

INFINITY
CODE ONE

**DIRE
FOES**

OBSIDIAN HEAD
DIRE FOES MISSION PACK DELTA



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A GOLDEN RETIREMENT

Her retirement plan was simple and consisted, basically, of vanishing into thin air. One day the gamblers, crooks, mid-level “corpos”, thieves, and thugs of the Independent Corporate Republic of the Meteora Group would wonder, “What has become of Klaudia Bangsoy?” At that point, they would all realize that it had been some time since they had last heard from their favorite fixer.

Klaudia was planning to eventually disappear into the crowd to start a new life. She wanted a true life, the kind of life she deserved; no more rushing and pressure, no more working for people she despised, no more suffering the foul air and the rocky domes of that fetid planetoid known as the Independent Corporate Republic of the Meteora Group. Her new life was well thought out: an apartment overlooking the ocean at Foster Beach, surfing in the mornings, a drink in the evening (but not every evening, just every other evening—or every evening she felt like it). And at sunset, she might have one of those Haqqislamite cigarettes advertised by Enzo Navarone, and she'd smoke it very slowly as she watched the sun go down beyond the endless ocean of Varuna. Jurgen would be by her side... or maybe not. There were plenty of tanned, muscular young men available right there, in the surfing paradise of Varuna. Maybe it would be a better plan to take off on her own, enjoy a good time as a wild bachelorette, and down the road, when she got tired—if she got tired—she'd call him.

Everything was ready. She'd procured two different false identities, each one with its own comlog containing a passport and a valid MULTI-Pass. The first one was to avoid being followed, the second one would be her backup in case the first one failed. It was her insurance, because a girl can never be too careful. She'd planned everything down to the last detail, clearly establishing all the steps she'd follow, and a few alternatives just in case. After all, she was a fixer, so she knew how to prevent problems and how deal with them. She was ready now, and her golden retirement was within reach.

That is until one of her most reliable contacts in the underworld, Pablo Cuyegkeng, called her with a nervous tone in his voice that didn't bode well. He explained to her that there were two groups very interested in the alien artifact that was supposed to be her last job. Both groups argued that the item was stolen, and they weren't willing to pay for it, or at least not very much, and by the looks of it they were powerful enough to force anyone to accept their conditions.

Klaudia was in a world of trouble, and she'd better move fast if she didn't want some nasty strangers to retire her from this life before she could enjoy her golden retirement.

Stuff that goes down in the Independent Corporate Republic of the Meteora Group. T2 point of the Socratic Trojans in Human Edge.

THE OBSIDIAN HEAD

The Obsidian Head is an alien-made artifact originally from the Ur Hegemony that has been cataloged as VoodooTech under the designation Object 0459. This item was found by a Steel Phalanx assault team among the debris of what used to be a rear base of the Onyx Contact Force on the Norstralia front on Paradiso. The device's exact purpose and mode of operation are unknown, as it remained disconnected at all times while under study, and it's not known whether it actually could be activated. For this reason, the scientists who studied this artifact question the veracity of the testimonies of those who claim to have seen it in operation at a later time.

Object 0459 resembles an alien-like armored head, with a base that looks like a neck, which makes it even more similar to a helmet or a head, which is the origin of the name it's commonly known by now. Like many other examples of the so-called VoodooTech of Ur origin, the surface of Object 0459 has a texture that suggests it was created or cultivated using biotechnological or techno-organic materials. These materials' intense black color explains the epithet that completes the name by which this artifact is known on Maya: the Obsidian Head.

Object 0459 was relocated to the Darpan Xeno-station, a research facility run by ALEPH in the Durgama region on Concilium Prima, for analysis and it remained there until it was stolen during the confusion created by the Combined Army's offensive in this territory. The possibility of this having been a targeted operation has been ruled out, and it's believed that it was nothing more than a theft of opportunity. This larceny was probably committed by one of the xeno-station's auxiliary staff, who would have taken advantage of the alarm systems failure as a result of one of the Morat Aggression Forces assaults on the compound.

After the theft of the object in Darpan, all trace of it was lost and it wasn't heard from again until some reports by Bureau Aegis Glo-Pol agents placed it in the Küstahlık Saloon at the Kösmet caravanserai, near the planet Svalarheima. Placed in a prominent spot behind the bar, it was there that the urban legend of the Obsidian Head was born, according to which it has prophetic powers, but which is probably nothing more than a publicity stunt by the establishment owners. However, testimonies gradually appeared all over Maya attesting to the accuracy of the Obsidian Head's probabilistic calculation models.

This caught the attention of the Hassassin Society, which is always interested in any technology for predicting the future, either to incorporate it into its own system for the defense of the Search for Knowledge, or to disable it if it happens to be a destabilizing factor to the fragile equilibrium of the Sphere or a threat to the Society's own designs. The latter possibility is motivated by the fact that numerous studies suggest that two competing probabilistic computational models could cancel each other out, which would render the Hassassin blind to future threats and would deprive them of one of their greatest competitive advantages.

Similarly, the search and identification patterns of the quantronic security services of ALEPH's SSS soon made the connection between the Obsidian Head and Object 0459, so a recovery team was immediately sent to the Kōsmet caravanserai.

Unfortunately, by the time the Hassassin neutralization squad and the SSS recovery team arrived at the caravanserai, the Obsidian Head had already been stolen again. Svengali, an outright illegal AI and Bakunin's foremost crime lord, was also interested in acquiring the artifact, and it had offered such a generous reward that it sparked a race to acquire the item. This race proved to be deadly, since the Obsidian Head started passing from one set of hands to another as a group of bounty hunters tracked down and eliminated the thieves who stole it from the Küstahlık Saloon, and who were themselves later wiped out by a mercenary force that, as it turns out, ended up being blown up by a cell of Equinox technoterrorists, who were later killed by a corsair boarding team that, in turn, was betrayed by one of its members, who fled to the Independent Corporate Republic of the Meteora Group, where he finally ditched the artifact, leaving it in the hands of an intermediary, a local fixer who was tasked with getting in touch with a proxy of Svengali. It looked like this fixer had won the lottery, but it was going to be a deadly jackpot. The Hassassin and the SSS soon showed up on the orbital with the intention of getting their hands on the Obsidian Head.

Knowing that the SSS recovery team was led by Trisha N33, the Hassassin Society recruited Dr. Rouhani, an old acquaintance of that ALEPH operative from their days aboard the Defiance, and who happened to be stationed at Human Edge as a medical officer aboard a light corvette of the Sword of Allah. Rouhani knew Trisha N33 well, he would be able to get in her head and anticipate her moves, beating her to the punch without the need for an armed clash. And if this did not work out, if a face-off was inevitable, that wouldn't be a problem. The Hassassin would live up to their name and Rouhani wouldn't have the slightest remorse about it, since ALEPH would only have to resurrect Trisha in a new body.

Excerpt from the dossier drafted by Devika Nagarajan, a researcher for BIBLIOTEK, for a client with an encrypted identity.

UNDERWORLD FIXER

"I'm only gonna ask you two things: what do you need, and how much are you willing to pay for it?"

Laura Sukhani, freelance fixer with connections in the Comuna, meeting with an unidentified customer in the private lounge of the club Jangaleepan (जंगलीपन, "Wildness"). Bhai Khalla. Acontecimento.



In street slang, a "fixer" was a problem solver who often worked for criminal organizations and gangs. Its job description often included the creative use of violence. But the most highly valued were those with good contacts, those fixers who knew the right people who could smooth things out for you or who could get you what you needed, either because they knew where to find it, who to ask for it, or simply because they already had it. Illicit tech, military-grade ordnance, alien artifacts, a fake identity, a safe house, passage on untraceable transports—whatever you might need, they could get it for you.

However, the world keeps changing, and the underworld does too. In a Human Sphere where ALEPH was increasingly pervasive, the skills for obtaining resources discreetly became more and more valuable and better paid. Thus, these elite fixers gradually moved away from the jobs that were more characteristic of skilled thugs and focused on providing more specialized services, working as "procurers," which was their preferred occupation.

The next natural step in this evolution was to establish a network of professionals. It makes sense because in a hyperconnected Sphere and in a business where your connections matter a great deal, it's often the case that another professional like yourself has exactly what you need, but in a different place. So, what you do is you put your client in touch with your associate in the other city, you pocket a juicy commission for your trouble, and the next time your grateful colleague will be the one to hook you up with another customer. And if it turns out that your associate doesn't have what you need, he will ask his contacts or other friends in the business, and so, little by little, the network expands to cover practically the whole of the Human Sphere.

There are all kinds of fixers: some are associated with local gangs, others work for larger organizations such as the Comuna of Acontecimento or the Druze Society, and those at the very top work directly for Submondo, the largest international criminal consortium in the Sphere that encompasses all the major organized crime syndicates. Nevertheless, the best fixers are those whose success allows them to be independent, with no strings attached and no ties other than those to other members of their network. It's an unobtrusive and invisible network, because in this business discretion is fundamental. Their customers don't want their doings traced, and the fixers don't want to draw attention to their business.

So don't take them for granted, because it's very likely that despite his or her looks, your fixer has more money than you do, no matter how much you claim to have. These guys usually have a lot more capital than they let on, since the middleman always takes a cut out of every deal, and it tends to be quite substantial. Their street look is carefully thought out to give them a dangerous edge, which they need to survive in the underworld, and which also serves as a warning, because even if they don't usually carry guns, you shouldn't forget that they have connections to people who are open to using their creative violence on you if you think of harming the fixer. And if you're wondering how it's possible that, after your meeting with some lady fixer, your comlog warns you that you've been offline the whole time, maybe it has something to do with that funny pet she was walking around with. Did you really think it was just a piece-of-junk robot or some little pet thing? It was most likely a portable jammer to prevent eavesdropping, surveillance, and tracking. Remember: discretion is safety, and your fixer's safety is also your safety. If they stay out of trouble, you'll be out of trouble too. After all, problems are their specialty; not just fixing them, but avoiding them. So if you make a mistake and the cops nail you, they'll find no evidence that leads back to the fixer. Problem solved.

volunteer for operations that he later always regrets. This is how he ended up becoming a specialist doctor with a rapid response unit of the Ramah Taskforce, because it was "a way to help those in need." Unfortunately for him, this has only increased his stress level and the number of operations he has to carry out on planet surfaces, so it isn't surprising that sometimes he's a little cranky. Nevertheless, even by Haqqislamite standards Rouhani is a deeply loyal and committed man, good-mannered and with a great work ethic, who will not hesitate to risk his life for that of his fellow soldiers or that of any civilian, though always wearing an expression on his face that says: "I am a doctor, I should not be here." Therefore, it's not surprising that he's always applying for a transfer to a naval medical officer position, hoping to return to those stars to which he belongs as an heir to the best tradition of NASA.

SPECIALIST DOCTOR RAHMAN ROUHANI



Among Haqqislamites there is a separate breed made up of the descendants of the NASA members who joined Haqqislam in its early days when this movement first appeared as the savior of the agency, hiring personnel and buying equipment for its exodus to Bourak. This is a population group without a defined ethnicity that, with the passing of generations, have even lost their surnames of North American origin, but that do not forget their roots, displaying them proudly in the halo of their comlogs and sharing a common idiosyncrasy. Heirs of the dream of the stars, all of them live in space, or are engaged in work related to space research or navigation.

This is the case of Rahman Rouhani, who can trace his genealogy back to Jody Bowles, who was the Transorbital Operations Supervisor at the now-lost Ellen Ochoa Station in Jovian orbit. Like his parents, Rahman was born aboard a ship engaged in Silk trade and spent most of his life in caravanserais and orbital stations, his time as a student at the University of Medina being his longest stay in a gravity well. Young Rahman was not interested in rocket physics or astronomy, but his altruistic nature led him to the Faculty of Medicine, thanks to the scholarship program that the *Diwān* of Culture grants to Haqqislamite citizens who want to pursue a higher education at an upscale university but cannot afford it. Rouhani completed his residency at the military hospital of Gelişmek Station, located at the orbital end of the Dar el Funduq Space Elevator. After this, he served as staff physician on a patrol ship posted near the Jump Gate connecting the Fareedat system and Paradiso, where he was involved, to his chagrin, in numerous anti-piracy operations. Rouhani considers himself a doctor rather than a soldier, and as such, he only wields a weapon to protect the lives of civilians or his fellow soldiers, but he is not a man who likes action. Nevertheless, and to his dismay, his vocation as a healer and protector and his sense of duty continually impel him to



**CHANDRA SPECIALIST OPERATIVE
TRISHALA "TRISHA" N33**



In the realm of law enforcement agencies, there are cases that can determine an agent's entire career no matter how long it is, no matter what he did before or after such a case. This is what happened to Trishar M33, one of the most veteran active Chandra specialist operatives within the SSS who, nonetheless, was unfairly forced into a desk job because of his involvement in a failed operation. Put this way, it sounds terribly arbitrary, but if I added that the name of the operation was Dandelion, all the conspiracy theorists and ALEPH haters would point their fingers at him and demand his head. If you do not fit into any of these categories, the name of the operation will probably not ring a bell. Don't feel bad about this; it has been many years since, and it's just a footnote in the history of the SSS.

But the truth is that Operation Dandelion was a real mess, and at the time it was a scandal that put the Administration for Institutional Image, the Subsection's public relations department, up against the ropes for a good while. In short, and without going into much detail, a family from the Bratva, the Russian mob, was involved in the theft of specialized slave AIs in an attempt to build a neural network that could become an advanced AI able to dodge the SSS hounds in Maya. Despite having been detected by Danavas operatives with the OperationS Administration for Communications Surveillance, the operation had to be carried out on Russian sovereign soil, which meant that the SSS would only have an advisory role. Thus, Trishar M33 was sent as a technical assistant with tactical capacity to provide specialist support to the OMON, the Russian spec-ops police unit, which was going to carry out the raid. This Chandra operative stormed in along with the Russian agents and they met with strong armed resistance from the mobsters. At one point, the criminals released a nerve gas and Trishar M33, after assessing the situation at a speed that only an Aspect of ALEPH can achieve, sealed the facilities, preventing the propagation of the gas, but dooming three OMON agents to a horrendous death in order to save the rest of the team. The Russian policemen, who did not take kindly to the use of the gas nor to the death of their comrades, began to execute the mobsters they had arrested, and Trishar M33 had to take action again, confronting the agents to avoid being left with no one to interrogate. The footage of an ALEPH operative confronting the police to save some criminals went viral and was played all over the Sphere, causing the SSS a reputation crisis. Over time, the situation was remedied, the SSS apologized to the OMON and, even though it could not prove the connection of the Russian mob with the Black Hand, it was able to do so with respect to the leak of the operation video. However, Trishar M33 was removed from field operations and reassigned to the Support Subsection for advisory and forensic work.

Thus, this specialist would waste twenty years of his life, until a similar case brought him back to the streets. However, in spite of being the most qualified to solve this new case, the Administration for Institutional Image had not forgotten about this operative. OperationS public relations department did not want his name to tarnish the image of the SSS again, so they demanded that he change his identity before authorizing him to return to work on the field. Personality models of first-generation Aspects such as Trishar M33 were created

without a gender mark, so that they could be downloaded into the first available biosynthetic body. In those early moments, the productive capacity of optimized bodies was barely enough to cover the needs of the market and much less that of the SSS, so it had to take whatever was available. For this reason, all the first generation SSS operatives have neutral personalities capable of adapting to the body assigned to them. Trishar M33 was one of these Aspects, so he had no objection to accepting a change of identity that included a new, upgraded female body, and to taking the name Trishala N33.

And so she was back in action again, just in time for the big gigs, like the last throes of the Second Offensive, with Operation TAGLINE, when she had to provide technical support on the Paradiso front, or the Leviathan attempt by the Equinox techno-terrorist group which sought to clandestinely improve the pseudo-AIs governing Neoterra's orbital traffic subsystems so that they would become self-conscious under their perverse control. After that, she even joined the Defiance Initiative. Since then, Trishala N33—"Trisha", for short—has not stopped for one moment, traversing the Sphere from one case to another, honoring her "Chandra Specialist Operative" denomination,



and experiencing more direct action than an OperationS technical expert would normally face. It's likely that the Administration for Institutional Image officials have her tagged as "automatic volunteer" for any operation that comes up, in the hope of getting rid of her, since they can't have her buried alive in the Support Subsection workshops.

But Trisha doesn't care, because while emotional expressiveness is not her thing, just like any other first-generation Aspect with a new body and after twenty years behind a desk, this field engineer has a lot to catch up on.

Report by Ensign Katherine Cho, Psi Unit, O-12 Military Intelligence, at the request of the Paradiso Coordinated Command.



DIRE FOES MISSION PACK DELTA: OBSIDIAN HEAD

WHATEVER IT IS YOU NEED, A GOOD FIXER CAN GET IT FOR YOU. EVEN IF IT'S AN ALIEN ARTIFACT STOLEN FROM THE DARPAN XENOSTATION THAT ALSO HAPPENS TO BE ONE OF THE MOST COVETED OBJECTS IN THE HUMAN SPHERE. AND WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN EASY JOB THAT WOULD HELP FIXER KLAUDIA BANGSOY RETIRE FOR GOOD HAS MORPHED INTO A NIGHTMARE THAT SHE MAY NOT SURVIVE. EVEN MORE SO, NOW THAT DR. ROUHANI AND TRISHA N33 HAVE BOTH ARRIVED WITH THEIR ORDERS—ONE FROM THE HASSASSIN SOCIETY AND THE OTHER FROM ALEPH—NOT TO LET ANYONE STAND IN THEIR WAY WHEN SECURING THE ARTIFACT KNOWN AS THE OBSIDIAN HEAD.

MISSION OBJECTIVES

AT THE END OF THE GAME, DOMINATE THE QUADRANT CONTAINING THE UNDERWORLD FIXER.	4 OBJECTIVE POINTS.
ALTERNATIVELY , AT THE END OF THE GAME, THREATEN THE UNDERWORLD FIXER.	2 OBJECTIVE POINTS.
AT THE END OF THE GAME, THREATEN THE UNDERWORLD FIXER WITH YOUR BULLDOG.	1 EXTRA OBJECTIVE POINT.
AT THE END OF THE GAME, DOMINATE THE QUADRANT CONTAINING THE OBSIDIAN HEAD.	4 OBJECTIVE POINTS.
ALTERNATIVELY , AT THE END OF THE GAME, THREATEN THE OBSIDIAN HEAD.	2 OBJECTIVE POINTS.
AT THE END OF THE GAME, THREATEN THE OBSIDIAN HEAD WITH YOUR BULLDOG.	1 EXTRA OBJECTIVE POINT.
AT THE END OF THE GAME, HAVE A DOMINANT BULLDOG.	2 OBJECTIVE POINTS.

FORCES AND DEPLOYMENT

SIDE A and SIDE B: Both players will deploy on opposite sides of the game table, in Deployment Zones whose size depends on the number of Army Points in the Army Lists.

SIDE	ARMY POINTS	SWC	GAME TABLE SIZE	DEPLOYMENT ZONE SIZES
A & B	15	3	24 IN X 32 IN	8 IN X 24 IN
A & B	20	4	32 IN X 48 IN	12 IN X 32 IN
A & B	25	5	32 IN X 48 IN	12 IN X 32 IN
A & B	30	6	48 IN X 48 IN	12 IN X 48 IN

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

QUADRANTS

At the end of each Game Round, but not before, the table is divided into four areas as seen on the map. Each player then checks how many Quadrants they are dominating and counts their Objective Points.

DOMINATE QUADRANT

A Quadrant is Dominated by a player if they have more Victory Points than the adversary inside the area. Only Troopers represented by Models or Markers (Camouflaged, Shasvastii-Embryo ...) count, as well as Peripheral Troops. Troopers in a Null State do not count. Tokens representing weapons or pieces of equipment (like Antipersonnel Mines for example), and any Token that does not represent a Trooper does not count either.

A Trooper is inside a Quadrant when more than half the Trooper's base is inside that Quadrant.

SHASVASTII

Troopers possessing the Shasvastii Special Skill that are inside a Quadrant count while they are in the Shasvastii-Embryo State or any non-Null State.

TECH-COFFINS

The Underworld Fixer Klaudia Bangsoy and the Obsidian Head are hidden in a stasis pod warehouse, with the futile intention of going unnoticed.

There are 4 Tech-Coffins placed at the center of each Quadrant (see map).

Each Tech-Coffin must be represented by a Tech-Coffin Token or by a scenery piece of the same diameter (such as the Stasis Coffins by Warsenal, or the Cryo-Pod by Customeeple).

HACK TECH-COFFIN

SHORT SKILL

Attack

REQUIREMENTS

- ▶ Only Specialist Troops can declare this Skill.
- ▶ The Specialist Troop must be in Silhouette contact with the Tech-Coffin.

EFFECTS

- ▶ Allows the Specialist Troop to make a Normal WIP Roll to Hack the Tech-Coffin.
- ▶ If the roll is failed, this can be repeated as many times as necessary, each time spending the corresponding Short Skill and making the roll.
- ▶ If the roll is successful, the player can roll on the Tech-Coffin Chart and check the result. Once an objective result is achieved (either the Underworld Fixer or the Obsidian Head) that result will be ignored in further rolls, repeating the roll. Only two Tech-Coffins lack an objective, so ignore that result once it has been achieved twice, repeating the roll.

TECH-COFFINS CHART

1-12	THIS TECH-COFFIN HAS NO OBJECTIVE.
13-16	REPLACE THE TECH-COFFIN WITH THE UNDERWORLD FIXER.
17-20	REPLACE THE TECH-COFFIN WITH THE OBSIDIAN HEAD. A SUPPLY PACK TOKEN OR A RELATED SCENERY ITEM CAN BE USED TO REPRESENT IT.

UNDERWORLD FIXER

The Underworld Fixer must be placed when a player gets the corresponding result on the Tech-Coffins Chart.

In this scenario, the Underworld Fixer is a Neutral Model that cannot be activated by any player.

Players can use the Underworld Fixer model from the Mission Pack Delta: Obsidian Head.

THREATEN OBJECTIVE

An objective (either the Underworld Fixer or the Obsidian Head) is considered Threatened by a player if they have at least one Trooper (as a Model, not a Marker) in a non-Null state **inside** the objective's Zone of Control.

This Mission Objective does not count if the player already **Dominates** the Quadrant where the objective is placed.

SPECIALIST TROOPS

For the purposes of this scenario, only Hackers, Doctors, Engineers, Paramedics, and Troopers possessing the Specialist Operative Special Skill are considered Specialist Troops.

Hackers, Doctors, and Engineers cannot make use of Peripheral (Servant) Models to perform tasks reserved for Specialist Troops.

BULLDOG

The Bulldog is an operative with a wide expertise in police operations in the underworld.

At the end of the Deployment Phase, players must declare which Trooper from their Army List is their Bulldog. The Trooper chosen must be always one of the models deployed on the game table. Players are not allowed to choose Troopers in Marker state. This Trooper must always be on the game table as a Model and not as a Marker (Camouflaged, for example). Also, those Troopers whose Troop Type is REM are not eligible to be Bulldogs.

The Bulldog possesses a **Light Riotstopper**, even if that is not listed on their Unit Profile.

The Bulldog is identified with a Player A or B Marker.

DOMINANT BULLDOG

Players who have their Bulldog in any non-Null State in a Quadrant Dominated by them, have a Dominant Bulldog.

END OF THE MISSION

This scenario has a limited time frame, so it will automatically finish at the end of the **third Game Round**.

If a player starts their Turn with all Troopers in their Army List in a Null state, the mission will finish at the end of that Player Turn.

NARRATIVE MODE

This scenario can be played in Narrative Mode, reflecting some of the events of the recent history within the Infinity universe.

Narrative Mode. Scenario Special Rules

Side A. In Narrative Mode, Side A will always be a Haqqislamite army.

The Haqqislamite player can add Rouhani without applying Cost or SWC. This Trooper does not count towards the Combat Group's limit of ten Troopers.

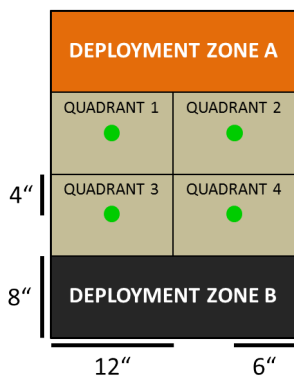
At the end of the Order where the Haqqislamite Bulldog enters a Null State, Rouhani will automatically and definitively take over the Bulldog's role and gain their Riotstopper, placing the Player A Token beside him.

Side B. In Narrative Mode, Side B will always be an ALEPH army.

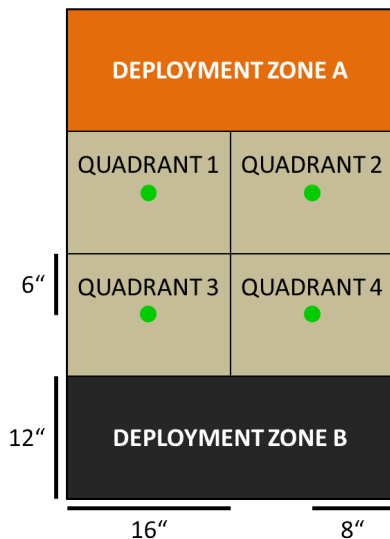
The ALEPH player can add Trisha N33 without applying Cost or SWC. This Trooper does not count towards the Combat Group's limit of ten Troopers.

At the end of the Order where the ALEPH's Bulldog enters a Null State, Trisha N33 will automatically and definitively take over the Bulldog's role and gain their Riotstopper, placing the Player B Token beside her.

15P
24 in x 32 in



20/25P
32 in x 48 in



● Tech-coffin

30P
48 in x 48 in

