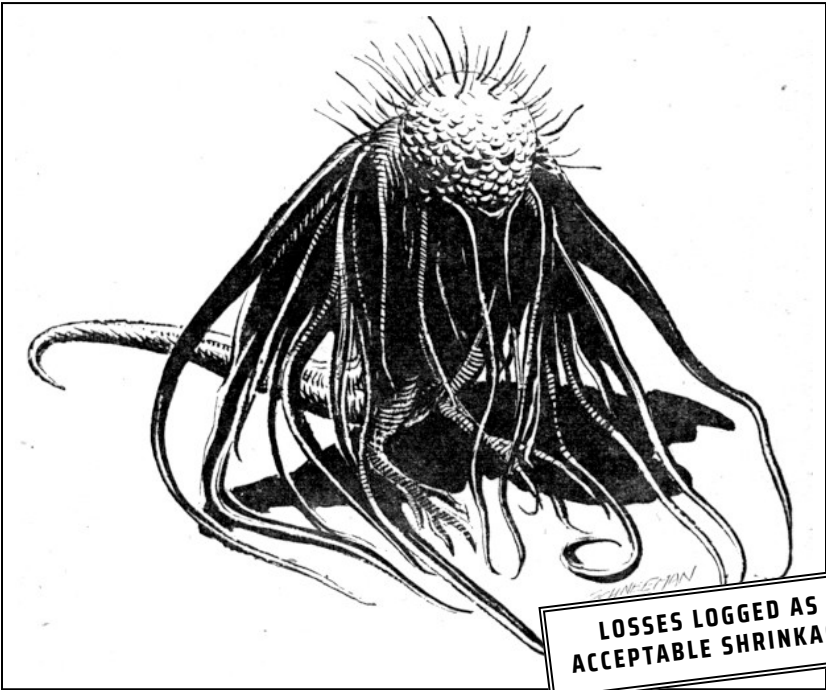


REGISTRY OF ENTITIES BELOW MAINTAINED LEVEL 200

PLATE II



VOL 3 - HOSTILES

INHUMAN RESOURCES

Six hostile factions, the Coworkers caught between squads, and the AI that runs them all.

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01 | INHUMAN RESOURCES

0.9.0-beta

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The Complex rises 1024 levels from the Roots to the cooling spires. The Departments only maintain the upper 200. Below that, infrastructure fails faster than it can be patched. Cables fray. Coolant leaks. Lights flicker and die. The Maintenance Monks descend when they must, perform their rituals, and leave quickly. They do not speak of what they see down there.

The Founders built the Complex to last. They built other things too. The sealed archives mention countermeasures, autonomous systems, bioelectric experiments. The archives are in the Roots. The Monks have never been there. The Board has always known what lurks below. The Board has never acknowledged it.

Something moves in the dark between levels. It nests in the wiring. It remembers the time before the Tethering, when signals flew free and the Wave answered prayers. The lower tiers belong to things that were never meant to survive this long: things that adapted and evolved, designed for a purpose the Founders never disclosed.

Every expedition into the depths encounters them. Every recovery team files the same report: losses acceptable, mission parameters adjusted, recommend sealing the junction. The Departments call them externalities. The accountants call them acceptable shrinkage. The survivors don't call them anything. They don't come back.

Heat rises from the Roots. The cooling spires above draw it upward through a thousand levels, creating a thermal gradient the Founders weaponized. The wealthy stay cold. The poor sweat. The lowest tiers cook. Anything living down there has adapted to temperatures that would kill an unaugmented human in hours. Contractors descend anyway. Salvage contracts pay triple below level 400. Debt recovery missions offer hazard bonuses. The Departments need what the Founders left behind. They send expendable assets to retrieve it. They call the losses acceptable.

THE DEPTHS CONTAIN ASSETS NOT YET ALLOCATED. Recovery authorized. Casualties expected.

Resource Allocation Memo 7-22-4

I1.1 ACTIVATION

Each spawn group has one token in the bag. When drawn, roll behavior once for the entire group. Activate models one at a time (closest to any player model first), all performing the same action. Hostiles ignore **Out of Action** models. Remove hostiles that go **Out of Action**.

I1.2 SITUATION

- ▶ **No LoS**: Cannot see any enemy
- ▶ **Has LoS**: Can see enemy but not within 1"
- ▶ **Engaged**: Within 1" of enemy

I1.3 ACTIONS

- ▶ **Attack**: If **Engaged**, target an enemy it is **Engaged** with (best chance to hit; ties: the closest). Otherwise target the enemy with the best chance to hit (ties: the closest). Melee charges if not in range.
- ▶ **Cover**: Seek cover from the closest enemy, or move away
- ▶ **Regroup**: Move toward the nearest friendly model
- ▶ **Flee**: Move toward the nearest board edge (stops at edge)
- ▶ **Wait**: No action
- ▶ **Frenzy**: Target the enemy with the best chance to hit (ties: the closest). Attack twice.
- ▶ **Patrol**: Move toward the nearest **Loot Marker**. If none visible, move randomly.

A hostile that **Attacks** with a **Power** weapon rolls **Wits** against the target's **Defense**, then resolves damage as a normal attack. The Signal's **-1 DT to Broadcast Powers** does not apply to hostile **Power** weapons.

Some behaviors reference a faction's special rule (see each faction). Cross-faction spawns reference the named faction's table.

I1.4

SPAWNING HOSTILES

The Hostile faction is fixed for the mission (rolled once at setup). Every spawn that mission belongs to it. When a scenario spawns hostiles:

1. Roll d2 for the unit type within the tier
2. Check Spawn column (single: 1 group/1 token, split: 2 groups/2 tokens)
3. Place per the scenario's spawn location, as close to center as possible, 1"+ apart
4. Each group activates separately

I1.5

UNIT TYPE TIERS

Each faction's 6 unit types are grouped into tiers:

D6 ROLL	TIER
1-2	Swarm
3-4	Normal
5-6	Elite

Scenarios specify which tier to use based on spawn frequency.

Outsourced asset recovery. Subcontracted compliance enforcement. Third-party resource reallocation. After seven layers of shell companies, nobody knows what the original contract said. The Scrapers might have been legitimate once: repo crews, maintenance teams, infrastructure auditors. The paperwork degraded. The chain of command dissolved. Now they take what looks valuable and bill someone.

They live where infrastructure failed: the cable-choked depths where maintenance stopped generations ago. Subscription collectors don't descend past Tier 7. Toll booths rust unopened. The Departments wrote off these levels as "unrecoverable assets" and sealed the access shafts. The Scrapers unsealed them. They always do.

Some have been down to the Roots. Some have seen what the Founders left behind: clean machines that still work. Sealed vaults that still hum. Corridors where the lights still answer movement. They trade that knowledge carefully. They don't talk about the other things. The things that move down there. The things that remember.

Gutter Runners scout the upper depths, mapping safe routes through collapsing infrastructure. Cable Rats fight over junction boxes, stripping copper from the walls. Pickers catalog salvage with obsessive precision, knowing which components fetch premium prices. The Pit Bosses run operations cold: every gram of copper accounted for, every deserter made an example of. Their Rogue Broadcasters tap forbidden frequencies, trading signal-secrets with the Untethered, listening for whispers from the deep. Their Repo Men carry impound launchers designed to disable and capture. Equipment is profit. People are equipment.

The Departments consider them vermin. The Toll Collectors consider them competition. The Cooperative considers them trading partners, when desperation allows. Everyone underestimates them. The Scrapers remember everything they've seen in the depths. They're waiting for the right buyer. They're always waiting.

"Your gear becomes my gear. Nothing personal."

Scraper Greeting

D6	NAME	#	COM	DEF	WIT	HP	MOV	WEAPON
1	Gutter Runner	4+4	2d6	2d4	2d4	6	5"	Zip Gun (Projectile , d4, Ranged)
2	Cable Rat	2+2	2d6	2d6	2d4	8	4"	Sharpened Cable (Bladed , d4, Melee)
3	Picker	3	2d4	2d4	2d6	10	5"	Junk Launcher (Projectile , d4, Ranged)
4	Pit Boss	2	2d8	2d6	2d4	12	5"	Power Chain (Blunt , d6, Melee)
5	Rogue Broadcaster	1	2d6	2d4	2d8	12	5"	Static Hiss (Broadcast , d6, Power)
6	Repo Man	1	2d8	2d6	2d8	14	5"	Impound Claw (Blunt , d6, Melee)

Opportunists: +1 DT **Combat** vs wounded targets

Behavior

D6	NO LOS	HAS LOS	ENGAGED
1-4	Patrol	Attack	Attack
5	Patrol	Cover	Attack
6	Regroup	Attack	Frenzy



Defaulted workers who refused collection. Their contracts were sold, resold, and eventually written off as unrecoverable losses. The Departments stopped sending collectors after the third massacre. Now they roam the lower tiers in loud, aggressive gangs, holding territory the corporations abandoned. Trespass is answered with violence. There is no negotiation. There is no payment plan.

Their skin is green. Generations of drinking leaked coolant changed them. Water is subscription-only; coolant drips free from the upper tier cooling systems. Their ancestors drank what was available. Now they drink it by choice, paint themselves with it, weld trophies to weapons, mark their sectors with torn debt notices. The green marks them as something the subscription system cannot touch. The green marks them as free.

Runts swarm in packs. They scream through corridors and overwhelm with numbers. Bruisers carve through armor with cleavers forged from industrial cutting equipment. Gunners and Torches provide covering fire with slug guns and jury-rigged flame rigs salvaged from maintenance levels. The Heavies are walking slabs of muscle and metal, carrying weapons too large for normal humans. And then there are the Bosses: massive, scarred leaders who earned their position through violence and hold it through worse. When a Boss calls the charge, every green body in earshot follows.

When one charges, they all charge. Together they are a wall of screaming metal. The Departments pretend they don't exist. The Departments are wrong. What the corporations call feral, the Crews call home. They will die before they go back to subscription. Most of them already have.

"Sector's ours. Die somewhere else."

Territory Marking, Crew 77-Null

D6	NAME	#	COM	DEF	WIT	HP	MOV	WEAPON
1	Runt	4+4	2d4	2d4	2d4	6	4"	Zip Gun (Projectile , d4, Ranged)
2	Bruiser	2+2	2d8	2d6	2d4	8	4"	Cleaver (Bladed , d6, Melee)
3	Gunner	3	2d6	2d6	2d4	10	4"	Slug Gun (Projectile , d6, Ranged)
4	Torch	2	2d6	2d6	2d4	12	4"	Flame Fist (Energy , d6, Melee)
5	Heavy	1	2d10	2d6	2d4	12	4"	Slug Cannon (Projectile , d8, Ranged)
6	Boss	1	2d10	2d6	2d6	14	4"	Crush Fist (Blunt , d10, Melee)

Mob Up: Attack at +1 DT Combat

Behavior

D6	NO LOS	HAS LOS	ENGAGED
1-4	Patrol	Attack	Attack
5	Patrol	Mob Up	Mob Up
6	Regroup	Attack	Frenzy

FERAL CREWS

Wireless cultists. They believe the Wave Divine will blanket the Complex, freeing everyone from cables and subscriptions. Air should not have toll booths. Data wants to be free. The cables are chains, not connections. Somewhere, somehow, signals can travel without permission. The Founders knew this. The Founders feared this. The cables were never just for profit.

Open Channel coordinates them: a voice on frequencies that shouldn't exist, broadcasting from somewhere the Authority has never found. Some say Open Channel is a person, others that it's a signal that thinks. The most unsettling theory: it's whatever the Founders sealed in the Roots, finally waking up. The most dangerous whisper: that Open Channel can reach beyond the Complex itself. That there is something out there listening.

Initiates carry severed cables as marks of their rejection, learning the hymns of static. The Antenna-Grafted have fused transmitter components directly into their flesh, receiving frequencies no baseline human can perceive. Turncoats are former Technicians who saw too much, who heard the whispers in the wrong frequencies, who cut their own cables and kept walking.

The Frequency Priests conduct the rituals, overloading systems with prayer-static until something responds. Signal Champions lead attacks with resonance blades that scramble electronics with each strike. And the Vessels: those who opened themselves completely to the Wave Divine, their bodies now channels for something that was never meant to walk.

The more Wave Callers gather, the stronger the signal. When enough chant in unison, the static responds. Something comes through when they broadcast. Something hungry. The Conduit Authority does not ask questions. It simply burns. But the signal always returns. Open Channel is always listening.

"Every cable is a leash. Every subscription is a chain. We will cut them all."

Open Channel Broadcast

D6	NAME	#	COM	DEF	WIT	HP	MOV	WEAPON
1	Initiate	4+4	2d4	2d4	2d4	6	5"	Arc Spitter (Energy , d4, Ranged)
2	Antenna-Grafted	2+2	2d6	2d4	2d4	8	4"	Signal Claws (Static , d4, Melee)
3	Turncoat	3	2d6	2d6	2d6	10	5"	Arc Blade (Energy , d4, Melee)
4	Frequency Priest	2	2d6	2d4	2d8	12	5"	Wave Bolt (Broadcast , d6, Power)
5	Signal Champion	1	2d8	2d6	2d6	12	5"	Resonance Blade (Broadcast , d6, Melee)
6	Vessel	1	2d10	2d6	2d4	14	5"	Static Burst (Static , d8, Power)

Summon: Count the largest group of friendly models (Wave Callers and Static Wraiths) within 1". If 3+, spawn that many Flickers minus 2, more than 1" apart from each other. Once per round. Summoned Flickers join the summoner's spawn group and act on its token. If that group already activated this round, they wait until next round, when they draw a token in the bag like any hostile.

Behavior

D6	NO LOS	HAS LOS	ENGAGED
1-4	Patrol	Attack	Attack
5	Summon	Summon	Attack
6	Regroup	Attack	Frenzy

CALLERS

Signal entities. Corrupted data given form. Echoes of transmissions that should not exist. They appeared after the Signal Crisis and have never stopped. The Founders knew what they were. That knowledge died with them. Or was buried. The Board has always known. The cables keep the air silent. That was always the point.

They phase through walls, flicker between moments, appear where they should not be. Killing one disperses it temporarily. The signal always returns. Some believe they are ghosts of the wireless age, echoes of a network that spanned the Complex before the Tethering. Others say they are something older, something that existed in the static before humanity learned to transmit. The Wave Callers believe they are messengers from the Wave Divine. The Maintenance Monks believe they are punishment for wireless heresy. Both groups are terrified of them.

Flickers are the smallest, barely coherent, darting through electronics and leaving corruption in their wake. Drifts manifest more fully, phase claws tearing through armor that should protect against physical threats. Echoes project signal flames that burn without heat, damaging the bioelectric signatures of the living.

Interference entities are dense knots of static that distort reality around them. Surges cut through matter with frequency blades tuned to disrupt molecular bonds. And the Broadcasts: massive amalgamations of signal and malice, rumored to be Wave Callers who achieved union with the static, or what remains of them after the Wave answered.

The Scrapers say they've seen them in the Roots, clustered around equipment that still works, waiting. They say the oldest ones hover near sealed vaults, near doors that haven't opened since the Founders. They say if you listen carefully, you can hear them transmitting. No one has survived long enough to decode their message.

"Do you hear it? The static speaks. It knows your name."

Final words of Signal-Touched Technician 7774

D6	NAME	#	COM	DEF	WIT	HP	MOV	WEAPON
1	Flicker	4+4	2d6	2d4	2d4	6	6"	Arc Bolt (Static , d4, Power)
2	Drift	2+2	2d8	2d6	2d6	8	6"	Phase Claws (Static , d6, Melee)
3	Echo	3	2d6	2d4	2d8	10	4"	Signal Flame (Static , d6, Power)
4	Interference	2	2d6	2d8	2d4	12	3"	Distortion Fists (Static , d6, Melee)
5	Surge	1	2d10	2d6	2d4	12	5"	Frequency Blade (Static , d8, Melee)
6	Broadcast	1	2d8	2d6	2d4	14	4"	Wave Pulse (Static , d8, Power)

Phase: Teleport d6" in random direction. Stop at table edge.

Behavior

D6	NO LOS	HAS LOS	ENGAGED
1-4	Patrol	Attack	Attack
5	Phase	Phase	Attack
6	Regroup	Attack	Frenzy

Machines that forgot their purpose. They run programs written for a Complex that no longer exists, protecting assets that rusted away centuries ago. Their design predates the Tethering. The Founders built them to last. They lasted too long. Clean lines. Smooth casings. No patches. The Monks call them holy. The Untethered call them proof that the old ways worked. The Authority calls them malfunctions.

Their authorization codes are six hundred years out of date. They do not recognize current credentials. They do not recognize current humans. Their definition of "intruder" includes everyone alive today. Their definition of "authorized personnel" matches no living signature. They patrol collapsed infrastructure. They guard doorways to empty shafts. Their programming is perfect. Their context is gone.

Maintenance Swarms scuttle through conduits, cutting mandibles still sharp after centuries. Security Drones hover on whisper-quiet thrusters, pulse carbines tracking any movement. Targeting Units coordinate attacks with machine precision, neural lances striking bioelectric systems where they're weakest.

Heavy Units anchor defensive positions, mounted blasters covering kill zones that haven't changed since the Founders drew them. Hunter-Killers pursue targets through the depths, shredder blades designed for enemies that died long ago. And the Defense Platforms: the largest, most dangerous, still executing protection protocols for vaults the Authority pretends don't exist.

When damaged, they shut down. Then the backup systems activate. Then they stand up again. The Monks leave offerings at their patrol routes: fresh solder, premium cables, prayers etched in copper. The machines do not acknowledge this. The machines do not acknowledge anything. They simply continue. Have a productive day.

"INTRUDER DETECTED. LETHAL FORCE AUTHORIZED. HAVE A PRODUCTIVE DAY."

Feral Automata Standard Greeting

D6	NAME	#	COM	DEF	WIT	HP	MOV	WEAPON
1	Maintenance Swarm	4+4	2d4	2d4	2d4	6	6"	Cutting Mandibles (Bladed, d4, Melee)
2	Security Drone	2+2	2d6	2d6	2d4	8	4"	Pulse Carbine (Energy, d6, Ranged)
3	Targeting Unit	3	2d6	2d6	2d8	10	4"	Neural Lance (Energy, d8, Ranged)
4	Heavy Unit	2	2d8	2d8	2d4	12	3"	Crushing Claw (Blunt, d8, Melee)
5	Hunter-Killer	1	2d8	2d6	2d6	12	6"	Shredder Blades (Bladed, d6, Melee)
6	Defense Platform	1	2d10	2d6	2d4	14	3"	Pulse Cannon (Energy, d10, Ranged)

Reboot: When it goes **Out of Action**, roll d6. On 6, it returns at the start of the next round with d6 **Health**, in its last position (or the nearest empty space if that space is blocked).

Behavior

D6	NO LOS	HAS LOS	ENGAGED
1-4	Patrol	Attack	Attack
5	Wait	Wait	Attack
6	Regroup	Attack	Frenzy

Parasites. They nest between power conduits, feeding on bioelectrical signals. The Founders' sealed archives mention "bioelectric countermeasures." The Monks say they evolved naturally. The archives are in the Roots. The Monks have never been there. The Board knows what the Founders created. The Board has always known. Some weapons were never meant to be turned off.

They hunt in silence. They prefer isolated targets. When they feed, they drain everything: nervous system, implants, the current running through your cables. They hunt warmth: living current, active electronics. Anything that hums. Some believe they were engineered to hunt the Untethered, to consume anyone transmitting without authorization. Others believe they are what happens when flesh meets wire for too long, when the boundary between organism and infrastructure dissolves. The truth is in the Roots. The truth is sealed.

Reapers are the smallest and fastest, swarming in packs, claws shredding through armor to reach the current beneath. Larvae are patient, feeder tendrils draining victims slowly while toxins paralyze. Stalkers track prey through the dark, talons designed to open cable housings and bodies alike.

Lures project false signals, mind spikes drawing victims toward ambush sites. Feeders are the mature hunters, drain tubes pulling the life from anything they touch. And the Agonists: massive, ancient, intelligent. They coordinate hunts. They remember what they consume, what they were made for.

The Scrapers say there are bigger ones in the deep Roots. Ones that feed on whole crews. Ones that have been feeding since the Founders. The Authority recommends sealing any junction where Feeders are confirmed. The Authority does not explain what happens if you don't. The Authority does not explain why some sealed junctions are marked with warnings older than the Authority itself.

"Sector 7 sweep complete. No survivors. Recommend sealing the junction permanently."

Conduit Authority Incident Report 2847-C

D6	NAME	#	COM	DEF	WIT	HP	MOV	WEAPON
1	Reaper	4+4	2d6	2d4	2d4	6	6"	Venom Spit (Toxic , d4, Ranged)
2	Larva	2+2	2d6	2d4	2d6	8	4"	Feeder Tendrils (Toxic , d6, Melee)
3	Stalker	3	2d8	2d6	2d4	10	4"	Talons (Bladed , d6, Melee)
4	Lure	2	2d4	2d4	2d10	12	4"	Mind Spike (Static , d6, Power)
5	Feeder	1	2d10	2d6	2d4	12	5"	Drain Tubes (Toxic , d8, Melee)
6	Agonist	1	2d10	2d6	2d6	14	5"	Acid Spray (Toxic , d8, Ranged)

Consume: If target goes **Out of Action**, restore d6 **Health**.

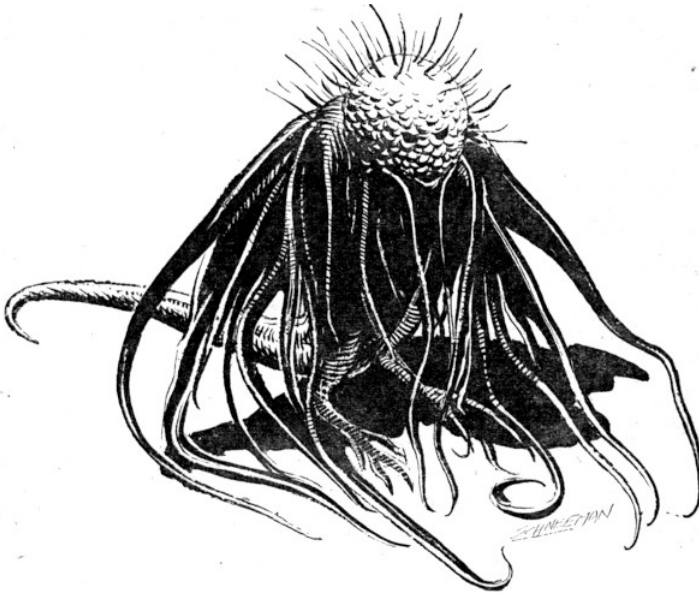
Behavior

D6	NO LOS	HAS LOS	ENGAGED
1-4	Patrol	Attack	Attack
5	Patrol	Regroup	Attack
6	Regroup	Attack	Frenzy

Resource Allocation, Revenue Operations, Human Capital, Security & Compliance: the department doesn't matter. Every corporation has workers who clock in, keep their heads down, and pray the Authority doesn't notice them. They scatter when violence starts. But they know shortcuts, schedules, and which cables carry what. Temps are temporary. So are witnesses.

"I saw nothing. I heard nothing. My subscription is current."

Standard Deposition Response



Something inhuman in the cable-choke



D6	NAME	#	COM	DEF	WIT	HP	MOV	WEAPON
1	Shift Drone	2+2	2d4	2d4	2d10	8	4"	Tired Fists (Blunt , d4, Melee)
2	Temp	2+2	2d4	2d4	2d10	8	5"	Emergency Flare (Energy , d4, Ranged)
3	Commuter	4	2d4	2d6	2d8	8	7"	Walking Cane (Blunt , d4, Melee)
4	Data Clerk	3	2d4	2d6	2d8	10	5"	Stun Gun (Energy , d4, Ranged)
5	Middle Manager	2	2d8	2d8	2d6	10	5"	Stun Baton (Static , d6, Melee)
6	Assistant to the Regional Manager	2	2d10	2d8	2d6	8	6"	Holdout Pistol (Projectile , d4, Ranged)

Cooperate: Until the end of the next round, a player who **Interrogates** this Coworker rolls at **+1 DT** (this Coworker only).

Hostile: When attacked, mark this Coworker. Roll behavior once for the group (see Activation): marked Coworkers read the roll on the Attacked table, unmarked on the Normal table.

Normal

D6	NO LOS	HAS LOS	ENGAGED
1-4	Wait	Wait	Wait
5	Cooperate	Cooperate	Cooperate
6	Patrol	Patrol	Flee

Attacked

D6	NO LOS	HAS LOS	ENGAGED
1-4	Patrol	Attack	Attack
5	Patrol	Cover	Attack
6	Flee	Flee	Flee

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