In the decaying urban wilds, war-torn cityscapes, and cancerous megabarrens of these Feral Cities only one thing is certain—they all harbor singular opportunities for those brave and foolhardy enough to explore their dangerous domains, factions and secrets.
FERAL CITIES

CHICAGO CONTAINMENT ZONE

Catalyst Game Labs
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48 hours, 23 minutes, 51 seconds ago

Today's Heads Up
* Ready for a walk on the wild side? Business sent you into the decaying urban wilds, flashpoint no-man's lands, and lawless sprawls? Well, post your thoughts and warnings to our latest location guide. [Tag: Feral Cities]

Incoming
* Finally getting a breather from dodging bullets and dopeheads? Wondering why the hell the syndicates have been at each other's throats. Then it's time to catch up with tempo? Sunshine is compiling a report. [Tag: Ghost Cartels]
* Unless you've been living under a rock, you know the underworld landscape is changing fast out there. The Good Old Boys are struggling, and upstarts are carving out pieces of the pie. Get the lowdown on who's the top dog before the dust settles with our overview of the criminal underworld. [Tag: Vice]

Top News Items
* New York authorities announced that investigations continue into the destruction of the Brooklyn bridge though no further evidence has been made public at this point. Following the arrest of Mr Karl Gahley and the seizure of KG Construction Inc assets by the Manhattan Development Consortium, MDC spokesperson Jaclyn Perez has issued a joint statement with NYPD, Inc confirming that the attack has led to multiple arrests but is not believed to be linked to any immediate terror threat to the city, though security levels around sensitive areas will remain heightened for the time being. Link.
* Tensions continue to rise on the border between Amazonia and Aztlan with occasional exchanges of fire between both sides reported by independent sources; this despite disclaimers from both governments that the situation has not degenerated further. Tensions have flared following Aztlan's announced crackdown on the drug cartels active in the disputed border area of former Colombia. Amazonian authorities have accused Aztlan of unauthorized paramilitary strikes at targets on its sovereign soil. Link.
* An internal probe by Shiawase into the cascading reactor failure that shut down power distribution to large areas and paralyzed major cities in Indonesia last week, has revealed that the situation was the result of yet-unexplained sabotage by four Shiawase staff members with previous spotless records. Official apologies have been issued and investigations are ongoing into possible criminal involvement in the affair; all four suspects were found to have traces of drugs in their bloodstream. Link.
The dogs stopped chasing me when we hit the CZ. It wasn’t like they ran into an invisible wall or anything, but I knew the hellhound wouldn’t budge an inch past the gap in the wall. The rest of the pack followed her and turned around. I slowed down and checked that the vial in my pocket hadn’t cracked. There was the buzzing of bees and far away the noise of bikes, but I didn’t see a soul. The asphalt on Stevenson crumbled with every step, and tall, dry grasses peeked up. The signs had been torn down a long time ago, so I started counting exits.

Graffiti announced Cermak in faded orange paint on a slab of ferroconcrete; I took a sec to fetch the dosimeter out of my pocket and clip it to my shirt. I walked down a shadowed street hidden with dirt and dead leaves. Gang tags covered every building as high as a troll could reach.

The ring of dry corpses told me I was getting close. Zoned said some sniper had gone up to the highest building near the blast zone and picked off anybody that came close until she starved or ran out of ammo.

Illinois hemp rose tall as an elf; radiation gigantism. I was getting a couple greys but nothing too serious. The shadows scared on the remaining walls were nothing metahuman…but they might have been, once.

I almost fell into the crater. They never tell you that the bomb went off below street level - some sort of basement or something. Half-slid down toward the hole in the center of the blast zone. There were flies there, and spotty black mold that made the broken concrete slippery. On the edge of the pit, fear or something like it clenched at my guts. The flies were practically swarming now.

I braced myself to look over the edge. It was black, and what felt like a warm breeze hit my face. There was water down there, just like they said. I thumbed the vial in my hand. All I needed was a sample and I get paid. The edges were fused and glassy, and the water’s surface moved where the flies touched it. I pulled out my flimsy telescoping pole and attached the vial, and then I leaned down into the pit. It wasn’t quite long enough. I had to lay down on the edge, one cheek in the slime and one arm dangling over the edge. I glanced at the dosimeter, and the film was black, solid black. That was bad.

Something landed on my cheek; I slapped at it without thinking, and my hand came away with something that had four wings and the wrong number of legs. Then I looked up at the sky, where the sun should have been…and something looked at me. A million compound eyes carried on black wings saw me and spoke to me in a buzzing voice like the beating of ten thousand wings, a voice that wasn’t metahuman, but might have been once.