

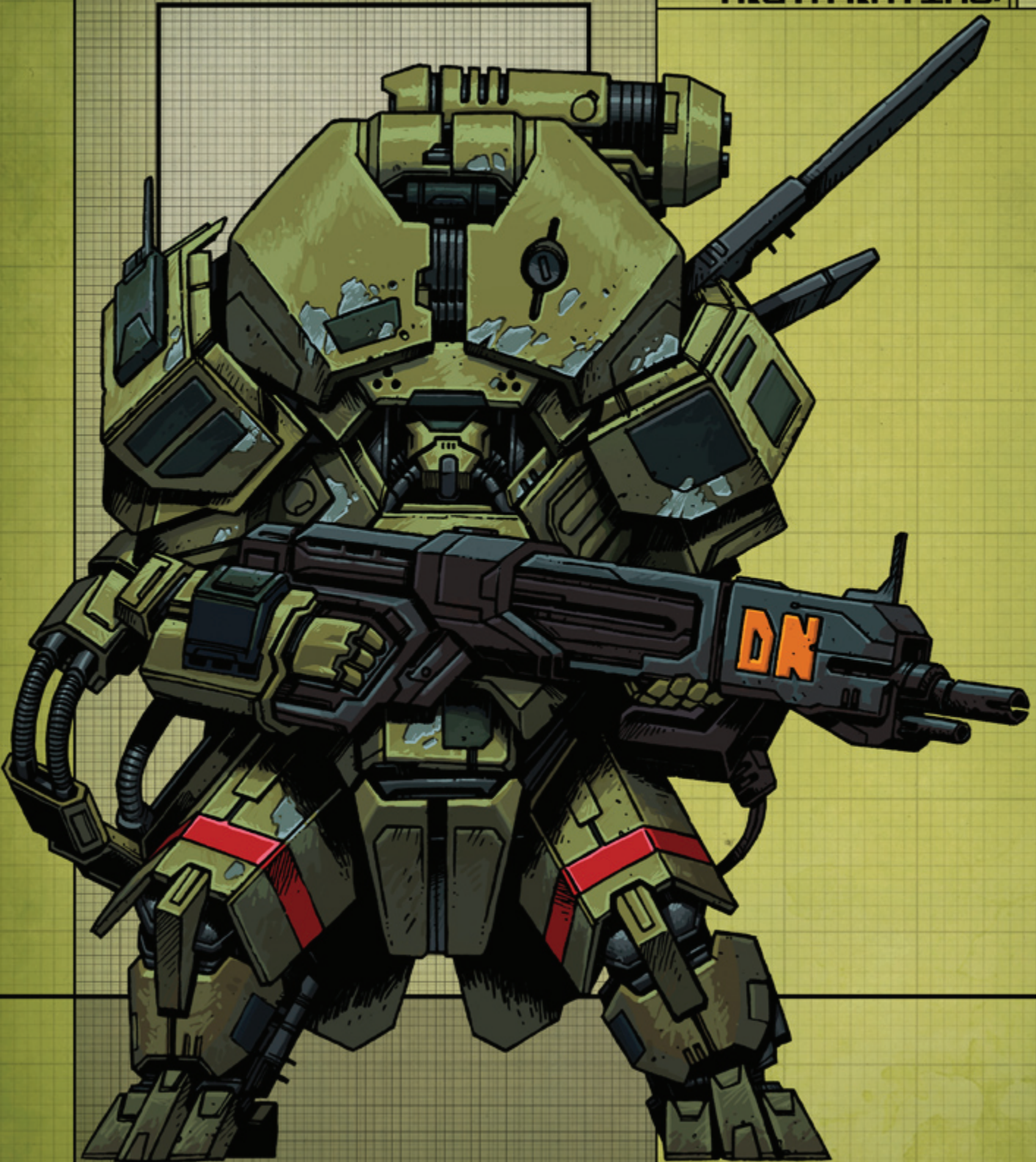
:THREAT ANALYSIS

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HUNTERSHEET - RED ALERT

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PDF SOURCEBOOK FOR
SLA INDUSTRIES



Nightfall Games

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: DOWNTOWN RIFLES

ref code;; //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac..09



The Moral Right Division (commonly abbreviated to simply MR Division) has only been in operation for about a year, but they've already caused something of a stink on Mort. They first came to the attention of the SLA Operative world when they took it upon themselves to purify one of Downtown more undesirable quarters - Klick's End.

The results however have been somewhat mixed. Several squads were sent in to make an example of the filthy reprobates, and when the initial efforts failed, MR Division took more drastic measures, resulting in four of the locals being strapped to a street light with razor wire, then set alight. The letters 'MR' were then carved into the charred skull of one of the deceased.

After all of this, it seemed as though people of Klick's End would see the errors of their ways and become law-abiding citizens of Mort, but in reality very little changed within that area. They briefly mourned their brethren, then took out their vengeance on a local Shiver patrol unit and swiftly slipped back into their miserable depraved ways.

It was time for a new, more radical plan.

"It appears as though the forcible correction of these foul-mouthed layabouts has not had the desired effect our Division was hoping; a great disappointment. And so... And so! Gentlemen, please ... And so, I've given great consideration to our failings, and to theirs. It is now my firm and unwavering opinion that it is not immediate punishment that the Downtown civilian needs from us, but instead a far more consistent and enduring form of discipline.

"The average Mort-based civilian is a pitiful specimen. He is lazy. He is obstinate. He is unwashed and uneducated. He does not contribute to our society and believes it is his right not to do so. It is high time that we, as the moral centre of this company, should take a more concerted effort to correct this attitude. To that end, I have instated a new order that will go down to the heart of the problem areas and re-educate these masses.

"I hereby introduce to you, the Virtue Squad.

"Thank you, thank you, gentlemen. Your approval is a great comfort to me."

Agnes Dowr, MR Division department head.

THE VIRTUE SQUADS

'Fortius quo virtutis' - MR Division Motto.

To MR Division, the Virtue Squad is a shining beacon of truth, fortitude and purity: a group of Division trained employees who are set the task of educating the population about morals, dignity and politeness. They are sent out to encourage the locals to stop drinking and cease recreational drug use, seek gainful employment and question any other vices they may currently be exploring. The Virtue Squad is there to help such individuals find and stay on the right path, and give something positive back to SLA Industries for their public services and amenities.

To everyone outside of MR Division, both Operatives and Civilians alike, the Virtue Squads are little more than a bunch of hammer wielding bullyboys. In a few short weeks of their arrival in Downtown, they have become a brutal and obnoxious scourge. They target the weak, the defenceless and the most marginalised members of society, taking out their

aggression and inclinations on prostitutes, drug addicts, gang members, feral Ebons and non-Operative aliens without hesitation.

"I was just heading out to meet Julie, and go grab a coffee when I see this massive white APC parked outside our apartment block. I just stopped in my tracks and looked at it, I mean, it's not often that you see anything on Mort painted white, let alone a bloody tank.

"That's when I hear the voice off to the left shout out - 'Her! That one!' And suddenly I'm getting beaten about the head with fists and hammers.

"I look up and these guys who look like Shivers are surrounding me, only they're white instead of green, and with these weird helmets on. They then drag me to a wall and start taking turns kicking me in the ribs. I-I thought I'd die then.

"One leant up next to my face and said.

"We've been watching you. Going in and out with a human girl. Are you shaggin' her, you frigging alien dyke?" Then he head-butted me.

"The last thing I heard before I passed out was him telling me to stay away from Julie, and to fuck off back to Polo.

"I woke up in the hospital and they told me that I'd just had a run in with a Virtue Squad."

Sel Reta, (18) Wraithen female. Student of Journalism, Meny.

I OLD SCHOOL

MR Division, and their newly appointed Virtue Squads, have come as something of a nasty shock to the World of Progress at large, but they are not an entirely new concept. Their origins date back many centuries in SLA Industries history, and their current funding comes from what they call 'old money.'

This is SLA Industries' mostly unseen Upper Classes, and their high status stretches back to the period affectionately known as the Boom Time, a period of extreme posterity and wealth for select individuals during the formation of what would come to be the Corporate Sectors. These were already wealthy families who invested in SLA at the tail end of the Conflict Era and swiftly became phenomenally wealthy, bought property in the most desirable sections of Uptown and kept stately mansions there ever since. That early success has propagated throughout the centuries and now around fifty families within

the World of Progress are ranked amongst the most affluent.

Even in Meny, there are prestigious universities where the social elite goes for their education. It is in these colleges that students shape their belief systems, based on the countless years of tradition and culture. The pupils receive the best education that creds can buy, but with it comes a deeply ingrained snobbery, classism and intolerance. If you are not born into one of these exclusive families then you are essentially nothing.

The traditional school uniform for class prefect of two of the largest universities, Buxbridge and Napwell, has been carried across in the garb of the MR Division Whip.

Rich families like Flense-Bryant, Emmershaw, and Garthon invest large sums into MR Division, and will put their best and brightest offspring through it. There are several reasons for this; one is that the elders of the families believe in the class system that exists within SLA and seek to reinforce it, particularly in respect to older forgotten legislation, such as slave labour and taxation, which will be reinstated if MR Division gains support. But the main reason is that it is growing more and more apparent that SLA Industries and the World of Progress is going through a dramatic shift in power, and departments like MR Division are on the rise. For better or worse, it looks as though Naga 7 and MR Division are the face of the future, and for the increasingly agitated Corporate Sector, this is where you buy tomorrow's shares and stock.

"Yeah, our squad was the first to encounter what they're calling the Virtue Squads. Look at my nose and busted thumb, can you tell?"

"Tuesday nights we go off duty at 8, and we just head down to Artie's Shack for a few beers before heading back to barracks. A few tins in and this white APC pulls up and these stupid looking guys get out; white armour and pretty boy masks plus this posh kid with a cane.

"We've had a few, yeah? This is fucking hilarious so we're having a good laugh at these clowns. Private Jenkins shouted something at the kid. Something like 'hey, pencil neck, wanna beer?' Nothing too heavy, and it's Jenkins so he was actually offering a drink.

"The kid walks over and wham! He hits Jenkins good. I mean, real good, like a boxer and Jenkins just drops; out cold. I wasn't expecting that, none of us where, not the way this guy was dressed. When he was up close I could he was about 6'4" and broad.

"Then the fight was on. We drew our batons, ... and got our asses handed to us. Even the sarge. They just laid into him with their hammers. He was on the floor and they just kept going, kicking him until I heard his ribs crack..."

"What's worse is that they were laughing at us."

"Just before they left, the kid in the suit unbuttoned his fly and pissed in Jenkins' mouth."

"After this, we made sure everyone knew about the Virtue Squads."

Shiver Pvt Halliday.

I A DARKER TOMORROW

Those seeking to increase their fortune through this shift in power do not see the inherent risk in investment of such a force. MR Division actively encourages financial support, assuring that funding will go into housing development and education centres throughout Downtown. They do not explain that it is restructuring based on their own rigid beliefs and ideology, including and not limited to forced labour, deportation for alien minorities and capital punishment far in excess of SLA's present laws.

The new Virtue Squads barging into the lives of Downtown may seem like an unnecessary and immoderate step but this is only the beginning. MR Division has a five-year plan for the whole of Mort, and beyond that, the World of Progress. If the now notorious Whistling Bridge Protocol is enacted there will be nothing left to regulate MR Division.

"You know what scares me about these fuck-heads? It's their armour. No, not the white paint job or the stupid helmets. You take that away and they look just like Shivers. 'Same tanks, same gear, same patrols. I've got this real bad feeling that if the MR knuckleheads gain more power, these guys will replace the Shivers entirely."

"I didn't understand how important the guys in green were, until now."

Mike Sidcup, SLA Operative.

I JURISDICTION

The Virtue Squads are given almost free reign to terrorise Downtown, but there are a few limitations that they must adhere to. They cannot police or discipline the appearance or actions of a SLA Operative, regardless of SCL or species/designation. Conversely, Operatives ranked 10 – 8c SCL cannot

legally contest or challenge the actions committed by the Virtue Squad on duty.

Op Squads with members SCL7 or higher can order the Whip and his men to cease their activities and leave the vicinity, but they cannot give the Virtue Squad more thorough or direct commands than this. Only Operatives with an SCL 2 rating can order or hold the actions of the Virtue Squad members accountable.

Shiver Units have a much tougher time with the Virtue Squads as they have no authority over them whatsoever. They cannot intervene if the Seraphs are beating up the locals, or the Whip decides he'd like free drinks from the local convenience store after breaking the shop owner's nose. All they can do is clean up after them and patch up the injured.

The best most onlookers can hope for, be they Operatives, Shivers or Civilians, is that the crusading Virtue Squads don't stick around for too long and eventually move on to fresher pickings.

Taking matters into one's own hands is never a good idea, neither in the moment nor in the long term. Anyone with insufficient SCL attempting to physically prevent the dispensations of the Virtue Squads can face bodily harm, a full numerical reduction in SCL, and a heavy cred fine to pay back to the Whip's family if he sustains any form of injury. If it's a civilian attempting to mete out justice, it can easily result in a death sentence. It does not pay to be a hero in the presence of a Virtue Squad.

Shaktars, who despise injustice, intolerance and hypocrisy, in particular find the MR Division's puritanical soldiers the most intolerable. They are also a common target for verbal abuse by the Seraph, being an alien race and inferior to humans in every conceivable way.

Of all the members in an Operative Squad, it is typically the Shaktar who wants to straighten out the bullies in the traditional Shaktarian way. It will take the Op closest to the Shaktar, or one with a high level of charisma, to carefully explain the consequences, and that beating the arrogant Whip into a bloody stain is breaking 'the law set down by SLA'. This is usually good enough for a Shaktar to refrain and leave the encounter.

Hopefully.

I VIRTUE SQUADS & SLA INDUSTRIES

While Agnes Dowr, the departmental head of Moral Right Division, has unwavering belief in the Virtue Squads, SLA Industries sees it simply as a means to an end. At present, SLA has very little interest in ethics and setting moral standards, but it knows that the arrival of the Whips and Seraphs will strike terror into the hearts of Downtown. It is less about purity and more about discipline.



SLA Industries feels that to a certain extent it is only loosely in control of Mort's lower inhabitants and this is apparent with the emergence of the Shi'An cult, and Dream Entities. It feels that the Shiver Patrols are unable to police the more rebellious sections of Downtown and something more blunt was required. All it needed was an excuse to change policies, and MR Division was that excuse.

Dowr has been give considerable authority, particularly as she is a new, and undoubtedly controversial, face in SLA Industries, she is nonetheless being watched. SLA wishes to implement change within the World of Progress but it will manage this in its own manner, and in its own time.

Agnes Dowr is already asking for more funding to put more Virtue Squads on the streets of Downtown, but the Corporate Sector has put a temporary cap on investment, waiting to see the effect it has on the Mort civilian, and whether or not to expand the program.

As a result, Agnes and her main advocates are in support of the Whistling Bridge Protocol which, if enacted, will completely restructure SLA Industries and increase MR Division's powerbase within the corporate organisation.

The most alarming aspect about Agnes Dowr is that there is no underlying motive; she entirely believes in the crusade she's embarked upon, which

makes her a useful device for SLA's short time needs, but a potential threat in its long term goals.

"I do not like this woman. I had a teacher like her once, and she has same beady eyes and pinched lips, brimming full of ignorant hate. That misery and intolerance was so deeply ingrained that she couldn't see it anymore, so many years of excuses and self-denial had clouded the truth. It was always someone else's fault for what and who she had become.

"I see all of that in Agnes, and worse; because she's been granted powers she doesn't know how to handle. I'm not sure SLA Industries fully understands that it has a monster by its tail here.

"Yes, we need to make changes in order to defeat the Shi'An, but there are better ways than this. The Seraphs are self-destructive; MR Division itself is self-destructive. We just to make sure we're not all caught within the blast when it finally arrives."

Head Agent Mara Kessock, SCL 2h, Stigmartyr

“Look, it’s all pretty simple; you want it, I got it. You want the real stuff; it’s all right here in my bag. It costs a bit more because of that, not like that useless trash you’ve been getting down at Doc Jugg’s. So what is it that you’re looking for? All these scrolls here give you a direct path to power and desire. Is that it? Looking for love? Try this; it’s a summon scroll for a Nymph of Slon Geita, straight from the Caves of Heggron. It’s one of a kind here on Mort. All yours for 45 unis.”

- Judd Wyatt’s standard sales pitch.

CRIMINAL PORTFOLIO

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Judd Wyatt is a member of the Shi’An blood cult, and operates as one of its Pedlars. It is his duty to stray from his Coven (a sect containing around 10-50 members at present) and sell summoning scrolls and other Shi’An paraphernalia to Downtown Civilians. For decades the supposed magical artefacts of the Shi’An and from White Earth were sold openly in Downtown, but all such items were always fakes and cons. Judd Wyatt represents a new generation in the cult’s history; the scrolls tucked away in his scruffy backpack actually work.

Judd joined the Shi’An three years ago and, like all new members, he entered the Coven as a Neophyte; an aspiring novice with little more than sadism and cruelty as his skill set. For the majority of these three years, Wyatt performed grotesque menial duties, such as Wringing, in which the cultist is forced to squeeze out the last droplets of blood from drained and deceased victims. He hacked up and disposed of the cult’s cast offs, and spent months cleaning out the foul animal pens. Judd endured all the miseries and torments of early service to the cult and was finally acknowledged and deemed fit to serve as a Pedlar for the Shi’An.

Because of his social skills and somewhat charismatic personality (a rarity in the cult’s numbers) he was assigned the role of selling the potent and deadly Shi’An scrolls to an unsuspecting public. He is there to promise the potential buyer untold power and riches, servants carried across from White Earth to unquestioningly follow out their every command or desire. Most will not be foolish enough to fall for Judd’s empty and misleading promises, but there will be a select few of Mort’s downtrodden population who want for more, at any price.

This is a price they are destined to pay with their lives as Judd Wyatt specifically sells them what Stigmartyr has come to recognise as ‘Snare Scrolls’.

The buyer only has Wyatt’s word that what he has in his possession is a scroll that will call forth a tameable servant or ally. In every case the portal spills out a monstrous being that will immediately slay the naive summoner and then go on a bloody rampage through Downtown. Once the scroll is activated and the beast unleashed, the ruse is complete, and in most cases highly successful.

Judd’s duty is not to indoctrinate new followers. He is just one of many Pedlars now operating on Mort, sowing discord and sending a brutal message out to SLA.



STATION ANALYSIS

issue cord:: 697098098//.ca/90

NAME:

Judd Wyatt

DESCRIPTION:

Human

CRIME:

Corporate Subversion / Treason

DEPARTMENT CONTACT:

Stigmartyr

BOUNTY:

1250c



I CRIMINAL PROFILE

ref code:: //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac.09

Judd Wyatt is a Mort-born Human Male, aged between 29-32. He is 5'9", Caucasian, with a tall, slender build, hidden beneath layers of shabby civilian clothing. He has watery blue eyes, pale skin and black shoulder length hair that is receding excessively due to the effects of Black Fluke, a disease from the cannibal sectors. As a result of the disease he is also sporting a series of facial lesions and warts. Most notable however, is the extensive facial scarring down the right side of his face that has been inflicted by a Hominid, making Judd instantly recognisable.

Judd Wyatt breaks one of the first rules of the Shi'An regarding technology and has armed himself with a Dark Night standard pistol. He is always seen to be carrying a large rucksack, brimming with his deadly stock.

I LAST KNOWN LOCATION

Judd Wyatt is permanently on the move, never settling in one location for more than a day or so. He does however have a pattern and route in Downtown, slowly circumnavigating the populated areas surrounding The Strip, before disappearing for a week, presumably to restock his supplies at his Coven.

In order to locate Wyatt, the Op Squad must study the route he takes throughout Downtown, and predict his next daily position. Judd always picks crowded areas, such as shopping malls and gauss stations; any places where he thinks he can slip away into the throng, or vanish back into deeper Downtown. If Judd is making a point of sale, he will take the seller off into an alleyway, corridor or restroom to hand over the scroll and take payment. Wyatt only sells between 1-3 items a day then moves on to his next location.

I METHOD OF ATTACK

Wyatt has very little in the way of combat training, and knows he is no match for SLA Operatives, even those at a low SCL. At the first sign of trouble, he will immediately flee the scene. Judd will fire off his DN Pistol at the enemy, but only in the hope that they will take cover to buy him more time.

If Judd can get to a safe enough distance, or have his allies detain the Ops, he will attempt to use one of his scrolls to summon a suitable denizen from White Earth to aid his cause.

I OTHER COMMENTS

Judd Wyatt never travels alone, and he prepares for every possible outcome. When Judd is working a street he will always have at least three lookouts watching for approaching Ops and Shivers. He also keeps several quick activation scrolls to hand as a last line of defence.

:OSWALD BROWN

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“This time it’s for this real! It’s happening now. I’ve been saying, and saying it! It’s the fucking Blood Cult; they’ve been waiting to strike all this time! If you don’t get ready and arm yourself, you deserve to die. Wake up, people! SLA can’t save you because it’ll be too busy saving its own damn self. I’m warning you; the Shi’An are coming!”

Oswald Brown, via the DN pirate radio broadcast: 2/6/911sd.

I CRIMINAL PORTFOLIO

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Oswald Brown is part of a new phenomenon that is sweeping across Mort and other densely populated planets in the World of Progress; he is what is now commonly know as a Doom Wisher. He believes that SLA Industries will fall to its enemies in the near future and the entire World of Progress will be plunged into chaos. Each Doom Wisher has a different take on what will prompt the collapse of all civilisation. Some suggest the returning Conflict Races, others predict, on Mort particularly, that the effects of pollution will cause a massive natural disaster. Oswald Brown believes that it is the emerging Shi’An Blood Cult, which will overthrow SLA Industries and turn Mort into a horrifying extension of White Earth.

Oswald, and other Wishers like him, display much of the same behaviour, paranoia and recreational activities as the dwindling X War Criminals, but lack the extensive training and superior equipment that made those individuals such a serious threat on the planet. He has no formal combat or military instruction, nor has he served time in Dark Night Inc. or any local Soft Companies, or even been part of a Downtown street gang.

Oswald Brown is quite simply an average Downtown civilian with dangerous aspirations. It is his mania, rather than skill or expertise, that makes the man a growing threat in Downtown.

Oswald Brown has been known to SLA Threat Analysis for some time now but has been lucky enough not to have been caught or killed yet. Over the years he has become increasingly erratic and unpredictable. Everything seems to have escalated in the last two or three years. His doomsday theories went from common assumptions to lunatic levels, believing Bitterness himself was creeping into his apartment at night and tampering with his supplies. Things really came to a head when the first Hominids began to appear on Mort. This occurrence whipped Oswald into such hysteria that it drove him to shoot and kill Dolores, his wife. Then he took his two young children from their bedroom and placed them outside as trigger bait for the Hominids he believed were hiding nearby. After an empty day of waiting, Brown got it in his head that his own children were actually undercover Shi’An cultists in league with the imaginary Hominids, and shot them dead.

After this tragic event, Oswald Brown left his apartment with the best of his gear and weaponry and took to the streets as a full-time Doom Wisher. It’s been downhill for him ever since.

The intense level of Brown’s suspicion and paranoia means that he’s a serious threat to almost anyone he encounters, in that he believes that everyone around him is a secret Shi’An Cultist who must be immediately exterminated. Anyone who so much as looks at him the wrong way will be perceived as aiming to steal his belongings and must be annihilated on the spot.

Reports of new and more deadly White Earth creatures invading Downtown have sent Oswald into over-drive, and he has escalated into raiding and pillaging Dark Night stockpiles.



STATION ANALYSIS

issue cord:: 697098098//.ca/90

NAME:

Oswald Brown

DESCRIPTION:

Human

CRIME:

Murder/Terrorism

DEPARTMENT CONTACT:

Shiver Unit Organisation

BOUNTY:

800c



CRIMINAL PROFILE

ref code:: //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac.09

Oswald Brown is a Mort-born Human Male, aged between 30-35. He is 5'6, white, with a stocky build. Oswald has grey eyes and brown hair styled in a Mohawk and sports a goatee beard. He wears a mixture of clothes and armour - faded military fatigues, overlaid with a Striker light vest and an incomplete suit of DN Interceptor Armour. He is usually armed with a variety of low-grade weaponry (such as CAF or rival company firearms) and survival equipment, food cans and bottled water, much of which is housed in a backpack. Oswald always carries a large hunting knife, etched with the name 'Dolores' on the blade, strapped to his left thigh.

LAST KNOWN LOCATION

Oswald lives at no fixed abode, but has numerous hidden caches of food supplies and munitions dotted about Downtown. Nearly all of these bug-out locations are being raided and abolished by the resident Shiver Units, so Oswald is constantly on the move; scouting out new locations and attempting to stockpile them with fresh supplies. He rarely strays into the depths of Lower Downtown to set up base or forage, as he believes this is the home of his numerous enemies, so he tends to stick to more densely populated areas close to the Crust.

Oswald was last spotted attempting to rob the Happy Joe's Grocery Store, killing the owner before then fleeing back into the nearby subway system empty handed.

METHOD OF ATTACK

Despite Oswald's best efforts to prepare for every eventuality, once he enters combat, panic takes over. He doesn't select targets or conserve ammo, and trigger locks a wide burst area. Oswald's aim is also off, but he acknowledges this by opting for fully automatic weaponry and scatter round shotguns that all require less accuracy.

Oswald will be overcome with excitement if he can drop even one of his opponents, taking this is a sure sign of his superiority and forward planning, and will be swift to announce this to his attackers. If the SLA Ops recognise this arrogance and insecurity, they may turn it to their advantage.

OTHER COMMENTS

SLA industries wants Oswald Brown dead, but would also like information regarding the location of his current food and ammo caches, and bug out locations, which the company would rather not fall into more capable hands, before he is finally executed by a SLA Op Squad.

:ZAHEN LORGOR

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"You are currently viewing footage taken from a Scout Helm approximately three months ago in a jungle sector on Cross. First off, we've got the Darol detachment, armed with the standard Bone Spitters. Here's the thing though; see that there? The prick behind them? That's a Core Scientist. You can tell by the shape of the head and build. He's slimmer than the more common Base Scientist. Now, here's the thing; the Cores never leave the Birthing Ship. Never. So what's this asshole doing wandering around a rainforest on a war world of all places?"

"We want to know. We really want to know. And you're going to find this out for us, aren't you?"

General Galway, Advisory Command, Dante Station.

I CRIMINAL PORTFOLIO

ref code;; //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac..09

After the attack on the War World Erebus, the Root Dogs have continued their assault on the World of Progress, but have restricted themselves to the verges of SLA space. Much of this has been down to the skill and determination of the SLA Military, but Threat Analysis suspects the Grosh are not operating at full strength yet and that there's every chance the Conflict race is planning a major offensive on the World of Progress in the near future.

While the Root Dogs have not ventured en masse into SLA Industries' domain, there have been reports of small detachments, covert research groups infiltrating the planets deeper into the World of Progress. These silent shadowy groups are attempting to gather samples of flora and fauna as quickly and as quietly as possible, then return to their Birthing Ships with findings that will be dissected and studied in order to create newer and deadlier Herd Types.

The research groups are usually between 1-3 Base Scientists, and a squad of Darol numbering around 8-10. Clearly, these are low numbers for such a dangerous mission, but the Grosh want to draw as little attention to themselves as possible. If they are detected, the Darols will fight off the attackers, but if it proves to be a losing battle, they will execute the Scientists and fight to the death. As numerous as these missions have been, very little information has been gathered from these research groups; the Grosh scientists are usually killed before the Operatives can get to interrogate them.

SLA Industries is hoping that this will change with their latest discovery. Threat Analysis has reason to believe a rare Core Scientist (the highest ranking Grosh in the species) is leading a research team within the World of Progress. The Core Scientist, Zahren Lorgor, is of high enough standing that the Darols will not kill him; they're only programmed to kill Base Scientists.

SLA is very keen to apprehend this individual for several reasons; firstly, the Core Scientists are almost never seen outside the Birthing Ships and the information that could be obtained from such a high level threat is considerable, but there is a greater desire to know why Zahren would take such an incredible risk venturing out this far into enemy territory. The Grosh are searching for something in particular, and it is of such importance that a Core Scientist has taken it upon himself to seek it out, in person. This is completely unheard of in a race as cowardly and cautious as the Root Dogs.

Zahren Lorgor and his defences have been spotted on two separate occasions; one in the jungles of Cross, where a SLA squad had stumbled across them but was killed in the process, and most recently on Dante, upon its polar ice cap.

SLA industries is issuing a high bounty red alert HunterSheet to locate and capture Zahren Lorgor. They would prefer a SLA Operative squad with stealth abilities to stage the operation, rather than military forces, as the main priority is the capture of the Core Scientist.

**STATION ANALYSIS**

issue cord:: 697098098//.ca/90

NAME:**Zahen Lorgor****DESCRIPTION:****Grosh Core Scientist****CRIME:****Conflict Crimes, Subversion****DEPARTMENT CONTACT:****Naga 7 Division****BOUNTY:****2500c****CRIMINAL PROFILE**

ref code:: //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac..09

Zahen Lorgor is a Grosh Core Scientist, aged between 280 - 300 years. He is 9'3", bearing the common physical traits of the elevated caste, a narrow dog-like head with an enlarged cranium and a long stretched tan-brown physique and disturbing green eyes with criss-cross pupils. In keeping with all Grosh individuals, Zahen Lorgor exudes a highly noxious odour, so Operative Interrogators are advised to wear respirators during questioning of the target.

Zahen Lorgor is at great peril exiting the Birthing Ships to execute his mission, but he is taking every precaution available. As well as bringing a number of Herd Creatures and Darols to defend him, Zahen is dressed in Grosh armour and breathing apparatus to protect his body from the cold, disease and injury.

LAST KNOWN LOCATION

The exact location of Zahen and his Forces is not known. Threat Analysis has narrowed the search to a 5-mile radius on the polar ice cap on the War World: Dante. 23 hours ago, a chemical research facility based on the southern coast of the pole saw a large green flare burn down from the sky and strike the search zone. At first the scientists thought the flare was a simple meteor, but the greenish coloration of the vapour trail suggests a Grosh Drop pod. The exact same occurrence happened three months previous in a jungle region of Cross. A scouting squad of SLA Military attacked the Grosh forces but were slain. A recording was however captured in one of the surviving scout helmets, depicting Zahen Lorgor with his Darol back up and a number of unidentified Herd creations.

METHOD OF ATTACK

Zahen Lorgor is typical of all Grosh scientists and is exceedingly cowardly. He relies almost entirely on the entities he has brought along with him for protection. His only personal line of defence is the armour he is wearing and an unidentified gas cannon fitted to his forearm that he will attempt to spray attackers with, before attempting to flee. There is a distinct possibility that Zahen will not even use this weapon if he is frightened enough, and will immediately surrender at the first injury or dent to his armour he sustains.

OTHER COMMENTS

Zahen Lorgor is a Core Scientist, so his defenders are not programmed to execute him if the Darols evaluate the battle going against them. The Herd and Darols will fight to the death to protect their Grosh master. Nonetheless, Ops assigned to this HunterSheet should approach a battle with the Grosh forces cautiously and focussed attention must be paid to the actions of Zahen Lorgor during combat.

TOTT DETRIC

ref code;; //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac..09

“Naga 7 Division requires assistance with the capture of Tott Detric, a Wraithen Male in his late teens, currently residing in the Downtown region. He is instantly recognisable, owing to his unique red fur and markings. He will most likely be protected by a number of Derros. He will be arrogant and uncouth, but you will in no way injure or molest the target. A noise-cancelling muzzle, however, has been provided for the completion of this HunterSheet.

“The applicants are ordered not to examine or investigate any of Detric’s belongings, particularly the notebook entitled ‘W. Concept One.’ Failure to acknowledge this stipulation will forfeit the payment of said HunterSheet, and an extensive Cloak Division interrogation will be conducted.”

Professor Charles S Finch, Naga 7 Division, 1st Head.

CRIMINAL PORTFOLIO

ref code;; //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac..09

Tott Detric is something of an oddity in amongst the far more powerful and aggressive enemies of SLA listed on the Threat Analysis Database. He is not aligned with any major faction, be it Suppressor Power, Soft Company, Downtown gang or otherwise. He is not guilty of any murders, nor does he appear to have any combat training or abilities. He is sought out for reasons known only to Naga 7 Division, and they’re willing to pay out a considerable bounty for the young Wraithen, but with the strict proviso that he is brought in to Head Office alive and unharmed.

When the Tott Detric HunterSheet arrived on the Database less than a week ago, the details on Tott remained sketchy at best, and as a result the sheet lay untouched, as there was virtually nothing to go on with regards to locating him. All that was known was that Detric was a Downtown civilian and that his fur hide and hair was red instead of purple. This coloration made Tott unique, but the search was hampered by the fact that black market phials of Lumo were available in Downtown. There were plenty of multi-coloured Wraithen adolescents walking the streets, and only one of them had naturally red fur.

Since no progress was made, Naga 7 begrudgingly issued further information regarding Tott, explaining that he was involved in the creation of a new race appearing in Lower Downtown - The Derro. They didn’t implicitly state the exact nature of his involvement, letting the hunting Operatives make up their own minds as to Tott’s crime. Most believe he is either is an ex pupil of the Karma training facility in Meny and that he’s used his limited knowledge in order to create the ugly race from a mishmash of varying genetic codes.

This is a good enough explanation for Naga 7, and they’ve run with it. This does not however explain the discrepancy in payment. At present, SLA is on the lookout for plenty of rival company scientists and shady soft company geneticists, but none have a bounty as high as the completely unknown Tott Detric.

More alarming is Tott’s links to the Dream Entities. What information was gleaned from East Downtown was that there talk of a Wraithen who was able to tame and govern these creatures, the Night Stalkers in particular. These whispers suggested a different angle; that Tott was not a scientist but a new form of shaman or sorcerer who was gathering an army of Dream monsters in Lower Downtown.

All these strange speculations and colourful rumours have only served to increase Detric’s status as a new urban legend on Mort. As a result, Naga 7 Division has intensified the search for Detric before he gains too much popularity and other young Wraithen civilians starting copying his look and clothing, and attempt to emulate his character.

In the last 24 hours, Tott appeared on the radar, and SLA Industries has been mobilised to catch him. As soon as the Red Alert HunterSheet was assigned, it was immediately closed, allowing only one Op Squad to execute the mission. The bounty was high, and despite being a red alert, Naga 7 did not want a horde of Operatives descending on the location to capture the Wraithen.

Naga 7 Division wants this HunterSheet completed as quickly and quietly as possible.



STATION ANALYSIS

issue cord:: 697098098//.ca/90

NAME:

Tott Detric

DESCRIPTION:

Wraithen

CRIME:

Subversion

DEPARTMENT CONTACT:

Naga 7 Division

BOUNTY:

2500c



CRIMINAL PROFILE

ref code:: //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac.09

Tott Detric is a Mort-born Wraithen Male, aged 17-18. He is 5'4; with an atypical slim, wiry build, in common with the species. The most noticeable feature is that Tott has naturally red hair and fur standing in sharp contrast to the regular white or purple Wraithen pelt.

Tott wears layers of Downtown civilian clothing and does not wear any form of armour. On the left shoulder of his duffle coat there is a patch depicting a cartoonish head of a Derro with a dagger behind it. Tott also carries an umbrella with him, which he uses as a walking stick, despite having no physical impairment. He is usually seen clutching a ring bound notepad, titled 'W. Concept One'.

LAST KNOWN LOCATION

Tott Detric is believed to have set up a temporary base beneath the Jurra Shopping Centre in East Downtown. The domicile is a disused Shower and Restroom area that has sat empty since the opening of this retail sector. Tott has now furnished the rooms with his belongings, writing paraphernalia and maps. Derros have been raiding the supermarket, butcher's shop and meat lockers for food, which has been caught on CCTV, as have the sporadic visits to the shopping centre by Bullet Point.

There had been little or no sightings of Detric in the surrounding sewer systems, but Shivers had reported an increase in Derro and Night Stalker activity within the region, which gave Naga 7 reason to believe the Wraithen was living nearby or within the Jurra Centre, and requested the original architectural schematics to the building, and found the discarded shower area.

METHOD OF ATTACK

Tott Detric has no formal combat training so he, personally, will not put up a fight or struggle if capture is imminent. He relies completely on the Derros and Dream Entities that have come to follow him, who will fight to the death in order to protect him. Tott's boyfriend - 'Bullet Point', the Downtown Prop, may also come to his assistance if present at the time of arrest, but he will surrender if his injuries become too severe.

Tott will be aggressive and insulting if apprehended, which will not abate unless he is silenced with a muzzle.

OTHER COMMENTS

Bullet Point is likely to put up spirited resistance in defence of his partner, but SLA Industries would prefer it if the young Prop were not exterminated at the scene, as it may distress Detric and make his interrogation more difficult.

“Find their broodlings and slaughter them with claw and tooth, burn down their pious Moon Shrines, and disembowel their ageing Patriarchs! Slice the locks from their severed heads and defile them! Leave no trace of beauty and honour! May the four Virtuous Moons fade! Kill them all!”

K'rn K'Ryk'Ts, 6th Moon Shaktar Repellor, Downtown Mort, 5/10/915sd.

I CRIMINAL PORTFOLIO

ref code;; //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac..09

In 904sd, T'r F'g N'l, the Grey Witch, arrived on Mort, bringing with her the Shi'An Scrolls, and a legion of Dark Moon Shaktars. These were not the priests and shamans often associated with the Shaktars aligned to White Earth; they were warriors, berserkers and raiders direct from one of the most feared planets of the fallen Shaktarian tribes - Maugra Til' (pronounced Mogra Teel).

Among these marauders was another 6th Moon Shaktar known as K'rn K'Ryk'Ts (pronounced Krin Krick-tus). K'rn epitomised the raw and savage nature of the Dark Moon Shaktar, standing as the diametric opposite of SLA Industries' noble, honour-bound Shaktars. In his every waking moment K'rn yearned to rend, rape and mutilate. There was no amount of bloodshed and slaughter that would sate K'rn K'Ryk'Ts, and no death that would please him more than that of a virtuous Shaktar from the heart of K'nth.

K'rn's foul temperament extends even to his own, and if his fellow marauders do not live up to his ferocious expectations in battle, he will cut down the weak and feeble with his DreadCleaver Axe, and proceed to eat their corpse.

K'rn K'Ryk'Ts is uncommon among other 6th Moon Shaktars; whilst he bears many of the physical distortions in keeping with those born under that moon, he has more in keeping with the well known 8th Moon - the moon of dementia, and wrath...

Because of his cruel and sadistic nature, K'rn K'Ryk'Ts worships Torge Secta, a monstrous Prime Ethereal from White Earth. Torge in turn rewards his servant for his acts of cruelty and suffering by exceeding his tolerance for pain and heightening his aggressiveness in battle.

In the years K'rn K'Ryk'Ts has resided on Mort, he has embarked on a ceaseless mission to end life. He will target all sentient beings not aligned to White Earth but he focuses most of his attention on destroying the Shaktars employed by SLA; slaughtering whole families, defiling moon shrines and burning down churches, often with congregations still locked inside.

In September 913sd, K'rn vanished into Lower Downtown, taking 10 of his best marauders with him. In that time there was no more activity from K'rn K'Ryk'Ts until now. It is believed that the 6th Shaktar and his followers were acting as security for a notorious Shi'An Cult Leader (or Malefactor, as they are more commonly known) Gregory Leedling, who operates throughout the Northern Sectors of Downtown.

Just before his disappearance, K'rn was sought out in connection with the deaths of three Shaktar Elders. They had been decapitated and their bodies defiled, but their heads have never been found.

Today there have been reports of a sudden attack on a Shaktarian Temple close by the Steadman line. Shiver Units have cordoned off the building, having found varying Shaktar body parts strewn about the front entrance – bearing all the hallmarks of K'rn's handiwork. Naga 7 Division have suggested that this recent murder spree by K'rn has possible connections to the Shi'An, using the Shaktarian Marauders to deflect attention away from some other, greater atrocity being committed in some nearby location.

Stigmartyr are now scouring the region for other traces of Shi'An activity and hunting down known associates to both K'rn K'Ryk'Ts and Gregory Leedling.

**STATION ANALYSIS**

issue cord:: 697098098//.ca/90

NAME:**K'rn K'Ryk'Ts****DESCRIPTION:****6th Moon Shaktar****CRIME:****Terrorism/Murder****DEPARTMENT CONTACT:****Dept. of Exterminations****BOUNTY:****1500c****CRIMINAL PROFILE**

ref code:: //6769r76456476578763321224ra.7098-ac.09

K'rn K'Ryk'Ts is a 6th Moon Shaktarian Male, aged between 70-80 years. He is 9'0" tall, reddish black-scaled hide, with a heavysset, muscular build. True of all Shaktars born beneath the 6th Moon, his body and face are heavily mutated. The most prominent distortions are his four eyes, the lower right being distended and misaligned, the scarred, dreadless section across his skull and the disfigured fingers on each hand, three digits on the left, six on the right. He is garbed in a full battle-worn suit of Shaktarian Starfall Armour. He bears the symbol of the Bloody Eyed God across the left shoulder pad. K'rn is armed with an array of projectile weapons and a large DreadCleaver Axe slung across his back.

LAST KNOWN LOCATION

K'rn K'Ryk'Ts was assumed deceased as there had been no activity for the last 18 months. The last sighting of K'rn and his squad was in Northern Downtown during a shootout with a SLA Op team. K'rn and his brethren survived the attack and escaped into Steadman Gauss Rail line.

With K'rn's resurfacing this morning and executing a raid on a 2nd Moon Church, a Red Alert HunterSheet was immediately issued. Because of the church's close proximity to the Steadman line and his previous last encounter, Threat Analysis has reason to believe that he has a permanent base of operations in the near vicinity, or worse, a nearby Shi'An Coven has given him sanctuary. Once the K'rn K'Ryk'Ts HunterSheet has been completed, a White BPN will be released to conduct a thorough examination of the surrounding region.

METHOD OF ATTACK

K'rn K'Ryk'Ts is a coarse and brutal fighter, and what he lacks in finesse he more than makes up for in sheer aggression. K'rn's method of attack is quite simple; pummel the enemy with a hail of bullets and axe blows until he surrenders or dies. This is a surprisingly effective tactic and in most cases works in K'rn's favour. Aside from his considerable strength and stamina, the Dark Moon Shaktar is wearing several rare Shi'An artefacts and fetishes that sustain him and keep K'rn K'Ryk'Ts standing long after the heaviest SLA ammo should have dropped him.

OTHER COMMENTS

Extreme caution should be exercised as K'rn K'Ryk'Ts is very dangerous and will easily destroy an unprepared squad. On completion of the HunterSheet, the assigned SLA Op Squad must stand guard over the deceased Shaktar until Stigmartyr has arrived, examined the body and removed whatever Shi'An paraphernalia K'rn was wearing at the time of death. Stigmartyr is concerned that such powerful items could be pillaged and re-circulated back through Downtown.

I IN GAME: DOWNTOWN RIFLES**I HIERARCHICAL STRUCTURE**

A Virtue Squad comprises of eight active members. There is a singular leader heading the squad; a Whip, a Governor, or in rare instances, a Paragon. The seven remaining members are all Seraph soldiers, holding equal rank. If a Whip heads the squad, he will always be accompanied by a Porter, although this individual is not an active member of the squad in most cases.

I WHIP

"The day you start listening to what I'm telling you, and you follow orders like a good little oik, I may consider you a person, in the traditional sense. Until then, I am disposed to beat you like the sewer pig that you are! Say thank you! Say thank you!"

The Whip leads a Virtue Squad. He is in his late teens or early twenties, and a gentleman of distinction. He has lived a privileged life from birth, and attended the best schools that the World of Progress has to offer. He is regarded as SLA's best and brightest and the company has high hopes for him. In a few years he will walk straight into a mid level position in the Corporate Sector, and swiftly elevate from there. In the meantime he is performing a character-building exercise in the more economically depressed regions of Mort. The young Whip is expected to carry forth his education, standards and morals to the masses; everything he has learned in Napwell and Buxbridge is to be channelled into the unsuspecting Mort citizen, from its ethics and temperance, its civility, its cruelty and elitism.

The Whip is little different from the shaven-headed thugs that he leads. He is, at core, a bully. During his earliest years of private education, he was the victim and with each passing academic year, he learned the process of hierarchy and gradually shifted from target to abuser, carrying on the long-standing tradition. He is cold, austere, spoilt and above all merciless. The Whip finds fault, immorality and decadence wherever he looks and wherever he choses to find it.

If violence and punishment is his candy, then he is a child given free reign in the sweet shop. He has the rich family to support him, the authority of MR Division and its muscle to protect and enforce his will.

But it is beyond the watchful eyes of SLA and Moral Right that the Whip becomes everything he's sworn to abolish. He steals brazenly, drinks



and experiments with recreational drugs, readily targets the innocent, and if he decides the somewhat attractive Downtown girl or boy is worthy of his attention he will take them, by force if necessary.

In reality the Whip has no real interest in moral decay, or its elevation. He has spent the last six years in the ridged, ordered social structure of high-level education, and it his time to have Fun. In two years he will leave the excitement and adventure of the Virtue Squad and take a nice, safe albeit dull job in the Corporate Sector, so he intends to get into as much awfulness as possible before he finally becomes respectable.

Like all bullies, the Whip only picks on those he believes he can belittle and defeat. He will only challenge Operatives if he has the full backing of his Seraphim behind him. The Whip likes a good punch up, but he has no desire to fight to the death and will beat a hasty retreat if he thinks he might lose. He has no intention of dying in Downtown.

I STATS

Classification: Human.

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

Walk: 1
Run: 2
Sprint: 3

HITS: 18/20

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES:

Figure: Good (Rank 6), Societal Privilege (Rank 8), Income: Good (Rank 8), Arrogant: 8, Psychosis: Sociopathy (Rank 5).

I SKILLS:

Hand to Hand/ Boxing: 9, Swim: 7, Climb: 9, Running: 9, Blade 1H: 3, Blunt 1H: 8, Pistol: 4, Sneak: 4, Hide: 4, Detect: 5, Survival: 1, Gymnastics: 6, Throw: 8, Leadership: 6, Communiqué: 4, Tactics: 2, Intimation: 7, Drive Civilian: 5, Business Administration: 7, Mathematics: 6, Business Finance: 7, Streetwise: 5, Evaluate Opponent: 8, Literacy: 7, SLA Information: 5, Rival Company: 3, Wraith: 2, Shaktarian: 2, New Parisian: 4, Computer Use: 4, Sports/ Rowing: 8, Sports/Rugby: 8.

I EQUIPMENT:

Expensive, hand tailored uniform. Disciplinary Cane. BLA446M 12.7mm Derringer (always), BLA710M Snubber (occasionally). High-priced silver timepiece on chain.

I ARMOUR:

None

I GOVERNOR

"Go on, Frank my son! Go on, boy! Get in. Get in! Kicking his fucking head in! Who are you! Who are you!?"

Very often, the Whip gets a bit carried away and commits a crime (usually a murder) that cannot be so easily brushed under the carpet, and he is instantly removed from the Virtue Squad. He is sent off for an extended vacation in New Paris to cool his blood and prepare for his new job in the Corporate Sector. At this point, the remaining Seraphim elect a new leader to take over command.

There is usually a brief series of try-outs in which the Seraphim conduct bareknuckle boxing matches to find the new head. The one left standing with the most remaining teeth is nominated the Governor, typically pronounced Guv'nor.

The Governor ditches the Seraph Armour and adopts a suit and tie for his new role as Squad Leader. The suit is based on the juniors' uniform of Napwell Boarding School – a black blazer with white trim, a striped school tie and grey pinstripe trousers. The insignia of Moral Right Division is stitched onto the left breast of the blazer jacket.

The overall ensemble is somewhat tacky, but is carried off when fashioned by a heavily scarred and tattooed lumbering skinhead.

Under this new leadership, the Virtue Squad remains but has a much rockier transition without the stern (and secure) leadership of the young Whip. Aside from the Guv's skill with his fists, he has little idea how to perform the dubious task of moral enforcement and, more often than not, it descends into nightly drunken brawls with street gangs and Props, who have little concern for the Virtue Squad's jurisdiction on Mort.

If the Governor can keep his crew together and avoid self-destruction for the first month, the squad will survive and find its path, which is great news for the Guv and terrible news for Downtown.

I STATS

Classification: Human.

STATS

STR: 10

DEX: 10

DIA: 5

CONC: 5

CHA: 3

COOL: 10

PHYS: 10

KNOW: 5

Walk: 1

Run: 2

Sprint: 3

HITS: 20

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES:

Arrogant: 5, Psychosis: Sociopathy (Rank 7).

I SKILLS:

Detect: 3, Unarmed Combat: 7, Climb: 4, Running: 5, Blade 1H: 3, Blunt 1H: 9, Pistol 1H: 6, Sneak: 4, Hide: 4, Survival: 2, Leadership: 3, Communiqué: 1, Intimidation: 5, Piggotry: 2, Streetwise: 3.

I EQUIPMENT:

Moderately priced Uniform, BLA710M Snubber + 1 clip, M.R Division issue Knuckleduster.

I ARMOUR:

None

I SERAPH

"There's only one Agnes Dowl! One Agnes Dow-w-wr!! There's only one Agnes Dowl!"

These are the rank and file of the Virtue Squad. Seraphs are not meant to think for themselves, they are simply there to enforce the orders and whims of the Whip or Guv'nor, and this mostly involves pummelling someone's face in with a hammer.

The Seraph is dressed in white Body Blocker armour, closely styled on the standard Shiver armour but with a unique helmet design. The face of the Seraph is sculpted to resemble a black-eyed angel, frozen in a blank, passive expression.

At a first glance, the veneer is convincing; an effective symbol of purity and wholesomeness. But the first impression disappears once the Seraph speaks, spewing forth a diatribe of coarse and ill-informed insults before lashing out brutally with a standard issue Puritan Hammer.

Beneath the blanched armour and beautifully sculpted visor is the battle-scarred and pitted face of a shaven-headed thug, standing in sharp contrast to the pure, virtuous portrayal MR Division has endeavoured to create.

As expected, the Seraphim love their jobs; they are paid to be the worst street level hooligans on Mort and have SLA's blessing to bully, threaten and assault any poor victim they select. Naturally, they still have to be kept in check by their superiors as this level of power goes directly to their empty heads. Given too much freedom, the Seraphim will get falling down drunk and embark on a rampage of sexual assault and torture. The Virtue Squads are meant to get physical, but there are still loose standards to be upheld...

Seraphim are fanatically loyal towards the Whips and follow out every command without hesitation or question. Part of their training is to be heavily indoctrinated into the concepts of class system and hierarchy.

Seraphim are always male, and human; the bigger and thicker the better.

I STATS

Classification: Human.

STR: 9
DEX: 9
DIA: 4
CONC: 4
CHA: 3

COOL: 8
PHYS: 9
KNOW: 4

Walk: 1
Run: 2
Sprint: 3

HITS: 20

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES:

Arrogant: 5, Psychosis: Sociopathy (Rank 7).

Skills:

Detect: 3, Unarmed Combat: 5, Climb: 4, Running: 5, Blade 1H: 2, Blunt 1H: 7, Pistol 1H: 5, Sneak: 4, Hide: 4, Survival: 3, Intimidation: 4, Piggotry: 2.

I EQUIPMENT:

Seraph Armour, Puritan Hammer, GA47 Spit Pistol (occasionally) + 1 clip.

I ARMOUR:

None

I PORTER

"Oi, you. Get away from the young master and stop disturbing him. It's not for the likes of you to be talking to the likes of him. Go on, piss off."

The Porter is basically a manservant and guardian for the young Whip. He is not an active participant in the Virtue Squad's activities, and all of his duties are in attendance of his ward. He carries the umbrella, keeps the Whip's uniforms cleaned and pressed, chauffeurs his master about Downtown, and in extreme cases, he is expected to defend the Whip with his life, if necessary.

The Porter dresses in the traditional boom-time style bowler hat, pinstriped trousers and black suit jacket.

There is only ever one Porter allotted to each Whip. He is typically middle-aged and comes with extensive prior knowledge of his task. Porters tend to be the most loyal members of the Virtue Squad, having come from long family lines raised in domestic work. They may not be in complete agreement with the activities of the Virtue Squads, but they are vehemently dedicated to the class and society above them. They have their place in society, and will never challenge or sway from it.

Quite often, the Porter has been assigned a car, usually an expensive black Augustus, in which to chauffeur the Whip about his duties as the fam-

ily of the Whip would prefer he not travel in APC economy with his underlings.

I STATS

Classification: Human.

STR: 7
DEX: 5
DIA: 7
CONC: 5
CHA: 5
COOL: 10
PHYS: 6
KNOW: 6

Walk: 1
Run: 2
Sprint: 3

HITS: 15

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES:

Arrogant: 6, Psychosis: Psychopathy (Rank 2).
Skills:
Hand to Hand/Boxing: 5, Tracking: 5, Swim: 3,
Climb: 4, Running: 5, Pistol 1H: 5 Blunt 1H: 5,
Sneak: 4, Hide: 4, Survival: 7, Piggotry: 1, Drive
Civilian: 6, *Buttle: 6.

I EQUIPMENT:

Moderately priced Suit, and Topcoat, Bowler Hat,
Umbrella, walking cane, 2 x Shaving Kit, domestic
equipment, BLA 046M Blitzter. 3 clips of 12.7mm
HESH.

I PARAGON

*"Her! Her, there! Bring her forward!
What are those red marks on your lips?
What is it? Herpes? Or having you been
lying with those bloody Shaktars, you're
filth! That's what you are ... beat her!
Beat her!"*

The professions within the Virtue Squads are predominately male, since the Division believes the female genus to be morally corrupt at its roots. However, if a woman is to be a member of the Squad she is typically a Paragon.

Paragons have come to be regarded as the most cruel and sadistic members since they can and will decide the casting vote on a suspect's fate. They are chosen as Paragons because of their apparent purity and righteous nature; held up as symbol of piety and a moral standard to be reached. The underlying truth is usually the opposite; they are hypocritical, petty and vindictive.

In reality, they are chosen specifically for their staunch support of MR Division and a propensity for meting out cruel and unusual punishments. They will single out a lone citizen based on a whim and demand immediate punishment, reveling in the power they wield. Young Paragons tend to be even more sadistic than their Whip counterparts, and are eager to get their hands dirty. Several Paragons have been reported to be carrying about their own versions of a torture kit to use on victims the Seraphs have held captive.

"I am disgusted by what I saw. The Paragon's victim was no older than the Paragon herself. A fifteen-year-old girl dragged out into the street and beaten, made ugly. There was no sign of uncleanness, or misbehaviour. The Paragon simply chose her for reasons known. Perhaps the girl was too pretty, or too free.

"The Seraphs were tearing at her clothes. It looked as though they intended to have intercourse with her, but suddenly the Paragon moved in and took hold of her. For a brief moment I thought the Paragon had reconsidered; had a moment of regret.

"The Paragon took out a pair of shears and roughly began to cut off clumps of her hair.

"She began to laugh shrilly as her victim started to weep, and waved her hair in front of her face.

"I stormed over to stop the Paragon, and she shot me a glance. I saw that she had a slight squint in her left eye. She frowned and tapped my SCL badge with her shears and told me to go away.

"A moment later there was a line of Seraphim standing between the Paragon and myself.

"Operative McKluskie managed to drag me off before the situation escalated.

"I am disappointed in the company I have chosen to serve, and in myself. I was unable to correct the situation. Not on that day. But in a few months, I will.

I will rectify this situation.'

*T'Rn T't T'rL'n. (Shaktar) Death Squad
Operative SCL 8b. Squad Bullethead.*

Paragons are often employed too young, and their inexperience and immaturity is immediately apparent. They are little more than a troubled child held aloft and given the reins to 7 drunken hammer-wielding skinheads.

I STATS

Classification: Human.

STR: 6
DEX: 6
DIA: 7
CONC: 7
CHA: 5
COOL: 6
PHYS: 6
KNOW: 7

Walk: 1
Run: 2
Sprint: 3

HITS: 12

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES:

Figure: Good (Rank 5), *Societal Privilege (Rank 8), Income: Good (Rank 8), Arrogant: 9, Psychosis: Sociopathy (Rank 7).

I SKILLS:

Hand to Hand/Kickboxing: 6, Swim: 6, Climb: 9, Running: 6, Blade 1H: 6, Blunt 1H: 4, Pistol: 5, Sneak: 4, Hide: 4, Detect: 5, Survival: 1, Gymnastics: 6, Throw: 2, Leadership: 6, Communiqué: 4, Tactics: 2, Intimation: 5, Streetwise: 6, Evaluate Opponent: 6, Literacy: 7, SLA Information: 5, Rival Company: 3, Wraith: 2, Shaktarian: 2, Computer Use: 4, Torture: 3, Sports/Hockey: 7.

I EQUIPMENT:

Seraph Armour, Vibro Sabre, selection of make-shift torture implements, FEN 603 auto pistol.

I ARMOUR:

None

I STATS AND EQUIPMENT

Advantage: Societal Privilege (Rank 1 – 10)

A character with Societal Privilege has an elevated position within the World of Progress. Typically, his or her family is wealthy and has a well-respected name. A Rank 1 is usually just a little-known, successful trade family that dates back several years, a Rank 5 might be an Ebon or Shaktarian family that is highly regarded within

SLA, while a Rank 10 is an heir to one of the top 50 Boom Time families.

People with higher ranks in Societal Privilege have little to worry about; their family supports their every whim and lifestyle, and if they find themselves in any sort of legal or financial trouble, their parents or relatives will quickly and effortlessly bail them out. Certain rules within the company, and life overall, simply do not apply to characters with high ranks in Societal Privilege.

I SKILL: BUTTLE (KNOW)

This is a skill most commonly associated with Porters. The skills covers several menial but highly precise tasks, from professional ironing and pressing, dining ware arrangement and placement, wine selection and pouring, order of dress and costuming, specialised culinary tasks (such as the poaching of eggs), and managerial running of a large household.

I SERAPH ARMOUR

Aside from cosmetic alterations, Seraph Armour is no different to the standard Body Blocker Armour. While most of the armour is interchangeable with Shiver equipment, the helmet is unique, an angelic face with dead eyes representing the purity of its wearer's mission.

PV: 5

Colour: White

I.D:

Head: 8

Torso: 14

Arms: 10

Legs: 12

I PURITAN HAMMER

This is the standard weapon carried by the Seraph soldier. It is a heavy, two-handed hammer with a high-frequency setting; making is as potentially lethal as a Pacifier Baton. The Puritan Hammer only carries a 30-minute charge, forcing the Seraph to save its more deadly capacity for special occasions (otherwise the mortality rate in Downtown would be greatly increased).

PEN: 0, DMG: 3/5*, AD: 3/5* (*increased on high frequency setting)

Weight: 1.5kg

I DISCIPLINARY CANE

An exclusive weapon carried by the Whips to thrash lowly Downtown scum into good behaviour. It has a rounded steel pommel that can render the uncouth individual in an unconscious state with one or two well-placed blows.

PEN: -1, DMG: 2, AD: 0

Weight: 1kg

MR DIVISION KNUCKLEDUSTER

Engraved with scenes of idyllic purity and rolling fields, these brutal tools are worn by the Seraphim when doling out an education at the orders of their Whip. Made from high-tensile steel, the knuckle dusters have four loops joined to a thick flat strip of metal.

PEN: -1, DMG: 4, AD: 0
Weight: 0.5kg

GM NOTES FOR VIRTUE SQUADS

This is a new type of enemy for the SLA operatives. The Virtue Squads work for the same company but are at odds with the player characters. In most cases, the threat in SLA Industries is something or someone that can be effectively eliminated and the creds collected. But the Virtue Squad is not a problem that can so easily be resolved, and to engage them can only make things worse.

As a GM, there are several ways you can introduce a Virtue Squad into your game session. The PCs may hear rumours (or see injuries) from NPCs in advance of meeting a Virtue Squad and are forewarned about the risks, or if the GM would like them to make them a prominent addition to a campaign, they can be brought into play without warning or explanation, and the players are more likely to stand up to their unprompted aggression. Chances are, enemies will be made and fines and SCL reductions may occur – particularly when squads comprise of Shaktars, Brain Wasters and Frothers who are unlikely to let derogatory comments slide.

Ops squads can potentially make enemies for life if they cause serious injury to a Whip, as he will of course bear a grudge a long time after he's departed the Virtue Squad and joined the Corporate Sector. He won't forget the Frother who broke his nose, and continues to bribe the assigned BPN officer to give his squads lousy BPNs that have low cred pay-outs...

Higher-ranking Ops can use the removal of an abusive Virtue Squad to win favour with the Downtown locals, and get tip offs of on-going BPNs that would normally be withheld. But even in more optimistic terms, the Virtue Squad will not take kindly to being talked down to, and will endeavour to find some way of getting back at the Ops who slighted them, and if they cannot directly challenge the Ops, they will go after those closest to them.

Problems escalate fast where the Virtue Squads are concerned.

IN GAME: JUDD WYATT

It's Stigmartyr who issue this particular HunterSheet; they've been onto Judd Wyatt for some time now, and it's finally time to either capture or kill him. Under normal circumstances, Stigmartyr would just send several of their experienced agents to apprehend the man, but as the threat of the Shi'An steadily grows on Mort, the Department has decided that active duty Op Squads should get familiar with the subversive of tomorrow. Rather than pit them against a more outlandish or unfamiliar opponent, Stigmartyr assigns them Judd Wyatt – a Mort Civilian with some brand new skills.

When the HunterSheet is issued, Stigmartyr has pinpointed his next pitching region, narrowing it down to the nearest apartment block; in this case the entrance of Bailey Apartments.

Despite not being too perturbed as to whether Judd survives or not, Stigmartyr states capture as the priority on this mission. They know that a skilled enough SLA Op Squad could simply locate Wyatt and pick him off with a ranged attack, but this is not the point of this particular exercise.

Judd has chosen Bailey Apartments as a sales point not because of the quality of customers but because of its location which is sat directly on an intersection, and he can see clearly down each direction.

Judd may not be the best fighter on Mort, but he's got a good eye and can spot a less than careful Operative coming from a mile off. He also has a range of undercover lookouts who will not simply alert him to an enemy's approach, but will also fight and delay an attacker, giving Judd Wyatt time to make his escape.

Judd and his followers are not the real threat in this encounter. Once the alarm is raised, Judd will instantly flee inside the building. As he makes his way up the corridors and passageways, he will attempt to activate two or three 'Call Forth Hominid' summoning scrolls (see stats below).

He is attempting to reach his last line of defence, which is sat waiting on the top floor of the building where he has a White Earth entity waiting to challenge the approaching Op squad.

The apartment in question contains a creature known as a Skin Drake – a shambling mass of sloughed skin and gallons upon gallons of blood. Across the floor of the run-down apartment are scattered summoning scrolls which, if splashed with blood, will summon a further 8-10 Hominids. The Skin Drake wanders aimlessly across these traps and if the Operatives cause him to explode (which is pretty much inevitable, really) the apart-

ment will be overrun by a horde of screeching bloodthirsty primates.

Once the Ops arrive and enter battle with the Skin Drake, Judd will retreat to the lone bedroom within the apartment to a gangplank at the window leading across to the next apartment block, and possibly freedom. In this room Judd will use his last scroll to summon a Spawn of Takoloshe, which should buy him ample time to make his escape.

It is up to the GM to decide if, in a state of panic, Judd Wyatt remembers to use the Skin of Pledge in his ritual summoning or not. If the GM would rather leave it to chance, Judd makes a COOL – 5 check as he begins the activation. If he overlooks the Skin of Pledge, the freshly summoned Spawn instantly attacks Judd and rips him to shreds.

Once the blood settles, and all opponents are dead, Stigmartyr will arrive to burn the debris and collect any tools and artefacts left by Judd (living or dead). If the PCs complete the mission quickly and effectively, the resident Stigmartyr agent will advise them to consider a future career within the Department, then promptly leave the vicinity.

I STATS

Classification: Human.

STR: 6,
DEX: 9,
DIA: 9,
CONC: 10,
CHA: 8,
PHYS: 8,
KNOW: 9,
COOL: 10,
DOM: 9*.

Walk: 1
Run: 2
Sprint: 3

Hits: 14

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES:

Arrogant: 5, Looks (Bad): 4, Psychosis: Psychopathy (Rank 5), Major Enemy (Stigmartyr): 8.

I SKILLS:

Blade 1H: 3, Pistol: 3, Throw: 2, Sleight: 4, Running: 9, Sneaking: 5, Hide: 5, Drive Motorcycle: 5, Leadership: 4, Interview: 8, Diplomacy: 5, Haggle: 8, Persuasion: 8, Medical, Paramedic: 4, Tactics: 3, Bribery: 8, Lock Picking: 3, Detect: 10, Survival: 6, Evaluate Opponent: 3, Streetwise: 9, Psychology: 2, Navigation: 4, Ghantu (White Earth, Com-

mon Tongue): 4, Umbral (White Earth, Ethereal Language): 1.

I DOMINANCE:

Dominance (DOM) is the average of a character's Concentration and Charisma and represents a summoner's ability to control a summoned creature. A bestial White Earth creature will attack the summoner unless they roll a successful dominance check, needing 11+ with their DOM as a bonus and the creature's ferocity as a negative modifier. A failed check would be problematic for the summoner.

I WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

Striker Light Vest, Civilian clothes, Rucksack containing a variety of Shi'An scrolls, Bronze Dagger (White Earth Origin), Dark Night Inc. Pistol, Wallet containing 120 unis, Takoloshe Pendant, Skin of Pledge, 6 one pint glass bottles of fresh blood.

I BRONZE DAGGER

One of Judd's most valuable items is a shabby, dented bronze dagger that originates from White Earth. It has no mystical properties of its own but, like most weapons transported into the boundaries of the World of Progress from White Earth, it has heightened damage, penetration, and armour damage. If Judd draws the dagger during combat, any opponents engaging him will suffer a -3 PHYS roll, feeling nauseous and uncomfortable around the weapon.

DMG: 5
PEN: 3
AD: 3

I SKIN OF PLEDGE

This item is one of the most common artefacts within the Shi'An Blood Summoner's belongings. One of the initiation rituals is have the Bloody Eye symbol hand-tattooed onto his skin then carved from his own body. This shred of rind then becomes known as the Skin of Pledge.

Many of the more complex rituals and summonings require the Skin of Pledge as a component during casting, and the creation of the artefact is seen as a rite of passage. The summoner cannot use the Skin of Pledge from another; it must be prepared and cut from his own body.

If the summoner's Skin of Pledge is destroyed or lost, he must repeat the whole process from scratch. As a result, the Shi'An cultist invariably goes to great lengths in order to protect the item.

The Skin of Pledge marks the Shi'An cultist as a loyal worshipper of Bitterness, and the sum-

moned entity will not attack him. If the summoner makes the mistake of forgetting to add the Skin of Pledge to the ritual, it is effectively a death sentence for the cultist. The Skin of Pledge gives a +10 DOM bonus on the Dominance roll.

I TAKOLOSHE PENDANT

When dealing with White Earth Hominids, it's always advisable to take as many precautions as possible as these primitive beings are extremely difficult to tame and control, even with the Skin of Pledge.

The Takoloshe Pendant allows a summoner to keep his sanity around one of White Earth's most ferocious species. The artefact is a necklace comprising of several overlapping and intertwining leather straps, bedecked with Hominid teeth, bone fragments and ending with a small brass disc pendant bearing an etched symbol of Takoloshe. Anyone wearing a Takoloshe Pendant does not suffer from the Primal Fear that Hominids bring.

I SHI'AN SCROLLS

I CALL FORTH HOMINID

Type: Blood Magick
Expenditure: 1 Wound (1 pint of blood)
Ritual Length: 1/3 phases.
Stress/Fear: see Primal Fear
Ingredients: Summoning Scroll
Duration of Stay: Permanent
Appeasement: Takoloshe Pendant
Ferocity: 6

The caster places the summoning scroll on a vertical flat surface and splashes one pint of blood (taking one phase) across the parchment. The caster then recites the conjuring phrase, and the scroll will activate. The portal will appear in the next phase, and the intruding Hominid will require a further 2 phases to fully emerge from White Earth. As soon the Hominid has completely transferred through, the scroll and the portal will instantly evaporate.

(See Threat Analysis – Hominid, for stats).

I CALL FORTH SPAWN OF TAKOLOSHE

Type: Blood Magick
Expenditure: 4 Wounds (4 pints of blood)
Ritual Length: 1/3 phases.
Stress/Fear: see Primal Fear
Ingredients: Summoning Scroll/ Skin of Pledge
Duration of Stay: Permanent
Appeasement: Takoloshe Pendant
Ferocity: 12

The caster places the summoning scroll on a vertical flat surface and splashes four pints of blood (taking one phase) across the parchment. The caster then recites the conjuring phrase, and

pins the Skin of Pledge upon the spilt blood. The scroll will then activate. The portal will appear in the next phase, and the intruding Spawn of Takoloshe will require a further 2 phases to fully emerge from White Earth. As soon the Hominid is completely transferred into the scroll and the portal will instantly evaporate.

(See Threat Analysis – Hominid, for stats).

I SKIN DRAKE

"Well, we knew Jeff was looking to check out. You get that a lot, especially with the new arrivals. They come in with this idea of what it's going to be like, I mean, I know I did, but you either get behind it or you don't. You have to be able to spend months up to your elbows in corpses and not have it get to you. What? Nah, doesn't bother me, mate. I was fucked long before the cult ever got to me. I told you about my mum, didn't I? What I did to her when I was ten? Cool. Yeah, squeezing the blood out of cadaver is nothing to me. It was bad for Jeff though; you just knew he was going to crack before his first month was out."

"Sure enough, Jeff sees an Ethereal coming through a portal and he loses his shit. That night he tried to make a run for it, but the Overseer caught him trying to escape through a sewer pipe and beat him good. I thought he was going to kill the guy but the Fat Man comes in and orders him to stop. I'm thinking, so the Fat Man's grown a soul now, huh?"

"The Malefactor takes Jeff away to his room, and ten minutes later the screaming starts. Just this long drawn out screech... I mean all us thought the guy was dead. An hour passes and out walks Jeff, except now he's like ... fat. Something's not right though, he's making this sloshing sound and looks like he's made of jello or something. His head's all the wrong shape and his eyes are closed but there's blood seeping out of them."

"Then I get it; it's just Jeff's skin."

"Jeff's dead all right, this thing's just a walking blood sack. I hear it's called a Skin Drake. Man, those things are fucking weird."

*Shi'An Neophyte 'Arnold Fitzherbert' interrogation, dated - 10/7/9(*classified*) sd, slug disc 30.*



A Skin Drake is a summon-able creature from White Earth, but it is nonetheless possible to create a version of one on Mort using more localised materials. In its initial form, the creature is little more than a flat, empty skin that has been sloughed from a human body which slithers and moves with unearthly sentience. It serves no other function but to crave and accumulate blood. It will attack a victim by sucking its blood from any orifice it can latch on to. The creature takes on a more humanoid shape the more blood it drinks until it expands to a bloated churning and unstable mass. The Skin Drake's thirst is unquenchable and it will keep hunting and feeding until it literally bursts from the vast quantities of blood in its skin sac. In this respect the Malefactor, a highly accomplished Shi'An Blood Summoner, must harness and restrain the Skin Drake wherever possible.

The recently issued Inferno Cannons are the best means of destroying a Skin Drake by burning away the blood and animated skin. Shooting and cutting the skin of a Drake will damage the creature and spill its contents but it will not remove or extinguish the blood's potency which can still

be wielded by the Malefactor. They are not especially sophisticated fighters but are highly prized by Shi'An Cultists as Skin Drakes are essentially walking blood banks which can be utilised for complex spells and rituals when the coven is on the move.

Skin Drakes must have a binding mark immediately tattooed on their upper back prior to summoning or creation as the Drake becomes uncontrollable and the summoner will end up becoming its first victim.

Skin Drakes can also be used as a form of punishment and execution among Shi'An cultists whereby the perpetrator is skinned and transformed into such a being. The Skin Drake retains none of its previous personality or intelligence, being reduced to the most basic functions of walking and consuming fresh blood.

Skin Drakes are essentially created with sole purpose of bursting. When used efficiently, the Skin Drake is specifically placed by location in combat, where it will shred and erupt; activating complex Shi'An spells in the process. A Skin Drake can contain between 300 and 400 pints of blood before bursting.

STATS

STR: 20,
DEX: 10,
DIA: *,
CONC: *,
CHA: *,
PHYS: 11,
KNOW: *,
COOL: *

* The Skin Drake is not a sentient being in the traditional sense. It performs a very limited series of tasks, and does not make COOL rolls. It responds to a selection of basic commands, but these must be delivered in Ghantu, or the Skin Drake will not understand.

Hits: 50
Fear Rating: 11

SKILLS:

Unarmed: 4, Sneaking: 5, Hide: 5, Detect: 5, Climb: 1.

SKIN DRAKE HIDE

The Skin Drake's hide has an unnatural toughness and may deflect certain forms of attack
PV: 10

I PUNCH

The basic punch of a Skin Drake, when it lands, does one point of damage, increased to twelve with its enormous strength bonus and Body Slam ability.

DMG: 1
PEN: 0
AD: 2

I FINGER SPIKE

When the Skin Drake goes to attack, he can try to plunge a finger spike through the armour of the target and draw out copious amounts of blood through the puncture wound.

DMG: 5
PEN: 8
AD: 3

I ABILITIES

I BLOOD GULP

If the Skin Drake can get a hold of an opponent, it will attempt to drain as much blood as possible. The Drake either slams its gelatinous head against the mouth of its victim and draws out the blood, or if the target is fully armoured it will use its finger spike to create a puncture wound and draw it out by that means.

Once the Skin Drake begins to Blood Gulp it can suck out a huge amount in a very short space of time, and the victim must make repeated PHYS rolls in order to stay conscious.

2 Wounds per phase, until blood/wounds are completely drained from the body – the character dies at zero wounds.

The victim makes a PHYS roll every three phases in order to stay conscious.

I BODY SLAM

The Skin Drake throws its abnormal body mass around in combat. During the fight, the opponents see that this creature is more than simply a blundering blood bag, but a supernatural being with power and ferocity behind its weight. When being struck about the head and torso by a Skin Drake, it is akin to being beaten up by a thug in Dogey-bone Armour.

+5 DMG to every hand-to-hand attack.

I SHI'AN LOOKOUTS

Category: Neophyte

STR: 6,
DEX: 6,

DIA: 5,
CONC: 5,
CHA: 4,
PHYS: 6,
KNOW: 5,
COOL: 7

Hits: 12

I SKILLS:

Blade 1H: 4, Pistol: 4, Running: 5, Sneaking: 3, Hide: 3, Drive Motorcycle: 4, Detect: 5, Evaluate Opponent: 2, Streetwise: 5.

I WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

Varying assortment of CAF weaponry, assorted basic hand weapons. Civilian Clothes. 2-5 units in back pocket.

I IN GAME: OSWALD BROWN

On the evening that the Operative Squad get the Red Alert HunterSheet, Oswald Brown has hit the big time earlier that day.

After escaping into the subway from his botched robbery, he narrowly avoided being hit by a gauss train. He threw himself to one side of the lines as the train hurtled by and burst through a flimsy fake wall, straight into secret Dark Night weapons cache. For a guy like Oswald this was incredibly lucky, but not so fortunate for the solitary low-level DN Civilian convert who was just sitting down to a heated can of beans, watching as an intruder burst clumsily into the base he was sworn to protect.

A fight swiftly ensued and, after a few minutes of exchanged kicks and punches, Oswald managed to get Dolores unsheathed and plunged into the DN agent's chest.

After catching his breath, Oswald made a quick examination of his new inventory, and was ecstatic with what he found. The absent DN Interceptor Squad appeared to have captured and repurposed a Fire Inc. Combat K'Shang – 'Ettin' Model 3, with additional a new Dark Night K'Shang auto rifle. Normally, it couldn't be wielded by a human, but powered up in a K'Shang, Oswald reckoned he'd do just fine.

After going through some other crates, he found a pack of eight DN Scatter Drones and a whole heap of ammo for the auto rifle. Oswald Brown thinks this is a sign, maybe from Mr Slayer - it doesn't really matter, but it's a call to action whatever it is!

After a few hours of rigging up the DN drones and stumbling about in the new K'Shang, Oswald is ready to go.

He exits the DN base and clumps off to the subway platforms. He clambers up onto Platform 4 and instantly the drones open up on the commuters with shotgun rounds. It wasn't exactly what Oswald was planning, but so be it – murder spree it is!

Oswald and his drones head up to the densely populated streets of Downtown and begin a full-scale attack. His goal is to fight his way to Suburbia and raid a decent SLA-owned gun store and restock his firepower. He marches down the street, firing randomly at the passers by. He manages to kill about fifteen innocent civilians before an armed Shiver presence arrives. As he reaches a traffic intersection, 4 light Scaf Shivers arrive, but after a brief shootout with Scatter Drones, all 4 Scafs are dead, and Oswald is down two drones.

As Oswald sees three Shiver APCs approaching, he panics and busts into Blue Croak Ice Cream Parlour, taking a birthday party of eight adults, and 14 children as a hostage.

The Shivers surround and cordon off the parlour and radio through to SLA Industries that there's a major situation that needs resolving. This is when the Red Alert is issued.

I BLUE CROAK'S ICE CREAM PARLOUR

The ice cream parlour has a fairly simple layout. There is a counter with stools stretching down the right side, breaking off into a small kitchen area, and 4 rows of seating booths down the left. Behind, there is a door leading to a corridor, with the ladies and gents bathrooms and a supply cupboard. There is a wide fire exit at the far end of the corridor, and this is likely the best means of ambushing Oswald and breaking his siege, as the drones are camped out at the smashed entrance to the ice cream parlour. The lumbering K'Shang charging into the premises has wrecked most of the fittings and seating.

Oswald seems more concerned with the Shivers surrounding the premises and is infrequently firing off a few 14mm rounds, and explaining how superior he is. He has a very limited grasp of siege infiltration and in his state of high anxiety, he will not have considered the attack may come from the rear.

The media have already arrived on the scene, and so the rescue of the child hostages is paramount. Oswald knows that they are his main tool for bartering and negotiation. He has not killed any of the hostages yet, but has dragged 6 year

old Emily in front of him and has the Buster rifle pointed at the back of her head.

At first, Oswald was requesting an APC, then a Shiver dropship, and then a stretch limo that would shuttle his hostages and himself to the nearest foldship which could reality-fold him off planet. After that, Oswald descended into a rambling, incoherent mess.

SLA simply wants this man dead, and with as little collateral damage before the media cameras as possible.

I ETTIN MODEL 3 COMBAT K'SHANG

The K'Shang is an oversized type of powered armour suit (often referred to simply as a Power-Suit). Instead of wearing it like traditional armour, the PowerSuit is large enough it requires piloting, and acts more as extension of the wearer. The arms and legs of the suit extend beyond those of the pilot and specialised servos and motors mimic the gestures, and are able to carry and manipulate anti personnel weaponry.

PowerSuits tend to be heavily armoured, as their primary function is warfare and they make a deadly addition to a military force. The closest comparison in the SLA Industries catalogue would be the MAL Shock Armour. SLA does however manufacture PowerSuits but they are rarely seen on Mort, and tend to be shipped to fight on War Worlds.

On Mort, they are mostly the province of Soft Companies, who are trying to corner the market on rival product K'Shangs. The results vary widely in quality and efficiency. Most, despite their size and apparent, are no much better (or more useful) than standard SLA power armour.

Fire Inc., the creators of the new Ettin Model 3 K'Shang, have produced something worthwhile. The Ettin is as close to the quality of MAL Shock Armour as possible with the materials to hand. It has become a popular choice with Dark Night Inc. and Soft Companies with unis to spend, because they can't get a Stormer or a Shaktar, and a Greater Carrien will most likely eat them. But buying an Ettin, and enlisting a pilot with the sufficient skills, they will a Stormer-esque team-mate with the heavy weapons capability to match.

The Ettin doesn't carry all the military-grade comms and optics packages that an equivalent SLA Industries design would have, but it does provide basic optics and climate control for the pilot, with a heat exchanger, the large device at the back of the shoulders, providing both cooling for the power system and the cabin temperature. Oswald will have discarded most of his equipment when getting into the K'Shang, and is only wear-

ing his underpants, a t-shirt, a paracord bracelet, a webbing belt with Delores's sheath hanging from it, a pair of odd socks, and the drone control harness.

Piloting a PowerSuit requires training to not just be a lumbering hulk, and the PowerSuit skill, a skill that Oswald Brown is lacking, will control the strength and agility of the K'Shang, some suits being easier to wear than others.

PV: 17

Head: 65

Torso: 170

Arms: 80

Legs: 150

STR: 12 + PowerSuit Skill halved

DEX: 3 + PowerSuit Skill

I DN INC BUSTER K'SHANG AUTO RIFLE

The Buster is a large anti-personnel rifle designed to take down MAL Shock Armour, combat K'Shangs, and Chagrins. It fires special DN brand 14mm. rounds. The Dark Night variant does not contain depleted uranium, but it is nonetheless powerful enough to penetrate the toughest armours and nicely eviscerate the fleshy bits underneath.

The Buster is too big to be wielded by a combatant of human proportions, and is meant for PowerSuits (such as K'Shangs), and Stormer or Shaktar sized individuals, requiring a STR of 12 or higher to use it. Even though the Buster has a clip of 90 rounds, and the suit carries a further four clips in a loading bin, Oswald will not know how to reload it and will only have 42 rounds left in the clip. He does have a display showing remaining ammunition but won't conserve ammo until he's down to 12 rounds.

SIZE: R

CLIP: 90

CAL: 14mm.

ROF: 3

RANGE: 80m

Cost: 30,000u

I 'BUSTER' RIFLE ROUND - 14MM

DMG: 22

PEN: 15

AD: 7

Cost: 300u

I DARK NIGHT INC. SCATTER DRONE

Scatter Drones are a reasonably new creation to come out of Dark Night Inc. The Drone Packs

comes in 2 sizes - 4 drone, or 8 drone containers. The purchaser/ operator wears a light control harness, and the drones endeavour to protect any attacking force that comes within 30m of the control device. In order for the drones to defend multiple individuals (i.e. a DN Interceptor squad) the control harness must be programmed in advance and the team issued with slave rigs that can be magnetically clipped to armour. The drones will not attack anyone within 3m of a control harness or slave rig.

The Scatter Drone is an armoured spherical robotic device, armed with a DN shotgun swivel mount on the base. The Drone has hover capabilities and 270-degree arc of fire. Drones are essentially dumb, not having any intelligence beyond what the control harness tells them to do, and are designed to be used when everyone not wearing a harness or rig is considered hostile, or enemies are clearly armed, with only two control settings. The first setting, anything that moves, is the default setting but the second setting only attacks people who are armed or appear to be armed. Oswald only discovered the second setting after the drones eliminated the civilians in the train station. When the Operatives arrive, the remaining drones will be targeting the Shivers and media in front of the building, outside of the radius of the drones, unable to differentiate cameras from guns.

Scatter Drones have a four hour battery and will keep shooting even after they run out of ammo.

PV: 5

I.D: 40

Weight: 0.5kg

Move: 8/8/8

I SKILLS

Detect: 6

Rifle: 6

Sneak: 5

Hide: 5

I DN SHOTGUN MOUNT

SIZE: R

CLIP: 45

CAL: Scatter

ROF: 1

RANGE: 10M

I DN SCATTER SHOTGUN SHELL

DMG: 8

PEN: 2

AD: 4

I IN GAME: ZANE LORGOR

STR: 11
DEX: 8
DIA: 25
CONC: 25
CHA: 6
COOL: 3
PHYS: 10/2*
KNOW: 25

Walk: 2
Run: 4
Sprint: 6

Hit Points: 21
Head: 7 Torso: 24 Arms: 10 Legs: 11

I ADVANTAGES:

Ambidextrous, Good Vision/Hearing/Sight – 7.

I DISADVANTAGES:

Haptophobia (Fear of Being Touched) – Rank 10, Mysophobia (Fear of Dirt) – Rank 10, Arrogant – Rank 10, Chicken, Ugly - Rank 9, Chicken: 5, Immunodeficiency.

I SKILLS:

Unarmed Combat: 1, Pistol: 3, Tactics: 18, Torture: 20, Bioengineering: 25, Biology: 20, Zoology: 22, Genetics 16, Immunology/Microbiology 17, Ecology: 20, Physiography: 20, Conflict Era Lore: 25, SLA Information: 18, Evaluate Opponent: 20, Space Navigation: 10, Medical, Surgery: 25, Detect: 10, Shi'An Lore: 8.

* Immunodeficiency – The Root Dogs have spent so long on the safety of the Birthing Ships and in sterile environments that they have very frail immune systems. Only their noxious sweat secretions give them a +1 rank on PHYS rolls.

I WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

Respirator, Groshak Surgical Utensil Kit.

Forearm (R) Krellish Auto Laser:
Size: P Clip: 20 CA: / ROF: 1 Recoil: / Range: 30m Weight: 1.2kg

Laser Bolt (Single Shot).
DMG: 10 PEN: 8 AD: 3

Forearm (L) Groshak Gas Spray:
Size: P Clip: 4 CA: / ROF: 1 Recoil: / Range: 30/ Weight: 1kg

Groshak Gas.
DMG: 8* PEN: 0 AD: 0

*Emits a lethal poison gas attack. The discharge is a two-metre cloud of lethal gas that, if breathed in, does 8 damage, plus 2 damage every round you remain in its area. The gas dissipates in 5 rounds. If a target is affected by the gas, a -7 PHYS check is required to remain conscious. Standard filtering in helmeted armour reduces this to a mere annoyance, negating the damage and just causing the target to cough if a -7 PHYS check is failed.

I ARMOUR: GROSH ARMOUR

PV: 12
ID: see below
Head: 10
Torso: 40
Arms: 30
Legs: 40

The Op Squad assigned to this HunterSheet must already be on Dante when the Red Alert is issued; off-world squads will take too long to reach the location and, by the time they arrive, Threat Analysis believes Zahan Lorgor will be long gone.

As a GM you may wish to run a Green BPN or Black Op prior to this mission that will place the player characters near to the action, then issue the Red Alert. The high bounty should entice the Operatives to take on the HunterSheet.

Zahan Lorgor is looking for the fabled White Earth Monitor known as Shi'An. Centuries ago Shi'An was believed to have fled White Earth and vanished into an unknown hideaway somewhere in the World of Progress. Throughout these years, Shi'An has lain in a torpor-like state and slept through numerous generations and events. There are countless rumours and speculations regarding her whereabouts. Some suggest she lies beneath the black seas of Mauga Til', or in a lost temple of the Heracleum on Cross, but the most common story is that Shi'An lies frozen in a cave on Dante's arctic ice cap. Zahan has perilously traversed the World of Progress and searched each and every location the rumours have implied, and as yet found nothing. He is hoping that he will find what he is looking for on Dante. If he locates her, Zahan intends to dissect her body, study her genetic code and synthesise her blood. His valuable research will then be integrated into new Herd types and, if a success, as a cure for his race's immunodeficiency. If Zahan is to achieve his ends, it will elevate him to the master of his kind. The players will most likely hear of his true purpose on Dante as Zahan will be quick to tell them if he thinks to will save his own scrawny neck.

Once the Op Squad has made contact at the chemical research facility, they can use motion sensors to track down the exact location of the Groshak expedition team. The facility will supply them with two fully-tracked snow vehicles to reach Zahen Lorgor, but will warn them about natural hazards in the region and suggest safe routes with the vehicles.

Zahen will not have tunnelled through to what he believes is the corpse of Shi'An, which is in actual fact the last remains of a long extinct cave lion, by the time the Op Squad arrives. If the Ops are wise, it is worth completing the excavation and returning the animal cadaver to Naga 7, who will reward the Ops with a 1000c bonus. In truth, this strange find may be of more interest to them than Zahen Lorgor himself.

A battle between the Ops and the Groshak will ensue, first with the 3 Darol guards patrolling the walls, then with the remaining 5 Darols, the Herd beasts and finally, the labourers. All support will fight to the death in the protection of the Core Scientist, and if the squad is victorious, Zahen will immediately surrender to them.

He will be upset with the thought of capture, but equally so when he discovers that the remains are not the legendary Shi'An. During questioning Zahen will grumble about being "cheated by a Neophron."

Shi'An's exact whereabouts remain a mystery.

I SUGGESTIONS FOR BPNs LEADING TO DANTE

Missions to Dante are not especially common for SLA Operatives from Mort, and they tend to cover duties outwith the standard military skill set. Most often the BPNs are investigations, retrievals and, on occasion, assassinations. Anything as direct as defeating an enemy force is left to the heavily armed company soldiers. Here are a few suggestions that may take the Operative Squad to Dante:

I DN SPY AMONG MILITARY PERSONNEL

Threat Analysis and Internal Affairs believe there is a Dark Night spy operating within high-level command in one of the battle sectors. The Ops are sent there to interrogate personnel, uncover the DN agent and return him or her back to Mort for further questioning. If the squad take the captured spy along with them, he will be cooperative, but could undermine their suggestions and may attempt to team up with Zahen Lorgor on the return journey.

I A FACT-FINDING EXERCISE REGARDING A DEFEATED SOFT COMPANY

A SLA military battalion has wiped out a new Soft Company team within the remains of a ruined city. The company were carrying new weapons and armour types and the Op Squad is brought in to collect and examine the equipment, and assess the next course of action: whether to track down any remaining teams and destroy them, or take captives for interrogation at SLA HQ.

I TRANSPORTING A THRESHER DEFECTOR BACK TO MORT.

SLA military has in their custody a defector from Thresher Inc. Two weeks ago, his relayed information resulted in the destruction of three secret Thresher camps on Dante. This has been a severe blow to the rival company and a considerable bounty has been placed on the defector's head. The Thresher advisor commander in question claims to have more intelligence to report, but will only do so at SLA HQ. The Op Squad is given the role of guard duty and are to shuttle him safely back to Mort Central. The squad could even be required take the Thresher defector along for the ride, adding spice to what is already a complicated undertaking.

I GROSH EXPEDITION FORCE

Core Scientist (Zahen Lorgor), 8 Darol Body Guards (see Hostile 4/ HunterSheets Issue 2 for stats), 4 Darol Labourers, 3 Herd Specimens (Primary Function: Crav)

I EQUIPMENT

Excavation Equipment, Protective tent for Core Scientist, Armoured Container (empty) for the housing and transferal of a captive specimen, Groshak Wall Defences (portable armoured barricades), small Groshak shuttle stationed 1 mile from excavation point, awaiting completion of the mission.

I GROSHAK WALL DEFENCES

PV: 15

ID: 80

Research teams often work in broad open spaces, frequently in hazardous environments, so the Grosh created mobile wall defences that fold and open out to surround their temporary base of operations. Some are quite complex and can extend upwards to create a dome-like shell. Most, however, are simpler – a vertical planar surface approx. 15 feet in height that somewhat prevents limited ranged sniper attacks. In most cases, the research team wants to have its tasks completed and be gone from the location within a 24-hour timeframe, and the basic models are quicker to dismantle and are more discreet.


**I PRIMARY FUNCTION: CRAV /
SECONDARY FUNCTION: PORG**

The Crav is a new Herd Type. Its physical frame is huge and bulky with loose slabs of blubber spread across its body. Beneath the layers of blubber, however, are plates of toughened cartilage that can withstand most small arms fire. The head of the creature is a jowly eyeless beaked mass that squawks and burbles perpetually.

In combat, the Crav lumbers thoughtlessly towards its opponents and pummels them with its clumped fists, and then vomits up a deadly blast of corrosive acid from its stomach. If the Crav is fired upon and sustains damage before reaching the target, it will attempt to spray acid from a distance, bound forward while the victim is incapacitated and finish them off with its club attack.

STR: 25 DEX: 10 DIA: * CONC: 11 CHA: 4 PHYS: 15 KNOW: 10 COOL: 14

HITS: 27

Move Rate: Walk: 2 Run: 4 Sprint: 6

PV: 10 Natural Armour

I ATTACKS:

Crav - Acidic Vomit Spray

DMG: 9

PEN: 0

AD: 7

Dissolves for 3 phases before neutralising.

The Herd subject can purge 5 times before exhausting its stomach contents and must resort to its secondary function. It will only re-accumulate another dose of vomit once per combat turn (5 phases).

I PORG - CLAWED FISTS

DMG: 6 (+STR bonus - 8)

PEN: 4

AD: 2

Herd do not make COOL rolls and once engaged in combat, they will fight to the death.

I DAROL LABOURERS

Labourers are a creation of the Root Dog scientists, and are best described as the Groshak equivalent of SLA Industries' 'Low Wave Stormer'. They have been created from primarily Darol DNA and bear all the same facial characteristics, but their bodies are much larger and more physically powerful.

Labourers, in spite of their great strength, have exceptionally low intelligence and cannot be relied on for combat duty, or to use projectile weaponry. If threatened, they will set about their opponents with massive fists and will fight to the death.

STR: 28

DEX: 5

DIA: 2

CONC: 3

CHA: 1

PHYS: 17

KNOW: 2

COOL: 15

HITS: 45

Walk/Run/Sprint: 1m

I SKILLS:

Unarmed: 8.

I IN GAME: TOTT DETRIC

Classification: Wraithen.

STR: 5,
DEX: 9,
DIA: 25,
CONC: 30,
CHA: 8,
PHYS: 7,
KNOW: 27,
COOL: 8

Hits: 12*

*Any weapons within the World of Progress do 1 damage, which regenerates within 1 Phase with no further damage.

I SKILLS:

Unarmed Combat: 1, Sneak: 8, Hide: 8, Pistol: 5, Drive Motorcycle: 4, Running: 7, Climb: 7, Swim: 3, Leadership: 4, Seduction: 7, Persuasion: 3, Computer Use: 3, Tactics: 5, Tracking: 5, Survival: 4, Streetwise: 8, Evaluate Opponent: 6, Literacy: 13, SLA Information: 10, Rival Company: 10, Psychology: 2, Astronomy: 6, Navigation: 13, Space Navigation: 14, Artistic Ability: 10, Physiology: 8.

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES

Looks (Good): 3, Ambidextrous, Vision (Good): 4, Hearing (Good): 4, Arrogant: 2, Good Luck: 2.

I WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

BLA710M Snubber + 1 clip, Umbrella, Rucksack, assorted stationary, Civilian Clothes, Ring bound notepad titled: 'W. Concept One'.

I GAME NOTES:

Tott Detric's main line of defence is his boyfriend, the Prop 'Bullet Point', but if it looks like there's going to be more trouble than he can handle, he will retreat into the rear of his residence and open up some grating that leads directly into the sewers. This factor will not appear in any of the floor plans that SLA currently has to hand; Tott and Bullet created it themselves as an easy means of escape and as easy access to the second line of defence – a whole horde of Derros and Night Stalkers which Tott has control of (and has been feeding).

Once the gates are opened, 10 -15 Derros will pour into the shower room (one Derro per phase) and attack anyone who attempts to threaten Tott. The Night Stalkers, 7 in total, take longer to enter the premises, as the opening is a little tight for their considerable bulk (one Stalker per combat turn).

Once all Dream entities have occupied the Shower room and entered combat with the invading Operatives, Tott will call for Bullet Point to retreat, and they will attempt to escape via the sewers.

Some PC groups may look for alternate routes to infiltrate the Tott Detric hideout, the most obvious being the sewer network leading beneath the building, which has an access vent in the employee car park just behind Tott's secret base.

If members of the Op squad opt to try this route to the Shower Room, they will run straight into

the Dream entity horde, and enter combat. If this occurs, the planned escape route for Tott and his boyfriend will be compromised and they will attempt to flee the premises above ground, which is a lot more risky.

If the Op Squad has chosen to split their team, and infiltrate the hideout by two access point, the targets will be trapped and captured unless they are defeated by the Derros and Night Stalkers.

When combat is over, Tott will kick and fight, regardless of how futile his exertions are. He will be even more greatly distressed if he believes that Bullet Point is severely injured or dead.

If the Operatives attempt to beat Tott into submission they will be alarmed to see that while they can momentarily inflict pain on Tott, they cannot injure him beyond one phase, as any physical wound heals instantaneously, an ability that Tott doesn't really know that he has.

Although the Op Squad has been warned not to look at Tott's notebook, any examination of its contents will result in the following:

- temporary blindness (-8 PHYS roll)
- sudden and intense physical seizure (-8 PHYS roll)
- sudden nauseous sensations and dizziness (-4 PHYS roll)

What little the reader sees of the material will appear to be nothing more than numerical coordinates and obscure hieroglyphics than are not Ebb in origin. Characters who attempt to look through W. Concept One may face a deduction to their HunterSheet payment (approx. 50% reduction of the original pay).

Once Tott has been muzzled and shackled, the Head of Naga 7 Division, Prof Charles Finch, will be waiting outside to collect him and ferry him back to SLA HQ. He will thank the Ops personally for the capture of Tott Detric, and have a little chuckle to himself if he gets word that one of the Operatives has endeavoured to read Detric's notebook, and suffered the consequences.

I BULLET POINT (ALEX BLACK)

Alex Black has been operating as a Prop for only a year and a half, taking over from his late father, Jeff Black – the original Bullet Point. Jeff Black served as mercenary for the Soft Company 'Green Wave' for 4 years, before quitting to become a professional Prop.

Alex assumed the mantle and took his seat in the Depth Charge. It was rough at first, as he wasn't widely acknowledged, having no tangible work experience but has regardless proven to be an efficient and reliable Prop.

I STATS

Classification: Human.

STR: 9,
DEX: 9,
DIA: 7,
CONC: 8,
CHA: 6,
PHYS: 9,
KNOW: 8,
COOL: 10

Hits: 18

I SKILLS:

Martial Arts: 3, Sneak: 8, Hide: 6, Pistol: 7, Rifle: 8, Weapons Maintenance: 5, Blade 1H: 5, Auto/Support: 3, Medical, Paramedic: 4, Lock Picking: 2, Electronic Locks: 4, Electronics Repair: 3, Mechanics Repair: 2, Drive Civilian: 7, Running: 8, Climb: 5, Swim: 1, Computer Use: 5, Tactics: 2, Survival: 3, Streetwise: 7, Evaluate Opponent: 8, SLA Information: 5, Rival Company: 6, Video Games: 7.

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES

Figure (Good): 5, Ambidextrous.

I WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

Powercell Armour (War World Cross design), 10-10 Bullyboy Shotgun + 5 clips, DN74 + 3 clips, Vibro Sabre, 3 Kickstarts, 1 Flush.

(Stats for NightStalkers and Derros can be found in SLA Industries Data Packet: The Dream).

I IN GAME: K'RN K'RYK'TS

Classification: Shaktar.

STR: 15,
DEX: 15,
DIA: 8,
CONC: 9,
CHA: 4,
PHYS: 15,
KNOW: 8,
COOL: 15

Hits: 60

I SKILLS:

Unarmed Combat: 15, Sneak: 8, Hide: 10, Pistol: 9, Rifle: 15, Auto/Support: 12, Blade 1H: 8, Blade 2H: 15, Chainaxe: 10, Club 2H: 10, Throw: 10, Drive Military: 8, Running: 7, Climb: 7, Swim: 3, Intimidation: 7, Computer Use: 5, Tactics: 7, Leadership: 6, Tracking: 5, Survival: 4, Streetwise: 7, Evaluate Opponent: 6, SLA Information: 10, Ri-

val Company: 10, Shi'An Lore: 6, Ghantu (White Earth, Common Tongue): 7, Umbral (White Earth, Ethereal Language): 2, Navigation: 6, Space Navigation: 5.

I ADVANTAGES/DISADVANTAGES

Blessing of Secta, Ambidextrous, Looks (Bad): 9, Arrogant: 8, Psychosis (Sociopathy): 9, Perversion (Sadist): 7,

I WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

Starfall Armour, Fen WW09 'Thrasher' Cannon (5 clips), DreadCleaver Axe, BLA 046M Blitzer (8 clips), Vibro Sabre, Athame Dagger (White Earth origin), Bloody Eyed Pendant, Stone Chalice (White Earth Origin).

I GAMES NOTES

K'rn K'Ryk'Ts and his followers were initially attempting to summon a denizen from White Earth known as a Ciaccor (pronounced Jackor), and unleash it in a Shaktar-centric region of Mort. The Ciaccor is a large, powerful creature and in order to call it forth the Dark Moon Shaktars were going to need a lot of blood for the portal to open.

Being Dark Moon Shaktars, they felt the only choice was to gather up as many pure Shaktars as possible and slaughter them, so K'rn K'Ryk'Ts chose a 2nd Moon Church in Downtown as the staging point.

Taking over the shrine was easy, as the occupants, whilst Shaktarian, were all civilians; the fight was over in a matter of seconds. The problem was that there simply wasn't enough blood, and Dark Moon Shaktars being far from subtle had already made way too much of a commotion both inside and out of the church. The Dark Moon shaman in attendance took his own life to add to the blood sacrifice, but it still wasn't enough, and he was the only one present with the knowledge of summoning.

All that remained was to seal off the doors and prepare for siege and glorious violent death. For K'rn K'Ryk'Ts, this is as good and enjoyable a way to go out as possible.

By the time the Operative Squad receive the HunterSheet, chaos reigns at the 2nd Moon Church. The Dark Moon Shaktars have smashed out the priceless antique stained glass windows of the four noble moons and used them as murder holes: blasting Shivers and any onlookers who appear to be in range. At present, the death toll is 14 Shaktarian parishioners, 20 Shivers, 18 Civilians, a 4-member TV crew, and the first Operative squad sent to defeat K'rn K'Ryk'Ts.

The Dark Moon Shaktars have blocked the entrance, stationed themselves at every window and are guarding the rear entrance. There is no easy way into the church, and unless the Op Squad is highly ingenious, the only option is to simply storm the building. They may manage to pick off one or two Shaktars at the windows, but these openings are narrow and difficult to fit through, especially if the PCs are in heavy armour, or the size of a Stormer or Shaktar. The best means of access are the front and rear entrances. The front entrance is a large set of double doors. Originally it had a PV: 7, with ID: 400, but the day's repeated gunfire has reduced it to around 130 points. The rear entrance is just a single door, and has PV: 4, with ID: 50. It seems like the better option but once the door is destroyed the operatives can only enter one at a time, single file, and will be facing down three Dark Moon Shaktars with FEN ARs.

The main hall of worship dominates the church. It is all set on one floor, a single aisle runs down the centre with 6 pews on either side toward a central shrine devoted to the 2nd Moon. This has now been desecrated, and the mutilated bodies of all 14 parishioners have been set on a pile above its remains. The walls have been soaked in blood with the crude depictions of Shi'An iconography.

Once the Op squad enters the main hall, the Dark Shaktars will descend on them. K'rn K'Ryk'Ts will hold back and blast them with his Fen WW09 'Thrasher' Cannon, aiming for what he regards as the 'chaff' first and then drawing his DreadCleave Axe for the final assault, preferably if there is a Shaktar within the Op Squad, targeting him as his primary objective.

Stigmartyr will appear at the end of the battle to collect the equipment and body of K'rn K'Ryk'Ts, along with the Shi'An summoning scroll that failed to activate.

I STATS

I STARFALL ARMOUR

Starfall Armour is a type of Infantry Armour worn by Shaktars and Stormers in active War World duty between 600sd – 850sd. It has since been outmoded, but is highly prized within the World of Progress and is considered a collector's item. In more recent years, it is the preferred armour of the notorious Shaktarian Ion Drive pirates.

P.V: 17
ID:
Head: 70
Torso: 200
Arms: 100
Legs: 150

I FEN WW09 'THRASHER' CANNON

SIZE: R
CLIP: 30
CAL: 12.7 (HEAP)
ROF: 8
Recoil: 9
Range: 30m
Weight: 27kg
Cost: not applicable

I DREADCLEAVE AXE

The DreadCleave Axe is a large, powered weapon favoured by Dark Moon Shaktars. It has a single curved blade down one side, and two grisly spikes jutting out on the other. It is a heavy, two handed axe that requires a STR of 13+ in order to wield it. The power unit gives a 4000-hour energy supply.

DMG: 8 + STR bonus
PEN: 6
AD: 5

I ATHAME DAGGER (WHITE EARTH ORIGIN)

The Athame is a common tool used by Shi'An cultists. It is a bronze dagger ordinarily used in sacrificial rituals, but is distinctive as it has sharp spikes along the handle that cut deep in the palm of the cultist. Its fashioning is designed to share somewhat in the sacrifice, and the blood of practitioner and victim are meant to mingle and share their donation.

Owing to this purpose, the Athame is useless as a weapon as it would severely injure the wielder during combat.

-3 PHYS roll when non-Shi'An characters are in the presence of this item.

I STONE CHALICE

This is nothing more than a simple cup, crudely carved from White Earth stone. It is meant to hold sacrificial blood, which should be drunk as part of certain rituals and summoning spells.

-3 PHYS roll when non-Shi'An characters are in the presence of this item.

I BLOODY EYED PENDANT

A simple cast-iron pendant on a leather strap that bears the mark of Bitterness, and White Earth. It has no magical properties but induces fear in non-Shi'An opponents of the wearer, giving them a -2 to COOL rolls.

I BLESSING OF SECTA

K'rn K'Ryk'Ts has the Blessing of Secta, which gives him enhanced STR, DEX and regenerative abilities. He does not make PHYS rolls.

K'rn K'Ryk'Ts regenerates one hit point every two phases.

I DARK MOON SHAKTARS

Classification: Shaktar

STR: 13,
DEX: 12,
DIA: 7,
CONC: 7,
CHA: 3,
PHYS: 12,
KNOW: 7,
COOL: 12

Hits: 25

I SKILLS:

Unarmed Combat: 10, Sneak: 8, Hide: 8, Pistol: 10, Rifle: 10, Auto/Support: 10, Blade 1H: 8, Blade 2H: 10, Chainaxe: 11, Throw: 7, Drive Military: 4, Running: 7, Climb: 7, Swim: 3, Intimidation: 7, Computer Use: 3, Tactics: 5, Tracking: 5, Survival: 4, Streetwise: 4, Evaluate Opponent: 6, SLA Information: 10, Rival Company: 10, Shi'An Lore: 6, Ghantu (White Earth, Common Tongue): 7,

I WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

HARD Armour, or Stormer ExoSkeleton, Fen AR or BLA646M Buzzsaw (5-8 clips), Chainaxe or Power Claymore, 5 Kickstart, 3 Ultra Violence, 1 Blaze U.V.

I BREAK OUT

Tott Detric had been sat in the small grey interrogation cell for hours. At least, it felt like hours; there was no real way of knowing. There was no clock or window to mark the passage of time. Nothing in the room but two steel chairs, one steel table, and the Cloak Division Agent stood by the door. Motionless.

For a while, Tott had begun to think that it was simply a statue as it had stood impossibly still for so long, but when he'd attempted to rise from the table, the cold black mask of the Dark Finder turned, and Tott quietly sat back down again.

So, he waited, and worried. He didn't know what had happened to Alex, didn't know if he were alive or dead. When the Op squad burst in he ran and heard the exchange of gunfire, but after that everything had just been a blur; the opening scenes to a terrible nightmare.

Tott had begun to delve deeper into his fears, when the bulkhead door hissed and opened to the cell.

An old man entered briskly, pushing a small trolley, bearing some small object, concealed beneath a white sheet. He looked like a professor; dressed in a grey three-piece tweed suit. His polished shoes clicked noisily on the metal grated floor as he approached the table.

"Ah, still here? Good show, good show!" the old man said, "Sorry about all the formalities and such, but!"

He wheezed as he dropped heavily into the opposite chair.

"We do have a bit of business to take care of today, and there's some rather important people who'd like to have a word with you, shortly."

Tott watched as the old man gingerly lifted the object, still veiled by the sheet and lowered it to the surface of the table with a clunk.

"Are you going to torture me?"

"Now," the old man said, pausing to take his glasses off and wipe them with a patterned handkerchief, "you are Tott Detric, this has been established."

He looked up at the Wraithen as he placed the spectacles back on the bridge of nose.

"Yes?"

"Y-yes."

"Splendid. I am Professor Charles Finch, the Departmental Head of Naga 7, but you will already be aware of this."

"No, I-I don't know who you are." Tott stammered.

"Ah, and there is the first little lie!" the Professor grinned.

"I don't know you are!"

"Nostrum est Neotium Ut Scire, Mr Detric! Which is?" Professor Finch barked at the Wraithen and with hand raised, waiting in expectation of the correct response.

In the silent pause, Tott Detric lowered his head.

"It is our business to know." He whispered.

"Our motto, yes." Professor Finch said, "You know this, because you've been doing a little, shall we say, research of your own, hmm?"

Tott did not respond.

"You've tried to get material from Catalogue, haven't you, Tott? You have more than a passing interesting in Building, I'd wager. Your work on the Derro is ... commendable, but cautiousness is not among your current array of skills."

"I just wanted to be left alone!"

"Oh, don't be such a dullard, Tott! We're all beyond this now, and let me tell you, it's a dashed good job we picked you up before, well, you know who."

Tott looked up, straight at Professor Finch.

"I wouldn't ha-"

Finch stopped him.

‘Tott, you wouldn’t have had a choice. Elliot Raik and that other one were already on their way to collect you. Now listen to me, young fellow, you do have a choice from this moment on. You are with us or against us. These times ahead of us will be rough, and we require absolutes. I can look after you, but you will need to trust me.’

“Where is Alex? I want to see Alex, is he okay? I’m not agreeing to anything until I know he’s safe.”

Professor Finch let out a low, weary sigh. He cocked his head to one side, listening to the sound of approaching footsteps.

He looked back at Tott and shrugged.

‘Oh dear, out of time, my boy.’

The bulkhead opened and Intruder stormed into the room.

Tott barely had time to raise his arms in defence before Intruder had grasped him by his collar and wrenched him out of the chair.

The breath was knocked out of him as Intruder slammed him into a wall of the cell. He drew his face up to the Wraithen, stared into his eyes.

Intruder was beyond pale now; he was grey. All the charm and attractiveness was gone, his eyes were dull and bloodshot, and at this proximity, Tott could see the discoloured veins staining his temples.

“This is him, right? Another one these pricks?” Intruder spat the words, his head turned to address Professor Finch.

“Indeed.”

Intruder snapped his head back to face Tott, and proceeded to tug at the Wraithen’s hair, checking the roots to see the fur was a natural red, strong enough to tear clumps of it from the scalp.

Tott screamed in pain.

Professor Finch, intrigued, drew out a notepad from his breast pocket, and began to jot down a few shorthand notes.

“What is that? What the fuck are you doing?” Intruder snapped at him.

“Oh this? Oh just a few interesting findings. The fact that you’re able to extract hair from a Builder is intriguing. I assumed they couldn’t be damaged in the, shall we say, traditional sense.”

Intruder let Tott slump to the floor, as he considered the Professor’s suggestion.

“So, perhaps this little prick isn’t a Builder.”

“Now, Intruder let’s not be too hasty here. Perhaps we should wait for —“

Intruder reached into his coat and drew out a Blitzer. He spun the barrel to the Wraithen’s temple and pulled the trigger.

Tott let out a brief yelp of terror, before the blast of the Hesh round deafened the room.

“Shit.” Intruder hissed.

He slowly dropped to his haunches and picked up the distorted, mushroomed bullet, then looked across at the trembling youth.

Tott stared back at Intruder, wide eyed.

“Y-you fucking shot me. You ... you tried t-to —“

“Yes, that’s right, I tried to kill you. And things would be a whole lot easier for everyone if your brains had been coating that wall right now.”

Intruder looked back down at the ineffectual bullet in his hand, and exhaled.

“Here,” Intruder tossed it to Finch, who dropped his pen fumbling to catch it, “You can add this to Catalogue, like it makes a bloody difference.”

He slid over to Tott, still huddled in the corner of the room.

“It was all fine until you fucks started turning up. I wanted it all to stay in the past, so we could all carry on. Move forward in life. For ourselves, you know? But no, we have grey zones, Dream Entities and that ... fucker,

who just won't accept that he's dead! And you, you ... down in that shithole playing god. Do you honestly think we need this shit added on top of everything we have to deal with right now? Do you? Do you!?"

Intruder grabbed him by the cheek and pulled him up. Intruder's eyes had glazed over, he stared through Tott, into his own thought process.

"I wish I knew you to kill you all. I wish I knew..." Intruder was murmuring now. He was no longer talking to Tott; he was deep inside, looking for answers.

"Perhaps we should start over."

The voice was quiet, and gentle.

Professor Finch turned quickly, and rose to acknowledge Mr Slayer, who was now stood in the doorway, watching.

Intruder also rose, releasing the Wraithen from his grip. He sauntered over to the table, brushing himself down, adjusting his coat lapels.

Slayer stepped inside, and looked across at the frightened boy.

Tott had seen posters of Slayer; they were pasted all over Downtown. In these images he looked so large and imposing. He'd read that Slayer was meant to be nine feet tall and built like a tank. The man stood before him was just over six foot in height, and stood about eye to eye with Intruder, his second in command. And then, there was his face.

"This," Slayer nodded, motioning to the appalling disfigurement that stretched the majority of his face, "you're somewhat privileged to see? Not many people get to see the real me."

"You're not Slayer." Tott said quietly, backing further into the wall.

"Oh, I assure, I am. What you see is what you get? Or in my case, what you give is what you get. I have to pay for I've done, for what I am, and so will you."

Slayer sat down at the table, and was immediately flanked by Finch and Intruder.

"Now, you have met Professor Finch, the 1st Head of Naga 7, and Jack Walker, also known as Intruder. Two people, like myself, who care deeply about the future of this company. In time, you'll feel the same way, I promise you."

Slayer glanced up briefly at Intruder, then back at Tott.

"Intruder doesn't like to be called Jack Walker, he prefers to live in the present, in a world where he's the Father of the Ebon race, the last of a forgotten people. I myself am a little more nostalgic in recent years, but I appreciate his sentiment, if not his methods.

"But Intruder is of course, not Jack Walker. He is not the brother of Brent Walker. Jack died in 1978. A motorcycle accident. Birmingham. None of these words, these phrases have meaning, Or do they? ... Are you feeling unwell, Tott?"

It was too much for Tott, this morning he'd been sat in bed with Alex, writing notes in his journal, and now he was crouched in the presence of three of the most important figures in the World of Progress. One or more of them wanted him dead.

"Tott, come on, get up off the floor," Slayer continued, "Let's continue this conversation face to face."

Tentatively, Tott got up and edged over to the seat. His eyes never left Intruder, who's cruel gaze was fixed upon him. It was pure hate, Tott had never seen anything quite like it: that total sincerity, the unwavering hatred.

"Don't worry too much about Intruder for now, he's given his best try at killing and he'll have to reconsider more elaborate ways of destroying you. Let's move on."

Tott sat down at the table, but couldn't meet Slayer's gaze.

"Yes, it's regrettable." Slayer said, "my face takes some getting used to; I guess I never really have. A few years ago I was able to hide it. You've no doubt seen the pictures, but more recently ..."

Slayer's eyes grew distant.

"I can't seem to cover the scars."

He absentmindedly raised his hand to touch his face. Then stopped.

Slayer looked back at the Wraithen. Some of his old power returned to him.

"L-look I just want to leave. I don't want to be a ... a SLA Op, or a Builder, or whatever it is you want me to be!" Tott's voice was wavering; the intense mounting pressure of the situation was gnawing at his nerves. His voice growing ever more shrill.

"I want to see to Alex! I want to know that you haven't killed him! I want to see him now, or I won't help you! I swear you won't get anything from me! Y-you can't kill me, and you tried!! I'm NOT AFRAID OF YOU."

Tott stood bolt upright, ready to exit, but instantly realised he had no idea what to do or where to go.

Slayer simply watched him, and waited. Waited for him to diminish.

"One of the problems I encounter on a daily basis is that I can't express joy, which is ironic, because I always look like I'm smiling. So, let me assure you now – I'm actually smiling, right now. Because you remind me of someone. A friend I've not seen in a very long time." Slayer nodded, "Please, sit down. I want to explain something to you."

Tott was now on the verge of tears, he slumped down in the chair and put his head in his hands.

"Intruder has tried to kill you using conventional means, but having the physical make up that you do makes this difficult. You'll be more resistant to persuasion, and forcible encouragement. I, however, have a better way of inspiring you to work for SLA Industries; would you like to see?" Slayer smiled, his voice light and invested.

Tott looked up to see Slayer pull away the sheet from the table, exposing the object underneath. He was expecting a cold steel case with torture tools behind a glass pane, or some elaborate Necanthrope device for inducing pain.

But it was a candy red plastic box, with two clear compartments with twin bolts sticking out. It had what looked to be audio speakers at each end. Tott began to laugh as he saw the frayed rubber-coated handle on top of the device, which looked to have a hairline fracture down one side.

"W-what is this, some kind of joke?" Tott asked, incredulously, "is it some sort of stereo; are you going to kill me with elevator music? Some easy listening?"

Professor Finch grinned, and chuckled along with the giggling Wraithen.

Neither Intruder, nor Slayer responded at all. They simply stared on and waited for him to settle.

"See? See?!" Finch said, "Didn't I say he was good?"

"Tott," Slayer said, ignoring Finch, "please put your hand on the table."

"Why?"

"Because I'm asking you, politely."

"Do as he says or I'll do my damndest to kick your teeth out." Intruder said.

Tott uncertainly lifted his hand and laid it to rest on the surface.

"Now," Slayer said, finally, "you are quite right. This is indeed a type of stereo, but a very old one. As a basic concept, it is fairly innocuous, but I think you'll find it rather surprising when I do this."

Slayer reached across, and pressed play on the tape recorder.

The tape head began to slowly turn, and crackly music rose and filled the room.

The song "Breakout" by Swing Out Sister played. Tott didn't know the song, but his body did.

"You're insane ..." Tott said, "you're fucking insane! I feel like I'm in the loony bin! What the fuck is going on!?"

The lyrics twisted in his head.

Slayer watched him, never blinking. Motionless.

"I swear if I cou-" Tott's tirade broke off mid-sentence.

The tingling began in his fingertips, like when the circulation was briefly cut off to a limb. Then cold, searing ice working its way up his up hand to the wrist.

Tott's whole hand began to convulse, uncontrollably. The red fur instantly began to shred from the backs of his finger, but as soon as they touched the table, they vanished. They were simply gone. Then the claws, one of which bounced on the metal, yet disappeared a second later.

He had a brief glimpse of his human hand before a bolt of white-hot agony struck his whole arm. Tott screeched in pain, the sudden blow pitching him from the chair.

He rolled across the steel grating, the pain governing his every jarring movement. His stricken eyes gazed down and saw that his whole hand had morphed into human. Even the sleeve of his coat had shifted to a completely different fashion, each thread and stitch tugging and shifting to adhere to a new actuality.

The song wound on, from cheerful chorus to ringing verse, drilling deeper into Tott.

Slayer got up from his chair and stood over Tott Detric. He paused for a moment and raised his voice to be heard above the boy's screams.

"Ridiculous, isn't it, Tott!" Slayer called, "that this, this nonsense, can do so much damage! It isn't the music doing this to you; the song is neither apt nor important! The device comes from the world behind us, and the influence is stronger than our own! Even here, in our own world! Essentially, essentially you are there NOW! And you do not belong! So that pain so terrible is that reality is reconstructing you, turning you into a more palatable shape for Earth!"

"Pleeease, make it stop!!! I'll do anything, j-just ... stooopp!!!"

"It's not your fault, you're only human, Tott!"

"Pllllleeease!!!"

By now the reconstitution had begun to work on his features, working strenuously to flatten his face, hammer his snout into a nose. One eye pupil had already turned blue.

"I'm doing this to prove a point, Tott! You are the victim! I can hurt you! I will hurt you! Until you do as I say! Do you understand?!"

"Yeeeeessss!!!!"

Slayer looked round, and nodded once to Finch.

Finch pressed pause on the tape, and silence returned.

In that instant, all the agony, all the reshaping was gone. Tott rushed his hands up before his face: Wraithen. He hurriedly set about feeling his neck, his face: Wraithen.

"It doesn't seem possible, does it?" Slayer said, "we appear so strong, but we are weak. So vulnerable, like paper. All it takes is a stronger, older authority and everything topples. We're never going to survive unless we get stronger and find ways to close up the gaps."

Tott lay perfectly still, catching his breath. The pain was so far removed now and it almost felt like it had never been there, but the shock; it had taken it out of him and reduced him to emptiness.

"All right..." Tott whispered.

Slayer looked back across at Finch.

The music started up, and the pain and screams returned, only this time it was stronger, as if the reconfiguration were a wild beast and had found its prey once more.

"Why are you doing this!?"

There were tears in amongst the shrieks now, Tott rolled and looked up at Slayer, pleading with freckled human arms.

"I'm sorry, Tott. But I have to be certain, and there can be no doubt. Do you understand?"

"Yes!!!"

Slayer rose and walked over to the tape recorder. He reached his hand down to switch it off, but slowed, and turned the volume dial up.

"I don't believe you, and we have a long way to go, you and I. Not to worry, though, there only another seven tracks to go."

Slayer took his chair, lifted it across and placed it in front of Tott Detric. He sat back down, stroked Tott's head and waited for the music to end.

