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A SCENARIO FOR

SLA INDUSTRIES

'24' WRITTEN BY: MAX BANTLEMAN

EXCLUSIVELY FOR

GENCON UK 2003

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2 4

INTRODUCTION TO SCENARIO

24 is a SLA Industries scenario designed for 5 or 6 players (Op's) and 1 Games Master (GM).

To run this scenario you will need access to:

SLA Industries main rule book (SLA MRB).

<A copy of Karma would be a nice optional extra.>

There are sections labelled 'Direct to Players', which can be used to read out direct to the Players if the GM wants. GM's please note: Please feel free to adapt the scenario and it's pace to best suit your own GM-ing style. Don't be afraid to read it through, get the gist of it, then use it as the bones to flesh out as you see best.

The scenario is written out in a series of scenes, we have given some ideas as to how to connect them, but ultimately it can be up to you how you string these together with background and plot movement. You can either skate over intervening travel with a brief bit of narration and description, or you can give the Op's a chance to interact via questions, skill use, and some minor investigation. Play it by ear and let the Players guide you as to the best way to tie it all together; if they're chomping at the bit for action, keep to brief narrative, keep them running, moving fast from scene to scene; if they're fascinated by the environment, allow some interaction, get some interaction with some of the background characters, tone down the instant aggressive reactions of some of the NPC's.

There is an overview, designed to let the GM pushed for time (is there any other kind?) get an 'at a glance' feel for the whole scenario; it's flow and major events. We urge you to use this as an easy reference only, and to not forgo reading the whole scenario.

As you go through the character introduction stage of the scenario (as they read through their characters and background), try to gauge the Players and get an idea for what they'd respond to best in the scenario. Some groups may want more action, some more character interaction with NPC's, some more inter group action among themselves. Some Players give the game away by their reaction to their character type, some in 'casual' conversation or questions about their equipment, some with their concern for other 'types' within the party.

As 24 unfolds, it will gather pace, forcing quicker reactions, speeding up the decision making process. It is important to play this up. Once they get drawn in, get the snowball rolling, push it along, don't let the Players get bogged down.

There are 6 'standard' Player Characters (PC's) and 1 'optional' PC. The scenario runs fine without an Ebon, and the pace means they soon get frustrated with their lack of investigation and recoup of Flux. We have included an Ebon PC just in case someone bugs / pleads / begs / whines / bribes you enough to play one....

24 – Scenario Overview

Scene Zero

Setting: Make shift SLA Operations HQ.

Events: Building is blitzed. Character introductions. Brief question and answer session among the Op's regarding each of their characters.

Encounters: The SLA Operatives of the squad.

Suggested Real Time Scene Duration: 10 - 15 minutes.

Scene One

Settings: Bombed out make shift SLA Operations HQ.

Events: Op's should form 'squad'. Discover their viral infection. Receive 'abandon mission' message.

Formulate plan to reach vaccination point.

Attacked by Stormer under the affects of a hallucinogenic drug. Possible detonation of unexploded shell containing hallucinogen.

Encounters: Raving, psychopathic Stormer.

Suggested Real Time Scene Duration: 10 – 15 minutes.

Linking Together Scenes One & Two

Settings: War torn battlefield that is Borderland.

Action / Encounters: DarkNight conscripts / citizens / Carriens - running firefights - combat chaos.

Proposed Length: 5 - 10 minutes.

Scene Two

Settings: Shattered remnants of a 'field hospital'.

Events: Come across field hospital, where the remnants of the staff are trying to save the few Op's that remain alive. General encroachment of DarkNight operatives, squad will have to buy time to load wounded in to 3 vehicles.

Encounters: SLA Medics. DarkNight conscripts.

Suggested Real Time Scene Duration: 10 – 15 minutes.

Linking Together Scenes Two & Three

Settings: Scarred and blasted terrain around the edge of Borderland: a blitzed industrial zone.

Action / Encounters: Mutated beasts, GoreZone drone camera-bots.

Proposed Length: 5 - 10 minutes.

Scene Three

Settings: Discover exposed section of a large storm drain that could lead (via connecting tunnels) to a processing building near the vaccination point.

Events: Thresher power suits hit the area, on a salvage and run operation, clearing large amounts of ground using very large explosive devices. Large influx of Carrien and refugees in to tunnels.

Encounters: Carrien.

Suggested Real Time Scene Duration: 10 - 15 minutes.

24 – Scenario Overview (Continued)

Scene Four

Settings: Storm drains and tunnels, tunnel exit, abandoned processing plant.

Action / Encounters: GoreZone drone camrea-bots.

Suggested Real Time Scene Duration: 5 - 10 minutes.

Scene Five

Settings: Huge 'natural cavern' in tunnels.

Action / Encounters: Contract Killers.

Suggested Real Time Scene Duration: 5 - 10 minutes.

Scene Six

Settings: Deserted street in partially evacuated sector to Borderland.

Action / Encounters: SLA clean up crew, Shivers, other Op's. DarkNight / Mutated Beast / Thresher strike.

Suggested Real Time Scene Duration: 10 - 15 minutes.

The timings for the scenes are course only guidelines. They will create a scenario of between 70 and 115 minutes, according to need.

Most of the encounters are very 'modular', and so can be juggled or simply dropped if the need arises.

The Scenario is very driven. Once it gets underway the Op's are pushed along at an increasingly fast pace.

There is little time to 'stand and stare', and even less for in depth investigation.

A lot of the encounters will be a brush past, a blur, dark shadows and glint of weapons, nothing too solid. The close combat encounters will be after a surprise attack, or a stumbled in to ambush, with the Op's getting the better of their prey.

Many of the 'incidental' encounters are designed to offer a potential flesh wound, bruise, nasty fall or shaken ego through a very narrow escape.

Let the Op's themselves shape the feel of the encounters, by their skill use, tactics, role playing and general speed of play.

If the Op's are getting in to a part of the scenario, wanting to dig much deeper in a particular scene, go with the flow. Remember they are there to be entertained: if they're enjoying themselves, everyone's a winner.

With that said, don't be afraid to push them. Keep them moving when you can. Pile on the war zone atmosphere.

And a final note.... keep track of ammo! In fact, keep track of all 'consumables'. In the longer term campaign game sessions they're not so important, but in a headlong dash from a battlefield, they're the lifeblood of the struggle.

24 - Scenario: Story Line And Sub-Plots

The story line to 24 is incredibly simple.
The Op's are thrown together by circumstance.
They share a common doom.
They are their own best hope for survival.
They have 24 hours to get to a vaccine or they will die a horrible death.

Of course it wouldn't be SLA if there weren't complications.... but essentially the story line is as straight forward as it looks.

Each of the Op's has some personal background that defines an agenda specific to them, giving them some other task they will try to succeed in while the impromptu squad fights it's way back to their cure.

Below are three sections of information: Background, 24 Hour Story Line and Sub-Plots. They tell you everything you need to know to run the scenario, to provide the Op's with information they may find out during the game, and to guide the encounters they have during their frantic scramble to safety.

Background

The background information may or may not come to light during the game. The Op's may discover some of it through appropriate skills use or dumb luck during the course of the game, or they may stagger, stumble and dash right through it without a second thought.

Typical skills, and where they might be used to gain access to background information, are:

Interview - Primarily for use on already co-operative or friendly personnel, such as other SLA employees. Is best used in controlled, timely situations and is not much use if in a real hurry.

Computer Use / Computer Subterfuge - Of limited use in the sector, due to the burnt out / frazzled nature of links with the outside world. May be used in isolated instances to drag information from a 'localised' computer about it's own files. While in the sector, no access to the central SLA Database is possible (due to Operation 23).

Bribery / Torture / Intimidation - Useful for any of the more 'native' of the inhabitants of the sector, due to it's directness and relative ease of use under pressure. The success will depend on what the Op's have to offer, as incentive or punishment.

Forensics - Of limited use, but may be used to determine something of the nature of the viral infection used to contaminate the sector. as the Op's do not have access to full lab facilities, their findings may be incomplete, or just plain wrong, without the ability to be 100% sure either way.

Streetwise - Useful for getting about the sector, guessing the layout of streets, alleys, walkways, tunnels and such. Can be used to avoid places of obvious ambush, and to determine where certain resources may be in the sector.

SLA Information - Perhaps the most useful skill for piecing together the likely reactions of SLA, both during, and after the operation in the sector. May offer hints and clues as to the best course of action when faced with decisions about things that may affect the 'politics' of SLA. It will of course be useful in helping the Op's decide what they should, and shouldn't, 'know'.

Background - Events and Story

The Sector 740, Lower Downtown, is a sprawling mass of urban decay; tenements, industrial sites, tumbled down walk ways, free-ways and abandoned Gauss Train tunnels and rails. It covers some 100 square miles, nestling between levels 6 and 8 in the 'below ground' rating offered by SLA Industries to measure the depths of Downtown. It sits close to Cannibal Sector Five (CS 5), separated by a few levels of flooded old industrial complexes, contaminated waste dumps and a huge, sprawling junk yard of abandoned vehicles and industrial equipment that form the unofficial 'wall' between the sector and CS 5.

Unbelievably, there are still people living in Sector 740.

The citizens of 740 have named their little corner of the World of Progress 'Borderland'.

SLA Industries has long neglected Sector 740, choosing to ignore the fact that there is still power, water and gas being piped in to the area, abandoning any attempt to cut off the signal transmissions from Mort TV, or the comm's links to all centralised data sources. In short, SLA Industries has forgotten that Sector 740 is inhabited. Subsequently DarkNight have moved in to Borderland in force.

The Thresher have established two major holding areas with the sector, using it to hide some of their bigger units from the prying eyes of both SLA Industries and DarkNight.

The abandonment of the sector by SLA has left it open to the incursions of Carriens and all manner of beasts from CS 5, all of whom roam quite freely through the streets and corridors of Borderland at night.

Citizens of Sector 740 are those that pay the price of freedom from SLA Industries in blood and sanity, having to fight for the lives every day, bred to the violence of their surroundings.

There is no permanent Shiver presence in Borderland, though occasionally a Shiver patrol will move through the sector, surveying and keeping a low profile, sent either by mistake or on the cruel whim of a sadistic commander from HQ.

The Department of the Environment and the Ministry of War have decided to use Sector 740 as a testing ground. Taking advantage of the high presence of both organised resistance, such as DarkNight, and the intrinsic hostile 'civilian' population. And of course the wide variety of Carrien and beasts in the sector add to it's viability as a target zone. The two giant SLA Departments have planned an operation to test the readiness of troops, equipment and not a few chemical warfare agents, to deal with an urbanised 'war world' environment. 'Operation 23'.

The goals of Operation 23 are simple:

To deploy a large scale SLA Industries strike force quickly and to affect it's extraction within 23 hours.

To test seventy new pieces of equipment, ranging from large scale ordnance to armour types, in a 'typical' urban war world environment.

To test the viability of three new chemical warfare agents.

To inflict as much damage on DarkNight and any other Soft Companies within the sector as possible.

To maintain a cover story and plausible deniability for the operation, through the 'planting' of footage showing an exaggerated DarkNight presence within Sector 740.

Operation 23 was doomed before it even begun. Both DarkNight and the Thresher had spies within the Ministry of War who were leaking full plans for the operation from it's earliest conceptual stages, right up to the actual insertion of the SLA Operatives at the start of the operation itself.

DarkNight and Thresher came to form an unholy alliance, a 'one off' agreement not to hurt or hinder each other during the operation, which would turn in to one of the largest ambushes sprung on SLA Industries in it's 903 year history. Both Soft Companies realised they were on the verge of inflicting one of the greatest 'military' defeats upon SLA that it had ever suffered, and right in it's own 'back yard', on Mort itself.

24 Hour Story Line

Operation 23 hit Sector 740 at 06:00 precisely on the morning of 9th November 903 SD. 4,500 SLA Operatives, many of them Ministry of War conscripts, together with 1,200 support vehicles, rolled across the outlying wastelands of the sector, taking the outer reaches of the shattered Borderland seemingly by complete surprise.

Air cover in the form of some 500 SCAFF units cleared the skies, and even encroached on some of the larger underground spaces, strafing and dropping chemical ordnance as they went.

The citizens, DarkNight conscripts and even a few Thresher suits, were swept before the invading SLA Industries forces like driftwood before the rising tide.

Numerous temporary staging areas were set up, channelling through troops and ferrying back the few wounded to hastily erected 'field hospitals'. Command centres were made in the shells of ruined buildings, orders issued, whole blocks swept and cleared. After the whirlwind of the first three hours it seemed that there was nothing left to trouble the SLA Op's.

Scattered outbreaks of sniping and street fighting prompted an 'over kill' reaction from the SLA commanders, in the face of a lack of 'decent' opposition it seemed the only thing they could do.

It was the Stormer command of Division 6 that first raised the alarm.

It was too quiet.

Recon. showed that nothing had managed to escape the sector; getting past the outposts and cordon of the outer perimeter would have been impossible without raising the alarm. The various unit commanders were now hopelessly over confident, allowing their Op's to strike out at will in to the sector, seeking out any opposition to make their exercise 'worthwhile'.

The Stormer command of Division 6 called in their troops. They dug in and set up a secure command centre in the old Rackham Industrial Plant. The Stormers knew that DarkNight and the Thresher were there, waiting to strike, and the civilian population were not yet living up to their fierce reputation.

Then they came.

The onslaught came first in the Southern quadrant of the sector, where the Thresher suits could gain maximum use of their mobility, where the DarkNight SCAFF units could sweep in like a bolt from the blue. From within the swamp like mire of the chemically ruined Eastern quadrant came the Carrien and the beasts from CS 5. Storm drains had been cleared by DarkNight, an open invitation to the mutated beasts from the Cannibal Sector. From every block with Sector 740, the citizens appeared, from bolt holes, bunkers, tunnels, shelters under rubble and make shift lattice work 'slings' under walk ways. They swarmed out, making full use of their local knowledge of the terrain, ambushing, sniping and setting off prepared charges to block in whole companies of SLA Op's.

The Rackham Industrial Plant saw an unprecedented Thresher strike. The battle that ensued between the power suits and the Stormers of Division 6 will long live in the memories and legend of both sides. SLA Industries was slow to make sense of the scattered and broken reports they were getting from all of their Operatives.

By 11:00 the SLA Industries commander in the field estimated an 80% casualty rate, mostly dead, but some wounded and stranded beyond hope of recovery.

At 12:00 the order came to abort the operation. The order went out on all channels, was piped through all local transmitters, appearing on TV's, vid-screens and display units all over the sector: Evacuate Borderland. Retreat from Sector 740. Abandon Operation 23. All Operatives were to make their way to their designated exit points immediately.

At 12:05, a small make shift HQ unit was beginning to receive word of the retreat. The commanders within the HQ were winding down their de-briefings, getting ready to issue orders to all Operatives within to make their own way back to the perimeter of Sector 740.

None within the HQ saw the DarkNight suicide SCAFF bike. None of them knew what hit them. Ten stories of concrete and steel were brought crashing down in a massive, chemical fuelled explosion. The bomber had delivered more than explosives. A large yellowish cloud spread out over the surrounding neighbourhood, particles of the chemical weapon mixed with the huge cloud of dust and debris.

Sub Plots

All of the Operation 23 Operatives were 'vaccinated' before entering Sector 740, ostensibly to protect them from an anticipated chemical attack from DarkNight as well as to ward off the hundreds of known diseases to have been discovered in the sector, mainly brought in from the festering wasteland of neighbouring Cannibal Sector 5. Some of these 'vaccinations' were in fact seeding of one of the three chemical weapons SLA Industries wished to test. Operatives would be observed and their performance monitored. At the end of Operation 23, those Operatives lucky enough to make it out would then be injected with an 'antidote'.

Each of the Op's (PC's) needs to redeem themselves in the eyes of SLA, for a past indiscretion. Each will have a personal reason for wanting to get the Oyster they find in Scene Two of the scenario, and the data slug it contains, back to SLA, with some very real personal benefits to be had from it's recovery.

A Cloak Division Operative is trying to track down the War Veteran from the squad to bring him in and de-brief him separately. SLA Industries rates the War Veteran as the most worthy of effort and resource to recover alive. The Cloak Division Op will try to track the squad through the sector, and if at all possible, contact the War Veteran alone. The Cloak Op may appear under cover, disguised as either a 'local civilian' or as another stranded Operative, running with the squad for a while until they can get what they need from the War Veteran.

A small group of Gangsters are trying to track down and re-capture the Ganger Op, to bring him back for torture and execution by his deserted comrades. The Gangsters will have a 'pass' from the local citizens, which cost them dear in money and equipment. They will be helped (where possible) by the local citizens, and left alone by DarkNight.

One of the Circuit's shows (Gorezone) is trying to use a couple of drone cameras to broadcast the squads progress, giving away their position and causing them extra hassle through bringing in other 'opponents', maybe even a Contract Killer to take on the Human Death Squad Op, who they will (falsely) accuse of 'war crimes against the civilian population. The Op's may realise that this is not the 'style' of Gorezone, and may discover that there is an employee of Gorezone who has a vendetta against the Human Death Squad Op.

The SLA HQ that was destroyed by the DarkNight suicide bomber was sheltering some canisters of a chemical agent designed by SLA, that was to be deployed in the local area once the HQ staff moved on. The bomber actually released two viruses by crashing in to the HQ. The Wraith Raider and the Cook both glimpsed the canisters before the HQ was destroyed and have a suspicion that the disease they are all carrying was caused by the chemical agent they contained.

Scene Zero - Do You Come Here Often?

Settings: The shattered make shift SLA Industries 'field HQ'..

Action / Encounters: Character introduction, a brief 'get to know' session for the Op's.

Proposed length: 10 – 15 minutes.

Scene Zero – Direct to Players

Welcome to the SLA Industries participation game, the scenario is called '24'. After the character sheets are handed out, I'd like to go round the table and have each person do an in character introduction to the rest of the group of their Operative. Try to focus the character introduction on race, training package, physical description, key personality traits and attitudes, preferred armour, primary weapons, preferred tactics and usual squad role. We will then need to elect a nominal squad leader, either the Operative with the highest SCL or the one with the most suitable skill set. SLA likes squads and likes teamwork. SLA likes to communicate through a squad leader and to focus all SLA Departmental contact through squad leaders. It wouldn't hurt to have an impromptu squad name as well. This should be something that reflects either your skills or attitudes, something that will get you a good tag from the media and get you noticed (should you survive!). Please take five minutes to go over your character sheet, then I'll ask for in character introductions. Each introduction should be no longer than two minutes.

How you assign characters to Players is up to you. You can either ask if anyone has any preferences or strong dislikes (remember there are no Ebons) and narrow it down from there, or you can hand them out randomly. It may be best to get feedback from the group. Many Players like the random element as they like the challenge of playing something they perhaps wouldn't choose.

While the Operatives read their character sheets, you may want to give a brief description of Mort or the general background and feel of the WoP as you perceive and intend to run it (as far as this session is concerned).

Answer any questions the Players may have about their characters. Don't be too slavish about the time given for them to get comfortable with their characters. It is important for the flow of the game and their enjoyment that the Players are happy they know what they need to about their characters. Let them take whatever notes they want from the rule books.

Don't let them get side tracked with getting extra equipment, their characters are not in a position to do this, though they may be able to scavenge some stuff once the game has started.

Encourage the character introductions to be brief and dynamic, ask relevant questions if they leave out things like their main armour or weapons used. Try to stop any of the introductions getting too involved, focus on the Player getting across the core of their character in both appearance and personality.

Scene One - Let's Make Like A Tree....

Settings: Bombed out SLA operations HQ.

Action / Encounters: Bond as 'squad'. Attack by raving, psychopathic Stormer.

Proposed length: 10 - 15 minutes.

Scene One A - Direct to Players

Sounds of distant gunfire fill the air, muffled explosions let you know things are warming up in the sector. Looks like you're on your own. The faint, sickly smell that fills the air seems to be getting thicker, stifling your breathing. One by one you begin to cough, your throats feel like they're on fire, within seconds you're all wracked with pain as your lungs are caught in a violent spasm.

The Op's can either come up with some skills use, or those that have seen some combat, may suggest they've all been infected by some chemical weapon. Let them speculate as to the nature of the infection, but make it clear through symptoms and maybe past experience, i.e. their inoculation before they embarked on Operation 23, that they seem to have fallen foul of a biological weapon.

As they stumble around, discussing, maybe investigating their surroundings, but before they make a concerted effort to leave the shell of the ruined HQ....

Scene One B - Direct to Players

From outside in the street you hear some automatic fire, close, getting closer; large calibre, ripping in to walls and abandoned vehicles. Short bursts, broken up by loud and manic laughter, guttural, animalistic, slightly insane. A brief respite in the small arms fire and the demented cackling; then the familiar 'whomp' of mortar fire.... explosions, then a lot of small arms fire, and some large sniper rounds; the battle is rolling towards you....

Once they step outside, they will encounter Reg: the hallucinating, mad as spoons 714 Stormer. Reg will only take a split second to look over the Op's, decide they're part of his surreal, tortured fantasy world, and decide to blow them all to Hell.

The Op's skill use in this scene should all be about discovering their infection, maybe something about it's origin, but probably not, and then about the realisation that the battle will soon roll over and engulf them, preventing them going anywhere in a hurry.

They may perceive Reg as a friend at first, but that will change as soon as he opens fire on them. If it is more suited to the group and the atmosphere, have Reg surprise them and get close enough for hand to hand.

The area around the blasted SLA HQ is battle scarred, burning, smouldering from chemical attack, dark, slippery, infested with hostiles and being shelled by large calibre mortars or exploding with booby trap mines. This is no place to stay and be indecisive. The longer the Op's stay, the greater the chance some stray damage will come their way....

Linking Scenes One & Two - Dance On A Volcano

Settings: War torn battlefield that is Borderland.

Action / Encounters: DarkNight conscripts / citizens / Carriens - running firefights - combat chaos.

Proposed length: 5 - 10 minutes.

This is about keeping them moving, as is all of the linking travel in, through, round and eventually out of Sector 740.

The Borderland has been reduced to the rubble, ashes, chaos and confusion of a full blown war zone, the likes of which can be found on any War World 24/7. Op's are not designed for this kind of thing. They are extremely vulnerable, and must be made to feel it. This is not the arena for calculating investigation, for well laid plans, for the use of contacts and the gathering of information, the calculated strike. This is the mad house. This is where it all comes down to dumb luck, to the throw of the dice, the twist of fate, all that stuff that Op's really, really hate.

As they're moving (always moving!), give them some skill checks, and make sure you roll lots of dice yourself. There is so much going on, it's all about keeping everyone on their toes, guessing, anticipating the bullet from the dark, discovering the next mangled corpse, the next booby trap.

Some suggestions on feeding information to the Op's:

War Veteran - Tactics (DIA) - Keep the squad tight, don't get too spread out, this is not a controlled battlefield: don't worry about recon., stick to the basics, keep it simple, recon. by fire. Move and live, stand and die.

Shaktar - Evaluate Opponent (KNOW) - It's not the quality, it's the quantity. Too much to hope for controlled encounters with the enemy. Power Suits are in their element. There are simply too many 'opponents' to judge effectively.

Human Death Squad - Engineering, Covert (INT) - The whole sector is a trap. It must have taken weeks to prepare. It would be impossible to move with both speed and care, it's one huge calculated risk. Staying still is death, keeping it moving is the only hope for survival.

Wraith Scout - Survival (KNOW) - You have to fall back on basics, all your training could not have prepared you for this. This is the hunt, and you are the prey.

Human Cook - Detect (CONC) - This has to be a joke right? It's just too much, one huge trap, the enemy is everywhere, every direction leads to an ambush or a killing field, the firefight seems to be moving towards you; it's a rock and a hard place.

Human Ganger - Streetwise (KNOW) - This is the law of the jungle at it's most basic. Everything you meet will want to kill you, eat you as well if it can. There are no rules, not even the twisted etiquette of the streets of Downtown applies here, this is survival at it's most basic; kill or be killed.

These rolls should be interspersed with numerous Detect rolls and other skills suggested by the Op's themselves, each with a result showing how desperate the situation is. Carrien explode from the ground in swarms, citizens open fire en-masse from behind barricades of from upper story windows, conscripts rain down fire and grenades from hanging walkways, power suits level small buildings and throw large shells in to any open ground, gas and chemicals are everywhere. Occasionally bodies of other SLA Op's are found, beaten, broken, chewed up. Other corpses litter the sector, the scenes of carnage and destruction numb the mind. Bullets whiz past the Op's, some strike off their armour, some may cause flesh wounds, some grenades may explode close enough to concuss them, mines stun and fell them. They will stumble in to hand to hand combat with a few startled Carrien or DarkNight conscripts, it will be short and fierce, the Op's should always be seeking to keep it moving, not get bogged down.

And in the middle of all this, they stumble across the tumbled down field hospital with it's bedraggled sentry....

Scene Two - Caught In A Mash

Settings: Hastily thrown together 'field hospital'.

Action / Encounters: Meet with Medical personnel, stall DarkNight (DN) conscript attack.

Proposed length: 10 - 15 minutes.

Scene Two – Direct to Players

<After appropriate skill roll: One to spot sentry, one to spot he's a SLA employee.>

You startle what looks like a DN conscript, gun ready, crouched beside a burning oil drum. His tattered SCL badge saves his life, as you choke back the reaction to reduce him to a bloodied pile of goo. He seems unsure, twitchy, as he's weighing up some kind of very foolish decision, finger closing on the trigger of his AR.... the situation could explode any second....

The sentry is wired on Rush, tired, confused and more than a little scared. His policy up to now has been to shoot first and not bother to ask questions afterwards, and he's still alive, so hey, it's a plan....

Obviously the Op's 'should' try to talk to the sentry. If they fail however, and the sentry ends up as the aforementioned pile of bloody goo, have the senior Operative from the medical personnel come out from the 'tent' immediately after the altercation to 'commandeer' the services of the Op's.

The make shift field hospital consists of canvas sheets, thin wood-chip board and some hashed together sheets of corrugated steel, all made in to a vaguely tent shaped building resting against the sole surviving wall of a tenement building.

Parked half in and half out of the building is a battered APC.

Two paramedics, one SCL 5 and one SCL 4, are trying to finish off the last stitches of some very major surgery on a very important patient. There is only one orderly in the tent, blood soaked, wide eyed and close to nervous collapse.

An assessment of the situation will tell the Op's that the paramedics are trying to perform a miracle in impossible conditions. The personnel are all genuine SLA employees, as is all of the equipment being used. The best guess they can make of the patient is that he's Human, male, 5'6" - 5'9", 160 - 180 lbs, black hair, fair skin and cut to ribbons. An especially successful skill use, or some out right snooping, may reveal a partly destroyed SCL badge, indicating the patient is SCL3.

The sentry (or one of the paramedics) will order / plead / beg / cajole / promise whatever, to get the Op's to stay and guard the shelter while they finish their operation, which will take about ten minutes. Anyone wanting to score some serious brownie points with SLA will want to help these people out.

As the Op's mill about, the orderly will finally lose it, grabbing a scalpel and opening both his own wrist veins, running screaming from the tent at the first opportunity he gets. One of the Op's will be asked to assist in the final stages of the operation.

There is a fair bit of kit and gear around the tent, some of it paramedic (from the APC) and some of it obviously personal equipment from the patient.

It will strike anyone paying close enough attention, that the gear is obviously poor quality stuff from the Black Markets and streets, the kind of stuff you could (and would) find on any DN operative.

Scene Two - Caught In A Mash - (Continued).

Settings: Hastily thrown together 'field hospital'.

Action / Encounters: Meet with Medical personnel, stall DarkNight conscript attack.

Proposed length: 10 - 15 minutes.

As the scene progresses, the patient will attract the attention of one of the Op's, opening an eye slightly and looking them straight in theirs. The patient will then look slowly and purposefully towards a small leather satchel near the tent entrance. The intimation should be clear (perhaps after a skill roll): the patient wants the Op's to take the bag.

As if prompted by some unseen hand, as soon as the Op's get hold of the satchel, DarkNight will attack the field hospital.

How the Op's have chosen to guard the hospital, setting up guard, perimeter or whatever, will determine how they spot the incoming attack, and how well they can gauge their chances of success.

The goals of the paramedics will be crystal clear: get the Op's to delay DN long enough for them to load their patient in to the APC and make a get away.

DarkNight are not aware of the 'special' status of the patient in the field hospital, nor are they aware of the Op's presence. And if they were, they wouldn't care.

They only want one thing: to kill anything they come across that even vaguely resembles a SLA Operative.

The opening gambit from DarkNight will be a classic recon. skirmish, followed by the bulk of the conscripts piling on after a few minutes. The opening shots and drugged up suicidal charges, will give way to sniping, creeping, laying of charges and throwing of grenades.

It will become very clear very quickly that sheer weight of numbers is going to carry the attack for DarkNight.

The paramedics will choose their moment and make a run for it. They can not (and will not) take the Op's with them. And if they are pushed they will explain that they are in fact heading deeper in to Sector 740.

As a parting shot from the paramedics, the split second before they finally leave, they will say to the Op's (nodding towards the satchel) "And make sure that gets back to SLA Headquarters in one piece and unopened."

Then they will be gone, followed by a barrage of fire from DN.

<Whatever subsequent investigation the Op's carry out on the bag and it's contents, all they will be able to find out is that it's an Oyster, with some kind of encryption program in it that prevents it being booted up. If a very in depth physical examination of the Oyster is undertaken, the Op's may discover a very small inscription on the inside of the back comm's port link, a tiny 'Shark' logo the mark of the Thresher. Make it plain to the Op's that too many attempts to reboot the Oyster will end in it's destruction from the encrypted virus it contains....>

The Op's will want to get the hell out of there and carry on with their escape from Borderland.

Linking Scenes Two & Three - Domino

Settings: Scarred and blasted terrain around the edge of Borderland: a blitzed industrial zone.

Action / Encounters: Mutated beasts, GoreZone drone camera-bots.

Proposed length: 5 - 10 minutes.

An eerie calm will settle over the skulking Op's.

They will be on the edge of a large industrialised area, bombed, blitzed, strafed, mined and mortared out of existence by the conflict.

Large piles of broken up concrete and steel block the way, forcing the Op's to climb as much as they walk. But worst of all is the industrial waste spilled out over the moon-scape like terrain. Where the crumbled and broken walkways and lower 'roofs' of the level above expose the sky, massive 'lakes' have formed, fed by the incessant rain and the gigantic chemical holding tanks reduced to empty shells by the bombing.

The Op's will have to cross at least one of these quagmires, which sinks to knee depth, chest depth in places, and stinks with a corrosive, acrid, burning that seeps through any respirator or armoured helmet.

The strange lull in the activity around them is the calm before the storm. The short, false hope that will immediately be followed by a massive Thresher sortie.

This section should be in stark contrast to the 'connecting' of scenes one and two: this is all about paranoia, about the toxic lake and it's mutated, beastly inhabitants, real or imagined.

Although we'd never suggest you borrow wholesale from another 'source', this is basically 'Aliens'.

The Op's skill use, luck and determination will set the tone and pace for the 'bestial' encounters. But once they have been attacked by one, they will be attacked more and more frequently until they clear the zone, a kind of domino effect: once the beasties know where they are, they tend to swarm.

And then there's the GoreZone drone camera-bots. They will (obviously) appear at the most inopportune moment, and buzz around annoyingly, constantly giving away the Op's position. They are armoured, fast and maneuverable, and fiendishly hard to hit. And the Op's should be reminded that they are probably on a live feed to the rest of Mort via GoreZone, or possibly even monitored by Station Analysis piggy-backing off the GoreZone transmission.

Off course, one of the Op's has more reason than the others to maybe want the drones destroyed.

Eventually they will site the apparently intact shell of a pumping station, which would lead to the huge 'storm drains' for the industrial plant, and a possible way out of the sector.

Scene Three - Driving The Last Spike

Settings: Pumping station / storm drains and industrial sized waste tunnels.

Action / Encounters: Thresher Power Suits hit the area, large influx of Carrien, some mutated beasts.

Proposed length: 10 - 15 minutes.

Scene Three – Direct to Players

Ahead of you lies a squat, cylindrical pill box, it's surrounding wire fence torn down and trampled, it's steel doors blasted open. The roof however, is intact. Large defaced signs on the outside of the building declare this to be 'Pumping Station 098 - Sector 740'. Pumping stations like these are dotted all over Downtown, covering the important junctions in the storm drain network that carries away much of the flood water and industrial spillage from the over polluted Mort underbelly. The storm drain, if intact, and if accessible, could lead out of Borderland.

The calm before the storm is coming to an end. Thresher are mounting their largest offensive during the Operation 23 ambush, which will flush out the last remnants of the SLA Operatives, driving them in to the waiting arms of the DarkNight hordes and the frenzied citizens of Borderland.

Upwards of 100 Thresher Power Suits will be driving a front across Borderland, followed up by ground troops and numerous APC's / SCAFF patrols. Sheer weight of numbers and the amount of DU flying around will make it an assault that is impossible to survive. Anyone with any military, tactical, streetwise knowledge or plain common sense will realise this.

The surrounding area is going to take a pounding. And no one knows this better than the folk that live there: the Carrien and beasts. Great minds think alike, and the consensus among the locals is 'head for the storm drains'.

As the first of the Power Suits come skimming over the waste land horizon, a swarm of Carrien and mutated beasts will rise up and sprint for the Pumping Station, roughly about the same time as the Op's make their own dash for cover and safety....

The Op's will be at the front of a 'charge', being followed up by hordes of Carrien and mutated beasts, all heading for the pumping station and the relative safety of the storm drains. With the doors to the building blasted off their hinges, it will be impossible to lock out the ravening hordes. The best the Op's can hope for is a kind of running skirmish, with the hope of keeping an area around them clear, allowing them to avoid being swept up in the crowd as they hit the cover of the building.

Once inside, the Carriens and beasts will head for their nearest known bolt holes, usually broken through the side walls of the 'official' tunnels. Little thought will be given to the Op's as the more bestial of the sectors inhabitants aim simply to flee from the oncoming Thresher onslaught.

Scene Four - Fading Lights

Settings: Storm drains and tunnels, tunnel exit, abandoned processing plant.

Action / Encounters: GoreZone drone camera-bots.

Proposed length: 5 - 10 minutes.

Scene Four – Direct to Players

Into the darkness and stifling stench of the storm drains, you feel relatively safe. Until the fires start. The Thresher must be emptying vast quantities of liquid fire in to the tunnels and drains, stopping people such as you using them for escape. Behind you the tunnels glow with an, an eerie yellow, orange, sometimes green sputtering, guttural light. Muffled 'whomps' from small primer charges alert you to the next assault: concussion charges....

As the concussion charges explode, a shock wave spreads out through the tunnels, flattening all it washes over, sending a surge of filthy, acrid slush over everything in it's path. This mini toxic tidal wave will take the legs out from everything trying to recover from the shock wave blast.

Then all is silence.

The flames burn down behind the Op's, leaving them in a gradual, fading twilight world, awash with the flotsam and jetsam of the most loathsome sewers in the World of Progress.

<You can let the Op's make 'skill' checks to stay standing: either using their DEX or PHYS. Have them roll it as a skill, with modifiers for the strength of the shock wave, the moving water, the slimy surface they are standing on, the darkness, the stench, the fact that they are moving. In short: they will all fail unless a 'natural 00' is rolled. Do not get all soft and generous on them....>

The deafening silence and all engulfing blackness is eventually broken by the whir, click and whine from the small drone camera-bots, their small red 'action' lights casting an eerie glow in to the tunnels. The Op's may have a plan for escape, they may know the rough direction they need to travel in. Or they may be hopelessly lost and confused.

GoreZone do not intend to let good TV go to waste.

The drone bots will lead the Op's along a series of main drains and tunnels, taking them to a pre-arranged encounter staged by GoreZone.

The drains and tunnels are in a state of shock, with nothing moving due to the aftershock from the Thresher attack.

The Op's will be constantly washed with small surges of filthy sewer slush, depositing disgusting, and (thankfully) unrecognisable, vile silt on to their clothes and armour. But other than that, they will be left to trudge the tunnels in peace.

You may have them find debris from the 'overworld' washed in to the sewers and drains, that confirm the slaughter overhead.

Scene Five - Musical Box

Settings: Huge 'natural cavern' in tunnels.

Action / Encounters: Contract Killers.

Proposed length: 5 - 10 minutes.

Scene Five –Direct to Players

<After skills rolls.>

A strange and somewhat surreal sound itches at the edge of your sense. From somewhere up ahead, you are sure you can hear the piping, lilting tones of fairground music.

<After skill rolls.>

The tunnels ahead seem to be partially formed from huge, natural caverns, their rough stone walls holding the concrete and steel sections of pipes. The walls are splashed with coloured lights, reflecting from somewhere round the corner up ahead....

<after some skill rolls and probably some 'tactics' from the Op's....>

The drone camera-bots disappear round the corner. As you approach the lights and the music reach a crescendo, obviously anticipating your arrival. Nothing could have prepared you for what you see in the squalid surroundings of the dank and festering tunnel network.... It seems to be some kind of fairground, complete with bizarre lights, striped cloth wall coverings and swirling rushes of piped organ music. All this is the cavernous area formed by the meeting of five huge drains. and standing on the metal lattice walkway above the rushing water filled tunnels are your two 'hosts' for this show.

The two Contract Killers; FunMan and Stone Sour, have been hired by GoreZone to go one on one with two of the Op's in a televised match.

It will be an 'impromptu' pilot for a proposed Circuit show, with a working title of 'Surprise! You're Dead!'. The idea is that the contest continues until somebody dies....

FunMan and Stone Sour will take great pleasure in laying out the details of the 'contract'.

The two killers will fight two challengers from the Op's. As soon as someone is killed, the 'game' is over. If one of the Contract Killers is killed, the Op's will be considered to have won, and the surviving killer will lead them down the tunnel to their awaiting debrief and vaccination point. If the killers win, and an Op dies first, GoreZone have the right to designate a target for the surviving Op to hit in the continuation of the game show to the next 'round'. The surviving Op must choose a 'partner, from the Op's in their squad (in this case, those they are travelling with).

The Op's have five minutes to decide who will face FunMan and Stone Sour. After that time, the game will begin, with the 'new rules' that the two killers simply need to kill one of the Op's to have fulfilled their duty to GoreZone....

The two killers will propose that the fights take place on the metal walkways above the rushing waters of the sewers. Better for the cameras. And that the fights be hand to hand. Better for the ratings.

Scene Five - Musical Box (Continued) - Running the fight scene with the Contract Killers.

Settings: Huge 'natural cavern' in tunnels.

Action / Encounters: Contract Killers.

Proposed length: 5 - 10 minutes.

FunMan and Stone Sour are very experienced circuit killers. They have a high rep. and most people with any Streetwise skill over 2 will have at least heard their name mentioned in connection with the Circuit.

Anyone who has a deep interest in the Contract Circuit, or who watches a lot of it's TV output, may have seen either or both of the killers in action.

If the Op's have seen the killers work before, there is a good chance that they will know the killer's preferred tactics, signature move, and style for initiating combat.

As the two killers are old pro's, they will want the match up with the Op's to be 'fair' from the point of view of skills and experience, otherwise the resulting fight will be short, sharp and over too quickly for the audience and GoreZone program exec's to want to commission any more shows.

Stress the fact that at this point the five tunnels all join, with a vast quantity of disgustingly polluted water running over a series of small weirs, before the flow drops down to a sensible flow and trickle in to each of the five tunnels. The rising stench, sound of rushing sewage, the lights from FunMan's portable lighting rig, the piped music, it will all go to make for a very distracting atmosphere. The Op's may well be looking at a basic 20% chance of picking the right tunnel to freedom (and vaccination) if they refuse to fight the killers.

If the Op's stall for longer than five minutes, the decision will be made for them as the two Contract Killers swoop in for a quick kill (they will target the Op who has the 'Major Enemy - GoreZone').

The Op's may decide to simply try and gun down the two GoreZone contracted Serial Killers. This will make them 'Major Enemies' within both GoreZone, Third Eye and possibly SLA Industries itself. If they come under heavy fire, FunMan and Stone Sour will beat a hasty retreat, setting off numerous smoke and concussion based traps as they go, making it impossible to follow them quickly, and possibly knocking one of the Op's in to the fast flowing sewers.

On a final note, remember that the two killers will try to goad the Op who has the 'Major Enemy' within GoreZone to fight them. Both of the Contract Killers stand to earn a substantial bonus if they get to kill the Op on camera, all unofficial of course.

Scene Six - Fade To Black

Settings: Deserted street in partially evacuated sector to Borderland.

Action / Encounters: SLA clean up crew, Shivers, other Op's. DarkNight / Thresher strike.

Proposed length: 10 - 15 minutes.

Scene Six - Direct to Players

You see the end of the tunnel up ahead. It is awash with light. Dazzling, bright, focused on the mouth of the storm drain from outside: it would blind and stun you as you moved out of the blackness of the sewers.

The drone camera-bots exit the tunnel, floating out in to the light, then disappearing in the haze.... a brief pause, then large caliber sniper fire: the bots spin crashing to the ground.... a brief silent pause, then a voice comes barking through a bull-horn, obviously aimed at you, "come out with your hands up. Slow and easy: you live, any crap: you die."

You realise the arc-lights are backed up by white noise generators, thermal scramblers at least a dozen ECM signal jammers.

Your choice: walk out in to the blaze of the lights, or fade back in to black of the sewers.

The Op's obviously have a choice to make.

If they feel confident that SLA Industries will in fact help them, they will quickly choose to disarm and walk out in to the light.

If, for whatever reason, they feel that they have become not only expendable to SLA, but actually targeted by them, they may decide to try to make a get away back in to the tunnels.

If the Op's can come up with some spectacular skills use, or a very interesting line in BS that you as a GM want to believe, you may let them find out something about the forces outside the tunnel:

1 Field Unit, Enforcer Shivers (9 Op's).

2 Squads Standard Shivers (18 Op's).

1 Squad Operatives, 'Boon', SCL 7 (5 Op's).

3 Cloak Division Operatives, SCL 5.

3 Shiver APC support vehicles (each fully manned).

1 Department of Psychology and Psychosis APC (fully manned).

The SLA force has two purposes: to meet with any SLA Industries Operatives lucky enough to come out of Borderland for their inoculation and debrief, and to make sure nothing else comes out of the tunnels alive.

The Op's may not feel they have anything to hide / fear / lose by simply handing themselves over to the SLA Op's outside the tunnel, and of course in the 'normal' run of things they'd be right. However, the Cloak Operative that tailed them (and possibly met up with them) during their escape from Sector 740 complicates things. Their recommendation to the waiting SLA force is to 'terminate with extreme prejudice'. This order will only be known to the three Cloak Division Operatives.

Whatever the Op's are thinking, it's time to nudge things on a bit....

Scene Six - Fade To Black (Continued).

Settings: Deserted street in partially evacuated sector to Borderland.

Action / Encounters: SLA clean up crew, Shivers, other Op's. DarkNight / Thresher strike.

Proposed length: 10 - 15 minutes.

Scene Six - Direct to Players

From behind you in the tunnel you all hear a large 'splash!', followed by some shifting, grinding noises, as if a drain cover or grating has been opened and discarded. Then the sound of running feet, from somewhere deep in the cavernous drains behind you, could be close, could be some way off, but it's getting closer...

Three options are open to the GM, each designed to set up a climactic encounter with something from the Borderland and the waiting SLA Op's. Each of the encounters puts the Op's between a rock and a hard place, being caught in the middle of a very large scale encounter. The best they can perhaps hope for is to use the attack from the tunnels to partially cover their own exit, and to maybe distinguish themselves fighting whatever threat appears from the sewers behind them.

DarkNight - A horde of DN conscripts and a few Insurgent Op's have realised that the Op's were heading out of the sector, and followed them to attack the 'debrief' unit SLA was bound to have positioned there. Upwards of a hundred conscripts have broken off from the main fighting in Sector 740 to try a quick strike at the SLA force gathered around the exit point for the storm drains. Their goals will be simple: get in quick, do as much damage as possible, then get out quick.

Thresher - A mechanised Thresher drone has been loosed as a scout for a small force of Thresher power suits, wanting to escape Sector 740. The mechanised drone is essentially a very powerful bomb, housed in a small tracked vehicle the size of a very large suitcase. The mechanised bomb has two 5mm smg's, and acts much like a Tek-Trex bot in attack mode. The Thresher tactics are simple: send in the bomb, detonate it, get out in the immediate aftermath. There are seven Thresher pilots attempting an escape; 2 Sarge, 2 First Step, 3 Close Nitt.

Bestial - A Manchine and it's twisted followers are going to take the opportunity to spread a little chaos, death and mayhem in to the neighbouring sector, courtesy of the Op's showing them the best way out. For this encounter to work there has to be at least sixty or seventy Carrien lead by a tough mother of a Manchine. Maybe even a few Scavs tailgating the Manchine's operation, giving some covering fire that will give them away, and clearing up any equipment they can grab.

As soon as the SLA force outside the tunnel realises something is attacking, they will open up with everything they can muster, and fight a slow retreat, getting out with as many live Op's as they can. The Op's can either stay and fight a vanguard action in the tunnels, get out of the sewer and side with the waiting SLA force, or hide and burst out of the tunnels in the cover on the impending attack from Sector 740 (risky as they may be discovered by the approaching hordes from Borderland).

Scene Six - Fade To Black (Continued) - Running the final scene.

Settings: Deserted street in partially evacuated sector to Borderland.

Action / Encounters: SLA clean up crew, Shivers, other Op's. DarkNight / Thresher strike.

Proposed length: 10 - 15 minutes.

The Op's should be made to feel the seriousness of their position, but not made to feel helpless. They have choices.

Perhaps not very good ones, but they do have them.

If they simply decide to give themselves up to the waiting SLA forces, wait until they have laid down their arms before they detect the impending attack from behind; they will then have the chance to arm themselves before they are over run.

Of course, if they come out of the tunnel armed, they could be construed as a threat by the SLA forces, who have after all, been quite clear about how they want the Op's to come out, i.e. unarmed.

The scale of the assault from the tunnels should overwhelm the Op's in it's sheer weight of numbers, it's ferocity and it's use of large scale weapons, such as the bomb, Thresher cannons, large caliber DN shot, or the Scav's covering a Manchine with suppressive fire.

There will be a lot of targets available to the Op's, from the attack from within the tunnels as well as outside in the SLA force. There will be a lot of bullets flying about, going both ways past the Op's. There are bound to be lots of stray shots, ricochets, aimed shots and even misfires that may hit them. They should all feel like they're on the table of a pin-ball machine or in a shooting gallery.

Of course, we don't want the Op's to go down in a hail of bullets without any chance of fighting back. Although they are peppered with fire from both sides, surrounded by hostiles, with seemingly nowhere to run or hide, we want them to fight out in heroic style, forging a glorious ending for themselves, either in heroic death, or in a cunning and daring strategy for survival.

Whatever ending you decide to use, you should not simply gun them down or over run them with hordes of gnashing, screaming, scratching, biting bad guys.

If the Op's can not think up any cunning plan for themselves, you will have to step in, suggesting a plan of your own based on the Op's actions, and the possibilities offered by the outbreak of enemies from Sector 740.

One of the Cloak Agents may realise that the Op's are carrying something of extreme value (the satchel), or a Shiver may decide to further his own career (as well as save his own life) by helping the Op's in to an APC and speeding off. Alternatively, one of the DarkNight or Thresher Insurgent Op's may make them an offer they can't refuse. The Manchine may be the 'key' to the invading hordes of beasts: take it down and the horde will run in panic from the combat.

As long as the Op's get out by the skin of their teeth, or die trying to escape using a daring plan of their own, the scenario will have been a success. There are very few ways for them to 'win' other than to survive, and as long as each of them has played their character using the background and sub-plots, each will have achieved something of a personal victory.

If you want to engineer a greater sense of victory at the end, a kind of 'and they all lived happily ever after' wrap up: go ahead. Maybe as they break out, they get a chance to rescue a very high level SLA Dignitary from the scene of ensuing carnage....

MAJOR NPC's

Scene One - Reg - 714 Stormer

Reg: 714 Chagrin Stormer.

SCL 7. Assigned to Karma - Now a 'free agent' under the influence of a mutated Alice strain.

2.8m tall, weighs 180kg. Walk: 1, Run: 2, Sprint: 4. 'Clamber' (Climb): 2.

Move: 103kg, Half M: 309kg, No M: 515kg.

STR: 23, DEX: 15, DIA 5, CONC: 7, CHA 3, COOL: 15, PHYS: 19, KNOW: 6.

Reg has Level 3 Assertion Tendons, Quad Limbs (four arms), Lash Vertebrae (prehensile tail), Maul Claws and Teeth, Skeletal Enhancement Teeth and Elbow and Knee Quills, Surveyor Trans Optics.

Claws / Quills: DMG; 10, PEN; 3, AD; 1. (Includes STR Bonus).

Teeth: DMG; 8, PEN; 3, AD; 1. (Includes 0.5 STR Bonus.)

Tail: DMG 11, PEN; 4, AD; 1.

Unarmed Combat: 15, Intimidate: 5, Evaluate Opponent: 6, Hide: 10, Sneaking: 9, Martial Arts: 9,

Climb: 12, Acrobatics: 9, Blade 1-H 8, Tactics: 5, Detect: 6, Pistol: 5, Rifle: 6, Auto Support: 6,

Throw: 6. Streetwise 4. SLA Info. 3. Rival Company 4.

Reg wears 'customised' Striker Protection: P.V.: 4. I.D.: Torso 12, Arms / Legs 8.

He carries a concealed Farjacket beneath his clothing and attacks using mainly 'called' shots with his claws and FEN AR (loaded with HEAP). He is not above simply tearing people's heads off.

Scene Two - Sentry

Marco Lazra - Human Ministry of War 'trooper' - SCL 9

Statistics: STR; 8, DEX; 7, DIA; 6, CONC; 6, CHAR; 8, PHYS; 8, KNOW; 6.

HITS; 15.

Walk; 1, Run; 2, Sprint; 3 plus any running skill.

Height; 2.2m, Weight; 190kg.

Skills: Unarmed Combat ; 5, Pistol; 6, Rifle; 7, Blade 1-H; 4, Sneak; 4, Hide; 4, Running; 3, Auto Support; 5, Detect; 5, Streetwise; 3, SLA Info; 3, Tactics; 4, Evaluate Opponent; 3.

Marco wears a custom set of PP644 Blocker armour; PV - 5, ID - 12.

Marco carries a FEN AR, a FEN 603, a MAC Knife, 3 Smoke Grenades and 2 Concussion Grenades. All Ammo is Standard.

Scene Two - Paramedics

The Paramedics shouldn't need stats....

Treat them as above average Humans, with the minimum of weapons and armour. Their main protection is their SCL, their street-smarts and their ability to sense when it's best to bug out.

You can make them male or female, with a build to suit. See what the Op's react best to.

If the Op's start shooting at these people, it's gone very pear shaped, very early on.... nice one!

Just get the Paramedics to run for it, shouting in to comm's links as they go and maybe taking a good stock of video footage with them just to rub it in....

MAJOR NPC's (CONTINUED)

Scene Five - FunMan - Contract Killer

FunMan wears a mutated Clowns costume at all times, complete with baggy trousers, spinning bow-tie, red nose and ginger wig. He wears hats, waistcoats and long, flat shoes. FunMan uses simple tactics of cavorting about, using cartwheels, dance moves and elaborate balletic twirls to get in close, often accompanied by squirts from a lapel mounted flower and the throwing of custard pies, which seem to materialise from within the folds of his voluminous clothes. FunMan constantly laughs, giggles and sings children's rhymes as he attacks, often interspersed with loud raspberries. FunMan loves the theatrics of the circus, and will pull out all the stops to incorporate as many circus clown tricks as he can in his 'act'.

FunMan: Vevaphon, Kick Murder package.

SCL 8B ('locked'). Currently on GoreZone retainer.

1.6m tall, weighs 65kg. Walk: 1, Run: 2, Sprint: 4.

Move: 37kg, Half M: 74kg, No M: 111kg.

STR: 10, DEX: 10, DIA 6, CONC: 9, CHA 7, COOL: 10, PHYS: 10, KNOW: 6.

Good Speech advantage.

SKILLS: Literacy 3, Detect 5, SLA Information 4, Rival Company 4, Streetwise 5, Unarmed Combat 9, Hide 6, Sneaking 6, Martial Arts 6, Acrobatics; 8, Climb 4, Gymnastics 7, Blade 1-H 8, Pistol 4, Evaluate Opponent 5, Rival Company 4, Tactics; 5, Disguise 4.

FunMan has 'natural' armour, formed from his skin, which he utilises once he is within striking range of his opponent: PV 6.

FunMan uses two main 'weapons' formed from his body: a spike which protrudes from his face (uses a head butt attack), replacing his nose: PEN 2, DAM 4, AD 1. And a Vibro Sabre from his left arm if things are going particularly badly: PEN 5, DAM 7, AD 2.

FunMan carries a concealed Blitzer, loaded with HEAP, which he is loathed to use.

Scene Five - Stone Sour - Contract Killer

In appearance, Stone Sour looks like any 'street kid', appearing no better and no smarter than your average 'street punk'.

Stone Sour: Human Female, Kick Murder package.

SCL 7B ('locked'). Currently on GoreZone retainer.

1.8m tall, weighs 68kg. Walk: 1, Run: 2, Sprint: 3.

Move: 33kg, Half M: 66kg, No M: 99kg.

STR: 8, DEX: 10, DIA 8, CONC: 7, CHA 10, COOL: 9, PHYS: 10, KNOW: 8.

Good Speech advantage.

SKILLS: Literacy 4, Detect 6, SLA Information 5, Rival Company 5, Streetwise 5, Unarmed Combat 6, Hide 5, Sneaking 6, Martial Arts 7, Climb 4, Acrobatics 5, Blade 1-H 8, Pistol 7, Evaluate Opponent 5, Interview 4, Persuade 3, Seduction 4, Disguise 4.

Stone Sour wears Snake Skin (MAL) beneath her 'street civies' (PV 3, ID 6) and carries a Derringer and a Blitzer at all times. Her presence on the street is that of a slick Prop., with a reputation for fast talk and some good combat moves. She prefers to move in real slow, talking as she does distracting her opponent with led and lascivious suggestions about what she'd like to do to them (make Seduction role to inflict a -3 modifier on opponents first attack roll). She uses a Vibro-Blade and a MAC Knife for close in work, and if pushed will flip out of combat and resort to the Blitzer.

MAJOR NPC's (CONTINUED)

Scene Six - Manchine

Mark IV Manchine - "The Prophetess"

The Mark IV has not been out of the labs very long, but has already drawn a congregation of worshippers from the lower echelons of Downtown sewer life, who treat it as a god.

All Manchines should be fearsome in appearance and reputation, and the Prophetess is both.

Statistics: STR; 15, DEX; 15, DIA; 3, CONC; 3, CHAR; 1, PHYS; 15, KNOW; 3.

HITS; 30.

Walk; 2, Run; 4, Sprint; 8 (including running skill.)

Height; 3m, Weight; 850kg average.

Skills: Blade 1-H; 9, Running; 8, Detect; 12, Climb; 8, Intimidation; 10, Pistol; 8, Club 1-H; 6, Club 2-H; 6, Blade 2-H; 8, Flexible Weapon; 10, Swim; 6, Torture; 9.

The Prophetess has a mixed bio-exoskeleton armour construction; PV 9, ID 60.

Equipment

Four arms, One ending in Vibro Sabre, one ending in Chainaxe, two ending in claws (PEN 2, DMG 3, AD 1). Armour: PV 8 each location, ID 24 each location.

The Prophetess model is programmed with minimal Tactics and may also retreat to suit it's own ends. Target selection is more discriminating than other Manchines, each Mark IV may be programmed with up to eighty preferential targets, listed in priority S&D order.

Mk IV's regenerate one hit point in the third phase of each third turn, and two wounds every four turns. Prophetess have a provisional Fear rating of 10, though if you need to be told this, it may already be too late....

Scene Six - Scav's

Sample Scav's 'Raiding Party'

Stats for Scavs are taken from the BIG PICTURE 9. Feel free to alter some or all stats. to suit the game, and equip them to present a serious threat to the Op's.

Statistics: STR; 10 – 15, DEX; 7 – 15, DIA; 4 – 8, CONC; 3 – 7, CHAR; 1 – 3, PHYS; 9 – 15, KNOW; 3 – 7.

HITS; 19 - 30

Walk; 2, Run; 4, Sprint; 6 plus any running skill.

Height; 2.2m average, Weight; 110kg average.

Skills: Unarmed Combat; 7, Club 2-H; 6, Blade 1-H; 6, Sneaking; 5, Hide; 3, Running; 4, Swim; 6, Climb; 4, Tracking; 4, Survival; 8, Detect; 4, Evaluate opponent; 4, Tactics; 3, Pistol; 5, Rifle; 5.

All Scavs wear a mixture of stolen and patched together armour, varying in PV from 2 – 5., ID 10 – 30.

The raiding party will be well armed, with a variety of guns, mostly 10mm with the odd 12.7mm and there will be a couple of 'big guns' among the group, possibly a BLA 646M Buzzsaw (Karma page 30 / 146) and an SP Vibro Disc (MRB page 229, Karma page 147).

MINOR NPC's - HUMANOID - SAMPLES

Sample Gangers / DarkNight Conscripts

Use the 'Civilian Convert' stats. from Karma (page 138 / 139). Swap; DarkNight Info for Survival, Auto Support for Throw. Add; Swim 3.

Feel free to throw in the odd surprise by way of a Blitzer or Shotgun, but they will generally be 'undergunned'.

Statistics: STR; 7 – 8, DEX; 7 – 9, DIA; 6 – 8, CONC; 5 – 7, CHAR; 4 – 7, PHYS; 8 – 9, KNOW; 7 – 8.

HITS; 14 - 16

Walk; 1, Run; 2, Sprint; 4 plus any running skill.

Height; 2m average, Weight; 160kg average.

Skills: Unarmed Combat ; 4, Pistol; 4, Rifle; 2, Blade 1-H; 3, Sneak; 3, Hide; 3, Running; 2, Auto Support; 3, Detect; 4, Streetwise; 4, Survival; 3 (or DarkNight Info 3), Rival (SLA) Info; 3, Swim; 3.

Gangers and Conscripts only ever wear Flak Jackets or Striker at best, but usually nothing more than leather coats / jackets and colours.

Flak Jacket; PV - 3, ID - 8. Striker; PV - 1, ID - 5.

Sample DarkNight Op's - DarkNight 'Troopers'

For the 'troops' use the stats. for 'Civilian Convert' (Karma page 138 / 139) but add one rank to all skills, and two ranks to two skills.

Many DN troops have a modified GAK 19 Assault System AR: ROF 1/3 (Karma page 146).

All of the DarkNight troops will also have a mixture of FEN guns and equipment, mainly 603's and AR's (Karma page 146).

Statistics: STR; 7 – 8, DEX; 7 – 9, DIA; 6 – 8, CONC; 5 – 7, CHAR; 4 – 7, PHYS; 8 – 9, KNOW; 7 – 8.

HITS; 14 - 16

Walk; 1, Run; 2, Sprint; 4 plus any running skill.

Height; 2m average, Weight; 160kg average.

Skills: Unarmed Combat ; 6, Pistol; 5, Rifle; 4, Blade 1-H; 4, Sneak; 4, Hide; 4, Running; 3, Auto Support; 3, Detect; 5, Streetwise; 5, DarkNight Info; 4, Rival (SLA) Info; 4.

DarkNight 'troopers' usually wear 'custom' Flak Jackets (which sets them apart from the 'rabble'):

Flak Jacket; PV - 4, ID - 10.

Sample Cloak 'Field Operative'

Like the Paramedics, whatever Cloak Op you may use to try to contact the War Vet shouldn't need stats. All Cloak Field Agents are full of Nuke Tendons, they all use guile over force, and they all have a knack of blending and disappearing even when you're looking straight at them. If you want a 'feel' for their make up, take a look at the 'DarkNight Espionage Agent' (Karma pp138) and add +3 to all skills and stats., and that would be a 'medium level' Cloak Field Agent.

MINOR NPC's - HUMANOID - SAMPLES (CONTINUED)

Sample Carrien from Cannibal Sector Five

Carrien are generally large, dirty, hungry masses of claws and teeth. The massing Carrien from CS5 are no exception. They shun the use of fire arms, preferring to chop, bash, maul, club and rip their prey apart before devouring what they can. They are nearly all infested with at least eight known diseases, they can be smelled a mile off, and they can slip in and out of an Op's presence without making a single sound. On their own they can be dangerous, in large family groups, clans and tribes; they are deadly.

Statistics: STR; 6 – 8, DEX; 7 – 11, DIA; 4 – 8, CONC; 2 – 5, CHAR; 1 – 2, PHYS; 7 – 10, KNOW; 2 – 3.

HITS; 13 - 18

Walk; 2, Run; 4, Sprint; 6 plus any running skill.

Height; 1.8m average, Weight; 90kg average.

Skills: Unarmed Combat ; 6, Sneak; 4, Hide; 4, Running; 2, Swim; 2, Tracking; 4, Detect; 3, Survival; 6, Streetwise; 4, Evaluate Opponent; 2, Climb; 4.

Any armour a Carrien wears will be cobbled together 'bit's from other suits, stolen from victims, known as 'Canning'; PV - 3, ID - 7, or will be the mysterious Carrien Exo-skeleton, whose manufacture and origin as (as yet) still unknown; PV - 6, ID - 12.

Remember that Greater Carrien and Mutant Carrien are the stronger, superior, higher up the food chain brethren of 'normal' Carrien. Greater and Mutant Carrien will have much higher stats and skills, and include additions such as Leadership; 2, Intimidation 4.

All Carrien favour clubs, knives, blades, hockey sticks, bats, anything they can swing and maul / dismember with.

MINOR NPC's - BESTIAL - SAMPLES

Cannibal Sector Gators

The Cannibal Sector Gators are universally known as "T.E.A.'s" (teeth, eyes and assholes). They will eat almost anything they find, including children, other animals, garbage, corpses, etc..

The Cannibal Sector Gators have enormous teeth, similar to those of a Stormer, they do not look natural, they can tear through most armour types. The Gators also have luminescent eyes, they glow like lights in the dark, an eerie green tinged with purple. Rumour has it that the Gators are genetically engineered, originally to clear up the Cannibal Sectors, giving the Carriens something to worry about.

The spoor of the Gators is the most disgusting substance many people will come across in their whole lives. The smell is overpowering, forcing the 'victim' to hold their breath, the feces always contains half digested remains of meals.

Stats	Min	Max	Norm	SKILLS	Rank
STR	8	15	10	Unarmed	11
DEX	4	8	6	Detect	9
DIA	1	3	2	Swim	10
CONC	1	3	2		
CHA	0	0	0		
COOL	10	18	14		
HITS	14	30			
Weight		600kg - 4000kg			
Height		80cm - 150cm			
Length		2m - 8m			
Some of the skills are governed by instinct, so are higher than the stat. maximum.					
WEAPONS	PEN	DMG	AD		
Teeth	3 - 5	4 - 6	2 - 4		

Gators have 'armoured' hides: PV 4, ID 30.

Once a Gator has bitten it's target it will choose to do one of two things; bite it again *or* lock it's jaws and thrash around. Biting again counts as a new attack and is rolled for as usual. Locking up and thrashing is a continuation of the first attack. The victim may (in his phase, in lieu of an attack) attempt to break free. The victim may use any skill they feel (and can convince the GamesMaster) is appropriate such as Wrestling, Unarmed, Martial Art, etc. or they may use brute strength. An opposed Strength roll is made, where the Gator and his victim count their Strength as a skill. Rolls are made in the normal way.

A thrashing Gator does an automatic 4 points of damage to a random location (ignore armour for PEN and AD).

MINOR NPC's - BESTIAL (Continued)

Iron Spiders (also known as 'shrieksters')

Expeditionary Shiver's report (Classified SCL 7+):

"They are some form of mutant spider, 12 - 18cm across back (20 - 30cm diameter inc. legs), very hard exo-skeletons, they stun prey by emitting very high frequency shriek (made by plates rubbing at speed on stomach), then they inject acid that reduces prey's innards to fluid to be sucked out through single proboscis (unusually high PEN). Almost 'crab' like shells, they move in jerky bursts, can 'leap' up to 2 meters. The shrieksters are attracted to power cells, and have been known to 'swarm' and suicide on large capacity cells. Escaped Karma experiment?"

Manfred Ulmier, Expeditionary Shiver, Cannibal Sector Two, Mort 903 SD.

STATS.	Min	Max	Norm	SKILLS (Instinctive)	RANK
STR	2	4	3	Detect	8
DEX	10	15	12	Unarmed (Bite)	(equals DEX)
DIA	0	1	0	Climb	10
CONC	0	2	1	Swim	8
HITS	8	14	10	Running	6
Walk	2			The 'Rank' of the acid determines the damage it does.	
Sprint	8			The larger the shriekster, the more potent the acid it injects	
WEAPON		PEN	DMG	Ranks range from 3 – 9.	
Bite / Inject		8	1	Armour: Iron Spiders have shells that act as 'armour':	
Acid fluid		See Below		PV; 3, ID; 10.	

Each round after the first, the victim needs to make a PHYS roll (as a Skill, Rank of acid as negative modifier) to avoid taking damage. The Rank of acid is also the number of rounds it attacks the victim, each round a PHYS roll is required. After a number of rounds equal to the acid's Rank, it is dissipated within the victims blood stream, becoming harmless.

The 'shrieking' is caused by the rubbing together of plates on their stomach. This creates a high pitched screaming noise. Those within 1m must make a PHYS roll (using the shrieksters STR as a negative modifier), success means they are unaffected, failure means they are stunned for a number of 'phases' equal to 20 minus their PHYS. For every 10 shrieksters shrieking in unison, add 1m to the range and –1 to the PHYS roll, +1 phase to the stun if failed.

Iron Spiders are an escaped Karma experiment. They can live quite happily under water and in all but the most lethal of toxic atmospheres. They are very sociable creatures, gathering in 'hives' of up to a thousand. They do not build webs. They seek out damp, dark places, and are thriving in the sewers and lower levels of Downtown. recent flooding in Suburbia has caused their spread in to the more secure areas of Mort.

The shrieksters are drawn to power supplies. Like a lot of failed Karma experiments, they seem prone to a mass suicide instinct. On occasion, thousands of Iron Spiders have gathered around a power outlet or coupling, swarming all over it, biting and scratching, shrieking and exposing the raw power line. The resulting surge causes them to 'explode', which is messy but essentially harmless. They have caused some major damage in Downtown and a few black outs. Iron Spiders attack Powered Armour, seeking out the power cells.

SLA Player Character 1:

Name: Jason Moon (BloodFire)
Race: Human
Package: Death Squad
Squad:
SCL: 7C

Players Name:

Height: 6'4"
Weight: 220 lbs
Eye Colour: Pink (Albino).
Hair Colour: Bald (Hairless).
Complexion: Pale, chalky white.

STR: 10. DEX: 10. DIA: 9. CONC: 9. CHAR: 8. PHYS: 10. KNOW: 9. COOL: 11.

SKILLS: Unarmed Combat 7. Blade 1-H 7. Blade 2-H 8. Sneak 8. Hide 8. Pistol 9. Rifle 9. Running 7. Climb 6. Auto Support 8. Throw 7. Leadership 6. Demolitions 7. Medical Paramedic 6. Tactics 7. Tracking 6. Intimidation 8. Weapons Maintenance 7. Detect 8. Drive Military 7. Drive Motorcycle 8. Marksman 6. Electronic Repair 5. Mechanics Repair 5. Demolitions Disposal 7. Survival 7. Evaluate Opponent 6. Navigation 6. Literacy 5. Rival Comp Info 6. Streetwise 5. SLA Info 4.

Hit Points - Total: 20. Head: 6. Torso: 20. Arms: 10. Legs: 10.

Armour: HARD Power Armour. PV / ID. Head: 10 / 20. Torso: 10 / 50. Arms: 10 / 40. Legs: 10 / 45.

Hand to Hand Weapons	PEN	DMG	AD
Vibro Sabre	4	4	2
MAC Knife	1	4	1

Weapons	Size	Calibre	PEN	DMG	AD	ROF	Range	Clip	Recoil
FEN 24 OR	11.35	7	9	2	5 / 1	27M	40	8	
GA 50	R	10mm	5	8	2	3 / 1	15M	18	3 (6)
BLA 046M	P	12.7	8	8	3	1	20M	6	7

Ammo: FEN 24 - 5 clips. GA 50 - 6 clips. BLA 046M - 4 clips. (All STD ammo types.)



SLA Player Character 1:

Name: Jason Moon (BloodFire)
Race: Human
Package: Death Squad
Squad:
SCL: 7C

Players Name:

Height: 6'4"
Weight: 220 lbs
Eye Colour: Pink (Albino).
Hair Colour: Bald (Hairless).
Complexion: Pale, chalky white.

BACKGROUND

You are classed as a 'War Veteran'. One of those rare few that have served a term on a War World and come away with at least the vestiges of your sanity.

Further back than your arrival on Hed, you can not remember. No childhood, no parents, no upbringing or education, no lessons learned anywhere other than the battlefield.

That is the price you have paid to retain your sanity.

The drugs, the therapy, the sessions with the doctors from the Department of Psychology & Psychosis, it was all aimed at wiping your mind clean of any debris that would stop you functioning as a killing machine.

Whatever else can be said for the radical treatment, it's morality and ethical base, the brutal nature of it's mind wiping totality, at least it worked. You are alive.

If you can call this living.

No memories. No attachment. No grounding in the world you are now forced to live in. On Hed it was easy: kill or be killed. Make friends with no one, no one lived long enough to matter.

But now it's different. Now you can't be 'treated' any further. Now they're cutting you loose.

The doctors explained it all in great detail. You never heard a word they said. All it meant to you was that you would be shipped off world, escape from the nightmare of Hed. There was nothing else to think about.

Until now.

RECENT EVENTS

Called in to service by the Ministry of War, you were seconded to Operation 23. The briefing seemed simple. It was just another war zone. Get in, get the job done, and get out. Easy money.

Then it got complicated. More doctors and medics, more tests, more injections, more psycho analysis. Why couldn't they just let you get on with it?

You knew deep down something wasn't right. But as always, you're there for the job.

At the final briefing you were contacted by Cloak Division. Nothing serious, just a com message telling you a Field Agent would be in touch once you were in Sector 740. Seems there were some loose ends from your de-brief from Hed. Doesn't matter. Deal with it when it happens.

But Cloak Division? Fook that. Spooks only mean one thing; trouble. Whatever you did on Hed was part of an operational need. No right or wrong, good or bad, just alive and dead. And you are a survivor. Whatever Cloak wants, and it wont be good, can't clog up your mind right now.

IMMEDIATE GOALS

Operation 23 has been busted. It's a full scale war, with SLA Industries in retreat. All you gotta do, is what you do best. Stay alive. That would be so much easier if you could gather a squad around you. Tactically it's suicide to try the scramble for safety alone. There's gotta be a group of like minded Op's around here somewhere, and then you can get out of this death trap sector. Maybe score a few points with SLA in the process, maybe make the impending Cloak encounter survivable.

SLA Player Character 2:

Name: Prudence (Pru-re G'na)
Race: Wraith Raider
Package: Scout
Squad:
SCL: 10C

Players Name:

Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 170 lbs
Eye Colour: Purple.
Hair Colour: Pale Lavender.
Complexion: Short cropped fur, mottled with Purple.

STR: 8. DEX: 11. DIA: 10. CONC: 8. CHAR: 7. PHYS: 10. KNOW: 8. COOL: 7.

SKILLS: Survival 7. Tracking 6. Detect 7. Martial Arts 6. Running 6. Climb 6. Streetwise 5. Sneaking 7. Rifle 7. Hide 6. Pistol 5. Marksman 5. Drive, Civilian 4. Killan 3. Tactics 5. Swim 4. Throw 4. Climb 5. Blade 1-H 4.

Hit Points - Total: 18. Head: 6. Torso: 18. Arms: 9. Legs: 9.

Armour: Custom Striker. PV / ID. Head: - / -. Torso: 3 / 8. Arms: 2 / 5. Legs: 2 / 5.

Hand to Hand Weapons

MAC Knife

PEN	DMG	AD
1	4	1

Weapons	Size	Calibre	PEN	DMG	AD	ROF	Range	Clip	Recoil
FEN 603	P	10mm	4	5	2	3 / 1	12M	20	3
FEN 603 HEAP		10mm	6	7	3				
FEN 93 GAG	R	12mm	8	9	2	2 / 1	75M	10	5 / 4 (8 / 7)
FEN 93 HEAP		12mm	10	11	3				

Ammo: FEN 603 - 4 each STD and HEAP. FEN 93 GAG - 4 each STD and HEAP.



SLA Player Character 2:

Name: Prudence (Pru-re G'na)
Race: Wraith Raider
Package: Scout
Squad:
SCL: 10C

Players Name:

Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 170 lbs
Eye Colour: Purple.
Hair Colour: Pale Lavender.
Complexion: Short cropped fur, mottled with Purple.

BACKGROUND

Born on Polo, trained by the Tribe Elders, offered up to SLA Industries as a candidate for induction and acceptance as an Operative, your early life seems like a textbook example of a fiery young Wraith Raider and their development by tribe and SLA Industries.

Polo was comforting. Real. It was a natural place to live, learn, grow and hunt. Your tribe taught you well, you learned the ways of your race, and could see their real value as a tool for survival. The others, Humans, Frothers, Shaktars, Ebons; they're all soft. Not like you and your tribe. You are bound by your race, by your need to adapt, to survive, to thrive in extreme circumstances, to hunt, to chase, to push yourself to the limit.

You have strong family and tribal bonds on Polo, with an intended mate, ready and waiting for your return from your first year as an Operative. She has left to join the Ministry of War Space Fleet, a Navigator. But you have already planned out your next meeting, your chase, your future tribal home. There is much to look forward to on Polo.

RECENT EVENTS

Meny was a struggle. So many rules and regulations. Instinct had to be suppressed. And that was where the trouble started. The training itself was easy, natural, nothing you didn't already do, just a development of what you are. But the other students.... most were stupid, insulting, too dumb to make it in the harsh World of Progress. Why they taunted and goaded you, you're still not sure. The fight was brief but deadly. You killed the two Humans without much effort or thought, indeed you are still slightly bewildered at the fuss it has caused. But it has marked you in the eyes of SLA Industries as a trouble maker, as a no-hoper, you are on thin ice, one more mistake and they will pull the plug.

So. No more mistakes. It hasn't been easy, but once out of Meny you realised that most Humans are tolerable. Most want the same as you; to survive.

You have been operating solo for a month now, and have yet to find a squad that would suit your temperament and goals. But that will come. A squad is a must. Solo's do not last long.

The money offered by the Dept. of the Environment for Operation 23 was not to be turned down lightly. And they didn't care if you were solo, they just needed scouts. It seemed like a good hunt. You were not too sure about the vaccinations, and you haven't been able to shake off a slightly fuzzy feeling in your ears since the injections. But since you've been in Borderland, you've seen enough disease and filth to make you think the cure can't be worse than the disease.

IMMEDIATE GOALS

Operation 23 has turned in to a rout.

Time to go.

There is too much opposition for you to survive alone. You will have to find a squad to tag along with to escape Sector 740.

As usual, it's very simple: first stay alive, then see what opportunities arise from there.

SLA Player Character 3:

Name: Stuart Little

Race: Human

Package: SLA 'support' (Cook)

Squad:

SCL: 11

Players Name:

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 110 lbs

Eye Colour: Green.

Hair Colour: Red / Ginger.

Complexion: Very pale skinned, freckles.

STR: 7. DEX: 10. DIA: 6. CONC: 8. CHAR: 9. PHYS: 8. KNOW: 7. COOL: 10.

SKILLS: Literacy 3. Detect 8. SLA Information 3. Rival Company 1. Streetwise 6. Unarmed Combat 4. Hide 8. Sneak 8. Martial Arts 3. Climb 4. Drive Civilian 5. Blade 1-H 10. Pistol 3. Survival 3. Swim 4. Haggle 6. Gambling 7. Wraith Language 3. Shaktar Language 3. Cooking 8. Interview 3. Communiqué 4. Swim 4. Throw 9.

Hit Points - Total: 15. Head: 5. Torso: 15. Arms: 7. Legs: 8.

Armour: PP644 Body Blocker. PV / ID. Head: 5 / 8. Torso: 5 / 14. Arms: 5 / 10. Legs: 5 / 12.

Hand to Hand Weapons

MAC Knife

PEN

1

DMG

4

AD

1

Weapons

Size

Calibre

PEN

DMG

AD

ROF

Range

Clip

Recoil

FEN 603

P

10mm

4

5

2

3 / 1

12M

20

3

FEN 603 AP

10mm

7

1

1

BLA 046M

P

12.7mm 8

8

3

1

20M

6

7

Ammo: FEN 603 - 4 clips each STD and AP. BLA 046M - 5 'speed loaders' of STD.



SLA Player Character 3:

Name: Stuart Little

Race: Human

Package: SLA 'support' (Cook)

Squad:

SCL: 11

Players Name:

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 110 lbs

Eye Colour: Green.

Hair Colour: Red / Ginger.

Complexion: Very pale skinned, freckles.

BACKGROUND

Born in Downtown, orphaned at the age of 4, passed round poor relations until you were 9, and then landing on your feet in a SLA Industries facility as an under age worker, you have not had an easy childhood. Never really settled, never really belonging to a family unit, you learned to make friends where you could, to fit in with where you were. By 11 you were a regular wage earner and a talented cook's assistant. Homeless and wandering from job to job within SLA Industries ancillary units, it wasn't long before you found your way in to Shiver stations, working as a cook and general helper. By 14 you were earning more from your scams and extra 'gofer' duties than many Shivers out on the beat.

Your natural talent for cooking using whatever was available, made you popular in 'field kitchens', and by 17 you were installed as a Department of the Environment 'employee', having SCL 11 status.

At 19, you are now one of the more experienced survivors within the catering corps. Your contacts are numerous and useful, your friends many and varied, both within and outside SLA Industries.

A remarkably skilled survivor, you have applied all of your wits and cunning to further your earning potential on the fringes of SLA Industries.

RECENT EVENTS

A few unfortunate incidents have lead you to believe that some of your more lucrative sources of income are being monitored by SLA, especially the procurement of supplies from the black market. You can feel the breath of IA on the back of your neck, and need to keep a low profile for a while.

Operation 23 seemed a good way to move out of the spotlight.

And of course there were bound to be many opportunities to source goods and services from the various different SLA departments involved in the operation.

The vaccinations were unexpected, but nothing to worry about. SLA always exaggerated the amount of risk to it's employees through chemical warfare and disease, it's all part of the scare-mongering that gives them leverage to bring in the big guns.

As Operation 23 went down the toilet, you realised how deep in it you were.

IMMEDIATE GOALS

Out of your depth, out of your territory, and seemingly out of luck, you need to devise a plan to get you out of this mess.

Sector 740 is rapidly becoming a mass grave for all SLA employees, and while the possibility of you going native is still open as a last resort, you are loathed to consider it until all other options are exhausted.

What you really need is an escape plan that involves hooking up with some SLA heavyweights, at least in the firepower department. As it stands you're little more than Carrien fodder in a fight, and from what you've seen, the sheer weight of numbers against SLA in Borderland means that it's already more down to luck than judgement to escape with your skin.

SLA Player Character 4:
Name: Ch'q K'gr
Race: Shaktar
Package: Strike Squad
Squad:
SCL: 7A

Players Name:
Height: 6'10"
Weight: 280 lbs
Eye Colour: Yellow.
Hair Colour: Black / Red.
Complexion: Blood Red skin.

STR: 12. DEX: 12. DIA: 8. CONC: 8. CHAR: 7. PHYS: 12. KNOW: 8. COOL: 12.

SKILLS: Literacy 4. Detect 8. SLA Information 4. Rival Company 4. Streetwise 2. Unarmed Combat 8. Drive, Civilian 6. Drive, Military 6. Pistol 8. Rifle 6. Auto Support 4. Paramedic 3. Blade 1-H 6. Demolitions 4. Intimidation 5. Killan 5. Wraith Raider Language 3. Navigation 5. Swim 3. Throw 6. Climb 4. Acrobatics 4. Tactics 5. Mechanical Repair 4. Weapons Maintenance 4. Survival 7.
Hit Points - Total: 24. Head: 8. Torso: 24. Arms: 12. Legs: 12.

Armour: Powercell. PV / ID. Head: 12 / 20. Torso: 12 / 70. Arms: 12 / 50. Legs: 12 / 60.

Hand to Hand Weapons	PEN	DMG	AD
MAC Knife	1	4	1
Power Claymore	4	6	3

Weapons	Size	Calibre	PEN	DMG	AD	ROF	Range	Clip	Recoil
BLA 046M	P	12.7mm	8	8	3	1	20M	6	(7) 2
BLA 046M HEAP		12.7mm	10	10	6				
BLA 046M HESH		12.7mm	3	16	6				
FEN 10mm AR	R	10mm	5	8	2	5 / 1	20M	25	5 / 1 (8 / 2)

Ammo: BLA 046M - 3 'speed loaders' each of STD, HEAP and HESH. FEN AR - 9 clips STD.



SLA Player Character 4:
Name: Ch'q K'gr
Race: Shaktar
Package: Strike Squad
Squad:
SCL: 7A

Players Name:
Height: 6'10"
Weight: 280 lbs
Eye Colour: Yellow.
Hair Colour: Black / Red.
Complexion: Blood Red skin.

BACKGROUND

Born on Kn'nth to wealthy parents from the Cunder clan, you purposefully chose a path different to that set aside for you by your parents and Clan elders. Your destiny was to be a Priest, spreading the word of your God among the stars. But it was clear to you from an early age that you were cut out for a much more aggressive role, that of a warrior.

You grew to respect your parents and the Clan elders, all of whom encouraged you in your new path once your mind was set. You received the finest training, tough and uncompromising, ruthless in its regime, almost killing you when you were 10. You still bear numerous scars from your youth.

The traditional Shaktar world view, with its all pervading Honour Code, guides you and helps you weave your path through the treacherous World of Progress. You strongly value your heritage, your family history and the support and furthering of the Cunder Clan's political growth, both on Kn'nth and on Mort.

A long stint of service in the Kn'nth space fleet as a Warrior took you all over the World of Progress, opening your eyes to the ways of SLA Industries and its chief allies. You have encountered DarkNight and the Thresher on numerous occasions, realising them to be the ultimate enemy of SLA, and subsequently, of the Shaktar people.

You are in regular contact with your family and Clan on Kn'nth, looking forward to marrying when the time is right, and furthering your family's dynastic growth.

RECENT EVENTS

You find yourself working more directly for SLA Industries, in the Department of the Environments supply escorts, as well as planet side in convoy and recovery duty for goods that are stolen for the black market. Enthusiastic in your duties, you have made yourself some powerful enemies within SLA: corrupt men using the black market and abusing their positions within SLA to further their personal wealth.

Operation 23 seemed a routine, if a little large, operation, the likes of which you have seen on many planets in the World of Progress. You have been inoculated countless times, and have so far avoided any major disease or chemical contamination: Operation 23 and its attendant medical requirements have not phased you in the least.

Once the operation was launched, your intuition told you all was not well. As the world around you exploded and then collapsed with the sheer weight of resistance within Sector 740, you quickly began to realise the need for retreat and extraction.

IMMEDIATE GOALS

You tend to favour direct, simple plans of action.

Escape from Borderland and reach a de-brief and medical check point.

Try to assemble a squad to support and aid escape.

Slaughter as many enemies of SLA Industries as you can in the process.

SLA Player Character 5:
Name: Ralph 'Dwight' Wigum
Race: Human
Package: Death Squad
Squad:
SCL: 7B

Players Name:
Height: 6'2"
Weight: 220 lbs
Eye Colour: Deep Blue.
Hair Colour: Tawny Blonde.
Complexion: Caucasian.

STR: 10. DEX: 10. DIA: 8. CONC: 8. CHAR: 8. PHYS: 10. KNOW: 8. COOL: 11.

SKILLS: Literacy 4. Detect 7. SLA Information 5. Rival Company 5. Streetwise 6. Unarmed Combat 8. Auto Support 7. Rifle 7. Tactics 6. Evaluate Opponent 6. Gymnastics 7. Climb 6. Swim 5. Wrestle 5. Blade 1-H 8. Blade 2-H 6. Flexible Weapon 6. Polearm 5. Club 1-H 4. Club 2-H 4. Sneaking 5. Hide 6. Disguise 4. Haggle 3. Computer Use 4. Demolitions 3. Survival 7. Lock Picking 3. Electronic Locks 4. Bribery 8. Intimidation 4.

Hit Points - Total: 20. Head: 7. Torso: 20. Arms: 10. Legs: 10.

Armour: HARD Power Armour. PV / ID. Head: 10 / 20. Torso: 10 / 50. Arms: 10 / 40. Legs: 10 / 45.

Hand to Hand Weapons	PEN	DMG	AD
MAC Knife	1	4	1
Pacifier Baton	0	5	5
Vibro Sabre (Katana)	4	4	2

Weapons	Size	Calibre	PEN	DMG	AD	ROF	Range	Clip	Recoil
KPS Mangler	R	10g	7	10	4	3	10M	10	(9) 5
KPS Mangler 10g Shot		10g	4	9	7				
FEN 603	P	10mm		4	5	2	3 / 1	12M	20 3
FEN 603 AP		10mm		7	1	1			

Ammo: KPS Mangler shot - 5 clips. KPS Mangler slugs - 8 clips. FEN603 - 4 STD, 3 AP.



SLA Player Character 5:
Name: Ralph 'Dwight' Wigum
Race: Human
Package: Death Squad
Squad:
SCL: 7B

Players Name:
Height: 6'2"
Weight: 220 lbs
Eye Colour: Deep Blue.
Hair Colour: Tawny Blonde.
Complexion: Caucasian.

BACKGROUND

Born to SLA employees, raised on Mort in Suburbia, you enjoyed a comfortable and quiet childhood and youth. Coming from a large family, it was good to see all your brothers and sisters doing well in SLA Industries, and you always expected you would do the same. You excelled at all sports, and were restless when not physically exerting yourself.

Although Suburbia was comfortable, and your life generally well guarded, you were never the less aware of the harsh realities of the World of Progress. Formative experiences fighting off wild animals and even a small Carrien outbreak, taught you the value of being able to defend yourself. Through the final years of school, and on in to college, you steered towards the combat arts as well as weapons training, taking to it as naturally as football or power boarding.

You enjoyed Meny and made many life long friends. Your generally easy going attitude and friendly nature meant that you have always been well liked wherever you have gone. This together with your natural intuition and 'street smarts' have made it relatively easy for you to survive on the streets of Mort. You have a very 'flexible' attitude to the law and it's strict application on the streets, and a very good understanding of the need for most folk to get by with shady dealings with the greyer area of the economy.

From Meny you were 'seconded' by Third Eye, who have been your only real employer within SLA Industries, using you as a bodyguard and ad-hoc member of many clean up squads for Circuit shows.

RECENT EVENTS

Some of the Killers on the Circuit annoy you, and you haven't been able to hide your contempt with complete success. Rumour has reached you that a couple of the Killers may even try to set you up. Not that you're that bothered about it, or the fact that some of the Third Eye backroom boys seem jealous of your success on the street.

You came in to Operation 23 as an escort for a roaming two person camera team, and took your jabs and pills the same as everyone else who went in to Sector 740.

Almost as soon as it started, you could tell Operation 23 was doomed to failure; it just 'felt' wrong.

The streets are too quiet, just waiting for the spark to set them alight.

IMMEDIATE GOALS

Your street sense tells you that you need some allies, that getting on alone in Borderland is next to impossible. It's obvious to you that there has been more going on here than SLA has let on, so what's new? But this time just feels different, almost as if you're part of some experiment, like it was never meant to succeed as an operation, merely as a testing ground.

Getting out and getting checked over is your most immediate aim. And you know a squad would do better than a bunch of loners....

SLA Player Character 6:
Name: Dougall O'Donnell
Race: Human
Package: ganger (Street Punk)
Squad:
SCL: 11 (Nominal employee status)

Players Name:
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 180 lbs
Eye Colour: Black (DNA altered).
Hair Colour: White.
Complexion: Usually Orange (Lumo).

STR: 7. DEX: 10. DIA: 10. CONC: 4. CHAR: 10. PHYS: 9. KNOW: 7. COOL: 10.

SKILLS: Unarmed Combat 9. SLA Info 4. Rival Company 3. Intimidate 4. Streetwise 3. Evaluate Opponent 3. Hide 9. Sneak 9. Martial Arts 3. Climb 4. Acrobatics 3. Blade 1-H 5. Detect 5. Survival 4. Drive, Civilian 2. Drive, Military 2. Pistol 5. Bribery 5. Blade 2-H 5. Swim 5. Sleight 5. Haggle 5. Throw 5.

Hit Points - Total: 15. Head: 5. Torso: 15. Arms: 7. Legs: 8.

Armour: Custom Striker. PV / ID. Head: 2 / -. Torso: 2 / 6. Arms: 2 / 6. Legs: 2 / 6.

Hand to Hand Weapons	PEN	DMG	AD
MAC Knife	1	4	1

Weapons	Size	Calibre	PEN	DMG	AD	ROF	Range	Clip	Recoil
FEN 603	P	10mm	4	5	2	3 / 1	12M	20	3

Ammo: FEN 603 - 8 clips STD.



SLA Player Character 6:
Name: Dougall O'Donnell
Race: Human
Package: Ganger (Street Punk)
Squad:
SCL: 11 (Nominal employee status)

Players Name:
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 180 lbs
Eye Colour: Black (DNA altered).
Hair Colour: White.
Complexion: Usually Orange (Lumo).

BACKGROUND

Born off world, in the Stone Rim Colonies, you were the only child of poor mining parents, both of whom were killed in a mining accident when you were 6. Orphaned on the mining station meant that you were brought up by whoever was around. The sense of community was strong, and you were never without food, water, clothing and the essentials of a warm, dry bed and supportive friends to teach you the basics of survival and education. You have more 'aunties' and 'uncles' than anyone else you know.

Once you realised that mining was insanely hard work, you took your chance and stowed away on a shuttle to Mort.

From there it was almost plain sailing. The gangs became your family. Your natural charm and smooth talking charisma got you in to the protection of some of the most notorious gangs on Mort. You learned the value of keeping your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open. After you'd been on Mort for a year, you were the second highest paid 'street scout' on your turf, cutting deals with the gang as well as the Shivers.

You soon learned that SLA Industries were the ultimate employers, through Shivers and Operatives, they paid the real money, and could offer the only real protection.

Living life in the grey middle ground between what's legal and what's do-able has been your main education, teaching you to forget what little morality you thought you may have had, and to concentrate on earning enough to buy your own safety.

RECENT EVENTS

The increase in work for Operatives, Shivers and even some secretive work for IA, has lead to your estrangement from your 'family', and the gangers who once called you a brother, would now quite happily sell you out for the price of a few cans of Slosh. You have learned to keep moving, keep hiding, staying ahead of any and all that are looking for you, but it's getting harder to watch your back.

The 'invitation' to scout for Operation 23 seemed like a good opportunity to get away for a few days, earn some really good money, and maybe open up a few more contacts in other sectors.

You'd heard about Sector 740, the Borderland is notorious for it's independent attitude and it's dangerous level of open defiance to SLA.

The briefing and vaccinations alerted you to the fact that all was not as it seemed. SLA were up to something. But by then you'd gone too far and had too much to loose by backing out.

You know that at least one hunting party has been sent after you, to bring you back for execution by your old ganger brethrin.

IMMEDIATE GOALS

Sector 740 has become a war zone, and you're not a soldier. You need to find some cover, to tie up with a group of some kind, either a squad or a Shiver detail, anything, as long as you're not alone. Your senses tell you all is not well within your body, and you figure you also need to get some medical help, and as SLA have the best doctors and the best medicine, if you could score some credibility with them, they would be more likely to help you.

SLA Player Character 7: (Optional)

Name: Wyrn (Cedhr Nakolh)

Race: Ebon

Package: Scout

Squad:

SCL: 9B

Players Name:

Height: 6'

Weight: 170 lbs

Eye Colour: White, no pupils.

Hair Colour: Black.

Complexion: Changes with mood – Usually Green.

STR: 6. DEX: 8. DIA: 10. CONC: 13. CHAR: 10. PHYS: 7. KNOW: 11. COOL: 11 (9).

FLUX: Self: 20. Deathsuit: 10. Medkit: 10.

SKILLS: Literacy 5. Detect 7. Rival Company 4. SLA Information 5. Communiqué 4. Persuasion 6. Tracking 5. Streetwise 4. Running 4. Sneaking 5. Rifle 4. Pistol 4. Blade 1-H 8. Hide 4. Persuade 4. Haggle 3. Medical Paramedic 4. Tactics 3. Unarmed Combat 4.

EBB SKILLS: Blue Thermal 6. Communication 5. Detect 5. Healing 6. Protect 8. Enhancement 7. Sense 8.

Hit Points - Total: 13. Head: 4. Torso: 13. Arms: 6. Legs: 7.

Armour: Medium DeathSuit. PV / ID. Head: 7 / 35. Torso: 7 / 45. Arms: 7 / 40. Legs: 7 / 45.

Hand to Hand Weapons	PEN	DMG	AD
MAC Knife	1	4	1

Weapons	Size	Calibre	PEN	DMG	AD	ROF	Range	Clip	Recoil
FEN 603	P	10mm	4	5	2	3 / 1	12M	20	3
GA 50	R	10mm	5	8	2	3 / 1	15M	18	3 (6)

Ammo: FEN 603 - 5 clips STD. GA 50 - 5 clips STD.



SLA Player Character 7: (Optional)

Name: Wyrn (Cedhr Nakolh)

Race: Ebon

Package: Scout

Squad:

SCL: 9B

Players Name:

Height: 6'

Weight: 170 lbs

Eye Colour: White, no pupils.

Hair Colour: Black.

Complexion: Changes with mood – Usually Green.

BACKGROUND

Born on Static to parents who were high up the SLA Industries SCL ladder, your early childhood was as idyllic as is possible in the abrasive World of Progress. You were given everything a child could want for, including all the love and warmth your parents could lavish on you. Your obvious intellect and agile mind, meant that you were trained in the Ebb from an earlier age than normal. The gathering and use of Flux came so easily to you, that it was (and still is) a mystery as to why some of your Ebon brothers find it so difficult.

When you were 13 your parents were transferred to Mort. You hated it. Mort seemed such a stupid, clumsy, blind and dead place. There was no beauty, no subtlety, no real interest in looking for answers, just covering things up.

You parents sensed your unease and placed you in Meny early, allowing you to lose yourself in your Ebb studies.

When you were 16, both your parents were killed in a DarkNight attack on the Gauss train they were travelling on. You feel their loss deeply and find it hard not to feel anything but naked rage for DarkNight, which often prompts you to believe you could quite easily make it your life's work to hunt them all down and kill them one by one with your bare hands.

After Meny you were placed with the Department of the Environment on a special projects team devoted to the investigation and eradication of the DarkNight Feral Ebon menace on Mort.

RECENT EVENTS

Your curiosity quite often gets the better of you, and you seldom leave things alone when you should. for this reason your rise within SLA has been tortuously slow.

You realise that SLA holds many secrets to it's past, as well as to the relationship with the Ebon race. The Necanthrope society that has developed on Mort as well as on Static, as well as the factionalising of the Brain Wasters, seems more than anything to be manipulated by SLA.

It is known to you that DarkNight have a bounty on your head, and this gives you some satisfaction.

You are also aware that you may have some enemies within Third Eye as you have shown no regard or respect for their 'street shows' revolving around the Circuit when you have been conducting your investigations.

Operation 23 was a good opportunity to see in to one of the most notorious DarkNight sectors on Mort. If there was any place where Feral Ebons could hide and thrive, it would be Borderland.

IMMEDIATE GOALS

Your Death Suit has been infected. You need to get out and get it clear as soon as you can. You are not strong enough to do this alone, you need to latch on to a group's efforts. And you need to move fast.

THANK YOU!

Thank you for reading this scenario.

If you've run it at GenCon UK 2003; many, many thanks: you're the real hero. ☺

Please feel free to let us know what you thought of the scenario, or any thoughts you have on future scenarios and demonstration games. You can contact us via the website or via e-mail.

Thanks again.

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