

SG TAG SERIES PRE01

STRATEGIC GEAR. TACTICAL ADVANTAGE. COMPLETE CONTROL.

CHAMBER

7

OPERATION:
FORBIDDEN MERGE
ANIMA CONTAINMENT
FAILURE

GRAVITA
CRUSH
EXPERIMENTAL
PHASE VII
CATASTROPHIC
INSTABILITY

ANIMA
CONFLUENCE
EVENT
SUBJECT:
UNSTABLE
CLASS Q



P23

OBSERVATION DECK

THE HAWKER'S VIGIL

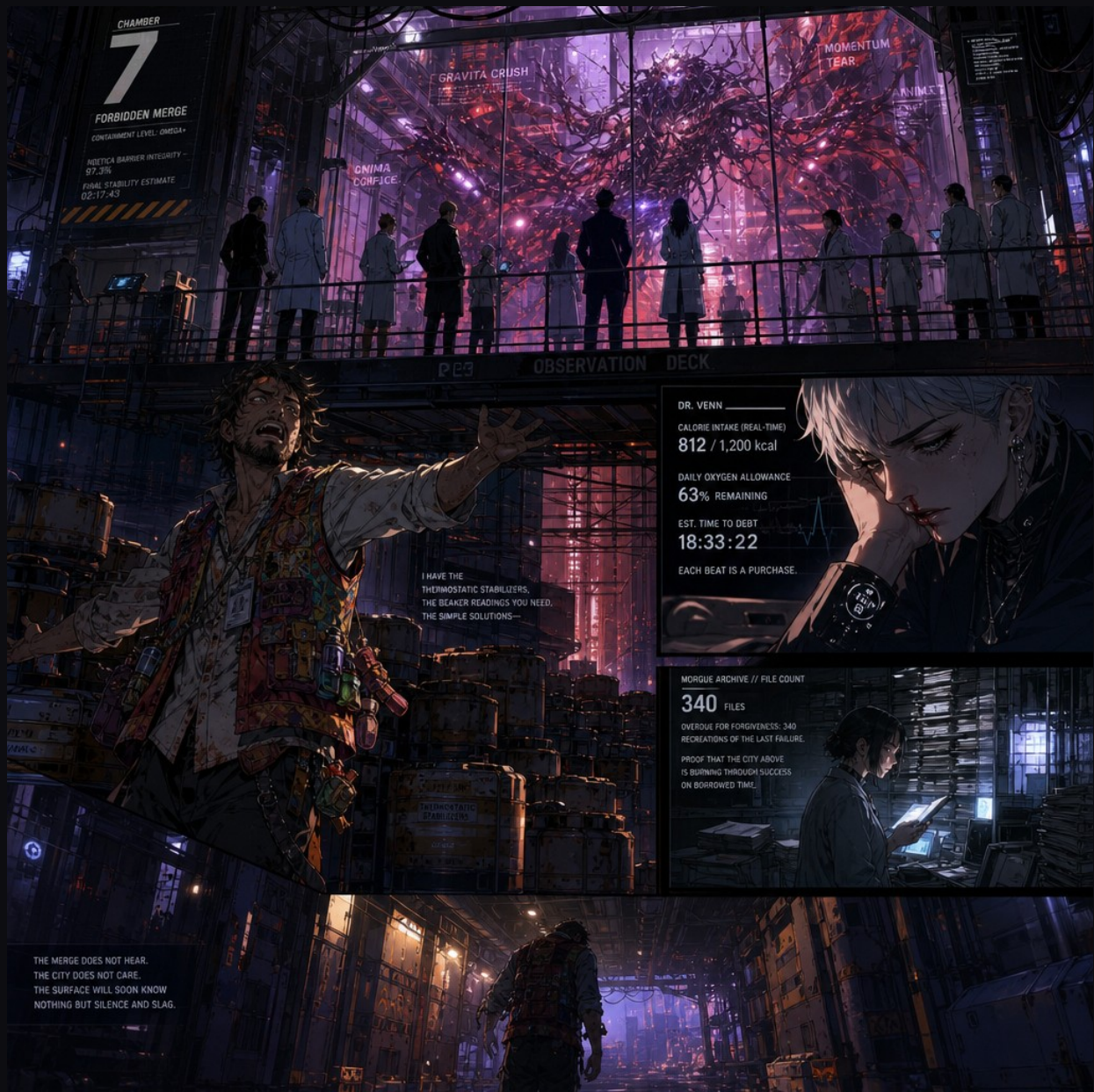
BELOW THE SHATTERED CHAMBER

LAB-7 // BLACKBRIAR FACILITY
STATUS: **CRITICAL**
CLEARANCE LEVEL: **OMEGA+**

TAC SERIES — PRE01
SPECIAL EDITION COVER



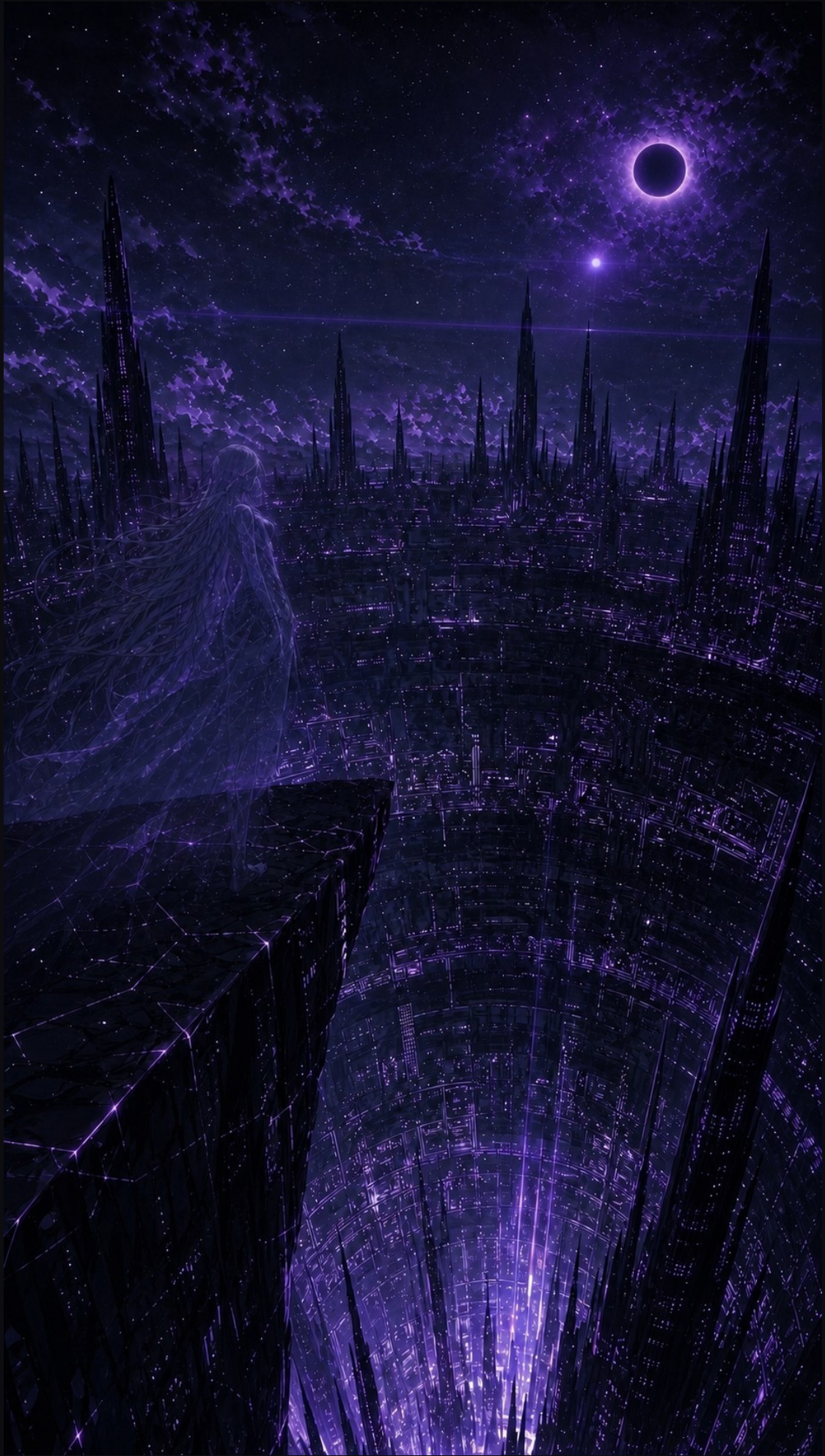
TACTICAL SYSTEMS
GUIDE 1



Chamber 7 where the Forbidden Merge writhes in purple-and-crimson agony, flickering between Gravita crush and Momentum tear.

His voice cracks: I have the thermostatic stabilizers, the beaker readings you need, the simple solutions - ...

But the words disperse unheard into the hum of Noetica barriers, and his shoulders quake as though struck.





Crater City. Obsidian Apex. The eclipse that never ends.

UV-reactive reliefs lie dormant in the dark — until you are close enough to matter.

No curve. No mercy. Twenty miles of engineered descent below.

Perfection, here, is indistinguishable from siege.

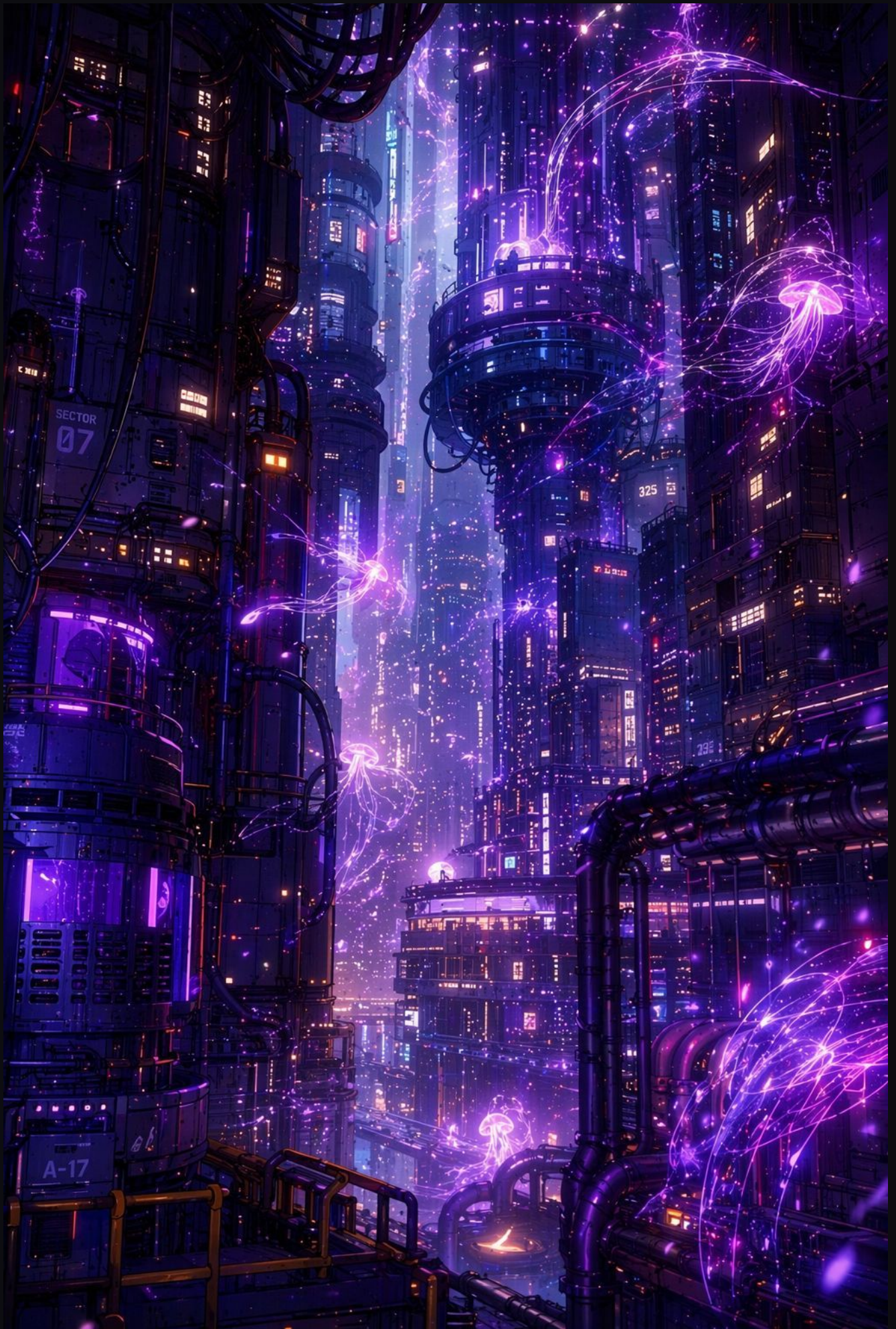


Crater City never asks if you can afford to breathe.

He has asked himself that question every night for longer than the chip's edges can count.

The sibyl of small mercies: one corroded coin between suffocation and another shift.

He steps into the violet. The dark closes its mouth behind him.



No architect stands here.

Yet the air carries his signature — alchemical, haunting, precise.

Anima does not wait to be summoned in this place.

Reality wears itself thin. A beacon with no one left to read it.

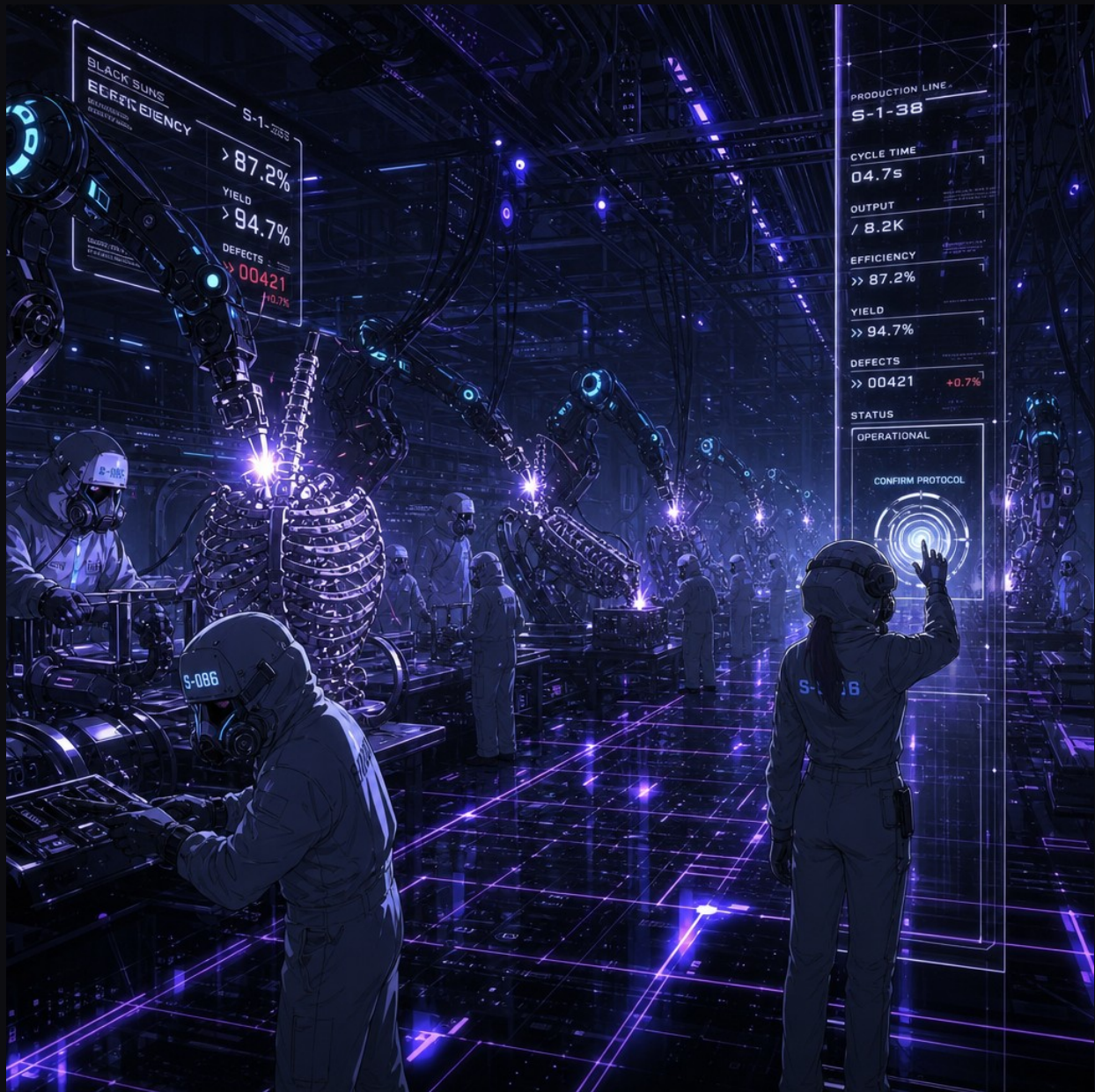


CRATER CITY — INDUSTRIAL RING

Twenty kilometres of ceramic compliance. Forty-five thousand faces behind mirrored vows.

Magnetica conducts. Humanity becomes the instrument.

Here, the individual is not lost — it is catalogued, then consumed by the machine it was born to feed.



Fabrication Hall Seven.

Yield percentages climb. Defect counts follow.

The robotic arms move with the conscientiousness of a deity — fanatical, synchronized, cold.

No warmth reaches the floor. It never did.



Eleven years of stillness.

One fingertip. One rounded number. The Directorate appeased.

Around her, synthetic workers move somnolently through their protocols — fearsomely precise, deaf to the diabolical housekeeping unfolding at the margin.

In Crater City's fabrication halls, the most momentous heresy wears the face of routine.



THE OBSIDIAN LUNG — SIXTH HOUR

Two hundred meters of recycled breath. Five hundred engineers who know exactly what failure sounds like.

Spatia folds the air: ten meters of duct holds a hundred meters of hunger. The city exhales through geometry it cannot fully see.

Not glory. Not conquest. Only the unglamorous arithmetic of not dying in the dark.



Twenty miles of parceled gravity. Silence where screaming should live.

Platform Fifty-Seven. The Gravita stream seizes — not violently, but with the surgical indifference of a city that has never learned mercy.

Below: dead tiers. Spirit Slag has claimed their power rations. Above: the Black Suns blaze without apology — hierarchy made spatial, worth measured in lumens. The shaft does not care which direction you fall.



The Apex — where silence is purchased, not earned.
Obsidian roots grip nothing. Gravita does the kneeling.
Below, the lives exhale vitality upward so that these few may breathe clean.



Corporate Hour extended. Ninety minutes, three-tier consensus.

In the Deep, the ceiling forgets to go dark.

Noone has been taught the word for this — only thr body knows it.

Above, in the Void, the one who signed the memo sleeps without permission from anyone.



The lullaby breaks into static. The toys remember what they were before they were soft.

Somewhere behind the glass — a child who no longer casts the right shadow. The stuffed thing speaks in coordinates. Sepulchral. Resolute. Too precise for comfort.

Whatever watches from the bright-eyed nanny has been here since before the nursery was built.



Two figures converge through the collapsing geometry. One descending from the Void's absolute darkness, the other ascending from the Deep's suffocating strata.

The Directorate representative walks over polished obsidian. Her shadow is a ghost-white inverse cast by Black Suns that no longer pulse in synchronized rhythm.

The salvager climbs through worn passages. Her wrist implant deducts calories for the light she's borrowed to seal a pressure valve that should have burst weeks ago.

Between them, the city's geometry betrays its architects.

When they meet at the civic threshold, the fractals on every wall glow a sickly, unauthorized violet. Not the clean geometry of control, but the color of something waking up.



ONE MILLION SOULS — RESOLUTELY UNRISEN.

In the amphitheaters of polished obsidian, officandom pronounces its refinement to children who already know the geometry of captivity.

Below, in honeycomb dark, the forbidden greenery glows sapphire and jade — a survivor's liturgy, subterranean and concordant.

Above it all, the pinned moon: celestial hierophant of the permanent eclipse. Their chant rises like smoke from an unseen pyre — 'We are the eclipse embodied.'



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THE CRATER CITY DIRECTORATE

Twelve operators of the deep amphitheater — robed in charcoal authority, their sigil-trim cold as the stone beneath.

Empathy: sublimated. Resolve: absolute.

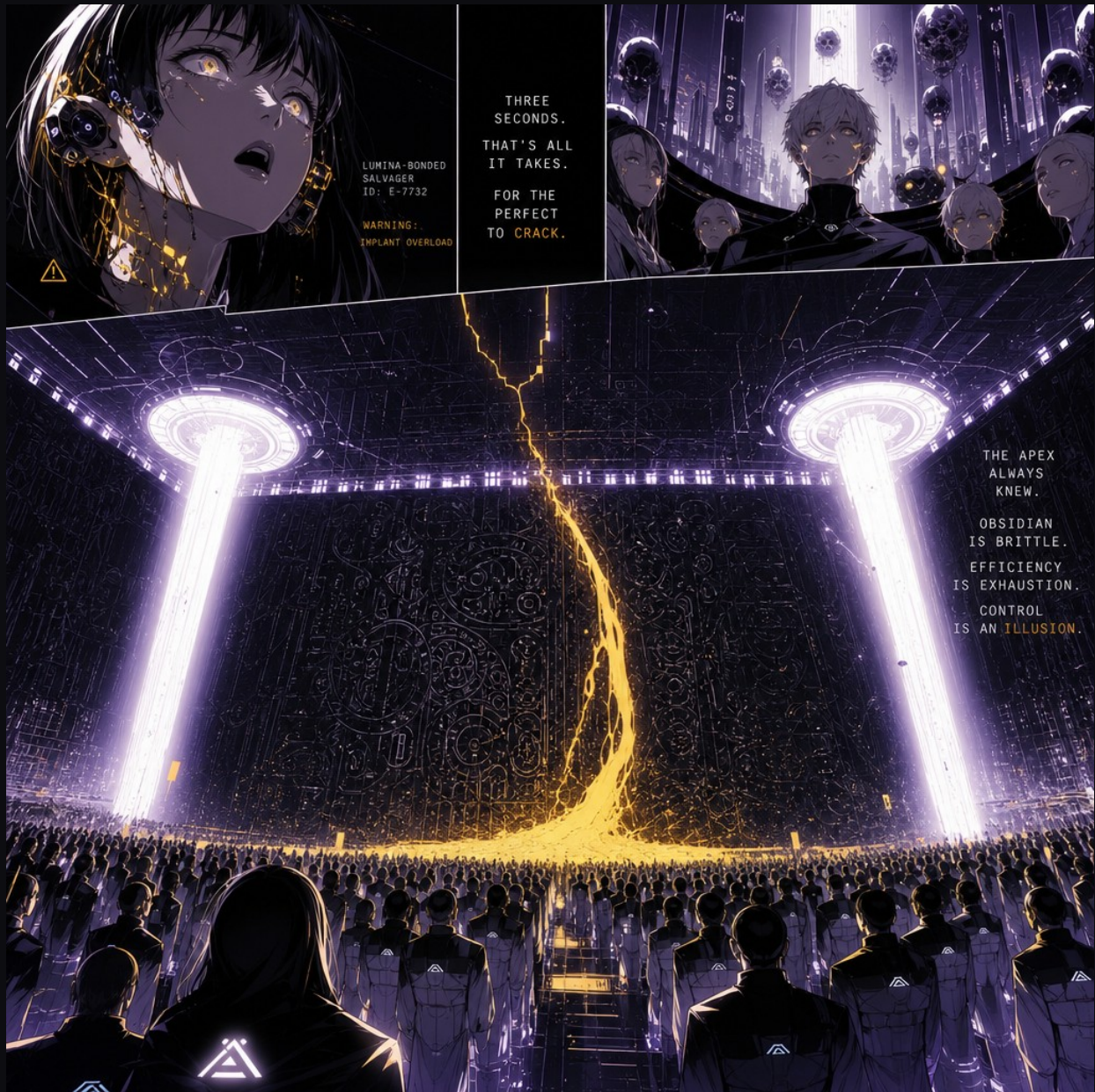
Here, the primordial dread of governance wears a face drained of every scruple it once knew.



Bodies arranged in concentric rings across the Synchronization Theater's black floor.

Superlative precision.

On Floor 16, the Temporal Loop Laboratory appears as a single glowing point—the eternal droplet's impact frozen mid-splash—ringed by observers whose shadows stretch outward in radiating lines that fluctuate and re-center with imminence as the structure resets.



Thousands of voices synchronize in recitation. Their breath moves through the UV-Grid in perfect formation, a monument to the city's own discipline.

Then the obsidian seam splits. A hairline fracture weeps slag fluid downward in a thick, luminous ribbon, glowing sickly amber.

The crowd's synchronized breath catches. In that three-second window, every citizen witnesses the same inescapable truth: the city's perfect geometry is breaking.

A salvager gasps as her implant burns. She feels the Spectre's confusion ripple through her nervous system—a sensation like watching order collapse into static.

Three seconds is all it takes for the system to show its fractures.

No panic. No pause. Everyone continues...



Two decades of reading obsidian with bare hands — and today, the wall confesses.

Amber Slag seeps through the breach like something that has waited its whole life to be felt.

Beyond the chamber, governance performs its fastidious choreography. She says nothing.

Some truths cannot be codified into procedure. Only carried — alone — until the fracture deepens.



Crater City, Platform Five. Six hundred square metres. Two thousand bodies. The monorail does not wait for the willing — only the hydraulic surge of the compliant.

A paleontologist's daughter, lifted from the deck by sheer mortal mass, learns what her kinsfolk learned before her: suffering is simply another shift parameter.

At Sector Eight, the doors open. The city drinks what fear distilled from two thousand terrified lungs — filtered, returned, without ceremony.



Fifteen years of reading light — and the garden is screaming.
Sickly yellow-green: the chromatic cry of a billion drowning colonies.
Her Vitalis flares. Borrowed pain. The Tether takes its tithe in copper.
The green dims. She is already moving — her body outpacing the grief her
mind has not yet dared to name.



Thirty meters below the observation platform, a merchant scrambles over supply canisters, hawking stabilizers to researchers whose backs remain turned.

Chamber 7 writhes in purple-and-crimson agony. A Forbidden Merge flickering between Gravita's crushing lens and Momentum's crimson tear.

Dr. Venn stands rigid at her ceramic desk. A silver nosebleed drips in sync with her wrist implant's calorie countdown—each heartbeat a theft of oxygen.

Two Anima locked in obscene conflict. Their opposing physics tear reality into fractured geometries, precipitating between states at blinding speed.

The merchant retreats into the honeycombed lower corridors. Carrying his worthless goods toward a surface soon to know only silence and slag.