

THREAT ANALYSIS : HOMINID

for SLA Industries

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INDUSTRIES

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SPECIES: HOMINID
Restricted Access:-

THREAT ANALYSIS



NIGHTFALL GAMES

"Those things. They were my first real encounter with the Shi'An Blood Cult. There's just something, I don't know, 'different' about them. I've fought Carrien, Manchines, Sector Mutants. I've even had a few run ins with the Dream Entities, but the Hominids? They're something else. Something ... real, I can't explain.

The Shiver patrol warned me that there was something down there that had beaten one of their men to death. I was laughing at them. I mean, they're up to their ears in Carrien in Lower Downtown, what's one more monster with a club?

Then I saw it for myself. It was so dark in the apartment block that the torch light was just the cone, y'know? There was no spread, all you pointed at was all you saw.

The Hominid was just there, it was eating its way through some entrails and its whole face was coated in blood. It bared its teeth and screeched. I just froze up. I've never done that before. I think it was the sound, that animal roar.

Then I'm on my back and the fucker's just thumping me with a piece of pipe. You wouldn't believe how fast it was, or how vicious. It was just an animal but it had this blood rage on it. I've never seen anything like it. Not even in the Greater Carrien.

I managed to hit it with the Blitzer before I passed out. The HESH round just split it in two. Threw it back like a rag doll.

That was all it took, one bullet.

Yeah, I can tell you're not impressed. Look, I'm just a Death Squad Op, I'm not good with words and stuff, and I'm not making much sense.

But, listen. The creature, whatever the fuck it really was. I was angry with 'me'. The Carrien, yeah? They want my flesh. That thing, it wanted me dead. I was, I don't know, personal, I guess...

That scares me. There's something deeper, beneath all that fur and teeth."

The term 'Hominid' was coined by Naga 7 Division who insist that the SLA Operatives refer to them as such, as opposed to their original White Earth title - 'The First Born.' Catalogue would like to imply that the Hominids are simply a step in human evolutionary path and not some fever nightmare of the Walker.

EARTHLY ORIGINS

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There is extensive information on these animals in the Naga 7 Catalogue, much of which has been gleaned from Stigmartyr, and in many cases apocryphal revisions have been made as to their frightening origins. The purpose is to lessen the significance and potential threat of the Hominids. The same steps have been taken regarding the Dream Entities, the emerging 'Derro' species, and like such creatures, Naga would have Operatives believe they are no more dangerous than the average Downtown Carrien, when in actual fact, the Hominids pose a terrible threat to the populace on Mort, for reasons Naga 7 dare not specify.

Stigmartyr however, are under no illusion concerning the dangers of Hominid attacks, and will immediately send their specialist Dark Finders to eliminate the apes whenever they're reported. The files on the 'First Born' go as far back as the birth of the Known Universe, the Formation of White Earth, and to the very policies of the fabled Crantham Foundation.

Stigmartyr have kept back from Naga 7 the file which they call The Crantham File, a paper folder document which originates from Real Time. In this dossier it gives almost complete account of Patient 3, also known as Brent Walker. In this file it explains that Patient 3 suffered from an extreme, and overriding fear of primates known as Pithikosophobia. Patient 3's fear of apes was so great that Doctor Crantham used this affliction as a form discipline and punishment. The Foundation purchased and installed a large, male chimpanzee on the premises. The animal suffered from an untreated spinal injury, which kept in a state of constant pain, and unceasing rage. The ape's original name was changed by Crantham to 'Takoloshe', a mispronunciation pertaining to an evil African spirit. Whenever Patient 3 was misbehaving, or under-performing on his tasks, he was locked in a small narrow room with the caged Takoloshe. For upwards of two or three hours, Takoloshe would batter the bars of his cramped cage, roar and spit, and try to reach out and grab the petrified Brent Walker.

The room was specially designed to restrict the reach of Takoloshe, and Brent had to press

himself against the far wall to avoid the ape's grasping hands. Brent was always receptive to instruction after a few hours in the company of the Takoloshe...

Even after his death, Brent Walker was plagued by the shadow of his worst fears. The First Born were the only other inhabitants on White Earth upon his rebirth, and what followed was a bloody conflict between the ape population and Walker which lasted for over a decade.

The defeat of the First Born marked the dawn of the Adherence, and the emergence of the entity known commonly as Bitterness. The survivors of their race were raw materials used to dredge up the current human natives on White Earth, and while First Born's numbers are vastly reduced since the pre-Adherence era, they still exist in small clusters throughout the planet today.

Most people on Mort outside of Stigmartyr had no notion of the Hominids until the Shi'An Blood Cult infiltrated Lower Downtown, and slowly grew in strength and numbers. The power shift began when the portals to White Earth were activated on Mort, and other planets throughout the World of Progress. After that moment, the Shi'An had gone from crazed fanatics with nothing but faith in their favour, to deadly conjurers with barely any control over the powers they'd been granted. Creatures were brought through openings between worlds, summoned by archaic spells and let loose in Downtown.

FREE POWER

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The Shi'An cult has existed on Mort in some shape or form from the very beginning. In the early days it was seen as a means of rebellion, a side to join in opposition of the all-controlling force that SLA Industries was becoming. Before the last forty years, the Shi'An were no more dangerous or organised than any other lunatic cult in Downtown. They were drawn by tales of Bitterness, the leader of White Earth, almost always false and rife with questionable speculations, and what a paradise his domain must have been.

In retaliation, the cult would sacrifice Shivers to the bloody eyed god, call forth the non-existent Ethereals and smear the walls with made up sigils and power runes. It all lead to nothing but their own demise in most cases. They were not the spiritual extension of Bitterness on Mort, they were dimwitted serial killers who were gunned down by SLA Operatives on a White BPN.



It was only when characters like Elliot Raik arrived on the scene, that Cult began to solidify and gain the powers it had always craved. Elliot sought out the White Earth Monitors and gathered as much information as possible on White Earth, and the cult's namesake - Shi'An herself. He went to considerable lengths appropriate old tomes on Shi'An's life. He captured and tortured Stigmartyr agents to gain knowledge of SLA's true fears. In some cases, he made shady deals with past members of the Naga.

Elliot was eventually granted Shi'An powers by the Prime Ethereals, and in turn he chose those he deemed most gifted to teach the Blood Magic. Over decades a gruesome culture developed, and a hierarchy was shaped. For a long time the Shi'An cult disappeared from sight, sinking into Lower Downtown. Here, they would watch, and wait. They would perfect their craft, they would prostrate themselves at the feet of the Ethereals. They would make Shi'An, the Master of Rituals, proud of their efforts.

The day finally came when the great prize arrived, the means to an end that the Shi'An cult

had waited centuries for - the gateway to White Earth, their spiritual home.

The Shi'An made contact with a high ranking White Earth Monitor, a 6th Moon Shaktar called T'r F'g N'l. She had not long arrived on Mort, and was based in the No-Go Zone, with her crew of Ion Drive Pirates. She had come to Mort in search of the cult, to deliver the Shi'An Scrolls and make weapons of them.

'These are Shi'An Scrolls, Raik. They have been called the Lost Scrolls, but that was never the case. Never lost. They sat hidden though, for nine hundred years, at the Red Court, in the Great Spire. There are many stories about these scrolls, but all that matters now is that they be read. You need to make sacrifices, just as usual. To get them living. To get them working.

Some will explain the fabric, and how to find the tears. The ways in and out. Others are doors to trickery, to unwanted visitors. Gulf portals that stay open but a time, and promise no purpose. Then there those that open for specific beasts, and usher in the great ones. But be careful of these parchments, the muddier ones. They come from the Fetid Basin, and a time when the Master of Rituals went mad. These spells can only lead to harm, but they ... might serve you yet, as others who've come before.

The little scraps here are the ones that will aid you most though. They can be given down freely. They are simple openings. Easy to learn, and best suited for the young, the dull. The unwanted swell that the Cult can afford to lose.

Be warned though. These are an invitation for them that's there. Not here. Only your finest are welcome at Court, and the choice will be subjective, so hesitate. Journey when called, and not before.

Now, I leave you. There are other worlds here we must visit. Take comfort in the fact that the very best of the Scrolls will find their home on Tide's doorstep, yes?'

T'R F'g N'l addressing Elliot Raik, High Priest of the South Sewers.

It was these 'scraps' that brought the Hominids into Downtown. They were spells that could be read phonetically, and a just a few droplets of blood could open fleeting portals in the heart of Mort. Hominids arrived, displaced, and confused.

The young and the dull were just that. These were barely cultists, just delinquent teens who couldn't find a haven in gangs or the proper training to be Props. Adolescents with mental and emotional problems, desperate seekers, drug addicts and fledgling killers who hadn't chosen an identity.

They'd been fed a lie, an intentional lie. They joined the Cult without knowing what it truly meant, what it was, why it existed, and in the end what lay at its base. They were given the scrolls, told they mattered, promised they were important. They were victims who shed the blood, read the incantations and fully expected to be visited by the fabled Shard Angels of White Earth.

What they actually got was a repugnant, matted furred monstrosity. A primitive thing beyond their comprehension. A creature that truly represented what White Earth is, not what had been suggested. The arriving Hominid would be enraged, screeching in pain from the sudden transference from one world to another. It would typically throw itself on its guests, lashing out sharp filth encrusted claws, and tear away their flesh.

Then, steeped in the blood of its own summoners, the Hominid was free to roam, and blindly serve its true purpose.

I IN THE WORLD OF PROGRESS

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Most Hominids do not last more than a few weeks in Downtown, having been shot down by Stigmartyr or assigned SLA Operatives before they can commit any lasting damage. The slightly more advanced members of the species slip further into Lower Downtown to eke out a miserable in the stifling heat or chilling cold, in pitch dark corridors, eating rats, pigs, and unfortunate lone individuals who have lost their way in the tunnels. These particular apes go albino white in a matter of months and then grow stronger and more resilient. It is uncertain why exactly this change occurs. It has been suggested Naga 7 that the two conflicting realities merge in unholy alliance within the genetic code of the Hominid, and the physical form attempts to adhere to the principles of both realms.



Hominids are by no means as powerful as the more developed races, nor are they as proficient in combat, but their sheer brutality outstrips the savagery of most other races, including Carrien. They generate a unique terror all of their own, and this is evident in the responses to them in Downtown. They are as alien in appearance to a Mort civilian as any Manchine, Sector Mutant or Conflict Alien, but their inherent strangeness reaches the deeper level, the most basic fear. Without ever being told, the witness of a passing Hominid recognises that it is an entity from White Earth, a place they understand is the most terrible of all things a person can see in the World of Progress. Worse still, as savage and incomprehensible as they are, the Hominids appear strangely familiar. It is for these reasons most victims of the First Born die with full clips in their rifles and their hand weapons unsheathed. They simply can't fathom what it is that's stood before them, and they enter into a state of shock. It's a horror beyond the denizens of Downtown, the Cannibal Sectors, it's a thing that were never meant to face in the flesh.

HOMINID BEHAVIOUR

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Hominids are primitive creatures, with very little sense of self identity. They feed, they sleep, they procreate, they kill. There is very little else

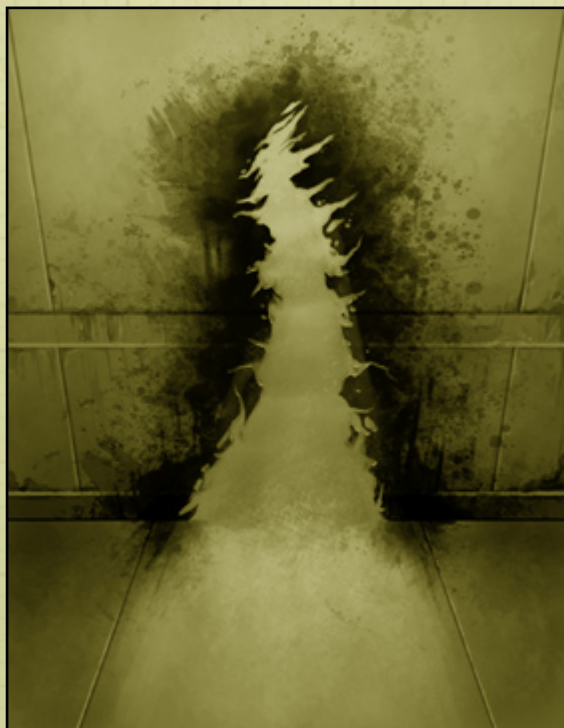
in between. On White Earth, these creatures exist on the furthest reaches, the desolate places, far away from what could be classed as civilisation. Occasionally, the more desperate troops will cohabit one of the worst regions of White Earth - The Fetid Basin alongside the flagellants, grievors and the forlorn. They gather at the water's edge to drink and feed on the floating corpses. In that region they are deemed divine entities, and are rarely harmed. The Hominids however, are extremely dangerous animals and it's advised not to steer too close to them. The stagnant water has putrefied their limited minds.

The rest of their kind wander out into The Gulf, to starve and desiccate. In the vast deserts the beasts are plagued by the ghost of their past, the creature they fought and were lost to, and so they sit in caves, away from the sky, trying to articulate their thoughts, and their own fears. This anxiety draws in the Ethereals, whom watch over the apes as they sleep, stirring their minds up into a lather of haunting imagery, and imminent threat.

They dream of enveloping darkness, of damp cold walls, winding metallic corridors, and the endless droning sound of machinery, the muffled murmur of humans overhead. They see a spectre of a hateful being with no face, just a red skull. He's dressed in black. He wants to harm the

dreamer, he wants to send more faceless things in armour to brutalise the Hominid.

Their nightmare, their fixation is the door in the air. A great tear in the landscape, ragged at the edges, that leads to silence, to the cool air. The door leads to an inner space, and an area that concretes the imagery that invades their resting heads. They do not realise that the place of safety, is the terrible vision they are trying to escape from.



Once the curious Hominid has entered through the Gulf Portal, and into Lower Downtown, its terror, confusion and anger intensifies. It wanders into the World of Progress and never finds its way back out. The Hominid tries to adapt to its surroundings but finds it impossible, growing ever more frustrated and disoriented. All the Hominid can do is vent this frustration, by catching and mutilating any strange being that crosses its path.

Hominids will attack any living thing that does not belong to their own species. They typically pummel foes with their fists (with a strength that belies their slim physique), gouge into flesh with their claws, or go straight for the jugular with their teeth. Some will bring with them a sharp piece of rock, or club-like bone. Once on Mort, Hominids may pick up more familiar objects to use as hand weapons, but have zero understanding of complex weapons, like Chain Axes and Flick Scythes. Such items are little more than cudgels in their hands.

THREAT ANALYSIS STATISTICS

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The Hominids are simple, rudimentary creatures and have no place in the massive urban sprawl that is Downtown. There are no binding spells or appeasement offerings when it comes to these animals, and controlling them can only be done through harsh physical discipline.

The Hominids are not ordinary primates in the classic sense, rather they are a nightmarish representation of an ape, and their understanding of the surrounding world has been shaped by violence and horror of White Earth. Even on Mort these creatures are still tied to its cruel principles and if they are not subdued or destroyed swiftly they will rampage and slaughter as relentlessly as they do on their home world.

BASE HOMINID

This is the most common form of Hominid, freshly arrived from White Earth. They typically journey in alone, or in troops of up to 10.

STATS

STR	11
DEX	10
DIA	2
CONC	3
CHA	1
COOL	- (Fearless)
PHYS	11 (Relentless Brutality)
KNOW	3

Hit Points

Head	7
Torso	21
Arms	10
Legs	11

Move Rate

Walk	1
Run	2
Sprint	4

Armour Thick Hide

P.V.	7
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ADVANTAGES

Ambidextrous, Good Vision/Hearing/Sight 5.

SKILLS

Unarmed Combat	8
Club 1H	8
Torture	1
Intimidation	1
Evaluate Opponent	3
Detect	6

THREAT ANALYSIS: HOMINID

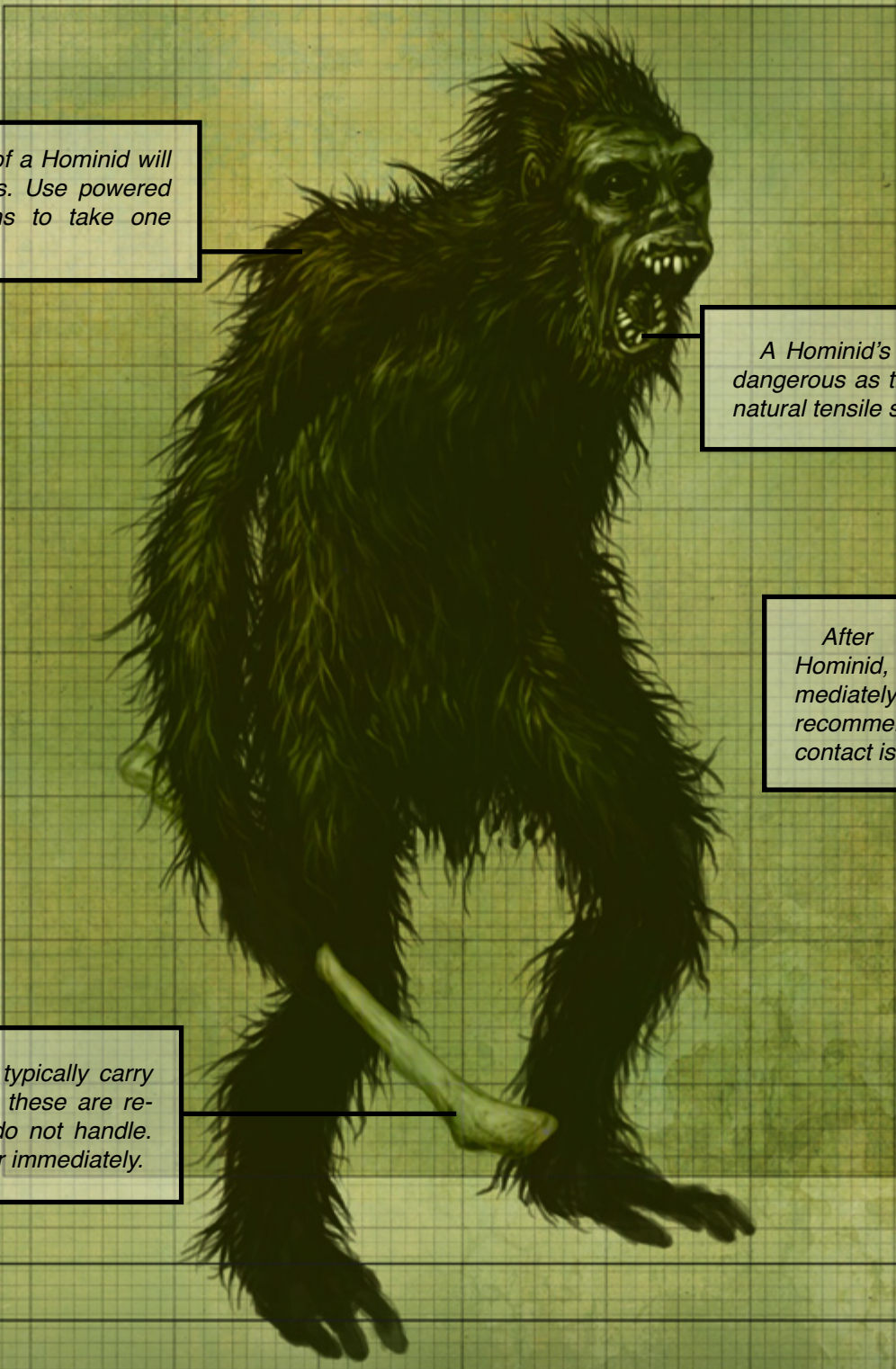
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THREAT ANALYSIS

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SPECIES: HOMINID
Restricted Access:-



The thick hide of a Hominid will turn simple blades. Use powered blades or firearms to take one down.

A Hominid's bite is deceptively dangerous as their teeth have unnatural tensile strength.

After contact with a Hominid, please detox immediately. Using Flush is recommended if physical contact is made.

Troop Leaders typically carry hand weapons. If these are recovered, please do not handle. Contact Stigmartyr immediately.

Hide	4
Sneak	3
Tracking	1
Climb	10
Throw	7

ATTACKS

Bite: PEN 3, DMG 3, A.D. 3
 Claw: PEN: 2, DMG: 2 A.D: 2

WEAPONS/EQUIPMENT

None

WHITE EARTH ABILITIES

Thick Hide, Fearless, Relentless Brutality, Primal Fear, Dread Stigma, Negate Fortune, Ceaseless Rage.

HOMINID TROOP LEADER

The Hominid troop leader is marginally larger, and more intelligent than its primate brethren. This ape is instantly recognisable by the numerous crudely healed scars coursing its body, and the large animal bone it wields as a makeshift club.

STATS

STR	12
DEX	11
DIA	3
CONC	4
CHA	1
COOL	- (Fearless)
PHYS	12 (Relentless Brutality)
KNOW	4

HIT POINTS	24
Head	8
Torso	24
Arms	12
Legs	12

Move Rate

Walk	1
Run	2
Sprint	4

Armour	Thick Hide
P.V.	8

ADVANTAGES

Ambidextrous, Good Vision/Hearing/Sight 7

SKILLS

Unarmed Combat	9
Club 1H	10
Torture	1

Intimidation	3
Evaluate Opponent	4
Detect	7
Hide	5
Sneak	5
Tracking	4
Climb	10
Throw	8

ATTACKS

Bite: PEN 3, DMG 3, A.D. 3
 Claw: PEN: 2, DMG: 2 A.D: 2

WEAPONS/EQUIPMENT

Slaughter Club

WHITE EARTH ABILITIES

Thick Hide, Fearless, Relentless Brutality, Primal Fear, Dread Stigma, Negate Fortune, Ceaseless Rage.

SUBTERRANEAN HOMINID

Subterranean Hominids are a rare occurrence in Downtown, since the Hominid visitors to Mort usually don't survive longer than a few week in the unfamiliar tunnels. Those that do last in the new habitant go inexplicably albino, and they begin to build up a resilience to their conflicting surroundings. Their foul temperament only amplifies they longer they endure Mort though.

STATS

STR	14
DEX	11
DIA	3
CONC	4
CHA	1
COOL	- (Fearless)
PHYS	13 (Relentless Brutality)
KNOW	4

Hit Points	27
Head	9
Torso	27
Arms	13
Legs	14

Move Rate

Walk	1
Run	2
Sprint	4

Armour	Thick Hide
P.V.	10

ADVANTAGES

Ambidextrous, Good Vision/Hearing/Sight 8

SKILLS	
Unarmed Combat	10
Club 1H	10
Torture	3
Intimidation	5
Evaluate Opponent	4
Detect	6
Hide	8
Sneak	9
Tracking	3
Climb	10
Throw	7

ATTACKS	
Bite: PEN 3, DMG 3, A.D. 3	
Claw: PEN: 2, DMG: 2 A.D: 2	

WEAPONS/EQUIPMENT	
Slaughter Club	

WHITE EARTH ABILITIES	
Thick Hide, Fearless, Relentless Brutality, Primal Fear, Dread Stigma, Negate Fortune, Ceaseless Rage.	

SPAWN OF TAKOLOSHE	
These are most dangerous and powerful strains of Hominid the Operative will encounter. The Spawn of Takoloshe are believed to be the direct descendants of the fabled nightmare - Takoloshe himself. The Spawn are easily as large as the SLA Chagrin, and with the physique to match, having more in common with a silverback gorilla than the standard ape genus.	
The Spawn of Takoloshe do not appear on Mort via the Gulf Portals, and have to be specific summoned across by skilled, and prepared, Shi'An Blood Summoners. The Spawn do not characteristically attack their hosts, but their stay in the World of Progress is fleeting. The Spawn stays for only a quarter lunar cycle.	

STATS	
STR	20
DEX	13
DIA	4
CONC	4
CHA	1
COOL	- (Fearless)
PHYS	17 (Relentless Brutality)
KNOW	4
Hit Points	37
Head	12
Torso	37

Arms	18
Legs	19
Move Rate	
Walk	1
Run	3
Sprint	5
Armour	Thick Hide
P.V	15

ADVANTAGES	
Ambidextrous, Good Vision/Hearing/Sight 8.	

SKILLS	
Unarmed Combat	12
Club 1H	13
Torture	4
Intimidation	8
Evaluate Opponent	4
Detect	6
Hide	4
Sneak	6
Tracking	4
Climb	12
Throw	9

ATTACKS	
Bite: PEN: 4 DMG: 6 A.D: 4	
Claw: PEN: 3 DMG: 4 A.D: 3	

WEAPONS/EQUIPMENT	
Weapons: Mauler	

WHITE EARTH ABILITIES	
Thick Hide, *Fearless, *Relentless Brutality, Primal Fear, Dread Stigma, Negate Fortune, Ceaseless Rage.	

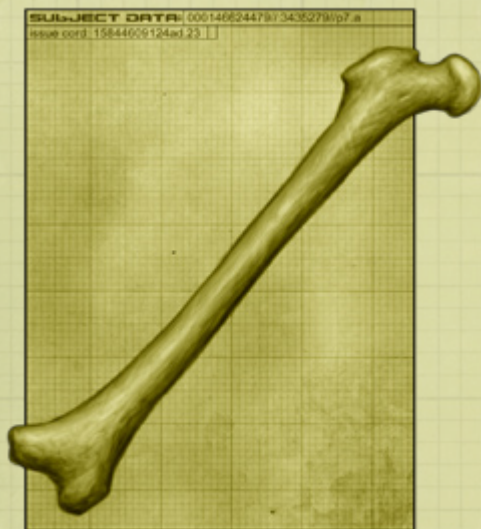
WHITE EARTH WEAPONS	
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The rudimentary clubs and bludgeons brought by the Hominids are tainted by their other-worldly origins, as their extra damage suggests, but anyone picking one up immediately gains a temporary five ranks of psychosis that will only decrease at one point per week if the item is discarded. Both Stigmartyr and Naga 7 will take any of these items into their possession, claiming they have the right to hold them, often leading to inter-departmental disputes, and will use force to claim them, if necessary. If the tool is kept, a permanent rank of psychosis is added for each week it's kept in its new owner's possession.	
Anyone owning a Hominid weapon will start to switch loyalties to White Earth, with their loy-	

ality changing completely when their Psychosis reaches rank 10. Civilians will draw Shi'an cultists to them, as their corruption deepens, until they are taken into their fold.

SLAUGHTER CLUB

Many Hominid bring hand weapons with them into Mort. Typically these are a plinth of heavy rock, or a length of bone extracted from an victim or animal. The Hominid wields such weapons with crude but effective skill. Since this raw material originates from the planet White Earth, it carries increased PEN and DMG.

PEN	6
DMG	8
A.D.	5



MAULER

The Mauler is a large, cumbersome two handed club. Usually this simply a larger version of the Slaughter Club, but occasionally it resembles a stone age form of construction, combining wood, stone and twine, suggesting that such a weapon has been created with human hands and sensibility, then donated to the Spawn of Takoloshe.

PEN	7/8
DMG	10/12
A.D.	6/7

WHITE EARTH ABILITIES

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THICK HIDE

Each location on the Hominid's body has a P.V. of 7 (see Hominid variants). The Hominid's actual skin is it's armour, the i.D. of which is the hit points for the location. Both damage and Armour Damage are dealt to the Hominid's hit points.

FEARLESS

Hominids do not make Cool rolls, and are unaffected by Necanthrope/Ebb abilities, such as Psychovirus. These creatures have lived their entire lives on White Earth, and endured its horrors on a daily basis, and there is nothing in the World of Progress than can exceed what they've previously encountered.

RELENTLESS BRUTALITY

The sensation of pain and injury only inspires the Hominid to greater acts of violence. Hominids do not make PHYS rolls, and will only relent when its Hit Points reach zero.

PRIMAL FEAR

This Ability closely resembles the Momic ability - Ancestral Chill, except that all denizens from the World of Progress are susceptible to it, not just the Ebb races. All characters born and raised within the World of Progress make an increased Fear Check when they encounter a Hominid. The target of Primal Chill must make a Fear Rating check: 15 in the presence of the Hominid.

The target instantly acknowledges that the primate is an entity from White Earth by simply looking at it, and the target has an overwhelming feeling of dread and anxiety in the encounter. There is no reason for the creature to be lurking in a Downtown alley, and the target's mind reels with the ramifications.

DREAD STIGMA

The Hominid, like all entities from White Earth, carries a Dread Stigma. It is a nightmarish creature, and its single purpose is to spread fear, violence and extreme horror. This dark influence impacts the environment it inhabits and the enemies it meets. All forms of Ebb Attacks, physical attacks, weapons built in World of Progress, and using its raw materials do half damage on any creature that originates from White Earth.

NEGATE FORTUNE

Much like the Dread Stigma ability, the entity from White Earth carries with an ominous presence with it to Mort. The Negate Fortune ability reduces the characters entire Good Luck Stat to zero.

CEASELESS RAGE

The Hominid is a force to be reckoned with in combat. The Ceaseless Rage allows the animal to attack in all 5 phases, regardless of its DEX stat. Ceaseless Rage lasts from as combat lasts, or until the Hominid is killed.

GM SECTION - RUNNING HOMINIDS

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The Hominids are among the first entities to arrive on Mort from White Earth. This is a significant and terrible event because it indicates the Shi'An have no managed to bridge the gap between the two opposing forces. Now that the portals have opened up across Downtown, even more deadly creatures will soon follow in the footsteps of the Hominids.

Hominids are certainly not the most dangerous entities to challenge the average Operative squad, but they are likely the most foreboding to this date. Yes, they may survive the Fear rating, the combat encounter and gun down the beast, but the characters should feel as if some has changed in the short space of the fight. The days of simply fighting Carrien and Dark Night, and cashing the credits are over. The beings who were once little more than a myth bandied around at The Pit, 'the monsters from White Earth' have finally arrived, and judging by the hideous visage of the Hominid, the most ludicrous rumours appear to be true.

The Operatives will go home to their apartments that night knowing their jobs, their lives and the very world in which they inhabit is going to change, and change for the worse. They will in time have to learn new skills, identify a whole new race of beings, acknowledge the Shi'An as legitimate threat, and the slow, dawning realisa-

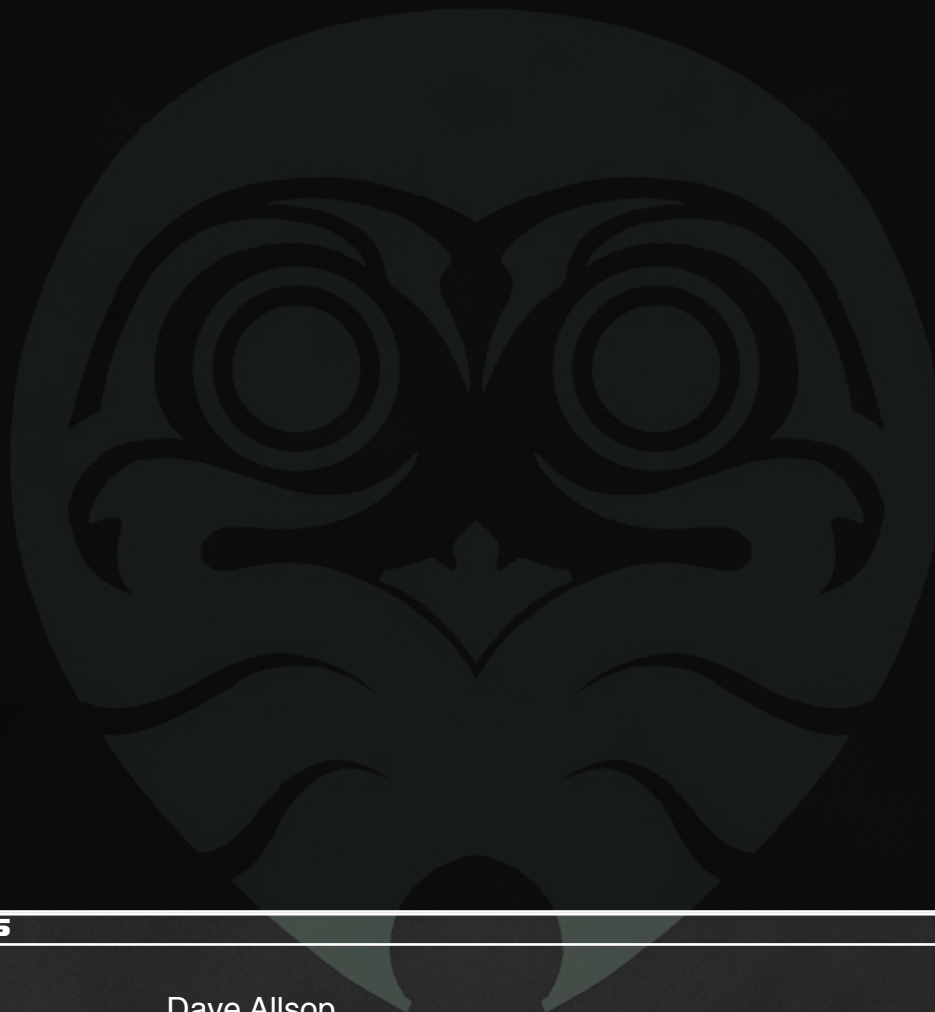
tion that one day the Operative may have to take the fight to White Earth itself.

The Hominid is frightening in what it represents - change. The creature(s) should be introduced to the players with as much significance and menace as possible. This stinking, matted furred monstrosity is the prologue, the rise of the Shi'An. It may appear suddenly at the end of an unrelated BPN, launching itself at the unwitting squad, or it is subject of what appears to be a standard White BPN murder investigation. The Operatives arrive in a shabby Lower Downtown apartment block, expecting to blast away a lowly cognate of killers, only to discover the killers themselves have been tended limb from limb by a troop of rampaging Hominids. They may arrive just in time to see the terrible White Earth portal closing right before their very eyes.

The GM may want to use the first encounter with a Hominid will more pacing and atmosphere. The squad is stranded to a densely confined region of Lower Downtown, and find themselves being stalked by a Subterranean Hominid, singling out the Operatives one by one.

The Hominids should not be just thrown in as a throw away encounter, like a pack of Carrien the Squad can have some fun with. They should present a sinister threat, a bad omen for the dark days to come.





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Set in Helvetica and Gunship.

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