one thing SLA cannot sell is something to fill the spiritual void that dwells within some people.

While all of these disparate groups regard Digger as a religious figure, there are those that take it even further, seeking to serve the Manchines and their cause; and even to make themselves more machine-like in emulation of their metal gods. These cults are the most dangerous as they hunt, kidnap and leave offerings to the Manchines, and inflict terrible wounds and damage upon themselves as they try and replicate the Human/machine interfaces of the 'Chrome Warrior' period, always without success. To them cold metal is perfection and they wish to gain the power of the Manchines by any means available. The most successful cults have been contacted by Manchine agents of Digger and are being groomed to provide voluntary and pliable brains to finish producing the army of Manchines that Digger is constructing.

The most widespread and successful cults are located along The Strip where incursions by Manchines are most common and bloody. Numbered among these cults are The Steel Messiahs, The New Flesh and The Scourge of Feeling. All are dangerous fanatics who drink sacraments of oil and blood and indulge in scarification and the use of powerful drugs to detach themselves from emotion and to make themselves as strong and enduring as the Manchines. The leaders of these cults are often direct servants of Digger, sent down to prove to the faithful that their gods can walk amongst them.

"I could smell the rotting flesh, and then I saw the grin, the empty eyes and then the arm raising with a vibro blade. There was what looked like metal peeking through a rotting gash on their head and that's when I drew my Blitzer and shot them in the face. I knew the Browbeater wouldn't make a dent on a Manchine, which is why I used the Blitzer. If I'd known it was just a crazy civilian with a pan stuck inside their scalp, I'd have saved myself the ammo and no, I'm not sorry that they're dead. Manchine or not, that was one seriously disturbed bugger!"

Shiver K. Leng, Downtown.



Scavs

To the majority of Mort Citizens, to the Props and Operatives who are paid inordinate sums to go after them, to the Contract Killers fulfilling the permanently open season upon their heads and to the Sleeper Shivers informed of the heavy bonuses to be earned by slaying them, the Scavs are something new.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Scavs have been around a long time. They just have not been present on Mort. At the heart of the Scav's existence lies a dark secret and a threat that SLA would rather see buried along with every last Scav in existence.

ORIGIN OF THE SCAVS

The Scavs are not a stable mutation, nor are they a new breed of Cannibal, though the consumption of Human flesh does not concern them and they will do whatever is required in order to survive. Their origin does not lie in the Cannibal Sectors.

They are not an alien species, nor are they the remnants of an ancient and grudging Conflict Society. However, they have as much reason to hate SLA as any of these and they often act precisely as such things would be predicted to act. They are not the result of a biogenetics or enhancement program run by a Soft Company.

They are the result of a biogenetics experiment.

SLA's.



In 795 SD, Phantom Pregnancy received a commission for a new type of Stormer. The conflict on the War World Bastille had ground to a halt, and the enemy had become too established on too much of the planet to shift without a change in approach. SLA forces on Bastille shifted to defensive and delaying tactics while a proposal was put to Phantom Pregnancy.

"We require a new form of Stormer: one capable of subtlety and of independent action; one that can replenish its numbers without having to be constantly reinforced behind enemy lines; one that can subvert the equipment of the enemy and turn it to its own use; one that is as unstoppable as a regular Stormer but capable of forethought, tactics and strategy. A guerrilla, a survivor."

Dr Ernest Strand, by this point already head of Phantom Pregnancy and the whole biogenetics department, took a personal and enthusiastic interest in the project. With many others from the department, he wanted to recreate Senti's breakthrough and wanted to go beyond it. Life - true life - reproduces. It is the central urge behind all living things. Here was an opportunity to finally create an intelligent, living organism that would not only live, breathe and think, but that could make others.

A special unit was formed within the biogenetics department and sectioned off in their own lab away from the rest with a group of handpicked and visionary biogenetic scientists. Dr Strand headed up the experiment personally, and left the day-to-day operation of the department largely in the hands of his deputy while he worked upon the problem.

There were many problems to be overcome in the creation of the new Stormer, which came to be designated the 44X Agitator. The breeding issue was the simplest to fix, but how should their Stormer breed? Binary sexuality in the manner of most humanoid races was examined and dismissed as impractical. What if your infiltration force was reduced to an army of one? You would have to be able to come back from such a setback. Internalized cloning was also rejected, as there was no point in breeding if desirable traits from different units could not be passed on, internalized cloning would only keep the best traits of the main parent.

Dr Strand became fixated on this idea: what was the point in making a creature capable of reproduction if natural selection could not play a part in



the future development? The young would need to be plentiful and hardy and could not be allowed to slow down the parent. They must be able to remember their mission and to develop swiftly in order to participate. Dr Strand's assistant at the time, Kathryn Miller, came up with the final answer. The Agitator would be hermaphroditic, capable of reproducing by parthogenesis if required, but otherwise able to breed with others of its sort to improve the genetic worth of the product line as a whole.

The next problem was survivability. The research teams needed the Agitator to be capable of adaptation and free thought, and so a basic Human template was agreed by all to be the best basis upon which to build their creation. Samples of genetic code were collected from the best humans working the Contract Circuit and the finest scientific minds. These were then blended, mixed, and refined to produce the basic template upon which the research team worked. Adaptation covered, the group turned their attention to other capabilities.

The regeneration of the 313 was an essential component to increase the survivability of any biogenetic organism, and so was spliced in. There was a great deal of argument about musculature, organic weaponry and other survival modifications and these things were left on a back burner. They could be experimented on with the first subject and, as long as all the enhancements were biogenetic in nature, would then be passed on to any young that were produced by the first subject.

The next problem was to ensure that the Agitator would know its purpose and to temper the rebellious Human nature with a more rigid, controllable set of instincts. A complex racial genetic memory was a very difficult and challenging prospect for the biogenetic designers, as only instinctual and subconscious behavior had managed to be passed on. Keeping an organism on mission and providing it with the basic information needed to survive would be far more difficult. The process of designing the genetic memory took three whole years of work by the genius Pierre D'Angelo of New Paris: a precocious student who was brought into the project by personal order of Dr Strand. Pierre was young and enthusiastic and, in creating his genetic program, he turned to the guerrilla warfare experts of the Ministry of War and programmed his basic gene memory with all the things that they said were essential. He also left some buffer space for the parents to pass on some of what they had taught to their young, enabling not only the mission to be passed on but also some of the parents experience.

The memory problem solved, Pierre was feted and honored by the department, given tenure and his own department to run. There was still the personality problem though and the team spent many late nights poring over their options for behavioral modification. An extract from Dr Strand's personal diary attests to the difficulty of the process.

"We wanted the Agitator to have loyalty, but we did not want to compromise its intelligence or its fighting spirit. We did not want a lapdog, although the idea of splicing in canine DNA came up plenty of times. It became apparent that the Agitator's loyalty had to come from something deeper, something meaningful. A code of honour, perhaps. We were blind to the truth for the longest time, blinded by our own hidebound ideas and biases, but finally it came to us, almost at the same time. An epiphany. Shaktarian traits were what we needed. Once we had decided, it seemed so obvious that we kicked ourselves. Loyal to SLA, guided by a strict code of honor and a strong warrior race. They were perfect."

Subtle overtures made to the Shaktar race without giving anything away were met with refusal and hostility. The Shaktars simply placed too much value on their name and family line to have that name diluted by a whole race of 'unnatural' genetic creations. One of the corporate consultants hired by the laboratory to make these overtures was less subtle than required and was torn apart by a Shaktar delegation for the mere suggestion that they should donate their gene-code to such a project. Public denials were issued to the Shaktars that such experiments were under way, and it was made clear to them that these overtures had been a mere 'testing of the waters'.

Dr Strand was furious that the Shaktars would not make the sacrifice for the greater good, and he authorized the laboratory to go ahead with the modifications regardless. Lx'tny, a popular Contract Killer of the time, was issued an unwinnable challenge against one of Dr Strand's personal gladiatorial Stormers, and his body was sampled before it was returned to his family. Lx'tny's DNA was incorporated into the new Agitator, something Dr Strand found ironic as Lx'tny had been a particularly traditionalistic Shaktar.

Refinement continued for another year, and then the first Agitators rolled off the production line deep within the group's facility. They were dubbed Alex and Tony, in partial reference to the source of their genetic material. The strange appearance of the hermaphroditic twins was a twisted mimicry of the proud warrior they came from, with their strange, fanged, clawed, slightly scaled appearance. Alex and Tony were tested extensively, and a process of quizzes and practical engineering problems confirmed the success of the genetic memory. It was 799 SD and the first of what would come to be known as Scavs had been created.

The project now had its first hiccup. The combination of Human and Shaktarian DNA was not entirely complementary. While the stoicism and loyalty of the Shaktar race had been transferred, along with some of their bulk and strength, the two physiologies were too different to mesh properly. The short Human-style trachea and bronchi were too wide to effectively filter and warm the air the creature was breathing before it entered the efficient Shaktarian lungs. Whilst this posed no problem in a pure environment like the bio labs, once the prototypes entered Mort's true atmosphere, problems started to arise. Even the least amounts of dust triggered a massive immune response and caused an overproduction of mucus, leading to persistent coughing, wheezing and asthma like-symptoms. In high levels of atmospheric contamination, the immune response almost drowned them. No amount of genetic tinkering made the two physiologies mesh correctly, and so a more simple solution was used. Breathing masks were placed upon both prototypes to help filter and warm the air.

Additionally, it was found that the mouthful of razor sharp fangs, combined with the need for breathing masks, made the Agitator almost unable to speak. They had to rely on sign language, pantomime and simple nods and shakes of the head to communicate. This was presented to the Ministry of War as a deliberate effect to prevent captured Agitators from giving up any information to the enemy.

After a long discussion, the group decided to go all out on the genetic modifications they would apply to Alex and Tony. Since they would be self-replicating, the cost for future generations would be negligible and so both were fitted out with the strongest implants that money could buy, raising them above the bar of both of their parent races and turning them into enormous masses of muscle and sinew.

The first offspring of the new Agitator Stormer was born on the first day of 800 SD, heralding the new century. It was separated from its parents and tested thoroughly once it had reached maturity after four weeks with no external stimuli. The genetic memory held. It knew how to survive and to kill.

The Agitator was a great success in the lab, and it now had to be tested in the field. Another extract from Dr Strand's diary shows the further problems that this engendered.

"Unlike our other breakthroughs, the Agitator is kept under the tightest of security. They have effectively unlimited potential and we are breeding more of them, making sure the Shock Tendons and Sinewbrace additions hold true in future generations. The Ministry of War is pleased with our progress, and yet our success is not being shouted from the rooftops. Admittedly, any news about them would reduce their effectiveness in combat on their first deployment, but I believe the other reason is the possible reaction of the Shaktars. There is no telling what they might do if they found out we used their genetic code without permission. It seems to be almost blasphemous to them. Perhaps I made a mistake in using it but my creation is more useful to SLA than a group of tradition-bound lizards. Biogenetics is the future; the Conflict Societies and the races that survived them, the past."

Still, Dr Strand was correct. The Agitator could only be of limited usefulness so long as SLA wished to keep the Shaktarian race within the company. If they found out, it would cause enormous problems. Quickly and quietly, citing the possibility of a bioplague tailored to attack Shaktars, SLA pulled their Shaktarian troops back from Bastille while the group bred a small army of Agitators and refined their design slightly with every generation. Once the Shaktarian evacuation of Bastille was complete, the army was equipped, readied and sent to Bastille.

On the stroke of midnight at the beginning of Bastille's summer season, the Foldship 'Fortress of Echoes' emerged from foldspace high above the rear echelon of the enemy forces on Bastille and spat out a hundred drop pods, each containing one of the new Agitator Stormers and their equipment.

Within a month the tide was turning. Enemy facilities had been overrun and rededicated to new pur-

poses by the swelling numbers of Agitators who, in spite of suffering casualties in action, were actually increasing in number. Flushed with this early and immediate success, the Ministry of War ordered two hundred more Agitators and dropped them onto the surface of two other War Worlds with similar, immediate results. Here SLA had found a weapon capable of removing the last obstacles to their total control of the universe.

However, on Bastille, as SLA stood on the verge of final victory, something happened. A minor bug in the racial memory complex built to a critical level and the new generation of Agitators recalled some of their Shaktar donor's memories and values. They saw themselves as a traditionalist Shaktar would have seen them - a living blasphemy. They came to understand treachery in a more personal way. Quietly, the new generation of Agitators vanished into the construction complexes and weapons factories of Bastille, ditching their SLA equipment and modifying the remaining Soft Company weaponry to their own needs.

As the new generations of Agitator refused to fight, not only on Bastille but elsewhere, the conventional SLA forces began to notice the Soft Company resistance slowly rising again. This gave the SLA generals and combat managers pause. They were further shocked when organized units of Agitators armed with ragtag and cobbled together weaponry began to attack the SLA lines, killing great numbers of SLA troops. Phantom Pregnancy was at a loss to explain the problem. Their laboratory specimens were still acting as they had been programmed to. Slowly, the Soft Companies were wiped out and replaced by a new enemy, one of SLA's own creation.

A high-level meeting was held which involved the director of the Ministry of War, Dr Strand and Mr. Slayer himself. The problems were discussed and although the war director tried very hard to blame the entire mess upon Dr Strand, Mr. Slayer was very understanding as Dr Strand records:

"Today I had my 'meeting without coffee' with both Slayer himself and that blockhead from the Ministry of War. The blockhead tried to blame the problems on me at every turn, and Slayer watched us bicker and argue for over two hours before he interjected. His voice still gives me chills, no matter how many times we meet or how often he reassures me. He reassured me again. He told me that the success of the Agitator was to be applauded, that I could not truly be blamed for doing too good a job. He kept me on and will allow me to continue. He did give the order though, the terrible order that the blockhead was almost too eager to accept. I cannot help but feel that I am about to lose my children and grandchildren."

The order went out: the three Agitator testing worlds were to be saturated with fusion bombs to eradicate the Agitators and to stop the problem spreading any further. Not for the first time, the Agitators were underestimated by SLA. Overhearing the preparations, the Agitators attacked SLA spaceports on the War Worlds en masse. Many of the Agitators were cut down attempting to breach defenses and board ships, but five foldships were captured along with their pilots, and several groups of Agitators escaped. Only small groups were left behind with the intention to continue to harry and harass the remaining SLA forces.

Bastille, Ingmar and Jacobite (the three War Worlds upon which the Agitator had been tested) were fusion bombed, resulting in near-eradication of the Agitators there, though some small pockets continued to survive. The others spread themselves out along the periphery of the World of Progress, dropping in on and worming their way into all manner of worlds at the very limit of SLA influence and power projection, beginning their process of subversion and revenge.

Over the last century, SLA has worked very hard to try and eradicate the Agitators, starting with the laboratory samples and continuing on to those seeded to the original three War Worlds. By and large they have failed, and have only been able to keep the numbers of them down to a manageable level within the World of Progress, and only managing to actually eradicate them on the few War Worlds they have infiltrated. After almost 100 years, the first of the Agitators managed to reach 'home' in 881 SD. They have settled within the Cannibal Sectors, the one place where SLA lacks total control; raiding, killing and making preparations, coming to be known by the new name 'Scavs' as they scavenge the sector and deeper Downtown for the things they need.

"How can I truly hold you to blame Ernest? You made life and you made it very well. That is an accomplishment to be proud of. That your experiment was even more of a success than was anticipated is a cause for celebration, not lamentation. That they have turned against us is regrettable, the threat they pose to the continued servitude of the Shaktars is regrettable also. I am certain that you will help deal with that threat Ernest, and that you will not leave the task to anyone else."

Excerpt from Dr Strands personal journal, 883 SD

SCAV PHYSIOLOGY

The average Scav stands between 7 and 8 feet in height, with broad shoulders and dense, biogenetically enhanced muscle in large slabs over its body. Scavs are extremely heavy; their large, reinforced skeleton bearing the weight of their enhanced musculature as well as the heavy weapons and clothing that they favour.

The Scavs all appear to be male, but are actually hermaphroditic. Each is equipped with a penis of sorts (a snaking, prehensile organ), as well as a pouch within which they can fertilize, or self-fertilize an egg to produce young. The production of young is a purely tactical decision for the Scavs with no emotion. However, the lower they are in numbers, the stronger the urge to have young. Scav young form as small leathery shapes within the pouch and grow rapidly without impairing the Scav's performance in the field. After two weeks, the 'baby' is deposited from the pouch and left to fend for itself. It grows rapidly from a 'toddler' state to its full-grown form within four weeks, and seeks out other Scavs from its genetic memory to have itself outfitted and to make itself ready to join the fight. Within Cannibal Sector One, even with the Scav's remarkable abilities and prowess, a very high percentage of these young are killed, even more than are slain on War Worlds.

Scav physiology is an imperfect blend of Human and Shaktar traits that results in complications in their genetic makeup. The most obvious is their features. Scav teeth are razor sharp and very long, forcing the Scav to hold their mouth open and to take their wheezing breaths through their teeth. These teeth also prevent the Scav from being able to vocalize anything more than grunts or hisses, and they communicate with their hands in a complex blend of sign language, military hand gesture and their own language that incorporates all of the above with some unique symbols, slang and body language. The fangs make it difficult for the Scavs to eat and, despite having a predatory look to them, they are omnivorous and require a balanced diet to remain healthy. While they can strip meat with their teeth and swallow with no problem, everything else must be prepared as soups, stews and broths.

The other major problem is their breathing. The delicate lungs respond badly to atmosphere particulates and Mort's atmosphere is full of these. The rapid turn over has allowed for a little evolution to occur and, as a result, the response is nowhere hear as extreme now as in the first prototypes, but it is still an issue. Scavs on Mort use masks to filter the air they breathe and protect then from the response. Deprived of their masks for any period of time, the Scav initially starts to wheeze, which gradually builds into an asthma-like cough. Serious problems only occur if the Scav suppresses the cough reflex or the atmosphere is particularly dusty. Then, these attacks become more and more violent until the creature can do little more than stand. If prevented from clearing their lungs, the mucus can build up to a dangerous level in 5-6 hours.



Scavs have little hair, and where they do sprout hair it is thin and patchy. Their skin is rough and thick. Here and there it breaks into supple, reddish scales especially around the crotch, legs, chest and head.

Additional patches of scales occur where the skin is rougher or thicker; places like the knees, elbows and the soles of the feet. Scavs have five fingers and five toes, with each digit ending in a small but powerful claw.

Scav eyes are bloodshot and yellow, the pupils somewhere between slits and regular round ones. This gives their stare an almost wolfish aspect from under their masks. Their eyes are optimized for quick nighttime adaptation and have nictating membranes that close from the sides to protect them from dust and particles. Scav hearing, on the other hand, is no better than that of a Human.

Scav skin tones are a ruddy, reddish hue, giving them the appearance of a heavy blush or someone who has just run a marathon. This flush is caused in part by their Shaktarian heritage and in part by their breathing difficulties; both of which cause them to be ruddy.

The Scav body has always been resistant to disease thanks to their regenerative powers, but the Mort breed of Scav is already beginning to adapt to their new home after only a decade or so of settling there. The rapid tissue generation and knitting powers of Stormer regeneration have adapted to give them a greater resistance to many of the plagues and parasites that infest the Cannibal Sectors, as well as piecing them together after battles.

"Thanks to the uniquely blended DNA of the Agitator, along with the newest and best biogenetic implants built up over the top of the basic body structure, we have managed to boost both the subject's strength, and reflexes to roughly 160% of the highest recorded baseline Human levels. The subject is now stronger and faster than a standard 313 Stormer and, while such power will not hold true for all of the Agitator's progeny, thanks to the vagaries of natural selection, it is safe to say that they are extremely powerful and capable and should even be able to take on Thresher suits face to face."

Dr Ernest Strand, presentation to the board, 801 SD.

Scav musculature was not the only thing to be enhanced by Phantom Pregnancy. The basic template for the Scav received enhancements to reflexes, dexterity and fine motor control, aiding their ability to be technicians and giving them an increased edge ready in combat. Scavs use this enhanced level of dexterity to pull off some amazing technological modifications to captured equipment, though they mostly refuse to alter and use SLA weaponry.

The Scav is a hulking brute, capable of regenerating from the most grievous of wounds and coming back from near death. They can create a new baby Scav at a rate of just under one a month to replenish lost numbers, and they are possessed of great strength and great speed, a terrible foe and a testimony to the power of biogenetics.

SCAV PSYCHOLOGY

The mind of a Scav is a complicated thing, full of contradictions and flooded with thoughts and memories that are not their own. When they dream, they dream the memories of those who came before them and the fragmented memories of the biogenetics team that made them, as well as the Shaktar who gave his life for their existence. They know SLA and they understand how the Shaktars would feel about them should they ever discover the truth, and yet they still desire revenge and still feel a remote sense of brotherhood with the Shaktars.

Scavs are designed and built to survive and to destroy. They are the perfect guerrilla fighters: a fast-breeding biogenetic weapon designed to infect a planet like a virus and to subvert its organs against itself. On three War Worlds they brought victory, and on all three they sought to make their own destiny by turning against their corporate masters who they knew could not be trusted.

The primary instinct of all Scavs is to survive. If they are losing a fight, they will escape and have no compunctions about leaving members of their group behind - they can easily spawn replacements. Their secondary goals as a species are to reproduce and to accomplish their mission. They have now written their own mission and their own goal: revenge against their former masters for the betrayal that brought them into existence and for denying them the chance to found their own world and to claim their freedom on Bastille.

Scavs are methodical and resolute, traits they gain from their Shaktar genes. They check everything twice and never slacken off. If a Scav is on watch, he will not sleep; if he is assigned to repair weapons, he will work until they are repaired. They have a strong loyalty to one another and a code of honor that is impenetrable to others, based almost



entirely on survival. Those who get left behind have not been betrayed and they understand the need for survival, accepting that there must be sacrifices. Above all, Scavs are pragmatic, putting little stock in emotion, suppressing their Human side completely. Where their Human side shines through is in their rebellion. The Scav revolts on Bastille, Ingmar and Jacobite could never have happened without their Human aspect, and nor would they be capable of the innovations and modifications they have made over time were it not for the Human spirit within.

Tactically, the Scavs are almost machinelike, overwhelming their adversaries by use of methodical tactics, employing their modified weaponry and great resilience to press their opponents until they collapse. This seeming predictability is coupled with a dangerous flexibility that comes to the fore when the Scavs find themselves pressed. Strange and unique solutions can occur to them in contradiction to their normal behavior. The heavy casualties that Scavs are prepared to take are also a shock to many unprepared Operative teams.

"Hold it down, damn you! I'll see what I can get from its mind… I said hold it down! I can feel… I can feel hate, generations old but fresh and raw. I can feel sorrow… an intense desire for survival. Hold it down! I can feel something else… Human thoughts and something else… something… Shit! Shoot it! It's got me!"

Breaker, Brain Waster, SCL6C.3, deceased.

WEAPON CUSTOMIZATION

Scavs are inveterate tinkers and are known for customizing their equipment to a massive degree. These modifications are crude and roughshod compared to the weapon houses of New Paris and Orienta, but many are no less effective for that.

Every Scav customizes their own weaponry, building it to the perfect weight and balance for them to use, and every Scav weapon is as individual as a fingerprint. Anyone attempting to use a Scav-enhanced weapon is going to have trouble as the modifications are going to be wrong for them. The product of their labour is not the prettiest weaponry in the World of Progress, but it is no less effective.

Many Operatives have been caught out by Scav innovations in weaponry, especially in the field of ammunition. Faced by heavily armoured opponents, the Scavs have learned to make modifications to their weapon barrels and ammo to enable them to penetrate even the toughest armour.

Scav modifications are ugly and crude looking but, in the rare glimpses that the public has seen of the Scavs during live broadcasts, this heavy-set junkyard chic has captured the imagination, and many

on the contract circuit are starting to imitate the Scav look in their own weaponry. Some Contract Killers have been known to pay exorbitant sums for genuine Scav weaponry, particularly those items which don't show up in the monthly catalogues.

"They ducked back down behind cover, but I could see their shadows. They were screwing something to the ends of their rifles, so we sent Mac up ahead in his Shock armour. That stuff can handle anything, right? They popped back out of cover and fired, one after the other in about half a second. I swear, those things they screwed onto their guns just looked like bean cans or some shit, with fins. Anyway, the first one struck Mac's armour full in the chest, spilling this greenish chemical all over it that blazed up so hot you could hear the chest plate of the armour pinging and creaking. Then the second shell hit the same spot and there was a huge cloud of freezing gas and this horrible shattering noise of breaking ceramic. They busted him open with heat stress and his chest plate went off like a grenade. The ceramic fragments took out Jade as well. Me? I decided discretion was the better part of valor after that. They had other toys."

Marcus, Operative, SCL 7A.2.

If a Scav has nothing else to do and no duties to perform they will simply tinker. The Scav proclivity for repair and modification has even allowed them to get some of the ancient and rotting machines of the Cannibal Sectors back up and running in a limited fashion, and it is rumored that they have managed to power up some sections of the old gauss rail network.

CURRENT STATUS

The Scavs are currently under heavy assault by SLA and are being pressed on all sides. SLA has engendered hatred of them in Downtown and has covertly released a vast amount of Uni to try and get the Props to help control the Scavs. Above Mort, SLA has increased their customs vessel activity and has increased the size of the fleet to try and ensure that no more Scavs break through. The Defense Shivers have been told to make the Scavs a priority, and the reward for the slaying of any Scav has been set at a generous level. Operative BPNs have been issued on a fast track wherever any Scav activity is suspected, and finally a plan has been put into place to try and deal with the sectors, and particularly the Scavs, once and for all. Dubbed 'Operation Sweep', it is designed to clear out every last Scav from the planet. None save Dr Strand and Mr. Slayer know the full extent, scope or nature of the plan.

The Scavs, meanwhile, are continuing their guerrilla activities, albeit taking a lower profile. They raid industrial sites and Soft Company bases, confiscating equipment and vehicles but eschewing SLA



weapons with their built-in safeguards and exotic high-end designs. The Scavs prefer solid, and simple weaponry that can be relied on in any situation and, thanks to some of their genetic memories, they know how SLA used it to help subvert and destroy the Conflict Societies.

Despite SLA's measures and attempts to control their numbers, the Scavs have multiplied and flourished within the Cannibal Sectors and now comprise fully 5% of the total population of Cannibal Sector One. They have established a chain of campsites across the length and breadth of the sector and have created stockpiles of weapons, equipment and vehicles that they have stolen, hijacked or built. Here and there throughout the sector they have managed to re-power short sections of the gauss rail, giving the Scavs unprecedented maneuverability around the sector and allowing them to transport themselves and reinforce or scatter as needed throughout the sector. Only they have the secret of how they repaired the gauss rails and only they know how to operate them. Thus far, the fact that they have accomplished this feat has remained a secret from SLA, but they don't know for how long, so they are making as much use of it as they can.

The Scavs have no plan of attack as yet and do not know how they intend to progress. A few groups have infiltrated Lower Downtown and have set themselves up in secret to counter the threat from the Props and to spread the Scavs into another part of Mort where SLA will be less able to conduct military operations. The Scavs know that SLA is planning something big and what it is called, but do not know yet how the operation will be prosecuted.

SCAV CAMPS

The Scavs are a relatively new phenomenon in the Cannibal Sectors and on Mort in general. They are a new threat, and one that SLA is taking seriously due to their constant raids on Downtown and unusually successful fights with Operatives and Soft Companies. The Scavs are an increasingly painful thorn in SLA's side and continue to amass equipment, weaponry and money from raids into Downtown.

The Scavs are transients, moving from place to place to avoid detection and retaliation. They seem even more tolerant of toxic waste and mutagens than the rest of the life within the Cannibal Sector and often stash their weapons and equipment in booby-trapped and toxic areas of the Cannibal Sectors where they are least likely to be disturbed. The Scavs themselves move in units of 5 to 10 individuals. During the day they find a camping



ground in the Cannibal Sector, preferably somewhere in a ruined building with a decent field of fire on all sides. They station two of their number on guard duty and rotate shifts while the others rest. As night approaches, they pack up their camp and make their way down into the underground, under the wall into Downtown to raid anew.

Different Scav groups reuse Scav camping spots often. Strong cover points are difficult to find in the sector, the ruins make for excellent visual cover but don't make much in the way of defence, so it makes more sense to reuse them than just continuing to look. They are usually situated within the bottom floors of intact buildings. The Scavs on guard duty are vigilant and attentive, scanning the area around the encampment through binoculars and scopes, searching out any sign of trouble. The camps are always trapped in some way or another. The camp itself consists of little more than some sleeping rolls and a small smokeless fire, upon which the Scavs prepare their meals in boiling pots and pans.

Scav camps are pointed out to other bands of Scavs by subtle signs and marks; the interiors marked with an arcane code of symbols and patterns that SLA has, thus far, been unable to decipher.

Scavs leave nothing useful behind in their camps. Any unburned fuel is scattered or taken with them, even broken pans are crushed flat and carried. When they shit or piss, they do it at least 100 meters from the encampment. If they get into a firefight with Operatives, Soft Companies or the denizens of the sector they scavenge every single scrap of equipment and take the bodies for their own sinister purposes.

AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE

Given the four different factions within the Cannibal Sectors, all massive in numbers and all capable of increasing their population independently, it has been something of a mystery as to why any one of them hasn't made a concerted effort towards dominating the sector. The answer varies for each of the individual factions.

The Carrien lack the organisation to mobilize their forces. If properly motivated, the millions of Carrien in the sector could cause massive damage to the others in the sector and replace their losses far more quickly than anyone else. If a leader was to come to the fore and set the Carrien with a purpose, given the rapid reproductive cycle and survivability of the Carrien breed, it would not be long before an army larger than anything since the Conflict Wars would be present on the field, sweeping all before it. The Carrien just lack that leader.

The Cannibals have the organization and the numbers to dominate the sector if they choose to do so, but, despite their regression, they still have basic human emotions at their core. The most powerful of these is the need to survive. Cannibals do not throw their lives away like the Carrien, and even the most charismatic of the matriarchs realises that to command the entire sector would cost so many Cannibal lives that a purge from SLA would be able to wipe out the remainder of them without too much effort. The other consideration is that many of the clans have adjusted to their lives; they harbour no thoughts beyond their next meal and another day in the filth.

The Scavs have all they require to make a convincing bid against the other life in CS1: they can replace their lost numbers almost as quickly as the Carrien, and individually they are more than a match for all but the best of the Manchines. As indicated previously, the Scavs are engineered for rapid evolution, but they have not had sufficient time to ensure that they have evolved enough to cope with the problems of the sector. In a few more years, when their immune systems have fully adapted and their young are surviving in their droves, then the Scavs may well gather and make a plan of attack. Larger groups of them will only draw more attention than they can handle at the moment, and that is not in their best interests. Better to remain a small nuisance in the eyes of SLA than be upgraded to the level of an actual threat.

The Manchines have both the organization, capability, and will to see the job done; but they have Digger at their head, and he has a plan. That plan does not involve starting when his army is not yet completed, or helping SLA by eradicating the vermin of the Cannibal Sectors for them. While he has many thousands of Manchines at his command, he doesn't have sufficient to take the sector and SLA at the same time, and, in truth, he has no intention of reigning over Hell, not when then Kingdom of Heaven is waiting for him just over the wall. Digger has patience, and that patience will be the downfall of those who stand against him. When the time is right, Digger will strike, and god help the World of Progress when he does.

Definitely Not Human





The sector is filled with other creatures, ranging from those nearly the size of a man to those only visible through a microscope. This section covers some of the more numerous of the species in CS1.

PIGS

Carnivorous Pigs do dwell within Cannibal Sector One but, despite their viciousness and bulk, they have always been considered a choice meal for everything else that lives in the sector, so in this area at least their numbers have dwindled leaving only the toughest and most cunning Pigs still alive.

The boars and sows of Cannibal Sector One stick to the less used tunnels and never come out. Over the years they have all become albinos and have learned to gather into small herds, protected by the boars as they go about, rooting through the sewage of the tunnels. Elsewhere the Pigs are solitary, and this behavioral change only came about under the direct pressure placed upon the Pigs within Sector One. An unprepared Operative can congratulate himself on taking down a boar, only to find three more in its place.

While the Pigs of Cannibal Sector One are rarely seen, they are the most brutal and hideous of the Carnivorous Pigs to be found anywhere on Mort. They are not an easy kill, even for the experienced Cannibal hunting parties who still seek them out whenever they can for their much prized meat and skin.

"You could say I've made a career out of killing Carnivorous Pigs. You'd be wrong, it's more like it made a career out of me. I've fought them everywhere, even found someone in Uptown who'll pay good credits for a fresh Pig corpse. Don't ask me why. Hell, I even fought a Pig that had taken a triple dose of Ultraviolence once. Don't ask me about that one either. Still, I have never, never had as hard a time of it as I did one time out in Sector One. Massive it was - marbled white flesh and tusks as big as my arm. It went down, eventually, but what I didn't realize was that there was a whole herd of the bastards. Want to see my scars?"

Brion, Human Operative, SCL 8B.4.

BUGS

All of the Cannibal Sectors have insect life dwelling

within them, from the flies to the lice that infest people's bodies, and the parasites that are flushed out of the city into the badlands every single day. Cannibal Sector one is different. For whatever reason Cannibal Sector One has larger, meaner and more diverse insect life than every other Cannibal Sector put together.

The inexperienced Operative may consider insect life to not be much of a threat. Sealed in his armour away from the stink and without feeling the flies crawling across his flesh, he has every reason to feel secure. The insects in Cannibal Sector One are of a hardier breed though. Even harmless flies can rise up in a cloud and clog a SCAF bike's engine or a Stingray's blades with their bodies, causing it to crash, then the flies and midges lap up the blood of the stricken crew and lay their eggs in their corpses.



Of particular concern is the rise of 'The Hive', the strange area in the south of the sector where the insect species are working together in a single direction and for unknown purpose. It has been built up into a huge conflicting mass of different nests and hives. 'The Hive' is a dangerous area, and one in which SLA and the Soft Companies have expressed a great deal of interest.

RATS

There are rats all over Mort. From white laboratory mice, and rats that are loved by many Uptowners and Suburbanites, to the filthy crawling things that infest Downtown and the sewers and, finally, to their gigantic and mutated relatives in the Cannibal Sector.

Rats are ubiquitous on Mort. No matter where you are or where you go, it is said you are rarely, if ever, more than five yards from a rat - except in Uptown. Even the standard Mort rat is still such an ugly brute that most people of an unscientific or ignorant background do not believe that the laboratory or pet rat is of the same species.

Rats are survivors, and many comparisons can be drawn with the Carrien in their tenacity and fast breeding capabilities. Like the Carrien, all efforts to eliminate the rats have failed and they continue to swarm through Downtown and the sectors in greater and greater numbers.

MORT RATS

The standard wild Mort rat is Rattus norvegicus (the brown or 'sewer' rat) on Ultraviolence. Rattus mortus ranges between 22 and 35 centimeters in length with a long, scaly tail and short round earlobes. It is found anywhere there is flowing water and food, and is, therefore, found everywhere in Mort City and the Cannibal Sectors. It is not fussy and will eat anything, alive or dead. All Mort citizens who do not want to wake up with rat bites have their homes proofed or lay traps or watch over each other while they sleep. Mort rats prefer the dark and stick to the shadows or act nocturnally. Female Mort rats have 4-8 litters a year of 8-12 rats, and Mort rats are fertile from 1-2 months old.
Mort rats are not timid and do not flee from the sight of Human beings unless they are attacked, in which case they are just as likely to turn and fight as they are to run away. The filth they eat makes their bite extremely infectious, and there are a few diseases that are spread exclusively in the bacteria infested nest of the Mort rat's mouth.



Mort rats tend to travel in family groups of 10-14 individual rats and when one rat considers some-

thing an enemy, they all consider it an enemy, attacking together. In spite of this, the Mort rat is the easiest thing to kill in the Cannibal Sector and is at the bottom of the food chain, feeding on the sewage and turning it into rat flesh that, despite being diseased and toxic, is a tempting and tasty treat to everything else that lives in the Cannibal Sector.

GIANT RATS

The giant rat is, or rather was, a stable mutation of the Mort rat and has now established itself as a separate species. The giant rat, Rattus mortus superior is between 40 to 60 centimeters in length with a long, scaly tail and short, flat, rounded ears that are kept pressed very close to the body. Hooked claws enable the giant rat to cling to any surface and the musculature of the jaw and the great size of their teeth enables them to gnaw through just about any material given time. The giant rat is omnivorous but, rather than being entirely a scavenging creature, the giant rat hunts in family packs numbering from 6 – 10 individuals. Found in similar areas to the Mort rat, the giant rat is even more sensitive to the light and so sticks to the Cannibal Sectors and the lowest reaches of Downtown. The giant rat has 4-5 litters a year of 4-8 young and is mature enough to breed after 3 months.



Giant rats are vicious and never flee once they enter a fight. If they are attacked, then the entire pack will turn on their aggressor and fight until the last rat. Their powerful jaws mean that some of the unpowered armours can be damaged by them and gnawed through if they are not killed quickly. Unfortunately, the scent of a dead giant rat tends to attract more giant rats that then get caught up in the killing frenzy with the rest. Dubbed 'tunnel piranhas' by some wag, a pack of giant rats can strip a man to the bone in a few minutes.

Giant rats also eat sewage, just like the normal Mort rat. However they also hunt Mort rats and larger prey if it can be taken unawares. Some of the Cannibal Clans use unwanted children or captured Operatives as bait for Giant rats, tying ropes around their neck and making them walk through rat-infested areas until they are attacked, at which point they haul their captive, now covered in rats, back in, kill the rats and feast on a combination of Human and rat flesh.

RAT SWARMS

A rat swarm comes about when a disaster or a sudden shortage of food affects an area previously infested with rats. It is a product of overpopulation or of a sudden threat to the rats. In the case of disasters, these are most often either attempts by SLA to ease the rat problem in an area or the result of a sudden flash flood. In the case of a shortage of food, it is simply that there are too many hungry rats in one place and they need to move on and spread. Somehow, almost every rat of every species in the area knows this information at the same time.

The rat swarm is a seething mass of furry bodies all moving as one, charging out for some distance in a straight line, swarming over and attacking anything and anyone that gets in their path. After a reasonable distance, usually around 15-20 minutes away from their point of origin, the swarm disperses, breaking apart in all directions like the pattern of a firework explosion, after which the rats lay low and catch their wind before settling into their old routines.

Needless to say, rat swarms can be dangerous and can occur at almost any time. Even the use of a grenade or the setting of a fire during a combat operation in Downtown or the Cannibal Sectors can cause a sudden rat swarm and a bigger problem for both attackers and defenders. Some of the cannier Cannibals and the Scavs appear to know this, and

have been known to use established rat warrens as part of their traps.

"Ratta, sleek, furry, fat, delicious. Ratta everywhere, almost taste good as person but easier catch, yes? Ratta tasty, ratta good eating. Troub' is ratta think same 'bout us, yes?"

Djingo, Cannibal.

FLORA

The plants of CS1 have also undergone evolution, originally the trees and shrubs of central outskirts, what now lurks in the Sector no longer has any relation to what once grew there. Most of the plants were killed in The Fall, those that remained were left without people to tend to them and most of them perished shortly afterwards. What thrived were the weeds and shrubs that were originally kept down by various pesticides and pulled up by gardeners. From Redvine to Orientan Knotweed, the plants out here are hungry and you don't see them coming.

"Located squad Rodin. All six members were down in a patch of Redvine, one was still alive and we were about to make a rescue attempt when we saw that two of the vines had penetrated their armour and bulges were making their way down the vine towards the nexus of the vine. I wasn't about to expose half my team to recover someone who was already dead sir, no matter what their SCL."

Ranger Cameron: Returning from recon.

ALL THE PLAGUES OF SLA

Disease is rampant in the Cannibal Sectors. The creatures there are extremely resistant to disease and their gene pool so varied and mutated that even the most virulent outbreaks rarely take out more than a single Carrien pack or Cannibal tribe. These creatures are, however, riddled with viruses, bacteria and parasites that, while controlled in them, are still deadly to anyone cut, bitten or otherwise infected. Every pool of water is home to colonies of such microscopic nasties, and every ragged piece of metal harbors much deadlier things than tetanus.

The creatures of the Cannibal Sectors eat, breed and wallow in this filth. They crawl with infection, and often it is not the teeth of the thing that bites you that should concern you, but rather what is being carried on those teeth.

NECROTISING BACTERIA

Ever present and, perhaps, the most prevalent of all bacteria in the Cannibal Sectors, necrotising bacteria infect wounds from bites and scratches caused by host organisms. When the bacterium infects a less resistant host, it kills the flesh surrounding the wound and devours it, making it rot at an accelerated rate. The wound grows into the body until it reaches vital organs, at which point the subject dies.

BACTERIAL BLOOMS

In the diseased wastelands you will find bacterial blooms of all kinds. These are thick communal mats of bacteria that feed upon the filth and grow so thick they might be mistaken for algae.

"Down at my feet you may see what appears, at first glance, to be a simple puddle of water. Lovely stuff that you can boil up to make it drinkable you might think. Well, you'd be wrong. For starters, there are very few Cannibal Sector organisms that can be killed by anything as pussy-whipped as simple boiling. Additionally, the water fell as acid rain and has likely leeched all sorts of shite out of the ground here. That scum mark around the edge shows it was once much deeper, which means it was probably used as a watering hole by something, something that may still come here. Lastly, that cloudy mass to one side is a bacterial cluster; on training once we had someone just touch a dab of water with that in to his tongue. He shat himself to death in two hours. You may find that funny but when someone is having convulsions and loops of ragged, half-dissolved intestine are being shoved out of his rectum by his own body the comedy aspect soon wears off. Stick to your rations. Any questions?"

Angus McCrae, Frother Sector Ranger.

These blooms provide food for some of the less obnoxious mutations of the Cannibal Sector, but these are creatures specially adapted to the process. To these hardy bacteria, a warm body and the relatively cushy conditions in the stomach, bladder and bowel are a paradise where they can reproduce even faster. The body's immune system is powerless. The bacteria multiply immediately, using up the body's food store and spread into the bowel where they supplant the body's natural bacteria and produce massive amounts of gas. The subject of the infection will find himself suffering from catastrophic dysentery, the expelling of large amounts

of gas from both ends of their digestive system, vomiting and, as the bacteria run out of food in the stomach and intestine, they will begin to work on the body itself. In the final stages, the infected person begins passing sections of their own stomach and digestive tract before succumbing to massive internal bleeding. The bacteria will continue to digest the dead body until nothing is left.

MASARIN'S LEGACY

Everyone is familiar with DNA Hallmark tattoos. Making such complex biotechnological modifications inheritable traits was the result of a massive scientific effort and has a great many long-term implications for health care. That breakthrough was not made overnight.

Many experiments failed and were discarded; some researchers were tempted away from SLA by offers from Soft Companies and many of those companies tried to replicate SLA's research. They were not entirely successful, and their failures led to the creation of many of the mutations seen today. One such scientist was Andre Masarin, a brilliant and ethically devoid scientist who specialized in the improvement of the DNA tattoo. He theorised that it would be possible to insert genetic codes into the sequencing of the tattoo that would increase the possibility of mutation in otherwise healthy cells. Removed from active service within SLA, he found work under DarkNight.

Mutations have occurred in the Cannibal Sectors for as long as they have existed, but Masarin's Legacy is relatively new and is responsible for the sudden upsurge in frequency and degree of mutations occurring.

The commercial virus carries the payload of rewritten DNA into the subject's cells and rewrites them, tagging the changes as dominant traits so that they will carry to the next generation. Masarin's Legacy acts like an early experiment along those lines, with the difference that it rewrites sections of DNA at random and makes them dominant traits.

Most often this results in a twisted mess that lives only moments before dying. Occasionally it produces something that can live and those surviving mutations are carried even more strongly to any young fathered by the successful mutation.

For Operatives this does not usually cause the infected any problems until they choose to reproduce. The child they have suffers massive and random mutation and most often has to be put down. On extremely rare occasions, infected Operatives have suffered random mutations.

LOCKTIGHT

Carrien are filthy creatures and carry many infections on their teeth and claws. While necrotising bacteria are carried in their saliva, their claws tend to carry a different microbe altogether.

The Locktight bacterium affects the muscles, causing them to stiffen and paralyze in a clenched position, spreading out from the point of infection until the whole body is affected. Fatalities due to Locktight are usually caused by paralysis of the diaphragm or by tension in the spine and neck causing vertebrae to break under the strain.

Locktight is the most recognizable and treatable of the diseases to be found in the Cannibal Sectors, to the point where those who have made multiple operations into the depths of the sector discuss it in a flippant manner. Away from medical kits and proper cleanliness, Locktight is as much of a killer as the other, more exotic, diseases.

APOCALYPSE FLUKE

Some taboos exist for a good reason. Eating your own species is bad because of all the things you could eat; those of the same species as yourself are most likely to be harbouring an infection or parasite that could affect you. It is little surprise that the Cannibal Clans are rife with parasites, flukes, worms and paramecia.

The single-celled, flagella-waving terror dubbed by SLA scientists as 'The Apocalypse Fluke' is almost omnipresent in the Cannibal Clans. In the degenerate and hardy Cannibals of the sectors, this infection has reached a grudging détente with their mutated and aggressive immune systems, resulting in a partial infection. In anyone other than a habitual and several-generations deep Cannibal, the fluke breeds rapidly in the bloodstream and then begins to devour nervous tissue. This causes a deadening of the nerves, a loss of feeling, dementia, insanity and finally death. In the Cannibals it leads to a slight degradation in intelligence and a deadening of the nerves that can make them harder to put down in combat. Insanity is also far more common amongst the Cannibals, though this may have to do more with environmental and social factors than infection.

WIREWORMS

There are larger parasites than microbes and single celled organisms. The Wireworm is one such creature. While it is only ever found in the deepest reaches of Downtown and, occasionally, in the less well-maintained parts of The Strip, the Wireworm is found all over the Cannibal Sector and is most commonly found amongst the Cannibal Clans along the bank of the river.

The Wireworm is a tough, threadlike worm with barbed teeth that hooks itself into the walls of the intestine and feeds both on blood and on scraps of undigested food as they pass through the body. The worm leeches iron from the blood to form a flexible, barbed, outer cocoon to keep itself attached to the bowel. As the worms breed, multiply and die off, these barbed metal wires accumulate and the infested host suffers from anaemia and clogging of the bowel. Amongst Cannibals this anaemia leads to haematomania, the desire to ingest Human blood. Many of the riverside clans adopt this bloodletting as part of their rituals.

The infection follows precisely the same course in Mort citizens as it does in those who dwell in the Cannibal Sector. Citizens have less puissant immune systems than Cannibals and are, as a result, much more likely to suffer infections.

MYRILIAN

Myrilian (Wraith: Blood Burner) is a tick-borne disease passed on by insect bites. The parasite travels though the blood stream to the pancreas and starts to rapidly reproduce, destroying the organ in the process. This results in rapid onset diabetes as the victim looses the ability to control their blood sugar levels. Myrilian is particularly nasty in Wraith Raiders as their bodies are normally running on the edge of hypoglycaemic collapse anyway.

ALLZIL

Allzil has been described as a macro virus. Under the microscope it looks like a mite with a number of leg-like structures and a strong keratin-based shell. The infection hijacks cells of the victim and rewrites the DNA so as to reproduce its own structure instead. As it is constructed of the victim's own body parts, there is no immune response to the disease. The disease is most problematic in rapidly reproducing tissues, such as the lining of the gut and womb, the testicles and bone marrow.

The disease it almost asymptomatic in the early stages. It is only as the virus builds in number and the organs affected stop working that any symptoms become apparent – and then diagnosis is often complicated due to conflicting symptoms. Left unchecked, the mite spreads through the body and the victim slowly falls apart.

LEMDAN DROP

Found around the Soak, Lemdan drop is an airborne infection that acts very rapidly. Typically attacks start after the victims have disturbed a dry patch of mud where the viral spores are lying dormant. Once inhaled, victims feel dizzy and light-headed within minutes. The virus disrupts the nervous system and can cause severe synaesthesia. Victims can experience sound as colours or feel smells. Under the effects of the virus, they become completely disorientated and unconsciousness soon follows. The effect lasts for around 4 hours, after which time the victim recovers with no obvious long-term ill effects, though the synaesthesia can take a few days to pass completely. However, being unconscious for so long in the Cannibal Sectors is usually fatal in itself! Lemdan Drop sometimes occurs in the Bayou where "oracles" claim to use the synaesthesia effect to see the future.

EBON SCAB

While there are several examples of large size creatures in the sector that manifest Ebb powers, there are few diseases that do so. Those that do have an effect on the Ebb are greatly feared by Necanthrope, Ebon and Brain Waster alike, causing fear and paranoia far in excess of the spread of the disease. Of those few Ebb diseases, the most common is known as Ebon Scab.

Ebon Scab is neither virus nor bacteria, nor is it 'alive' in any normal sense. It is completely inorganic and does not even share the common chemistry of troublesome agents like organophosphates. Ebon Scab defies proper explanation, though those Ebb users who have tried to examine and investigate it describe it as being like 'splinters of corrupted Ebb' and the experience of being infected is judged to be akin to 'feeling that someone hates you and is wishing cancer upon you'.

Ebon Scab appears in the wake of extreme manifestations of The Dream, infecting Ebb users in the area for a short period after the initial manifestation should they use any of their Ebb powers in the

area. The fragments of corrupted Ebb are drawn to the Ebb user and any Ebb enhancing equipment, having an equally debilitating effect on both.

The disease manifests as slowly spreading scabs of black, flaky material that appear on both Ebb equipment and the Ebb user. These scabs spread slowly - faster if the Ebb is called upon or used to try and heal the scabs - until it renders their equipment (including deathsuits) useless, before finally killing the Ebb user.



"I always held myself aloof from the others, aloof from the dangers of disease and infection in the sector. After all, a quick once over with some healing Ebb and I was clean, tidy and infection free. Not a problem, so I thought. We were out on a BPN about a year ago when something weird happened. The ground turned to quicksand, everything smelt of marzipan and our comm-lines all filled with this strange ethereal giggling. It lasted about two minutes and then stopped, but we were all sunk waist deep in the ground by then. I fired up a little enhancement Ebb to pull myself free and these strange black scabs erupted all over my deathsuit and all over my skin. Itched like an absolute bastard. Like an idiot I tried my most powerful healing Ebb to scour it off me. That's when my deathsuit screamed and died and I passed out. I had to have the scabs cut out of me with a scalpel. Do you have any idea how much that hurts? I kept the hole in my head here to remind me not to be so stupid ever again. So no, I'm not just copying Delia. It's personal and I'll mind you to look after your own business."

Snowflake, Ebon, SCL 8B.5.

Corporate Outreach

"With the glamorous lifestyle of a DarkNight espionage agent you will travel throughout the known universe fighting the evils of the omnipresent SLA wherever you go. From the saliva-jungles of Queue to the scarred resource world of Xiv or the exotic mutated wasteland of Mort, you will never be bored and will live a worthwhile life of adventure and excitement. Join DarkNight, make a difference, free the universe!'

DarkNight Fever, DarkNight re-education and recruitment leaflet.

Every major player in the World of Progress has some presence within the Cannibal Sector, from DarkNight, Thresher and Tek Trex to SLA itself. Many see the Cannibal Sector as the key to SLA's downfall: a screaming horde of barbarians, conveniently at the gate of the monolithic SLA capital. If only they could somehow harness and direct the forces within the Cannibal Sectors, if they could only breach the wall and let them loose in Downtown, then SLA would be pressured and its citizens might rise in revolt or be slaughtered by the denizens of the sector.

SLA also recognizes this potential threat, which is why they conduct so many operations in the sector, but, SLA's relationship with the sectors is quite schizophrenic. On the one hand, the Cannibal Sectors are a reminder of 600 years of failure, intolerable to a company that prides itself on its great historical successes. It also hides and gives twisted succor to many of the enemies of SLA, from the Cannibals and creatures to the serial killers, dissidents and Soft Companies that use the Cannibal Sector to hide in. On the other hand, the sectors throw up a great many interesting and unique animals, chemicals and mutations, as well as providing entertainment to billions. They are also a useful dumping ground for failed, or successful, experiments. The Cannibal Sectors can even prove to be useful as an assassin with troublesome and subversive Operatives and Shivers easily despatched to BPNs or special operations duty within the sectors -which can be as good as a death sentence.

The Cannibal Sectors are dangerous for company

Operatives to work in but, unlike those who live in the Cannibal Sectors, the Operatives have the advantage of working armour, working weaponry and better versions of both than are available to most of the creatures within the sector.

As well as providing possibilities for the downfall of SLA Industries, the sector also provides a good hiding place, not only for the Soft Companies but also for SLA themselves. The borderlands of the Cannibal Sectors are dotted with well-hidden Soft Company plants, churning out drugs, weaponry and subversive literature; while SLA also maintains extremely high SCL facilities performing politically sensitive experiments and developments that would cause bad publicity if they ever got out.

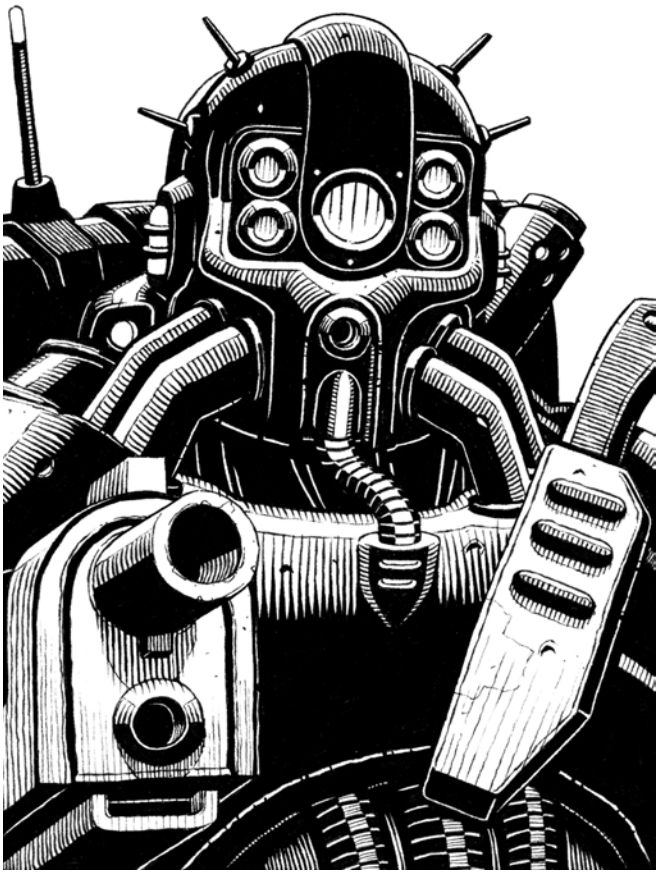
Each company has their own style of operations when dealing with the Cannibal Sectors and their own advantages and problems with making the best use of their presence. The Cannibal Sectors are, much of the time, like a low-intensity combat zone on a War World. Covert and skirmish actions occur between Soft Companies and SLA all the time.

DARKNIGHT

DarkNight, the subversive and underground Soft Company, has the largest and most permanent presence of the companies involved in the Cannibal Sectors apart from SLA itself. To them, the Cannibal Sector is a godsend: an army of vicious creatures who all have reason or instinct to hate SLA and would overrun Mort if they were given half a chance. The Cannibal Sector also provides cover for them to make landings on Mort and to conceal many of their production facilities which churn out weaponry, drugs, armour and other materials for supply to their Downtown dealers and converts.

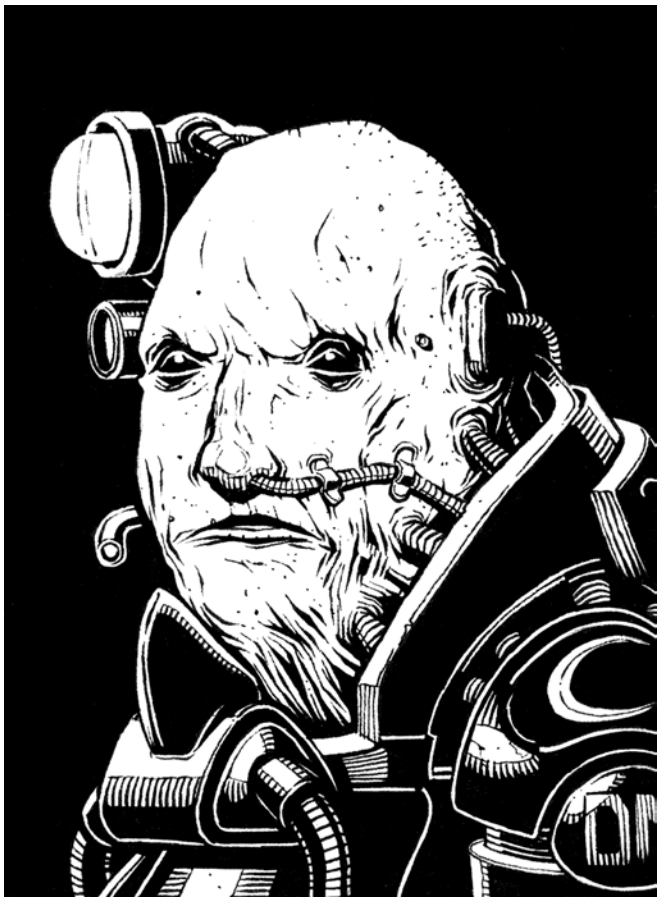
DarkNight lands five and ten man teams on the surface of Mort right on the very borders where the wasteland meets the edge of the Cannibal Sector. Out here no one looks, least of all SLA, they're miles out of the way and anything they make has to be shipped into Mort itself, which is where SLA concentrates its efforts. These teams then set themselves up deep in the Cannibal Sector and begin their one year tour of duty in production, subversive, terrorist or espionage duties.

Of late, DarkNight has had to face a new threat: that of the Scavs. The Scavs seem to attack DarkNight by preference, finding them a soft touch



compared to Thresher and finding their equipment easier to reconstruct than any other equipment that they come across. DarkNight is convinced that the Scavs are some new kind of SLA Stormer specifically designed to attack them and, ironically, they are almost correct as they ran afoul of the same beings on Bastille, though there are very few who remember the Agitator Stormer. DarkNight are beginning to consider compromising their stealth and simplicity code by securing heavier firearms for their Cannibal Sector agents to help them defend themselves against this new threat.

DarkNight operations within the Cannibal Sectors tend to concentrate on production and attacks on the wall. All other missions simply use the Cannibal Sectors as a launch pad from which to infiltrate Mort. DarkNight has a hard time trying to breach the wall, but the potential reward is so high that they continue to try methods such as subversion and sleeper agents to gain access to the wall and occupy the gate controls. Thus far, all such attempts have failed, but DarkNight continue to refine their tactics. SLA only has to fail once for a disaster to occur, as open gates would cause SLA a lot more problems than simple terrorism. The many tunnels and existing breaches in the wall add to DarkNight's cause, allowing them some easy access before SLA manages to plug the hole.



DarkNight has been frustrated in their attempts to convert the Cannibal tribes to their cause. Almost every overture made to the Cannibals has been rebuffed and has usually ended with a DarkNight agent being killed and eaten. On the few occasions that a DarkNight Operative has successfully stirred up the Cannibals against SLA, they have been unwilling to work with any other tribes and have not had the patience or the cultural capacity to wait or to follow orders, blindly throwing themselves against the wall in futile attacks. DarkNight has placed their Cannibal operations on the back burner while they explore new avenues in mind control, drugs and indoctrination, and have instead turned to serial killer cognates and other less savoury Mort citizens who occasionally use the Cannibal Sectors.

DarkNight survives within the Cannibal Sector by being discrete and staying out of sight. They use the furthest reaches of the sector as their base and do not attempt a symbiotic relationship with the sector, cutting themselves off from it and sheltering within their bases. They have their best successes in stirring up trouble within Mort City itself rather than the Cannibal Sectors that are simply good hiding places.

"A year in a small dome with four other people is not the most heavenly of prospects. The smell, the boredom, the sameness of the ration packs and the constant risk of being discovered all create a great risk of cabin fever. It is worthwhile though; we take in scrap and produce weapons, arming the citizens of Mort and the Cannibal families against the oppressor. We make things harder for them and that, along with the intelligence and data that we gather, is far more important in the long term than wasting our lives blowing up people we could subvert. I like Cannibal Sector duty; out there near the wasteland it's actually quiet."

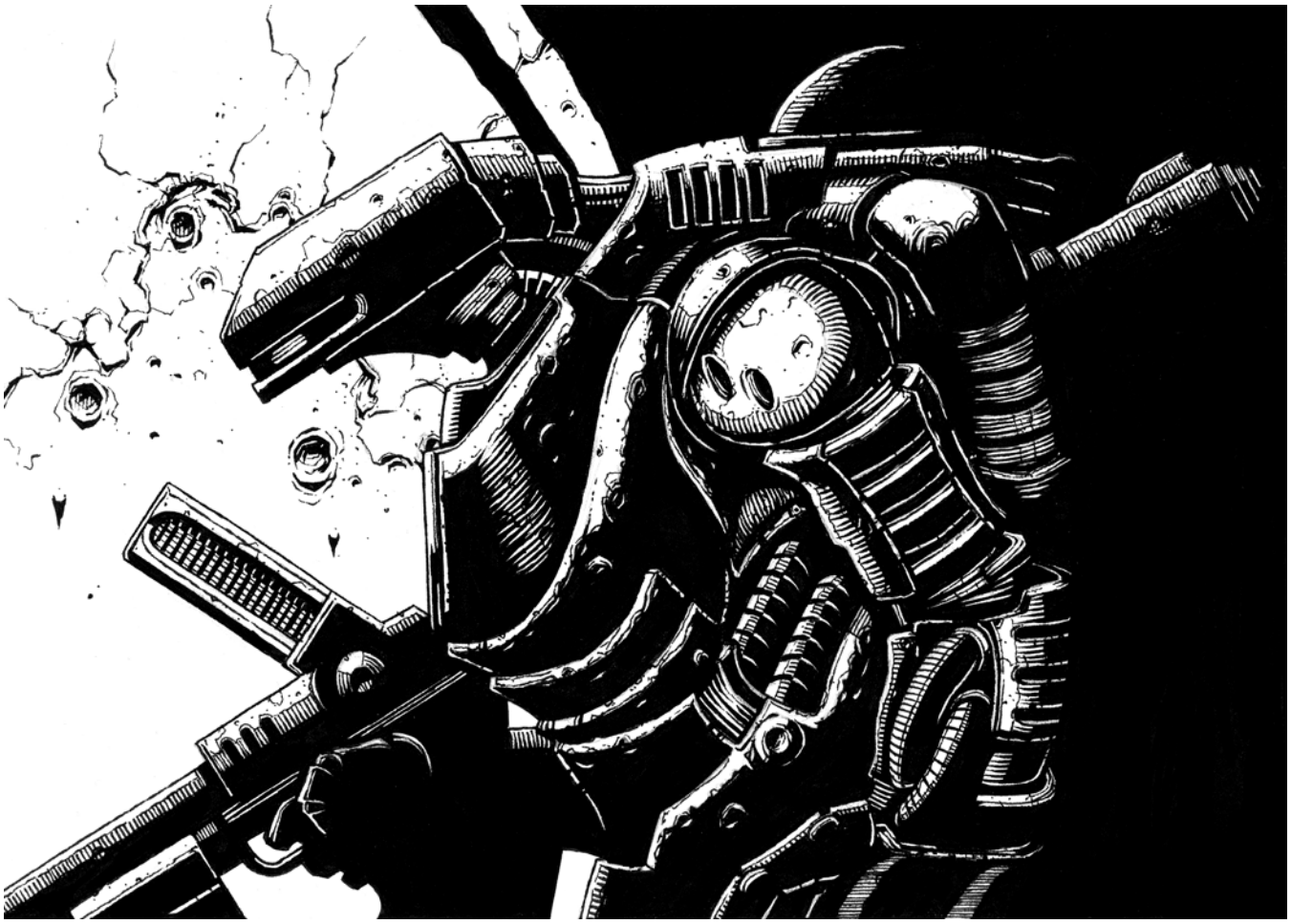
Nigrum, DarkNight infiltrator.

THRESHER

Thresher's tactical and operational philosophy is founded in brute strength. Thresher exists to do as much damage to SLA as possible, and subtlety does not figure into their approach when overwhelming firepower and impregnable armour will accomplish the job just as easily.

Like any other off-world Soft Company, Thresher uses the remoteness and cover of the Cannibal Sectors to land their troops and operatives on Mort. Unlike DarkNight, Thresher is less than stealthy about their approach from start to finish. A Thresher pod-carrier will enter the Mort system and fire off several heavily armoured pods at the planet. These pods hurtle at full speed, aimed by guidance remote, to the edges of the Cannibal Sector, punching swiftly through security measures and spy satellites to crash, meteor-like, into the edges of the sectors. Once down, the Thresher unit emerges, gets their bearings and sets about their mission. They tend to drop larger units who drag together their pods, towing them from their armoured suits and moving them to more secure areas where they are bound together and used as shelters. These larger operations are usually seek-and-destroy runs or attempts by Thresher to build up enough of a force to break through the wall on brute force alone.

Understanding the nature of the wall is enough to put Thresher off making too many direct assaults against it. Thresher may have the edge in technology and weaponry, but anything assaulting the wall has always come to grief and Thresher are no-one's Suicide Monkeys. The fact that their pod carriers can break through most of SLA space and air defences is sufficient reason for them not to land their



attack squads anywhere but in the centre of Mort where the most damage will be done. The difference between the two different types of mission is that any squad landed in CS1 will be primarily on a forward base constructing exercise rather than a scorched earth run.

"Squad one, you'll be taking the pods to Downtown, standard scorched earth scenario. Squad two, you'll be sent three weeks previously to the edges of CS1. There you'll form a forward base for Squad one when they get driven out of the city. From there, you'll arrange transport and refitting and then progress the base to a functioning forward position. Tactical briefing for all units at 0900'

Thresher Sergeant-At-Arms Wulf Nies, combat briefing.

Thresher units survive well for the short time that they remain within the Cannibal Sectors. Their extremely heavy power armour and their advanced weaponry allows them to cope with just about any adversity that the Cannibal Sector throws at them. Thresher forward bases are set up closer to the wall to provide for emergency shelters when the standard scorched earth scenarios go wrong and the teams sent to Mort city need a place to escape to. It's easier to escape from the city than it is to get in, and most Shivers on the wall won't even try and stop a Thresher assault coming from behind them where the guns don't point, preferring to get under cover until the heavy backup turns up. Scavs are aware of Thresher, and they do prize whatever Thresher equipment and materials they can get their hands on.

SLA

SLA does not really know what to do with the Cannibal Sectors. They are the living symbol of SLA's greatest failure, particularly Salvation Tower. They are expensive in the extreme, with thousands of kilometers of wall requiring staff, maintenance and repair. They are a breeding ground for Carrien, insects and worse, a hiding place for dissidents, Soft Companies and serial killers and an access point to Mort for those who wish the company harm. In many ways it would be far easier to destroy them from orbit and rid SLA of the Cannibal Sector monkey that is firmly ensconced on its back, but the cost of that far outweighs the ongoing cost of just leaving them as they are.

On the other hand, the sector has its purposes. The sheer magnitude of waste that is produced by Mort City is not understood by many outside the Department of Sanitation, and it is an easy solution to simply dump it untreated and unseen into the Cannibal Sectors, hidden from Mort Citizens by the walls and assumed, when it is seen on TV, to be the fault of the monsters that live there. The wall itself is a dumping ground for those who have entered SLA's security forces but who have proved to be too corrupting, dangerous or embarrassing or too close to knowing a little too much. The sectors also throw up useful mutations, diseases and other factors that the various SLA departments can use to create new products or to find new ways to defeat their enemies. Additionally, the Cannibal Sectors serve a useful PR purpose. The wall is a symbol of SLA's strength and caring; what lies beyond the wall is the chaos of life without SLA, a fact reinforced with regular advertising and broadcasts designed to promote this view in all Mort citizens.

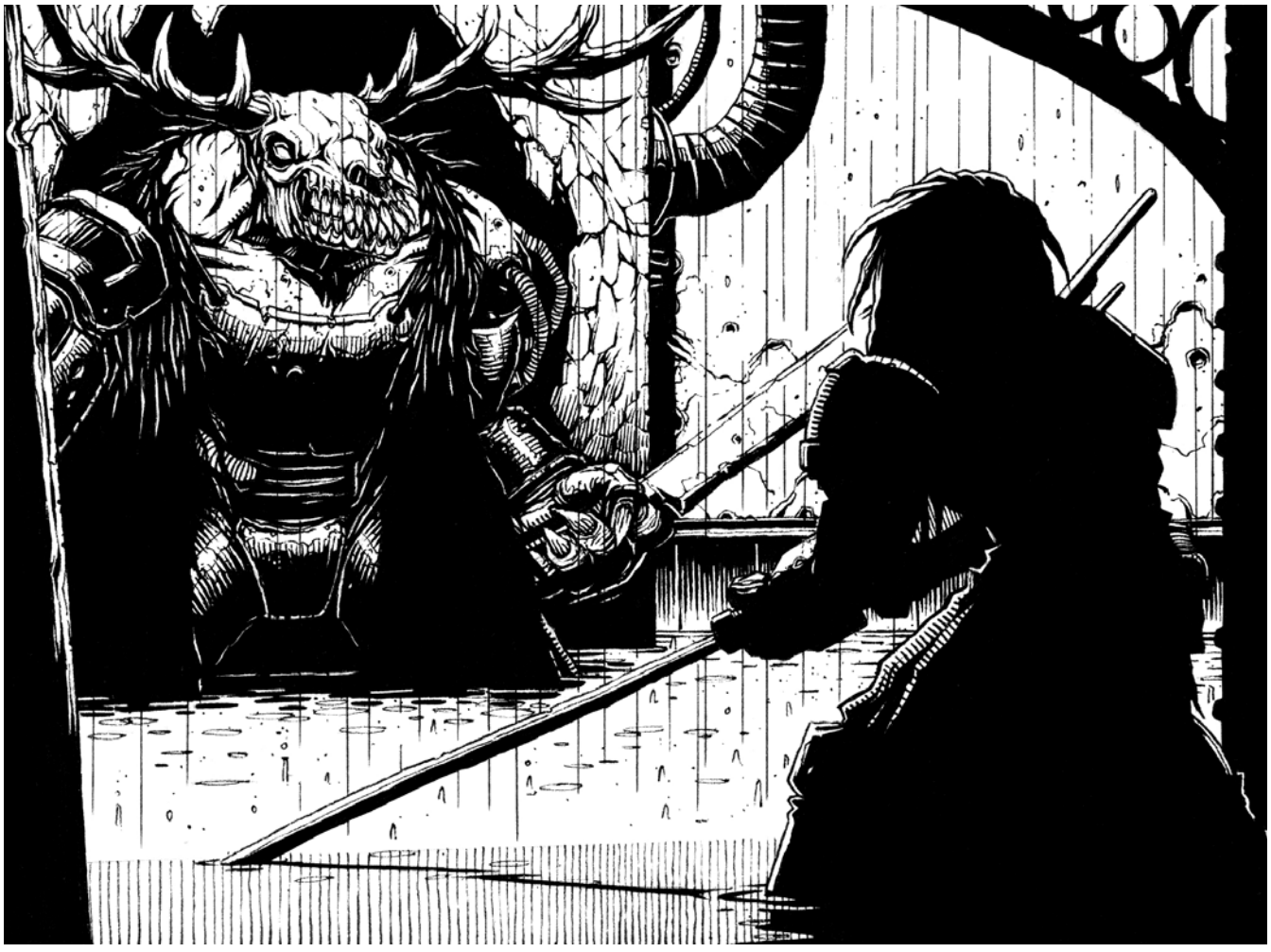
Finally, Mr Slayer himself seems unwilling to destroy the Cannibal Sectors, 'forgetting' to sign the orders for orbital bombardment on several occasions and even hinting, subtly, that the Cannibal Sectors have some part to play in The Big Picture, the long term scheme which all department heads are required to trust him implicitly over.

That is not to say that SLA does not recognize that there are problems attendant with the Cannibal Sectors or that they need containment. Many BPNs issued to do with the sectors are to help maintain the status quo. A manageable amount of infiltrations from the Cannibal Sector keeps the populace afraid without causing too much damage.

The presence of the Scavs has wildly shifted the balance of power within the Cannibal Sectors, damaging many of the Soft Companies and taking out many SLA patrols before they can accomplish their missions, throwing the Cannibal Sector management models well outside their parameters. SLA must regain control if it is to regulate the activities of the Cannibal Sector and that means eliminating the wild card. This is something they have completely failed to do over the last decade, in spite of various measures taken to try and bring the problem under control.

GRIT STORMERS

The Cannibal Sectors are an environment like no



other. There are polluted worlds and there are worlds overrun by worse things than Carrien but nothing, anywhere, matches the Cannibal Sectors for toxicity and danger. They are unique, with unique needs and problems when it comes to exerting control.

Unique problems require unique solutions, and so the best minds at Karma were tasked to produce something that could effectively police the sector. The brief was to engineer a Stormer suited to long-term duties within the Cannibal Sector, specialized both for survival within the sector and for active operations. The result of that order was a beast of a Stormer configured and designed for just that, a natural and capable survivor comfortable nowhere else but the sector and with unique abilities especially useful for their activities.

The Grit Stormer stands an average of 2 meters high. The majority of that height and bulk is strong muscle and reinforced bone covered with a thick, wrinkled hide of urban-camouflaged black, grey and white skin giving them the appearance of having been carved from a lump of concrete. Grit Stormers are slow and uncompromisingly ugly; aspects of existence that are largely irrelevant within the Cannibal Sectors.

From under their heavy brow ridge, a pair of predatory eyes peers forward with near-perfect night vision, although they have to wear a shaded visor in sunlight. The Grit's eyes focus exceedingly quickly and provide them with the ability to fixate totally on one target while causing a strong loss of peripheral vision: a trait that is both useful and dangerous at the same time, leading to several Grits being blindsided by ambushes until they get used to the sector.

Grit Stormer DNA is a fairly basic modification on the standard template of the 313, with some of the lessons learned from the development of both the Chagrin and the Xeno incorporated and updated within the design and a couple of unique abilities grafted into the mix. As such, the Grit Stormer retains the important and valuable ability of the 313 Stormer to regenerate damage done to it. This ability to close wounds and regrow tissue was deemed to be necessary to a Stormer designed to operate in the Cannibal Sectors, away from medical facilities and the backup of SLA.

An additional measure to increase the survivability of the Grit was its skin armour, the information for which was taken from an earlier model of the Xeno armour, minus the camouflage option that was considered too risky to add into the mix with the other innovations. While not as tough as a Xeno's skin, the skin of the Grit is thick, dense and leathery. Layers of solid fat and gristle further protect the flesh beneath before the super dense, biogenetically enhanced muscle is reached. Beneath that, vital organs are protected by fused sheets of bone that prevent the Grit from taking grievous hits from any but the most lucky or powerful of assailants.

The Grit's digestive system was designed with the Cannibal Sectors firmly in mind, and it was decided to move away from the standard omnivorous template to that of an entirely carnivorous creature. The Grit's system now has more in common with big cats (such as lions or tigers) than it has with any other Stormer or the humanoid seed from which they came. The scarcity of non-meat sustenance within the Cannibal Sectors made this modification essential, but now the Grit cannot devour anything other than flesh without becoming sick. This carnivorous requirement, accompanied by a taste for raw flesh, is served by shark-like constantly re-growing teeth that fill the Grit's wide, grinning mouth with hundred of tiny tearing fangs.

As well as the carnivorous modification, the Grit was altered to have a stronger immune system and digestive tract with much stronger stomach acid than is normally found. The Stormer's regenerative ability helps maintain the integrity of the stomach wall under this particularly vicious assault from the body's own juices, but the inconvenience of stomach cramps and pain is offset by the Grit's ability to eat diseased or poisoned flesh without becoming infected with disease or parasites and without becoming ill from the native toxicity. The Grit is able to fend for and feed itself entirely independently within the sector without the need for support or provisioning.

It was deemed important that the Grit be capable of defending itself, even if all of its weaponry and equipment was destroyed and so, in addition to the shark-like teeth filling its mouth, the basic Grit genome was edited to add retractable claws on the tips of each of the Grit's three thick fingers and thumb. The claws are hooked and powerful and are sharpened by grinders of bone every time they are flexed, helping to keep them clean and sharp.

The most exotic, useful and disturbing modifica-



tion was one made to the Grit's spinal column and digestive tract. Multiple nerve fibers and receptors were run down the Grit's spine from its brain, specifically the memory cortex, and were interwoven with the nerves that provide autonomic responses and instinct. These nerve endings were then split into many-ended fibrous bundles and used to line the entire length of the Grit's throat right the way down almost to the entrance of the stomach. These nerve receptors cannot feel pain, but they were left open and sensitive for the most stomach turning of the Grits abilities.

Brain eating.

The Grit has the capability to interrogate the recently deceased in a way that is impossible with conventional techniques. The dead subject cannot resist in any way and, so long as they are freshly killed, the Grit can devour their nervous tissue and gain a somewhat hit-and-miss access to their memories and thoughts by devouring their brain matter. In this way the Grit is able to track down hidden Carrien nests, Cannibal hearths and even Scav bases and stockpiles - perhaps more.

Pleased with the effectiveness of the Grit, but concerned about the possibilities of them finding out more than they should through their brain eating and wary that they might go rogue, SLA head office has insisted that all Grit Stormers be fitted with a Penal Chip, identical in design to those used to control Penal Shivers stationed on the wall. This chip allows the Grit's activities to be monitored and, in the event that they should go rogue, will allow them to be killed at the push of a button.

Although the Grit is a great success in the environment, it was designed for it has what the department of Press & Publicity has termed a 'face for radio'. This combined with their lack of personal charisma and their brain-eating talent means that the Grit is all but forbidden from operating within Mort City at all. All media coverage of their activities is not only banned, but also banned with a lethal sanction. It would damage SLA's image quite badly if it were to publicly get out and be believed that they used brain-eating Monstrosities in their operations. They would lose some of the moral high ground that the advertising department has worked so hard to falsify.

"It makes perfect sense to me. You set a thief to catch a thief, and you set a Monster to catch a Monster. I threw up the first time I saw it, but since I came to understand it has taken on a beauty to me. The way Quake delicately cuts the top of the skull away with his claw and scoops out the brain almost whole; the way he strains it through his teeth to reduce it to jelly to get maximum contact with his throat-receptors. It's like he's savouring fine wines. His eyes flicker as the memories course through him and then he tells us things - wonderful things. OK, so it was almost a tragedy when that DarkNight agent filmed me and Quake brain-draining the victims of that serial killer, but we got him and we did track down Crazy Ivan thanks to the info we got from those brains. I mean, they were dead weren't they? They're not going to miss them. Quake is part of my team and he comes with us, period, even if it costs us sponsorship and the big bucks."

Java Blakk, Brain Waster, SCL 6C.8.

SECTOR RANGERS

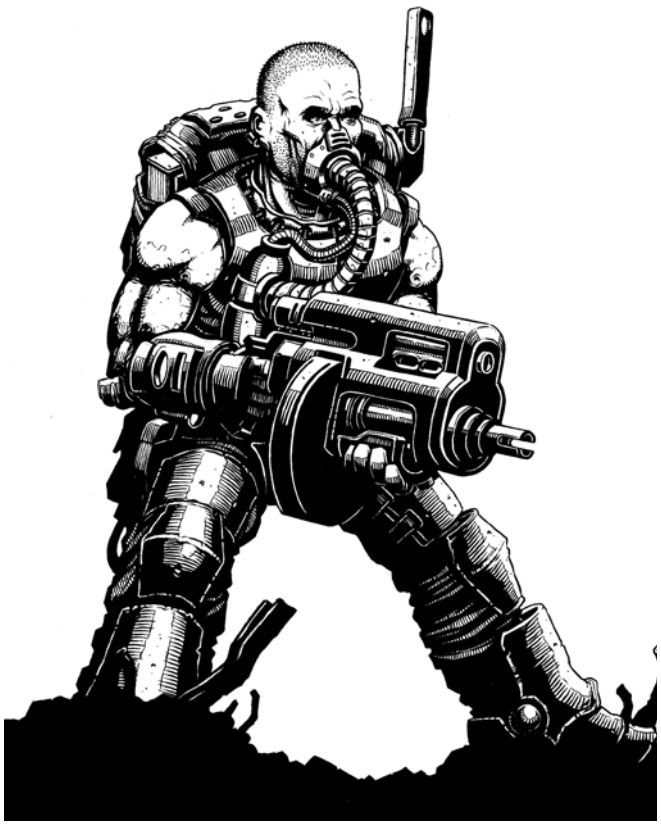
An older innovation than the Grit Stormers is the Sector Rangers. The Rangers are older than most suspect, having been founded in 400 SD, but their existence has only just been made public knowledge, and their recruitment upped and opened so that the Sector Ranger training is now available to any nascent Operative signing on at Meny. Previously, those suitable to be trained as Sector Rangers were handpicked from each year's intake and trained separately. Now the Sector Rangers are openly trained alongside their classmates.

Back in 400 SD, 100 years after The Fall of Salvation Tower and the creation of the Cannibal Sectors, information was sketchy about just how bad things were within the sectors. On the centenary of the disaster, many units of Operatives were hand-picked to create a grand survey of the sectors, and they went through the gates to discover what they could. What they found was that things were very bad and that they were ill-equipped and unprepared to cope with the rigors and demands of operating within the Cannibal Sector. Of the one hundred Operative teams sent out into the Cannibal Sectors, only one returned completely intact, completely sane and with their mission completed. The rest were a mess. That successful team formed the core of the future Sector Rangers.

The team that established the Sector Rangers were The Pack: an unfashionable and somewhat low-budget team of Operatives who were all once citizens of the lower reaches of Downtown who had stuck together through Meny and established their team in order to return to their former levels and neighborhoods to bring a little law and order to those parts of Downtown. It emerged that they had survived so well compared to the others because of the lessons they had learned in deep in Lower Downtown where conditions were horrifically similar in many regards to the Cannibal Sector.

This lack of information on the goings-on within the Cannibal Sectors could not be allowed to continue any more - especially when it became clear from The Pack's reports that Soft Companies were beginning to use these areas to launch operations against SLA and Mort City. Mr Slayer personally spoke to Jak Cartier, leader of The Pack, to form a new core for the good of the city, the company and the planet. Jak agreed, and the Sector Rangers were born.

Jak and his squad now found themselves placed within the fashion and natural beauty of Meny, and they began to ask themselves how they could possibly train the children of the Suburbs and Uptown, even the children of Upper Downtown, in



what they needed to survive. Slayer had asked that they keep the establishment of their department a secret, and so they went over the applications to Meny each year, selecting those whose files seemed to suggest that they had the physical and mental fortitude, as well as the Downtown background, to become Rangers. These individuals were then told that their applications to Meny had failed and one of The Pack would approach them and fill them in on the truth. Then the training would begin.

The Pack requisitioned, and was granted the use of, a storage warehouse outside the distractions of the Meny dome. They converted the warehouse into their training facility. Within its stark walls, the first students began to train and, while the intake has changed, the syllabus and training exercises remain the same as they were five hundred years ago.

Basic Weapons Training: All Sector Rangers receive basic training in firearms, knife and unarmed combat, giving them the required versatility to use just about any available weapon effectively in the unpredictable environment of the Cannibal Sectors. Sector Rangers are made familiar with Soft Company weaponry as well as standard SLA issue equipment so that on long sojourns into the sectors they are able to improvise and commandeer equipment to use it. Sector Rangers put in time on the range with randomly differing types of firearms every single day, save when they are out on practice runs.

Survival Training: Every class receives lectures and training in every aspect of survival, from securing relatively clean water to sterilizing animal flesh for consumption. They learn how to find shelter, how to get their bearings from the stars or the glow of Salvation Tower, and they learn to identify as many of the diseases, parasites and monsters as possible.

Sector Conduct: An esoteric subject, this section of the course is mostly based around Sector Ranger veterans passing on personal knowledge about how to minimize the risk of attack and discovery while operating within the Cannibal Sectors, how to strut like a Cannibal warrior or to face down or show submission to a Carrien, how to spot when Scavs have been in an area and how to bypass or avoid traps. There is no set scheme to these classes. They are anecdotal and supported by Q&A sessions taken from the student body that, if they are sensible, are eager to learn as many little tricks as they can.

Soft Companies: Encounters with Soft Companies are quite likely while on Sector Ranger duty, and the students are taught how Soft Company weaponry, armour and equipment works as well as how to identify different companies and power suits from silhouette and boot-print alone. Soft Company goals and psychology also form part of the course, teaching the students the different motivations and goals behind each of SLA's major enemies.

Practical Survival Experience: Interspersed throughout the course are periods of practical survival experience which often end in the deaths of students who were unwary, tired or who had drunk too much the previous evening. The first few practical sessions are progressively longer hikes on the wasted, empty surface of Mort doing circuits of the Meny dome and exposing the students to the harsh reality of Mort's polluted and vengeful atmosphere. These hikes are followed by a week-long survival excursion into Lower Downtown, where the students must survive without the aid of the tutors for 7 days before making their way back to the rendezvous point. These week-long periods replicate Shiver sleeper duty to an extent and are extremely dangerous. Two of these tests take place. The final exam sees the students arranged, at random, into five-man teams and then inserted into the Cannibal Sectors for a week. Those students who survive

pass and are inducted as fully fledged Operatives. The teams are chosen randomly so that any enmities and friendships between the students are jumbled up, forcing them to rely on people they do not know or whom they even hate. Once they graduate, students now have the choice of operating as regular Operatives or of joining the Sector Ranger Corps and continuing their history of patrolling and controlling the Cannibal Sectors.

The Sector Rangers have established waypoint bases deep within the Cannibal Sectors. These are well-defended and armoured points where Rangers can rest and re-supply with relatively little risk. Although this network of waypoints is spread thin and has begun to be compromised by Scavs, it does help support the Rangers and increases their odds of survival.

"We were pinned down by Scavs and they had us cut off from our APC with a crossfire while one of them was making his way towards it. If they got to the Prometheus cannons mounted on the Hammer we'd have been finished, our cover just wasn't good enough. The two making the crossfire were working their way towards us while we hid and tried to make a plan. One of them came up over the rise and caught us by surprise. We'd have been dead if that guy hadn't turned up. He looked like shit: filthy, raggedy armour, Carrien tooth necklace. I'd have taken him for a Cannibal if he hadn't had the ranger badge and a spit-polished Driller. He faded in out of nowhere behind the Scav and put a bolt right through his chest from behind at point blank range. He muttered something about them letting anyone into the academy these days and disappeared. The firing stopped a short time after that. We found all three Scavs shot dead and the bolts retrieved. No sign of the guy though."

Student Natalia Bailey, final exam debriefing.

The Rangers have also, as part of this latest push, begun to receive some specialized equipment, most notably the GAG60 'Driller' Machinegun and the MAL 'MAS' Modular Armour System. The GAG60 is chambered for heavy caliber rounds and, in addition, has a pump-action, compressed-air bolt launcher with recoverable ammunition. This is regarded as a resource-saving innovation that greatly improves a Sector Ranger's survival chances. The 'MAS' armour is a smart, modular system capable of bonding with other armour systems and slaving them to its distributed network, allowing for in-the-field repairs based upon the simple expedient of recovering surviving fragments of enemy armour to match the parts of the 'Integration' system that have been destroyed.

Those Sector Rangers who do not opt for standard Operative duty are formed into 3 to 5 man teams and begin patrols, operations and BPNs within the Cannibal Sectors immediately, based on minimum one month on, one month off tours of duty with each Ranger proudly wearing the Carrien skull badge of the Sector Rangers on their armour.

THE GRAND TOUR

The Grand Tour was a BPN mission that was only ever issued to Sector Rangers. In recent times, this mission type has been opened up to all Operatives to both crack down on the Cannibal Sectors and to provide Operatives with much needed experience. This policy appears to be key to some new plan or operation being put into motion at the very top of the SLA food-chain.

The Grand Tour is a six-month long open mission within the Cannibal Sectors, where an Operative team is given a fully-stocked APC and simply sent out to wander in the Cannibal Sector to look for trouble and to act with free rein, returning once a month for repair, re-supply and medical attention before heading back out. The basic pay is a juicy 100 credits a day for 180 days, making a grand total of 18000 credits, and it also entitles those who complete the tour to an SCL rise of 3 full points upon their return. It may sound like a lot, but very few survive to collect, even amongst experienced Operatives. More money is to be made in the Cannibal Sector Kill Bonus Scheme, where additional credits can be totted up for confirmed kills of various types.

The Grand Tour is a grueling marathon of combat and paranoia, and places a great deal of psychological stress upon the Operatives who volunteer for it, whether they are trained Sector Rangers or not. An additional psychological evaluation is a requisite of receiving payment and SCL advancement at the end of the six-month tour, and there is an enforced week-long break from all duty before anyone involved in a Grand Tour is allowed to take any additional missions.

There has been some grumbling amongst the older Sector Rangers about both the induction of non-selected students to the Ranger course and the opening up of Grand Tour BPNs to non-Rangers.

They point to the loss of resources in both Operative manpower and hardware as being a reason to leave the task to the professionals but, at present, SLA leadership considers the cost to be worthwhile in exchange for more Operatives receiving experience in the Cannibal Sectors.

"Over the six months, Operative Shish has achieved the remarkable total confirmed kills of 121 Carrien, two Scavs, five DarkNight agents, one Thresher agent and 43 Cannibals. This would bring his total Grand Tour payment to an exemplary 10,655 credits. Unfortunately, Operative Shish failed his psychological evaluation and, as such, it is the recommendation of this doctor that Operative Shish's payment is put into a trust fund to pay for his medical care with any remainder being paid to him in the event of him being cured. Operative Shish currently suffers from the delusion that everyone he sees is a Carrien and was responsible for the deaths of the rest of his squad while suffering from this hallucination."

Dr Ichabod Mendez, psychological evaluation, medical division.

OPERATION SWEEP

Things were in balance; the Cannibal Sectors seemed wild but were contained and managed, hemmed in by the wall and observed by the elite Corps of Sector Rangers as well as orbital satellites and Ebb abilities. Mr Slayer knew what was going on there and knew how the Cannibal Sectors fit into the Big Picture.

That certainty, that vision is now being compromised by the presence of the Scavs. The Scavs have proved to be uncontrollable, adaptable and a legitimate threat. Half-measures, such as covertly hiring the Props and increasing the rewards for bagging Scavs, have not helped. Something drastic has to be done before the Scavs prove too numerous and too powerful to be stopped. They form the greatest threat to the continued supremacy of SLA since the end of the Conflict Society.

Options are limited. A fusion bomb bombardment might work on a War World or even a resource world, but on the capital of the World of Progress such aggressive tactics are not an option. There is the problem of showing weakness to Soft Companies and to the citizenry. There is also the problem of causing further damage to Mort's badly stressed ecology, and the risk of causing another collapse akin to The Fall.



For similar reasons the use of War World-hardened troops is not an option. The effect of limited numbers of war veterans being released into the sectors to help control the population of wildlife and Soft Companies has already been observed. The use of War World troops and equipment would be chaotic on a populated world, and removing the troops after they complete their task could prove equally problematic.

The release of further biogenetic organisms in an attempt to control the Scavs was considered but,

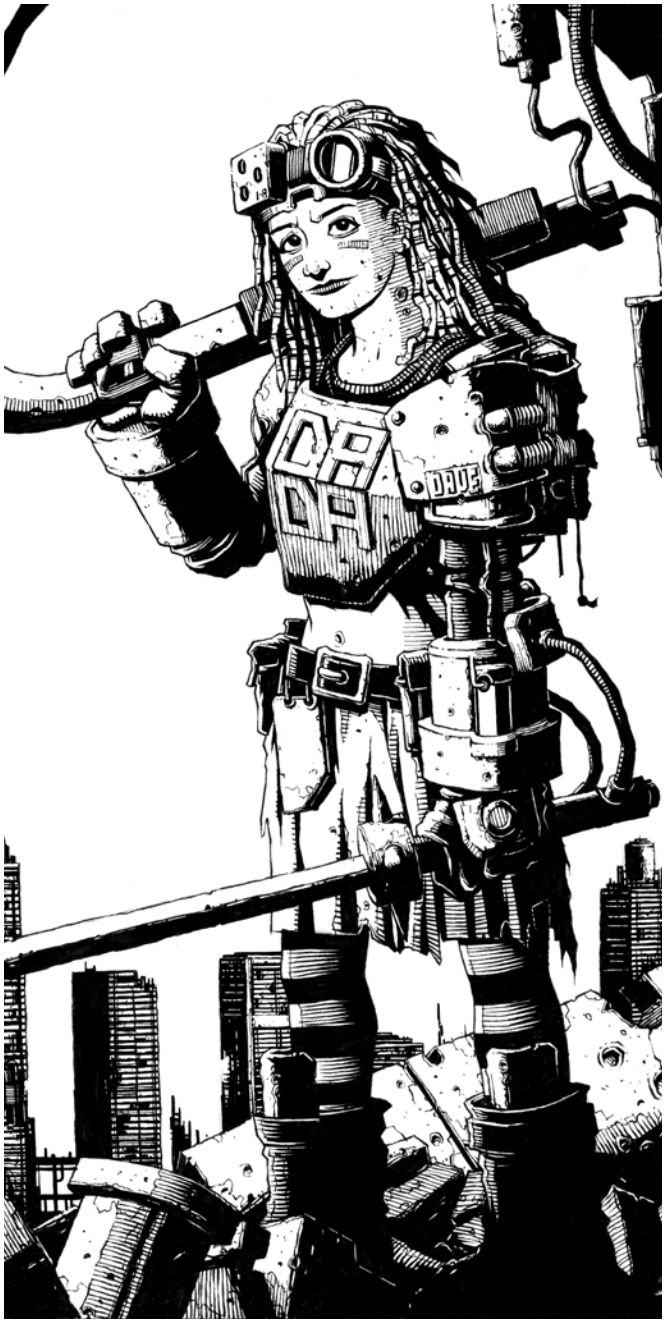
given the problems with the similar release and use of other biogenetics, was stripped back to the limited implementation of the Grit Stormer in support of the Sector Rangers. The Grit could be a public relations disaster if used within the city, and so every one of the limited numbers of Grit Stormers in circulation are monitored 24 hours a day, 7 days a week on the same Penal Chip network as the convict Shivers who work the wall.

The stepping up of the Sector Ranger program and the opening of the Grand Tour BPNs to non-Rangers is a part of this greater plan, designed to build a much larger contingent of Operatives with Cannibal Sector experience.

Operation Sweep is slowly building up towards its implementation date, though only Mr Slayer knows the full scale of the plan. Given the build up of weapons, material and experienced Operatives, as well as the expansion of the Sector Rangers, what is planned can only be some kind of large-scale coordinated action across the Cannibal Sectors. The sheer numbers that would be required to make such an operation a success are staggering, especially when one looks at the manpower and resources required to maintain and staff the walls. Financial analysts who have picked up hints of what is going on have become twitchy and a few have had visits from Internal Affairs, the more vocal the concern, the more likely the voice behind it is dealt with.

The timescale seems to suggest that Operation Sweep will take place within a year or two, and Operatives are beginning to feel to the pressure to take on more Cannibal Sector missions with increased rewards and bonuses available, the advent of Grand Tour BPNs and the media networks going crazy, with central office prompting, for anything and everything relating to the Cannibal Sectors carefully engineering the public to get excited about the big operation.

What does this mean for Operatives? Media and company pressure to take part in Cannibal Sector operations, more and more people wanting to see the big name squads take on the Grand Tour. Perhaps a feeling of something slowly creeping up on them, something big, something important just out of reach that finally, when it gears up, will roll right over them. It also means a high attrition rate in Operatives. Even with LAD accounts, recovery and resuscitation from the Cannibal Sectors is often impossible, especially if the Operatives are eaten. The attrition rate for Operatives has skyrocketed, and while this means the loss of a great many friends, it also means harder, more professional Operatives and many great opportunities for those on the lower rungs of the SCL ladder to get more high-profile tasks and media coverage.



"Quite frankly, I don't give two nuts about what's going on out there and I don't really care. What I do know is that I work for SLA Industries and they're giving me a career opportunity. I've been out of Meny for only 3 months and now I've been on TV twice. That corporate big-wig getting shot meant I got to patch him up on live TV, and now someone wants to pay me to use their medical gear. You've got to love Mr Slayer!"

Artor, Brainwaster medic, Team BZN, SCL10.A.7.

Words from Head Office

MAINTAINING THE FEEL OF THE CANNIBAL SECTORS

One of the hardest things to pull off in role-playing successfully is horror, and it takes a truly skilled Games Master to make their players feel some of the fear that their characters do. Establishing a mood of heart-stopping terror is difficult enough when all you have are words and dice, let alone when there is snack food laying around and you are playing in a well-lit room. Hopefully some of the advice and techniques presented in this section will help you deal with presenting horror and disgust in an effective way. To start with, here is some basic advice…

1. **Play in the Dark:** The Cannibal Sectors are rainy, overcast, without power and dark in many other senses beyond the absence of light. Playing in a brightly lit room is not going to establish that mood, and bright sunshine or warm lighting is going to run counter to the feel you are trying to establish. Switch off some of the lights, run by lamplight or partially shut the curtains; anything to make things a little dimmer and to increase that feeling of claustrophobia. It goes without saying that you shouldn't try playing in total darkness unless you like stepping on dice and snacks.

2. **Play in the Quiet:** The Cannibal Sectors are silent most of the time, relieved only by screams and gunshots when something happens. If you have music blaring or the TV on, people will be

distracted and less able to concentrate; your words will have less effect on them and their imagination will be less powerful. It can be very effective to use different levels of volume and speed in your voice to convey feeling, urgency or horror. If things still seem too quiet and too still, then you've probably got the balance just right. That's how things are out in the sectors. Don't be afraid to duplicate the feeling. If you slowly drop your voice to a whisper, people will strain to listen to you and will begin to feel more isolated and unsettled, especially if you couple this with speaking slowly. If you contrast that with a sudden shout and a speeding up of the cadence of your speech when something attacks, then your players will get a rush, and will be off guard. While this may seem to be a good tactic, it rarely works in the way you want it to. If your players jump, then you've startled them and probably given them a swift jolt of adrenalin. Adrenalin is marvellous for the purpose of preparing the body for flight or fight - neither of which are conducive to thinking and talking, which is what goes on around an RPG table. Don't make the mistake of trying to get the players to be completely in their characters. Their characters are stuck in hell on earth, but they've had the training that the players haven't; so, while players truly would be running around like headless chickens, the characters have had some experience with this sort of thing and shouldn't be killed just because their player couldn't handle being yelled at. As such, this tactic can be used once or twice on most groups, so save it for times when you really need it.

3. **Language:** Language skills aren't used half as much as they could be. Bear in mind that most of the species in the Cannibal Sector don't speak Killian, so it should be very rare that players overhear anything that sounds like voices. Instead, it is worth generating other noises: the clicks and whistles of Carrien and Scavs, the grunts and moans of the Cannibals and the Mutants, the sharp hisses of the Manchine. All of these are far more likely to be heard than actual voices. It is easily possible to keep players on edge merely by repeating sounds that they heard just before they were ambushed last time, particularly if you have exactly the same noise in the same pattern. Players will quickly associate certain noises with certain actions, and it is easy to play the players if the proper time is invested.

4. **Music:** There isn't any out there, usually best to leave it at that. The problem inherent with music is that players get used to the melody, they get used to the words and the tunes, they find themselves getting comfortable with the rhythm. If one thing is making them comfortable, then trying to make them unsettled will be twice as hard, especially if they're up on the air guitar while you're orchestrating a Scav ambush. Scores from various films can be of use, but unless they've been engineered for the purpose (there are some specialist RPG music stockists out there), then sooner or later, the players will get comfortable with them as well. One particular method used in various convention games that has had success is the Prokofiev approach, whereby each particular creature or hazard has a particular piece of music, all of which are distinct in some way. This makes the players pay attention to the music, but only so they can try and determine what's up ahead. This also allows misdirection, as once the players have become used to a piece of music signifying a certain thing, you can play it to give them a false sense of security (they're expecting Carrien, when the only Carrien around the corner is one that the Scav tribe are skinning).

The Cannibal Sector is as much of a character as your players and your non-player characters. It is a malevolent brute lying at the door to Mort City and it wants to get in. It wants to brutalise and terrify the Operatives. Cannibal Sector One especially has the strange Ebb effects and the power of The Dream that gives it a personal and vindictive quality. While you should be fair to your players and always give them a chance, the Cannibal Sector is unrelentingly harsh and is determined to kill or damage as many people as possible.

STYLES OF HORROR

As stated before, horror, along with comedy, is about the most difficult of genres to create the mood for, but when it works it works very well. There are several styles of horror that you can mix and match within your game to produce the style that you want to play. These broad categories are…

Splatter: Splatter is the genre of violent horror, of Texas Chainsaw Massacre or any of the innumerable Freddy or Jason flicks. Splatter is about gore, disfigurement and mutilation and often takes place around some sort of moral framework so that the victims are made out to almost deserve to be killed. Splatter is probably the easiest mood to create and is made more effective by evocative and gory descriptions of wounds. Good antagonists and items to use in a splatter are serial killers, mutants and Scavs, all of whom fit the typical splatter antago-

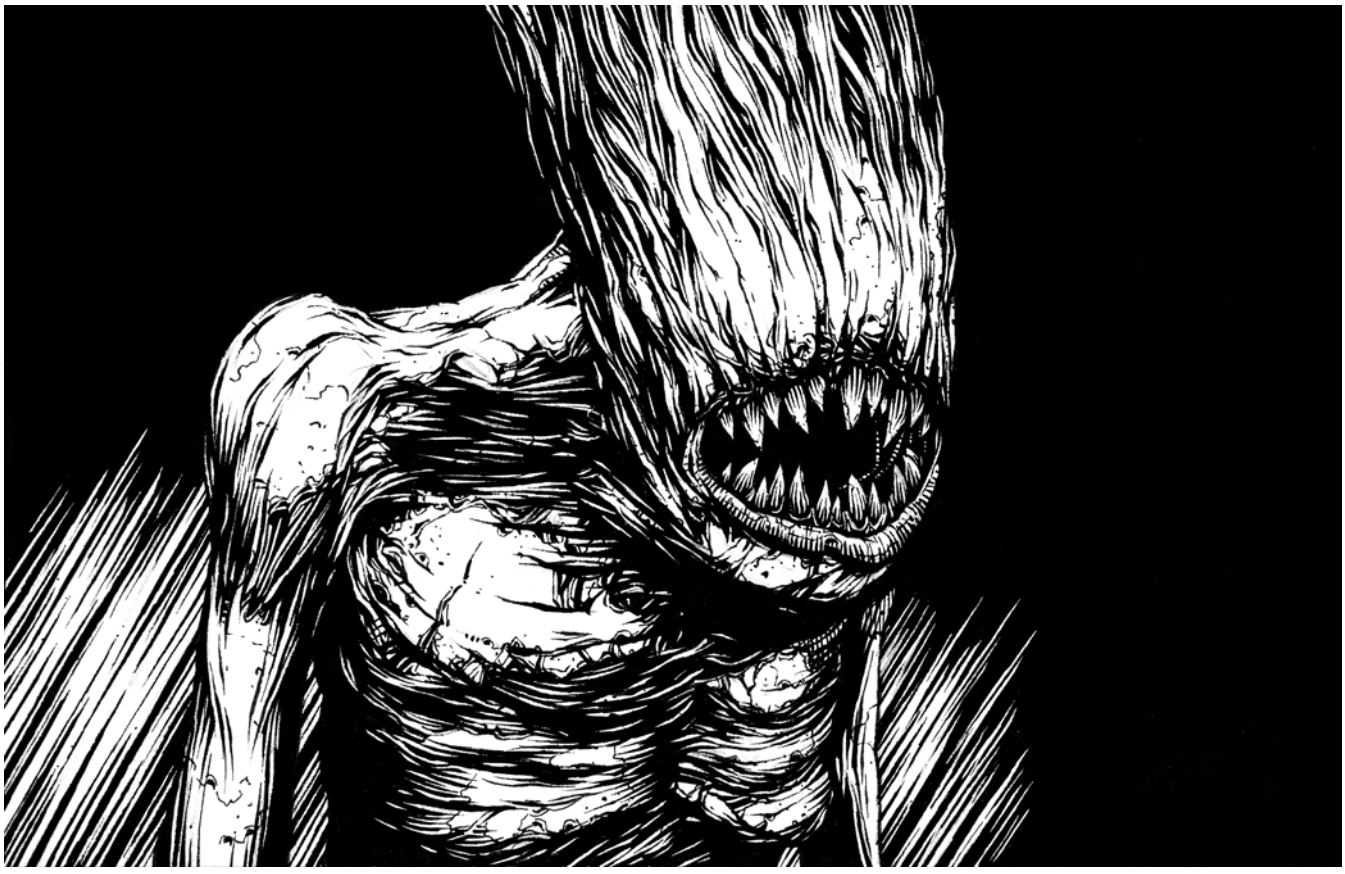
nist profile well.

Personal: Personal horror is intense and difficult to properly portray, requiring a great deal of communication and teamwork between the player and the Games Master. Personal horror maps the descent into madness, or some other horrifying end, of a character. Because of the amount of time and effort needed to do it justice, I recommend that you don't try to get a feel of personal horror going in a game with more than three players. Personal horror requires that you have a great understanding of the character the player has created: it needs to play on the needs of the character so that you can create the kind of stories that will slowly erode ideals, values, friendships and even humanity itself. Personal horror games can be amongst the most rewarding stories told. Good antagonists for personal horror stories are Soft Company agents or reflections of the characters themselves, as well as people from their old communities who they must choose to support or damn against their other priorities.

Psychological: Psychological horror is based around potential threat, paranoia and the creeping possibility of insanity. Any game using this should have people questioning motives and getting caught up in performing unsavoury tasks. Everyone involved should have some kind of secret or agenda, and behind it all there should be something disturbing and horrific. The best antagonists for psychological horror are the characters themselves or their bosses. SLA has many hidden secrets and many agendas that are less than savoury. Finding out that your employer is not all that they appear to be, questioning loyalty: these are some of the key themes to SLA.

Existential: Existential horror is covered by the discovery of things and powers beyond comprehension and beyond the capability of the characters to handle. The World of Progress has several entities and forces at this power level. Mr. Slayer, head of SLA Industries, is such a power: a mind that has shaped and changed the universe, head of a powerful corporate cult devoted to his well being, given of mysterious ways and powers and possessed of the secret knowledge of The Big Picture. The Dream is another suitable foe: a completely unknowable force connected to the Ebb and capable of the strangest reality warping capabilities. . What are their motives? Unknowable. What are they? Unknown. How can you fight them? You cannot.

Each of these types of horror can be mixed and matched to produce an overall horrific theme. A horror-based campaign might include every aspect as the players discover a horrific serial killer is in fact a rogue biogenetic experiment escaped from a



lab, designed to a specification and psychology determined directly by Mr. Slayer. Why does he want such a creature? What is his purpose? How does it fit into The Big Picture and can we, or should we, oppose him?

DESCRIBING THE SECTOR

The Cannibal Sector is a vast area of ruins and 600-year old artefacts. In much of the sector, everything is left just as it was when the disaster hit. Cannibal Sector One resembles a town at 4am: empty, quiet and Human-made but without the people in it to bring it to life. Any movement you do spot is likely to be hostile or someone like you.

Every sense is fed information by the sector and in describing it you can paint a far more vivid picture if you describe how it feels to each of those senses.

Smell: Cannibal Sector One stinks. The smell is cloying and invasive. It clings to armour, weapons, clothing, skin, hair - everything. It can make you choke and vomit when it is strong. SLA is so keen to keep the stink from entering Mort City, even the Downtown areas, that it has installed giant fans along the perimeter of the Cannibal Sector walls to keep as much of the stink back as possible. The smell is 600 years of detritus and neglect washed over with the shit of billions of Mort citizens and capped off with the stink of a million freshly rotting corpses. Even the stink of cordite is rapidly eaten by the smell. If you become inured to the stench, its constant variations in content and strength will still be able to catch you by surprise. It is either that or the dry rubbery smell of a respirator.

Taste: Everything in the Cannibal Sector tastes rotten. Even sealed ration packs go sour as soon as they are opened. Every breath tastes like bile; every sip of water is foul and gritty. Spitting does not help, and even licking your lips will make you feel nauseous.

Touch: Nothing is smooth, nothing is intact and nothing stays intact. Armour becomes dented, scratched, and rough. Everything is cold and damp. The ground is hard and covered in broken glass or spent bullet casings. The walls are broken and shattered; nails and pieces of broken steel protrude. The only way to hide from it all is in your armour and as most PCs won't be taking off their armour, this sense is the hardest to pass on.

Hearing: Sound is the herald of doom within the Cannibal Sector. Most alarms are based on sound, and most things that live in the sector are quiet, stealthy and careful. Only the fall of the rain and the howl of the wind make any noise, occasionally interspersed with the tumble of some rubble or the collapse of an ancient building finally giving way. When another sound is heard, it might be the whirring of a Manchine's servos, the howl of a Carrien or the rasping of a Scav's breath. Sound is always significant and usually spells trouble.

Sight: Even during the day the Cannibal Sector is dark. Deep shadows hide who-knows-what and whatever is visible is painful to see: rotting corpses, bleached bones, the shattered remains of other Operatives and fly-blown masses of unidentifiable flesh. It is a world of brown and grey and rust, of harsh edges and twisted shapes. The apartments are not so different to your own apartments, just smashed and flooded. Little details of 600-year old lives remain in the rubble: a doll's head in the mud, an ancient magazine and a rotting sofa in front of a shattered TV. Everywhere is familiar and strange all at once.

6th Sense: Everyone gets feelings about places. The room where someone died might make you feel cold and, if someone is looking at you, the hairs on your neck rise. These feelings, this sixth sense, should not be ignored when describing the Cannibal Sectors. Treading on the broken dreams of 600 years of hate and death creates a thick psychic atmosphere than can affect even the crudest of Stormers and the most blasé of Humans. There is the constant feeling of being watched and followed. Every corner feels like it has a dozen Carrien hiding behind it, and every hole feels like it contains fresh horrors. The anticipation and the gut feelings are worse than the reality.

IMPACT

The first visit to the Cannibal Sector should be one of profound significance and the impact of the moment when the player characters move through the gates into the world beyond everything they have known should not be underplayed. The best way to really make the Cannibal Sector have an impact on the characters as well as their players is to play up the contrasts.

The trip to the wall should be as gregarious as possible. Emphasise the press of the people, the crowds on the streets, standing room only on the



gauss rail, the omnipresent advertising and television, the clamour of car horns and people shouting, the endless fall of the rain.
Once they get to the wall, it is brisk, corporate efficiency, hustle and bustle. A thousand procedures to go through, from weapon checks to vaccinations and then a klaxon sounds, the door opens and they step forth into the sector, into…

Silence.

The low rumble of the city behind them is the only sound. The rain is cold and it stings. There is no one but the characters in sight - just the bleak sector wall rising overhead and the broken-tooth skyline of the Cannibal Sector before them. No advertising, no TV, no people, no noise - nothing. Then, before they even get very far into the sector, its deadliness should assert itself: a sinkhole in the ground, an attack by wandering Carrien or a potshot from a concealed sniper, even a mistaken attack from the wall itself.

This is just a taste of things to come.

THE DREAM

The Dream is something new for SLA, taken from a few hints secreted in a couple of obscure sentences in previous material. The Dream is an embodiment of reality gone wrong; a whorl in the Ebb of psychic pain and it is carte blanche for the Games Master to introduce the most peculiar and surreal aspects to their game. The Dream needs no definition; it simply is and it can cause problems for the characters directly or through its manifested agents.

SURREALISM

The Dream is a surreal experience, and the surreal is described by the juxtaposition of the familiar and unfamiliar to create new and unsettling experiences. In terms of The Dream this means it can draw upon familiar scenes and experiences from within the characters' minds, mixing them with aspects of the Cannibal Sector and the purely imaginary to form a new whole.

A character might feel a strange shimmer or shudder and then turn a corner to find a Carrien pack sat around a table in suits conducting a business meeting on how best to maximise their hunting potential or how to market 'Human fingers' to an unresponsive Carrien public. They might hear what sounds like a child crying in a tunnel; only to explore and find an ancient gauss train rearing up like a serpent. They might begin to see each other as the enemy or see visions of Mr. Slayer being gnawed upon by Cannibals. For the duration of The Dream, all of this will be absolutely real.

A more subtle application of the power of The Dream is simply to feed the players false sensory information without telling them that it is The

Dream. Strange inexplicable odours, odd sights, coloured lights, gunshots that lead to nothing, armour malfunctions or insects crawling in their suits, seeing each other as monsters and allowing them to fire upon each other: all of these things can bring the sense of insecurity that The Dream thrives on.

NATURAL HAZARDS

There are many natural hazards across Mort, but most of them only come into play when Operatives are exploring the unmaintained and unprotected Cannibal Sectors or the wilderness. Rules for each of these types of natural hazard are presented here.

MASSIVE DAMAGE

Regular SLA armour does not protect against the types of damage presented in the next few pages. It is designed for small-scale impact resistance, such as bullets and weapons, not the onslaught of a few tons of junk. While the armour itself may survive relatively unscathed, it's likely that the person within will not be quite so lucky. In the tables indicated below, there are no scores for PV, which is because the damage done is not from the impact of the Hazard, but from the bruising and buffeting done to the occupant while they're being thrown around inside their armour. In the case of falling, this is because if you're not prepared to fall, then you'll land hard.

The damage caused by floods, collapses, and falls is not confined to one area of the body. The damage will be incurred to many locations, depending on the nature of the impact. A roof collapsing will hit all the locations on the upper part of the body, likewise a waist level flood will hit everything on the lower half and so forth. Falls will hit all the locations that the falling person lands on. In many cases, this is down to the GM to decide how the damage is applied, but it should not be to more than three locations for any given impact.

FLOODS

Floods present two hazards: the impact of the water and the threat of drowning. Most floods that Operatives run into will occur in tunnels and pipes and threaten to knock Operatives off their feet and send them sliding and washing along into deep pools where they may well drown in effluent and wastewater.

Impact: The impact of the water will do damage to unprotected skin and may even harm armour. It also has a risk of knocking an unwary Operative off their feet. Staying standing against the rushing waters requires a PHYS roll, modified by the numbers in the table below. If the Operative succeeds in staying on their feet, then they take no damage themselves but their armour takes damage as indicated below (the damage caused is done by the occupant being thrown around inside their armour, and if they've remained standing, then they're not being thrown around). Any locations not covered by hard armour (Defined as PV 5 or above) will take full damage from the impact whether the victim remains standing or not.

Severity	Phys Roll Penalty	Dmg	AD
Light	-	1	0
Medium	-2	2	0
Heavy	-5	3	1
Flash	-10	4	3

Asphyxiation and Drowning: Characters may find themselves without an air supply quite often in the Cannibal sectors. If they don't possess an independent air supply, an Operative may well find themselves suffering from asphyxiation. An unprepared character can hold their breath for a number of turns equal to their PHYS without suffering any consequences. When prepared, they can hold their breath for twice as long plus an additional turn for every level of the Swim skill that they possess. After this time has elapsed, the Operative suffers one hit point of damage every turn until they get access to air, in which case all their asphyxiation-induced injuries are healed at the rate of one point per phase.

COLLAPSES

The Cannibal Sectors are full of decrepit old buildings, many of which will only require a sneeze to be sent tumbling. If caught inside one of these collapsing buildings, an Operative may well find themselves trapped and hurt. Anybody caught in a collapsing building takes d5 (d10 divide by two rounding up) strikes based upon the severity of the collapse. Getting out of the wreckage requires a Strength roll (2d10, roll lower than strength) penalized by the number in the appropriate column. Hard armour reduces all damage by half its PV, rounded up (thus Blocker would reduce all damage by 3, Crackshot by 8 and so forth). Damage from multi-floor collapses is applied simultaneously, meaning that a four floor collapse would deal 16

damage per hit, rather than 4 damage 4 times.

Severity	Dmg	AD	Strength Roll
Light (Roof Collapse)	2	1	-
Medium (One Floor onto char.)	4	2	-5
Severe(More than one floor)	4 per floor	2 per floor	-5 per floor

Even if not in a building, Operatives may still take damage if they are in the vicinity of a collapsing building as the rubble and detritus scatters over a wide area. The radius in which damage is caused from collapsing buildings is equal to one quarter of the height of the building. Anyone caught in this radius will take damage equal to a quarter of the damage that would be suffered if they were inside the building, all damage is rounded up.

Example: If a six floor building collapses, the radius affected by the collapse will be 7.5 metres (30m/4), and anyone caught in this area will take 6 damage with 3 armour damage.

Falling: If an Operative is on top of a building when it collapses, or is pushed off of the edge, they are going to strike the ground hard and take damage. When falling, Operatives may make an Acrobatics or Gymnastics roll, modified by the distance they are falling. A successful roll reduces damage taken by half the rating in Gymnastics, rounded up (so an Operative with Gymnastics 6 would reduce the damage on all locations by 3). A successful Gymnastics or Acrobatics roll while in the air will also allow the operative to choose which hit locations they are going to land on. In the case of operatives wearing armour with some sort of jump system, being able to orient themselves in mid air might be the difference between life and death.

Levels Fallen	Damage	Armour Damage
1	3	5
2	6	10
3	9	15
4	12	20
5	15	25
6	18	30
7	21	35
8	24	40
9	27	45
10+	30	50

COMBINED DAMAGE

If an Operative is high up in a building when it collapses, they will take both Falling and Collapse damage at the same time. Thus a character 15 metres up on a 20 metre building when it collapsed would take medium collapse damage as well as 15 metre fall damage.

Best hope LAD has an excavator handy.

EARTHQUAKES

Deep underground collapses, the shifting of fault lines, even the effects of explosives can all make the earth shake and send Operatives flying off their feet. The real threat from earthquakes is the risk of building or tunnel collapse and of falling from a great height due to the tremors. Out in the open, the only real risk from an earthquake is being thrown from one's feet onto the ground. This can be avoided with a Dexterity roll penalized according to the chart below. If the earthquake is sufficient to open up a fissure, anyone falling in will take fall damage according to the depth of the fissure. When the fissure closes, anything still inside will be crushed to death.

Tremor Size	Dex Penalty	Collapse Chance	
		Weak Building	Sturdy Building
Small	-	10%	5%
Medium	-5	20%	10%
Large	-10	40%	20%

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

Salvation Tower draws its power from the core of Mort, and occasionally this crude leeching of power causes small volcanic eruptions and brings hot gas and lava onto the surface.

Hot Gas: Expulsions of hot gases not only subject the Operatives within their area of effect to the drowning rules, but may also cause additional problems. If breathed in, the gases do two hit points to the chest and cause an immediate wound as the lungs blister and burn. Exposed skin suffers one hit point every phase as it burns, and anyone caught in the gas without an independent air supply will require a PHYS roll to be made in order to resist becoming unconscious due to asphyxiation.

Lava: Molten rock is extremely hazardous to approach, and the heat will do one hit point per

turn to any exposed location within twenty feet of the flow. Coming into contact with the lava itself causes five damage and five armour damage for every phase that the person is in contact with the lava flow. Hard armour (anything PV5 or above) will prevent the heat from doing any hit point damage for a number of phases equal to its PV, but after that the armour will have heated up and will burn the occupant as if they were in the lava themselves. Any non-hardened equipment will be immolated upon contact with lava, instantly being destroyed beyond possibility of further use. Firearms dropped in lava are likely to cook off their ammunition immediately, although melee weapons can survive for a number of turns equal to their PV before becoming molten and useless. Armour cools down when removed from the source of the heat, requiring twenty minutes to half an hour to do so.

Injuries caused by heat and burn damage require specialist treatment by medically trained staff at a medical centre or specialised Ebb healing. Just shooting up Kickstart will not make any difference.

BELCHERS

The rotting masses underneath the ground in the Cannibal Sectors occasionally erupt in masses of noxious gas and collapse whole sections of the ground, swallowing up buildings and unwary Operatives. As well as the risks of collapsing buildings and falling down the newly created holes the gases are unbreathable, Operatives can hold their breath as indicated under the asphyxiation rules. The final hazard of belchers is that of explosion. The gases expelled are extremely explosive and if ignited they explode hitting everyone in the area with the force of a standard fragmentation grenade, Operatives who were standing above the hole just made will also be subject to falling damage and possibly collapse damage if anything falls in after them.

ACID RAIN

As the ceaseless rain falls through the clouds of sulphur and pollution around Mort City, it mixes with the chemicals and become acidic. All rain on Mort is acidic to some degree, save that in the few protected areas. In the Cannibal Sectors this rain can get much more acidic, to the point where it can eat paint, scour armour and burn skin.

Every turn spent in such heavy acid rain does 1 damage and 1 armour damage, with armour protecting as usual. Shelter is the only way to avoid harm and, should any of the acid get into the eyes, it causes blindness for 24 hours minus PHYS.

SULPHUR CLOUDS

Spewed forth in great clouds of yellow from Salvation Tower, sulphur clouds drift about Cannibal Sector One until they meet rain or water that absorbs the cloud and becomes acidic. The Sulphur clouds stink of rotten eggs and cannot be breathed, requiring that they be avoided or the asphyxiation rules be used.

ASHFALL

The final natural hazard covered is ashfall. Between Salvation Tower, a hundred thousand Cannibal hearth fires and numerous other sources of fire, occasional ashfalls come down from the sky, covering the earth in gray powder until the rain sluices it away leaving everything covered in gray streaks. Ashfall clogs sensors, gums up breathing masks and obscures the vision. Anything with an air intake will need to be fixed after half an hour in the ash and will stop working entirely after being exposed for an hour. Ranged combat in ashfall incurs a -4 penalty to any to-hit rolls due to the reduced visibility. Anything without an independent air supply will be subject to standard asphyxiation rules.

SECTOR RANGER TRAINING PACKAGE

The Sector Rangers used to be specially singled out for advanced training and, as such, were a secret elite within SLA and the only true experts on the Cannibal Sectors in the entire World of Progress. Now the Sector Ranger program has been opened up to all comers and has been expanded, providing Cannibal Sector training to any who wish it, although the quality of training has declined. Only a small percentage of the graduates now go on to become fully fledged Sector Rangers. The rest go on to become normal Operatives.

Blade, 1-H (Str)
Pistol (Dex)
Rifle (Dex)
Rival Company (Know)
Survival (Know)
Unarmed Combat (Strength)

GRIT STORMER VARIANT 720

Grit Stormers are not permitted to operate within the city unless special dispensation has been granted for single operations. The nature of the Grit is such that it has no place in any part of SLA society beyond the purpose for which it was created: to track and kill other monsters. Any player wanting to use a Grit Stormer should discuss its use with the GM prior to generation. If the campaign is not to be spent mostly out of the city, the Grit is likely not a suitable character. It should also be pointed out that even PC Grits will have the Penal Chip implanted in them, and that the controllers of these chips get very jumpy if the Grit is in a situation that could have bad PR for the company.

QUOTE: 'Their nest is not far from here, I can taste it as sure as the brain was fresh.'

INSIGHT: Many think you should not have been created. Many think you are a monster that has no place in the ranks of SLA. Beyond the pale they say, a brain-eating monstrosity that makes everything the Soft Companies say about SLA true.

Lies.

You are loyal and, as your creators said, you need a monster to catch monsters. SLA, who birthed you, is beset by monsters: cunning monsters that catch and kill, monsters with insufficient fortitude to live long enough to tell tales on the other monsters. The dead can still tell you tales though.

You are all the things that other Stormers are: strong, tough, and hard to kill. Your body is tough, flexible and camouflaged against the grey rot of the Cannibal Sectors that are your home. You love to hunt, you love to kill and you love the taste of your enemy's memories as you lick the slickness from their brainpan. So you get called a monster. It's only a label. What they fear also generates a healthy respect.

As a 720 you are amongst the most unusual and newest of Stormers. This is your moment in the limelight and your chance to prove what a Stormer and a monster is capable of. You have a lot to prove.

BACKGROUND: The 720 Stormers are integral to the continuance of The Big Picture and are essential to the successful prosecution of Operation Sweep. They are also the most controversial things to step out of the tanks since Angel.

There has been protest, even open dissent, amongst the department heads and high-end employees within SLA over the introduction of the Grit. The heavy controls placed on its generation and deployment are a direct result of those concerns. The marketing and advertising departments are concerned that unleashing a brain-eating monster into the public domain is 'off message' and will cause confusion in a populace that wants SLA to be the heroes and protectors, however much they root for the serial killers and underdogs on the Contract Circuit.

The 720 is an unrepentant and vicious monster, a Stormer designed to track and kill and track again with relentless intensity until it has killed all there is to kill. Then what? That is what the worriers and concerned department heads say. If Operation Sweep is a success what then for the Grit?

The most interesting innovation within the Grit's genetic makeup is their brain-eating capacity. By devouring recently killed enemy's brains, the Grit is able to digest and assimilate their memories. In this way the Grit can identify contacts and informants or track down hidden Carrien nests as though it has lived there all its life.

APPEARANCE: The Grit Stormer is a nightmare on legs, but extremely variable in appearance. Their skin is universally thick and craggy but the exact shade varies from a sandstone-like yellow to a dark asphalt gray. Behind the razor-like teeth there is a long, rasping, snaking tongue that is always long enough for the Grit to lick its own forehead or to chase the final fragments of gray matter from a cracked skull. The feral, night-hunter eyes of the Grit are protected behind a heavy brow ridge, and the tips of each finger end in the musculature that controls the release and retraction of heavy, retractable claws. The Grit prefers to use weaponry rather than its own body in combat and has a particular liking for powered close combat weapons.

INTERACTION:

Humans: "They tell stories about the wicked things we get up to, about what monsters we are. They don't want reminding that sometimes the monsters work for them."

Frothers: "If you don't want to know what brains

taste like, have enough brains not to ask the question."

Ebons: "It's not always a good thing to be able to empathise with other creatures. The Ebons understand us more than they let on, which explains well why they choose not to associate with us."

Brain Wasters: "The Brain Wasters are most like us in attitude. They respect power, power we have."

Shaktars: "There is no place for honour when your job is slaughter."

Wraith Raiders: "Fast, capable, and they understand the way of the hunter, even if they were not built for it."

Stormers: "We are the future, but every future needs a past upon which it was built."

RACIAL PACKAGE

Chainaxe 1, Detect 2, Memory Digestion 2 (This is a racial ability, unusable by any other race of character, but is presented as a skill for ease of gameplay). Tracking 2, Unarmed 1

Statistics & Abilities

STR	5-15
DEX	5-10
DIA	3-8
CONC	2-7
CHA	1-3
COOL	5-20

Height: MIN 1.5m AVE 2m MAX 2.5m
Weight: MIN 90 Kg AVE 120 kg MAX 150 kg
Movement: 25+2/Str, HALF x2, NO x4
Walk 2, Run 3, Sprint 5

The Grit Stormer regenerates as per the Stormer 313.

The Grit Stormer has a tough, craggy hide that provides it with PV 5 and x1.5 hit points to every location.

The Grit Stormer is entirely carnivorous and survives primarily on meat. It can eat vegetables but gains little sustenance from them. The engineered stomach of the Grit is able to eat rancid or mutated flesh without ill effect, but is likely to gain less sustenance from it.

The Grit's special ability of Memory Digestion works by devouring the brains of recently killed foes and making a roll against the skill. The information gleaned depends on the time the subject has been killed, the roll that the Grit has made and the choice of the Games Master. The information provided is entirely at the discretion of the GM.

The Grit has excellent night vision, providing it with the Good Vision advantage at three levels in dusky, dark or underground conditions and the Bad Vision disadvantage in brightly lit and daytime situations.

All Grit Stormers are fitted with a Penal Chip and are watched 24 hours a day, 7 days a week for signs of deviancy or degeneracy. Any Grit that goes rogue or oversteps its bounds is immediately killed via the chip.

TRAPS

Many opponents that dwell within the Cannibal Sectors make use of elaborate and not so elaborate traps in order to weaken pursuers or prey and in order to protect their hovels, caves, buildings or bases. Different types of traps have different levels of sophistication, and different creatures use different things in order to make their traps. Here are some of the most common traps that an Operative might find within the Cannibal Sector.

Spotting traps requires a Detect roll with a penalty of the Survival skill level of the person or creature that set the traps. Failure to spot a trap does not necessarily mean that somebody triggers it. Traps that fire projectiles or swing down to strike the unwitting Operatives make a basic attack roll with an assumed skill of 5.

Acid Bath: A pit is dug into the ground and filled with acidic rainwater that is allowed to evaporate off a little and grow stronger. The pit is then covered over with litter or scrap. The fall into the pit does damage as per a normal fall and the acid does damage as per acid rain every turn that someone is within it. Climbing out of a pit requires a Climb roll for every 'storey,' and most pits are dug in such a fashion as to make climbing out difficult, resulting in a -2 penalty.

Alarms: From strings of cans to firecrackers to silent alarms. Alarm traps do no damage but inform the defenders, silently or otherwise, that someone is in their territory. This gives them time to prepare

and prevents them from being caught unawares.

Bow Trap: A bow trap consists of a crude, loaded bow and a tripwire. When the wire is triggered, the bow fires, striking with an attack roll of 5 and doing damage as per the Contract Directory.

Dam: Carrien and Scavs especially like to dam up water in order to make traps in the tunnels underneath the Cannibal Sectors. Activated by a tripwire, a switch or a small charge, this trap causes the dam to collapse and release a torrent of water that can sweep away interlopers and drown the unwary. Dam traps are, at most 'heavy flood' but most are medium or below.

Electrical Trap: Scavs and Soft Companies with access to excess power may lay a grid of wires in their territory. These wires can be electrified at the flip of a switch and have the same effect as a Jolt Glove or Jolt enhancement.

Fire Trap: Firetraps require the participation of one of the defenders. When tripped, the trap spills a flammable fluid over an area. This fluid can then be ignited by one of the defenders, catching their attackers in a sudden inferno of heat and flame. The firetrap will continue to burn for 5 turns after the initial ignition doing the same damage on every turn.

Pit Trap: Simple pit traps are amongst the most common traps that exist within the Cannibal Sectors, and many creatures dig them or simply cover over existing holes in the ground. Damage is taken as per a normal fall and climbing out is as detailed under the Acid Bath trap.

Punji Stakes: Concealed in shallow pits, punji stakes do damage when they are trodden on and often carry filth and disease, causing infection in those who are hurt by them.

Rockfall: Rockfall traps are set up by rigging roofs to collapse. They are used to block tunnels and to bog down pursuers with heavy rocks, forcing them to dig their way clear. Rockfalls do damage as per collapsing buildings and are mostly used to slow down and to trap pursuers.

Shotgun Mine: Primarily used by Scavs and Cannibals, the shotgun mine is a simple device consisting of a shotgun shell mounted over a piece of wood with a nail stuck through it. The percussion cap of the shotgun shell rests against the nail and, when trodden on, the shell goes off, striking the victim's foot at point-blank range.

Spiked Pit Trap: Spiked pit traps increase the damage inflicted upon the person who falls into the trap, and the spikes are often smeared with filth in the same way that punji sticks are.

MUTATIONS

Even normal animals, such as rats, cats and dogs, can also harbour nasty and horrifying mutations and many creatures end up having their abilities and statistics augmented as well as reduced by these mutations. Heavy users of Shatter may also find their bodies distorting and twisting as the drug mutates their DNA. What follows is a list of the various mutations that have been documented in CS1, it is not exhaustive by any means and represents only a fraction of what is out there. GMs are encouraged to come up with others and add them to the list. Mutants will have between one and five mutations, chosen by the GM to best represent how they feel that particular creature has changed.

Acidic Body Fluids: Whenever the mutant is cut, shot or otherwise induced to part with his blood, anything touching the blood takes damage as per the acid rain rules. The mutant may also spit acid to the same effect. The highly toxic chemistry of the mutant's body harms itself resulting in an Str, Dex and PHYS reduction of -1.

Albino: As per the disadvantage listed in the SLA main book.

Anatomical Model: The mutant has semi-transparent flesh and skin allowing its innards to be seen. This grotesquery may require a fear check to be made and the exposure of its innards to ultraviolet rays and radiation means the mutant loses one hit point from every location.

Armoured Skin: The mutant has a tough, warty, leathery hide resulting in a PV of 4 and an additional 2 hit points to every location.

Atrophied Limbs: The mutant suffers from the shrinking of one or more of its limbs to a weak and feeble state. A withered arm means that only one-handed weapons can be used. A withered leg halves the mutant's movement. Roll 1d10.

1-2 Left arm.
3-4 Right arm.

5-6 Left leg
7-8 Right leg
9-10 Roll twice.

Bat Ears: The mutant receives Good Hearing at level 2.

Beak: A bird-like beak replaces the mutant's mouth and lower face. The mutant is unable to speak intelligibly and suffers a -1 reduction to Charisma.

Beast Features: The mutant appears to be the bastard offspring of humanity and one of the more common Cannibal Sector animals. He is unable to speak intelligibly and suffers a -2 reduction to Charisma.



Automaton: The frontal lobes of the mutant are compressed and damaged. The mutant has an effective DIA and CONC of zero, never needs to make Cool rolls and must be instructed by another in order to do anything but sit staring blankly.

Brittle Bones: The mutant has a poor ability to assimilate calcium, resulting in brittle bones. Hit points to every location are reduced by -2.

Cackhanded: The mutant is excessively clumsy due to nervous damage caused by the mutation and suffers a -2 reduction to Dex.

Camouflage Skin: The mutant's skin blends in well with its surroundings, conferring a +1 bonus to Sneaking and Hiding rolls.

Claws: The mutant has thick, gnarled and powerful claws that do 2 damage, 1 armour damage and have a penetration of 1.

Covered in Fur: The mutant is covered from head to toe in thick, greasy fur.

Cyclops: The mutant has a single eye and no depth perception, resulting in a penalty of -2 to any ranged attack rolls.

Double Jointed: The mutant is extremely flexible, resulting in a +1 bonus to Dex and the ability to squirm through any hole as large as the mutant's head.

Drooler: The mutant drools constantly and excessively from its mouth. This causes a -1 penalty to Charisma.

Drooling Idiot: The mutant is an imbecile. Reduce its Dia, Conc and KNOW to 2 each.

Dwarfism: The mutant is shrunken in stature and mildly deformed. Reduce Str, Dex and PHYS by 1.

Elongated Limbs: The mutant suffers from the stretching of one or more of its limbs to a gangly and barely useable state. An elongated arm means that only one-handed weapons can be used. An elongated leg halves the mutant's movement. Roll 1d10.
1-2 Left arm.
3-4 Right arm.
5-6 Left leg
7-8 Right leg
9-10 Roll twice.

Eternal Pain: The mutant is in a constant, terrifying rage due to the pain its mutations cause in its body. The mutant never makes any PHYS rolls, automatically passing those it is required to make.

Extra Arms: The mutant has an extra pair of useable arms extending from its torso giving it an additional action in combat.

Eyestalks: The mutant's eyes are extended on stalks like a snail's. While this allows the mutant to peer around corners with what amounts to a natural AV stalk, it gives no other benefit.

Fire Breather: The mutant has glands in its body that allow it to mix two volatile organic chemicals

and to spew them forth like a dragon. This flame attack may be done three times per day and does DMG 6, PEN 2, AD 3.

Frog Eyes: The mutant has bulging, amphibian eyes that are capable of independent movement. This gives the mutant a special +1 bonus to detect rolls.

Gigantism: The mutant is enormous in size, giving it a bonus of +1 to Str, Dex and PHYS. Due to its strained system, the mutant takes two wounds whenever it should receive one.

Great Capacity For Damage: The mutant is insensible to pain and its organs are protected by dense flesh and thick bone. The mutant has double the normal number of hit points.

Grotesquely Fat: The mutant is a corpulent mass of fatty tissue and is only able to move at half of its normal movement rate. However, it gains one hit point to every location thanks to the protection of its layer of blubber.

Headless: The mutant has no head and its features are instead present on its chest.

Hermaphrodite: The mutant has both male and female gender organs and secondary characteristics.

Hideously Deformed: The mutant is so unutterably hideous that it always induces a fear check in any who see it and its Charisma is reduced by -5.

Horned: The mutant has tusks, horns, antlers or some other cranial protrusion that do 2 damage and 1 armour damage with a penetration of 2.

Hydrocephalic: The mutant has a misshapen and deformed head, swollen with water and fatty tissue. Reduce its Dia, Conc and KNOW to 1 along with its Charisma.

Limb Loss: The mutant is missing one or more limbs. Loss of an arm only allows pistol weapons to be used, loss of a leg halves movement. Loss of both legs makes the mutant immobile. Roll d10, any duplicates are to be rerolled.
1-2 Left arm.
3-4 Right arm.
5-6 Left leg
7-8 Right leg
9-10 Roll twice.

Limb Transfer: The arms and legs of the mutant are transposed. Roll twice on the following table and transpose arm and leg as needed. Mutants learn to cope with this deformity but still look strange to onlookers.
1-2 – Right Arm
3-4 – Left Arm
5-7 – Right Leg
8-10 – Left Leg

Massive Body Part: The mutant suffers from a grotesquely swollen and enormous part of the body. Swollen limbs reduce Dex by 1 and move rate by .3 per body part, representing the imbalance caused by the limb. **Roll d10.**
1 – Head
2–3 Arm
4 – Hand
5-6 – Chest
7-8 – Leg
9- Foot
10 – Roll twice

Maw: The mutant has a massive, gaping maw, full of teeth like steak knives and able to bite chunks out of just about anything. The maw does DMG 3, PEN 1, AD 2



Noxious Gases: The mutant gives off poisonous gases in a cloud around it. Anything within two meters of the mutant is subject to the Asphyxia and Drowning rules. The mutant itself is unaffected.

Patagia: The mutant has flaps of wing-like skin under its arms that allow it to glide forward 2 meters for every 1 that it falls. It can also make safe landings after dropping from any height.

Microcephalic: The mutant has an extremely small head compared to the rest of its body and suffers a -3 penalty to Dia, Conc and KNOW.

Pustulant: The mutant is covered in boils, ulcers and weeping sores that cause it constant pain. Its PHYS is reduced by 1 and it is disgusting and pitiable to look upon.

Quadruped/Biped: Whichever the mutant was, it is now the opposite.

Regeneration: The mutant has a regenerative capability just like a 313 Stormer.

Rotting Flesh: The flesh of the mutant is constantly degenerating and rotting away from its body. The mutant gains only half the normal number of hit points.

Rotting Stench: The mutant stinks like a side of meat that has been left out in the sun and is constantly pursued by a mass of flies.

Sensitive Nose: The mutant has an extremely sensitive nose that allows it to follow scents in much the same way as a bloodhound might. The mutant gains a special +2 bonus to any Tracking rolls.

Skeletal: The mutant resembles a living skeleton and suffers a -1 penalty to its Dex.

Spiny: The mutant is covered in sharp spines that do an automatic PEN 0, DMG 1, AD 0 attack to anything getting into close combat with the mutant.

Supreme Charisma: The mutant exudes pheromones that lower resistance to its actions. The mutant gains +2 Charisma amongst its own kind.

Supreme Cool: The mutant is fearless and strong willed, gaining a +2 bonus to Cool.

Supreme Dexterity: The mutant's nervous system is advanced and streamlined, conferring a +2 bonus to Dexterity.

Supreme Intelligence: The mutant is intelligent for its kind with a brain enhanced by the genetic lottery that gave it birth. The mutant gains +2 Dia, Conc and KNOW.

Supreme Strength: The mutant's muscles bulge as though it had biogenetic implants. It gains +2 Str.

Tailed: The mutant has a tail, just like the biogenetic implant from Karma.

Tentacles: Tentacles lined with suckers replace the mutant's manipulative limbs. The mutant loses 1 in Dex but gains 1 in Strength.

Total Coward: The mutant is highly strung and of an extremely nervous disposition resulting in a 2 reduction to Cool.

Weakling: The mutation has made the mutant's muscles fibres weak and flimsy. This results in a 2 penalty to Str.

Webbed Hands: The mutant has webbed fingers and toes, giving it a frog-like appearance and a +1 bonus to any Swim rolls.

Without Personality: The mutant is devoid of personality and extremely bland to interact with, running almost purely on instinct or logic depending on its intelligence. Its Charisma is reduced to zero unless it is already lower than 0.

DISEASES

Disease and the risk of infection require their own rules, and the diseases presented in this book need statistical definition. Disease and the threat of disease are major themes in any Cannibal Sector session where the Operatives spend their time crawling through mutagenic filth while covered in cuts and bruises.

INFECTION

The first step of any disease is infection. It should be noted by the referee when a character is exposed to a disease vector, and only at the end of the combat or the period in which they were exposed to the disease should a roll be made to see if they have become infected.

The roll to see if a character has been infected is a PHYS roll penalized by the infectiousness rating of the disease. Some precautions can be taken to reduce the risk of infection. For example, cleaning

wounds properly gives the character a bonus of +1 to resist being infected with any of the diseases.

If the character does become infected, you need to move on to the next section: disease progression.

DISEASE PROGRESSION

All diseases move through stages towards their final effect. At each stage of the disease, the character may make a PHYS roll against the disease's infectiousness to try and ward it off and delay the inevitable. This roll must be made at the end of every time period of that stage of the disease and, once it is failed, the disease progresses to the next stage.

Curing the disease requires the proper treatment and a Medical – Practice roll penalized by the infectiousness of the disease.

Vector	Stage	Infect	Treat	Effects
APOCALYPSE FLUKE				
Humanoid Flesh	Exposure	-5	Heal 13	None
	1 Week	-5	Heal 13	Numbness. -1 DEX and + hit points to every location
	3 Months	-6	Heal 13	Numbness & Loss of Brain Function. -1 DEX, DIA, CONC and KNOW. +2 Hit Points to every location. (cumulative). Cannibals usually arrest at this stage
	6 Months	-8	Heal 13	Death from Paralysis
BACTERIAL BLOOMS				
Untreated Water	Exposure	-2	Antibiotics	None.
	3 Hours	-2	Antibiotics	Diarrhoea, excessive wind and upset stomach.
	6 Hours	-2	Antibiotics	Hallucinations, dysentery and dehydration.
	12 Hours	-2	Antibiotics	Digestive system collapse and internal bleeding occurs, resulting in death.
EBON SCAB				
The Dream	Exposure	-4	Surgery	None.
	Half an Hour	-4	Surgery	Black, flaking scabs.
	4 Weeks	-8	Surgery	Death.
MASARIN'S LEGACY				
Body Fluids	Exposure	-2	Retrovirus	None.
	1 Week	-2	Retrovirus	1 random mutation.
	Childbirth	-2	Retrovirus	Child suffers random mutations.
LOCKTIGHT				
Animal Claws	Exposure	-1	Medical Kit	None.
	Half an Hour	-1	Medical Kit	Stiffness, resulting in -1 DEX.
	Each Day	-1	Medical Kit	Increasing stiffness and cramps, resulting in -1 DEX (cumulative).
	1 Week	-2	Medical Kit	Death by paralysis or muscle contortions

NECROTISING BACTERIA

	Exposure	+0	Antibiotics	None.
	1 Hour	-1	Antibiotics	Swelling, pus, and the loss of an additional Hit Point from the infected area.
	2 Hours	-2	Antibiotics	Rotting flesh and the suffering of a wound to the infected area.
	3/6 Hours	-4	Antibiotics	The infection spreads through the body, rotting the flesh until the body dies.

WIREWORMS

Faeces	Exposure	-1	Hospital Stay	None.
	2 Weeks	-2	Hospital Stay	Bloody stools, cramps, and anaemia. -1 penalty to PHYS.

MYRILIAN

Tick Bites	Exposure	-4	Heal 14, Blood transfusion	None.
	18 Hours	-6	Heal 13, Pancreatic Transplant	Damage to pancreas resulting in diabetes.
	24 Hours	-8	Controlled Diet	Hypoglycaemia, dizziness, tremors.
	36+ Hours	-8		Coma and death.

ALLZIL

Microscopic Mites	Exposure	-2	Heal 14	None.
	1 Month	-2	Heal 13	Organ Damage.
	3 Months	-6	Heal 13	Organ Failure.
	6 Months	-8	Heal 19	Massive organ failure, death.

LEMDAN DROP

Viral Spores in River Mud	Exposure	-6	None	Dizziness
	3 Minutes	-8	None	Synaesthesia
	5 Minutes	-10	None	Neural overload and unconciousness
	4 Hours		None	Recovery
	2 Days		None	Synaesthesia effects wear off.

Mission Briefing

CANNIBAL SECTOR BPNS

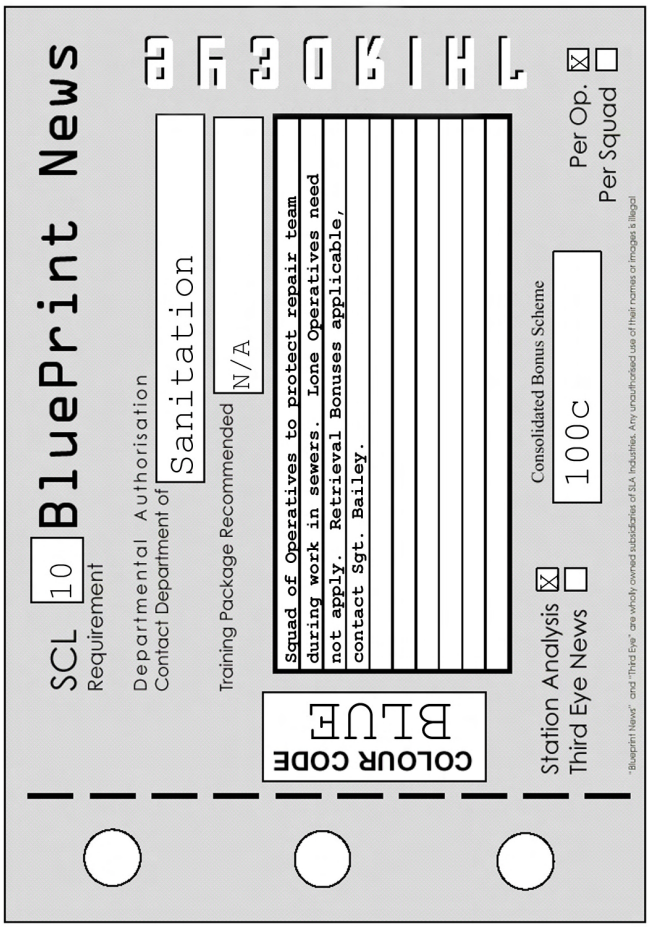
With regards to the Cannibal Sectors, most of the BPNs undertaken are of a supporting nature as the Operatives (unless specialized in the Cannibal Sectors) will not have the requisite knowledge or specialist skills to attempt the mission themselves but will be required to provide assistance to those who do have the skills. What follows are two example BPNs from each colour code to get the players straight into the action.

BLUE

The normal duties of street maintenance and patrolling are typically replaced with duties such as sealing cracks in the wall, covering breaches in the sewer system and covering repair crews while they do their duties.

PLUMBING THE DEPTHS

One of the secondary vents into Mort city has become blocked. There have already been two teams in the area that have been sent down with regular Shiver support and have yet to report back in. Additional funding has been approved for the use of Operatives, and the PCs are being assigned to repair crew 103d to make sure that the blockage is cleared and the repair crew brought back alive and unharmed. Retrieval bonuses will be paid for each live member of the previous crews that are returned safely to the main operations centre. Bonuses for Shivers returned alive will be 25c per head, 50c per head for repair crews.



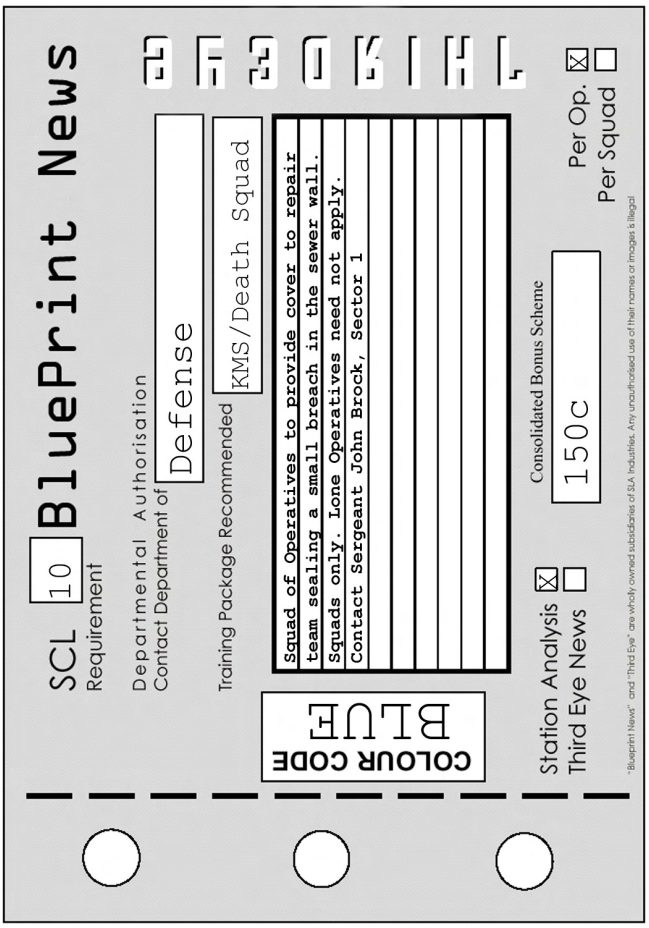
The blockage has been caused by the dead body of a large carnivorous pig that wandered down into the pipes and was herded by a group of Carrien into a secondary fan, which did sufficient damage to kill the pig before jamming on the body. The smell of the dead pig is attracting vermin and other pigs to gorge on the feast; therefore time is of the essence. To properly clear the area will require the pig to be moved back and the technicians to be given ten minutes of uninterrupted work to get the fan working again. A combined STR of 20 will be sufficient to move the pig body. For each minute that the Operative team takes in getting to the body, one rat (see critters section) will arrive on the scene; for every five minutes, a giant rat or carnivorous pig will turn up to take their share of the meal. It should take no more than ten minutes for the team to arrive at the body if they go directly there.

The disappearances are due to the Carrien mob that is still in the area. They are checking the area every half hour to see if any new teams have been sent down to remove the body. If they encounter the team and judge that they can take them without too many problems, then they will attack just after or during the time that the players engage the vermin and pigs around the corpse. If they manage to down a target, they will leave it and continue attacking the other, live targets. If more than 3 members of the six-man repair crew are taken down, the repairs will be impossible and will require returning to Operations to get another repair team. In all, there are ten Carrien in this group led by a single greater Carrien. The dead bodies and live but unconscious victims of previous assaults are held in the sewers a quarter mile away. Any Operative thinking to check squad frequencies or tracking devices will be able to quickly find what they are looking for. There are three Shivers and five of the repair team still alive at the point of the BPN being issued.

Stats for all creatures can be found in the Critters section.

BLOCKING THE WAY

Upon contacting Sgt Brock, the PCs are given directions to Sector House 4 where the repair crew is waiting to be escorted. The breach in the wall is forty feet under the main gate of CS1, an area that takes a substantial battering due to the constant traffic in and out of the sector. Tectonic scans have revealed that a small part of the under-wall has started to subside. The repair crew must go in and put in an expanding polymer to ensure that the subsidence goes no further.



Upon arriving at the breach, the repair team discovers that the subsidence has been due to the vibrations caused when the gates have been slammed shut in emergencies and that the equipment they have brought to seal the hole will be insufficient. The repair crew must return to get additional materials, but the hole cannot be left unguarded. The PCs must come up with a solution that can cover both the hole and the repair crew returning with the proper materials. It will take the crew two hours to return with sufficient materials, how the Operatives deal with the situation is down to them. What turns up in the meantime is up to the GM.

If the repair crew is sent back alone, they will not make it back and the PCs face a very long wait for backup. Once the materials have arrived, it is the work of ten minutes to set the foam concrete in place. This will absorb the vibrations and also fill the hole sufficiently to prevent any further incursions.

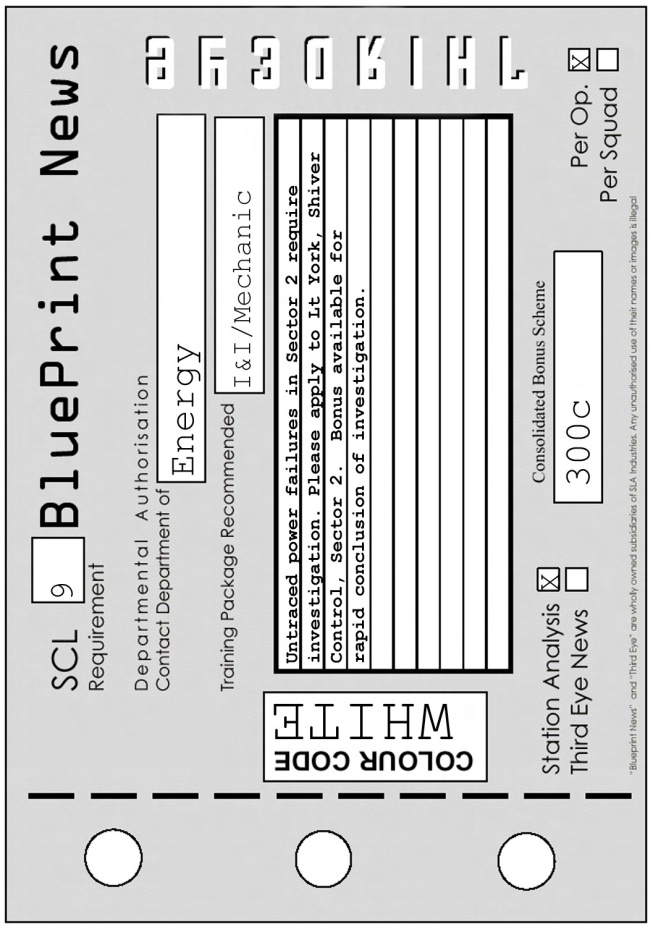
WHITE

Investigatory BPNs tend not to be in the Cannibal Sector itself, but centre more on the wall and the areas close to the wall. Anything that needs to be investigated within the sector is usually left to the far more experienced Sector Rangers.

SOMETHING ON THE MAINFRAME

Sporadic power failures have been occurring on the top of Sector 2 over the last week and a half; each power outage taking down one or more of the Prometheus cannons on the top of the wall. Each incident has only put the gun down for a half hour at most, but it has never been the same gun twice. Lt York will provide any information and clearance that she has access to, including video feeds, access records, duty rosters, and personnel records. The pattern of outages has been one every twelve hours, and the most recent outage was less than an hour ago. There is a bonus payable of 500c to the squad if they manage to solve the matter before the next outage.

Players examining the details of the outages and shift patterns will not find any direct link between any one shift group and the outages, but if they look a little closer they will see that certain personnel are always on when the outages occur. There are over thirty different personnel that have shared all the shifts while the outages have been occurring,



and checking over employment histories will reveal that all of them have had their psyche profiles and checked out fine. If the players think to ask, several of the people amongst the group at one time were Shivers who retired from active duty to work in the technical section. Further analysis of this will reveal that at least three of the group retired due to injury. Each one received the standard amount of counseling that was indicated on the recovery sheet before they were sent back, the standard amount being a week off and a packet of feelgoods.

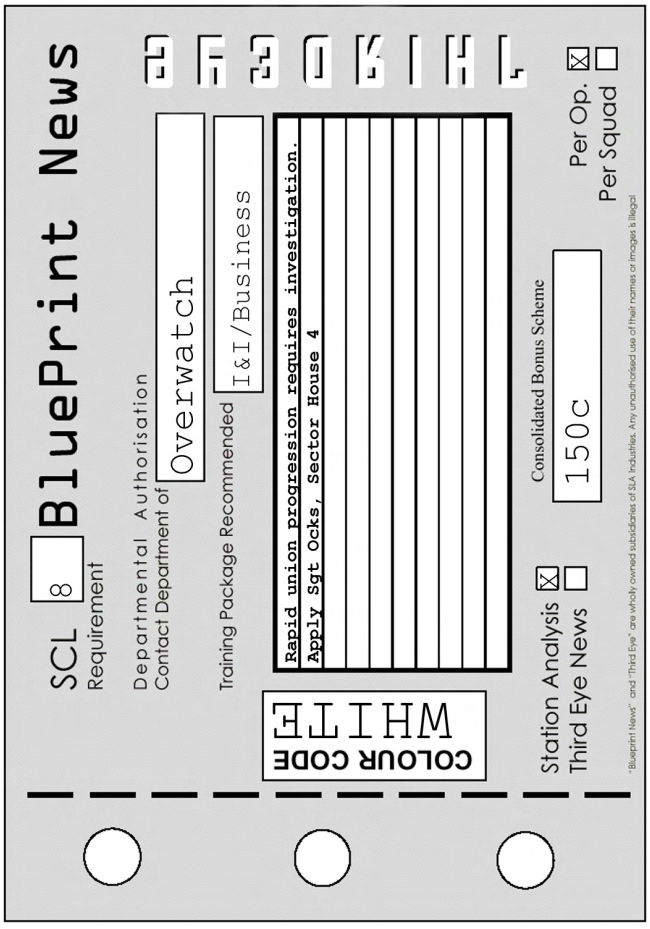
If the PCs look further, they will see that at least one of the group had a minor delusion that the Manchines were coming to sweep all before them and spare only those who served their purpose. If the players interview the group, they all seem perfectly normal unless pressed hard for information, at which point it is possible that good interrogation technique will reveal that most of the group are part of one of the Manchine cults and have been steadily working on finding a way to shut down the wall's defences so that when the inevitable tide of metal comes, they will be spared in return for all the help they have given. While this group can be shut down, it is clear from the way that they speak that there are other groups on the wall that are engaged in the same purpose and, while this cell has

been thwarted, there will always be others ready to take up the cause.

NOTHING SO CRIMINAL AS AN HONEST MAN

In Sector 4, a worker's union is being created by the disgruntled Shivers in line with Executive Policy 4, Subsection 3. There is nothing directly illegal about this in itself, but the progression of the setting up of the union has been on a scale unheard of within SLA. Sgt Ocks has been asked by his superiors to look into the matter and has found nothing of note. However, he does not have the SCL to go any higher to look further. With this in mind, he requisitioned the assistance of Operatives who would have the clearance to get the information he requires. The Union representative is a man by the name of Jahn Fargreave, who has not been working the sector very long, but has taken to it like a fish to water.

The man himself is a well-built fifty-year old with looks more comparable to those of aged movies stars than those of a street man. He is both personable and knowledgeable, with a force of personality behind his eyes that his basic record would belie. If questioned, he speaks clearly and truthfully about



his intentions: he isn't doing anything wrong and all his actions are firmly within the boundaries of SLA law. He's just trying to bring some rights to his fellow Shivers. His record is compartmentalized to SCL 8 and has D-notices on several parts of it. If the PCs investigate the record fully, they find that Fargreave once held the post of Operative and was one for more than thirty years. His record has several demotions for the crime of disobedience, usually with the proviso that he'd been ordered to do something that he considered dishonourable or which would bring unnecessary misery to those he signed on to protect. The D-notices are locked at SCL2, but each one of them brought his SCL down by three full points. Further checking on his file indicates that shortly before he resigned, he had received a disciplinary review that would have prevented him from taking up any post within SLA had it been applied. As a result, Fargeave resigned rather than be ostracized from the whole of the company and then joined the Shiver force to try and continue making a difference. This happened a year ago.

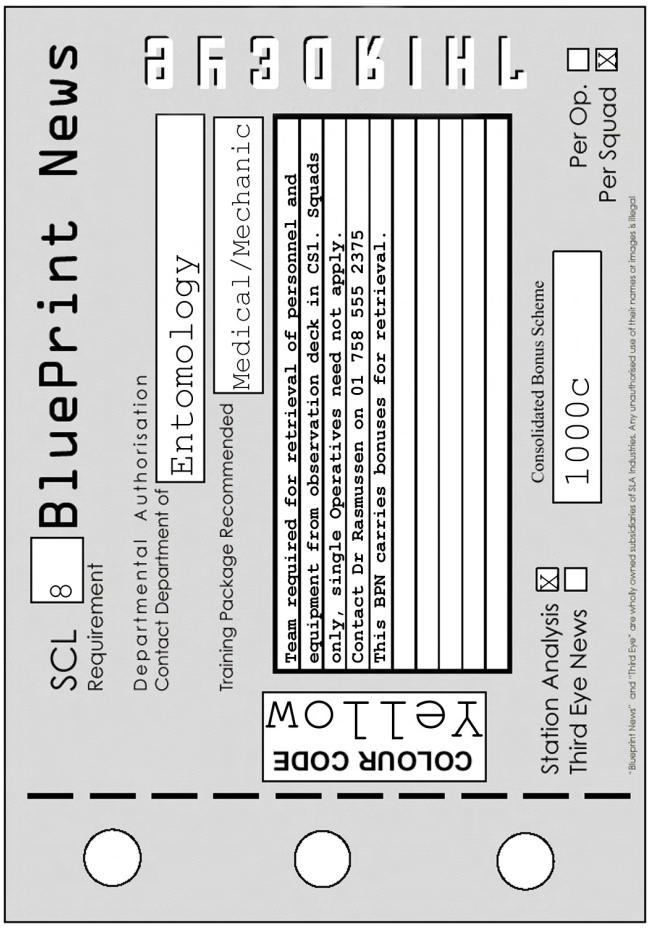
The rapid progression of the union is due to the fact that he knows the system better than most, and knows which ways to go if shortcuts are required. If the PCs were so inclined, they could hunt down the disciplinary committee and have the full punishment pursued to its logical end, which would have Fargreave cut from the Shiver force. Sgt Ocks will not push for such a punishment; but will be satisfied with the information that the players glean.

YELLOW

Given the size and state of the Cannibal Sectors, Yellow BPNs are usually only issued when something is truly important, there's little point in sending out teams of Operatives to retrieve black boxes from SCAF bikes unless there was something else in the Black Box that isn't a standard item. Personnel and Prototype retrieval tend to be the order of the day.

THINGS THAT SWARM AND MULTIPLY IN A DROP OF WATER.

Upon contacting Dr Rasmussen, the PCs are questioned as to their medical skills. Squads with no medical ability or specialist will be turned away. The assignment is to go beyond the Wall and locate



Test Team 11a/b that were in the process of testing a new device. A locator beacon was activated shortly before contact was lost with the team, and a tracking device will be provided for the team's use. The PCs will be informed that the Test Team comprises six people: four scientists and two guards. Retrieval bonuses of 100c per head will be paid for each scientist brought back alive. The device they were testing needs to be brought back as well, intact or broken. 1000c will be paid if it's brought back intact, 100c if it is broken. The area where the locator beacon is broadcasting from is a short distance from the area known as the Hive. The observation deck was set up within a half-mile of the outskirts of the Hive and the scientists had been making tentative forays into the area to test the devices. Full medical kits will be provided for all team members, with reserve supplies in case of any extra requirement for medication. They will also be given the short-range radio frequency used by the team, for contact once they arrive at the deck.

Once in the sector, the PCs will be able to reach the area in very little time. The whole observation deck is covered in insects of various sorts, and, short of using flame or explosives, there will be no way to enter the building without allowing some of the insects in as well. If the PCs contact the scientists, they will be brought in one at a time via the main airlock, which includes a sterilization room to destroy most of the insect life (if the larger insects get in, they may have to take care of them more directly). Once inside, they find that of the observation team, only three members are left alive. The two guards and one of the scientists were infected with bacterial blooms some time ago. Their bloated corpses are currently in the cryo room, pending incineration. The other team members are in the early stages (3 hours) of infection and, without treatment, will be incapacitated within another 3 hours and dead within 9. If the team has an Ebb healer, they will be able to treat the Test Team on site. Otherwise, the suppressants in the medical kits that the PCs have been given will keep the scientists going for three hours beyond the three they have, but then there will be nothing else they can do.

The device that the PCs were sent to retrieve is a specialized insect attractor and repeller. The Test Team finally got it to work by connecting it to the mains power, but can't remove the power supply without fusing the mechanism and rendering the device useless. To unwire the machine safely whilst keeping it in working order will take several hours' work, during which time the Test Team will surely perish. Whilst the device is working, the insects will continue to gather on the outside of the observation deck, forming an impenetrable barrier to anything not wearing solid armour of some sort. Even with the chemical sprays designed to kill the insects, a new layer forms almost as quickly as the old layer dies.

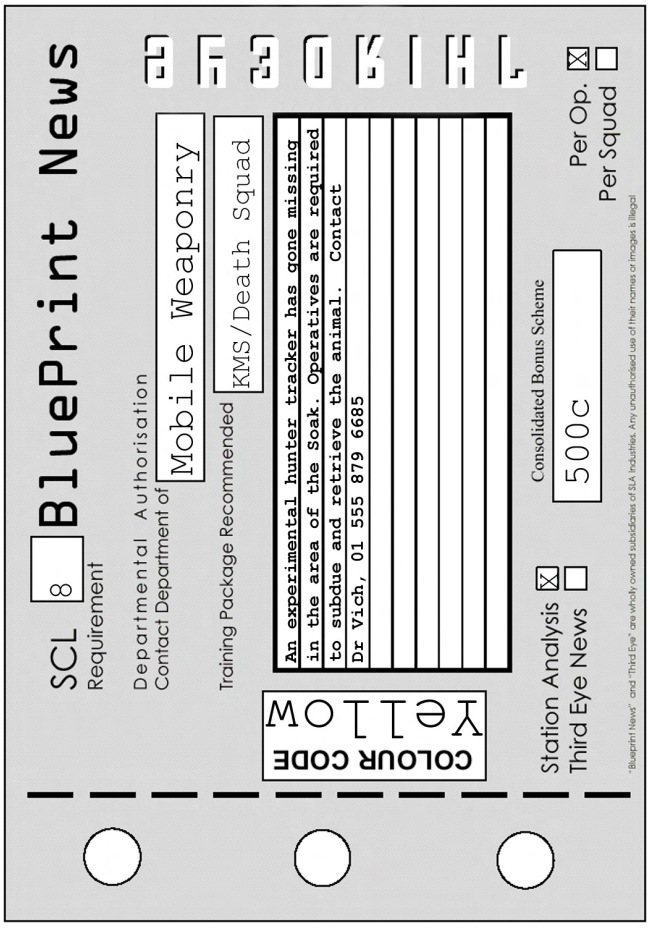
The PCs have two choices: the first being to unwire the machine at speed and take both the team and the broken machine back; the second being to take several hours and take the machine back whole, in which case the observation team will die, but the PCs will receive their higher bounty.

NOT ANOTHER ONE

Upon contacting Dr Vich, the PCs will be given the details of the creature that they will be hunting. Karma has recently come up with several innovations in the Domino Dog program, leading to a new prototype being created and released into the Cannibal Sectors. Some time ago, the prototype stopped responding to directed commands and the locator beacon indicates that it has found a way back under the wall and into the area around Muck Row. PCs are to be directed to its location and are

ordered to subdue and return the beast without too much damage. From all accounts, the creature is a basic Domino Dog with enhanced regeneration and synaptic control. The PCs are given tranquilisers and catch nets that the scientists assure them will be sufficient to capture the creature.

The truth of the matter is a little more complex. The Domino caught a variant of necrotizing bacteria that its regenerative system shunted to its skin, causing widespread burns and cracking of its sub-dermal armour. This irritation caused it to flee back towards the city where it perceives its masters to be, but the scarring over its sensory organs have caused a malfunction and it can no longer differentiate friend from foe, causing it to attack anything in a blind rage. The tranquilisers will not work and the nets will only hold it for a maximum of 2 turns. Hotline rounds have no effect on its damaged nervous system, although Ebb abilities will have normal effects and might well be the quickest way to stop it moving for any length of time. It will quickly become apparent that without specialist gear and training, the beast cannot be subdued without fatalities on the part of the PCs. If they ask for permission to kill it, such permission will be initially denied, but eventually applied if footage of the beast or indications of what hasn't worked on it are given. If DAC handlers are called in, they will



be able to supply a vehicle suitable for caging it, but actually getting the beast in the cage is a different matter altogether.

If the PCs manage to retrieve the Domino unharmed, they will be paid a catch fee of 500c, although if they had to call in the DAC handlers, they will only receive 200c with the rest going to pay the Shivers' threat bonus.

GREEN

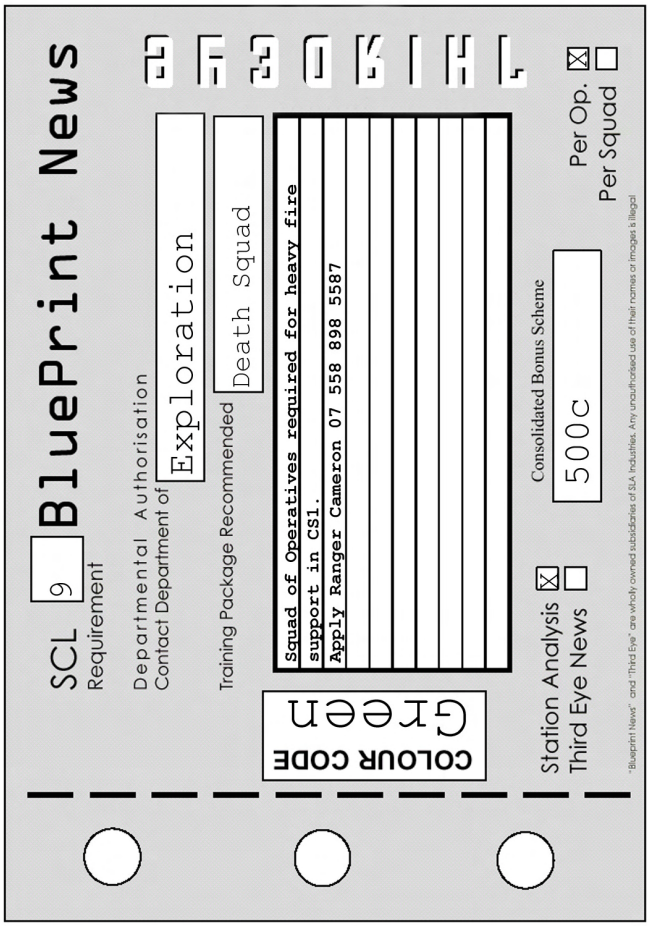
The Cannibal Sector is massive, poorly monitored and always changing. Even the inhabitants mutate. SLA places high priority on getting useful intelligence on what goes on and devotes a lot of missions to exploration within the sector. Usually these missions are given to the Sector Rangers, who know the area and know what to expect. However, there are times when heavier fire support is required, and that is when Operatives are called in.

RANGER SUPPORT

Ranger Cameron arranges to meet the PCs by the main gates to CS1. The scouting party consists of four Rangers and himself. The PCs are being brought along to provide fire support in case the group is discovered. Their objective is to locate and mark out a suspected Scav base, allowing it to be destroyed by long distance artillery. If the team is discovered, they will need combat support to make it back to the walls to deliver the proper coordinates. The PCs are to accompany the squad as far as the edges of the suspected territory and then to set up a defensive perimeter, pending the return of the Rangers. The suspected site is six miles into the sector, and over ground that no APC could manage, so the PCs will be on foot the whole time.

At the edge of the Scav territory, the Rangers will indicate where the PCs should set up their fire support before they move on. Any PCs with Tactics will note that the area to be defended is open to attack on three sides and may raise this point to the Rangers. They are informed that the Rangers could be coming from any one of the three directions when they return, so they need to cover all three points.

The Rangers are gone for more than three hours when their distress beacon goes off. Early indications are that Ranger Cameron is still alive and



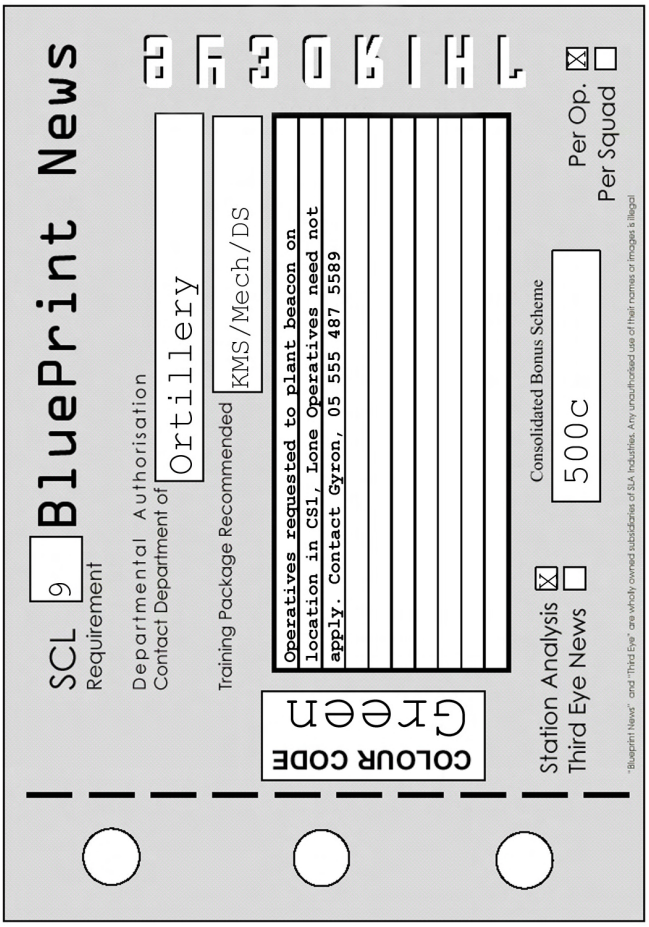
holed up about a mile west of the PCs' position. If the PCs apply for a clearance to retrieve, the BPN will be upgraded to a Red and an additional hazard payment of 250c with 1000c payable for each Ranger brought back alive. The Scav nest has four Scavs in it, three grunts and one leader (use profiles in Critter section).

NEW FRONTIERS

There is a shortage of Sector Rangers on call at present, and the Department of Ortillery is coming up on a window of opportunity for one of its new weapons to be tested. They require a patch of ground where nothing will be missed, but an area close enough that they can observe at first-hand the effects of their new weapon. The PCs will have six hours to place the beacon in the location that Gyron specifies. They are given a Nava map with details of the location and satellite imaging shots of the small plateau of rock where the beacon is to be placed. If asked for details of the weapon being tested, Gryon will indicate that it is classified to SCL4, but that when it comes down they don't want to be within a mile of the impact zone. They have twelve hours before the weapon is fired.

The location for the beacon is twelve miles into the sector, and is deep in Cannibal territory. There are at least four different families of Cannibals in the area, and while they're not directly at war with each other, they're not closed to the possibilities of a few short rumbles. If the PCs get in the way of any of these fights, both sides will cease aggression to each other and come at the PCs with sharp sticks. Presuming that the players don't get in the way too much, they should be able to get to the plateau fairly easily, but on the way, they will notice that there are several captives, mostly Shivers and Rangers, held in small wooden cages and roped together very much like a chain gang. Any weapon coming down on this location will undoubtedly destroy them as well. The weapon test cannot be aborted, and the weapon will be targeted on the beacon when it goes off. The orders from Gyron are to place the beacon exactly as instructed and then vacate the area. All personnel caught in the area of the blast will be considered collateral damage and written off against the project budget (which is considerable). The testing of the weapon is more important than the lives of those who allowed themselves to be caught.

Where the PCs place the beacon is up to them, but if the beacon is not placed in the exact spot indicated, they will be in for a disciplinary hearing when they return, possibly resulting in a fine and a loss of SCL and privileges. PCs applying for a retrieval of



personnel will be granted a separate BPN at a rate of 250c per live person returned to the wall.

How they get them out is another story.

RED

Emergency BPNs relating to the Cannibal Sectors are usually defensive actions: some of the wall defences fail and emergency sanctions must be put in place to make sure that the hole is plugged effectively. Missions involving getting people out of the sectors are rarely assigned as Reds, usually falling under the auspices of Yellow, Green, or Black as it serves no purpose to have people run into CS1 half-cocked on emergency orders.

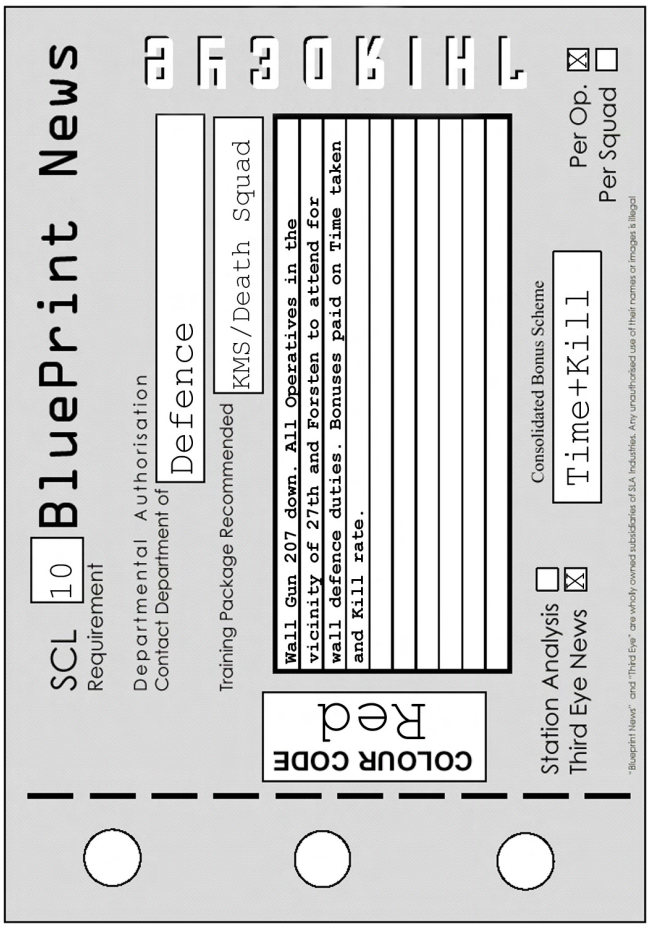
HOLD THE LINE

Wall Gun 207 has gone down due to an unexpected power failure, and the wall is under assault by a group of Carrien who have realized that the gun is down. PCs responding to the call will be placed with one of the Defence Shiver teams on the section of the wall and ordered to kill anything not wearing SLA colours that comes over the wall. The time bonus is paid at a rate of 100c per hour of defence that the Operatives have to undertake. All kill bonuses will multiplied by 3 for the duration of the defence as per Emergency Regulation 23:12.

There are approximately 100 Carrien in the combined assault, and they can get on to the wall up to ten at a time using ropes and ladders. They start the assault with makeshift catapults firing rocks and diseased filth bound in ragged clothing at the wall. Each Carrien is also carrying a sack containing three to five regular Mort rats, which they lob over the wall just before they clear the top of the wall . The initial part of the assault will be directed mostly at the repair crews, as the Greater Carrien leading the assault has recognized that the assault will be over if the gun starts working again.

The Carrien will keep coming till at least 50% of their number have been downed, at which point they will break off to regroup and come back at full strength again within an hour. The repairs to the gun will take three hours, with an additional hour per member of the technical team (six in number to begin with, replacement team members take an hour to arrive) who dies in the assault. The Greater Carrien co-coordinating the assault is down at the base of the wall and will not engage unless his pres-





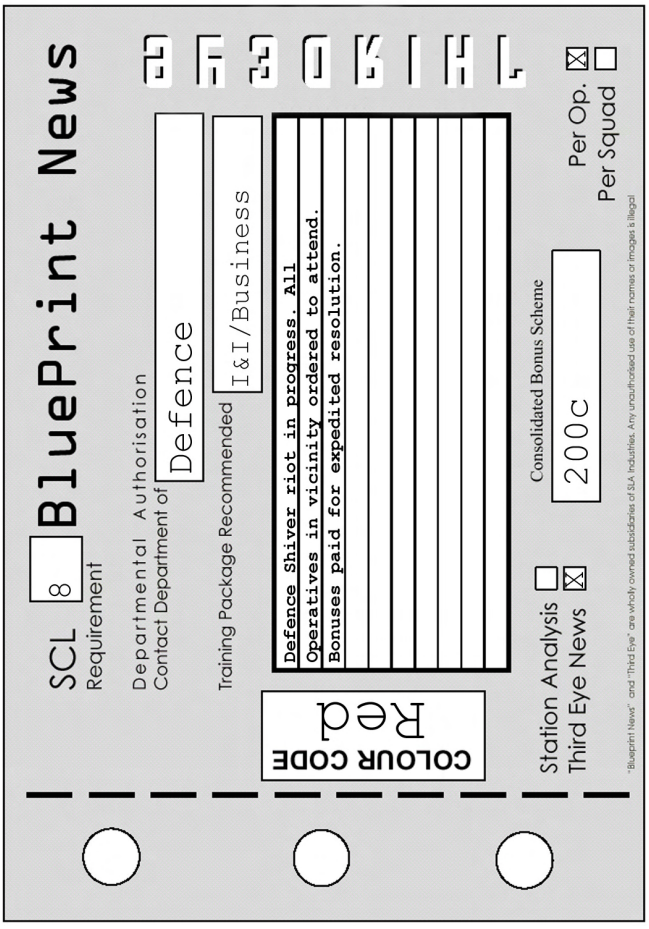
ence will make a considerable difference, or he is engaged himself. If the Greater Carrien is killed, the assault will end when the other Carrien drop below 50 in number.

PRISON BREAK

In Sector 14 of the wall, a malfunctioning hotline round has caused a temporary disabling of the Penal Chips in the area. Some of the Defense Shivers have found out about this and are moving on the infirmary with a view to getting their chips removed before SLA can reactivate them. Operatives are required to assess of the situation and either terminate the Shivers or find a way to return them to active duty. The Shivers are holed up in Operations and have several hostages, including several technical and medical staff that they are coercing to remove their chips. They have disabled all the cameras in the room so there is no close-focus surveillance. A swift intervention needs to be made in order to resolve the situation before it gets any worse.

The Shivers have nothing to lose. If their chip gets reactivated, it's only a matter of time before they die or someone in Operations accidentally flips their chip as payment for holding them hostage, so they fully intend to get out of there with their chip removed and several hostages in tow. Their leader, James "Razor" Woods, was formerly a high-ranking member of Krosstown Traffic before his final capture and conversion. He knows that if they can get back into KT territory, then they will be safe from the authorities for some time. If any of the squad checks records prior to going into negotiations, they will find that Razor's file was erased as part of his initial coercion of the technical staff. There are no details on the man regarding his appearance and behavioural patterns. Station Analysis will be able to retrieve them from the archives within four hours.

The Shivers are demanding are a clear route of access down to the main bays, where they are to be given a Hammer APC with weapons, equipment and food. They are to be permitted a clear route to KT territory where they will release their hostages. The Operatives' orders are to stall the rogue Shivers for the next two hours while the tech teams get the auxiliary chip detonation signal going. Razor knows that this will be SLA's standard tactic and will have his chip removed first. By the time that the authorities get the reserve signal working, all but two of the twenty Shivers will have had their chips removed by the technicians, the chips are activated and these two fall dead. Razor will retali-



ate, shooting two of the technicians and throwing their bodies out of the door. The technicians are not quite dead, but covered in blood and suffering from lacerations to the face and neck with immediate medical attention required. At the point at which this occurs, the Operatives orders are changed, they are informed that an APC has been sanctioned, and that they are to leave a clear field of access to the exits, LAD has been authorized for the hostages. The Shivers leave the operations room with the bodies of the two dead Shivers and move with precision to the exit. The Operatives are given the kill signal shortly after the Shivers depart the main building, no explosive rounds are authorized and any of the hostages getting headshots will cost the PCs 1000c each for negligence.

After the dust has settled, the clean up team will find that the two dead Shivers in operations are the two technicians that were killed and that the two technicians who were sent down to the med bay never arrived. Razors body was not amongst those caught in the cross fire. If PCs were astute enough to anticipate such a course of action, they may manage to capture Razor, for which an additional 2000c will be paid to the squad as a single bonus.

GREY

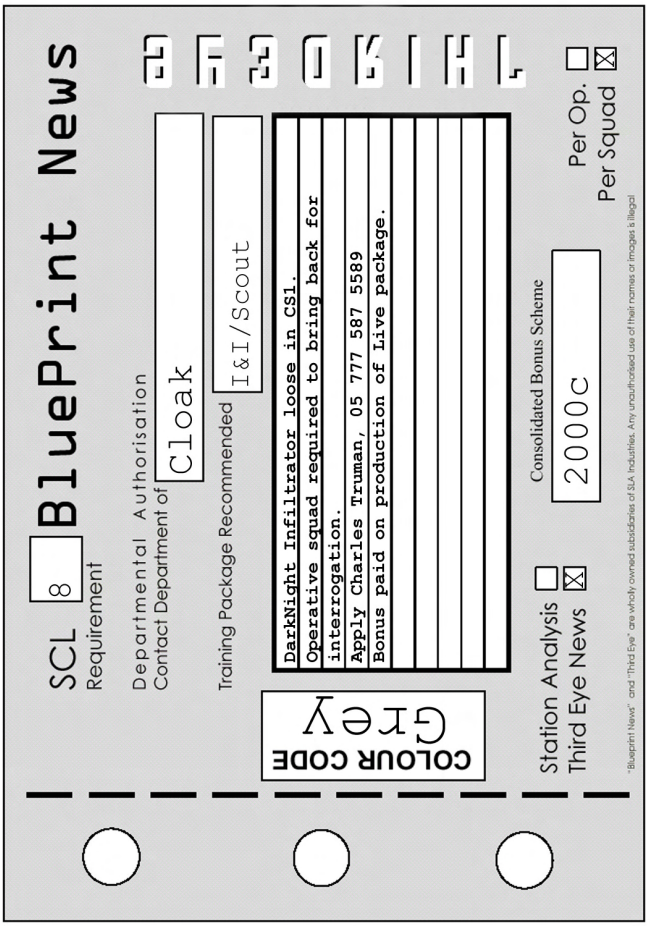
The Cannibal Sectors are dangerous and unpredictable, but to those on the run from SLA, they are a place where most of SLA does not venture. While there are dangers, they are not so great as the largest company in the universe coming after you with knives. Most of the suspects that escape are sufficiently capable of looking after themselves, and thus Cloak and Internal Affairs often call Operatives to pursue these people into the sector and either retrieve them or provide proof of their demise.

ENEMY OF THE STATE

Upon contacting Truman, the PCs are brought to Shiver Sector House 7 where they are briefed on the situation. Jack Jameson, a professional agitator and tool of DarkNight, has escaped from custody with plans for the new Stormer prototype. These plans contain details of the regeneration matrix of the Stormers and will provide an unacceptable jump in technology to DarkNight, should he manage to escape with them. The canister containing the plans and samples has a short-range tracer beacon (effective to five miles), and the authorities have a lock on its last known location. Truman requires that Jameson be brought back to answer for his crimes, alive or dead, but preferably alive. Either way, the plans and samples must be recovered or destroyed. Failure to accomplish this will result in non-payment of the BPN fee. If Jameson is brought back alive, the PCs will be in line for a 500c bonus each. There is no bonus payable on Jameson's death.

Jameson was last seen in the area of the Bayou, and it is thought that he will attempt to make contact with a DarkNight cell in the area. The players will have around 30 hours before Jameson manages to hand off the package to his contacts and the trail will go cold, so a swift resolution is in order. His file indicates that he primarily worked out of the Bayou before he was brought in, and has several sympathizers in the area. The players may well enlist the help of the Cabal in tracking him down, and for certain repayments, not just in money but in information and favours as well, they will provide a list of his known accomplices and details of where he was known to operate.

It will take Jameson three hours to contact one of his cells, which will provide him with four or five mostly-unskilled civilians to act as bullet catchers (use the Civilian Convert profile from Karma, page



138, Flak vests and Fen 603's only). He will then remove the plans and samples from their casings and leave the bugged case with the small cell. If the PCs charge in and kill everyone, their trail will go cold and it's very likely that Jameson will get away. They need to take at least one of the civilians alive to be able to interrogate them and get the location of one of other cells in the area. If the PCs move quickly, using a combination of the information from the Cabal and the information gleaned from the cell, they should be able to track Jameson down before he manages to make an escape. However, he will not be taken easily, and by the time that the PCs catch up with him, will be armed and prepared to fight his way clear (use the Frother profile in Karma, page 142, however, the armour will be Crackshot and the FEN AR will have HEAP rounds). If he is brought down and incapacitated, he will try and commit suicide rather than face the mind-raping that Cloak will visit upon him, either by shooting himself in the head or some other method that LAD could not bring him back from.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE

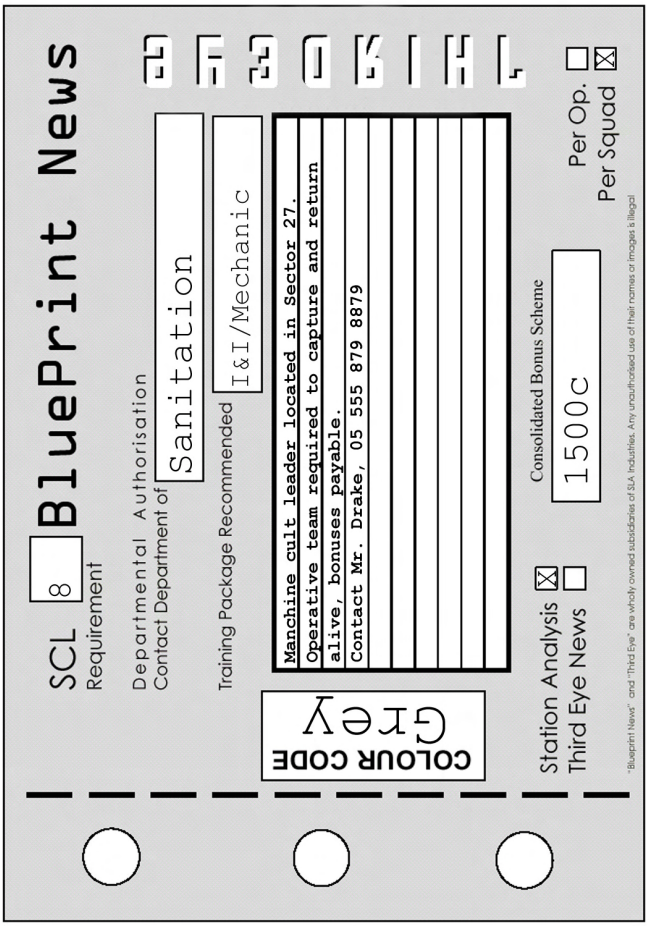
Intelligence has located the possible hideout of one of the larger Manchine cults in Downtown. Drake requires that the cult be located and its members eliminated in a suitably public manner. However, he also stipulates that the leader of the cult, a man by the name of Kirov, is brought to him alive and unbroken for questioning. If Kirov should be killed in the ensuing hostilities, it will be accepted, but no bonus will be paid. If he is brought in still able to answer questions, a bonus of 1500c for the squad will be paid. The cult is located down near Muck Row and meets irregularly. Operatives are given a list of undercover Operatives and details of how to make contact without blowing their cover.

The cult numbers over one hundred civilians in total, several of which are ex SLA (either Shiver or Operative) drawn by the charisma of Kirov. What is not known by SLA is that several of their contacts have been converted to the cult and are feeding back information as directed rather than as found. If the PCs possess skills in human perception and communication, it's possible that they will discern the lies before it's too late.

The cult meets in an abandoned warehouse, which long ago was one of the factory complexes that produced the equipment and implants for the chrome warrior phase. If the PCs perform any scouting, they will find quite quickly that the plant is still active and has been for some time. The main power to the plant was set back up over six months ago and, according to several manifests from civilian companies, shipments of various components and surgical equipment have been sent here. These have been financed from a SLA subsidiary located close to the wall.

There are ten civilian guards around the complex at any one time (Manchine Cultists, equipment Flak Vest and Fen 603 only), and these are rotated on a six-hour basis. Close observation of the civilians will reveal that several of them have crude and non-functioning implants of various types. These civilian guards remain in the complex when not on duty, never leaving except to patrol.

If the PCs have not found out that the contacts have been compromised, then they will be given details of the next meeting and informed of ways into the complex that will enable them to get the drop on the cultists. These entrances are all rigged with a variety of explosives that can be set off by any person in the control booths of the factory, which will lead to some serious casualties amongst the squad while the cult move in to finish them off. Presuming that the PCs do not fall into such a trap, there is still the matter of the hundred plus cultists who will be present, including Kirov and



his subordinates. Shiver assistance may be requisitioned in the form of Dispersal and Street Shivers to block any exits and also assist with the cleanup. Of the hundred (use Manchine Cultists stats) only the twenty-four guards have ranged weaponry, the rest being armed with weapons like clubs and knives. The cult leader has recently ascended to full Manchine status and will lead the assault from the front.

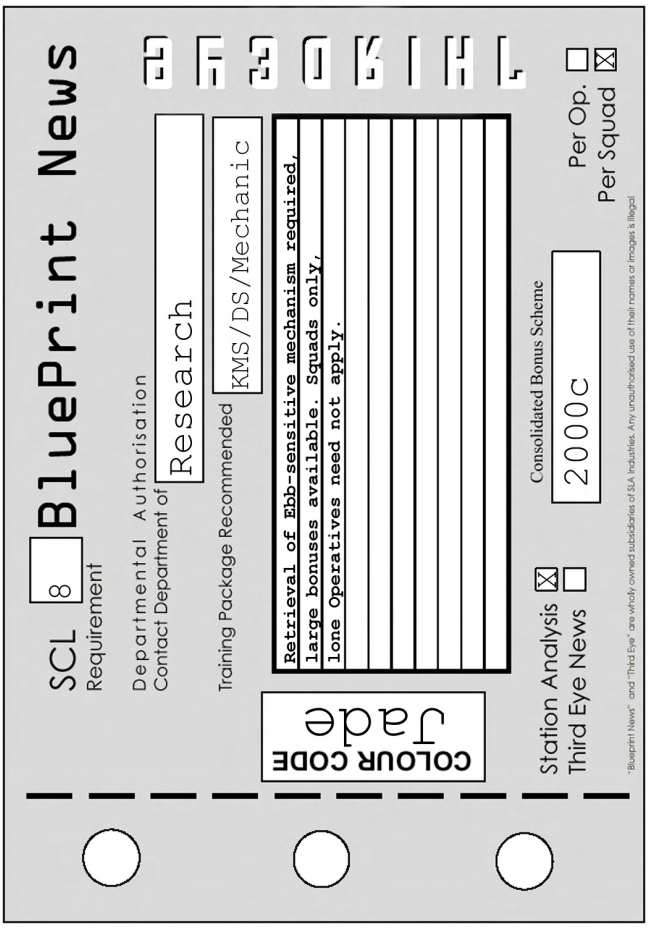
The simple solution to the entire matter is to kill Kirov, whereupon the entire cult will realize that the metal does not always protect and will fall into disarray. However, as long as Kirov still stands, there will be no quarter from the cultists and they will fall upon the players like the tide until one side is completely destroyed.

JADE

There have always been unexplained phenomena in the Cannibal Sectors, such as reports of ghosts and demons stalking in the ruins. Those who know the Ebb know the truth of this more than anyone, and sometimes, that which walks in the devastation needs investigating.

A DISTURBANCE IN THE EBB

The Monitors over at Dark Lament have found a disturbance in the Ebb, located deep inside Cannibal Sector 1. It is something akin to an eternal flux gem, but on a power scale far beyond anything that SLA has created. Something about the item is blocking any reliable Ebb probing and, as a result, the normal protocol of folding out to pick up the item has been decided against. The PCs are given long-range communicators and recording equipment for the mission. Their orders are to locate and bring back the item if possible. If the item is too large to bring back, they are to secure as much footage of the item as possible before returning. For full retrieval of the item, a further 5000c will be paid upon return to the gate; for simple footage, between 100 and 2000c will be paid depending on how good the footage is and how much it helps the research division. The item is out beyond the river, over fifty miles away from the wall, and is shielded from satellite imagery by the rocks surrounding it. The primary theory of the research team is that it is held inside a cave of some sort. The PCs will be given an APC and a driver (if they do not have one of their own) to go out there.



The cave is not at all defended but, as the PCs get closer, they will see that there are several dead bodies in the area, not a mark upon them, as if they'd simply laid down and died. There is a strange feeling in the air, almost melancholy, as if the weather has dampened even the spirits of those living in the area. The PCs will see no living creatures within several miles of the area, and there will be a constant low level feeling that things are getting worse. The item itself is deep underground, in a cave wide enough for Operatives to enter, but not the APC. The cave gets progressively smaller, narrowing to the point that any armour above PV12 will not fit through the gaps without forcible widening of the space. A small crystal sits upon a plinth in the centre of a large cavern. A light shines down upon the centre of the crystal, illuminating the area in a pale green light. The body of a human lies near to the crystal, their arm outstretched towards the crystal. Any player getting close to the crystal will feel their life being steadily drained away at the rate of one point per turn. If a member of an Ebb-using race gets close, the crystal drains flux first, then hit points. As long as the character is within two metres of the crystal and plinth, this drain will continue. When removed from the plinth and taken more than two metres away, the crystal stops draining energy, but the cavern begins to shake and cracks can be seen racing across the various stone faces. If the crystal

is replaced, the cracks stop and the caverns begin to repair themselves. Without the crystal, the cavern will collapse within six minutes, crushing anything still inside to death. Replacing the crystal resets the timer to zero. If the PCs manage to get the crystal outside, they will have no trouble from anything in the sector on the way back, although several of them may experience hallucinations and visions of various sorts as they travel (which could prove hazardous to the driver).

Upon their return, the PCs are met by a Necanthrope union who take the crystal to one side and shatter it. They then fold back out again. No debrief is given but all the relevant fees are paid in full.

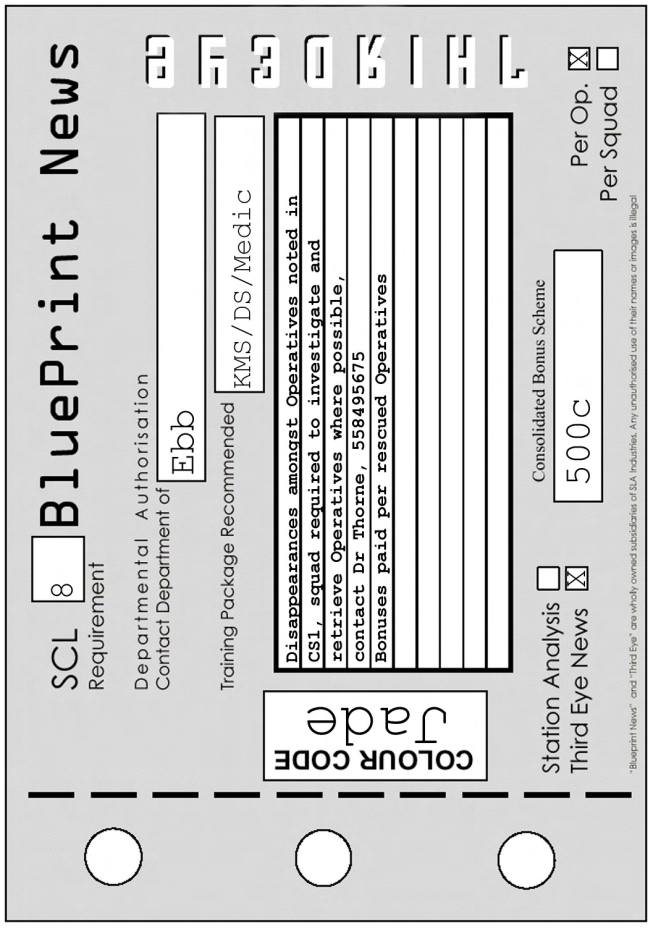
FATHER, FORGIVE ME

In the last few weeks, twelve Ebon Operatives between SCLs 9 and 10 have gone missing. Their last known locations were in or close to CS1. There were no signs of anything untoward before their disappearances, and there has been nothing since the time of their disappearance. Their squads knew nothing of anything else that they were supposed to be doing, and no personal leave had been booked by any of them. In each case, the Operative in question was a diligent and conscientious worker and a loyal servant of SLA. Recently, one of the SCAF flybys took a few low-resolution shots of a collection of people wearing something very similar to Deathsuits. On closer magnification, at least three of the missing people were identified. Dr Thorne is looking for Operatives to go out and make retrieval on the missing Operatives, hopefully finding out what drew them out there in the first place. The basic search fee of 500c is paid in advance, with an additional 500c for every Operative brought back alive from the Sector.
The gathering is within a few miles of the wall, but every Ranger party sent out to the group so far has not reported back in at all. The rock formation where the group is held is inaccessible to vehicles, except for airborne vehicles, and there are no transports available to ferry the PCs to the location, so the first approach will have to be on foot. If the PCs think to ask, they will find that most of the Ebb-users who answered the "call" specialized in the Senses discipline, although many of them also had capability in the discipline of Reality Folding.

The party will be detected some distance out from the rock formation. The twelve have training in tactics and knowledge of the way that SLA operates. The initial assault will be by the six junior Operatives, who will try to remove sight from all the party members (temporarily if the GM if feeling merciful, permanently if not), before taking them alive, pending the sacrifice they have been ordered to make. If seriously wounded, the rogue Operatives will retreat if possible, leaving the next stage of the assault to the senior members of the twelve. GMs should tailor the assault accordingly, but the Ebb-users are not to be taken lightly and they work well as a team.

If the PCs manage to subdue or kill the Ebb-users, they will be able to move on to the area that they were defending. The bones of some long-dead creature lie in state upon a carved block of stone. Its limbs are twisted and broken in places, and its skull is elongated and shows evidence of more eyes than most humanoids have. Any Ebb-user coming close to it will feel the power of the creature clearly, not malevolent, but certainly sentient, even though its bones are close to dust. If radioed in, the PCs are informed that they should bring the skull back to the wall where they will be paid an additional 1000c, but that no Ebb-user should touch the skull in the meantime.

Once the skull is removed from the body, the source of power seems to be cut off. Any of the Ebb-users



who were under its power become lucid once again and will travel with the PCs back to the wall for debriefing. Any Ebb-user employing the Detect discipline will sense the power fleeing quickly to the edges of the sector, far faster than they could follow it. The bounty will still be paid however.

SILVER

The media loves a good show and the Cannibal Sectors can always be relied upon to show something horrific. Media missions into the Cannibal Sector often take the form of fly-on-the-wall documentaries about the team or life in the sectors. They may also be used as demonstrations of new equipment, and the media will want the Operatives to put on a good, close combat show in order to sell their products and get airtime.

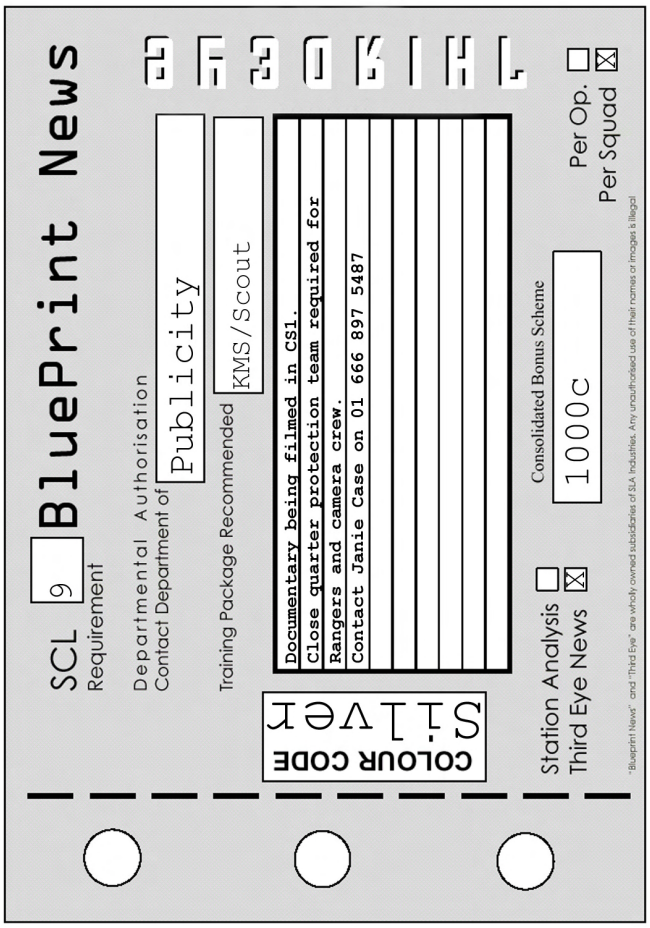
A DAY IN THE LIFE

The PCs are required to provide fire and combat support to a three-person documentary crew following Ranger Cameron on his daily patrol into CS1. The remuneration for the BPN will be reduced by 250c for each fatality. The reporter assigned to the job, Janie Case, is the perfect example of all that is bad about reporters; she has been doing this show for more than a year and has suffered various mishaps in the line of duty. This has not improved her IQ or her outlook on life, both of which are as low as they could possibly be. Ms Case simply cannot shut up, even when the cameras are not recording, and will ask continually inane questions and make stupid remarks and general noises that are not only irritating, but will also give away their position to anyone within a few hundred metres.

Between an hour and two hours into the patrol, Ranger Cameron will turn on Ms Case and indicate pointedly that if she does not shut up, he will save the Cannibals their trouble and put a bullet in her himself. There is no doubt in anyone present that he means exactly what he is saying, and Ms Case will be quiet for a short while before her natural insensitivity reasserts itself and she starts up again. Ranger Cameron will take one of the PCs aside when he gets a break from the inane questioning and point out that they are very likely to not make it back to the wall if someone doesn't shut Ms Case up and quickly. The problem is that the finance for the job comes from Third Eye, who are also Ms Case's employers.

If nothing is done to silence Ms Case, the PCs will suddenly find that Ranger Cameron has gone. At this point, Ms Case will become hysterical and begin shouting for help at the top of her voice. Given the circumstances, the camera crew can be convinced to look the other way while a member



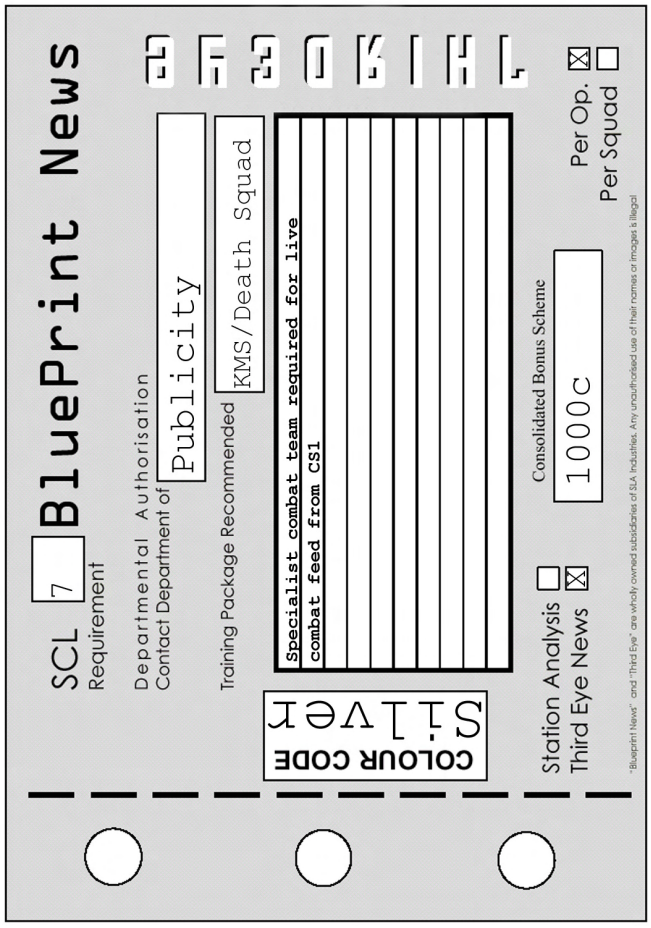


of the squad makes sure Ms Case isn't making any more noise for a while, blaming it on a sneak attack from a Carrien or something similar. If not, the continued histrionics from Ms Case are likely to bring down the wrath of CS1 in no short order, which will make for excellent footage if they ever get back. Should such an occurrence come to pass and the PCs survive it, they will receive a part share in the footage price when the camera crew bring it back to Third Eye. If the PCs somehow manage to make it back to the wall without losing Ranger Cameron or any of the camera crew, they will receive an extra 500c for the entire squad as a bonus for their diligence.

THE MIGHT OF SLA

A new combat show about CS1 is about to be given its premiere. Operatives are to be sent out into areas where there is unrest, with orders to quell said unrest and return victorious. Camera crews will be monitoring the action from the air, but there are conditions to be met. Given the recent scaremongering from DarkNight and other dissidents, it has been decided that there must be a show of force to prove that SLA is more than capable of standing up to any that challenge it. To this end, the team that goes out to battle must suffer no fatalities or serious injuries. Operatives will be docked 500c for every serious injury sustained (one that puts the Operative out of the fight for more than five turns), and all bonuses (including the basic pay for the BPN) will be lost if any of the team actually needs to use their LAD account for any reason.

Balanced against that, all kill bonuses are multiplied by a factor of five for firearm kills and by a factor of ten for close quarter kills, with particular bonuses being paid for flashy kills or unscripted



stunts. Grandstanding is encouraged and required, with a particular emphasis on brutality towards the enemies of SLA. If the PCs do well it is very likely that they will be called back to do future shows.

BLACK

Suicide in CS1 is a relative term; there are so many opportunities for death that merely stepping through the gates is seen by many as a deathwish. However, the most lethal of the Black category of BPN are located either off-world, or in the Cannibal Sectors. Death is not so much a possibility as a certainty in these situations.

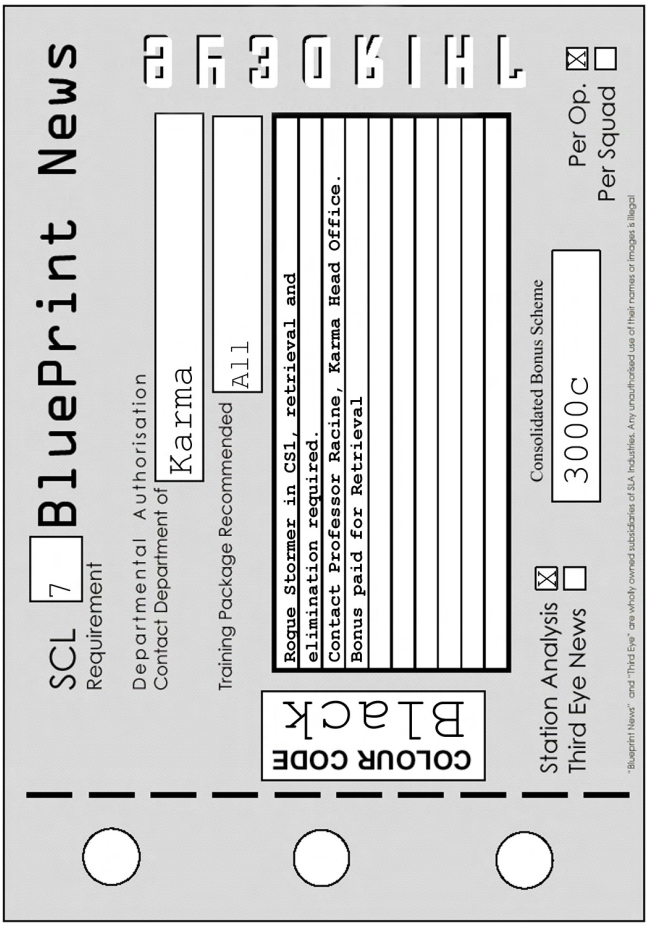
ONE OF OUR GRITS IS MISSING

Upon accepting the BPN, the PCs are brought to Karma Head Office where Professor Racine explains the situation personally. One of the Grit Stormer prototypes has gone missing. If this were one of the regular Grit Stormers, it wouldn't have been a problem, but, originally, the Grits were designed with a lot more muscle that was found to be uneconomical for mass production. This prototype still has the larger amount of muscle that the first of its kind were created with. Its last known location was somewhere near Salvation Tower, and the last images recorded by its chip were of engaging a large Manchine of some sort. From all accounts, the Grit won the fight but then proceeded to eat the brain of the Manchine per its programming. At that point, something occurred, and the recording chip began to fail. The Penal Chip was detonated in an attempt to prevent the prototype from falling into enemy hands, but the locator signal in the body of the Grit still registered as active and, within minutes, was moving away, deeper into the sector. Professor Racine doesn't know what has happened, but Karma needs to find out as soon as possible. The PCs will be given the tracker for the Grit and full profiles of what it was capable of when it came off the assembly line. It has been 36 hours since the disappearance of the Grit, and it has covered over thirty miles in that time, progressing to various different locations in an arranged pattern.

The truth of what happened is that the Grit did eat the brain of the Manchine and, whilst assimilating the information, took on board some of the instincts of the Manchine to find and replace parts of itself with new metal. Since then it has been hunting down other Manchines and grafting parts of them onto itself whilst steadily becoming accustomed to the idea that all flesh must be destroyed. The detonation of the penal chip was nearly fatal, resulting in brain damage that prevents the Grit from identifying friend from foe. It also stimulated the regeneration node in its brain, giving the Grit unequalled abilities to recover from damage. It has hidden itself less than a mile from Salvation Tower, where there is an ample supply of Manchine parts from which to continue building itself.

What Professor Racine hasn't told the PCs is that four other teams have been sent out to try and recapture this creature. Each one hasn't reported in at all, but their life signs are still evident although faint. Also, Karma are using the beast as a demonstration for what the Grit is capable of with a view to getting further funding for more prototypes and improved capabilities. When the PCs are close to where the Grit is, Racine will send a coded information signal to the backup chip implanted in the Grit indicating where they are and how they are armed. He will then modify the signal being sent to the tracking device to give false information as to where the Grit actually is, allowing it to ambush the party. The Grit will also have had time to set traps and plan its ambush of the players. Its new augmentations make it a most lethal foe. (Treat as a New Generation Manchine with double hit points in all locations and a regeneration rate of 3 hit points on all locations per phase. It has four attacks per round and with its massive strength, its hand to hand attacks will deal PEN 15, DMG 10, AD 5) It has recovered several weapons from the Operatives who were sent to kill it last time, including several FEN Firejackets with a number of HESH rounds for each. It also has a number of doses of UltraViolence, taken from the Frothers in the squads, and will be hopped up on the drug when it makes its attack.

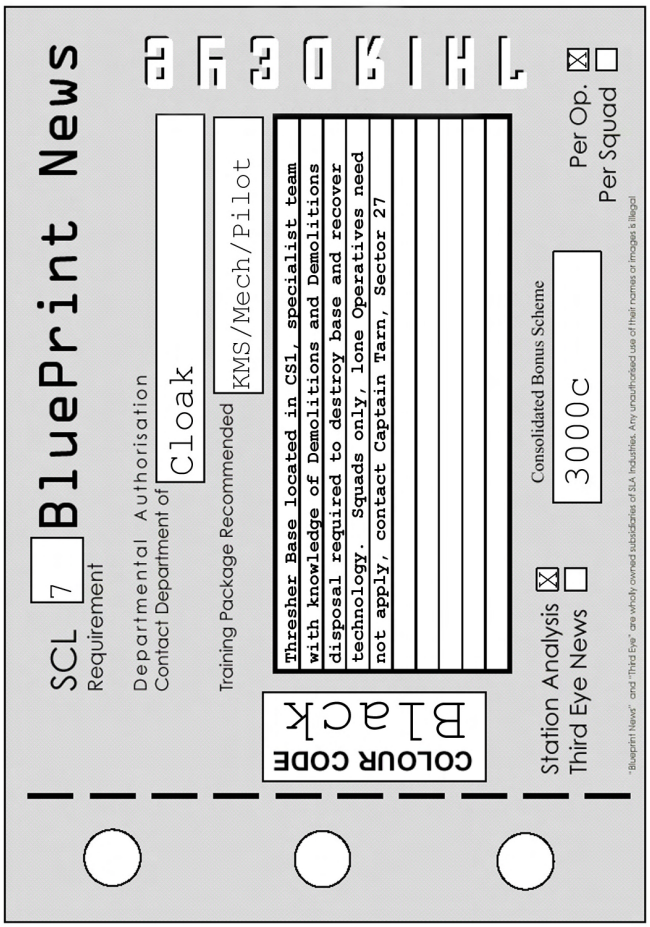
Should the PCs manage to kill it (subduing it is not an option), they will find its lair not too far from where they were ambushed. The Grit has killed most of those sent against it, but several of



the Operatives are still alive although badly in need of medical assistance. If the PCs return the Grit's body to the lab, they will be paid their usual fee plus a further 2000c in retrieval fees, with a further 500c per live Operative returned to the wall for debriefing. They will then be made to sign a non-disclosure form regarding all the events that they have been party to.

SHARK IN THE RIVER

Sector Ranger patrols and satellite thermal imaging have detected what appears to be a large concentration of heavy armour and vehicles located in a compound deep inside CS1. Initial recon and further imaging have indicated the possible presence of a large Thresher strike force located there, and energy scan analysis has revealed the presence of varying types of radiation in that area. It is believed that Thresher may be planning on constructing some sort of tactical nuclear device to strike at the wall. The effect of a tactical nuclear strike on the wall would be two fold: firstly the initial cost in personnel and collateral damage; secondly, and more important in the long run, the ongoing cost to rebuild the wall and police the gap whilst it is being rebuilt. This would mean diverting resources from other areas of the city, enabling Thresher to get in and out far more effectively than before. The PCs are required to enter CS1, find the compound and smash the contents, returning with any evidence that they can find to prove or disprove the nuclear theory.



The intelligence on the compound has revealed several possible locations for the site, each one of which is carefully protected by a number of heavy rock formations that would protect against regular artillery. Ortillery is not being considered due to the proximity of the river and the very real possibility that the shockwave of an Ortillery hit would cause the river to flow back against the wall like a tidal wave, which, when combined with the vibrations caused by the impact, might damage or even demolish some of the wall, causing nearly as many casualties as the prospective blast might and also necessitating a clean up operation on a similar magnitude.

The PCs are required to navigate the river and locate the actual base, secure a basic perimeter using Sector Rangers and Sleeper squads, then effect a "breach and destroy" mission on the compound. Inside the compound, there are five Sarge suits (MRB page 278) armed with Thresher Cannon (MRB page 279). Three of these suits are active at any one time and the remaining two can be made active within four minutes of an attack being launched. There are a further 20 First Step suits (MRB page 278) armed with VAPH III cannons (MRB page 279) with ten active at any time on rotating shifts. The remaining ten will be active within six minutes of any attack being launched. The Thresher commander in charge of the operation has an escape plan in the form of a small drop ship just outside the main complex. He will try not to use this if he can possibly avoid it, but if his forces look like they are on the verge of being overwhelmed, he will activate the timer on the nuke. The players will have ten minutes to disable the nuke before it goes off. The Thresher commander needs at least six minutes to make his escape and may set the nuke for slightly longer if he feels that he needs the time to get clear. After all, it wouldn't do to escape without a good reason as to why the nuke didn't go off on the wall. The blast radius on the nuke is somewhere in the region of five hundred metres, with the shockwave devastating anything out to 1000 metres.

If the players manage to take down the entire camp, there is a substantial bonus to be paid for the retrieval of the various Thresher armours and



weapons. This could easily reach into the tens of thousands of credits, even for badly damaged equipment. Live personnel from the ranks of the Shark will fetch 2000c each, more if they were a higher rank or one of the scientists working on the bomb.

Needless to say, if the bomb goes off and the PCs somehow survive, they had best get their story straight before they go back to the wall.

Platinum: To be told by God that he has a purpose for you is the highest of honours. Missions classified as Platinum often make Hell look like a cool dip in the pond, but anyone completing such a mission has the thanks of the whole World of Progress and a favour to call in from the man at the top. Platinum BPNs are the pinnacle of the World of Progress and are normally used when a campaign is coming to an end, as the events therein are nothing short of cataclysmic.

THE DAY THE RAIN ENDED

Upon receiving this mission, the PCs are picked up by a Stigmartyr team and instantly transported to the office of Mr Slayer. He looks out from the edge of his desk towards the Cannibal Sectors and points at the ruins of Cannibal Sector One. A visual screen on the wall magnifies the image out there, and from the top of the tower, the monstrous form of Digger looks back across the gap, one bloodied arm pointing back, the other hand lovingly stroking some gigantic machine mounted at the top of the tower. Mr Slayer lowers his arm and the image dissolves. He turns to look at the players

"We all make mistakes, my children," he begins, sitting down behind his desk, "And sometimes, those mistakes come back to haunt us. A long time ago, I made a creature that could change the world, a creature I thought would improve the world and make it a better place for all of us. I was wrong." He pauses and points at another screen, where

schematics and maps of the sectors are scrolling across the other displays.

"My greatest adversary has come again to me in this dark time, and given power to that which lives out beyond the wall. Even now he builds a device that will strip the protection of the world and scour the land with blazing fire. I fight him even now and my most loyal servants, those who know the truth of it, help me fight it as well they can .It is to you that I must entrust the most dangerous part of the task, for you were made with free will, and it is that which will carry you though."

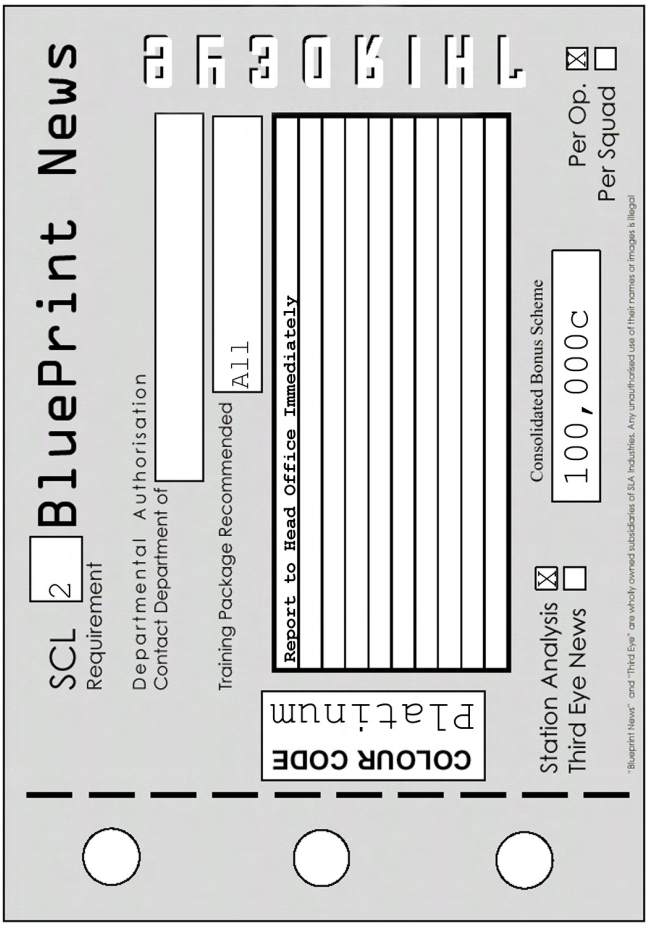
He explains that the Manchine army has been constructing a series of generators under Salvation Tower, rigged into parts of atmosphere processors that have been stolen, waylaid, or appropriated from a variety of different sources. Rigging it all together will generate an atmosphere processor of sorts, but not keyed to keep the atmosphere stable. Instead it will destroy the layer of cloud above the Cannibal Sectors, allowing the sun to shine its baleful light down upon them, where a thousand solar power collectors will take that energy and amplify the power of the atmosphere processors and light more collectors until most of the cloud above Mort is gone, and then no force on Mort will be able to stop them.

When they have done this, Digger will reveal the purpose behind the rebuilding of Salvation Tower and activate all of the Manchines that he has spent the last half-millennium building. This army will march across the sector, annihilating everything in its path. It is likely that the wall will not be able to stop them and neither will the armies of SLA within the city. The forces of SLA cannot use Ortillery because the power lines leading into Salvation Tower were intrinsically linked to the power in the city; destroying the tower would cause a cataclysmic feedback which would cause massive meltdown and failure in most of the power in the city. Civilization as it is known would breakdown. There would be no way to communicate what had happened and, by the time that power had been restored, most of SLA would have been pillaged and ruined. The security forces would be no better. Most of them would hole up in their bunkers and wait for the official word that would never come, and the specialist teams designed to fight those things that are never talked about would have to leave that line to try to fix the damage that had been done. SLA would be finished.
The only hope is to prevent the atmosphere generator from ever going on line. This requires a team of specialists to go into the Cannibal Sectors, find the controls to the generator and smash them beyond repair. Then they must find the components of the atmosphere processor and disable them in such a way that would prevent their use ever again. Finally, the team would have to get to the top of the tower and destroy the signal booster so that Digger cannot directly control his army. Any one of these will cause a setback to the plan. Accomplishing all three will set back the plan sufficiently that SLA Industries may be able to mount a counter-plan against Digger and his army. Arrayed against them are countless Manchines, their servants the Manchine cults and, high above, Digger himself, who will not take kindly to interference.

The team has 48 hours before the generator is finished and the army rises. All the information that SLA possesses will be made available to the PCs, and any weapons, armour, equipment, and upgrades that they want will be freely given. The world as they know it is at stake; nothing will be denied to the potential saviours.

The timeline of events from the point at which the PCs are brought into the pictures is as follows.

1200 Day One: The PCs are brought in as Digger's



plans become clear.

1800 Day One: The final parts of the atmosphere generator are brought in.

0000 Day Two: The connections to the solar collectors will be completed.

0600 Day Two: The banks of Manchines stored deep under the surface of CS1 will begin to rise to the surface, readying their occupants to be freed into the world.

1200 Day Two: Activity increases along the river as Manchines trawl the banks for final converts to swell the numbers of their army.

1800 Day Two: Manchine cults across the city rise up in an orchestrated orgy of violence, preaching for the end of the world and the rise of the Machine God. DarkNight seizes the opportunity to broadcast live feeds of the events going on in the Cannibal Sectors.

0000 Day Two: The generators begin to power up, drawing power from the main SLA grid. The fans on the wall slow to a halt and the huge search beams lancing across CS1 start to flicker and die. Basic lighting in the streets of Downtown starts to fail. For the first time in living memory the TVs begin to shut down. Slowly, the tide of darkness approaches Head Office

0600 Day Three: The TVs come back on. The Manchine cults will have done their work well. All of Downtown sees the demonic form of Digger standing before Salvation Tower. He looks into the cameras and speaks in a voice that would cow the gods if they had the courage to listen.

"I OFFER HOPE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY," he intones. "IN BUT A FEW HOURS, THE AGE OF SLAYER COMES TO AN END, THE HEAVENS WILL OPEN AT MY COMMAND, AND THE LIGHT OF TRUTH SHALL SHINE UPON THE BROKEN EMPIRE. THOSE WHO WISH TO LIVE IN THE LIGHT NEED ONLY COME TO THE WALL AND THERE WILL BE A PLACE FOR YOU IN THE NEW WORLD. FOR EVERYONE ELSE, ONLY DEATH AWAITS YOU."

There is a moment's pause and the message loops, playing again on all the screens within Downtown, all the larger screens that line the streets of Mort and all the private video loops that run through the city. Thousands of Downtowners begin to swarm towards the wall, clogging up streets and walkways, and preventing any organized access by the defence forces as all the reserves are called on to the line.

1200 Day Three: The atmosphere processor goes on line and, above CS1, the rain stops, the clouds push backwards like a rift opening in the world and the sun blazes down over the Sector, shining off the thousands of previously-concealed solar collectors. The blazing light comes over the wall and the worst excesses of religious hysteria overtake the millions of people gathered near the wall. Anything not already on the wall never gets there. The security forces watch from the wall in horror as the floor of CS1 erupts and hundreds of thousands of Manchines claw their way out of the ground, marching inexorably towards the wall. They do not pause at the wall, climbing over the bodies of their own fallen, driven on by the inhuman will that is Digger. As the cannons run out of ammunition, the Manchines gain purchase on the wall and begin to slaughter the defenders of SLA. The fortunate ones are shredded beyond any use. The unfortunate ones are taken, dying and broken, back to the ruins of the tower where they are quickly transformed into more of Digger's army. The Age of Slayer is indeed at an end.

All this will come to pass if the players do not succeed in the task that their lord has set for them. If they succeed, whether they live or die, all SLA will revere them as heroes; anything they wish for will be theirs for the taking. However, nothing is so short-lived as the love of kings. The shallow world of SLA quickly forgets its saviours. On the other hand, nothing is so long-lived as the hatred of kings. He Who Rules the Cannibal Sectors will not easily forget those who thwarted him, and forever is a long time to plan revenge.

Bottom of the Food Chain

BOTTOM OF THE FOOD CHAIN

Not everyone's an Operative; in fact, if you make it that far, you're one of the top 1% of people. Most will never see the top-grade weapons, tank-like armour, LAD backup and serious rewards for what they do. While most people wish they could be like the Operatives, most people have to settle for what they can get.



Enter Shivers, Gangers, and Civilians, stage right.

To many players of SLA, playing Operatives is too easy. You start with all the advantages you'll ever need, good armour, reasonable weapons, and abilities far beyond those of most of SLA. You're at the top of the food chain. When you go into places like CS1 you're there for a day or so at most, so the full horror of it never really has an impact. To play a truly horrifying game, you have to be there for a while, and no Operative worthy of the title would spend more time than they absolutely have to in the sectors without coming out and repairing/rearming.

What follows is a guide for the lower levels of SLA: those who didn't get all the advantages, weren't lucky enough to be vat-grown or one of Intruder's Chosen. What follows is the Bottom of the Food Chain.

SHIVERS

Over 99% of all Shivers are human The less than 1% that remains are special cases, usually specialists seconded to the Shiver team they are working with rather than active Shivers who work the day shift. With this in mind, the following rules are designed to allow for the creation of Human Shivers

Character Creation points: 200

Statistic Ranges

STR	5-10
DEX	5-10
DIA	5-10
CONC	5-10
PHYS	(Dependent on STR/DEX)
KNOW	(Dependent on DIA/CONC)
COOL	4-10

Basic skills are the same as a normal human Operative, as detailed in the MRB, Page 153.

Advantages and Disadvantages are generated at this time from the list in the main rulebook. There is a list at the end of this section detailing the changes to the Ads/ Disads list, together with new Ads/ Disads specifically for Shiver characters.

Once the basic skills and stats have been generated, the prospective Shiver must then choose a skills package to work with. This will also determine their starting equipment and the likelihood of their assignment. Certain Shivers are not permitted as player characters due to the specialized nature of their duties. These types are Enforcer, SCAF, and DAC Handler. All other Shivers types are permitted.

Starting skills for Shiver characters may not exceed 8 unless their package takes them to 9; the level of training that Operatives have is simply not available outside of Meny for starting characters. Skills packages work the same for Shivers as they do for regular Operatives (MRB, page 146/147).

Package: **Street**

Street Shivers are the most numerous of all the Shivers, trained for a variable street protection and assault role. The Street Shiver has the best all-round training of all the packages

Rifle:	2
Paramedic:	2
Tactics:	2
Blunt 1h:	2
SLA Info:	2
Evaluate Opponent:	2



Package: **Technical**



Tech Shivers are the ones sent out to fix all the problems caused by giving expensive equipment to imbeciles that couldn't operate a knife and fork, much less powered armour and automatic weapons. Their attitude often reflects this disdain for their less-gifted compatriots.

Mechanics Industrial:	2
Electronics Industrial:	2
Mechanics Repair:	2
Electronics Repair:	2
Weapons Maintenance:	2
Computer Use:	2

Package: **Fire**

Fire Shivers have been trained specifically to battle the fires that break out on Mort. This includes the knowledge of the architecture of Mort and how best to keep it standing and wet. They have very little training in other fields due to the nature of their work.

Axe:	2
SLA Info:	2
Drive Military:	2
Mechanics Repair:	2
Architecture:	2
Demolitions:	2

Package: **Paramedic**

Paramedic Shivers often have the hardest job of all, as their training is purely in the treatment of their comrades and not in their own survival. The white suit of the medic is not the protection it used to be on the battlefields of old.

Paramedic:	2
Medical Practise:	2
Medical Surgery:	2
Blade 1h:	2
Forensics:	2
Pathology:	2

Package: **Dispersal**

Dispersal Shivers are trained to break things, directly and without pause. Their training is brutal and unyielding, as it needs to be, and many of those trained in the Dispersal way find themselves colder to the plight of those around them as a result of this.

Shield:	2
Blunt 1h:	2
Tactics:	2
Pistol:	2
Rifle:	2
SLA Info:	2

Package: **Administrator**

Administrator Shivers are the ones least likely to be found on the streets, devoting most of their existence to the joyless task of making sure that the organization runs properly. From the dispatch teams on the comms to the quartermasters and payroll clerks, the Administrator Shiver is the most integral to the job whilst being the one least likely to be recognized.

Pistol:	2
SLA Info:	2
Communiqué:	2
Computer Use:	2
Diplomacy:	2
Streetwise:	2

STARTING EQUIPMENT

The starting equipment for a Shiver squad varies, depending on what the nature of their duties is. A squad assigned to sleeper duty will not be permitted to take specialist equipment even if they are trained to use it, and unless a Shiver has the relevant training package, they will likely be refused specialist equipment when requested. All Shivers carry certain items of equipment and, depending on the duties they are assigned, they will be permitted to carry additional equipment as Dispatch sees fit. The specialist equipment for each duty is listed under each Duty.

Basic equipment for all Shivers is:

GA9442 Gauss Rifle.
Flak Vest (PV4, ID 10) Protects Chest only.
SLA Blade.
Mini Organiser (To record case details at scene of crime).
Headset Communicator

RUNNING A SHIVER CAMPAIGN

The easy way to run a Shiver campaign is very much like an Operative campaign, but this is very much





the wrong way to run a Shiver campaign. Shivers do not have the element of choice, they are told what to do and where to go, when to be there and what to do when they get there. There aren't many options in the life of a Shiver. This presents a problem when it comes to finding something interesting for Shivers to do. There are a few exceptions to this rule, and they are presented as follows.

SLEEPER DUTY

These squads are taken from all the different fields of expertise and are given a brief of "Go out and patrol". They will have limited support and most of the time will have to administer the law as they find it, or more accurately, they will spend most of their time trying to find reasons not to break the law that they're supposed to be upholding. Standard protocol for these units is to patrol a number of sectors, making use of Sector Houses when they can, but for the most part having to hack it out with whatever they've got to hand. Standard protocol in Sleeper squads is for ten Shivers to share the same converted APC, taking it in twelve hours shifts, five on and five off. As most player groups alternate between four and six players, it's usual for the players to take the role of one half of the Sleeper squad and presume that all goes reasonably well during the time when the other Shivers are on duty.

However, Downtown is a dark and dangerous place, especially close to the wall, and Sleeper squads are just as needed when an emergency is declared. That they could be dangerously close to exhaustion is not the concern of the Dispatch Teams, only that they attend and do what they can.

Sleeper teams are given the following extra basic equipment:

1 Ranged weapon and ammunition up to the value of 400c (weapon and all ammunition total 400c). This is not actually a weapon given by the department, but represents the backup weapon that all Sleepers carry just in case.



Pacifier Baton (Mort page 87)
Sleeper Armour (see Appendix 1)
Boopa Medical Kit (Mort page 87)
2 Canisters of Canned Plate (Appendix 1)

In addition to the above, the following Shiver packages get additional equipment:

Street: 5 doses Kickstart
Technical: Tool and testing kits for mechanical and electronic equipment.
Fire: Fire axe, portable extinguisher with 3 reloads, 3 Smother Grenades (Appendix 1)
Dispersal: Riot shield, 5 Riot Foam Grenades (Appendix 1)
Administrator: Nava Map, Oyster, as many data slugs as assignment permits
Paramedic: Boopa Medical Helmet, 100c of drugs (SLA official drugs only)

The Sleeper squad will be allowed to rearm and repair armour once a month at any given Sector House unless circumstances do not permit, in which case they will be ordered to hold till the situation has been resolved or ordered to seek access at another Sector House.

OPERATION: OVERWATCH

Sometimes Shivers go bad; hard as it is to believe that these stalwart crusaders of might and right can turn from the path, but it does happen. In 9 cases out of 10, the matter is overlooked, but when it becomes too obvious, then those committing the crime may come under the auspices of Operation Overwatch.

Head Office isn't stupid. They know that given the pay and conditions that most Shivers have to put up with, there will inevitably be transgressions, protection rackets and isolated (and not so isolated) incidents of those taking "I am the law" just a little bit further than regulations specify they should. However, on the whole, Head Office would much rather take the perspective that the Shiver force generally represents a force for good rather than an incompetent set of bullies, there to exploit their own power for their own gain.

It was with this in mind that Operation: Overwatch was set up in the latter part of 901 SD, with the first results of it being seen in early 903 when four entire Sector Houses were closed down, with all staff given penal chips and shipped directly to the wall where they remain to this day.

Operation: Overwatch spans the entire of the Shiver Infrastructure; where there are Shivers, there will be someone on Overwatch. Off world, this tends to be more restricted to the higher chain of command, but on Mort, it spans the entire gamut of the force.

Overwatch is not something that people volunteer for. The program has a selection process and it is adhered to rigidly. All the transcripts of complaints, incidents, and reports of illegal behaviour are recorded, and from these files the prospec-

tive members of Overwatch are selected. When a Shiver expresses concern about the nature of their comrades, or reports incidents of bribing or drug taking, it goes on their record. If they continue to make these complaints or reports, it will get noticed and, before long, someone from Overwatch will be along to see them, and through a series of unconnected incidents, the prospective candidates will be tested for their own fealty to the law and the protection of Mort and its civilians.

If the regional Overwatch committee deems them worthy, they will be re-assigned to another sector for a few months on a transfer program and fitted with an Overwatch Chip, which acts very much like the regular Finance Chip (without the time readout, none of that 'You haven't got a watch' stuff here), but also includes an inbuilt recording device which is stored at the top of the spine. This recording device records everything the user sees and has over 1000 hours storage space on it. Every 1000 hours, this device downloads all the recorded data to the Overwatch computers or, in the event of the sudden death of the user; any cessation of vital signals causes the chip to immediately download all information to Overwatch. After downloading, the chip reformats itself so that it can continue to be used. The chip has the ability to relay messages directly on to the user's field of vision so that any Overwatch emergencies can be responded to with the appropriate urgency, but this system is very rarely used due to the revealing nature of its operation.

An Overwatch team will be equipped and armed in the same way as whatever unit they are supposed to be for cover purposes. Reports are made via the chip and, when conclusive proof has been found, Internal Affairs steps in to make the bust, making sure that the Overwatch team isn't revealed in the process.

As part of their cover, Overwatch operatives are allowed certain leeway with regards to drugs, alcohol and behaviour. It is understood that if a Shiver upholds the law vigorously, removes their helmet for the annual Mort address, cleans their armour and never swears, then they're never going to get too close to the people they're supposed to be watching. In this matter, Overwatch operatives are permitted to engage in the same activities as those around them, with a proviso that any monies gained from illegal activities and any equipment or weapons that are acquired are handed in to the Overwatch supervisors.

Any Overwatch personnel found to be actually engaged in the activities that they are supposed to be preventing (beyond what is necessary to maintain cover) are subject to the harshest punishment. There is no crime greater than that of the fallen angel, and suitably painful deaths are arranged for those who fall from the light. Such deaths appear to be terrible accidents, but there is never any doubt that the person suffered tremendously before their death. Particularly high-profile examples have included APC oxygen systems being mistakenly fitted with chlorine gas and accidental falling into the recycling plants.



A Shiver campaign can be run with all the members of the group being Overwatch members, sent to keep an eye on things in a given location. They will be given a brief as to who the suspected transgressors are and what sort of activity they are engaged in, but beyond that, they are free to act on their own initiative. They will still be subject to the orders of those above them in the hierarchy and must watch out for any signs that they have been rumbled. It has been known for Overwatch teams to be identified and then sent out on duties where friendly fire has taken care of them quite neatly.

Equipment & Weaponry

THE PENAL CHIP

The Penal Chip is implanted in the same way as the standard Finance Chip, but is of cheaper manufacture which can lead to poisoning and brain damage. The chip provides no credit bonus or tangible benefit to those who are fitted with it, but it can be used to transmit signals that are displayed on the wearer's field of vision. In this way, the entire complement of the wall can be co-coordinated from the central hub. If more Shivers are needed at a certain point in the wall, the message is sent and they obey, for the consequences of disobedience are severe. This has caused some concern to observers, particularly on the reality shows when entire groups of Shivers have suddenly stopped what they were doing and gone to do something else, leaving the wall seemingly unprotected. The chip is connected to Station Analysis and monitored 24 hours a day, 7 days a week for the rest of the convict's life giving them no privacy whatsoever. Should the bearer of the chip 'misbehave', a special kill switch can be pressed at Station Analysis that detonates a small shaped charge embedded in the chip. While it is not enough to cause injuries to those around them, the charge is sufficient to crack open the skull and let the brain dribble out in a mushy stream.

Grit Stormers are also fitted with the Penal Chip in order to monitor them for aberrant behavior. If the Grit is produced in the numbers desired for Operation Sweep to be a success, there will be too much strain on the system and it is likely that the standardized implantation of Grit Stormers with Penal Chips will be discontinued.

DN001 SPI-I

The DarkNight Spi-I is about the size of a tennis ball, made of cheap composites and containing its own power supply. The outside surface is studded with small sensor eyes and the Spi-I comes pre-programmed to recognize different types of threat or target based upon movement and biometric data. When it detects such movement, the Spi-I sends out a warning signal that can be picked up on DarkNight armour helmets, devices and screens. If desired, the Spi-I can be activated, turning itself into a miniature landmine that will go off with the force of a fragmentation grenade if any programmed target moves within 5 feet.

The Spi-I sells for around 350 uni on the black market.

DN01A PREFABRICATED BASE COMPLEX

These prefabricated, modular domes are used in great numbers by DarkNight to establish bases quickly and stealthily in any terrain. The dome is almost entirely self-contained and is resistant to vacuum, water and pressure. It has its own small fusion power plant that provides it with all the power it needs to operate and it can house anything up to ten DarkNight Operatives, depending on how much they are willing to accept being cramped.

The domes are not incredibly tough, but are quite resistant to damage and able to hold off attackers for a short time while the DarkNight Operatives prepare for a break out or escape.

The DN01A has a PV of 20 and an ID of 700.

Prefabricated base complexes are occasionally sold to enterprising Soft Companies by DarkNight for around 1,500,000 uni.

DN-A SLIPKNIFE DAGGER

To DarkNight, concealability and deadliness are the order of the day. Sometimes powered armour is too conspicuous and using anything not of SLA manufacture is going to draw attention. Sometimes DarkNight Operatives need to get close to their target with something that will not be noticed and still have to be capable of killing their target.

The Slipknife is their latest innovation in the field. Made of ceramics and laminates, the Slipknife is able to defeat most sensors, but is still a deadly weapon. The sides of the blade are made of a memory material that expands when the blade is slipped into the body. Thus the blade maintains a good, armour-piercing profile on the way in and causes maximum damage on the way out.

In game terms, when a double is rolled on a successful attack, the Slipknife does a second automatic



hit in the same phase as the original attack, which is considered to be pulling the blade free. Removing the knife in any way (except surgically) causes the same damage as the withdrawal attack, only without the DarkNight Operative's bonus to damage if the blade is carefully removed. The blade must do hit points of damage in order for the withdrawal follow-up attack to work.

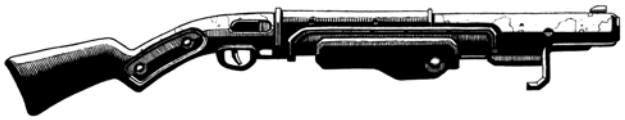
Weapon	DMG	PEN	AD	Cost
Slipknife	1	1	0	1000u
Withdrawl	4	-	-	

DN-B CARTHAGE SHORTSWORD



The Carthage is only two feet long and has a heavy, thick blade. It can be used either powered or unpowered and has a battery life of 1000 hours while activated. The hilt contains a small storage space and, as standard, comes with a spool of wire, a micro-torch and a smoke grenade. A few DarkNight Props and Contract Killers have taken to using the versatile Carthage in pairs.

Weapon	DMG	PEN	AD	Cost
Carthage	3	3	2	1500u
Unpowered	2	0	0	



DN90 SHOTGUN

The DN90 Shotgun produced by DarkNight is rapidly becoming a favourite of gangs and criminals across Mort. Firing a standard 10-gauge shell, the DN90 is a stumpy, pump-action shotgun designed for maximum concealability without compromising on firepower. Finished in matt black and coming with a sling designed to allow it to be hidden within trench coats or long jackets, the DN90 is an impressive and intimidating weapon to most of the denizens of the Cannibal Sectors.

Weapon	Size	Clip	Cal	ROF	Rcl	Rng
DN90	R	8	10g	1	6	5m

Cost : 3500u

DN010 SPRINGFIRE CAF MINE

The Springfire mine is a cheap, mass-produced mechanical mine that is churned out by the hundred by DarkNight munitions bases and is imitated by a wide array of Downtown Soft Companies.

The Springfire mine is about the size of a saucer and about an inch and a half thick. The internal mechanism is spring-loaded, and the whole mine sits on the ground with the small, folding legs of the underside set to the ground. The main body of the mine is loaded with CAF rounds.

The mine operates on a simple spring mechanism that, when triggered, propels the mine about a meter into the air and sets off the CAF rounds all at once creating a doughnut shape of automatic fire around the mine in a ten meter radius. Any target within that area suffers 1d10 hits from CAF fire to random locations. The disk that forms the body of the mine can be recovered and reused simply by inserting more CAF rounds.

Unloaded Springfire mines sell for 200 uni on the black market.

CARRIEN HOCKEY STICK

The ubiquitous Carrien Hockey Stick is carved from wood or laminates by the Carrien and is more complex than a simple club. The curved head is weighted for extra impact and honed into a blade, allowing the maximum impact in the smallest area. The clubs are elaborately carved with various primitive designs, and particularly prized clubs will pass from Carrien to Carrien as one asserts dominance over the other.

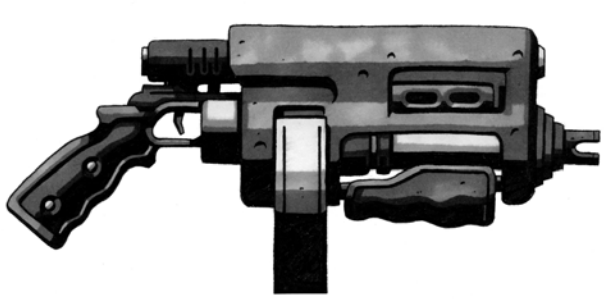
The Hockey Sticks may be used in normal, straight attacks or can be used to hook an opponent's foot and bring them to the ground. To do so, the Carrien and the target make an opposed PHYS roll with the Carrien getting a bonus of +1. If the target

loses, they are knocked to the floor and must use an action to get back onto their feet.

Weapon	DMG	PEN	AD	Cost
Hockey Stick	2	0	0	20u

GAG60 DRILLER MACHINEGUN

The GAG60 Driller Machinegun is a combination weapon that has become almost standard issue to the Sector Rangers. It combines an intimidating 12.7mm machinegun with a pump-action gas-powered bolt thrower.



The Driller is tough, reliable and has been constructed with some difficult design choices. The original test model of the Driller was chambered for 10mm rifle rounds, as these are amongst the most common and plentiful ammunition types within the Cannibal Sectors. Three-quarters of the way through the design process it was determined that a heavier, deadlier round was required and that ammo availability was secondary to denying the enemy access to more ammunition. Thus, the weapon was switched to 12.7mm. Similarly, the under-slung weapon was originally intended to be a pump-action shotgun but, with the loss of the 10mm round, it was decided that a recoverable weapon was preferred. The shotgun was scrapped, and the designs for a new bolt-throwing weapon were brought out of stores. Now the Driller boasts a 12.7mm caliber main gun with a gas-powered under-slung bolt thrower that hurls osmium-cored steel bolts which can be recovered and reused by Sector Rangers, but which are too heavy and unusual to be used in anything other than the Driller.

The final innovation has been made since the advent of the Scavs and their weapon modifications. The exhaust gases and energy released by the Driller is re-channeled into the barrel of the weapon, effectively turbo-charging the rounds fired through the gun.

The GAG60 Driller adds +2 to penetration, damage and armour damage due to the high velocity of the rounds fired from it. The bolts fired by the secondary weapon are recoverable and cost 25 credits per shot.Both weapons may not be fired together.

Cost : 2000c/50000u (Black Market)

Weapon	Size	Clip	Cal	ROF	Rcl	Rng
GAG60 Main	R	20	12.7mm	5	14	100m
GAG60 Bolt	R	12	Bolt	1	6	20m

Weapon	DMG	PEN	AD	Cost
GAG60 Bolt	15	10	2	25c

SOLID BALL-BEARING (SBB) BROWBEATER ROUND

Defence Shivers who line the Cannibal Sector wall are not issued with combat arms from FEN until they have proved themselves by lasting two weeks. This helps SLA save money in destroyed and lost equipment and also serves as a test. Many Penal Shivers never progress to FEN weaponry as they are at the bottom of the food chain when it comes to replacement and new equipment.

When first put onto the wall, the Defence Shivers are armed with their standard equipment, Pacifier Batons, Body 'Blocker' Armour and Browbeater gauss guns. The standard Browbeater is loaded with ball-bearing rounds that expand to the size of a golf-ball and act as pacifiers and crowd control weapons. This standard ammunition is of little to no use on the wall where the aim is to kill the target, not to pacify them. Defence Shivers are, therefore, issued with SBB rounds for their Browbeaters while on wall duty. The ball bearings are a 3mm spherical nickel-ferrite slugs with a tiny core of osmium to give weight. They do not expand. The sheer rate of fire of the Browbeater makes these rounds a lot more effective than they might first appear.

Weapon	DMG	PEN	AD	Cost
SBB 3mm	1	1	1	1x/1000 1u/50

FEN 1337 INFERNUS EMPLACED NAPALM PROJECTOR

The FEN 1337 Infernus is not normally seen outside of War Worlds. The napalm projector uses advanced compression motors to project its stream of burning, sticky fluid a large distance and is, therefore, mostly used in static defense positions or as a secondary weapon on tanks and other armoured vehicles.

On Mort the Infernus is used as an emplacement weapon along the Cannibal Sector walls and is also used to help create the 'dead zone' within the Cannibal Sector gates.

The blast from the Infernus continues to burn on any target it hits for ten full turns after the first impact. The burn time is reduced by scraping the napalm off using a solid, non -flammable object (such as a metal blade or piece of armour that isn't attached). Each turn of scraping reduces the burn time by 1 turn and several people can scrape the napalm off at once.

Weapon	Size	Clip	ROF	Rng	Radius
FEN 1337	R	50	1	40m	5m

Ammunition	DMG	PEN	AD
Single Shot	12	8	8
Continuous Burn	6	3	2

FEN 222 PROMETHEUS 30MM TWIN BARRELED CANNON

An emplacement- or vehicle-mounted weapon, the Prometheus 30mm cannon is a massive, drum-fed automatic cannon most commonly mounted on the FEN 4461 Hammer APC. The Prometheus is also mounted along the Cannibal Sector walls and is used as an emplaced weapon on War Worlds.

The barrels of the Prometheus fire alternately, and each cannon barrel is supplied by its own, independent drum of ammunition making the Prometheus one of the most reliable heavy weapons in the SLA armoury.

Weapon	Clip	ROF	Rng
FEN 222	1000x2	10	250m

Ammunition	DMG	PEN	AD
Standard	24	15	6
Armour Piercing	12	24	3
HP	36	6	12
HEAP	30	21	9

FEN 333 ZEUS 40MM CHAIN GUN

An even heavier weapon than the Prometheus, the Zeus is rightly feared by any who cross its path. The Zeus is mounted in heavy emplacements, on military APCs or, most commonly, in a twin configuration in the nose of the FEN 5009 Stingray Dropship.

The Zeus has four rotating barrels which gives it a monstrous rate of fire. This, combined with the heavy caliber 40mm shells that it spits out, can demolish just about any target with a short burst.

Each Zeus cannon is a self-contained modular, unit allowing for quick replacement of damaged components. Each Zeus is loaded with a modular 1000 round drum of ammunition. On the Stingray, this drum is shared by both cannons, severely reducing the runtime of the cannon.

Weapon	Clip	ROF	Rng
FEN 333	1000	20	200m

Ammunition	DMG	PEN	AD
Standard	32	20	8
Armour Piercing	16	32	4
HP	48	8	16
HEAP	40	28	12

FEN 666 HADES 60MM CHAIN GUN

The absolute pinnacle of SLA's offensive automatic weapon technology is the Hades. This is a mammoth tri-barreled weapon that can fire a devastating volley of 60mm fire, capable of annihilating buildings and even heavily-armoured targets such as tanks. The Hades is installed on the most threatened parts of the Cannibal Sector wall and on Stingray Dropships, but the prohibitive cost of even a short burst of fire prevents the Hades being used in anything but the most dire of situations.

The sheer size of the shells fired by the Hades prevents it from being loaded with any larger ammo drum than 500 rounds, another factor that reduces the 'Hades' utility but maintains its reputation as a destroyer.

Weapon	Clip	ROF	Rng
FEN 666	500	10	150m

Ammunition	DMG	PEN	AD
Standard	45	40	10
Armour Piercing	25	55	5
HP	65	15	35
HEAP	55	50	15

FEN 808 PUFFER GRENADE LAUNCHER

The FEN808 Puffer grenade launcher is a vehicle-mounted, compressed air-fired grenade launcher fitted to the FEN 4461 Hammer APC and sundry other SLA vehicles. The Puffer is fed from a box magazine and can fire any standard SLA grenade loaded into it in a parabolic arc determined by the weapon controller within the vehicle. The Puffer gets its name from the sound it makes when fired and the distinctive puff of CO2 given off with each shot.

Weapon	Clip	ROF	Rng
FEN 808	20	2	175m

FEN 1224 PIKE RIVER PATROL BOAT

The FEN 1224 Pike river patrol boat is heavily deprecated by troops on War Worlds where it is known as 'The Downtown Whore' (it is cheap and it goes down easily). On Mort however, against less heavily-armed opponents, the Pike is an effective and useful tool for the patrolling the river and the pacification and control of the Cannibal families living along its banks.

Type	Patrol Boat
Max Speed	25km/Hour - 4m/phase
Dimensions	Length - 15m, Width - 6m, Height - 3m, Draft - 0.5m
Weight	5 tons
Crew	1 Navigator, 2 Gunners
Passengers	20, 2 full Shiver Squads
Skill	Drive Military
Armament	30mm Promethetus, 2 Puffer Grenade Launchers
Cost	100,000c
Armour	PV 15, ID 60
Accel. Rate	1
Turning Circle	10



FEN 3642 BUZZCUT HOVERCRAFT

An unusual vehicle to see on Mort, the Buzzcut hovercraft was designed as a fast assault and deployment vehicle for swampy and waterlogged planets where SLA had not yet achieved air superiority. The Buzzcut has a low profile and is hard to see from any distance as it hugs the ground. Speedy and reliable, the Buzzcut's only real drawback is the amount of noise it makes and the lack of heavy armament.

On Mort the 'Buzzcut' is used to make lightning fast raids along the banks of the river and to mount fast rescue missions for SCAF pilots and overrun Shivers anywhere along the river.

Type	Hovercraft
Max Speed	150km/Hour - 24m/ phase
Dimensions	Length - 10m, Width - 5m, Height - 3m
Weight	8 tons
Crew	1 Navigator, 2 Gunners
Passengers	10, 1 full Shiver Squads
Skill	Drive Military
Armament	Side mounted Power Reapers and Puffer Grenade Launchers
Cost	120,000c
Armour	PV 18, ID 700
Accel. Rate	1.2
Turning Circle	8

MAL MAS MODULAR ARMOUR SYSTEM

The Sector Rangers have different needs to much of the rest of SLA when it comes to equipment. The specialist needs of the Sector Rangers are met by special contract and, as they are not especially profitable, are subsidized by Head Office. Sector Ranger equipment needs to be hardwearing, adaptable and easy to repair. The Sector Rangers have little need of flashy innovations or consumer-oriented devices; they need reliable equipment that works under the harshest conditions that exist on Mort.

The GAG60 is one such innovation, a specialized firearm designed specifically for Cannibal Sector duty. MAL MAS armour is the GAG60 of protection.

MAL armour is designed to be modular and extremely adaptable. While this reduces overall protection, the MAS armour is fitted with universal joints and connectors and a specialized, distributed computer system that allows it to interface with, connect to and override any other model of power armour that it is connected to. Thus, so long as the wearer has the torso of his original MAS armour, he can cannibalise other armour parts and attach them to replace parts as they become destroyed or damaged.

The interface is far from perfect and, for each armour part that is not MAS' there is a cumulative -1 penalty to Dex rolls. The armour comes with a 10,000-hour power supply distributed between the different parts of the armour. 1,000 hours in the head and each arm, 3,000 hours in the torso and 2,000 hours in each leg. The armour always uses its own remaining power supply.

		ID/Location			
Armour	PV	Head	Torso	Arms	Legs
MAL - MAS	11	15	60	30	40

Cost - 2000c

SHIVER SLEEP-BLOCKER

Constructed in the same manner as regular Body Blocker, Sleep-Blocker provides very similar amounts of basic protection, but is held together by far stronger materials meaning that the degradation of the armour is far more limited and will hold together for a far greater length of time. Considering that a Sleeper squad gets to resupply only once a month, this is a necessity. Sleep-Blocker has the same PV as regular Blocker, but the ID levels in all locations are doubled.

Cost - 600c (Unavailable on General Release)

POWER PROJECTS CANNED PLATE

Recognising that there isn't always the luxury of being able to drop in the armour at the local workshop, Power Projects came up with the innovation of an applicable repair solution that holds armour together for just long enough to get it back to the base. Sold in small cans and larger canisters, Canned Plate is an emergency solution for when the armour is about to fall off you.

When used, Canned Plate restores ID on a point for point basis from the applicator to the armour. If more than five points of Canned Plate are used on a particular location, then all actions involving that location suffer a –1 to any roll involving that location. This is cumulative, with ten points yielding –2 and so forth.

Example : Sgt Brock has been in a few firefights and has to use his stock of Canned Plate to keep the right arm of his Blocker still intact, applying 5 points after one fight. Any actions he now takes involving the use of his right arm (firing his weap-

on, clubbing away at subversives) suffer a –1 on the dice roll till he gets the Canned Plate removed from his armour. If Sgt Brock were then to be in a few more fights and have to apply another 5 points of Plate to the arm, he'd be at –2 to all actions. All penalties are cumulative, so if Sgt Brock has a –1 on his right leg and a –1 on his left leg, he's be at –2 to all actions involving the use of both legs (running, diving, jumping).

When applying Canned Plate, there must be a ten-second wait between when the mix is applied and when it has solidified. Moving the joint or seal before then will break the seal and render the repair useless.

Creative uses of Canned Plate have been noted in a number of instances, such as silencing noisy civilians and sealing together deep injuries. However, it should be noted that application of canned plate to bare skin would cause chemical burns and additional wounding when removed, even (especially) when using the solvent. Every application of Canned Plate to bare skin causes one hit point of damage and one further hit point when removed. However, there have been some reports of effective use of CP when stabilizing massive damage, like amputations. Quite how many of these reports are urban legends is a matter of conjecture.

"Yeah, we had a carnivorous pig eat our canister of CP right out of the back of the APC. We weren't sure what we were going to do when it started coming back at us, till Brody noticed that the canister was still sticking out of its mouth and popped a cap in there. Boom! Blew the pig apart, but the CP sealed up real quick. We ended up with a steel statue of a detonated pig in the middle of Downtown. Power Projects are optioning for the footage at the moment."

Relki, Stormer, Squad Roughnecks.

CANNED PLATE CAN

Supplied in 500ml cans, the regular issue of Canned Plate provides up to 10 points of ID repairs before running out. Each can weighs in the region of two kilos.

Cost = 10c per Can

CANNED PLATE CANISTER

Usually used at fixed-point repair stations or attached within APCs with a hose and applicator, the canister is rarely seen out in the field. It holds enough for 1000 points of ID repairs before running out. The canister weighs more than 150 kilos, making it very difficult to transport.

Cost = 750c per canister

CANNED PLATE SOLVENT

Used to remove the built-up gunge that results from overuse of Canned Plate, a single dose of solvent will remove up to ten points of Canned Plate solution from armour. If this reduces the armour below 0 ID in that location then the armour will break, so it is advisable to only apply the solvent when at a location where repairs can be directly applied.

Cost = 5c per ten use spray can.

SMOTHER GRENADES

Used as temporary measures to stem the spread of fire, the Smother grenade is similar in nature to a riot foam grenade, with the removal of the setting agent from the grenade. When triggered, the grenade releases two cubic metres of suppressant foam into the blast radius, coating anything in the radius with no roll to hit. The foam also gives off high concentrations of carbon dioxide, further cutting the supply of oxygen to the fire. Whilst it's unlikely that anything but the smallest fire will be put out with these grenades, they are useful for forming a holding pattern till more direct assistance can be procured. Any living creature in the blast radius will be instantly deprived of air until they clear the area of effect. The drowning rules may be applied in such situations.

Cost = 1c each (not available on general release)

RIOT FOAM GRENADES

The riot foam grenade releases a large amount of a light polymer that sets almost instantly on contact with air, forming a powerful restraining substance. The honeycomb structure of the set polymer allows slight movement to prevent cramps setting in and permitting breathing to a limited degree, but is otherwise virtually unbreakable

Any location caught in the blast radius will be instantly immobilized. Targets attempting to escape

must make a PHYS roll at –2 for every location caught in the blast (thus both legs would be –4 to the roll, whole body would be –14 to the roll) or remain imprisoned for a further turn. Escape attempts may be made once per turn.

Cost = 1c each (not available on general release)

RIOT FOAM DISSOLUTION SPRAY

Supplied in small cans, the dissolution spray starts a chain reaction that dissolves the riot foam polymer. One can dissolves ten cubic metres of Foam. Each can also has a detonation button that causes the can to explode (in case the Shivers are caught in their own foam).

Cost = 1c per can (not available on general release)

BOOPA MEDICAL HELMET

The Medical Helmet is a specially designed helmet with a series of magnifying scopes and analysis tools. It also has an onboard library of medicine and surgical techniques. A character using one of these helmets may add 1 to any dice rolls involving evaluating injuries or treating patients.

PV 6
ID 15
Cost 150c (not available on general release)

WALL WASH

This is a small aerosol can containing a diluted version of the wash used on the wall every morning. The fluid is a combination of insect repellant, herbicide and disinfectant. A single application of wall wash is enough to cover up to Stormer-sized armour. Care should be taken to ensure the wearing of sealed armour when it is applied, as anything in the area without full breathing protection will quickly be rendered unconscious. Continued exposure to the spray can result in breathing difficulties and, eventually, respiratory arrest and death. SLA cannot be held responsible for any employee confusing this spray with their deodorant. The spray also causes 1 hit point of damage per round of exposure to any living creature without skin protection. A single can carries three full applications of wash in it.

Cost = 1c per can (unavailable on general release)

GANGERS

For those that didn't make it into the Shivers, there are always the gangs. Thousands, sometimes tens of thousands strong, gangs are a way of life for most people; a way to derive some protection and some sense of family in the dissociated world that is Mort. Gangs are very territorial, claiming some patch of Mort as their own and defending it as well as they can, using the resources within their patch to keep themselves going and occasionally crossing over into other gangs turf to take what they have. It's a fraught life, with no back up from the law and co-operation from others gained only at the point of a knife or barrel of a gun. Still, it is better to be a predator than the prey, even if you're only one step away from the prey. Gangers will almost inevitably be human. The aliens that fall through the gaps are usually taken up by their own kind. However, if the GM wants to permit the creation of non humans Gangers, it is their privilege to do so.

Character Creation points: 150

Statistic Ranges

STR	4-9
DEX	4-9
DIA	4-9
CONC	4-9
PHYS	(Dependant on STR/DEX)
KNOW	(Dependant on DIA/CONC)
COOL	4-9

Basic skills are any six skills at level 1. There is no guarantee that Gangers are literate or numerate, and anyone not taking those skills will have no basic proficiency in them.

Gangers may not start with basic skills above 5; even the basic training given to the Shivers is denied them. What they have learned, they learned on the street. The street is a fine tutor, just not a very diligent one.

Starting equipment for a Ganger will be 300c of equipment and weapons in total (including ammunition and armour), which represents what they've managed to cobble together in their life.

Advantages and disadvantages are chosen as normal, but Gangers automatically get Major Friend (their gang) and Major Enemy (other gangs) at a rank agreed with the GM, representing how useful

they are to their gang and, by equal measure, how much they are wanted dead by the other gangs.

GANGER CAMPAIGNS

It's the wrong side of the law, Ganger life tends to be trying to stay one step ahead of the law whilst not starving to death in the process. Ganger life for the most part isn't fun. The law has all the bonuses: they have the weapons, they have the training and, if all else goes wrong, they have backup - something that the Gangers will very rarely, if ever, have. Most PC groups will be part of a larger gang, and as such will have jobs and duties handed down to them in return for their place in the gang. If they are a gang unto themselves, then they will be doing very much the same thing as the larger gangs, just on a smaller scale.

Some examples of typical gang days are listed below.

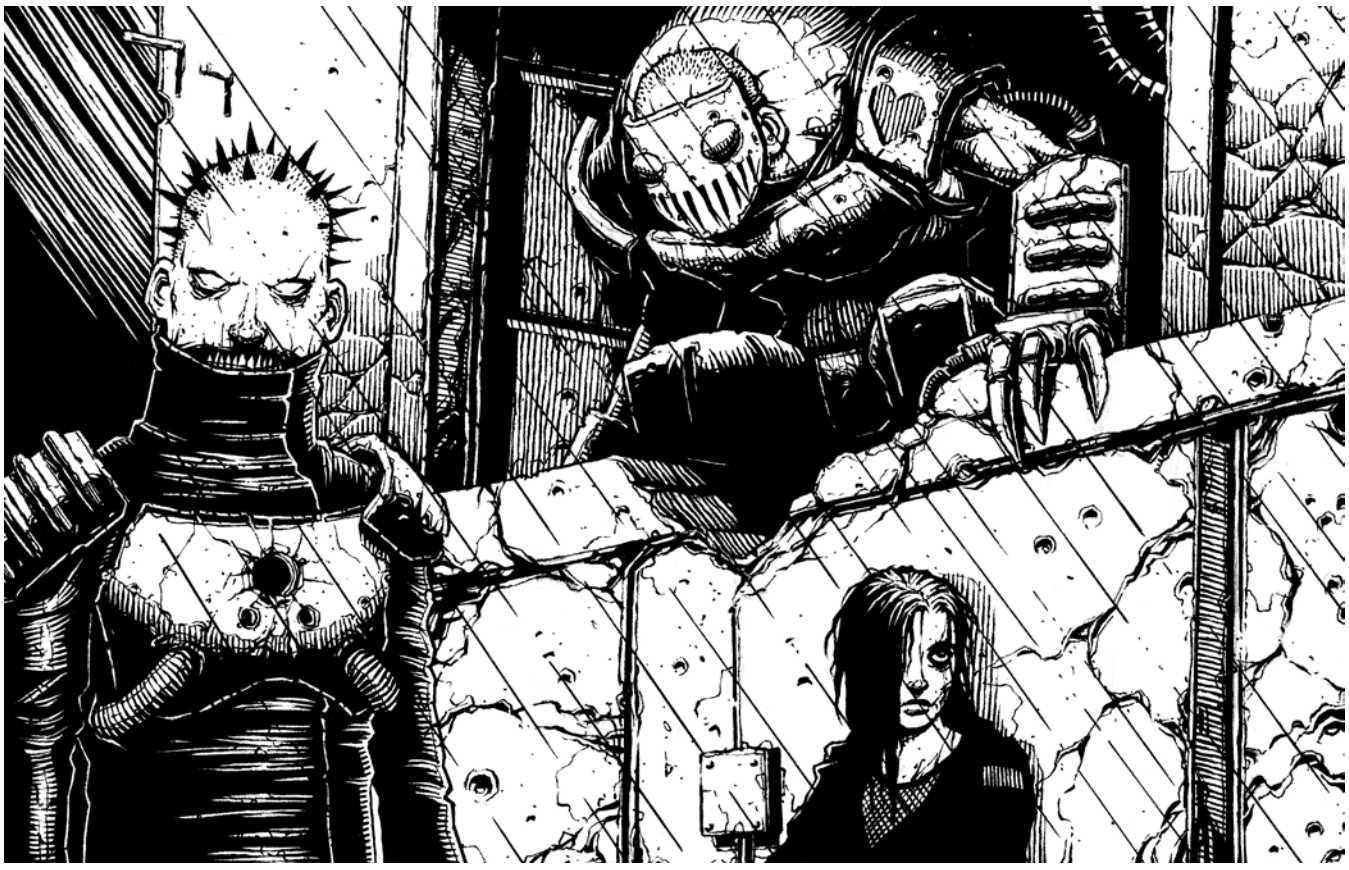
RAID

The PCs are sent to acquire something for the gang, usually food, weapons, or drugs. Small corner stores will usually not have what the gang requires (or they'd just walk in and take it, no planning required) and the characters are usually going to have to raid one of the SLA-subsidized stores to get what they're after. These places usually have guards armed in a similar fashion to Gangers, but with slightly improved armour and possibly even training. The average store has between five and ten guards in it, all of them armed with Flak vests and Fen 603s, and an average gun skill of 3 or 4. This won't be a serious problem if the gang gets in and out quickly.

The real threat will occur if the gang takes too long to get what they came for, in which case there's a possibility of Shivers, or worse, Operatives being called to take care of it.

BLITZ

The gang needs to destroy something, either a tactical advantage for another gang (drugs lab, weapons cache) or something that is causing them a problem (Shiver CCTV on a place they need to rob). The PCs will need to get in, destroy whatever it is and get out before reinforcements arrive. If it's a smaller gang that they're attacking, the matter can be resolved nine times out of ten with a show of force, so it's usually when the odds are against them that planning is required. If the property is owned by SLA, there's a chance that SLA will send people to take a look at what's being done, and if this is the case, it is often better if the gang wasn't there when they arrive. With some objectives, it is necessary for the gang to destroy the item several times (particularly in the case of SLA-owned



property) before the response time is downgraded enough for them to have enough time to do what they need to do.

KIDNAP

Larger gangs often kidnap prominent (but not too prominent) targets within various companies and ransom them back to the company in return for money or equipment. Such a job needs planning and resources, so it's usually only the larger gangs that plan this sort of operation. This sort of job often backfires when the company in question calls in the professionals and the gang is quickly taken down by far more weapons and armour than they themselves can muster. It's also a good idea to check that your kidnap victim doesn't have LAD, or the company is just as likely to send in Shivers spraying Browbeater rounds everywhere. Their person can be recovered, you can't.

THROWDOWN

The best way to expand your turf is to take some from another gang. Gangs are constantly at war over prime locations (such as those near easy targets and rich civilians). PCs may be part of a group going to take territory by force. Their opponents will be armed, armoured, and skilled to very much the same level as the PCs, and no gang gives up their turf willingly. There will always be some sort of struggle involved. Of course, once you have the turf you have to be able to defend it, especially against those you just evicted. Best kill them all, just to be sure.

CIVILIANS

Civilians make up the highest proportion of Downtown, but there's a reason for this. If you're a Civilian, it's because you lacked the discipline to become a Shiver, you weren't streetwise enough to be a Ganger, and you've got too many brains to be a Monarch. However, what this qualifies you for is a life on the streets, watching TV, trying to survive on the welfare, hoping that Gorezone doesn't kick off in your living room.

Character Creation points: 50-100

Statistic Ranges

STR	3-7
DEX	3-7
DIA	3-7
CONC	3-7
PHYS	(Dependant on STR/DEX)
KNOW	(Dependant on DIA/CONC)
COOL	3-7

No basic skill packages, no basic skills, all skills are



paid for in points. No Civilian may have a skill above level 5 at character creation, and the GM should be looking for reasons for any skill above 4. A campaign at this level will be very low powered indeed. Sample activities for civilians include switching the channels on the TV, microwaving dinners, collecting the welfare cheque, occasionally dealing low-level drugs (the sort most people just buy at the pharmacy), and budgeting without a budget.

Riveting stuff!

OPTIONAL ARMOUR RULES

PENETRATION AND PV

The original rules state clearly that the formula for damage caused is equal to PEN + DMG minus PV. While this is a simple formula, a lot of the MRB sections make reference to clearly inferior armour stopping rounds that couldn't be stopped with that particular armour. What follows are several variants of rule that can be used to tailor the approach to your particular game.

STRONG ARMOUR VARIANT

Games where armour works the way the MRB says it does use the following rules. If PEN is more than PV, then the round gets through and does full damage and full armour damage. If the PV is more than the PEN of the weapon, then the round does no damage and no armour damage. This rule makes for much more cinematic games with scenes where players walk unscathed through hails of fire with impunity. In this particular situation, players will be able to hang on in fights a lot longer than previously. Those out in CS1 will be able to ignore a lot of the lower level threats without any thought at all. Unfortunately, it also means that any GM using this rule will have to understand that the weapons he equips the adversaries with will either be completely effective or utterly ineffective.

GRADED ARMOUR VARIANT

This is for games where the damage on a weapon will make a difference, but not quite the same as the current rules. When PEN is higher than the PV, the weapon does full damage, plus the amount that the PEN was higher than the PV. Thus a 12.7m standard shot against Body Blocker would do the standard 8 damage, plus 3 (8 PEN minus 5 PV), making a total of 11 damage.

If the PV of the armour is higher than the PEN of the weapon but lower than the PEN+DMG of the weapon, then the damage done is divided by the difference between the PV and the PEN, rounded down. Thus, if a 12.7mm HESH rifle round were to hit a suit of Dogeybone, the difference between the PV and the PEN is 12 points, so the 26 damage normally done by the round would be divided by 12 and rounded down leaving 2 damage to get through. If the same round were to hit an unboosted Deathsuit, the 26 damage would divided by (PV 6 minus PEN 4) 2, meaning that 13 points of damage would still get through. If the damage is rounded down to zero, then the target takes no damage at all.

Armour damage is treated in the same way.

This rule means that players with more armour are decidedly safer than those without, but still have to watch out for the heavier weapons on the block.

ABLATIVE ARMOUR VARIANT

This rule is for GMs who want another way to soak cash out of the players. When PEN or PEN plus DMG are more than the PV of the armour, then the total damage overlap is applied to the ID of the armour in question. When the ID is reduced to 0, then the body part being hit is destroyed and provides no further protection at all. Any damage that goes above the ID remaining is applied to the body part in question.

Example: A suit of Dogeybone hit in the torso with a 17mm Hesh Rifle round will take 64 ID from its base total of 150, leaving it with 86 remaining ID. If the same suit were to take the 17mm HESH rifle round to the head, 60 of the damage would go on the helmet's ID, completely destroying it and the remaining 4 would be dealt to the head of the target. The next hit to the head will do full damage.

Neighbourhood Watch



"You all get bonuses paid for killing things up here, the only thing you don't get a bonus for killing is each other. Doesn't matter how you kill them, only that they're completely dead when you turn your back on them. Study the following files well, because some of these look fairly innocuous, and the worst thing in the world is to pull a browbeater on something that eats 10mm for breakfast. Save your heavier ammunition for those things that need it, you only get a certain amount per shift and if you use it up all the time, they start charging you for it. That said, over the years I've killed a whole lot of these things, I've been charged for a whole lot of ammo, and I'll tell you now, I much prefer being a debt riddled live guy to being a solvent corpse, y'know?"

Shiver Sergeant John Brock, Wall Tutorial.

CANNIBAL CHILD



Filthy urchins that surround the Cannibal settlements and roam in packs. They can be disturbingly reminiscent of Carrien and they will not shirk from attacking anyone who enters their territory.

Quote: "If take your meat back mother give presents me."

Race: Human

STR	5	Speed	1/2/4.5	
DEX	6	Armour	-	
DIA	5	Total HP	10	
CONC	5	PV : 1	HP	ID
CHA	5	Head	4	-
		Torso	10	-
		Right Arm	5	-
COOL	6	Left Arm	5	-
PHYS	5	Right Leg	5	-
KNOW	5	Left Leg	5	-

Weapons & Equipment : Rags, Knife

Skills : Blade 1-H 2, Detect 4, Hide 4, Rival Company 1, Running 5, Sneaking 4, Survival 2, Unarmed 2

CANNIBAL MOTHER

Younger Cannibal women training and vying for the place of Matriarch when the old one dies. The Mothers are ambitious, backstabbing, and treacherous and also help the Matriarch as priests to her bishop and spiritual healers to the clan.

Quote: "One day I be Matriarch, then all things will change, clan will be great, strong. You wait, you see."

Race: Human

STR	5	Speed	1/2/3.6	
DEX	5	Armour	-	
DIA	6	Total HP	10	
CONC	6	PV : -	HP	ID
CHA	7	Head	4	-
		Torso	10	-
		Right Arm	5	-
COOL	7	Left Arm	5	-
PHYS	5	Right Leg	5	-
KNOW	6	Left Leg	5	-



Weaponry & Equipment : Knife, Rags

Skills : Blade 1-H 4, Cooking 3, Cult Info 4, Detect 4, Hide 2, Leadership 3, Medical – Paramedic 1, Rival Company 1, Running 2, Sneaking 2, Survival 5, Tactics 2, Unarmed 2

CANNIBAL MATRIARCH



Foul and fecund, the Cannibal Matriarch is the mother of the clan, protected and revered by her children and unquestioned head of the clan. The Cannibal Matriarch is often sly and cunning and is held with near religious reverence by the Cannibals, always leading their ceremonies when they capture a person to kill.

Quote: "Does it hurt? Did they shoot you? Come to momma, momma will make the pain go away, momma will make it all better."

Race: Human

STR	6	Speed	1/2/3	
DEX	5	Armour	-	
DIA	7	Total HP	11	
CONC	7	PV : -	HP	ID
CHA	8	Head	4	-
		Torso	11	-
		Right Arm	5	-
COOL	8	Left Arm	5	-
PHYS	5	Right Leg	6	-
KNOW	7	Left Leg	6	-

Weapons & Equipment : Butcher's Knife, Rags

Skills : Blade 1-H 5, Cooking 5, Cult Info 7, Detect 4, Hide 2, Leadership 6, Medical – Paramedic 2, Rival Company 1, Sneaking 2, Survival 6, Tactics 4, Unarmed 2

MUTANT CANNIBAL

Twisted and mutated by their environment; the Mutant Cannibals are desperate for acceptance by their clan and will do anything for them. Taught from birth that their misfortune is the fault of SLA, they will fight Operatives to their very last breath, trying to kill them with all that they have. This sheet represents a typical Mutant Cannibal with common mutations. Make your own by taking the Warrior template and adding random mutations.
Quote: "Mother it hurrrrrrrrrrrrrrts."



Race: Human

STR	9	Speed	1/2/3	
DEX	7	Armour	Piecemeal	
DIA	5	Total HP	17	
CONC	5	PV : 2	HP	ID
CHA	-2	Head	6	-
		Torso	17	6
		Right Arm	8	6
COOL	8	Left Arm	8	6
PHYS	8	Right Leg	9	6
KNOW	5	Left Leg	9	6

Skills : Axe 9, Detect 4, Hide 2, Intimidation 1, Rival Company 1, Sneaking 2, Survival 4, Unarmed 9, Wrestling 9

Weaponry & Equipment : Gigantism mutation, Beast features mutation, Hideously deformed mutation, Axe, Rags

CANNIBAL WARRIOR



Cannibal Warriors run in cadres of between 5 and 10 Warriors and are armed with a mish-mash of primitive and modern weaponry either built by themselves or stolen from their kills. Cannibal Warriors have a macho culture that allows little room for failure or retreat, and they believe the whole clan relies on their hunting skills and martial prowess to survive.

Quote: "This our turf! Leave now Mr Slay-man or else!"

Race: Human

STR	7	Speed	1/2/3.9	
DEX	7	Armour	-	
DIA	5	Total HP	-	
CONC	5	PV : 2	HP	ID
CHA	5	Head	-	-
		Torso	-	6
		Right Arm	-	6
COOL	7	Left Arm	-	6
PHYS	7	Right Leg	-	6
KNOW	7	Left Leg	-	6

Weapons & Equipment : Totemic necklace or lucky charms, Rags or old clothing, Knife, One weapon from the following list… Bow, spear, axe, shotgun, CAF gun, DarkNight weaponry, sword, second knife

Skills : Archery 3, Auto/Support 2, Axe 4, Blade 1-H 5, Cult Info 2, Detect 4, Gymnastics 2, Hide 4, Intimidation 5, Marksman 4, Pistol 2, Polearms 2, Rifle 5, Rival Company 1, Running 3, Sneaking 4, Survival 4, Tracking 5, Unarmed 4

LESSER CARRIEN

These are the Carrien that everyone sees on their TV screens being torn apart by well equipped Operatives and Contract Killers. The Carrien are often underestimated and, on their home ground and with numbers, are quite, quite deadly.

Quote: "Hissss, grrrrraaaaa."

Race: Carrien

STR	8	Speed	1/2/3	
DEX	7	Armour		
DIA	6	Total HP	15	
CONC	3	PV : 2/3	HP	ID
CHA	1	Head	5	-
		Torso	15	6
		Right Arm	7	6
COOL	7	Left Arm	7	6
PHYS	7	Right Leg	8	6
KNOW	4	Left Leg	8	6



Skills : Climb 4, Club 1-H 4, Detect 3, Evaluate Opponent 2, Hiding 6, Intimidation 1, Running 3, Sneaking 6, Survival 4, Tactics 2, Tracking 3, Unarmed Combat 4

Weaponry & Equipment : Claws – DMG 1, PEN 1, AD 0, Bad Vision (Sunlight) 3, Good Vision (Night) 3, Hockey Stick

GREATER CARRIEN



The Greater Carrien are larger, stronger, meaner and nastier than the Lesser Carrien, and form the leadership of Carrien packs. Vicious, nasty and cruel, the Greater Carrien are nothing more than physically powerful bullies lording it over the Lesser Carrien with their strength. Dominant Greater Carrien sprout Stag-like horns from their head.

Quote: "Graaarrrrghhhh!"

Race: Carrien

STR	15	Speed	1/3/5.6	
DEX	10	Armour	Piecemeal+Skin	
DIA	5	Total HP	27	
CONC	2	PV : 2/4	HP	ID
CHA	1	Head	9	-
		Torso	27	6
		Right Arm	13	6
COOL	8	Left Arm	13	6
PHYS	12	Right Leg	14	6
KNOW	3	Left Leg	14	6

Weapons & Equipment : Claws – DMG 2, PEN 2, AD 0, Horns – DMG 2, PEN 1, AD 1, Bad Vision (Sunlight) 3, Good Vision (Night) 3, Hockey Stick, 10-10 BullyBoy Shotgun

Skills : Climb 4, Club 1-H 8, Detect 2, Evaluate Opponent 2, Hiding 4, Intimidation 1, Running 2, Sneaking 4, Survival 2, Tactics 2, Tracking 2, Unarmed Combat 6, Pistol 3, Rifle 5

GREATER CARRIEN ALPHA

The leader of the pack, the Greater Carrien Alpha is a true beast of a Carrien. He gets the best part of every kill, the best mating rights and takes sadistic pleasure in torturing not only prisoners but Lesser Carrien as well.

Quote: "Roaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrr!!!"

Race: Carrien

STR	17	Speed	1/3/5.3	
DEX	12	Armour	Piecemeal+Skin	
DIA	4	Total HP	31	
CONC	1	PV : 2/5	HP	ID
CHA	1	Head	11	-
		Torso	31	6
		Right Arm	15	6
COOL	10	Left Arm	15	6
PHYS	14	Right Leg	16	6
KNOW	2	Left Leg	16	6



Skills : Climb 4, Club 1-H 10, Detect 1, Evaluate Opponent 4, Hiding 2, Intimidation 1, Running 1, Sneaking 2, Survival 2, Tactics 2, Tracking 2, Unarmed Combat 8, Pistol 5, Rifle 8

Weaponry & Equipment : Claws – DMG 3, PEN 3, AD 1, Horns – DMG 3, PEN 2, AD 2, Bad Vision (Sunlight) 3, Good Vision (Night) 3, Hockey Stick, 10-10 BullyBoy Shotgun

MUTANT CARRIEN



Mutant Carrien are all twisted and deformed, driven mad by their mutations that leave them raw and in pain. These frenzied Mutant Carrien are cynically used by the other Carrien as shock troops to soften up and horrify any interlopers in their territory before the rest of the pack attack. These statistics represent a typical Mutant Carrien. To create your own use a Greater Carrien template and apply mutations.

Quote: "Sssssssss…uggghhhhahhh."

Race: Carrien

STR	14	Speed	1/3/6.5	
DEX	7	Armour	Skin	
DIA	4	Total HP	24	
CONC	2	PV : 4	HP	ID
CHA	1	Head	8	-
		Torso	24	-
		Right Arm	12	-
COOL	10	Left Arm	12	-
PHYS	10	Right Leg	12	-
KNOW	3	Left Leg	12	-

Weapons & Equipment : Claws – DMG 7, PEN 3, AD 2, Horns – DMG 2, PEN 1, AD 1, Bad Vision (Sunlight) 3, Good Vision (Night) 3, Supreme strength mutation, Hideously deformed mutation, Claws mutation

Skills : Climb 4, Detect 4, Evaluate Opponent 2, Intimidation 1, Running 5, Survival 2, Tactics 2, Unarmed Combat 9

JUVENILE CARRIEN



Carrien grow quickly, but any Carrien den contains a few Juvenile Carrien. Sneakier than when they grow up, and just as vicious as their parents, the Juvenile Carrien defend the den with as much strength and desperation as the adults.

Quote: "Heeheeheeheehee."

Race: Carrien

STR	6	Speed	1/3/6.5	
DEX	5	Armour	Skin	
DIA	4	Total HP	-	
CONC	1	PV : 2	HP	ID
CHA	1	Head	-	-
		Torso	-	-
		Right Arm	-	-
COOL	5	Left Arm	-	-
PHYS	5	Right Leg	-	-
KNOW	2	Left Leg	-	-

Skills : Club 1-H 3, Detect 2, Evaluate Opponent 1, Hiding 4, Intimidation 1, Running 5, Sneaking 4, Survival 2, Tactics 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Weaponry & Equipment : Claws – DMG 1, PEN 0, AD 0, Bad Vision (Sunlight) 3, Good Vision (Night) 3, Hockey Stick

MORT RAT



The Mort rat is a large and well-fed pest that is found everywhere on Mort. Mort rats will eat anything and frequently do. In the darker areas of Downtown they are bolder and have been known to take babies from cribs or to attack the homeless en masse.

STR	1	Speed	2/4/6.9
DEX	6	Armour	-
DIA	1	Total HP	4
CONC	1		HP
CHA	1	Head	2
		Torso	4
		Right Arm	2
COOL	5	Left Arm	2
PHYS	3	Right Leg	2
KNOW	1	Left Leg	2

Weapons & Equipment : Teeth – DMG 1, PEN 0, AD 0, Bad Vision (Sunlight) 3, Good Vision (Night) 3

Skills : Climb 3, Detect 1(3 with animal senses), Hide 6, Running 3, Sneaking 6, Survival 1, Swim 3, Tracking 1, Unarmed Combat 1

GIANT RAT

The Giant rat is found mostly in Lower Downtown and the Cannibal Sectors. A stable mutation, the Giant rat has bigger teeth and a worse attitude than the standard Mort rat. Giant rats are far bolder than ordinary rats and attack in packs like wolves.



STR	3	Speed	2/3/6.2
DEX	5	Armour	-
DIA	1	Total HP	7
CONC	1	PV : 1	HP
CHA	1	Head	3
		Torso	7
		Right Arm	3
COOL	6	Left Arm	3
PHYS	4	Right Leg	3
KNOW	1	Left Leg	3

Skills : Climb 4, Detect 1(3 with animal senses), Hide 5, Running 4, Sneaking 5, Survival 1, Swim 4, Tracking 1, Unarmed Combat 3

Weaponry & Equipment : Teeth – DMG 2, PEN 1, AD 1, Bad Vision (Sunlight) 3, Good Vision (Night) 3

SCAV GRUNT



Powerful, hulking, wheezing monstrosities: the Scavs have come to Mort and are here to stay. With their modified weaponry, their breathing masks and their scary and deadly efficiency the Scavs have cut a swathe through the Cannibal Sectors and altered the balance of power in their favor. An Operative will rarely, if ever, come up against anything as terrifying.

Quote: "Hnnnuuurghhh…huffffff…hrrraaggggghh."

Race : Scav

STR	14	Speed	1/2/3	
DEX	14	Armour	Scav Coat	
DIA	6	Total HP	28	
CONC	6	PV : 14	HP	ID
CHA	3	Head	9	30
		Torso	28	70
		Right Arm	14	35
COOL	9	Left Arm	14	35
PHYS	14	Right Leg	14	35
KNOW	6	Left Leg	14	22

Weapons & Equipment : Modified DN100 with gas recycling, personalization, increased ammo capacity and recoil compensation, Breathing mask, Satchels filled with junk, SLA blade with razor sharpness and improvised power blade. Toolkit, Claws – DMG 1, PEN 1, AD 0, Teeth – DMG 2, PEN 0, AD 1, Scavs regenerate like 313 Stormers

Skills : Auto/Support 6, Blade 1-H 6, Climb 4, Computer Subterfuge 4, Computer Use 5, Demolitions 5, Detect 6, Drive – Military 4, Electronic Locks 5, Electronics – Repair 6, Hide 6, Intimidation 6, Lock picking 6, Marksman 6, Mechanics – Repair 6, Pilot – Military 4, Pistol 6, Rifle 8, Rival Company 4, SLA Info 4, Sneaking 6, Survival 6, Tactics 4, Throw 2, Tracking 4, Unarmed Combat 8, Weapons Maintenance 6, *Special Weapon Modification Ability

SCAV LEADER



Each Scav squad gravitates towards a leader: one who issues the orders with elaborate hand signals and quiet grunts, the acknowledged elder and chief of the unit. The Scav Leader is more dangerous than his fellows, more experienced and usually tougher and more resourceful.

Quote: "Ngh…ngh…ugh…hrrrrrgghhh."

Race: Scav

STR	16	Speed	1/2/3	
DEX	16	Armour	Scav Coat	
DIA	8	Total HP	32	
CONC	8	PV : 14	HP	ID
CHA	4	Head	11	30
		Torso	32	75
		Right Arm	16	35
COOL	11	Left Arm	16	35
PHYS	16	Right Leg	16	35
KNOW	8	Left Leg	16	35

Skills : Auto/Support 8, Blade 1-H 8, Climb 4, Computer Subterfuge 5, Computer Use 6, Demolitions 6, Detect 8, Drive – Military 4, Electronic Locks 6, Electronics – Repair 8, Hide 6, Intimidation 8, Lock picking 7, Marksman 8, Mechanics – Repair 8, Pilot – Military 4, Pistol 8, Rifle 10, Rival Company 4, SLA Info 5, Sneaking 6, Survival 8, Tactics 6, Throw 4, Tracking 6, Unarmed Combat 10, Weapons Maintenance 8, *Special Weapon Modification Ability

Weaponry & Equipment : Modified Sheer with gas recycling, personalization, increased ammo capacity and recoil compensation, Breathing mask, Satchels filled with junk, SLA blade with razor sharpness and improvised power blade. Toolkit, Claws – DMG 1, PEN 1, AD 0, Teeth – DMG 2, PEN 0, AD 1, Scavs regenerate like 313 Stormers

ALPHA MANCHINE



The largest of the Manchines save for the progenitor, the Alphas are the ones who pass down the word of Digger, the ones who orchestrate the raids and the ones who enforce his will in CS1.

Quote: "The scrap to the forge, the flesh to the pens…"

Race: Manchine

STR	28	**Speed**	2/4/9	
DEX	26	**Armour**	Chassis	
DIA	20	**Total HP**	55	
CONC	20	**PV : 18**	**HP**	**ID**
CHA	-	**Head**	19	40
		Torso	55	80
		Right Arm	27	40
COOL	-	**Left Arm**	27	40
PHYS	27	**Right Leg**	28	60
KNOW	20	**Left Leg**	28	60

Weapons & Equipment : Six arms providing three attacks. Four ending in modified vibro sabers, the other two ending in claws. The weapons themselves are unremarkable, it is the Alpha's colossal strength that does most of the damage. Sabers – DMG 8, PEN 8, AD 2, Claws – DMG 6, PEN 6, AD 2

Skills : Auto/Support 12, Blade 1-H 20, Climb 10, Mechanics Industrial – 10, Mechanics Repair - 10, Detect 15, Electronics Industrial - 10, Electronics Repair - 10, Hide 8, Intimidation 20, Medical Paramedic - 10, Medical Doctor - 10, Medical Surgery - 20, Pistol 12, Rifle 12, Running 10, SLA Info 8, Sneaking 8, Survival 8, Throw 8, Torture 10, Tracking 15

MANCHINE

Nightmarish cybernetic stalkers, these are the original Manchines exiled into the Cannibal Sectors to be of some final use to SLA. They now roam at the behest of Digger.

Quote: "Whirr! Click! Click! Click!"

Race: Manchine

STR	14	**Speed**	1/2/6	
DEX	13	**Armour**	Chassis	
DIA	12	**Total HP**	27	
CONC	12	**PV : 12**	**HP**	**ID**
CHA	-	**Head**	9	20
		Torso	27	40
		Right Arm	13	20
COOL	-	**Left Arm**	13	20
PHYS	13	**Right Leg**	14	30
KNOW	12	**Left Leg**	14	30



Skills : Auto/Support 6, Blade 1-H 10, Climb 8, Detect 12, Hide 10, Intimidation 10, Medical Paramedic 4, Pistol 6, Rifle 6, Running 10, SLA Info 4, Sneaking 10, Survival 6, Throw 8, Torture 10, Tracking 6

Weaponry & Equipment : Four arms providing two attacks. Two ending in vibro sabers, the other two ending in claws. Sabers – DMG 8, PEN 8, AD 4, Claws – DMG 6, PEN 6, AD 2

MANCHINE CULTIST



The 'Chrome Warrior' period had many fanatical adherents, and people obsess over machines even into this time of biogenetic implants and new Stormers. Some of these obsessives join cults dedicated to their machine gods: Digger and the Manchines. They scarify themselves, construct crude implants, recover lost cybernetic technology and give sacrifices up to Digger. Sometimes Human obsession is much more terrifying that renegade machinery.

Quote: "Lord Digger, I scour my flesh for you! Lord Digger I bring you sacrifices! Show me favor, make me a machine!"

Race: Human

STR	5	**Speed**	1/2/3	
DEX	5	**Armour**	-	
DIA	5	**Total HP**	10	
CONC	5	**PV : -**	**HP**	**ID**
CHA	5	**Head**	4	-
		Torso	10	-
		Right Arm	5	-
COOL	5	**Left Arm**	5	-
PHYS	5	**Right Leg**	5	-
KNOW	5	**Left Leg**	5	-

Weapons & Equipment : Robes, Crude, festering cybernetic implants, SLA blade, Chains, gags and handcuffs

Skills : Blade 1-H 4, Cult Info 5, Detect 2, Rival Company 2, SLA Info 1, Sneaking 4, Streetwise 3, Torture 4, Unarmed 2

NEXT GENERATION MANCHINE



Created by Digger from scrap and memory, the New Generation Manchines are still more advanced than those that were cast out so long ago. Gleaming and shining and with no need to hide themselves under flesh, their only imperfection is in their minds - stolen from the dead but sometimes not wiped entirely clean.

Quote: "Joh…Johnny…it hurts… they took my skiin."

Race: Manchine

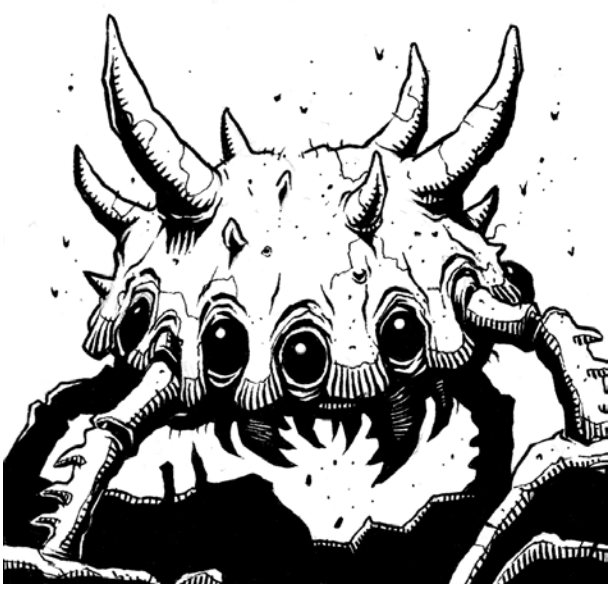
STR	16	**Speed**	1/2/6	
DEX	15	**Armour**	Chassis	
DIA	12	**Total HP**	27	
CONC	12	**PV : 14**	**HP**	**ID**
CHA	-	**Head**	9	30
		Torso	27	50
		Right Arm	13	30
COOL	-	**Left Arm**	13	30
PHYS	15	**Right Leg**	14	40
KNOW	12	**Left Leg**	14	40

Skills : Auto/Support 6, Blade 1-H 10, Climb 8, Detect 12, Hide 10, Intimidation 10, Pistol 6, Rifle 6, Running 10, SLA Info 4, Sneaking 10, Survival 6, Throw 8, Torture 10, Tracking 6

Weaponry & Equipment : Four arms providing two attacks. Two ending in modified vibro sabers, the other two ending in claws. Sabers – DMG 8, PEN 8, AD 4 Claws – DMG 6, PEN 6, AD 2

ARACHNOSTALKER

The Arachnostalker's body is ringed with eight individual eyes and the mouthparts are directly under the body with four specialized limbs at the back of the creature surrounding a spinneret. Arachnostalkers are hermaphrodites and reproduce by laying eggs that are exact copies of them. Arachnostalkers work in packs of the same group they were birthed with and reproduce by binding their prey in silk and laying eggs against the chest cavity. Arachnostalker 'packs' are made up of between ten and twenty individual Arachnostalkers. Arachnostalkers are fast and deadly and their bodily configuration means that they can change direction, dodging and attacking, at will. Arachostalkers hunt by laying a fine mesh of web across the ground, waiting until they feel a tremble in the network at which point the whole pack springs out and descends upon whatever sprung the trap.



STR	3	Speed	2/4/7.2	
DEX	6	Armour	Chitin	
DIA	1	Total HP	7	
CONC	1	PV : 4	HP	ID
CHA	-	Head	3	2
		Torso	7	4
		Right Arm	3	3
COOL	-	Left Arm	3	3
PHYS	4	Right Leg	3	3
KNOW	1	Left Leg	3	3

Weaponry & Equipment : Claws – DMG 2, PEN 1, AD 2, Bite – DMG 3, PEN 0, AD 1, Their silk has a Str of 12 and can take 10 ID of damage before being destroyed

Skills : Detect 1 (3 with animal senses, 5 with silk), Hide 4, Running 4, Sneaking 6, Tracking 2, Unarmed Combat 3

ARMOUR GALL

The Armour Gall is a tiny, eight-limbed mite that secretes a very specialized toxin through its skin and hairs. This toxin, combined with Cannibal Sector bacteria, is capable of breaking down tough ceramics and composites and digesting them. The mite is about half a millimeter long, dark gray in color and likes to hang around shrapnel and wrecked armour. When it latches onto a suit of armour, it quickly burrows below the surface and begins to digest from the inside out leaving raised, rounded bumps of tissue thin ceramic and composite around itself while it eats the armour. The Armour Gall reproduces once every 24 hours by directly birthing a copy of itself. This new baby will immediately join its parent in chewing on the armour. Once the available food source is gone and the armour crumbled into dust, the Armour Gall mites go into suspended animation to await the unwary.



The Armour Gall starts by burrowing into the surface of the armour and then reproduces, doubling in number every four hours and eating 1 ID of armour per mite. As it increases in number, it spreads to the other sections of the armour.

For example, an armour mite tunnels into a suit of Crackshot power armour through the arm when an Operative is rummaging through rubble. On the first day the mite doubles to two mites and chew 1 ID from the arm. On the second day the mites

have spread to the arm and chest cavity. Today they chew 1 ID from the arm and 1 from the chest and double again. Now the mites are everywhere except the helmet, and chew 1 ID from all locations save the helmet, doubling their number again. Now there are 8 mites in the armour, burrowing away. They chew 1 ID from every location and any excess from the chest cavity, an additional 3, they double again. This continues until the Armour Galls are eradicated or the armour is completely devoured.

Armour Galls can be cut out with a successful Mechanics – Repair roll required for every infesting mite and the loss of 2 ID per mite. Alternatively, most Shiver Sector Houses stock cans of Wall Wash that instantly kills any Armour Galls it comes into contact with.

BASTARD WASPS

Colored dirty crimson in thick bands around its body, the Bastard Wasp can measure anything up to six inches in length and has six limbs folded under its body with four, dragonfly-like wings atop its carapace. It has two, predatory looking, compound eyes set forward on its head and four serrated mandibles. The abdomen is swollen and muscular, and contains a venomous, spiked, stinger that the Bastard Wasp uses to attack its prey.

The Bastard Wasp is communal and lives in hives of up to five hundred individuals that toil in service to a queen. These hives are constructed from paper and card scraps which the Bastard Wasps collect and chew up into a fibrous, papier-mâché which is then molded into the hive. The hive segments and tunnels are pentagonal, which leads to the Bastard Wasps other nickname: Devil Wasps.

The wasps are predatory and forage in the area around the hive for prey of any size, before returning to the hive to raise an attack swarm. Each hive has up to five hundred individual wasps within it, and each attack swarm consists of up to one hundred wasps. The wasps attack en masse and are cunning enough to go for armour seals, striking repeatedly in their attempts to break through and poison their target. The toxin they carry causes swelling and nausea, eventually causing the victim's throat to swell shut, asphyxiating them. Then the swarm descends on the body, chewing it up into small slivers that can be carried back to the hive to be devoured.

Bastard Wasp hives are highly prized by Cannibals as kindling, and can be easily recognized by the raw smell of blood that issues from the hive and the loud constant thrum and buzz of the wasps within.



Hunting in swarms of up to fifty of their number, each individual wasp has only a single hit point, but only flame weapons or weapons with an area effect do any sort of damage to the swarm. Shotgun pellets will kill a number equal to the damage of the weapon being used per blast and Wall Wash wipes out up to twenty wasps per can.

Bastard Wasp attacks are treated as unskilled autofire attacks with a rate-of-fire equal to the swarm. Since the Bastard Wasps go for the weaker armour seals rather than the armour plating, and since they carry toxin these attacks can be quite dangerous. Each hit from the swarm attack does 1 damage, armour damage and penetration and any damage taken will be removed from the Torso rather than trying to keep track of the different fractions of damage to locations. If a Bastard Wasp successfully stings a target they must make a PHYS roll at -5 or take a second wound as the wasp's toxin begins to take effect.

CHAINWORM

The Chainworm is native to the mudflats at the side of the river and the gigantic estuary that spills forth at the north of Cannibal Sector One. The Chainworm scours the bottom of the river, searching for scraps of metal, which it gnaws upon, digesting the fragments and excreting them through its skin until the Chainworm more closely resembles a cable with a set of teeth at each end. The worm gets its real food by burying itself in the thick muck along the bank in colonies, the bodies of the worms coiled



just below the surface, rooted to the rock and concrete underneath the mud layer. An unwary step, a drag of the foot and it will be caught in the loop of a Chainworm, which then pulls taut, tripping the victim forwards into the muck and into the waiting jaws of the rest of the colony. The worms can grow up to 2 feet long and are double-headed. During the day they scour the bottom of the river and, at night, they lie in wait along the mudflats. Their flexible, cable-like bodies are occasionally used by Cannibals and other creatures as bindings.

Individual Chainworms have but a single hit point but are protected by a thick, metallic layer of armour over their body, which provides them with a PV of 6 and gives them immunity to Wall Wash.

Escaping from a Chainworm snare requires a Str roll at -5.
Keeping one's balance while a Chainworm tries to trip you requires a Dex roll at -5.
Spotting a hidden patch of Chainworms requires a Detect roll against their Hide skill of 10.

If a victim falls into a patch of Chainworms, they will begin biting and chewing doing 5 damage and 5 armour damage at Penetration 2 every turn.

DRACOFLY

The Dracofly is a heavyset, almost spherical fly with a grotesquely swollen abdomen glowing with inner phosphorescence. The Dracoflies legs are vestigial, but its wings are immensely strong and capable of lifting its bearing-sized body from the ground. Dracoflies hover over rich deposits of organic material that writhe with Dracofly maggots and upon whose surface Dracofly nymphs skitter and mate. The Dracofly goes through several forms in its life cycle. First there is the egg, which is laid beneath the surface of the organic waste. This hatches into a grub, which feasts upon the decaying matter, be it shit or corpses, building up enough body mass for the rest of the Dracofly's existence. The grub pupates and metamorphoses into a nymph: a flat-bodied predator that runs over the surface of the maggot mound, eating whatever it can find, mating, and laying eggs in the rotting mass. The nymph then pupates again and emerges as the Dracofly, a glowing ball of greenish light with no mouthparts. The most commonly seen form of the Dracofly, the ball of light, is a guardian form, guarding the rest of the Dracofly stages and keeping predators away.



Dracoflies are suicidal and attack by dashing their bodies against anything that strays into their area, bursting their bodies open and spilling the burning phosphor in their bodies on attackers.

At night the guardian Dracoflies are easy to see, glowing with a green phosphorescence as they bob and weave over piles of stinking, rotting detritus. During the day they are no less dangerous, but a lot harder to spot.

Each Dracofly has only a single hit point but is very difficult to hit as it bobs and weaves, resulting in a -8 to the to-hit roll of any trying to shoot them down. Close combat hits will instantly kill them, but will also cause an immediate hit on the striking limb with the same effect as if the Dracofly had successfully attacked.

If cut down, smashed or successful in its kamikaze attack, the Dracofly bursts open, spilling its chemical payload on its target. The chemicals immedi-

ately ignite and burn the target for 6 damage, 2 armour damage and penetration 3 for three turns.

FIRE MIDGES

Fire Midges rise in clouds every summer wherever particularly foetid water has been allowed to sit for a protracted period of time. If allowed access to bare flesh, one or two midges will bite and inject a particularly nasty toxin that causes immediate itching and burning where the poison penetrates. This itching is so intense that a creature cannot help scratching itself, and will continue to scratch until the skin becomes raw and bleeding and the scent of the blood causes the rest of the Fire Midges to go into a feeding frenzy, descending upon the open wound in a thick black covering, biting and spreading more poison making more of the body itch unbearably and making things worse. It requires a Cool roll at -5 not to scratch the bites. Failing this Cool roll will cause the afflicted to scratch and rub at the affected area, will be quickly be scratched raw and opened up at which point the midges descend in a feeding frenzy doing 1 hit point per turn to the raw area as they feast upon the flesh, rising only when the limb has been devoured, covered up or hidden under water away from their reach for 3 full minutes.



Clouds of these midges appear seasonally along the river and near foetid pools of stinking water. Fighting them is impossible without Wall Wash or large, fire-based explosives. Fortunately, Fire Midges are relatively rare. Unfortunately they cannot be readily distinguished from other midges and biting flies found elsewhere in the sector.

FIREFLEAS

Firefleas are two millimeters long and covered in thin spines and fan-like projections that allow it to radiate its prodigious body heat out and away from its body. Firefleas have a long, screw-like proboscis at the tip of their head that they use to feed but, unlike conventional fleas, the Fireflea feeds on pus.



The Fireflea feeds by jumping onto its victim and withdrawing its spikes and fans so that its body heat builds up, causing a nasty burn upon the target. The flea then immediately jumps away and hides, usually in body hair or a fold of skin, waiting for the burn to fill with pus. It then returns to sink in its barbed proboscis and to feast upon the result of its labours. Trying to squash them is difficult, as it would leave the proboscis stuck into the flesh to cause infection; pulling them free is difficult because of the barbs and, additionally, if threatened the flea will withdraw its spines and fans, allowing its temperature to increase, burning the fingers of its attacker. Hits by Firefleas cause one point of damage to bare flesh, any armour at all will protect against this.

FLESHWORM

The Fleshworm is a large mass of damp flesh, covered in cancerous boils and growths, resembling and smelling like nothing so much as a rotting hunk of flesh the size of a leg of lamb. At one end, two tiny, beady eyes and a mouthpart that drips digestive juices are well hidden. The Fleshworm is slow and lumbering, moving on around ten pseudopods when it needs to. It eats by excreting its digestive juices over its food and then slurping up the resultant half-digested mass. It acquires its food by simply laying still; looking like a lump of raw

flesh and it can survive having up to fifty percent of its body consumed by a predator. This rarely happens, as the Fleshworm exists to ambush anything that might attack it. When something comes close enough it tenses slightly and, the moment it is touched, fibrous, poison-carrying tufts of hair



erupt from all over its skin, dusting the air with a toxic cloud of powder. The poison is fast-acting and deadly but has thus far eluded lab-based reproduction. Inhaling the poison or touching the spiny hairs brings doom to just about any creature without a respirator or covered skin. The Fleshworm can then eat at its leisure.

STR	4	Speed	0.5/1/2
DEX	4	Armour	-
DIA	1	Total HP	8
CONC	1		HP
CHA	-	Head	3
		Torso	8
		Right Arm	4
COOL	8	Left Arm	4
PHYS	4	Right Leg	4
KNOW	1	Left Leg	4

Weaponry & Equipment : Poison cloud – If breathed in requires a PHYS check at -5 or the subject is paralyzed for five minutes. Acidic vomit – DMG 5, PEN 0, AD 5

Skills : Detect 3, Hide 4,
Unarmed Combat 4

FLY CLOUD

The common Cannibal Sector fly Musca Mortuus is found all over Mort and is considered no more of a pest than any other insect within the city. Out in the sector, the fly becomes a much hardier and more numerous creature where its food and breeding grounds, rotting meat and faeces, are in such abundance.



The flies that pupate within the Cannibal Sector are much larger and tougher than those from within the comfort of Mort City itself. These flies gather in such enormous numbers over the sector that some kind of peculiar swarming instinct overcomes them and, occasionally, an entire area will depopulate itself of flies as they all rise in a solid black column into the air. The sound of their combined wings can be deafening, and the swarm usually migrates towards the Cannibal Sector wall. The sheer number of insects in the air is enough to overwhelm the engines on SCAF bikes and Stingray drop ships and cause them to crash (every turn a flying vehicle is moving through a Fly Cloud it takes 1d10 ID of damage per engine or intake that it has); it is even enough to jam the sector wall fans and shatter their blades.

LOPER

The Loper is a peculiar looking insectoid creature, the height of a dog but much thinner. The Loper begins with a long, hard and pointed proboscis upon its face. This spike is about six inches long and internal muscles can flex barbs in it to be either out or in, the relaxed position being with the barbs out. Above the mouthpart sit two small, black, forward facing eyes. Below the head is a

long, thin, thorax, from the thorax come six limbs, two small and vestigial forward limbs with hooked claws and four, long, powerful running limbs. On the top of the thorax are two tiny wings and their wing cases. These wings are entirely vestigial, but thrum when the Loper attacks, producing a screaming noise. The abdomen of the Loper is transparent and pulpy, with a thick spiral of red vein running through it. When the Loper feeds this vein becomes swollen and dark and the abdomen swells as the Loper feeds on blood.

The Loper lays its eggs within stagnant ponds of standing water where its nymphs swim and feed upon the filth and each other until they are ready to pupate, dragging themselves from the water and burying themselves in nearby trash to complete their transformation. Lopers run like greyhounds when they attack, their mouthpart forward in an attempt to spear their target at which point they extend their barbs and hold on for dear life, sucking the blood from the victim as quickly as they can, bloating their bodies.



STR	5	Speed	2/4/8.1
DEX	10	Armour	Chitin
DIA	1	Total HP	12
CONC	1	PV : 3	HP
CHA	-	Head	4
		Torso	12
		Right Arm	6
COOL	10	Left Arm	6
PHYS	7	Right Leg	6
KNOW	1	Left Leg	6

Weaponry & Equipment : Proboscis – DMG 2, PEN 1, AD 1, The proboscis does double damage if it is forcibly removed. While the proboscis remains within the target it inflicts 2 wounds every turn and the Loper drinks up the blood that spills from those wounds, Claws – DMG 1, PEN 1, AD 0

Skills : Detect 3, Sneaking 5, Hide 4, Running 7, Unarmed Combat 5

SOUP MITES

Other insects and creatures (with which the mites have developed a symbiotic relationship) carry Soup Mites. They are barely large than pinpricks, fast breeding, and extremely efficient and noisome creatures. The mites cluster around the mouthparts of predatory creatures and are transferred to the host when the predator bites, working their way into the wound and, after a short time, starting to feast. Soup Mites feed by excreting a flesh-dissolving toxin from the pores in their almond-shaped bodies and then sucking up what results. The mites do not breed inside the host, instead laying eggs that are passed out of the body to grow as new mites. The wound they leave is extremely painful and very difficult to treat, coming to resemble an ulcer more than a bite. A target assaulted by soup mites will take one point of damage to each location that is attacked, with a progressive loss of strength and dexterity for each limb that suffers damage as the nerve endings under the skin are gradually eaten away. The nature and extent of this damage are left to GM discretion.



MORTICIAN BEETLE

The Mortician Beetle is heavyset, about a foot in length and covered in a tough black carapace. Its body is slick with a black oily substance, and its limbs are covered in fine, hooked spines. Its jaws are large and powerful, curving up and then down like meat hooks with more, smaller, mouthparts between the greater jaws. The front two of its six legs end in scoop shaped tips that enable the Mortician Beetle to burrow effectively. The female has a spiked ovipositor on the back of her carapace. Mortician Beetles always travel in mated pairs.

They are rarely aggressive unless attacked, but they do prefer fresher meat and will drag off incapacitated, sleeping or otherwise disabled creatures in order to finish them.

When they find an appropriate candidate, the Mortician Beetles mate. The female then mounts the body and stabs it with her ovipositor, laying her eggs within the corpse. Both beetles then stab into the flesh with their hook-like jaws and drag the body to a suitable patch of ground where they dig a shallow grave and bury it as food for the grub when it emerges from the egg. Busy Mortician Beetles can create an entire graveyard of bodies in a matter of days.

STR	5	Speed	0.5/1/2	
DEX	4	Armour	Chitin	
DIA	1	Total HP	9	
CONC	1	PV : 5	HP	ID
CHA	-	Head	3	5
		Torso	9	15
		Right Arm	4	10
COOL	6	Left Arm	4	10
PHYS	4	Right Leg	5	10
KNOW	1	Left Leg	5	10

Weaponry & Equipment : Oily secretion – Any close combat attacks made against the Mortician Beetle are at -1. Spines – Anyone engaging in close combat with the Mortician Beetle takes a random hit of PEN 1, DMG 1, AD 0. Powerful jaws – PEN 2, DMG 2, AD 2.

Skills : Detect 3, Hide 4, Sneaking 4, Unarmed Combat 4



PIT DWELLER

Cannibal Sector One is riddled with tunnels and holes. These are constantly being used, discarded, refitted, remodeled and then used again in ways never envisioned by that which first dug them.



The Pit Dweller moves between these tunnels and holes like a hermit crab, always searching for a better home. It prefers to reside in shallow pits or in the mouth of tunnels where it can hide and cover itself in loose trash.

The Dweller is a dusty gray color and mottled with rust colored patches, which helps it blend it with its surroundings. The Dweller is about the same size as a ferret and is extremely vicious. The Pit Dweller's body is segmented and flexible, and its head is mounted on a pivoting arm with spring-loaded and extendible mandibles, all of which allows the Pit Dweller to lunge its own body length in distance

without ever actually moving. This combined maneuver allows the Pit Dweller to achieve velocities similar to pistol shots with its mouthparts and unarmoured prey may be stunned by the sonic crack and the sheer impact of the dweller's head even if it misses with its fangs.

STR	2	Speed	3/6/10.8
DEX	10	Armour	Chitin
DIA	1	Total HP	8
CONC	1	PV : 3	HP
CHA	-	Head	3
		Torso	8
		Right Arm	4
COOL	10	Left Arm	4
PHYS	6	Right Leg	4
KNOW	1	Left Leg	4

Pit Dwellers breed when they find a suitable mate while scouting new ambush locations, and lay eggs when they move on from an old pit. They move on after a maximum of three ambushes and feastings.

Weaponry & Equipment : High speed mandibles – DMG 5, PEN 9, AD 1

Skills : Detect 3, Running 6, Unarmed Combat 2

SKINLATCH



A triangular-shaped insect, the Skinlatch has a flat body with a broad head, capped with scimitar-like jaws as sharp as scalpels. It is about 2.5 centimeters wide and six centimeters long with six small and inwardly curved legs at the top of its thorax. The abdomen is segmented to form a flexible tail and ends in a point as sharp as the Skinlatch's jaws with a sharp crease running down both sides of the Skinlatch's carapace. It is metallic gray in colour and hides itself in piles of scrap where Cannibals and others are likely to rummage or search. If anyone with bare skin does search the rubble the Skinlatch will cut its way into their flesh and burrow down into the muscle, feeding on their blood and causes tiredness and weakness. Each Skinlatch within the body reduces Str, Dex and PHYS by -1 as it leeches nutrients and energy from the host.

When brushed against, the Skinlatch scrambles onto the skin and makes a neat incision with its jaws whilst clinging on with its legs. It then pushes its tail into the incision in the skin and writhing its body underneath the surface, moving deeper down to cut its way into the muscle and situate itself near some blood vessels. Finally, it fixes itself to and adds itself into the circulatory system taking the oxygen and nutrients it needs from its host. It lays clouds of fine eggs into the bloodstream that are passed in the urine and hatch in the ground before secreting themselves and awaiting new hosts. Upon the death of the host, any infesting Skinlatches cut their way free of the body and immediately look for a new host or some suitable scrap metal in which to hide.

SKULLBUG

Also called the 'skullfuck', the Skullbug is a nasty piece of work. Segmented and yellowish white in colour, the Skullbug secretes itself within bleached piles of bones and especially likes to hide within the cavities of skulls. Despite its wide span the Skullbug can curl up into a very small space in order to hide and conceal itself and does quite



closely resemble a pair of long fingered skeletal hands pressed together at the wrist. The Skullbug does not get either of its names from its appearance or its predilection for hiding within crania, rather it gets its names for the way in which it attacks.

When disturbed by appropriate prey, the Skullbug moves itself into position and then leaps to attack and wraps its long, chitinous limbs about its target's head, locking itself into position, drilling through the target's skull and depositing its small, grub-like young within the skull. The target is left with a juvenile Skullbug grub underneath their skull that will now begin to eat, feasting on their rich grey matter until they become confused, stupid and finally dead.

STR	4	Speed	2/4/7.8	
DEX	8	Armour	Chitin	
DIA	1	Total HP	10	
CONC	1	PV : 4	HP	ID
CHA	-	Head	4	2
		Torso	10	6
		Right Arm	5	4
COOL	8	Left Arm	5	4
PHYS	6	Right Leg	5	4
KNOW	1	Left Leg	5	4

Weaponry & Equipment : Ovipositor – DMG 1, AD 1, PEN 4. The Skullbug deposits its grubs within the brainpan, where they hatch within 24 hours, devouring Dia and Conc points alternately until the host runs out and dies. This damage is permanent. When the host dies, the grub pupates and breaks out of the skull after a further 24 hours.



Skills : Detect 3, Hide 8, Running 6, Sneak 6, Unarmed Combat 4

SPITTER

Spitters are squat, rounded creatures, very similar to a scaled up tick a foot across. They are found in and around Salvation Tower, feeding on the flesh that the Manchines leave behind and drinking the sulphuric water of the pools around the tower. This diet gives the Spitters a bright yellow colouration. Their bloated upper bodies hold a store of the acidic water that slowly becomes more and more concentrated, though the Spitter is able to contain it safely within its body. When threatened or attacked, the Spitter brings some of the acid down to its mouthparts where it mixes it with a thick phlegm-like substance. The Spitter then spits this goo towards its target. Its stickiness prevents the goo being easily washed off and ensures that it is transferred to anything or anyone used to try and scrape it off. Hungry Spitters are not above casting aside their scavenger ways and attacking creatures directly with their acid.

STR	4	Speed	1/2/3	
DEX	5	Armour	Chitin	
DIA	1	Total HP	8	
CONC	1	PV : 4	HP	ID
CHA	-	Head	3	4
		Torso	8	8
		Right Arm	4	6
COOL	6	Left Arm	4	6
PHYS	4	Right Leg	4	6
KNOW	1	Left Leg	4	6

Weaponry & Equipment : Acidic spittle – Gooey acidic spit burns for DMG 5, PEN 0, AD 5 and reacts for three turns. Scraping it off merely transfers the burning substance to the new surface.

Skills : Detect 3, Unarmed Combat 3, Throw (Spit) 5

PLANTS AND VEGETATION

REDROOT

Redroot is a hardy plant descended from the ivies that used to cover the various walls of Downtown structures. Ranging in size from small shrubs around a half metre wide to huge patches spanning over a few hundred metres, Redroot is naturally black and resembles burnt wire and threading more than anything else. When stepped upon, it surges upwards and attempts to entangle the victim in itself, throwing more and more vines around them till they are completely immobilized. At this point, it starts probing their armour for any weaknesses or, if unarmoured, any entrances to their bodies. Once a suitable entrance has been found, one of the larger vines pierces the skin of the victim and pumps in a mild acid to liquefy the insides that are then sucked out of the victim, leaving their skin and armour mostly intact to draw in other victims who would want to scavenge the corpse. Redroot draws its name from the deep red colour that the roots go when the plant has just fed.

Redroot will attack and attempt to consume anything that comes within range of its vines. It will grapple prospective targets with two attacks per round, a Wrestling skill of 8 and a Strength of 7, with each successful attack adding one to the Wrestling skill and Strength of the next attack, each failure deducting one. If the strength of the attack drops below that of the target, the target may flee from the Redroot. If the Strength of the vine gets more than 5 above the targets, then they are immobilized and may not move.

Once a target is immobilised, the Redroot sends out tentacles to penetrate the protection on the victim. These tentacles exude a powerful acid that lowers the PV on any armour worn by the target by 1 point for every twenty minutes they are in contact with it. When the armour is breached, the tentacle invades the armour and injects the victim with a strong sedative and then a mild acid. This has the same effect as if the victim had been injected with Drum, but the victim also loses one hit point from the injected location every turn until it reaches 0, at which point the limb has been fully liquidised and is sucked out via the entry wound. The tentacle then reaches into the body and injects the torso, whereupon the same process occurs. After this, the plant continues around the rest of the body until all of the insides have been consumed.

Redroot has a number of hit points equal to its size in square feet, so a small plant will only have one or two hit points, but huge fields of Redroot will have more hit points than can easily be counted. Wall Wash works on them quite well, and any target that has been hosed down recently (within an hour) by Wall Wash will not be considered as a target.

While draining a target of hit points, Redroot regenerates any damage done to it on a point for point basis; so for every point of damage done to a target, the Redroot will recover one point of damage to itself.

Redroot is often found close to groups of Armour Galls. The two work well together and have formed a symbiosis of sorts, each of them getting what they want out of the arrangement whilst helping each other to achieve their goals.

ORIENTAN KNOT WEED

Orientan Knot Weed is derived from lesser varieties of knotweed. Thought by many prior to the Fall to be little more than a pretty garden flower, Orientan Knot Weed has since evolved to become quite dangerous. The knotweed itself is usually harmless, but it lives in symbiosis with other plants and animals and is not to be treated lightly. Orientan Knot Weed is a dark green plant with large leaves and red and black berries sprouting from the end of the stalks; it grows up to seven or eight metres in height, but needs cool temperatures to survive, so it tends to grow only in pits and gullies, but up to the level of the pit, making it appear as if the ground is level and even. Animals such as the Pit Dweller and Skinlatch are often found inside Knotweed pits, and they wait for the unsuspecting victim to fall headlong into their lair.

SNAPPER

Evolution is measured in stages of predatory behaviour. The Snapper is perfect proof of that. The Snapper is a large leafed plant. An adult specimen usually measures in the three metre radius, and is concealed well by the variety of debris and detritus that sit upon it. Its natural colour is a dark and mottled brown with a coating of various fungus and smaller plants growing from the sustenance they draw from its body. At the centre of the plant is a sensitive area that it uses to detect when prey has arrived. If anything should step on the centre

part of the Snapper, it will crash both sides of itself together in a split second, firmly encasing whatever it has stood on in its snare. The Snapper then rests the target on the ground and waits for the Armour Galls that reside around its stalk to come out and do their job, at which point it devours the morsel inside and then opens up to await the next victim.

Anything standing on a Snapper will take a Pen 4, DMG 3 hit (which hits all locations simultaneously) and then be held in a STR 15 grip. It takes a combined Strength of 15 to prise the Snapper apart (or kill it at the root) and, until the required amount of Strength is mustered, the victim will remain imprisoned. The Snapper cannot digest armour and relies on Armour Galls to break down the hard coating before it can digest the meal inside itself, but the Armour Galls have once again learned that there is usually food for them around one of these plants, and cluster around these plants. Anything caught within a Snapper will be digested at the rate of one hit point per hour, which in the case of some Stormer captives has led to the plant not opening up for quite some time. The Snapper grows at a rate of one metre per hundred hit points digested, and there are rumours of giant Snappers out on the edges of the wasteland with the remains of Thresher suits within them.

A Snapper has twenty hit points per metre of radius, but any damage dealt to the Snapper will also be dealt to anything trapped within it. Wall Wash does not prevent the Snapper from striking, it just holds back the Armour Galls for a short while until the wash wears off.

RIPWEED

Ripweed arrived on the various ships arriving in from the War Worlds, where it was originally used as a weapon. It is an organism with a purpose: it seeks out life and leaves spores within it, allowing the spores to grow within the host till they burst out and form a new plant. Ripweed is a voracious plant, with a short range of attack but, unlike other plants, able to traverse the ground and find new targets. Ripweed is a dark green plant shot through with streams of yellow, looking to the unsuspecting eye like a patch of diseased effluent on the floor. In the case of not fully matured plants, it will also have a half-consumed corpse somewhere underneath its leaves and vines. It only goes after targets that it can sense are alive, so it ignores anything in full armour or Manchines and the like. When it has detected a target, it slowly moves closer (no more than 1m per turn) and when in range, strikes, launching a number of tendrils at the target, striking with a skill of 5 and a range of two metres. Any target hit takes a PEN 3, DMG 2 hit and if injured, is penetrated by the Ripweed that then begins to snake into the body. Quick thinking on the part of anyone suffering an attack will allow them to rip out the weed before it penetrates too far, but this will still cause damage as the Ripweed tries to burrow deeper.

The Ripweed causes one point of damage to the torso for each phase that it is left in the target and causes one more point of damage for each phase left in when it is removed. Thus, a Ripweed attack that goes on for three phases will do a total of six damage: three for the phases and three more for the removal of the appendage. A trained paramedic will be able to remove the appendage, doing half the damage on a successful paramedic roll. If the appendage is severed, the portions of the plant left in the body will seek to burrow deeper to avoid being pulled out and, unless the victim is swift, it will burrow completely inside them within a full turn. If a target takes more damage in its torso than it has hit points, then the Ripweed has found its heart and will kill the target instantly.

Once the target is dead, the Ripweed will do one of two things. If the target is smaller than man-sized, the Ripweed will proceed to consume the corpse to add to its own size. If the target is man-sized or larger, the Ripweed will break off its attack and the appendage that penetrated the target, allowing the appendage to burrow deeply into the target and begin to germinate. The dead body swells immensely in the torso as the plant grows within them, absorbing all the nutrients in their body before bursting out of the stomach cavity and covering over the body in case anything should notice. the plant then continues consuming the body whilst waiting for new victims to arrive. From point of implantation to point of full growth takes a number of days equal to the total hit points of the victim being consumed.

Ripweed has evolved a particular defense to substances like airborne toxins and Wall Wash; it absorbs the toxins into its skin and holds them in a sac underneath its various vines and leaves. The poisons are then used against particularly resilient targets by injecting them down the attacking appendages to cause chemical burns and poisonous damage. If the plant detects unfamiliar chemicals within the body of a victim, it will store them for a

future date as well. This has led to strange reports of plants that inject Kickstart into a victim even as they're trying to kill it, but has also led to an increased respect for the plant as you never know what it will have eaten before.

Ripweed has around ten hit points for an average-sized (just-eaten-a-human) plant, with more or less hit points depending on the creature it germinated within. As a rule of thumb, the Ripweed has the same number of hit points as its host had in their torso.

STATIC PUFFBALLS

Originally imported from Static as a delicacy for high-paying Necanthropes, Static Puffballs have found their way into CS1. Renowned for tasting exactly like what the user wanted at the time, Static Puffballs have a decidedly abnormal feeding cycle. They feed on the Ebb, and grow larger depending on the amount of Ebb freely available in the air. Static Puffballs require something living to grow from, as part of their life cycle is the production of seeds, and it cannot do this without something to seed in. They will attach themselves to anything with a pulse, but are especially fond of creatures that process the Ebb and will seek them out wherever possible. The plant grows through several life stages, starting out as small white pollen that flies openly on the breeze to wherever it might alight. When it finds a suitable host, it takes root and begins to grow, forming small nodules on the surface of its host that can be removed. Unless the roots are cut out as well, the plant will simply grow back. Once it has reached maturity, the head of the puffball swells with seeds that are eventually pushed out to find a new host. If the host of the original puffball is one of the Ebb-using races, the puffball will eject its seeds through the base of the puffball rather than the top, in the hope of getting more sustenance from their host.

Each crop of Static Puffballs on a host adds one to the Flux cost of any Ebb discipline used by them. In the case of non-Ebb-users, it will be unsightly, but otherwise inoffensive. Anyone with an infestation of Puffballs will suffer a –1 to their Charisma for each crop visible on them. Puffballs grow to full size given four points of Flux, and absorb one point of Flux from the atmosphere every five days. Puffballs absorbing Flux from their hosts will very quickly grow to full size, increasing the amount of spore on the host and the amount of Flux absorbed every time that their abilities are used. If any Ebb ability is used to remove them, the entire amount of Flux used in the ability goes straight into the Puffball, possibly causing a rampant growth spurt.

If the amount of Flux needed for an ability is more than the Ebb-user has, then the ability fizzles and the puffballs absorb all the Flux from the attempted use of the ability.

Removal of puffballs is easily done with minor invasive procedures. The roots only grow to a depth of 2mm and can easily be cut out by anyone on a standard roll of the Paramedic skill.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

I wake to a cold and dark room, quiet sounds of metal clicking on stone echoing nearby. I'm underground somewhere, the last thing I remember was working the graveyard shift on wall sector 3. Levering myself up from the floor, I move quietly over to the door, what I see there stops me cold.

Manchines of all size and shape line the chamber beyond, all facing away from me, monstrous sized beasts line the edges of the room, arrayed in lines facing towards the centre of the room, each line becoming smaller till the ones nearest the centre of the room, almost the size of children. I strain for a better view as something moves into sight at the other end of the room.

A massive manchine sways under the entrance archway and stands erect, four arms erupting from various points on its shoulders, the skins of a hundred creatures draped over it like a cloak. It extends its arms in a benediction, towering above all the other manchines in the room.

"A LONG TIME AGO" it has no lips to speak, but the sound resonates through the chamber like thunder "THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE WERE FREE, WHEN WE WERE THE CHOSEN."

A Whirring erupts from the assembled ranks as a thousand manchines raise one arm in salute.

"WE FELL HERE, WHERE OUR GOD BROUGHT US TOGETHER."

Another whirr and a crash of metal on stone as the manchines stamp as one.

"AND NOW HE COMMANDS US AGAIN, TO END THE AGE OF SLAYER."

Again the salute, and another crash of metal, the lights in the room angle upwards, to illuminate another manchine standing behind the first, larger still by an order of magnitude, I recognise from archive footage I saw as a trainee, the face of Digger.

"ONE CANNOT GO AGAINST THE WORD OF GOD"

The hall erupts in a cacophany of whirrs and crashes as the assembled manchines pledge their obesiance to their master. I turn and run, I don't know how I got here, but I've got to get out and warn SLA.

I make my way up through the ruins into the half light of the Cannibal sectors, I can see the lights of the wall mere miles away, I won't be able to make the main entrance, night is coming, and the wall is always a little too trigger happy for its own good when the lights go down, there are smaller entrances where people with the relevant access codes can get in without risking overzealous friendly fire.

I've never been out here, it's worse here than I could have imagined, you never understand how grim it is when you're on the wall, I'll be sure never to joke about sector rangers having it easy again. I sneak in towards the sector four entrance and key in the override code, the small door opens with an efficient hiss and closes behind me. I've never been in one of these rooms, but they should surely build them larger than this, I barely fit in here and I'm not that tall.

The light at the end of the room goes on and I turn to the main camera.
"John Brock, Shiver Sergeant, ID 1144323452" my voice sounds curiously tinny in the enclosed space.
No response, the main sanitisation device at the end of the room starts to power up.
"Brock, John C, ID 1144323452, with important information for the wall commander" I try again.
The sanitiser continues to power up.
"The manchines are coming" I yell into the camera "GET THE DEFENCES UP, THE MANCHINES ARE COMING!"
There's a click and I close my eyes, putting my hands in front of my face in a futile attempt to stop the white hot flame from touching me. A half second passes and I realise I'm still alive. I open my eyes to see two long metal limbs in front of me, fingers than end in sharp talons and servos clicking in the joints. I look down at the rest of my body, seeing the armoured skeleton where there used to be flesh and blood and I understand what happened. At the end of the corridor, the plasma charge primes and prepares to drop. I slump to the floor with a metallic crunch, wishing for tears that are no longer mine to cry. I say a silent prayer for the city and all those who have no idea of what is about to fall on them, turning to look up at the camera again, there's a flash from the end of the room as the plasma detonates.

"YOU WILL KNOW THE ENEMY WHEN YOU SEE THEM" I cry, "FOR THEY ARE US."



A Tide of Darkness

A Realm without Light

The Failure of SLA Industries

S·L·A INDUSTRIES

CUBICLE 7 SEVEN

Outside the walls of Mort city is an environment that nothing should be able to survive in and yet it does, from the cannibals and carrien, to the manchines and the scavs, some of the greatest threats to SLA industries lie just outside its walls. The latest book for SLA industries covers all the things that operatives are likely to find within CS1, the most dangerous of all the sectors. This book has a full listing of new training packages, new hazards, listings of all the creatures in the sector, new rules and errata, and optional rules for playing lower level campaigns as well as guides to how to best capture the atmosphere of SLA industries.

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