Light of Terra Optional DLC -

A Sky Filled With Steel.

This jump is optional and can be taken at any point during part two of The Light of Terra -

Land of the Sky Father.

You start with 1000 CP.

You wake up, something you try to do at least once every morning and you know, you just know something is going on.

Breakfast or an early start dealing with whatever impending crisis is about to happen? Hide? maybe someone else will deal with it. That could work. Or just pretend nothing is happening.

Eventually you do drag yourself out of bed and over to a window. The view from your appartment is... normal.

Well, as normal is it gets here, anyway.

Until you notice every single person down on the streets is looking upward.

There'll be an invasion fleet up there, you just know it. Or a rift to the Warp, or a Void Whale, or...

or the moon could have changed colour and be quite visibly firing things off into space.

A few minutes of shouting at people gets things in motion, and soon sensors are readjusted, shuttles are loaded and dispatched, a landing is made, answers are obtained and so, quite unexpectedly, is breakfast.

The surveyors, when they return bring surprising news. A few hundred meters below the surface there are threaded countless gargantuan fibrous roots, all connected into one collosal supraorganism. For whatever reason it has bloomed, and what was once a grey ball of useless rock is now partially covered in a still growing mass of pale red fungus. From the surface of your homeworld you can visibly see the creep slowly moving across the surface of the moon, and you can just make out several new fungal spires surging up, growing hundreds of meters each hour till they are fully mature and capable of firing off spore packets hundreds of meters across into the cold depths of space, something the older spires have been doing non stop since the bloom began and they rose from under the surface.

Samples are recovered and quickly analysed and at first the expectation is that you will need to send your forces up there to combat the growth. That changes to a quiet sense of relief when the initial assessment is that the bloom is utterly harmless and that changes again when someone actually tastes the stuff. Incredibly nutritious and filling, the stuff seems like it will last for centuries at least before spoiling and best of all, it doesn't taste half bad.

What to do with it though? Aside from eating it that is. There's more than enough to bulk out the diet of your followers from now till the Light of Terra is repaired and there will still be hundreds, thousands of tons of harvested bloom left.

A few days after things have quieted down and the first Mushroom Miners are settling into their new digs on the surface of the moon you receive more news. Apparently one of the fungal spores launched days earlier has struck something. By a billions to one chance, what turns out to be an Imperial Transport ship has been blasted almost to smithereens by pure accident, with only the bridge remaining.

A bridge with enough documentation for you to work out the transport was carrying a food shipment to sell at an Imperial Hiveworld. The now deceased Captains log indicates there is a major trademeet occuring there soon and he was expecting to sell his cargo of low quality food bars for an exhorbitant price.

You have a ship, you have a surfeit of food, you have the location of a market and you now have documentation proving you have a legitimate right to move that cargo from one to the other.

You didn't even need to think up a plan this time, it just seemed to happen.

Convenient that.

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The Houses.

Even with all the things you have seen, the first sight of an Imperial Hive takes your breath away. A spire that reaches quite literally into space the thing is big enough to loose Mount Everest inside and still have space left over, it stands as a monument to the miracles worked during the High Dark Age of Technology. The docking fees are actually fairly reasonable, and no one questions your newly obtained identification. Either the customs officials are overworked or smart enough to realise the more people arrive with goods, the better they do. Either way it bodes well for you. In the quarter hour you wait for Customs to clear you for entry to the Hive, you idly find yourself reading the various fliers and notices posted for passing Captains to review. Mostly these consist of ancient and contradictory shipping legislation, but one poster does catch your eye.

The Zombie Plague is one of the many foul contagions spread by the followers of Nurgle. It is a combination of a Chaos infection and a physical malaise. The plague degenerates those it infects, although a portion of the victim's life essence is retained by the body even after physical death has occurred. The disease is a spiritual contagion as much as physical one - afflicting those lacking in utter faith. Plague zombies act like archetypal zombies - mindless, shambling and cannibalistic; they are hard to kill and generally require a traumatic blow to the head to kill them. It has been observed that some Psykers appear to

be able to control the actions of the zombie hordes.

Interesting, but not relevant. Your clearance is granted, a low ranking clerk spends more time apologising for you having to wait than you actually did spend waiting, and you are allowed on your way.

A few inquiries later and it becomes apparent that while you could sell your cargo to the Guilders of Hive City, the part of the Hive that starts at ground level and reaches up to the stratosphere, you will need to parcel your cargo out bit by bit. For the quick, major sale you need, you will need to move down into the Underhive, the subterranean bulk of the Hive where food is scarce and quality sells at an incredible mark up. To do that you are told, you will need to ally yourself with one of the Major Houses of the Underhive.

It costs 500 CP to obtain the services of a house and
YOU MUST DO SO.

If the Deadlight is broken, go to the Scavvies entry rather than choosing a house.

House Orlock

House Orlock is known as the "House of Iron" because its foundations lie upon deep ferrous slag pits. The hivers mine these pits for the debris of ancient times and extract enough pure metal from the refuse to serve their industries. Over the centuries extensive mining of the slag has caused some lower domes to collapse. In the past this led to hivequakes and the destruction of several overlying domes.

For many centuries the House has fulfilled the Ulanti Contract, a lucrative deal by which one House supplies the core requirements of the Ulanti Noble House. Previously the contract was supplied by House Delaque, but the Orlocks usurped the position by bribing Underhive gang raiders to destroy fuel lines into a Delaque guild factory. Since then the two Houses have taken every opportunity to discredit each other. Five years ago Lord Hagen Orlock was assassinated by the Delaques and relations between the Houses have never been so tense.

House Orlock is perhaps best described as the jack of all trades house - the gangers are all reasonably skilled at most things they can expect to encounter, without excelling at any of them.

Durasteel Armour Plating

As well as negotiating a number of surprisingly fair contracts for the supplies you need, you are able to negotiate for a megaton of Durasteel. The Imperium phased out Durasteel long ago, replacing it with ceramite, but the sole reason was that Durasteel is increadibly heavy and Ceramite isn't.

The sheer amount of Durasteel available means that you can easily afford to outfit both the Light of Terra, any fortifications you have and any fighting vehicles with Durasteel armour plating. While the

extra armour will always be useful, the massive increase in weight also allows the Light of Terra to perform a truly terrifying ramming attack.

House Goliath

The domain of House Goliath is situated unfavourably within Hive City and occupies some of the deepest and harshest areas. By way of compensation the Goliaths are tough and persistent by inclination. They consider the hivers of other Houses to be soft and slack. In truth all hivers are naturally robust, being inured to the toxins and deprivations which they accept unquestioningly as part of normal life. The Goliaths, however, take a stubborn pride in their ability to endure hardship.

The other Houses see the Goliaths as barbaric, and unpredictable. Goliath institutions such as the fighting pits and the Feast of the Fallen do nothing to dispel the impression of a violent people inimical to their neighbours. Size and strength are seen as the measure of a man. Their style of dress emphasises a preoccupation with physique, featuring weighty chains and spiked metal bracers.

House Goliath are regarded as one of the two melee focused houses. What guns they field are typically regarded as squad support weapons by other houses, and every ganger wields a massive two handed maul or sword, usually in one hand.

Hiveshaker Autocannons

The negotiators of House Goliath are, for all their bluster and frequent decrying of anything that isn't bodybuilding, surprisingly tenacious. Still, in the end you manage to pin them down to a deal that leaves everyone reasonably pleased, and almost as an afterthought, they offer you a shipment of newly designed heavy autocannons. While innovation is heresy of the worst sort in the Imperium, in the underhive no one cares, and neither do you.

The massive weapons make excellent squad support pieces and can easily be built into the defensive bulkheads aboard the Light of Terra, ensuring boarders will have a hell of a time breaking through specially prepared bottlenecks, and they can also be used to replace the flak cannons protecting the Light of Terra, drastically reducing the effect of enemy bombers and missile and torpedo attacks. Best of all, and Emperor knows how or why, but there are two Titan sized Hiveshakers that can be mounted directly to the Light of Terra!

House Escher

House Escher is perhaps the most strikingly different of all the Houses of Necromunda. Like all the Houses it is controlled by a ruling family, and its political life and institutions are dominated by close relatives or families in service. However, unlike the other Houses which have reasonably balanced populations, that of the Escher is made up almost entirely of women. The few males are shrivelled and imbecilic, perhaps as the result of a genetic flaw within the House bloodline. Whatever the reason, they play no part in the normal affairs of the Escher.

Escher society has long since developed to cope with its uniquely imbalanced population so that it is no

longer perceived as a disadvantage. The Escher have a reputation for arrogance and are said to look down upon and pity all males. They are particularly dismissive of the Goliaths as simple and brutish. The two Houses are old enemies and skirmishes along their borders are common.

The second of the melee focused houses, House Escher does not favour brute force, instead fielding gangers incredibly skilled with bladed weapons, able to wield them with quite surprising finesse and more than a little viciousness.

Grinder Ram

While the supplies aren't too hard to obtain thanks to an overstock House Escher has built up, obtaining almost fifteen hundred Leman Russ Mine Flails for next to nothing comes as a surprise to both parties involved. You because of the sheer cheapness, and the amazonian negotiator who never thought she would be able to shift them. Equipped to armoured vehicles they make a surprisingly effective way of dealing with hordes of things, and they can always be used for their original purpose - mine clearing.

With a bit of work, it is possible to retrofit a landing bay on the Light of Terra with several hundred of these massive rotating flail equipped drums, allowing asteroids to be processed with incredible speed, and with time and effort it will be possible to refit the Prow of the Light of Terra, the end result being a ram that isn't incredibly deadly during the initial impact, but which causes truly hellish amounts of damage when the flails start spinning and the ship starts chewing its way through the enemy vessel.

House Van Saar

House Van Saar is renowned for the quality of its technical products. Its technology is no more advanced than that of anyone else, progress being almost non-existent throughout the Imperium, but the House's manufacturing processes are precise and its finished materials are of the highest quality. The Noble Houses pay a premium for Van Saar goods, and as a result the House is probably the most wealthy in Hive City.

The Van Saar are reputed to be a serious minded and humourless people, with a deeply ingrained sense of order. Like all the Houses of Hive City they have a style of dress which marks them out. In the case of the Van Saar this takes the form of a tight fitting body suit designed to protect and sustain the wearer in the hive environment. Semi-permeable membranes in the suit reduce the loss of body moisture whilst various spots on the material change colour to warn the wearer of airborne toxins and reduced oxygen levels.

House Van Saar gangers are often recruited into the Imperial Guard, and with good reason. The house is the only one with a dedicated training program, and its gangers function more like trained soldiers. Disciplined and well organised the sole reason house Van Saar has not wiped out the other houses is simply down to sheer weight of numbers.

Redundant Systems

Dealing with the Van Saar means two things - quality goods and prices to match. The negotiations go on for several days, and more often than not any progress made by one party is clawed back a few hours later by the other. Eventually though, the sheer length of negotiations turns things in your favour when an exhausted negotiator signs a trade agreement that ... well... seconds after you leave the suite the

negotiations have taken place in, the door is quietly closed behind you and a single gunshot rings out.

These exceptionally made Van Saar components are all built with several redundant systems, meaning that any fighting vehicles incorporating them can continue to fight at virtually one hundred percent effectiveness regardless of any but the worst damage, and installed aboard the Light of Terra they will ensure that the various systems of the ship will be next to impossible to knock out, and incredibly easy to repair, even in the middle of combat.

House Delaque

House Delaque benefits from a special understanding with the Imperial House of Helmawr, providing not just materials but also information to the rulers of Necromunda. Delaque spies are said to operate throughout the hive, observing the activities of the other Houses. It is rumoured that some of the ruling family members of the Houses, and even some Noble Houses, are in the pay of the Delaque.

Other Houses are suspicious of the Delaques. Their appearance perpetuates their reputation for double-dealing and espionage. They traditionally wear trench coats in which they can easily conceal weapons and other large items. Most are very pale and bald headed. Their whispering voices are thin and eerie. Many wear dark visors or implanted filter screens to protect their sensitive eyes – an intolerance of light being a common Delaque weakness. Although the entire hive is eerily dim, the territory of House Delaque is particularly dark and shadowy as befits a people whose motives and methods are shrouded in mystery.

House Delaques gangers are, shockingly enough, stealth specialists though the focus is more on espionage than guerilla warfare. The individual Delaque can sneak in and out of most locations within Necromunda hive with as much effort as it would take someone to walk across a room, and the Delaque will inevitably finish the trip with the pockets of his or her trenchcoat bulging with pilfered intelligence.

Doppler Harness

Negotiating with House Delaque is somewhat different than one might expect. The room is gloomy to the point where it is difficult to see across the table, and the Delaque drifting around on their own missions loom suddenly like ghosts before vanishing, It doesn't work though. It doesn't even come close to being on the list of intimidating settings you've been in this week, let alone your life.

After a while the negotiators realise this, and there's a definite sense that you've ruined the fun somehow. The negotiations themselves go quickly after that, and you find yourself in posession of the resources you need, a few resources you don't need but will make things much easier and several crates of Doppler Harnesses. Originally the harnesses were ordered by an Imperial Guard general with the aim of preserving his armoured divisions from Tau attacks, but in the end the traditionalists in his command staff won out and the standard IG plan of 'just send more men to die, the aliens will run out of bullets eventually' was used.

The harnesses can be strapped to almost any vehicle up to the size of a Baneblade, and while individually they do very little, the more vehicles equipped with them there are, the more impressive is the effect. The harnesses broadcast a dispersal wave that makes individual vehicles increasingly difficult to locate in the mass of electronic noise and as a result, increasingly difficult to target with anything more sohpisticated than an eyeball.

The Light of Terra herself is big enough that half of the available Harnesses can be mounted across her hull, with the end result being that the ship becomes that much harder to target.

House Cawdor

House Cawdor is the stronghold of the Cult of the Redemption whose prophets foretell of universal destruction. Although the cult has its adherents throughout the hive, in House Cawdor it has attained the status of an official religion. For this reason the House is also known as the "House of Redemption".

The Cawdor attitude to the other Houses is strongly coloured by their beliefs. Amongst other things this forbids them to show their faces in public, so Cawdor can be recognised by their elaborate masks. The designs of their masks are often quite bizarre or disturbing. The Redemption demands a strict code of conduct, and those who break the rules are driven away and become outcasts. Hivers who do not follow the Redemption are worthless infidels. Needless to say, the relationship between House Cawdor and the other Houses is strained. It is often supposed that the Cawdor actively support Redemptionist outlaws in the other Houses.

The gangers of House Cawdor are reknown for two things - skill with fire based weapons and a sheer, bloody minded refusal to be broken. Where other houses would cut and run from a fight, Cawdor will fight to the bitter end and more often than not that end will come when the survivors detonate every bit of ordnance they are carrying all at once, taking themselves and hopefully the enemy straight to the Emperor.

Pyroil Slugs

Negotiations with House Cawdor take only a few moments - a negotiator reads the contract, thinks for a moment, signs and passes it to you to do the same. After that, you aren't offered the chance to give thanks to the Emperor, they simply assume you will do so as a matter of course. The ceremony you find yourself attending is perhaps one of the most painfully dull things you have or will ever endure, hour after hour after hour of people screaming, and thanks to the masks, you are fairly certain no one has any idea what is being said.

You aren't quite sure how long you sit there. Longer than the sermon lasts, certainly. Two or three days more than likely. Thinking about it later you reason that it was just so mind numbingly dull you had either a mini stroke or actually slipped into a coma, your minds way of protecting itself. You finally snap back to reality when you register someone slowly lowering themselves onto the pew next to you. A Cawdor elder, visibly bowed with age, even concealed as he is by heavy robes and mask. Whoever it is, the figures shoulders are shaking. It takes you a moment to work out why - the figure is weeping.

"Such... such faith... You shame us."

The Elders voice is barely more than a whisper as he speaks.

"Further ... further munitions have been delivered. Burn.... a ..... a path of glory to the Emperor with... with them."

Well.

Can't argue with that, can you?

The munitions as it turns out are of the 'set peoples insides on fire' kind. Absolutely brutal and in a variety of calibers, the ammunition can be used to upgrade the kinetic weapons of any infantry you have at your disposal, allowing them to horribly immolate anyone they shoot at, as well as increasing accuracy during the night as opposing forces find themselves quite literaly lit up.

While it isn't reccomended or even remotely safe, it is possible to convert several hundred thousand rounds into a Macrocannon shell. It will take time to make enough to use, but House Cawdor was rather generous and you need not fear running out any time soon. Pyroil loaded Macrocannon shells loose a great deal of effectiveness against armour, but should the armour be stripped away they become terrifyingly effective as they turn the interior of hostile vessels into a firestorm and dramatically increasing the chance that follow up shots will hit, since the inferno means the enemy ship will quite literally light up targetting scanners.

It is worth pointing out that Pyroil Loaded Munitions are truly hellishly effective against living ships, one or two hits enough to leave them screaming, maddened ruins of barely aware meat.

Ratskins

The Ratskin people have lived in the ruins of Underhive for as long as time itself, and Ratskins regard the place as their ancestral home. They know almost nothing about the world that lies above their heads or beyond the hive. Ratskins have lived apart for so long that they have developed their own language, and only the few who visit Underhive settlements to trade bother to learn the common tongue of the hive.

Ratskins possess senses uniquely adapted to the conditions of the Underhive. Their sight is incredibly keen and it is commonly supposed they can see in pitch darkness. A Ratskin can smell out tiny differences in air quality, and can track other hivers or hive creatures by scent. Their hearing is also finely attuned to the hive. The slightest sounds tell them where others might be, whether a tunnel is safe, or if dangerous creatures lurk nearby.

Ratskins care nothing for Hive City or the hivers that come from above. They do not understand the hivers’ insane lust for scrap metals and glittering stones. Most of all they are baffled by the foolish manner in which settlers eat toxic fungus, fall down holes, blunder into roof falls, and generally act in a senseless and dangerous fashion.

Although the outsiders puzzle and often anger them, the Ratskins are content to leave hivers alone so long as they leave the Ratskins in peace. Adventurous Ratskins trade with the hivers and sometimes hire themselves out as guides or trackers, but they are a self-sufficient and proud people who neither need nor want much from anyone.

Ratskins know their way around Underhive better than anyone else. They know about the main tunnels, the small crawlholes, and the shifting drains and sumps of the effluvial flows. They know ways into and through Underhive which the hivers are utterly ignorant of. They can find paths into domes which remain undiscovered and buried to ordinary men. Ratskins move through the hive effortlessly and mysteriously, disappearing almost magically, appearing as if from nowhere.

Ratskin's Burden

You aren't quite sure what happened. One moment you were making your way to the Guilder tradehall to see about obtaining a license to trade, but in the settlement you have arrived at the streets are small, filthy, cramped, badly lit and none are marked. Somehow, you managed to make your way to the outskirts of the settlement. It's more than a little suspicious. You turn to backtrack, and lo and behold, the path you took is gone, and more than that, it looks like it was never even there. Suspicious and just a touch worrying.

Moving forward is simple, the path to whatever your destination might be free of anything that might come close to impeding you. The path back? the second you take your eyes off it, something seems to be there. Collapsed ducts, massive slag spills, toxic sumps, the list goes on, and so do you. Eventually you find yourself stepping into what looks to be a long abandoned shipping terminus, and waiting for you is someone who can only be described as Conan the Barbarians bigger, meaner, scarier older brother. The man is dressed in clothing made from what looks like stitched together pelts and he has an autocannon bigger than you casually slung over one shoulder.

He looks at you. You look at him.

Finally, he nods.

"Good. You have come. I am Brakkar."

He pats the massive cannon he has over his shoulder affectionately.

"Called He Who Rains Death. Hive said you'd be here. Said she was sick. Said you'd take us to her Daughter."

He stands, turns and starts to walk and yeah, that does seem to be all the information you'll be getting from him. From behind you comes the sound of metal shearing and twisting as another collapse spills car sized chunks of ferrocrete into the terminus, the small chamber already starting to feel even more claustrophobic as it is claimed by the rubble. Time to move.

Following Brakkar, you discover something unexpected.

Hidden within a massive rift between two ancient and now unidentifiable machines the Ratskin Clans have gathered. For the first time in the history of Hive Primus they have come together as one, drawn together as each tribes shaman interprets signs that say a time of exodus is coming.

Together with Brakkar you make your way down into a tent city, gloom and the smoke of cooking fires lending the scene an almost ethereal quality, the soft murmur of conversations around you rising, voices becoming more animated as word of your arrival spreads. Already you feel countless eyes focused on you, and the air is heavy with anticipation.

At the center of the tent city you are escorted to the presence of the oldest of the Ratskins, a circle of the most respected shamen, the only ones trusted to interpret the will of the Spire Mother.

What Brakkar told you is true. They think the Hive has told them to go to the stars and has commanded her daughter, Glowing Land, to ferry them there.

Glowing Land.

Wonders of a Lost Age

To determine what upgrade the Ratskins are able to provide, roll 1d6 and consult the following list:

1. Nefarious M.I.R.V

At first this appears to be a launcher for a titanic externally mounted missile, but in reality this weapon is a multistage attack platform rather than a single projectile. The M.I.R.V itself functions as both a massively powerful missile strike and a carrier for several waves of smaller, faster micromissiles as well. The massive primary missile is fitted with several rings of single shot micromissile launchers, the micromissiles catapulted ahead to destroy hardpoints and defences as well as shredding armour, meaning when the main missile impacts there is little to nothing left to mitigate the sheer power of the gargantuan anti capital ship shaped warhead.

2. Microweapon Mounts

Not an individual weapon, this is instead the mountings, fire control and, servos and support systems to rebuild up to six of either the Lance or Macrocannon batteries aboard the Light of Terra. Using truly ancient technology from the Dark Age of Technology the existing turrets can be rebuilt from one single weapon into a smaller pair of twin linked turrets. While Microweapon turrets loose out on the raw power of the larger existing turrets, they are incredibly quick to track and respond to any evasive manouvers opponents make, and due to the smaller size of the payload they are also incredibly quick to either reload in the case of Macrocannons or charge in the case of Lances, meaning the Microweapon turrets are rapid fire to boot.

3. Phase-Iron Armour Plating

If the secret to making Phase-Iron was ever truly known, it was lost long ago, and few kilograms of this material today is worth an Emperors ransom and is guaranteed to attract the attentions of the Inquisition and more than likely trigger a war between those Inquisitors as they vie for posession of the material.

The reason for this is simple. Phase-Iron is almost utterly immune to psychic and magical attacks, and unlike all other methods of defending against them, requires nothing. No maintenance, no tempramental technology, no choir of chanting acolytes or bloody sacrifices. It simply almost completely negates warpcraft. There is enough of the material here to fully armour the Light of Terra.

4. Voltagheist Field

Voltagheist Fields are a type of energy field used now exclusively by a handful of Adeptus Mechanicus Electro-Priests. Once though, many of the ships of humanity bore these shields, Nimbuses of pure energy surrounding them, crackling from the hull to coalesce into sparking pockets of electromagnetism that hover like will-o-the-wisps above a drowned corpse.

When incoming projectiles or energy beams threaten a ship these tiny voltaic ghosts will often intercede, shattering or dissipating the threats in puffs of superheated gas. When a ship equipped with the field passes close or even when they seek to ram the foe, those same voltagheists ground upon the enemy vessels hull in bursts of electric force.

5. Mimesis Engine

This bizarre machine had the capacity to create entirely simulated worlds and environments. Its capabilities allowed it to create simulations of thousands of unreal worlds and even amalgamating them based on records of those environments. Furthermore, it is capable of populating these environments with a number of simulacra of Xenos species. This functioned by generating the apparent form and behaviour for a vast array of life forms. Those users of the machine were required to climb into rod and wire-strung smooth carapace battlesuits in order to interact the worlds produced by the Engine where they manifested within simulated bodies, though inside the simulation the armour could be anything from Imperial Guard Flak Armour to the Might suits of Terminator Armour of the Adeptus Astartes. This piece of ancient technology was first unearthed by the Imperium of Man who began using it to create training grounds for the initiates of the Adeptus Astartes. These simulated worlds were ones where the aspiring initiates could fight and potentially 'die' only to awaken unharmed in the real world, somewhat rueful but utterly unharmed and ready to discuss what went wrong before trying again.

6. Scrap Code Generator

Part automated code generator, part transmitter, this device would be regarded as tech-heresy of the highest kind if any of the Adeptus Mechanicus even suspected its existence. Put simply, this ancient device is able to implant tailored electronic virus-patterns into the datacurrents within enemy networks. The device functions by disrupting said currents and inducing electronic seizures, leaving the shattered remnants of the machine spirits there reformated into a more pliable as well as useful configuration. This leaves the formerly hostile machine spirit with new functions and new loyalties while still being in control of the hostile vessel.

Scavvies

If the Deadlight broken you must choose this group.

Gangs of cannibalistic mutants who carve out small kingdoms in the Underhive with the use of scalies, plague zombies, ghouls and Giant rats as well as 'normal' Scavvies and 'mutant' scavvies. All Scavvies are mutants the only real thing that differentiates between 'normal' and 'mutant' Scavvies is that the mutant Scavwies mutations are often beneficial in some way. They often utilize only the most basic of weapons, Autoguns and Shotguns can be considered the pinnacle of Scavvie weaponry.

Due to their lack of effective armaments they often rely on numbers and attrition to win battles. In an environment where life on the whole is cheap for a normal hive denizen, it is many times worse of your average scavvy. In lean times a particularly luckless scavvy may find him self the main course for the rest of the gang due to their cannibalistic nature, an enemy gang member what has been captured by a scavvy gang may also share this grizzly fate.

Hail to the King.

Even selecting the most human looking, least mutated crew you have available, it is blatantly obvious that the moment anything but the most cursory attention is given to them all hell will break loose. Necromunda is vital to the Imperium, and they would simply assume you and yours are either a raid by the forces of Chaos or the precursor to a full blown invasion.

As dangerous as you are, an Imperial Crusade would be too inconvenient at the moment. As usual however, fate provides. Interrogating your followers you discover several were taken from Necromunda as press ganged crew before they were able to escape and make their way to pledge servitude to you. Better yet, one thinks his contacts in Hive Primus may still be active. A handful of creds to him for expenses, a handful to a smalltime shuttle crew to deposit him as close to the Underhive as possible and then all you can do is wait.

After a few days of waiting and planning a quite spectacular ending for your erstwhile servant should he have simply decided to take the money and run, you receive a message. Short and to the point, it simply states 'The King will deal with you.'

The King, whoever he is, is both quick and efficient - in the handful of days you've been waiting you are informed he has managed to organise a smuggling route that might just be able to move the same amount of material as a legal, Guilder supported route through a dedicated surface to orbit shipping route.

In short order, material is flowing - yours into the depths of the Underhive and in return a constant steady stream of tools, parts and equipment flows back and into your holds. Admittedly all of the crates of cargo seem to have different house sigils and more than one has visible bullet holes and blood stains decorating it, but what does that matter?

The last shipment to arrive has something a little unusual. From a distance it appears to be an old, dirt caked metal container, but up close the fact it is vibrating ever so slightly indicates there is more to it...

Nutraloaf Processor

The processor is an ancient device, one developed to process and compress a days worth of food down into one small loaf. At the time the stuff was regarded as an utterly terrible punishment, but to most citizens of the Imperium alive today it would be regarded as an incredible, Emperor sent miracle.

The problem here is that the machine was never intended to run for more than a few days at a time. This one has been running continuously for almost ten thousand years.

The device itself is a grey cube the size of a table, featureless except for an input chute that you are probably best ignoring, an output chute you are probably best aiming at someone you don't like and a small keypad that controls the density of the food.

Density levels one through three provide something that most courts would eventually rule as legal, but after that thing grow stranger and more dangerous at an exponential rate.

At density four the Loaf produced will be hard enough to scratch a diamond, yet still somehow edible, this loaf does seems to be emitting decay heat.

At density five there's so much junk packed into this loaf, the flavor atoms are starting to go fissile. This might make a decent engine fuel, but it definitely wouldn't be good for you to eat.

At density six you can forget fission, the flavor atoms in this loaf are so densely packed now that they are

undergoing atomic fusion. What terrifying new flavor atoms might lurk within?

Density level seven and Oh good, the flavor atoms in this prison loaf have collapsed down to a solid lump of neutrons.

Select density level eight and the warning lights you have been ignoring will no longer be visible due to the Cherenkov radiation the machine is bleeding. The nutritional loaf produced at this setting starts to collapse into subatomic flavor particles almost instantly. It is unfathmomably heavy.

At level nine the Cherenkov Radiation has shifted out of the visible spectrum entirely and the most sensible course would be to call a physicist.

At level ten the machine will actually be visibly bleeding Bose-Einsteinean condensate. At this point the only sensible thing would be to call a priest, but if you've got to this point, you aren't exactly sensible, are you? You can always try firing the resultant mass at someone or something. There can't be that many defences against a foodproduct that is visibly deforming spacetime.

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Pay2Win

Once Negotiations with your chosen House are finished you expect a few days of peace and quiet. Not quite what happens - as far as everyone is concerned, you are a Rogue Trader who just walked into town and started throwing around a truly EPIC amount of creds. Before you've reached your hotel a string of runners have found you to politely inform you you have been, in order, upgraded to a better room, a better suite, a better hotel and finally loaned a manor compound by one of the heads of the Merchant Guilders council.

Not bad for someone who just came here to get rid of some giant mushroom.

You arrive at your temporary home to find a stack of invitations to a collection of balls, dances and soirees almost half a foot tall, as well as a single sheet of gold edged paper informing you that you have been moved onto the Guilders Preffered customers list. As well as the usual collection of rare and unique artifacts the Guilders House also has an ancient information dissemination system that can be used to upload skills and abilities to a persons mind...

(Should you have chosen Scavvie or Ratskin you obviously do not have access to the Guilders hall - You can still obtain skills and abilities here, but you do so from either Ratskin Shamans using the steal Prowess Dance to strip them from the minds of captive Hivers and give them to you or from Wyrds using telepathy to rake the minds of captives to bits and shuffle the useful parts into your mind.)

Agility

Discount for Cawdor and Delaque

Catfall

100 CP

Climbing through the ruins of Necromundas underhive is risky in the extreme, and falls take a horrifying toll each year as walkways crumble underfoot and drop gangers to a distant end. While this training schema can not show you were these weak spots are, it can and will grant you the ability to shift in midair, subconsciously repositioning yourself to land on your feet, massively reducing fall damage - anything less than a six story fall you can ignore.

Jump Back

200 CP

Another combat schema, this is much favoured by those who expect combat but have no wish to actually fight, the implanted reflex action sending you leaping away from attackers and ambushers even if you haven't noticed them - your subconscious has been conditioned to recognise the telltale signs signifying something you would want to avoid.

Leap

200 CP

While this does not allow the speed or distance of the Jump Back program, it is something directly under your control - engrams implanted along with the rest of the Schema calculate trajectories almost perfectly, granting you the sort of jumping ability top class Olympic athletes can only dream of.

Quick Draw

200 CP

Originally the least popular Schema, what was the Quick Reload was modified to trigger what is in essence a localised, highly specific set of muscle spasms that will automatically accomplish two things - almost instantly reloading wielded weapons and drawing and aiming a weapon when the wielder is surprised. In most places this might cause problems, but here? a surprise means someone is going to try and end you.

Sprint

200 CP

Opinions on this Schema are divided. For those who favour the tight, cramped sections of Necromunda it is of little use, while those who favour the massive, dust choked kilometers wide and long abandoned hab-domes, it is invaluable. The Schema contains a specially prepared heart rhythm - while it is extremely dangerous to use for long periods, for short bursts it will drastically increase blood flow, reducing fatigue and making you massively faster.

Dodge

300 CP

Combat is a fact of life, and even the most pampered and protected noble can expect to have to fight for his or her life at least once a year, on average. The lower you go in the hive, the more

often you can expect to fight. This Schema will aid your survival when it comes time to do battle, implanting a new set of reflexive actions, your body reacting to melee attacks via muscle memory and evading without imput from your conscious mind.

Combat

Discount for Cawdor and Scavvie

Feint
100 CP

Powerful but risky, this Schema can consciously be operated in either a defensive or offensive manner. When triggered through use of a unique series of items you imagine, the Schema will trigger a series of muscle spasms as you fight, turning what you intended to be an attack into a parry or a block if used defensively, and vice versa for the offensive setting. While this may sound frustrating, since these attacks and parries are purely unconscious reactions they are virtually impossible for opponents to deal with since they receive no warning at all.

Combat Master
200 CP

A Schema for people who expect to go into fights where they are drastically outnumbered, this program is loaded with neural engrams that will subconsciously alter your fighting style to take advantage of your opponents numbers, baiting them into getting in each others way and drastically improving your survival chances in such an encounter.

Disarm
200 CP

A carefully constructed series of arm and wrist spasms encoded to trigger under a surprisingly broad range of close combat conditions, this Schema will see you randomly sending opponents weapons sailing off into the distance before you or they realise it is something you could even attempt!

Counter Attack
200 CP

Extremely useful but also extremely tiring and ultimately a Schema that has a great number of supporters and an equal number of detractors, this one will, when encoded into a users mind, trigger an immediate, automatic counter attack when the user manages to parry an incoming attack. This can potentially turn you into a whirlwind of death, but the muscle strain is incredible.

Step Aside
200 CP

A Schema with a name somewhat misleading while also being perfectly accurate, this contains a mass of engrams that trigger an automatic reflexive recoil whenever something interpreted as hostile happens towards the user, moving them out of the way of the attack before they can even realise they are in danger, though unfortunately this does also make dancing impossible.

Parry
300 CP

Designed for those who either deliberately or not find themselves in combat without a weapon, this

Schema consists of a mass of engrams collected from years of mindraking slave pitfighters who have reached the end of their careers. Ultimately what this means is that wealthy individuals can now with a reasonable chance for success attempt to swat aside or turn attacks directed at them in melee combat using just their bare hands.

Ferocity

Discount for Escher and Goliath

Berserk Charge

100 CP

The bulk of this schema consists of a set of carefully premade patterns that will shift a person ever so slightly as they rush forth, a string of tiny movements that reposition a person, ensuring every last bit of power available to them is put into the charge, drastically improving the speed and power of the attack.

Impetuous

200 CP

The first Schema developed that wasn't directly combat related, this carefully tailored set of neural engrams will make a person far more confident, almost agressively so. Perfect for the ganger who wants to provehe can lead from the front.

Iron Will

200 CP

Another controversial Schema, and another popular purchase as well. Critics claim it doesn't actually work, and the recipients simply beleive themselves to have been enhanced and act accordingly. Either way, those benefitting from this will see a marked increase in their chances to resist attempts to manipulate them, be it from memetic attack, warpcraft or psychic assault.

Killer Reputation

200 CP

While the Schema available can't give you a reputation, they can make you carry yourself like someone with a reputation. This subtly alters the way a user moves and how he or she carries themselves so that every last thing they do radiates signals picked up by the subconscious of others and interpreted as warnings - they wont know why, but they will know that the person they are looking at is both deadly and extremely capable, no matter what they may apear to be.

Nerves of Steel

200 CP

A schema loaded with direct neural conditioning, purchase takes something away from the user rather than adding it - it negates the ability to feel fear, allowing even the most craven coward to face down the most terrible situations without effort, and as an unforseen side effect, it also prevents emotional and mental trauma from witnessing anything truly horrifying.

True Grit

300 CP

A risky Schema, but one that has turned the tides of many battles - this purchase activates when the user is badly injured, causing their brain to flood with chemicals that inhibit the reception of pain messages. Everything still functions, but wounds are almost an irrelevance as the agony they cause simply doesn't

reach the users mind.

Muscle

Discount for Goliath and Scavvie

Hurl Opponent
100 CP

Take the Leap and Jump Back Schema, spend a few minutes stripping bits out, glue them together backwards and make a massive stack of creds from Gangers who now are expert at throwing opponents around like a sack full of dead baby Millasaurs. That was the idea, and the Guilder responsible now lives on one of the Spires jutting from the upper spires of the Hive. Best used when on top of something high up.

Body Slam
200 CP

Designed for those who prefer to fight unarmed with the intention of hurting people as much as possible, this Schema consists of a series of programmed muscle spasms that fire reflexively when the user is attacked in close combat, allowing them to perform perfectly choreographed counters without conscious thought, grabbing and slamming opponents head first into the ground in the most punishing way possible.

Bulging Biceps
200 CP

While Schema can't grant improved strength, they can allow for the full use of existing muscle mass - when consciously toggled with a specific user designated thought such as a pink Sump Rat, the inhibitors built into a person to prevent them tearing themselves apart are disabled. Usually this sort of situation is only encountered second hand in the form of stories about little old ladies lifting crashed trucks single handed to save trapped grandchildren, but now it has been commericalised.

Headbutt
200 CP

Marketing problems have plagued this Schema, and to date it has been rebranded almost thirty times. The Schema triggers a shift in the users neural chemistry causing the brain to form new connections between existing neural clusters, essentially reinforcing existing mental infrastructure. In practise what this means is the effects of any sort of head trauma are massively reduced. The physical aspect of injuries to the head will still be a problem, but personality or memory loss will no longer really be possible. As a side note, the name reflects the fact the Schema was updated recently to try and make it more appealing - during hand to hand fights the user will find him or herself dealing quite brutal, lightning fast headbutts in between attacks.

Iron Jaw
200 CP

A schema built for those who are hit more than they hit others, this contains a set of triggers that release massive bursts of adrenalin under certain circumstances. What this means for the user is that they become next to impossible to incapacitate through chemical or physically traumatic means.

Crushing Blow
300 CP
A mass of information about the most common xeno's and every weakness they have is implanted into the users subconscious, guiding them as they battle and subtly shifting the aim of attacks to strike these weak points, making every hit that much more effective.

Shooting
Discount for Van Saar and Orlock

Rapid Fire
100 CP
Comprising a truly gargantuan table of almost microscopic muscle twitches, the User will never even feel the effects of this Schema, but they will certainly see them when they use automatic weaponry, their accuracy when firing sustained bursts rising dramatically.

Crack Shot
200 CP
A Schema that is considered somehow to be cheating, the bulk of Gangers who bother with guns preffering instead to fire wildly, this grants a respectable boost to accuracy with firearms.

Fast Shot
200 CP
One of the most popular Schema, and one of the most controversial when the users discover it doesn't magically make them shoot faster. What it does is allow the user to rapidly engage multiple targets one after the other with extreme accuracy.

Hip Shooter
200 CP
There isn't always time to carefully line up a shot - sometimes a ganger only has time for one shot, and that one straight from the hip. This Schema was designed for people who expect to be in those circumstances, customised neural rewiring ensuring the first shot is almost perfect. Unsurprisingly, this is a favourite of assassins.

Marksman
200 CP
A string of neural adjustments mimicking the neuron activity of the Sump Crawfish, one of the most feared ranged predators in the Necromundan hives, as it attacks its prey this Schema automatically compensates for wind conditions and bullet drop, making firing at distant targets much, much easier.

Gunfighter
300 CP
Conservation of amunition and things like carefully aiming are regarded as a bit suspect amongst al but the Van Saar, and so this Schema was developed to alter the neural pathways of

the user, altering them from left or right handed to truly ambidextrous. Two guns are better than one after all.

Stealth

Discount for Delaque and Escher and Ratskin

Dive

100 CP

Quite how and why this information came to be available isn't something anyone can explain. Indeed, the Guilder Schemasmiths looking into the matter haven't been able to find any sort of trace of the Schema prior to your arrival. That isn't your arrival on Necromunda, it is your arrival within the Guilders compound. Regardless, someone seems to have gone to conaiderable effort to ensure you have the opportunity to purchase what seems to be a massive mental archive of information on guerilla warfare in the sort of chem wastes that comprise the very bottom of the Necromunda hives. Why would someone go to these lengths to give you information on how to survive in a toxic swamp filled with slowly rotting metal ruins? How did they obtain it?

Ambush

200 CP

An unusual Schema rumoured to have been developed in preparation for a major offensive against House Delaque, this consists of a massive amount of information on the means and methods and logistics of guerilla warfare within Imperial Hive cities and similar environments. Upon thinking a unique, preprepared thought the User will find themselves in a trance, mentally relocated to a massive library where their subconscious, in the form of a friendly librarian will present them with all the useful and relevant information.

Escape Artist

200 CP

This Schema is most often described as 'very useful, but a bit weird'. When obtained, the User will find themselves able to escape virtually any mundane bindings or prison, contorting themselves in ways they never would have thought possible to shuck off chains and handcuffs. How is this possible? well, the Schema contains a carefully prepared series of what are essentually seizures. An hour after falling asleep the User will go through a seizure designed to pack hours of intense gymnastic training into a nights sleep. Very good for keeping fit, which explains why the vast bulk of purchasers are overweight Guilder Merchants who want to shift some weight without effort.

Evade

200 CP

Another library upload, this is intended for those who expect to be hunted - the information contained within the Schema deals with the methods to escape pursuit, or to simply avoid it entirely in the first place. The information seems oddly universal, apparently part of a larger work so it will be useful in environments other than a Hive City or the equivalent.

Inflitrate

200 CP

Most Gangers trying to find this Schema for purchase failed, and by the time anyone spotted the mistake and worked out why, a number of urban legends had sprung up about what this Schema could or could not do, who it was available to and a number of other things, and rather than correct it the Guilders simply quietly and massively inflated the price. The Schema itself is simply a small spike of information disseminated into the Users subconscious that aids greatly in infiltrating organisations and places by eliminating all those little physiological tells that might give them away.

Sneak Up
300 CP

A Schema that the Guilders will not even agree exists, obtaining this is grounds for immediate execution for the User will find themselves after, spending around fourty eight hours in a coma, an assassin par excellence. If there were any rumours circulating about this Schema, more than likely they would be about how it is supposedly taken from the neural training programmes used by the Inquisition to turn people into killing machines.

Techno

Discount for Van Saar and Orlock

Specialist
100 CP

Not just one but a complete series of Schema, these all contain the information required to become a master in the use of some of the more esoteric weapons available in Necromunda, though the Guilders sensibly only sell them one specialisation at a time, to ensure a healthy flow of creds.

Chainswords, Powerswords, Eviscerators, Flamers & Hand Flamers, Bolter and Bolt Pistols, Lasguns, Plasma pistols and plasma rifles, Needler Rifles, Power Fists, Plasma Cannons, Heavy Bolters, Heavy Stubbers, Rocket Launchers, Long Rifles as well as Autoguns and Stubbers are all available.

(Choose one per purchase)

Armourer
300 CP

A mental database containing information on the most common types of armour found in the Necromunda Hive and how to build, repair and maintain them. While this doesn't sound impressive, it is worth pointing out there are countless billions of people dwelling within the hive, and they have been here for millenia - the list of things counted as common at one time or another ranges from Power Armour in the distant past to the more common hammered metal plates made by local Gangers to the standard Imperial Guard Carapace Armour. Don't expect to start churning out Adetus Astartes Power Armour the second you get this though - the infrastructure to build the infrastructure to build the infrastructure to build the armour was lost to ruin a long time ago. There's a reason the Space Marines use suits thousands of years old.

Fixer
300 CP

This Schema contains a massive database filled with the countless bits of equipment the denizens of Necromunda Hive Primus have bought, found, built, stolen or obtained by other means over the centuries since the Hive was founded. Inexplicably it also seems to contain an extremely rare, extremely valuable and extremely heretical to own database detailing how to build and maintain Admech servitors

and cybernetic parts.

Inventor
300 CP

There is a great deal of salvage to be had in the average (if there can be such a thing) Imperial Hive city, from scrap metal panels to shattered archeotech remnants. While repairing it all is generally out of the question since the older the salvage is the greater the chance even the fact it existed has been lost, recovering parts of it to use elsewhere is not. Unfortunately for the average Imperial, innovation is ether borderline hersesy or actual heresy depending on how tightly you hold to the Imperial creed. To combat this, the Inventor Schema was created. A library comprised of a mishmash of countless database fragments, posessing this will ensure that the User has frequent burst of inspiration as his or her subconscious patches together plans from scraps of forgotten lore.

Medic
300 CP

A Schema kept artifically rare, both to ensure that people will pay the exhorbitant cost the Guilders demand and to ensure the costs those who posess it charge for their services will be met, this contains a massive database for the treatment of illness and injury, and it is set up to be just as useful to someone treating a gunshot in a filthy warehouse during a firefight as it is to someone performing cosmetic surgery in a top of the line autodoc.

Weaponsmith
300 CP

To weaponry what Armourer is to protective gear, this is a massive database of the various tools of mayhem the denizens of the Necromunda hive have wielded against each other. While the high tech equipment possible may seem nice, do not underestimate the value of low tech weaponry. Crafting a plasma pistol and crafting a bayonet require wildly different sets of skills, and all too often people who have one assume they have the other, to their chagrin.

Cybernetics

The Merchant Guilders offer more than neural editing - some people are oddly unwilling to allow ancient, poorly understood machines of dubious maintenance to work on their brains. For these people, there is a healthy list of cybernetics available for purchase.

(Those aligned with the Scavvie and Ratskin groups obviously can't walk into the Guilders Hall and buy Cybernetics. They can still obtain them, but it involves first locating someone with the cyberware desired and then removing it from them. After that it gets a little messy, but the end result is the same.)

Shoulder Mounting
100 CP

Not a cyberlimb, rather a socket capable of interfacing with any number of limbs. The typical Pit Slave can expect to receive the crudest mounting and never be able to replace the limb it is attached to, but

with this you can swap limbs as and when you require, assuming you have the limbs available.

You are not required to purchase a shoulder mounting, but if you do not you may only obtain one left cybernetic arm and one right cybernetic arm, and they are permanent.

Rocket Mounting
200 CP

Built into the forearm of a Cyberlimb, this mounting allows whatever is currently attached to the end of the arm to be fired at distant opponents. The rocket attachment has a thirty second flight time.

Remote Targetting Uplink
100 CP

Best when combined with a Rocket Mounting, because if it isn't it doesn't do anything. If it is, it allows the User to control the rocket attachment, either aiming it at a target of choice or sending it screaming back to dock with the cyberlimb, ready to be fired again.

Rock Drill
200 CP

Mining slaves are commonly modified to carry a massive drill for boring through slag and rock. The rock drill makes a fearsome weapon in hand-to-hand combat, the huge rotating spike capable of driving through all but the strongest armour in seconds.

Claw
200 CP

A monstrous three pronged claw designed for use in a variety of loading and heavy hauling roles, the parts of the cyberlimb that aren't massive metal talon are industrial servos and autobalancing servos, meaning the bearer has both titanic strength and the ability to actually use it effectively.

Shears
200 CP

Huge shears are often fitted to pit slaves for harvesting fungus groves and scrap sheet metal. The sharp blades of the shears are quite capable of snipping bits off a human as well. Not a subtle weapon, in combat these are extremely effective at crippling an opponent by removing a limb or other extremity.

Chainsaw
200 CP

Chainsaws are a popular choice of weapon for pit fighters, their most well-known advocate being the slave leader Bull Gorg. A chainsaw is usually mounted on the stump of a wrist or in place of a fbrearm, but the infamous pit fighter Harkan Vore actually had a chainsaw which replaced his lower jaw! Because a chainsaw is long, edged and comparatively easy to wield the user may use it to parry in close combat.

Buzz Saw
200 CP

Buzz saws are fitted to scrap slaves and particularly unsubtle pit fighters. A whirling disk of toothed steel, the buzz saw can part steel or flesh just as easily with a single scything swing. Not amazingly different to a Chainsaw cyberlimb, the main difference is that it causes much more damage with the drawback it can not be used defensively very well.

Piston Hammer
200 CP
Giant hammers are fitted to mining and foundry slaves. The pile driver force of a pneumatically-driven hammer is so great that opponents in hand-to-hand combat may be knocked senseless and beaten to their knees before they have a chance to fight back.

Servitor Cyberarm
200 CP
For those who favour function over form, the Servitor arm is the way to go. Ugly, visibly mechanical and far, far more durable, stronger and easier to maintain than any other limb.

Broden Pattern Cyberarm
150 CP
A replacement limb designed to mimic the form and function of an existing arm, offering a cybernetic limb that is extremely difficult to identify and at a reasonable price.

Shiawase Pattern Cyberarm
300 CP
Borderline Archeotech, this cyberlimb is incredibly well made, servo bundles mimicking muscle almost perfectly. Quicker, more responsive and more dextrous than any other limb, it can also be fitted with a number of optional modifications.

Autoloader
100 CP
A complex bit of machinery built into the underside of the forearm, this will automatically reload whatever weapon you are using quickly and efficiently.

Hand Razors
300 CP
Retractable monofilament razors that can be deployed from the cyberlimbs fingertips, these are brutally effective in melee and horrifyingly effective at slicing through armour.

Monofilament Whip
400 CP
Not for the faint of heart, the Monofilament Whip is utterly terrifying. A seven meter long, molecule thick cable made from a composite of Diamond and Adamantine this weapon sows utter chaos on the battlefield, slicing people, vehicles and frequently the user to bits faster than the eye can follow.

Induction Jack
200 CP
A retractable spike of polymetal that can be deployed from the cyberlimbs palm, the device that is absolutely not of alien manufacture can and will morph into an interface capable of connecting to almost any computer and filtering the information that flows through into something the user can interpret, essentially allowing a person to use a computer via the mind.

Shock Hand
200 CP
A bank of specially designed artifical muscles are installed along the cyberarm, and as the arm is used

Joint Torsion Ratchets build up an electric charge that is stored in them, similar to certain electric Eels that once existed on Terra. The stored electricity can be discharged at will, usually when punching. The hand has two settings, one non-lethal, the other decidedly not.

Magnetic Catapult
200 CP
A powerful directional electromagnetic pulse generator coupled to a single purpose sensor suite built into the upper arm, this device automatically fires when a grenade is thrown at the user, immediately bouncing it directly back to the thrower.

Nerve Wiring
400 CP
In a time consuming and excruciating process, the users nervous system is replaced almost completely with synthetic fiber that has a conductivity thousands of times greater than ordinary human nerve tissue, dramatically increasing the Users reaction times.

Mk I Pattern Synthacardium
100 CP
An artifical heart, the MK I is designed to combat fatigue by increasing both blood flow and the oxygen level of the blood passing through, leaving the user much more enduring.

Mk II Pattern Synthacardium
100 CP
An artifical heart containing a series of molecular filters, this synthetic organ filters out toxins, poisons and contaminants from the bloodstream.

Mk III Pattern Synthacardium
100 CP
Containing a gland that produces extra platelets, with synthetic organ will ensure that injuries are much easier to deal with, as even the most grevious will scab over almost instantly.

Omnissiah's Hidden Glory Synthacardium
500 CP
A synthetic heart, this renders the user much more capable of long term endurance as it allows for greatly increased oxygen saturation in the blood stream, as well as filtering out toxins and producing tailored stem cells to heal injuries faster.

Bone Lacing
300 CP
Ceramite bands are fitted around the Users bones, proving excellent protection and ensuring they need not worry about broken limbs at any point.

Dermal Armour Plating
400 CP
The subjects skin is removed, and a layer of impact reactive mesh is fitted, then the skin is replaced. The end result is that when kinetic impacts strike the User, the mesh reacts and hardens, absorbing and dissapating the force of the blow before it can cause trauma to internal organs.

Tailored Pheromones

300 CP

A series of subcutaneous glands are implanted across the Users body that release pheromones specially engineered to cause others to react favourably, essentially boosting a users charisma.

Ares Pattern Cyberleg

100 CP

Designed to mimic a normal leg almostperfectly, this offers only a slight boost above the norm.

Kessadi Pattern Cyberleg

200 CP

Thanks to an exceptionally well designed series of staggered hydraulic jacks, these legs drastically increase running speed as well as reducing the energy required to run, meaning high speeds can be sustained for much longer.

Walpurgis Pattern Treads

200 CP

A fairly unusual bit of cybernetics, a small set of tank treads replaces the users legs. Wwhile it looks odd, it dramatically increases the amount a person can carry, as well as their speed across flat terrain. An unforseen bonus, the Treads float, so the User can cross water just as easily as land.

Enhanced Articulation

300 CP

The major joints in the body are replaced with joints based on Jokaero physiology and the muscles around them are rebuilt, granting an incredible increase in mobility as the User can now twist limbs through a much greater range of movements.

Malfolan Dynachrome Series Cybernetic Eyes

100 CP

Something seen every few decades in the Spires of Hive Primus as a temporary fad sweeps the upper hive, these eyes are completely customisable, meaning the user can have sinister glowing crimson orbs one day, perfectly normal eyes the next and then something else a day later.

Malfolan Eagle Series Cybernetic Eyes

200 CP

Synthetic eyes with perfect 20/10 vision and a built in magnification function and Infra-Red setting, these eyes are a scouts dream.

Toxins

DISCOUNT RATSKINS AND SCAVVIES

There are a great many compounds to be found throughout the Hive, countless hidden chambers and sumps collecting run off from the Hive above, filtering it, mixing, purifying and contaminating it purely by random chance as the stuff trickles down, and some of the compounds are unique to the Sump. Occasionally these compounds are obtained by the Merchant Guilders, but more often than not they are exclusively used by those who dwell at the lowest places in the Hive.

Blade Venom

300 CP

Many of the mutant fungi strains found at the hive bottom are deadly poisonous, such as Widowmaker, Scarlet Feng and Grey Lattice. Some, like the notorious Black Death, have even developed coatings which are lethal to the touch, and can kill creatures that brush against them. The Black Death grows over the victims of its deadly toxins, supplying itself with a ready source of nutrition and a lure for other organisms hunting for carrion. Blade venom is brewed from a variety of natural poisons to produce a viscous purple substance which will kill a man in seconds. Ratskins are experts in the use of blade venom, but they normally will only use it to kill large and dangerous mutants or other beasts which are almost immune to normal weapons. Other Outlaws are rather less moralistic and will cheerfully coat swords and knives with venom if they think it will give them an edge in combat. The only problem is that a clumsy fighter with a poisoned weapon is as great a danger to himself as anyone else.

Icrotic Slime

400 CP

Icrotic slime is a rare and dangerous Underhive organism - a living transparent blob about the size of a man's fist. A mature slime seeks out a living creature and positions itself on top of the creature's head where it is slowly absorbed through the flesh into the host's brain. As slimes aren't very fast or agile they rely on catching their victims asleep. Whilst they invade their host they protect themselves by releasing psycho-chemical stimulants which seriously affect the host's mind and body. So euphoric is the effect, and so great the sense of power, that the victim makes no attempt to remove the slime.

Once inside the host's brain the slime encycsts and reproduces in the manner of common amoebic parasites. As the amoeba divides it becomes millions of tiny babies, which break out from their shells and begin to consume the host's brain from which they derive vital psychic as well as physical nutrition. Soon the host tums into a gibbering wreck as his brain is consumed from within. Within a couple of hours the pressure of the feeding, growing baby slimes is so great that the victim's skull cracks open and millions of tiny Icrotic Slimes slither out. These are only a millimetre or so across, but they grow quickly by enveloping and digesting increasingly large creatures. So great is the physical and mental enhancement and general sense of euphoria induced by Icrotic slime that some people use it as a drug. They avoid death either by ensuring there is somebody ready to scrape off the slime at the last minute, or by use of anti-parasite drugs that kili the Icrotic slime before it has a chance to encyst. Once encysted the tough outer shell makes the slime immune to all but physical removal involving major surgery. The risks of using Icrotic slime are considerable, even using drugs. The efficacy and potency of antidotes vary tremendously, especially in the dangerous, sleazy environments where these are often used. Amongst the wealthy decadent elite who indulge in this practice the risks are less because they can afford good quality antidotes, but even so success is not certain. There are even strains of Icrotic slime that have become immune to the anti-parasite drugs.

As dangerous as Icrotic Slime is, it still has a potent effect on the user: the chemicals it releases make him stronger, more agile, improve his reflexes and nullify the effects of shock and trauma so that he can fight on and survive terrible wounds. It is thought these effects are produced in the host to ensure it survives long enough for the slime to reproduce successfully, and occasionally those that survive having the slime removed find themselves retaining at least some of the benefits, their physique and mental capabilities enhanced.

'Slaught

400 CP

'Slaught is officially known as Onslaught and it is a crude combat drug made from a dangerous combination of mutant rat glands and a number of synthetic adrenalin compounds. 'Slaught enhances an

individual's fighting abilities: increasing alertness and speed, apparently slowing down the world by increasing a person's mental awareness. If it weren't for its unfortunate side-effects it would be an ideal combat drug.

Spook
400 CP

Spook is extracted from certain decayed synthidiet deposits or 'raw Spook'. The decayed synthidiet was dumped many thousands of years ago and stashes are sometimes discovered in the Underhive or ash wastes by Scavvies and Ratskins. The original synthidiet was probably recycled from the bodies of dead hivers in times of food shortages and so may act as a medium for carrying race-memofles locked in chemical form or DNA. Over the millennia the decaying synthidiet was acted upon by the mutant fungi spores that made up an important component of it, turning the stuff into a potent and dangerous powdery green scum. This is drunk in a frothing liquid form by those foolish enough to use it. A tiny glass phial contains a standard dose.

Spook enhances any latent psychic awareness in the human mind. Most Spook-induced Wyrds will be devoid of any inherent mental strength (otherwise latent Wyrd powers would have developed and manifested themselves naturally). They are psychically vulnerable and consequently prone to daemonic attack in all its forms, as indeed are many Wyrds. For those with Psychic ability even rudimentary training however, the dangers are far outweighted by the sheer boost in power, warp based abilities incredibly easy to use while the drug burns in a users veins.

Spur
300 CP

The name Spur is given to a number of similar stimulants. Spur has some unusual side-effects which discourage most individuals from using it. Taking Spur involves extra risks because not all Spur is the same, and so the potency of any side-effect cannot be judged accurately. All types stimulate the nervous system, improving the senses, muscle reaction and speed of thought. However, an old, adulterated or badly made batch may be ineffective. A good batch however, leaves the user moving so quickly and thinking with such clarity that the rest of the world seems to be trapped in amber.

Blindsnake Pouch
Ratskin only.
100 CP

The Ratskins milk venom from the albino blindsnake. mix the toxin with certain secret fungi, and place the resultant paste into a small leather pouch which is worn around the neck. The spirit of the blindsnake is said to watch out for bad spirits and to guide its owner in the darkness. The mixture in the leather pouch is absorbed by the fighter's skin and enhances his natural psychic sensitivity, endowing him with a sort of rudimentary sixth sense.

Heavy Weapons

Discount all Houses but Ratskin and Scavvie

The factories of Necromunda Hive churn ceaselessly, fabricating weapons and equipment for the Imperial Guard not just in the millions of items but millions of tons of items per year, and they have since the Hive was first inhabited by the Imperium. While the bulk of these weapons are shipped off world, it is inevitable that some make their way downhive.

Khan's Wrath Needler Rifle
200 CP

The needle rifle is a sniper's weapon and for this reason it is often refered to as a needle sniper rifle. It is a complex laser powered device and relatively rare in the Underhive. Its tight laser beam carries a tiny toxic needle or dart which can easily penetrate flesh to send its deadly poisons into the target. The laser carrier beam will dissolve or blow away armour or clothing and burrow into exposed flesh enabling the darts to penetrate more deeply. The needler's chief advantage is that it is virtually silent, and consequently the favoured weapon for assassins and other unwelcome characters.

Acroma IX Pattern Master Crafted Heavy Bolter
300 CP

AII bolt weapons are highly advanced and technically sophisticated, and the heavy version is the most effective and most complex weapon of its type. They are extremely bulky and are often known as the 'back breaker'by those who carry them. Like all bolters it is noisy and the shells explode when they hit their target causing great devastation. Only very experienced and relatively wealthy fighters can afford to own and use a heavy bolter. The constant and demanding maintenance routine also makes it an unwise choice for a novice. For those who know what they're doing it is a prestigious weapon carried by the most dangerous of fighters.

Judgement Storm Heavy Plasma Gun
300 CP

The heavy plasma gun, or sun gun as it is known, fires energy shells of bright glowing plasma - matter in a superheated energised state. When a plasma shell strikes a target energy is released and the target blows apart in an almighty explosion. Plasma weapons are extremely effective and very dangerous and the heavy version is the most deadly of all. The biggest disadvantage of plasma weapons is that they take a relatively long time to recharge once fired. In the case of the heavy plasma gun the user can mitigate this by firing the weapon on a low energy discharge to preserve his energy reserves.

Wrathcaster Missile Launcher
300 CP

The missile iauncher is a complex and weighty piece of machinery. Although expensive the weapon is highly regarded on account of its versatility, and those who can afford the exorbitant costs of maintenance and ammunition often choose to carry a missile launcher. Not all launchers are identical but most are similar, deriving from the armaments factories of the hive city rather than individual workshops in the Underhive. A few Underhive gunsmiths will adapt or modify missile launchers, but this requires considerablse skill. Two types of ammunition are commonly available. These are powered missiles fed into the weapon by means of a magazine or hopper, though some versions must be loaded one shot at a time. Super-krak missiles contain a powerful implosive charge designed to crack open the armour of individual targets. Frag missiles contain an explosive charge which inflicts damage over a wide area. Of these, Frag missiles are the most favoured in the Underhive.

Spear Gun
Scavvie only.
100 CP

Spear guns are big, brutal weapons built around several hefty springs scavenged from ancient machines in the badzones. Used most commonly by the massive, subhuman scalies the gun is loaded by the Scaly using brute strength to compress the springs as it fits a short hafted spear or harpoon into the barrel. The gun fires the spear with tremendous power, enough force for it to go straight through one body and

into another even at long range.

Scatter Cannon
Scavvie only.
100 CP
A Scatter cannon is simply an enlarged version of a blunderbuss or Scatter gun with a heavy barrel and a fistsized bore. The greater weight of shrapnel and explosive charge used in a Scatter cannon increase its range and make it a lot more deadly in the confined conditions of the Underhive. The recoil of a Scatter cannon is so ferocrous that only a creature with the massive strength of the Ogryn like subhuman Scaly can fire it.

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Thank you, come again!

The deal is done, the paperwork is carefully filed and thanks to the sheer glacial slowness of Imperial bureaucracy, by the time anyone looks it over, everyone involved barring you will be long gone. All you have left is to attend a celebratory dinner the Guilders are throwing you and then go home.

All told, the meal is incredible and you spend most of the time between courses alternating between being introduced to a string of eligible young and unmarried men and women and a string of older ladies and gentlemen who have all taken full advantage of all the rejuvenation and body sculpting technologies available to only the richest people of the Imperium. and who keep dropping hints about you paying them a social call for the evening.

Like everything else in your life lately though, things can't just stay calm and reasonable. You find yourself being awkwardly flirted with by the Head of the Adeptus Arbites until that particular bit of entertainment is interupted by a messanger. You aren't quite in a position to hear the entire message, but you do pick out the words "Him", "Valois", "Zombie" and "Plague".

Moments later, the Arch Arbite makes an announcement.

"Esteemed Ladies and Gentlement, please, forgive me but there is a situation developing. It seems Karloth Valois has returned. Aleady his hordes are attacking the walls of Girder Falls and Slag Gultch."

Well.... it seems the party is over.

You have two choices. Having accomplished your primary objective you may leave, or you may remain and attempt the optional complication:

Karloth Valois, The Zombie Lord

+ 500 CP

Originally living in the Hive-City, Karloth was forced to flee down into the Underhive and even deeper to the hive bottom due to the torment of his latent psychic powers which gave him nightmarish prophetic visions and bombarded him with the thoughts of others. Ever seeking to further distance himself from any other people, he ended up in the Badlands of the hive bottom, where he nearly died many times.

While scavenging for whatever meagre supplies could be found in such a desolate place he was set upon by a pack of Plague Zombies. They chased him through the abandoned tunnels and vents until his exhausted muscles gave way and collapsing in the filth he succumbed to death. As the Zombies began to eat his wasted frame, something awoke inside him. He suddenly sensed the tiny fragments of a mind that remained to the Plague Zombies, the insatiable hunger that drove them, the raw instinct that governed their actions. Above all this he recognised the simplicity of their minds and reaching out found that he could control them.

With a last gasp of effort he succeeded in quelling the Zombies' hunger and forced them to stand back and leave him alone. He lay alone in the impenetrable dark of the hive bottom, surrounded by the Plague Zombies as the virus spread from the bites they had given him and into his brain. But Karloth had discovered one other thing he could now do. He drew the tiny slivvers of life-force still within the Zombies into himself and with it was able to stave off death.

Somehow the neurone plague had altered Karloth's powers and those abilities he had first used to save his life he now found he could use to a much greater extent. He could control the minds of Plague Zombies within a distance, heightening or lessening their hunger, even focussing what little sense of self they still possessed in order to make them more efficient and lethal killers. More than this he found that he could now drain the life-force from any living thing and absorb it into himself, but that this was his only form of sustenance now. He would be forced to prey on the living in order to survive. While he had been lying near death at the hands of the Zombies he had sensed what lay beyond. He had sensed an eternity of darkness filled with unimaginable torment, and ceaseless terror, and he vowed that he would never let death take him.

Karloth took to a wandering existence, travelling the wastelands of the Underhive, preying on the living when he could and using his packs of Plague Zombies to force others to give him what he needed. In time his reputation grew, to the extent that Gangs would make terrible pacts with him in order to secure his assistance. And all the while Karloth's power was growing, as was his horde of undead, until it inevitably drew the attention of other powers.

The ranks of the Redemption in the Underhive grew and even more began to flock down from the Hive City to join them in order to oppose the man who they now called soul-thief and life taker. Rumours spread that he had made a pact with the Dark Gods and the Redemptionists marched in an all out crusade to bring his reign of terror to a halt.

Karloth found that he was suddenly left alone, with no allies to turn to. Everywhere he went he was turned away, people's fear of what he had become and what the Redemption might do to

them outweighing anything they might hope to gain by helping him. Karloth retreated into the poisoned lakes and sumps of the Underhive inhabited by the Scavvies and the Mutants but the Redemptionists pursued him there also.

The Cult of the Redemption pursued Karloth all of the way to the edge of the Abyss where -with his back to the fathomless emptiness- he finally turned to face them. His horde of Zombies charged into the flamers of the Redemption, dried burning flesh raining down to be swallowed by the darkness of the pit below. Karloth drained the life out of the brothers as his Zombies tore into their flesh but the red-robed cultists were fanatical and pressed on inexorably. In the end, Karloth escaped their flames and his inevitable treatement as a Heretic by turning and diving into the bottomless darkness below, crying out in defiance of death to the end.

The Redemptionists searched the Abyss for weeks looking for any evidence of Karloth's remains but found nothing. But, as every Underhiver knows, nothing can be found in the Abyss which does not wish to be found.

Now it seems, the Zombie Lord has returned. For vengance? A hunger for the life essence of others? That may never be determined. What is certain is that hordes of Plague Zombies already threaten to overun two major settlements within the Underhive, and doubtless more will come under attack in short order. The bounty on Valois head was never claimed, and while his attention is elsewhere, a small team may be able to fight their way down into the Sump, following the tracks of the Zombie Hoarde all the way back to the Life Stealer himself...

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Treacherous Conditions

The further down the Hive you go, the worst things get. Just below the titanic adamantine wall that separates the ground level Hive City from the Underhive proper the terrain is only just uninhabitable, but things rapidly get worse, and below the Underhive is the Sump, a nightmare of ruins and toxic effluvia that have seeped down for countless thousands of years. Go deep enough into the Sump and not even the Scavvies and Ratskins can survive.

Conditions are deadly, and can change by the second.

Each roll nets you + 200 CP. You may make up to five rolls. Duplicate rolls simply

make the result twice as bad each time it occurs.

You can only take complications if you have taken the 'Karloth Valois, Zombie Lord' optional Complication.

11. Sea of Goo

A thick layer of thick, cloying chemical slime spreads as far as the light can see. Knee deep the stuff makes running impossible, conceals countless submerged Plague Zombies and worst of all hides dozens of pitfalls. Step into one of these and the slime will swallow you in a second. With luck you wont drown, but you will definately suffocate.

12. Sludgy Surface

A thin, slippery green coating covers everything. The Slime Mould that has colonised everything functions as an organic superlubricant - Anything but the slowest movement will see you sliding face first into walls, jagged, toxin covered ruined metal shards, off walkways, the list goes on. Worst of all, the Slime Mould reacts to the Plague Zombies. Something about them has the stuff moving away, so they wont have to worry about slowing or stumbling...

13. Slimy Film

Somehow this wretched stuff has evolved in the few years since the Plague Zombies first appeared. It grows on them only, and somehow it hypercharges the grotesque things. No longer shambling, moaning pitiful things, now the Plague Zombies are nightmarishly quick, stronger than you could imagine and very, very, very hard to kill.

14. High Tide

The vast chemical sea below the Hive functions almost like an actual sea at times, and this is one of them. With the Planets moons all in conjunction overhead a rising tide of terrifyingly caustic toxins is slowly rising up, dissolving everything. Haste is of the essence now.

15. Pit of Despair

The area of the sump you find yourself in consists of a hanging mass of poorly engineered, poorly maintained and incredibly rickety catwalks suspended above a kilometers deep pit. Not only are falls a serious risk, but the Plague Zombies can see you coming, and if they gather in any numbers the sheer weight will see the catwalks snapping free and plummeting into the darkness...

16. Ancient Fuel Tank

Sometimes the scale that Hive Primus was built on is enough to stagger the mind. It seems that an ancient fuel tank will play host to your adventure. The kilometers wide chamber and all within are empty now, but enough residue remains on everything to ensure that should you use any ranged weapons or energy based special abilities the resulting explosion will see the entire Hive moving several feet straight up. At least you wont be alive to see the ensuing carnage.

21. Howling Winds

The air currents that move air through the Hive sometimes come together and trigger Gale Force winds. Enjoy trying to force your way through a toxic scrapyard in the middle of one hundred and twenty

kilometer per hour winds. Visibility is restricted, footing is uncertain to say the least and the dust stirred up is poisonous to boot. Try not to linger.

22. Blustery Conditions

While the winds aren't anything more than an annoyance, the dust they have stirred up is. Thick with toxic compounds and heavy metals, it is poisonous and reduces visibility to a few feet, making ranged weapons all but worthless.

23. Arc Storms

The sheer amount of metal dust in the air is building up one hell of a charge. The more sensitive or advanced a bit of kit is, the greater the chance it will fail outright, and thr Plague Zombies are building up a charge of their own - hitting or being hit in melee by one of the things is going to feel like a lightning strike!

24. Fan Down

Somewhere up hive a groaning noise of ancient metal finally giving up the fight against entropy echoes out. One of the titanic fans that circulates air in the Hive has failed, and it will not be long before the atmosphere down in the sump simply isn't there any more....

25. Sirrocco

The killing Wind. Somewhere along the way the high speed winds have picked up a couple of tons of ceramite flakes. Specks of monomolecular edged dust, being caught out in the open when one of the periodic gusts of wind blasts through will result in a brutal but blessedly quick death. Good timing will be vital here.

26. Dissonant Verses

The wind howling through the hundreds of rust eaten holes in the ancient metal is both horrifying and maddening, the shrieking wind an unearthly cacophany that makes communication impossible and has a ... a troubling effect on the sanity of those who listen too long.

31. Pea Souper

While no one remembers what Pea Soup is, the fog that bears its name is still well known. Billowing clouds of greeny yellow fog blanket the area, distorting sounds and reducing visibility to virtually nothing. Don't bother with ranged weapons, and expect to be ambushed frequently.

32. Corrosive Mist

Easily visible as the low lying clouds slowly drift throughout the fog, the after effects are more noticable still - metal scoured clean of rust and anything organic stripped away completely. While this will deal with the bulk of the Plague Zombies, the survivors that are capable of lurking within the clouds of Mist are far, far more terrible than their kin...

33. Invisible Death

Vents above, corroded and weakened by age spill out an odourless, colourless, scentless mist that drifts down into the depths of the sump, and anything living stepping into the stuff will... well, it wont be alive much longer. Pity the Plague Zombies don't need to worry about it, really.

34. Psychoactive Fog

A thick bank of white mist that reduces visibility to not much more than twenty feet, the worst effect is the effect it has on the minds of the living, driving them to increasing levels of paranoia and insanity the

more they inhale. It wont kill you, but is vanishing into the depths of the Sump to eat filth and live as an insane hermit better?

35. Rapture of the Fallen

The air is thick with psychoreactive mist, and the barrier between realspace and the Warp is growing thinner by the second, and the air is growing thick with the howls of ghosts. Simple echoes of those slain, the bloodier your hands the louder they will be. To start with the greatest risk will be to your sanity, but these sorts of outcries attract attention, and eventually things will start to gather that can push through the barrier between real and not real...

36. The Glow

If it is this heavily reinforced, the contents must be amazing, right? well, the Gangers that finally cracked into the Hazardous Materials Sarcophagus must have been quite dissapointed when all the got was several hundred tons of radioactive dust. The stuff has slowly been drifting down into the sump, and now it has almost reached the bottom. Unfortunately for you, the worst of the stuff is drifting down across the area you must travel. You wont need a geiger counter for the most dangerous areas, you will be able to spot the glow.

41. Pitch Black

The Underhive is dark and dingy at the best of times, and this far down there are no lights left, the valuable electronics claimed by time and scavengers. Bring lights of your own and be visible to Plague Zombies and worse for miles around, or go through the pitch darkness...

42. Twelve O'clock High

The ancient lighting system of the Hive is no longer as reliable as it once was, and unfortunately several of the massive luminators have glitched out. The area of the sump you are travelling through is well lit, to put it mildly. Temperatures will rapidly reach around one hundred and twenty degrees, and exposure to the quite literally blinding light will almost guarantee the loss of sight.

43. Infected

If you weren't on a timer, you are now - one of the first Plague Zombies was a little quicker than you expected, and the damn thing took a chunk out of you before it was put down. Now the wound is red, throbbing with pain and weeping diseased pus. In a few hours your fingers and toes will go numb, then your hands and feet, your arms and legs...

It's best if you hunt down Karloth while you still can.

44. Blight Spores

Most things in the Sump are hostile to everything else, but very rarely two creatures enter a partnership. In this case, the two happen to be The Plague Zombies and Blight Fungus. As a result, rather than the slow, shambling wretched hordes you would have had to deal with, now you have a slow, shambling horde of massively swollen horrors bloated with diseased fungus. Killing a zombie will now cause the thing to explode and spray toxic spores everywhere. Melee combat is a surefire way of commiting suicide.

45. Murder Zombies

An ancient machine spirit has somehow awoken after millenia slumbering and brought the facility it once controlled back online. The noise of the machinery attracted Plague Zombies.Unfortunately the facility was one for the creation of Murder Servitors, heavily armed, heavily armoured killing machines used as

disposable suicide troops. Now the Sump is filling with Plague Zombies loaded with built in Dreadnought heavy weaponry and armour. You should probably fix that.

46. The Hive Stirs

Ancient machines shudder to life, cogitators deranged by centuries of neglect flash awake and start to work on half remembered tasks given to them by men turned to dust long, long ago. The Sump temporarily becomes a hell of industrial madness, collosal devices working randomly, welding, repairing, demolishing and battling as they struggle to complete impossible tasks.

51. Carrion Bats

Clouds of Carrion Bats are waking up and starting to feed as you move into the Sump, and everywhere you go there are clouds of the shrieking horrors. Anyone bitten can expect to do one of two things - bleed out as the anticoagulants in the bats venom prevent blood from clotting or flee and hope to find a medic before exsanguinating. If that wasn't bad enough, the cries of the bats will attract Plague Zombies from miles around.

52. Plague of Flies

Rotting flesh draws bloated black flies like iron filings to a magnet, and the swarms of plague zombies means there is a surfeit of decaying meat here. The Sump will be plagued by clouds of crawling, buzzing insect vermin. Don't expect to be able to hit anything - the flies will crawl into eyes, ears, mouth and nose if they get half a chance, so you'll need a helmet just to avoid being infested with maggots.

53. Cockroaches

A carpet of scuttling red cockroaches covers the ground, but other than a grotesque cracking noise any time you put a foot down they don't have any effect on how things play out.

54. Rats

Something has stirred the vermin, and hordes of rats sweep across the battlefield. Not incredibly dangerous, the tide of chittering vermin becomes lethal when the scent of blood fills the air, the carpet of rodents all but reduced to a pack of land based piranha. Worst of all, any that survive the gnawing fangs of the tide of vermin will doubtless succumb to the countless diseases they carry.

55. Sump Rat Pack

Grotesque, mutated things that can only be called rats because they share a vague similarity of shape, these things are the size of bears with fangs three feet long capable of chewing permacrete to dust. Entire settlements have vanished into the gaping maws of this pack, the matriarch an old, wicked and deeply cunning albino capable of breathing poisonous warpfire.

56. Truly Ancient Deep Crow

Permacrete shrieks and shears to ribbons beneath the razor-taloned step of a cyclopean shadow come to terrifying life. From the darkness looms a breath-stealing horror, a creature combining the most frightening aspects of night-stalking panther, carrion gorged crow, and massive demon-eyed arachnid. Skulking with the terrible grace of some caliginous dragon, oily feathers rise into wings evocative of an abyssal nightscape devoid of all stars or familiar spheres. From a quadripartite maw—combining insectial mandibles and a slashing beak—the abomination unleashes a shrill, chittering screech, the forsaken scream of a creature born of nightmare and truly ancient madness. No longer a myth, one of the most terrible things of the Sump has awoken. Emperor help you.

61. Rustrazor Infestation

Some sort of bizzare metal fatigue? a silicon based life form? something else? whatever it is, it seems to combine aspects of all three into a freakish metal plant thing. Razor edged masses that look a little like barbed wire and a little like tumbleweeds sprout everywhere, and at the first indication of life they spring to action, uncoiling with terrifying speed to lash the interloper to bits, wire like roots draining all iron from the spilled blood.

62. Methane Gas

Rotting sewage, fungi and carrion can all create pockets of highly explosive methane gas just waiting for a spark (or gunshot) to trigger them. Fighting will be difficult, but it isn't just a problem for ranged fighters - sparks from a chainsword glancing off a rusted hunk of iron will trigger an explosion just as easily.

63. Contraflow Charges

Ancient power sinks in the sump crackle to life, or perhaps simply start to die just a little more loudly. The tang of ozone fills the air, and sparks dance along everything metal. The Plague Zombies will all quickly start to build up a negative charge, and anything living (like yourself) will start to build up a postive one. What does this mean? don't let the Plague Zombies get in close or you can expect to be electrocuted, and don't let them gather in too great a mass for the more there are the more powerful the charge makes them.

64. Massive Electrical Discharge

The gigantic hives on Necromunda have to be well protected from external weather conditions. Lightning poses a big threat as raging storms that can last for weeks circle the hives. Huge lightning conductors on the exterior of the hive feed the lightning efficiently through the higher levels. Unfortunately this is not always the case in the lower levels of the hive where the lightning becomes less controlied and finds its own way to ground. You can expect to spend more than a little time dodging thunderbolts.

65. Hive Quake

The ancient and utterly gargantuan Hive Primus settles a fraction of a milimeter on its foundations and several million tons of material shift along with it. Unfortunately, a great deal of the material will be moving straight down, and at high speed. The aftershocks from the Quake will go on for weeks and you can expect to spend your time dodging slabs of permacrete bigger than the average house.

66. All Clear

For now.

(reroll if you get this result more than once.)

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The second fall of the Dead Lord.

Fought in almost pitch darkness lit only by blasts of life stealing warp fire, your battle against Valois will rapidly become a much loved and much told story throughout Hive Primus and you can't help but feel a touch smug that no matter how embelished the tale becomes, it most likely will never quite match up to just how hectic things got, or how terrifying. The final battle against the Soul Taker, a frantic skirmish on a platform surrounded by a horde of flesh hungry dead barely held in check by the will of a deathless

Wyrd, just you and a handful of veteran Gangers from your allied house against one of the worst monsters Necromunda has produced will be something you will always remember.

The sudden silence as you strike down Valois is almost deafening, the horde falling silent as the Arch-Psycher staggers back and collapses. The sound of his Wyrd Staff falling to the floor rings out like some monstrous, unearthly doom bell.

Behind you your allies regard the horde warily as they quickly check themselves over for bites or scratches that would indicate they are themselves doomed to undeath by the Zombie Plague. You yourself though, you find your attention fixated on the fallen staff. It will make an excellent trophy, wont it? and if that horde attacks you may not get a chance to take it. The idea of it being lost here, trapped under a drift of slain Zombies or knocked into one of the chasms or sludge pits is just a touch unsettling.

Your hand is wrapping around the Staff before you realise you have moved.

After that? you don't even remember passing out. You do remember waking up, the staff still in your hand, your Ganger companions still unconscious around you. The Horde of Plague Zombies are gone, completely vanished. Unfortunately, so is the body of The Life Stealer.

Ah well.

Chances are you'll be long gone before he decides to bother Necromunda again.

The Wyrd Staff of Karloth Valois

Seven feet of coiled, black metal topped with an elaborate and highly decorative set of metal bat wings, the staff is an unusual artifact. What little Karloth revealed before his first defeat indicates he found it in a labyrinth he stumbled upon once and could not find again. Simply owning it fills you with strength, muscles filling with power drawn from elsewhere.

Beyond that, the Staff holds power of Wyrds, those blessed or gifted with psychic power. When wielded it allows you to distort or even nullify the psychic powers of others, though as with all artifacts of this sort, care should be taken when wielding it against powerful foes, for the staff may decide they are a more worthy wielder than you.

Wyrd Powers

Taking Posession of The Wyrd Staff of Karloth Valois has unlocked your own innate psychic potential and granted you new Wyrd abilities.

Make three rolls on the following table.

11. Beastmastery Primary Power

Loathed and respected in equal measure, Beastmasters are capable of commanding lesser creatures without a thought, and often make a very good living driving off the hordes of vermin and parasites that thrive in the settlements of the Underhive. Of course, the problem is that with some of them, the swarms of vermin arrive hours before the Beastmasters do.

The Gangs of Necromunda often hire Beastmasters as well, for the Beastmaster will always have a higher bond with some of the more terrifying creatures of the Sump and are inevitabley accompanied by a small horde of the creatures, from the monstrous bear sized Mutant Sump Rats to the Millasaurs, collosal athropodal eating machines and the feared Ripper Jacks, nightmare quick things that are equal parts mouth and wing with a habit of latching onto the face of prey and chewing it off in seconds.

If you roll Beastmastery, roll 1d6. On 1-2 you gain an affinity for Sump Rats and gain 1d3 as companions. On 3-4 you gain an affinity for Millasaurs and gain 1d2 as companions. On 5-6 you gain an affinity for Ripper Jacks and gain 2d6 as companions. These creatures do not take up a companion slot.

You also gain two more rolls on the Wyrd Abilities table.

Roll again if you get this result twice.

12. Float

The ability to deform gravity in a few feet around the Wyrd, this makes the user and everything not bolted down float gently a few inches from the floor. While the speed isn't great, there is no surface that cannot be crossed, and the control the Wyrd has is incredible.

Combined with Levitation this grants true flight.

13. Weapon Jinx

Focusing his or her abilities, the Wyrd twists the skeins of probability to the point where the weapon of an opponent within line of sight misfires, and it almost always misfires when pointed at someone or something important...

14. Fearful Aura

The Wyrd projects an aura that leaves others shaking with fear, too afraid to properly resist.

15. Nullify Power

Not an ability so much as the abscence of one, the Wyrd is capable of, with a great deal of mental effort, temporarily supressing the psychic powers of other pyschers.

16. Banshee Howl

Releasing an unearthly howl the Wyrd attacks all those who are within hearing distance with a terrifying cacophany that leaves them bleeding from the eyes and ears.

21. Pyromaniac Primary Power

A rare ability among a vanishingly small group of people, Pyromaniacs appear amongst Wyrds as often as Wyrds appear amongst ordinary people. Born with abilities above and beyond the minor powers of lesser Wyrds, stories are told about pyoramiacs who can project fires from a fingertip that puts the

average flamer to shame, or being able to hurl explosive balls of fire, to raise ther own body temperature till trying to fight them was akin to stepping into a furnace, and one or two are even rumoured to be able to mimic the blasts of the fearsome Melta Guns wielded by the heroes of the Imperial Guard.

22. Sense Presence

Put simply, anything sentient that comes within twelve feet of the Wyrd will be detected - even if the Wyrd cannot see the entity, he or she will know exactly where it is.

23. Spider Man

The Wyrd is able to generate a telekinetic field around his or her hands and feet that allow them to climb up walls as easily as a spider can.

24. Zen Shootist

The Wyrd concentrates his or her mind, becoming one with the ranged weapon they wield, allowing almost perfect accuracy.

25. Phase Step

The Wyrd is able to step ever so slightly out of sync with reality, allowing them to step through walls. Useful, but the thicker the wall the more energy it requires.

26. Chameleon

Twisting the perceptions of others, the Wyrd is able to conceal him or herself from view, essentially becoming invisible until they move.

31. Telepath Primary Power

The constant pressures of life in the Underhive wear down at the will of even the strongest, and mental illness is sadly common, from PTSD riddled Gangers to workers driven borderline catatonic from years of hearing the ceaseless rythmic thundering of nearby industry. As a result the Wyrds with Telepathic ability are welcomed if they are willing to aid others. Oftentimes though, the good will of a community pales compared to the creds offered by Gangs who are more than happy to employ someone who can force rival Gangers to pull the pin on a grenade and run to their friends.

32. Mirror Image

For a few seconds the Wyrd is able to create a perfect replica of themselves, fully able to wield every power and artifact the original posesses, though unfortunately any damage it causes is also an illusion that vanishes along with the Mirror Image.

33. Throw Voice

The Wyrd gains the ability to speak from distant locations - they speak, but the sounds emerge from a place of their choice, rather than their mouth.

34. Bang Flash

The Wwyrd can produce a small glowing sphere of Telekinetic energy that explodes when thrown. The detonation does not cause much pysical damage, but it does cause a massive, painful burst of light and sound as well as destabilising any warpcraft present.

35. Lucky Aura

The Wyrd unconsciously twists probability around him or her. Simply put, good things are much more

likely to happen to friends, and bad things to enemies.

36. Healing Hands

Perhaps the single power that will not see the Wyrd exiled or burned at the stake, those lucky enough to be born with this can expect a long peaceful life provided they use the ability to remove the wounds and diseases of others.

41. Telekinetic Primary Power

Very few Telekinetics live long. When you can move small objects with your mind, what better to influence than a dice? the gambling halls of Necromunda love winners, but only to a point. The really smart ones hone their talents elsewhere and always find themselves employed by the Gangs, Guilder bounties on Wyrds be damned. The most commonly encountered powers are what one would expect, mini tornados of jagged metal fragments, but the most famous Telekinetic Wyrd discovered the means to turn his fists into deadly weapons encased in glowing mental energy that left him able to punch through the thickest armour with ease.

42. Pyschic Spoor

The Wyrd is able to see the psychic energy left behind by others. With time and effort it becomes possible to literally see what occured or what others did for up to half a day after it occured.

43. Cause Pain

A vicious little ability, the Wyrd can leave another wracked with agony, barely capable of picking up a gun, let alone fighting back. Many who have this find a career in 'information retrieval'.

44. Levitate

Almost a direct opposite of Hover, this grants the ability to levitate at will, moving with incredible speed but almost no control.

Together with Hover with grants True Flight.

45. Precognition

The Wyrds vision starts to wander, and the Wyrd finds him or herself viewing things a few seconds before they occur. Incredibly disorientating to deal with for long, while this is active it makes the Wyrd incredibly hard to hit.

46. Iron Soul

The Wyrds power twists a cage of thought around them, both concealing and defending their soul from daemonic possession.

51. Roll 1D6 Wyrd Powers.

52. Adrenaline Control

The Wyrd can control the natural adrenaline level is his or her body, allowing them to trigger an collosal adrenaline surge at will. While prolonged use risks organ failure, it drastically increases speed and response times.

53. Electrokinetic Cloak

The Wyrd unconsciously generates a massive amount of electrical energy that he or she wears like a shield, the charge earthing rather explosively through anyone who dares strike them.

54. Energy Absorption

The Wyrd has come to understand the way the Warp interacts with realspace, at least a little. As a result they can channel energy such as plasma or lascannon shots directly into the warp, bleeding away much of the fury of the attack.

55. Warp Shield

The Wyrd has gained the ability to focus his or her psychic abilities into a defensive barrier. Weightless and incredibly durable, the main weakness of the shield is that the Wwyrd must maintain physical contact with it, which goes some way to explaining why they are most often used in the same manner of a riot shield strapped to a forearm.

56. Psychic Blade

Focusing the sum totality of their abilities, the Wyrd is able to manifest a blade forged from pure psychic power. Armour is no defence against it, indeed, nothing physical is and the only way to mitigate its effects is through sheer force of will.

61. Select One Primary Power.

62. Radiogenic

While most fear the places where the air is heavy with ancient, invisible death the Wyrd has discovered a means to twist the radioactive death to his or her own ends. Now as long as the Wyrd is radioactive they will heal incredibly quickly, converting the radiation into a healing surge.

63. Make four rolls, select the result you prefer and discard the remaining three rolls.

64. Select one Minor Power of your Choice.

65. Select Two Minor Powers of Your Choice.

66. Select Two Primary Powers.
Can only be obtained once. If you roll this a second time, reroll.