

IANUS GAMES

20 feet under the surface of the ocean, light begins to fade and colors slowly vanish. Red is the first to go.

33 feet below the ocean's surface, pure oxygen becomes toxic under the pressure of 2 atmospheres.

40 feet under sea level, yellow and orange vanish from the spectrum and your world begins to look like a black and white silent film.

100 feet below sea level, you might start suffering from nitrogen narcosis.

297 feet under the surface of the ocean, the pressure is now equal to 10 atmospheres and even normal air becomes toxic to breathe.

500 feet and plus below the ocean's surface, the continental shelf drops off into the deep abyss.

1200 feet below sea level, the temperature can go as low as 33 degrees F or 0.5 degrees C. That's right above the level of fresh water freezing.

4500 feet below the surface of the ocean... At four thousand feet below the surface, no light reaches you and hope is a forgotten word. Welcome to the Sub-Attica. Welcome to hell. Pray you die quickly.

Sub-Attica is a Cyberpunk Alternate Reality Sourcebook loaded with information about the dreaded Sub-Attica underwater detention center, with complete layout and skill PCs stats. It also contains eight mini-adventures designed to make the players' life miserable.

RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE READERS

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Alternate Reality Sourcebook

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SUB

A T T H C A



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IANUS GAMES

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Marc "Canyon Man" Paquin
Nicolas "Is THAT the pressure?!" Jéquier
Laurent "But wait, there's more" Castelucci
Richard "Taking into account the depth, and the size of the hole..." Binek
Mike "FF" Walthers
Jean "It's NOT a frog!" Carrières

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SUB ATTICA

Sample file



AUTHOR'S NOTE



How does one describe the pure magic of reality, the sense of the serene and the surreal that grasps your heart and imagination when you first enter the underwater kingdoms and find yourself gliding over landscapes of coral gardens and plants that move under a liquid wind?

Since the days of my childhood, I've always dreamt of flying under nothing more than my own power of will. Discovering scuba diving sated that part of me that always longed for a touch of the beautiful, the imaginative, the mysterious, the dark.

What does this have to do with the adventure? Simple. Part of the mystery, the potential for the unknown, the uncertainty of darkness was never more impressed upon me than this one time...

I was 17 years old as a group of us were diving off Jarrade island in the Arabian Gulf, some 3 hours by boat away from Saudi Arabia, where I was born. The island itself was restricted because the boat was not allowed to dock there, but diving around the island itself was permitted.

My partner and I jumped into the warm waters, both of us resplendent in full diving gear, and began exploring the beds of coral flower and angel fish that mindfully ignored us. We were less than 30 feet underwater, skimming over the alien flora and fauna, carefully checking to make sure we never ventured too far away from one another.

I began to swim ahead of my partner and was a good 20 feet away from her, constantly looking behind to

assure that she was still with me. All it took was those few seconds of turning my head to see if I could find her that it happened.

The first thing that struck me was the silence that suddenly engulfed my world, like two giant hands closing over me. I then turned to see where I was going and found myself floating in a limbo of unbroken water, the land below me had vanished, swallowed up by a pit of darkness that I was sure extended for miles beneath me. I felt like I was falling.

In the short seconds it took for me to look back at my partner, we had reached the edge of the island's shelf as the terrain dropped away into the dark abyss. It was an invisible divider between two totally different worlds, and I had crossed that threshold. I hovered above this pit, my only companion was the sound of my breathing being filtered through the mechanical regulator. Images swam through my mind of tentacles reaching out from the darkness to pull me further into the unknown below or that I would begin falling forever, end over end.

Panic overwhelmed reason and I soon found myself scrambling back to the safety of the shelf, like the desperate coyote trying to reach the ledge before he fell. I made it back (to the panicked mind, that becomes questionable) as again I crossed that threshold and the sounds returned.

Those few heart pounding moments never left me, not really. I can still remember hovering there above the nothingness, like someone who walked off a cliff and just waited there, unsure as to whether he would actually fall or not. I still remember the terrible silence as sound became lost in the vast openness of the dark domain. I can still remember the sensation of trying to fall, but not going anywhere. I remember it all and even relish it with a twisted sort of zeal.

The one clear thought that came into my mind that I still carry with me from that day as I looked into the darkness of the world below me, the one thought that still rings like a bell and brings us to the beginning of this adventure...

"What a terrible, lonely place."

