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Death Squad!

- Max Hattuer

Why?

The Death Squad package is one of the most misunderstood packages in SLA Industries. Too many people have told me "I just don't want to play the big gun-toting type." Well, news flash...Death Squad is a whole lot more than just big heavy automatic weapons.

It is tactics. It is attitude.

When you think Death Squad, think the entire military cast from Predator. Think Aliens.

The men and women who make up the Death Squad operatives in SLA Industries are the people you want to look to for information on taking out a group of people holed up somewhere. They are the operatives who specialize in telling you what a violent group is probably going to do next. And they are also the people who are going to be there to save your butt when you need them.

Death Squad operatives need to be quick thinkers. True, not all of them are, but the truly great ones know when to back down and call it quits, although they seldom do.

Character Creation

Attributes Strength is important, as is Cool.

During training, the Death Squad operative does a lot of weight lifting, and their minds are conditioned to take a lot of punishment. Mainly physical, it is not unknown for Death Squad Operatives to have above average Diagnosis and

Concentration.

Skills The operatives trained in the Death Squad package are, on average, from fairly violent backgrounds, and usually will have Unarmed Combat, and a few melee skills. Some even have previous experience with fully automatic weaponry, such as CAF submachineguns, and already have Auto/Support when they join the company.

Ebons and Brain Wasters who decide to take Death Squad as their training package usually have some sort of affinity for Blast and Protect.

Advantages Advantages are where the Death Squads are hurting just a little. Many will probably have DNA Tattoos representing their training groups. Death Squad tattoos are badges of honour for those that have them.

Disadvantages Usually a bit off in the head in one way or another, most commonly a bit Psychopathic or Arrogant. Possibly, some bad DNA Tattoos. Bad reputations are also very common, as the Death Squad attitude seems to get in the way with most people-relationships.

Choosing Equipment

Weapons Death Squad weapons are usually brutal and to the point. Death Squad Operatives are not taught how to be flashy or dance around their opponent, they are taught to kill them as fast, and as brutally as possible.

Melee The common choices for melee weapons are ugly and vicious. Weapons like the Flick Scythe and the Chainaxe. Brutal, damaging, and to the point. MAC knives are also common, though Death Squad Operatives usually use them more as a tool than weapon.

Thrown Mainly, grenades. Death Squad Operatives are familiar with all the different types of grenades. They know what they look like, what they do, and how to use them effectively. Another brutal weapon choice.

Firearms

Pistols The Blitzer from BLA has been the weapon of choice for years, although with the new Buzzsaw hitting the market, it looks as though things will change. Death Squad Operatives will pick out the 'heavy hitters' when it comes to pistols. Calibre and ammo capacity are important, but come in second to reliability. It should be noted that many starting Operatives with this package will buy the FEN 204.

Rifles Death Squad Operatives are lucky to have a few weapons made especially for them, the Power Reapers, the KK 20 and 30, KPS Mangler, and a host of others. Operatives with this training package will almost always have a shotgun and a fully automatic rifle (and dream of the day SLA Industries will lift the ban on grenade launchers). Death Squad Operatives are

also more likely to buy the larger ammunition bins for their weapons.

Armour As with all operatives, armour selection is pretty standard, although the Death Squad Operative will stay away from unnecessary accessories and colours. Blocker is frowned upon, Death Squad Operatives will prefer survivability to weapon strength at first, and bulky armours may slow you down, but they will keep you alive longer, best advice for the starting Operative is PP7 Exo-base.

Equipment Death Squad equipment is almost standardized from one Operative to the next. Motion Scanner, Enviro Scanner, Kick Start (all types), various Combat Drugs, Magholds, Waldo units, laser painters and light sources. Silencers and flash suppressors are usually avoided as they reduce the penetration and range of weapons, not to mention won't fit on most of the preferred weapons.

The BPN

Before the BPN Death Squad Operatives will try and get as much information as they can about the area they are going into. If there is to be combat, they will also try to get information on their opponents tactical abilities and weapons. Also, these Operatives will make sure that their equipment and weapons are in top shape, and will try to advise squadmates to do the same.

During the BPN During the BPN, Death Squad Operatives will do their best to provide tactical advantages for their squad. Usually, if not on a combat-oriented BPN, Death Squad Operatives will provide backup and in some cases be used as an intimidation factor by the other Operatives. "Tell us what we want to know or we'll give you to the Frother with the Buzzsaw...have you ever seen what one of those do to flesh?"

After the BPN First off, check equipment, restock if able, then it's home to clean it while watching TV, getting drunk, getting stoned or before a night on the town. Death Squad Operatives will never leave their equipment to be cleaned the next day.

The Babysitters Club – a BPN by Max Hattuer

Colour: Blue

Department: Health and Safety

Training Packages: Pilot Navigation Required

Payment: 50c/Op

Media Coverage: Third Eye News

Text: Transportation of orphanage children to new building. Squad must contain at least one Pilot/Navigation Operative. Contact Mr. Kenneth Samael at 36-594-6362-14 ext. 001

Background:

GoreZone has scheduled an episode for tonight that regrettably occurs just outside the 'Usher Home for Children.'

The Operative's will be responsible for the safe transport of some of the children to their new home. The Squad will be issued a bus which they must drive to the orphanage, there they will load their charges and drive to the new building, where the children will be dropped off.

The squad will be met at the orphanage by Jackylynne Kelly, Superintendent of the orphanage-Human female, SCL 8, Business Package- a rotund, motherly figure of a woman. She will provide a list of approximately 70 children between the ages of 6 and 16 to be transported to the new location.

She will then instruct the operatives to go to the cafeteria and obtain the children. If she sees any 'irresponsible' actions by the operatives, she will immediately report them, but because of the time frame, she will not dismiss them unless they are abusive.

Some of them have been used by the Skin Trade before, but won't talk about it as they have been threatened with death and/or torture.

Although, the Ops should get the feeling that all isn't right about the children.

The BPN:

If the operatives ask the older children to gather up the younger children of the same race, obtaining the children will happen very quickly (10 minutes or so), otherwise there may be problems... ;)

All of the children are fairly well behaved and in good health. If the operatives show ANY sign of weakness or confusion, the children will quickly start to annoy them.

The operatives may notice (passive DETECT rank 4) that all of the children in the cafeteria are in good health. They will obviously hear some children crying. If they ask Jackylynne she will just say that being shuffled around so much upsets them. If they talk to one of the crying children or one of the adolescents who are comforting them, they will learn that some of the children are not going to be moved-mainly those with incurable diseases or missing limbs.

Not much can really be done about this, if they take the diseased children, they may infect their charges, and the other children will take too long to load up. Also, Jackylynne Kelly, a Skin Trade agent, has other plans for the children in good health.

The squad should be able to move the children before GoreZone starts, if not then it could get messy.

The Shivers and GoreZone personnel that arrive to get things started will inform the PC's that traffic is

pretty light, and may help get the children loaded onto the bus.

The guest operatives will arrive about an hour early before GoreZone starts and some of them will be glad to help, creative ideas will get everybody out of the way with plenty of time to spare.

There are 4 other squads that have accepted this BPN, and they will use the Shivers and Contract Killers to the best of their abilities. The Media will take great care to watch the operatives on this BPN, at least right now anyway, and the PC's may be able to get a quick spot on TV if they are smart.

Encounters:

If the squad does not evacuate the children by the time GoreZone starts:

5 Carriens will show up every round, 2 Ex-War Criminals will show up every 5 rounds, 5 Carnivorous Pigs will arrive every 7 rounds, 6 DN operatives will show up every 15 rounds and 10 Tek Trex drones will arrive every 10 rounds, as needed (basically until you get bored =o)).

Throw in anything else that you may want to play with, TRY to kill them with numbers, show no mercy on the children.

If the squad gets away they will be ambushed by the Skin Trade 30 mins after they leave the orphanage, unless they take a different route prescribed to them (Navigation check to find a quicker route IF the PC's ask about it)

The ambush consists of 10 Skin Trade agents dressed as Shiver units who have set up a roadblock. Other than the standard equipment carried by Shivers, these agents are also carrying 603's.

There are also 2 snipers set up in windows above, they will attempt to shoot out the tires on the bus if trouble occurs, and of course they will shoot the operatives.

This ambush was set up by Kelly, the ST agents will try not to harm the children, as they need them.

That's pretty much it for this one. As a side note, I ran this as the first Blue for a squad leading into a campaign against the Skin Trade, in which they actively tried to get the BPN's to find the buses of the other squads, find the children, and track down Kelly in their spare time.

-Kevin, finding new ways to torment his players...

Lord of Illusion, Masters of Reality – by Max Hattuer

A brief look at the Media, and their purpose (written as a propaganda piece)

In a world where the rain washes away hope, serial killers stalk the populace, pigs the height of men run free in the sewers and monstrous reflections of people roam the shadows, the people have only one place to turn for salvation...the Media.

The Media is the backbone of SLA Industries, without the constant influence of Third Eye, the World of Progress would fall apart. The Downtown masses would rise up out of boredom, sales would plummet with the lack of advertising, and Operative's would become mere shadows of a security force.

It is not the wealth of "quality programming" that keeps the TV's on, nor is it the subliminal messages in each and every aired program and advertisement that keeps the populace glued to their sets. It is the want, the NEED to feel involved in the world around them. The need to socialize; to have something going on. The Media gives the populace hope for the future.

The glorification of SLA Operative's engaged in flashy, bloody duels with the insane and the treacherous provides the masses with a goal, something to strive for. And, in an environment where a person can be watching TV one second, and running from creatures so horrible they can not even describe them the next, hope is something that the people are starving for.

SLA Industries provides this hope. SLA gives the masses purpose in their everyday life, and it does this through the most effective propaganda tool it has, it's Media Operative's. The people who can start, fuel and stop the fires of resistance.

The power that these Operatives hold over others is an unseen force to be reckoned with, with merely a flick of a switch, they can make or break almost anyone they choose. With a word, they can turn someone's best friend against them. The camera merely records the truth, the people behind the camera create it.

It is this creative ability that allows the Media to keep someone alive indefinitely, or kill them prematurely. Using their editing skills, Media Operative's can easily show the exact opposite of what is truly going on, to the point that if need be, they may always claim that something real, is merely a TV show using the latest in special effects.

Aside from raw talent, Media Operative's have perhaps the most technologically advanced equipment in the World of Progress, and it seems, everyday something new is made available to them. Along with costumes and props, the Media uses these tools to rewrite or create history. If the masses see it on TV, it must be true; everything on TV is true.

SLA Industries was built on the machinations of these "Lords of Illusion," and every Operative trained in the Media package strengthens the hold that the company has over the Universe.

The Beasties Collection. By Various***Kris Steel's Carrion Beetle (Morior Adamo)***

Found on at least 12 inhabited worlds the actual indigenous homeworld of the Carrion beetle, also called the 'death-watch bug' by some downtowners for its reputed ability to detect the imminent demise of a person.

Science has long proven that the beetle cant tell if someone is dying and it is pure superstition, what is remarkable about these little beetles is their ability to locate dead and decaying organic material up to 8 km downwind. Whereupon they will take to the air and descend in swarms around the material and begin consuming it in large numbers. The beetle is harmless to people and completely non aggressive, in fact the amount of refuse that the beetles can eat probably helps keep down the amount of rubbish in the streets, which in turn helps to keep disease and larger scavengers away. SHIVERS dont like them, as the bugs have been known to eat through a murder victim's corpse in up to 8 hours, which makes determining the death that much more difficult.

Size: 20-55mm long

Appearance: 6 legged, black armoured beetle with 4 wings

Move: 1m (crawl) 2m (flying)

Kris Steel's Rust Tailed Spider (Urbanus Occisor)

Rarely seen, this large and aggressive spider is an active predator of small mammals like mice and insects it has been responsible for up to 300-900 deaths a year in Downtown.

Once a native to the jungle planet of Charlie's Point it is thought to have been brought back by veterans or as pets that escaped from its owners. They are a popular pet amongst some Brainwasters who keep them in glass terrariums but most people would be wise to keep them out of their homes or risk being bitten. The combination of highly toxic venom, which attacks the nervous system and a bad disposition, makes these a very dangerous animal.

Capable of jumping up to 2 feet and getting under doors they have been known to come inside homes as a way of getting out of the rain, sometimes this involves hiding in cupboards and empty shoes as they avoid being out in bright light. An antivenin is available from some hospitals which will counter the poison but it must be injected, unconsciousness occurs after 20mins (of screaming agony), coma within 25mins and death from heart failure after 35mins.

Regardless, people still keep them as pets and collectors will pay up to 2000u for a full grown specimen in good condition, the Dept of Health will pay 500u per spider (alive) for antivenin milking.

Size: 120mm legspan

Weight: 90gms (larger specimens have been sighted)

Appearance: Light grey spider with thick, luxuriant hair on its external body and reddish marking on abdomen.

Move: 2m (crawling)

Matt Rose's Gutter Eels

Ok, this species is the source of countless Blues in MDRWoP...

Contrary to their name, Gutter Eels are molluscs rather than fish. They resemble large (up to 60cm in length) amphibious slugs, with two filmy flukes that run the length of their sides. They tend to be a drab olive grey, although they can become spectacularly colourful when exposed to certain chemical outflows. Adults are equally at home swimming in open water or sliding over concrete above the surface. Originally the species is believed to have lived in Mort's sewerage system, but in the late 400s they developed a unique survival strategy.

Gutter Eels get their name from their reproductive technique. Two or more fertile adults (they're hermaphroditic) will position themselves inside of a drain pipe on the side of a building. Most commonly they climb up the pipe from the inside, although they have been seen to scale the outside of a building to gain access to the pipes from above. Once inside the pipe, the adults cluster together and swap genetic material in a slimy disgusting mess. As well as fertilising each other, they also secrete hormones that solidify their natural lubricants, and ultimately their bodies. This results in the Gutter Eels forming a dense, solid plug of organic material that completely blocks the drain pipe. The adults are killed by this process, but not before releasing all of their eggs into the upper section of the pipe.

In a short time rain water backs up in the blocked pipe. The Gutter Eel young grow rapidly in their artificial safe haven, quickly reaching 5cm in length. They eat algae and waste washed into the pipe, as well as each other. When they grow too large to be supported by this tiny ecosystem, they swim to the surface of their pipe and spread along the buildings guttering. (This is where they were discovered by roof maintenance teams, and hence the name.) They live in the guttering for up to a year, growing to about 20cm in length, before they are forced to return to the sewers or other areas with more abundant food. Of course, they now have a considerable size advantage over other creatures trying to hang on to the same ecological niche.

Gutter Eels are mostly harmless, apart from the collateral damage they cause. Depending on the area they grow in, some can gather caustic pollutants from their environment, which they secrete in their slime. All SLA personnel are advised to wear protective clothing when coming into contact with Gutter Eels. Wraithern personnel are advised to test each Eel individually before attempting to eat them. The Dept. of Sanitation would like to lay to rest any rumours of Giga-Eels living in the deeper sewers of Sector DT129. These creatures are said to grow to enormous size, and follow a lifecycle similar to the Gutter Eel. The Dept. of Sanitation would like to point out that the piping in sub-sector 93844#2323#129 - where the rumours are believed to have come from - is, on average, 4m in diameter, so it is quite preposterous to suggest that recent blockages are caused by any such creature.

Kris Steel's Dog Spider (*Queror Tantus*)

One of the nastiest denizens to come across on Mort, they do prefer relatively dry and quiet areas to build their nests. Normally inoffensive creatures to humans, they do have substantial size to deter smaller predators and highly painful bites with their 4 fangs to dissuade anything larger from molesting them.

Unless directly provoked these large, web spinning spiders won't attack but have been known to eat anything that gets stuck in their thick, rope-like webs after wrapping it in silk and then drawing out its body fluids with the two larger fangs. Usually they can be found in small groups of up to 6 spiders but if space allows sometimes more. Diet usually consists of rats, large insects but at times this has also included carnivorous piglets and young Carriens or children!

When alarmed the Dog spider can cough out a loud 'bark' from their trachea tubes and startle off intruders, eyesight and hearing are above normal and can navigate in complete darkness without a problem. The webs are matt black in colour and can cover an area of up to 30sq metres with this silk, particularly brave Carriens have been known to cut part of it off to use in making rope and binding threads.

Size: 300-500mm legspan

Weight: 150-400gms (larger specimens have been sighted)

Appearance: Dark grey/black spider with sparse, short hair on its external body. Eyes glow red in IR vision

Hits: 3-6

Move: 4m (web) 3 (crawling)

Kris Steel's Disease Vectors

Three Living Disease Vectors from Kris Steel's World of Progress...

Oriente Fleas

(*Pulex Orientens*)

Fleas are not host specific but have preferred hosts. *Pulex Orientens* is the human flea but can be found on DACs, DAFs, rats, pigs, and other warm blooded mammals. This particular species has been shown to exhibit a high tolerance to pesticides and has been known to carry a wide variety of flukes, worms and bacterium that are transmitted to people when they are bitten or contact with the flea. As a threat to people they are only an irritation that bites and causes misery from the itching after, secondary infections from scratching the bite area can also occur.

This particular pest is more common in Downtown but the occasional plague of them hits the suburbs, bringing with them a wide variety of contagions and sickness. Normally they like carpeted floors and bedlinen

where they will lay their eggs and multiply in numbers quickly. Keeping an area clean and regular dousing with pesticides will keep them at bay but if they aren't controlled quickly the numbers quickly build up again.

They are responsible for the ?Blue Yaws Plague? (*Treponema pertenue*) of 874, which killed a large number of people in downtown several years ago and is characterised by widespread skin tissue death if it isn't treated quickly with antibiotics.

Size: 1-2mm long

Weight: Not much

Appearance: Reddish-brown

abdomen with a black head

Move: 0.6m (jump)

Banded Mosquito

(*Volatilis Ictus*)

This is the largest native mosquito found on Mort and it has been seen on numerous other planets in small numbers. Nicknamed ?Bandits? by the locals for their black and white striped legs they are notorious for biting through nearly anything, it is not unknown for this monster to crawl under and in-between power armour plates and pierce through the ballistic lining to take a bite out of the wearer! Being bitten is a quick and painful occurrence, which has been likened to an electric shock as it draws out 0.5 to 1cc of blood in less than a second before flying off. There are stories of people being drained completely of blood by these insects but more likely it is an urban myth or the ?White Death? serial killer, depending on which myth you subscribe too.

More dangerous though, the insect is a carrier for the deadly and feared ?Sector 3 fever? a hemorrhagic fever which has a 2-25% mortality rate if not treated quickly.

Size: 40-60mm long

Weight: 1-2gms

Appearance: Large 4 winged insect with black and white bands on all 6 legs

Move: 2m (fly)

Drain Fluke

(*Sordeo Repere*)

Found anywhere human waste is in large amounts, this particularly dangerous organism is capable of entering the human body either by ingestion or skin contact with infected substances (water, sewerage). Very hard to detect, it is

common in people living or working in dirty environments and can take up to a year to make its home and begin breeding within the hosts body. It mainly attaches itself to the liver and has been known to attack the lungs, kidneys and heart in some people. Once it grows, it forms a cyst. This cyst crowds adjacent normal tissue and impairs the tissue's ability to function. If the cyst ruptures, the fluid within the cyst can cause anaphylactic shock (blood poisoning).

Surgery is the only effective treatment for these cysts.

Prevention can be done by avoiding contact with sewer water, eating raw meat, sterilisation of clothing and armour that has been worn in these environments.

Size: 0.1mm long
Weight: bugger all
Appearance: Can only be seen under a microscope, clear amoeba that is bottle shaped.
Move: very bloody slowly

AJCrowley's Mort Cockroach (*Blatta Maximus*)

The larger variety of bug that Mort's citizens have to deal with.

The Common Cockroach has long ago been lost to the various mutations and hybrids which exist in Morts dark corners. The common Mort Cockroach (*Blatta Maximus*) is the most irritating and numerous vermin next to the Rat in the populated areas of Mort.

In the last 150 years on Mort, the Mort Cockroach has grown in size to an average 4-5 inches long, with the larger specimens measuring up to 7-8 inches. It now has a shell up to (in extreme circumstances) 2 millimetres thick, meaning it can actually be fairly difficult to swat and stamp out, resulting in many chemical agents used to treat large scale infestations. The Mort Cockroach has larger, tougher mandibles, and eats **anything**, up to and including the softer building materials and fillers. It will eat dead bodies, (but not in actual preference to anything else, it's just dead matter,) along with 2 month old Pizza, an old bed, and Pot Noodle.

Nests of this species build up in the inner walls of (generally) Downtown & Suburbia flats/apartments and homes, usually only numbering in the 100s when eradicated, they're hard not to notice as their size usually means they create noise audible enough to alarm tenants. If sealed off, and unable to eat their way out, these colonies usually die out, after a small period of cannibalisation, this is a more common way of extermination now, to avoid the overuse of hazardous chemicals. They avoid brightly lit areas but are equally at home in temperatures ranging from -5 to +65 degrees C.

Size : Avg 100-130mm Length.

Weight : Avg 200-250 grams

Appearance : Large Beetle, wingless, with hard dark brown - Black Shell, various mutations have been recorded with Shell's matching the surrounding environment but there is **no** evidence of chameleonic abilities

Armour : 1 point of ID @ PV 1

Matt Rose's Plas-Ticks

"Plas-Ticks? Lil' fuckers! I caught one makin' for my fridge last week and stomped on it good. I swear, it was oozin' out from all sides of my boot like one of them stress-relief 'Squeeze-me-Senti's. Soon as I lift my foot, though, the lil' bastard was off. What really pissed me off, though, was that the fuckin' thing wouldn'ta got under the door if I hadn't squashed it flat!"

Boron, Brainwaster, SCL 9B, overheard in the Dept. of Housing reallocation queuing hall.

Originally discovered in 132 SD at the waste reclamation & processing station Gwai-45 (800km outside Orienta), the Plas-Tick has since spread to many of the industrialised planets of the World of Progress.

Appearances vary, as the Plas-Tick has undergone a frenzy of speciation in recent centuries, but in general they are 2 - 10cm in length, with between 6 and 10 legs. Colouration varies according to environment.

Urban Plas-Ticks tend to be concrete-grey or tarmac-black, whereas creatures found in refuse sites tend to be more colourful, to blend in with the discarded packaging that comprises their gaudy home. To date, all reported varieties of Plas-Tick have been flightless, although most still bear vestigial wings which are displayed during courtship rituals.

They are not social insects, only meeting to mate or compete over food sources when times are hard. (Not often, in Downtown.)

Although their success and resilience has spawned many nick names for the insect, such as 'Taarnish Beetle' in the slums of New Town, to 'Progress Bug' on Artery, the name that has stuck across most of Mort is Plas-Tick - an inaccurate translation of the original Orientan name. (A better translation would be 'Unstompable plastic machine insect')

Plas-Ticks do not feed on the blood of living creatures. They share the dietary habits of their presumed ancestors, the cockroaches, although they are fast supplanting even these hardy survivors. The secret of Plas-Tick success is due to their remarkable metabolism, which allows them to ingest and break down complex synthetic materials, most notably plastics and certain ceramics. They then use these materials in the construction of their own bodies, becoming virtually indestructible.

They have almost no natural predators, being largely

inedible, and can survive for months on no food at all. They can survive being submerged in water for long periods, and develop rapid immunity to poisons. The only restriction on their population growth is the availability of plastics and ceramics. The female will only lay her eggs in or near a suitable source of such materials. When the eggs hatch the larvae, although only tiny, are equipped with ferocious mandibles, and quickly set to work chewing and consuming their surroundings. It takes several weeks for the young to mature, and requires 10-100g of material.

How the adult Plas-Ticks turn out is highly dependent on their feeding at this stage. A diet of cheap plastics from food cartons will result in a reasonably tough cockroach-like creature. Eating heavier grade materials, such as the plastics used to line sewers, results in a much harder specimen. There have been numerous reports of Plas-Ticks consuming silicon and rubber to emerge with highly flexible, yet very strong, exoskeletons, allowing them to survive long falls or encounters with vehicle tires. The most resilient Plas-Ticks have been reared on ceramics found in lost scraps of armour or caches of DarkNight equipment. These insects grow large and glossy, and stamping on one hurts in the same way as stamping on a steel ball bearing. The vast amount of effort in accumulating such bodies is not wasted when they die, however- Other Plas-Ticks will make short work of the corpse.

Plas-Ticks are seldom seen in Central or Uptown, and only very rarely in Suburbia. As usual, Downtown takes the brunt of the affliction, particularly in some of the lower levels where Plas-Tick populations are rumoured to have swollen to plague proportions. They are popular as pets to people with a certain mindset, and most Downtown children have 'played' with them at some point. (A popular game involves two or more players armed with bats, bashing a Plas-Tick around a dead end alley. Points are scored for the number of ricochets and the height of bounce. Ten additional points go to the first player to get Plas-Tick insides on their bat. The game is called 'Squash';)) A current craze sweeping through Downtown children is to collect the most virulently colourful Plas-Ticks they can find. These are traded and collected just like any SLA produced Kiddie-Kraze.

Plas-Ticks in the Game

These creatures don't pose a problem to operatives, as such. They have no real offensive capability, and are only really dangerous to armour when very young. Of course, if an Op has bad housing and leaves his armour untended for long periods, he may find a female Plas-Tick has turned it into lots of ickle baby Plas-Ticks. However, here are some Plas-Tick related BPN ideas:

Blue - Plas-Ticks have eaten through some important pipes/cables. A maintenance team must be despatched to repair the damage, which unfortunately, is deep underground. A squad of Ops must protect them from all the usual perils.

Blue or White - A swarm of Plas-Ticks have been released in an Operative housing block. Since most operatives spend a lot of time away from their home, the insects need to be contained quickly. This could be a Blue (Go get those bugs!) or a White (Who released the bugs, and why?)

White - To cash in on the current Plas-Tick craze sweeping Downtown's schools, an enterprising soft company start-up is selling little metal cages and wire bug nets to the kiddies. The company calls itself 'Plas-Tick-Kick', and is currently quite small. Rumours are spreading that soon they will 'release' (ie, sell) a new breed of Plas-Tick, more colourful (and hence, fun) than the 'natural' varieties. The investigation could also take in recent hijackings of chemical tankers en route to plastics factories.

Yellow - There's a rumour going around a Downtown school that some kid found a Plas-Tick with the Power Projects logo on it's back, presumably after eating some Power Projects packaging/armour. Somehow, this rumour gets back to a PP middle manager, who despatches a squad to go retrieve said insect. By now the rumour is in several schools. Tracking down that bug (if it even exists!) is not gonna be easy...

A couple of CAF Weapons, by AJCrowley*CAF Tristar*

Triple barrelled DarkNight CAF Conversion using standard CAF production weaponry & Ammunition.

Weapon : CAF Tristar
 Calibre : CAF Pistol
 Clip : 60
 Rate Of Fire : 10
 Recoil : 7
 Range : 5 Metres
 Weight : 4Kg
 Cost : 2000 u (Black Market only)

Mass produced conversion kit to use CAF Parts to produce a short range machine gun for infiltrators unable to secure amounts of SLA Calibre Ammunition.

Uses three synthetic magazines side by side feeding into a receiver carrying standard CAF Pistol barrels. Also uses other parts of CAF pistols to make up the assembly, including the Grip and Stock from a CAF Rifle.

Only any use in close range ambushes, and can be fitted with a DN buffering kit to reduce the recoil by 3.

Up to the GM whether use of CAF parts might reduce the reliability of this weapon over time ;-)

CAF Backup

Very basic derringer using CAF.

Weapon : CAF Backup
 Calibre : CAF Pistol
 Clip : 3
 Rate Of Fire : 1/3
 Recoil : 2/4
 Range : 3m
 Weight : .75Kg
 Cost : 250 u

Very small backup pistol in CAF. has 3 barrels, each with its own firing pin in a vertical configuration, making it as narrow and concealable as possible. the grip is uncountoured, and when concealed, folds up behind the barrels, this also acts as a safety, bringing the grip down and locking it cocks the 3 firing pins, It then has a 3 stage trigger firing each barrel from the top down in turn.

Back Story on my Frother – by Frother_Rip

I was found by a couple named Richard and June Riddick in a liquor store trash bin, gasping for air with an umbilical cord wrapped around my neck...

I don't know who my parents are, so these two will do I guess. They never gave me a name, just called me boy. Guess they figured I would die anyway, and didn't want to get too attached. She had just lost a baby, so she had no problem nursing me. She was a junkie to boot, so that helped. I was with them for about nine years. We ate what other people threw away, and begged for what ever hand outs the "rich people" (that's what we called anyone who had more than the sky for a roof) would throw our way. I learned a lot about surviving on the streets from those people. I had no idea that my biggest lesson in life was just about to begin.

One day after going out to look for food I saw something that would change my life for ever, in more ways than one. some wannabe Halloween Jack was making a jigsaw puzzle out of the only two people that ever mattered to me. I know he was a wannabe, because the real deal showed up a few minutes later. Boy was he pissed he made a real mess out of that guy. I think that was the biggest blood bath i had ever seen. ::chuckles:: Makes me wish i had a camera.

A couple of years went by, and I hooked up with this local street gang called the Rippers. I learned more from them than anyone in my life. We had a nice long run. I made some good money selling weapons, and drugs. I always seemed to take more drugs than i sold though. Oh well. We saw our fair share of war. We sent quite a few bodies to the sewers to feed the pigs. I lost a lot of people who i would almost consider friends. If running with the Rippers taught me anything it taught me DTA (Don't Trust Anybody) not even yourself.

After a while this new group came along, they called themselves the Talons. We just figured they were a bunch of upstarts, and would be pushovers like everyone else. We were very wrong. They had more people, money, and weapons than we could have ever imagined. All it took was one hour for my entire Psycho ***** family to be reduced to broken bodies, and bloody pieces on the streets of down town. I was the only Ripper to live through that one, so I took that as my name. Anyone who claims to be a Ripper has to answer to me.

After that my life took a real downward spiral. I didn't care what shit I put into my body(I think I even shot up drain cleaner once). I was broke, and bored. I took to robbing people to make ends meet. Don't get me wrong. I never meant to kill anyone, but ya know sometimes people grow a pair when you least expect it. One day I got the bright idea that the pickings would be better up town. Yea I know that was ***** stupid. Well I got up there and , was hitting this good mark, an old couple. I was just about to convince them to give me what they had. Then this punk with a shiny nickel slick badge decided to play hero, and I had just a little too much UV in my system to let that happen. Some how half of his face ended up smeared on the pavement, and the other half was frozen in a look of pain, and fear. Then along come his buddies to

rescue him.(boy I'm glad they had bad timing) I ended up knocked out. When I came around I was chained spread eagle to a wall, and had no idea where I was. I figured I had a good run, and it seemed like a good day to die.

When I had just convinced myself that death wouldn't be that bad a guy walked in looking like some kind of business man. He said he worked for SLA, and gave me the chance of a lifetime. Work for him and get all the drugs i wanted, not to mention make some good money doing what I was best at, or die. I cant believe it took me a whole five minutes to decide.

I live for the sweet nectar called Ultra Violence, and the Chain keeps me from going completely insane in this fucked up world of progress. The company has given me a chance to become somebody. On the streets I was nobody. I hear aliens talk of religion and gods, well MR Slayer is my god. I owe all I have to him. My body my mind my soul belong to MR Slayer I will do whatever the company asks, and do it with a smile

812 Succubus Stormer Variant – by Max Hattuer

"Karma is happy to introduce the first female stormer, the 812 Succubus. Originally, the 812 was used as in covert operations against the Skin Trade, due to the success involved, and the want of Operative status by the Stormers involved, SLA Industries has declassified their existence and granted them the option to become freelance operatives. We hope that the World of Progress will also see their talents and abilities as useful and helpful."

-Harold J. Donavon, Karma PR representative, speaking to the public in a recent program from Third Eye News, July 903.

Quote: "I may be the weakest of all the previous models, but I make up for it in intelligence, charm and the ability to blend in with all of the other races. We have been around since 900 and nobody ever even knew we existed..."

Insight: You were made to combat the Skin Trade, with the success of your previous sisters, SLA has decided to allow you to move freely in society as an operative. Using the natural abilities that you have been given, you move easily into a squad. Although you don't understand why they refuse so many undercover BPN's, you handle it with all the grace and charm that you have. You have been constantly asked to be a model, but the excitement of working as an operative has always been the first thing in your mind. You are better than the other Stormers. You are physically appealing to others, charming, and beautiful, and you can influence people in ways that the other Stormers can only dream. It is how you got into the squad, and it is how you will operate if you need to. After all, it is fun, and men seem to turn to puddy in your hands with just a wink and a blown kiss.

Background: For years Karma have experimented with female stormer variants, and once again, the technicians at Phantom Pregnancy have outdone

themselves. Not only is the 812 Succubus a perfect specimen of the Human female, it is also quite charming. After only a few minutes in the presence of one of these models, you quickly forget that it's a Stormer. The flexibility that this creates is enhanced by the fact that they have been around since 900SD, working undercover against the Skin Trade, and even DarkNight operatives have fallen for them. One DN agent even married one.

I have been informed that the charming personality comes not just from a natural affinity, but also from a highly concentrated pheromone that these Stormers excrete. And although physically inferior to even Humans and Ebons, they make up for it in very clever ways. And many of them are quite accomplished at Martial Arts.

Appearance: The 812 Succubus is in all aspects the epitome of the beautiful Human female.

Interaction:

Humans: "I love Humans, they are so easy to control, I mean, talk to..."

Frothers: "Hanging out with Frothers guarantees a good time. They really know how to party, although working with them usually gets you in trouble if you are not careful."

Ebons: "Ebons have a problem with being too uppity and unyielding, although as emotional as they are it is surprising how easily they are influenced."

Brain Wasters: "Haughty bastards with no inkling of the finer points of Etiquette, and virtually charmless. 'Big throbbing vein indeed,' that is no way to talk to a woman. Especially one that carries a Blitzler."

Shaktars: "I'm really at a loss on them, I don't understand them in the least. But I trust them more than anyone else."

Wraith Raiders: "Cool fur, it feels really neat. Easily manipulated once you get the hang of what they like."

313 Malice: "Ahh, big brothers, all of them. One or two of them around and it actually gets kinda hard to talk to people in a quiet, calm way."

711 Xeno: "Wish I could do that whole 'colour-thing,' it's really awesome!"

714 Chagrin: "A bit overprotective if you ask me, okay, at least when it comes to 'little ol' me.'"

Vevaphon: "Weird, definitely weird."

Base Skills: Martial Arts (DEX) Rank 1, Persuasion (CHA) Rank 2, Bribery (CHA) Rank 1, Seduction (CHA) Rank 2, SLA Info (KNOW) Rank 1, Rival Company Info (KNOW) Rank 1

Pheromone Excretion:

The Succubus constantly excretes a highly concentrated form of pheromones through the pores in its body, gaining the ability to 'charm' other races. A CONC save at -5 applies to all CHA-based skill rolls in which the victim has been in the presence of the Stormer for more than 5 minutes. Modifiers should be applied dependant on the situation and current emotions of the victim.

The ability CANNOT be used if the Succubus is wearing a fully-enclosed suit of armour. And the Stormer MUST be within 2m or the time it takes doubles out to 5m, and is ineffective at longer ranges. Time is halved if the Stormer is touching the victim, and the penalty doubles if 'sexual' contact is made, i.e. kissing, pressing, etc.

Extremely Charismatic:

Because of the 812's programming, she will always receive a +5 bonus to CHA-based skills. This is cumulative with the Pheromone Excretion abilities when appropriate.

Minimum/Maximum Characteristics:

STR DEX DIA CONC CHA COOL
1-6 1-10 1-11 1-10 5-15 1-10*

*A Succubus will usually act like they have a lower COOL than they actually do

The Guardians – Mort's Angels on the Street – by Max Hattuer

For about ten years now, a group of Downtowners have been walking the streets looking for troublemakers. Very easy to spot in their white flak jackets and red berets, they call themselves, the Guardians.

Without accepting any pay for their services, they protect the civilian population from the extortion carried out by the other street gangs such as the Kiesta's and Krosstown Traffic.

Unfortunately, this has resulted in various conflicts between the three gangs, usually involving a gunfight and wounding civilians in the process.

There are rumours that the Guardians have access to, and use, SLA and DN weaponry, but so far, all investigations have come up empty in this matter. The actual number of members is unknown at this time, but rumours persist they are in the hundreds. The following report is not for public release, and details the information that we currently have about this bothersome group of individuals.

Department of Investigation File#: 11639870-663125/BN95~1863

Operative in Charge of Investigation: Charles Harrison
Security Clearance Level: 9
Distribution: By Request only

"I don't know who the ***** they were, they came around the corner of the building while we were talking to the Kiestas, trying to get them off the street, and just started shooting. All geared for a gang war in their flak vests, carrying guns...they dropped all the Kiestas, and I took two in the shoulder. They couldn't have been using CAF."

-Statement from Johnathon Lyons, SCL 10, Human Male Strike Squad, Toto's Demise, interviewed after Blue BPN# 3659742~80934/K13652

On -March 9th, 903SD, I was given the assignment of investigating a squads involvement in a gang clash in Downtown Level 4, Sector 98, Brownsville Walkway. The Squads name was Toto's Demise.

The Squad consisted of:

Johnathon Lyons, Human Male, Strike Squad, SCL 10
Dorathy Miller, Human Female, Investigation, SCL 10
Scar Crow, Brain Waster Male, Death Squad, SCL 10
Mantin, Wraith Raider Male, Scout, SCL 10

After a fresh cup of coffee, I proceeded to the area in which the conflict took place. It was a mess.

The Wraith Raider lay in pieces, my first assumption was a grenade, but after examining the body, I realized that it had been blown apart with HESH, probably 12mm.

Miller, the Human female, was riddled with bullet holes of varying calibre; she lay propped up against a building.

Crow, obviously in pain, was in the process of dying. Lyons was in the back of a Shiver transport.

Kiesta's lay everywhere, their colours soaked in their own blood, weapons still in their places.

I went to Crow first, seeing as how he was about to die. He told me to get away from him; he "wasn't in the mood." So I informed the Shiver unit not to go near him as he "wanted to be left alone." Hope he heard me before he died.

So I talked to the Shiver Squad Leader and found out what had been told to him by Crow and Lyons.

And off I went to the transport to consult the, now, only survivor, Johnathon Lyons.

What follows is his statement:

Tell me what happened:

"We were called on a BPN, a Blue. 'Disperse gang members before they get a chance to cause a disturbance.' We were told there was a group of Kiеста's hanging around the area, and they needed to be removed. No big deal, easy 50 creds.

"Dorathy had a car, so we all piled in and came down here. We figged we'd let her do all the talking since she's a trained in it.

"Well, she walked right up to them and said, 'Excuse me sir, would it be possible for me to talk to your leader?'

"And the Kiеста, he says, 'That'd be me Slop, whatchu want?'

"So Dorathy replies with, 'I want nothing, but I would appreciate it if you would be so kind as to move along down the street a way.'

"And he says, 'Why?' Like he's all bad and shit.

"Well, this kinda shit goes on for awhile, an then, well, we hear a bunch of yellin from behind us, we have just enough time to turn around and...BANG, BANG, BANG,

RATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATA...

"And then we hear bullets flying all around us, all over, and the Kiеста's they start to yell and fall...then Dorathy takes one, and I take one, and Crow takes some, and then they got old Mantin lots of times. Hell, he was just a blur of red, like they all went full-auto on him or something.

"I saw them just as they came around the corner of the building, they were wearing white jackets and red berets, then it was all muzzle-flash, noise and blood."

Had you ever seen a group like this before?

"No."

Do you know who they are?

"I don't know who the ***** they were, they came around the corner of the building while we were talking to the Kiestas, trying to get them off the street, and just started shooting. All geared for a

gang war in their flak vests, carrying guns...they dropped all the Kiestas, and I took two in the shoulder. They couldn't have been using CAF."

What do you think they were using?

"How the ***** should I know? You think I stopped to ask them? It was bigger than ***** CAF, I know that!"

What would you assume they were using?

"10mm I guess, can't see how they would get there hands on anything bigger."

Why didn't you return fire?

"They caught us by ***** surprise! That's why! And then it was all confusion and noise!"

Could you make out their faces?

"I could see them, but I don't remember any details, as soon as they started firing I tried to take cover."

Where?

"The ground, behind my hands, I don't know, ***** ANYWHERE!!!"

And your squadmates?

"They were all on the ground, like I said."

No further questions at this time, but I may need to talk to you later, is that okay?

"Yeah, whatever."

End Transcript.

I continued my investigation by walking around the scene. From what I could tell, the Operative squad had moved into an alley to talk to the Kiesta leader, and the people who opened fire on them came from the west. Looking down the street, I could see people milling about, and decided to take a closer look. Figures, the people in this area claim to have seen nothing and heard nothing. So much for helpful citizens.

At this point in the investigation, I went back to my flat, and thought.

If there were people out on the streets, using SLA weaponry, then there was only one place to get it, the Black Market.

A quick stop by the Pit for a drink, you have to drink before you go into the deeper levels of Downtown, and then back to my car for a trip downtown.

Being an Investigator, you meet people, and some of those people have pretty shady dealings in some areas. As long as I keep my nose clean, I'll be okay. And anyway, if they do something really horrible and tell me about it, I'll turn them in.

First stop, Joey's.

Joey is really a good kid, but he has a problem buying drugs from people who aren't really good people. But he also hangs out with Operative's, which has proven helpful to him. And for the right price, about two doses of PI, he will give you information.

So, I grabbed two doses of PI, and away I went.

I need some information.

"Yeah? You know the price."

Yes, I do. Here you go, two doses.

"Okay, what do you need to know?"

I need information on a gang that wears red and white.

"Red and white? Hmmm, how are the colours set up?"

Red beret, white flaks.

"Sounds like the Guardians to me. What did they do, keep an Op from beating his wife?"

They killed almost an entire squad, Joey.

"Holy shit! It has to have been someone else, the Guardians are more like free Props than a true gang."

That is a possibility. What do you know of the Guardians?

"They came from New Paris a while back. Found Mort to be a little more than they bargained for, so they became vigilantes. Hell, they helped me out more than once when I was starving or needed a safe place to crash."

Tell me more.

"Well, here in downtown, they just kinda roam the streets, much like any other gang, 'cept they take out the bad guys."

The "bad guys?"

"Yeah, like the Johannas, Serial Killers, the Kiestas and the Skin Trade. Just last week, they saved a girl from being sold into slavery."

So they aren't in the business of killing Ops then?

"No way, man. The Guardians have lots of friends who are Ops."

What type of weapons and gear do they use?

"Shit, whatever they can find I guess. Baseball bats, CAF weapons, pipes and whatever else."

Including higher calibre weapons?

"Nah, these guys are straight, no funny business from them."

You stated they would use whatever they could find, Joey.

"Okay, how's this? I have never heard of them using anything along the lines of firearms other than CAF."

Okay. What about armour?

"Flak vests and whatever they can scrounge."

SLA or DN included?

"Yeah, probably."

Weapons too?

"Yeah."

How would I go about talking to someone who might have sold them something?

"Man, I ain't no snitch."

Here's two more, plus a carton of Feelgoods.

"Sorry, keep it, and go home. I got no cause to get my head blown off."

Okay, thanks for your trouble, Joey, and keep the smokes.

"Anytime."

After talking with Joey, I went to the Department of Investigation, where I proceeded to look up information on the Guardians. What I obtained was very interesting.

I will summarize the information here, for a complete transcript, refer to Department of Investigation file #34982~98459-9a9087/GDNS.

The above file states that the Guardians first appearance on Mort was close to the end of the "Chrome Age."

The Guardians started off as an anti-cybernetic gang, that dealt with people who went 'over the edge.' This was done in the service of the public, to keep the metal-maniacs off the streets.

The Guardians were well received by the general populace, and the company allowed them to roam and do what they do; inasmuch as they caused no damage to SLA or its properties, holdings and personnel.

Before their appearance on Mort, they were known on New Paris, and were popular with the adolescent children there.

Many who were Guardians, have become Operative's working with in the company. The following is a list of just a few of these Operatives:

Pepper, Female Brain Waster Strike Squad, SCL 7B
Davix Mikley, Male Human Business, SCL 8
Remy LaBouche, Male New Parisian [read: Templar from Freddy Lennon] Strike Squad, SCL 9
Corbin Linisex, Male Human Scout, SCL 10A
Michelle Donnal, Female New Parisian Human, SCL 8

My investigation will include interviews with the above-mentioned Operatives, as soon as the paperwork comes back to me.

Nearhom – Planet of Leisure - by Sue Willson

Nearhom

A planet to reward your ops with a trip to... If they become rich and famous enough... Or get very very lucky.

Nearhom is a fairly small planet, mostly covered with water. The place is (almost) paradise. It has a 25hr day and circles the neighbouring sun one every 150 days (local). Its orbit is virtually circular and there is a negligible tilt of the planet so there are no significant seasons.

The equator dotted with small archipelagos and islands, perfect for quiet secluded vacations, has a uniform temperature of around 23°C, a negligible rain fall and bright sun. (The sort of effect I am gong for here is Caribbean.) There are a number of small airports, many served by boat planes which serve to transfer visitors from the main Space port to the island of their vacation.

The poles consist of two land masses, and it is here that the evaporated moisture from the sea falls back mostly as snow. This area is popular for winter sports. Average temp is -5°C but in the sun it feels much warmer.

The Planet has very little in the way of natural resources, other than the plentiful ocean life and ideally environment. The number of visitors is carefully controlled to prevent damage to this resource, and as a result the small numbers are charged an exorbitant rate. The planet is owned by Nearhom enterprises and the whole population of the planet is geared towards these high class and very expensive holidays.

There is no record of any indigenous sentient life form (or indeed anything more evolved than the plentiful fish) Approximately every 100 years (+/-20years) , the planet is swept by violent storms that grown out of deep oceanic swells in the northern and southern oceans. In all cases the storms (which last about 24 days) destroyed almost every man made structure on the archipelagos, and often re write the map of teh islands. The survivors where those evacuated to the poles. As a result conditions in these oceanic areas are now carefully monitored for warning signs that the storms are building again, (although to be honest the exact "warning signs" they are looking for are unknown). It has been 84 years since the last one.

Galactic Locations (or what ever) : The place is one fold from Mort [probably directly away from white earth:)] To navigators the planet 'smells' of salt and fish.. Anchovy(?)

Navigation Hazard A70312 – by Sue Wilson

The asteroid belt in question is a little out of the way and is marked on most space maps as not a good place to go. It has developed a bit of a Bermuda triangle reputation over the years and as it is not on any normal route is avoided.

Have to give a lot of credit to John (mine) on this one.

The asteroid belt in question is a little out of the way and is marked on most space maps as not a good place to go. It has developed a bit of a Bermuda triangle reputation over the years and as it is not on any normal route is avoided. This is why - trouble is I'm not sure how you would get this info into the atlas.

Some 250yrs ago there was a small soft company operating in the [sector]. They were closed down by SLA and over time forgotten about. However they have left a legacy. Part of their operations was a mining scheme on these asteroids, however they are some distance from their base of operations so to ease the problems they constructed and automated system of mining machines with simple ***** roach intelligence and the following instructions

Find large concentration of the following minerals and precious metals.

Mine them, Purify them, turn into pure ingots (which you will then ignore) and send them to these co-ordinate.

If Mineral is present in quantities above this threshold level, go into reproduction mode and make more of yourself. (They are Von Neumann machines)

If damaged identify source of damage. If threat is smaller than this threshold value attack and destroy. If larger run away.

5) Make any modifications/ repairs that improve your productivity.

The last instruction was inserted so that the company did not have to waste resources sending technicians out there to up grade and repair the equipment. However it is the bases of the legacy.

Over the last 250 years the machines have been modifying and improving themselves and have set up a nice little eco system. (similar to that Virus experiment that was carries out some time back)

There are herbivores (which mine the rocks), Carnivores (that mine the herbivores), Parasites (That mine other beings at a small un noticed level), Symbiotic systems (where one type of machine mines, and another type purifies.)

Some machines have grown very large (large enough to take on ships hence the bermuda triangle problem-BPN hook)

Some have reduced down to the size on nanites. (And at this size people definitely register as being a viable mineral source - BPN hook)

Some actively seek out the minerals, others lie in wait to ambush I'm tempted to have one who has evolved its long range sensor into a transmitter and has discovered that if you broad cast on this frequency this pattern the 'food' comes to you. (Wonderful thing distress beacons! -BPN hook) May be another planet

The ingots of purified metals and minerals are being transported out of the asteroids via some jump gate or something. They are arriving in orbit around a small planet which used to be the base of operations form the soft company.

Obviously after 250 yrs there is quite a lot there.

Recently this source of pure materials was found by a trading vessel form a nearby small and unimportant planet, and the population have started collecting it. They have no idea where is came form but, unlike the goose that laid the golden egg they are more than happy to take what they got. All they know is more keeps turning up. Having pretty much used all they can themselves (Streets paved with gold!) A representative form this planet has approached SLA to negotiate a contract to sell the material to them. (BPN hook)

Navigation Hazard X18 – by Sue Wilson

This is an area of space marked as being hazardous to Fold ships. In fact fold ships point blank refuse to enter the sector. Navigators report an sense of fear and nausea when the sector is even mentioned. Space faring vessels on not Dark lament technology report the only significant 'thing' in the area is a large amorphous mass that registers as Unclassified Organic Matter on any scans. It is the size of a large gas giant (jupiter).

There has been one reported case of a ship entering the mass itself. This was a Shaktar Ion drive vessel on a research mission for Dark lament. It returned with samples of the matter, reporting that it was uniform semi solidified fluid. However the DL research Fold ship refused to let the vessel back on board. When the ship tried to approach, without orders the foldship opened fire with all weapon. In a desperate attempt to save the crew and their project the researchers folded onto the ship and retrieved the sample. However as they folded back onto the ship it initiated a self destruct sequence.

The last message from the vessel was "I do this for those I love" and appears to have been sent by the Navigator.

In Sue wop the goo is the equivilant of fold ship snot and contains something nasty and contagious and probably lethal to fold ships.. You can probably come up with something better

Media Equipment – by Darrin O'Connor**Third Eye Portable Editing Suite**

Designed to be taken anywhere out on the field, from the trenches of a war world to the darkest alleys on Mort. This modified Oyster laptop computer combined with a deck-to-deck dataslug recorder is capable of instantaneous real-time editing. The editing suite comes with a fully-installed Umbilical Transmission/Sissor Link and is compatible with all Third Eye 'Vision' range vid-cams. When it's gotta go live in five, trust Third Eye!

Features include: Standard Oyster computer with a 2-deck dataslug recorder/player. Contains anti-jog (prevents loss of recording capabilities when system is in motion), full color and 3-D playback, stereo 2-track recording, auto-stop, twin-deck recording, long play facility (double recording time 0.001% picture & sound degradation), deck-to-deck continuous recording, Third Eye MediaMaster editing software connectable to a remote database of broadcast-cleared vid effects, sponsor logos, equipment statistics and celebrity bios. Supports 4 dataslug ports, 6 cable 'chippy' ports, Third Eye Umbilical/Sissor Link, and is capable of broadcast up to 600km. Two-way transfer between live vid-cam transmissions through Umbilical/Sissor Link.

Cost: 50c

Third Eye Portable Sound Recorder/Mixer

In years past news reporting out on location suffered from poor audio recordings, forcing controllers and editors to cover up using sub-par substitutes. Today, thanks to this remarkable device great sound can be achieved no matter where the story takes you. With Third Eye by your side, everyone will be listening to you!

Features include: 2-deck dataslug sound recorder/mixer. Contains anti-jog (prevents loss of recording capabilities when system is in motion), full stereo 8-track playback, stereo 8-track EngulfSound recording, auto-stop, twin-deck recording, long play facility (double recording time 0.0001% sound degradation). deck-to-deck continuous recording, full studio mixing control capable of isolating 16 audio signals (2 per track), connectable via Third Eye Umbilical/Sissor Link to a remote database of broadcast-cleared audio effects, sponsor slogans/jingles and pre-recorded celebrity soundbytes. Supports 4 dataslug ports, 3 cable 'chippy' ports, Third Eye Umbilical/Sissor Link, and 8 low-wave frequency wireless sound microphone ports (microphones not included) and is capable of broadcast up to 600km. Two-way transfer between live vid-cam transmissions through Umbilical/Sissor Link.

Cost: 40c

Third Eye Omni-Directional Microphone Kit

The Omni-Directional or 'Bulb Microphone' has always been a staple of broadcast sound recordings. Its spherical shape allows for it to pick up sound from almost any direction with a minimal loss of sound quality and gain of distortion. Each kit is self-contained and comes in a portable waterproof case. Can be used handheld, mounted via clamps or

magholds.

Features include: Waterproof carrying case, 2 Omni-Directional microphones capable of receiving sound in a 10m radius, 2 manual clamp mounts, 2 maghold clamp mounts, 6 padded microphone head covers. Supports 1 cable 'chippy' port or transmits to portable sound recorder/mixer via low-wave frequency wireless transmission, up to 90m.

Game Effects: Gives Good Hearing advantage rank 3 up to 10m radius.

Cost: 15c

Third Eye Uni-Directional Microphone Kit

The Uni-Directional or 'Shotgun Microphone' is the premiere instrument for capturing live audio, whether in a studio or out on the field. Its cylindrical shape allows for it to pick up sound from an aimed direction with a minimal loss of sound quality and gain of distortion. Each kit is self-contained and comes in a portable waterproof case. Can be wielded handheld via pistol-grip, mounted on a 10m collapsible pole or mounted underneath the barrel of a rifle.

Caution: If microphone is mounted underslung on a rifle please be advised to fit the rifle barrel with a silencer otherwise the firing of the weapon may damage the microphone's sensitive internal components and deafen the listener.

Features include: Waterproof carrying case, 1 Uni-Directional microphone capable of receiving sound from a narrow field up to 30m, 1 pistol grip, 1 collapsible-expandable 10m pole, 1 rifle mount, 1 padded microphone cover. Supports 1 cable 'chippy' port or transmits to portable sound recorder/mixer via low-wave frequency wireless transmission, up to 90m.

Game effects: Gives Good Hearing advantage rank 6 up to 30m in one aimed direction.

Cost: 25c

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