

The *Second* Annual

Neo-  
Anarchists

Guide to  
Everything  
Else™

"The daily press is the evil principle of the modern world, and time will only serve to disclose this fact with greater and greater clearness. The capacity of the newspaper for degeneration is sophistically without limit, since it can always sink lower and lower in its choice of readers. At last it will stir up all those dregs of humanity which no state or government can control."

-- Søren Kierkegaard  
The Last Years: Journals 1853-55

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# The Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else <sup>TM</sup>

Welcome to the *Second Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else*. This is a semi-regular electronically-distributed magazine devoted to FASA's **Shadowrun**<sup>®</sup> role-playing game. In the NAGEE, we're covering everything *else*.

We are now accepting ads. Prices must be listed in Nuyen, and you must give an LTG number. If you're worried about deckers, you're in the wrong place, chummer. Advertising space is free, but we reserve the right to hold our nose and drop your copy into the round file. So, your team need a little exposure? Your band playing a hot date? Need to sell some specially acquired information? Hey, just send us the ad and we'll stick it in here.

Or, not. But what've you got to lose?

There's currently a gopher server for the *Guide* running on beelzebub.acusd.edu (that's IP address 192.55.87.241). If you're not familiar with gopher, it's a simple news server that a lot of sites are running. If you've got it at your site, all you'll need to do to use it is type *gopher* (if you want the NAGEE gopher, type

*gopher beelzebub.acusd.edu*). If you haven't got it at your site, you might think about getting it. The gopher client will compile on most Unix computers, and can be found at boombox.micro.umn.edu (of course, you need to know how to compile -- but I guess that's what contacts are for, eh? Find a decker).

If you'd like to contribute to an upcoming *Guide*, go to it. See last issue's introduction for what we want. You won't get paid, but you will get the adulation of tons of people. Just tons.

The *Guide* comes in two versions -- Rich Text Format (for Word 4.0 and other word processors) and an ascii text version. The ascii version contains the same information as the Word version, but doesn't look nearly as spiffy. If you don't have a friend with a Macintosh and Word 4.0 (or higher), expand your circle of friends: contacts are, after all, the key to survival.

Many thanks to all those who have contributed to this issue.

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*The Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else* is published... whenever. I'm Jerry Stratton. My address is 4129 1/2 Utah Street, San Diego, CA 92104. Subscription? Pfah! Go pick it up yourself. Single copy price? Only your immortal soul, chummer! Bwah-ha-ha! Well. Direct inquiries to Jerry Stratton at jerry@teetot.acusd.edu or jerry@usdcsv.acusd.edu on internet, or 76506,636 on Compuserve. The above addresses are subject to change, especially Snail Mail. *The Second Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else* was released on May 26, 1992. Like I got nothing better to do today? Current issues are available at Compuserve's RPG group, if they can *possibly* spare the space, and via anonymous ftp at usdcsv.acusd.edu in the rpg.shadowrun directory. *Shadowrun* is a registered trademark of FASA, Inc. We have nothing to do with FASA, and they have nothing to do with us.

# The Bulletin Board

**From:** Silver Cianide  
**Address:** <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>  
**Date:** Fri, 20 Mar 52 07:13:20  
**To:** All  
**Subject:** Correction: Pharmacy

Hul Kaline is also known on the street as Conananol and Schwarzezine. Ask for Sharzezine, and they'll as likely laugh at you or kill you as a narc. Like I said, we at the NAGEE cannot be held responsible for the information presented here. (p. 40, The Pharmacy, Hul Kaline)

**From:** Silver Cianide  
**Address:** <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>  
**Date:** Fri, 20 Mar 52 07:15:36  
**To:** All  
**Subject:** Correction: Pharmacy

In the Addiction Level example, it says that the Addiction Level if he gets 1 success or less is 2, and the Addiction Level if he gets 2 or 3 successes is 1. Vous et wrong, wrong, wrong. If he gets 0 or 1 success, his Addiction Level is 6 -- Rating (3) times dosage (2). If he gets 2 or 3 successes, his Addiction Level is 3 -- Rating times (the dosage reduced by 1). Yeah, we apologize if you're more addicted than you thought you were. That's what you get for using drugs. Just say no, hey?

Incidentally, if any of you have used the more recreational drugs, let us know what their effects are. We'd never use those things. Uh uh. (p. 38, The Pharmacy, Drugs in Shadowrun)

**From:** Silver Cianide  
**Address:** <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>  
**Date:** Fri, 20 Mar 52 07:20:31  
**To:** All  
**Subject:** Explanation: Fort Hollywood

Yes, the Dunes in Hollywood is a half Hotel, half Motel. Think of it as a hi-rise motel. The official name, though, is the Dunes Sunset Hotel & Restaurant. (p. 7, Fort Hollywood, Hotels in Hollywood)

**From:** Silver Cianide  
**Address:** <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>  
**Date:** Fri, 20 Mar 52 07:24:24  
**To:** All  
**Subject:** Correction: Shadow U.

Whoops. Social Skills is not a skill. It's a skill type (like Active Skills or Knowledge Skills). The skills of that type are Leadership, Interrogation, Negotiation, and Etiquette. See this issue's Shadow U. for a corrected version. (p. 27, Shadow U., Social Skills)

Also, under 'Written Composition,' *books/texts, articles, etc.*, is a **specialization** of the 'non-fiction genre,' rather than its own specialization. It's the counterpart to *novels, novellas...* under 'fiction.' And *comedy, drama, western, horror, etc.*, is a specialization of the 'scripts' concentration.

Under 'Acting,' *comedy, drama, etc.*, are the specializations for the 'simsense, movies, etc.' concentrations.

And, finally, *Perkins-Athabaskan is Sasquatch*.

**From:** Silver Cianide  
**Address:** <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>  
**Date:** Fri, 20 Mar 52 07:31:25  
**To:** All  
**Subject:** Explanation: Insanity

If a character with Deadly insanity is resisting insanity, that character has a bonus of 4 to the Target Number. This is despite the fact the a character with Deadly Insanity has no target number penalties due to insanity. The more insane you are, the harder it is to go further insane. Though you can pretend otherwise. (p. 46, Insanity)

**From:** Quiverclaw  
**Address:** <Z\_RASMUSSEAM@CCSVAX.SFASU.EDU>  
**Date:** Mon, 23 Mar 2052 23:58:15  
**To:** Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else  
**Subject:** more SR questions...

Hi, me again \*grin\*

1) Would it be possible for someone like, oh, say Jerry Stratton to come up with a coherent set of rules for SR for cyber-insanity... I appreciate whats in NAGEE, but that doesn't give things like chances for someone with exceptionally low essence to go cyberpsycho. etc., etc....The reason I'm asking is all these new archetypes (blade boy, street rigger, etc....) that have essences oh say around the .5 range or lower...shouldn't a pc have the chance to go cyberpsycho after his essence drops below 1? Well, as a GM I discourage going below 1, and well...I digress...

2) Another question on dead zones...do they extend to the barrier or what? I.e. could you fly over one in a plane? That type of thing, anyway, you get the idea...

3) I've got the Rigger's Black Book, and Joe is right...it doesn't go into enuff detail on how to do things like conceal weapons...and which ones can be concealed...can we look forward to this in NAGEE2? Hope so. Maybe even sooner...anybody feel brave?

4) Not a question this time :) If you haven't gotten through whatever means at your disposal NAN 1 & 2 do so. Well worth it. Excellent background, plus a pretty good adventure in each to boot. Speaking of books, can anyone tell me if the trilogy Secrets of Power is out? and if so, what are the numbers so I can have it ordered? (yeah, I know, I said no questions...but hey, you don't like it, don't subscribe to a list server :) Anyway, if you haven't seen the ad. its in the back on NAN 2...but no numbers :(

5) and finally...why do the artists for SR always consider it necessary for anybody who has spurs to walk around with them extended? Just curious.

Enough of my well, insert your favorite expletive here.

**From:** Silver Cianide  
**Address:** <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>  
**Date:** Tue, 24 Mar 52 09:15:15  
**To:** Quiverclaw  
**Subject:** re: more SR questions...

Well, Quiverclaw, I'll answer your questions in order. First, I am working on integrating cyber-psychosis with the insanity rules from the previous guide. Hopefully, it'll be done in time for this guide. If not, it'll be here next time. It'll assume that cyber-psychoses occur (if they occur at all) when a character has cyber installed. Once

you're at 0 or less Essence (and you could chance this to 1 or less if you wanted) it becomes very hard to resist the insanity.

2) Dead zones, dead zones. Frag, I didn't know what I was opening up when I brought this up. Your questions are answered in this issue. See 'Dead Zones Redux.' A dead zone would have to be awfully big to extend to the barrier. Since the barrier is 50 miles up, the zone would need a radius of 50 miles. Such a zone would be 100 miles wide.

3) Nope, no one wrote about this for this issue, and I didn't see anything out on the matrix, either. Anybody want to volunteer?

4) There are currently four books that I know of for Shadowrun. The *Secrets of Power* trilogy, which I haven't read, and 2XS, reviewed in the last issue.

5) Lots of them have spurs non-extended, you just don't notice them underneath the suits.

**From:** Strings  
**Address:** <shaman@mentor.cc.purdue.edu>  
**Date:** Wed, 25 Mar 52 14:09:25  
**To:** Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else  
**Subject:** Neo-Anarchist's Guide

As an interested 'runner, and representing other interested 'runners, I was curious as to how one went about submitting to the Guide to Everything Else. We have a few ShadowCorps on the lam, and some inside scum on what's hit the beer-town of Milwaukee since the 'good ol' days' before the turn of the century.

**From:** Silver Cianide  
**Address:** <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>  
**Date:** Wed, 25 Mar 52 19:39:40  
**To:** Ariel  
**Subject:** re: Neo-Anarchist's Guide

Anything you want to submit, send on over to me at jerry@teetot.acusd.edu; if you can't reach me there, try jerry@usdcsv.acusd.edu, and if that don't work, you might try Compuserve: 76506,636. Otherwise, you're one of the great unknown, and our electrons will never cross.

**From:** Benz Steele  
**Address:** <bmartin@sctc.af.mil>  
**Date:** Wed Apr 22 06:03:43 2052  
**To:** Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else  
**Subject:** letter to Dr. Stratton

Cianide, chummer,  
this is Benz Steele from Germany, where the beer is the best and the shadows are deep. I'm relaying a message for an employer who has problems with using a deck. I came across a posting of yours, the anarchist something or other and gandered it at him. Seems the old worm took offense at the words of a Dr. Stratton.

The gist of it is, this Stratton corp came off with an idea about failure of gear in dead zones. Tamarantha (the worm) started going off about the quality of education these days, and I'll spare you the rest. His point was that certain principles, namely the mechanical laws, have always been around, and were discovered way back when with the Greeks, along with that four basic materials stuff. Gravity is one of these nifty laws (we don't fall off the earth in a dead zone, so it must still work, at least in some manner) so the satellites will never fall from the sky, except through the natural decay of orbits and other outside interference.

Other devices based on the basic physical principles of springs, slopes and the like should all work fine.

Oh, yeah. Tam also wanted to know if you'll have an archive somewhere. I'd just cruise the ether and find it, but my current Johnson doesn't approve of such behavior, and the pay is good.

I noticed you'all'r short of decking articles, would you be receptive to a couple? (if the worm'll give me the time...)

Benze Steele, decker of the first IMP

**From:** Silver Cianide  
**Address:** <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>  
**Date:** Wed, 22 Apr 52 08:33:26  
**To:** Benze Steele  
**Subject:** re: letter to Dr. Stratton

Hi, Benze! There's no distribution list; If the first NAGEE mailed to you, I can do that (specify Microsoft Word/RTF or Text), but it's easiest (for me, anyway) if you pick it up from the ftp site: usdcsv.acusd.edu (192.55.87.6). It's in the directory rpg/shadowrun.

And we certainly are interested in decking articles. Yeah, Yeah!

And you'll be happy to know that, due to popular demand, there's another article on dead zones, expanding on idea of 'mechanicals' that was brought up by the Greek reference in the first article. In particular, steam engines have made a comeback. Good thing the rail companies never got the initiative to redesign their tracks for modern trains.

Incidentally, the quality of education these days has nothing to do with Dr. Stratton. He's no longer affiliated with any Corp, being as he's retired, and all, and was presumably educated before the Awakening. Personally, I don't see what good a pre-awakening education could be, but who am I?

**From:** Mark  
**Address:** <mstoror@ponder.csci.unt.edu>  
**Date:** Wed, 29 Apr 1992 04:40:27 GMT  
**To:** Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else  
**Subject:** Cyber Applications

Okay, So your razor boy has cyber-eyes, a radio, and some headware memory:

Program the locations of several concealed explosives into the headware Mp's. Rig it so that these locations are displayed with their number in his field of view. Run down explosive laden alley with [insert baddies] in hot pursuit.

You can see the explosives, they can't. When they get to the right place, broadcast (with the radio) the correct signal at the correct frequency and BOOM. No more pursuit.

Do this to several alleys. With demolitions(B/R) build C-12 into a shaped charge that looks remarkably like a brick. No one will find them until its too late.

(or beer cans, or dead rats, light fixtures... get Creative).

# New York City 2050

Brought to you by Dark Elf tourist information  
Dark Elf, VESPOSIT@ccvm.sunysb.edu

It's a tough town, megacorps engage in illegal activities, crime is rampant in many areas, there is violence in the streets, metahumans, and monsters.

All in all, it hasn't changed much!

"New York was bad enough before the awakening, now it truly is a jungle out there!"

Mayor Franklin Dean, Jan 3, 2050

## Entertainment/Media:

Manhattan Athletic Complex (built after the quake of '05): A full sports complex/concert arena.  
New York Times, Daily News, Various Tabloids  
ABC (Awakened Broadcasting Company): The original ABC gave over to a more modern format.  
NBC, CBS (more TV/holovid/simsense broadcasts)  
Soho theater district <Broadway>  
Restaurants/Hotels/Clubs: Many of New York's "classic" nightspots and hangouts are still around, but the quake of '05 made room for many newer venues, all having that special New York atmosphere.

## Statistics:

Population:	9,000,000 +
Human:	63% (approx. 5,670,000)
Elven:	13% (approx. 1,170,000)
Dwarven:	4% (approx. 360,000)
Orkish:	15% (approx. 1,350,000)
Trollish:	4% (approx. 360,000)
Other:	1% (approx. 90,000)

(population count is only for sentient species)  
Crime Rate: High (the latest data was too disparate to give an accurate assessment)

>> Who's going to believe this drek, the corps are afraid that showing the real figures will damage their poor little tourist industry! <<  
--Sandman <09:32:19/10-22-50>

## Public Services/Utilities:

**Police Service:** Metro Police Incorporated  
**Fire Control:** Lerner LTD.  
**Sanitation:** Various Independents (believed backed by organized crime cartels)  
**Public Works Maintenance:** Northeastern Technical Services  
**Public Database:** Atlantic Telecommunications (a division of Trump International)  
**Grid-Guide System:** Magna Tech (a division of Akaru Incorporated)  
**Power:** Bell Atlantic, Long Island Atomics  
**Military:** UCAS 43<sup>rd</sup> Metroplex Guard  
This is a unit of "weekend warriors" similar to the 20<sup>th</sup> century national guard reserve. They are the official standing military force for the greater metropolitan area.

>> Yeah, see your local UCAS recruiter today. You too can get paid less and only get half the gear of the average corporate security force. <<  
--BillyJack<11:28:09/12-02-50>

### Major Points of Interest:

Most of the original sites survived, or were reconstructed after the quake. Some of them are:

**Empire State Building** (restored in 2006)

#### World Trade Center

**Central Park:** Can be an unfriendly place in it's deepest parts, especially at night. The inner regions have become like the Barrens in Seattle. The more peaceful southern section has become a well known hangout for elves.

>>I went to the Tavern On The Green a few weeks ago, the place was filled with elves and dwarves of all shapes and sizes. There were some other humans there too, but I felt out of place anyway, since I was the only one in the joint NOT dressed like an extra in a Robin Hood Vid. It looked like a scene out of one of those role-playing games that were popular in the latter half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century<<

--Morgan<08:54:35/11-09-50>

>>Yeah, those posergangs can be a real pain in the ass.<<

--NancyK<11:28:10/11-09-50>

>>And I suppose you can't stand all those "keeps" running around?<<

--Dark Elf<11:40:26/11-10-50>

**Statue of Liberty:** Still welcomes travelers to the city after its second renovation since the 1980's.

**The Intrepid:** Still floating in it's dock after a world war and a century of tourists. Was purchased by the Dragon Tirandor in 2038 for use as a lair/ corporate headquarters.

**Rockefeller Center:** Bought out by a number of Japanese companies, but retains it's original look and name.

### New Sites:

**Manhattan Athletic Complex:** located between Henry Hudson Pkwy and West End Avenue on the west side. (One of the largest arenas on the east coast, it has a removable dome.)

**Akaru Inc. World Headquarters:** This is the world headquarters for Akaru Inc., a large conglomerate originally based in Japan. The Akaru complex is just south of the Manhattan Athletic Complex (MAC) on the west side of West End Avenue between 59<sup>th</sup> and 63<sup>rd</sup> streets. It is one huge building ten stories tall. It is similar, in many respects, to Seattle's Renraku Arcology. The first three levels are basically malls, hotels and casinos (yes, NY has lifted it's gambling laws since 2030). The rest of the building contains offices and laboratories. There are also several sub-levels which house "secure" areas. The roof has a helipad and several antennae for communication.

>>Yeah, gambling's legal now, but the mayor gets a 10% cut. And he claims he has no mob ties!<<  
--Dark Elf<16:25:05/12-25-50>

**Trump Center:** While tycoon Donald Trump met with financial disaster in the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, his son, Donald Jr. found great success in the world of big business. He managed to form a huge conglomeration of smaller companies under the name Trump International. In NY, his megacorp is rivaled in power and diversity only by Akaru. The new Trump Center occupies six city blocks, encompassing the area between park and 5<sup>th</sup> avenues, and from 51<sup>st</sup> to 54<sup>th</sup> streets. Madison avenue actually goes through the complex, with entrances to the parking facility. It has a main building that is 8 stories tall, with a number of sub-levels. Atop this superstructure is the tower, which climbs 80 stories above the main building. The first few floors are malls/hotels/casinos and other public venues. The tower contains corporate offices, security garrisons, storage facilities, media/ telecommunications facilities etc.... (It is rumored that Donald Trump Sr. is kept alive and in retirement here by an enormous amount of cybernetic life support systems and is more machine than man).

The tower also has a rooftop heliport.

## General Areas:

**Midtown/Downtown Manhattan:** Almost totally overrun by the corps. everything here is either corporate controlled, or geared towards the corporate pocketbook. This is known on the streets as Corptown, and is aptly named.

**Greenwich Village:** A region in corptown that is not completely controlled by the corporate mind. It is the place to go for the "Trendy" hangouts and corporate wannabees.

**Chinatown:** The Downtown area surrounding Canal St. that is still mostly residential. It is almost exclusively Chinese, and is the place to go to find street vendors and black market fences. The streets are controlled by various gangs that constantly compete with each other for supremacy in the area.

**Brooklyn/Queens:** These areas are mostly residential. There are a large variety of neighborhoods, many with an almost exclusive cultural bias. quality of life varies from block to block (i.e. the more affluent homes of Jamaica Estates turn into a war zone of poverty and crime when one crosses Hillside Ave.)

**Uptown** (North of Central Park): These are the areas hit worst by the quake in 2005. Many areas have never been repaired, and there are streets blocked by fallen buildings. Many areas are dangerous, with buildings that may begin to collapse at any time. The corps have few interests other than low-cost housing developments. There are a few spots that can be considered "healthy" neighborhoods, but many are urban nightmares. This region has the highest police mortality rates. The northernmost tip of Manhattan is overrun with vegetation that has grown beyond the boundaries of old parks, producing another region of barrens.

>> Fine, just hype corptown and make people believe that every other place in NY is a dirty rotten hole, no wonder most of the neighborhoods never get too far. <<  
--Velvet Knight <11:31:08/11-10-50>

**Bronx:** This area is similar to the way it was in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. It contains the highest concentration of Native Americans in the city.

>>We give them Manhattan for \$24 and only 4 centuries later, they give us the Bronx<<  
--Running Eagle<18:26:47/12-01-50>

**Organized Crime:** New York has continued to be a center for organized crime cartels of various backgrounds. While the Yakuza has pushed the Mafia out of Seattle, the same has not happened in NY. In NY, the Yakuza have gained a very strong power base (and have influence in almost every Japanese corp in the city, with the most notable exception being Akaru, who consider them dishonorable slime). There are also various Seoulpa rings scattered throughout the city. Even with the growing power of Asian syndicates, the Mafia has maintained most of it's power in NY. The Mafia typically uses legitimate businesses as fronts for their own illegal operations. They practically control the construction and waste disposal operations in the city.

**Police:** Roosevelt Island is the site of the city headquarters for Metro Police Inc. They have a small airstrip for security use. This strip is also open to high level corporate executives who carry a corporate security pass. This site houses Metro's patrol helicopters, planes, and patrol boats.

>>Security pass, HA. They only let Metro shareholders use it. Anyone who tries to get a pass gets laughed at. These cops only take care of their own.<<  
--anonymous<21:17:04/10-05-50>

## Corporate Politics

The major competitors in NY are Akaru and Trump. Both of these corps are made up of hundreds of smaller

corps that were bought and either sold off in pieces or renovated and made profitable. Akaru and Trump consider each other to be honorable opponents. Yoguchi Akaru, a descendant of a long line of samurai, has no desire to put Trump out of business, that would take far too many resources, and would probably destroy his company. Akaru realizes that competition with Trump has given his company momentum. He sees that there is an almost symbiotic relationship between the two companies, and to destroy one destroys the other. There are, however, factions within Akaru Inc. that do not believe this. Akaru has to constantly play these people against each other to keep them from doing something rash. Even if Akaru's goal was to eliminate Trump International, he would frown on the dishonorable methods used by most businessmen these days. For Akaru, honor is of the utmost importance.

Trump shares many of the same views as Akaru, and many of the same problems. In a corp as large as Trump International or Akaru, one person cannot possibly have absolute control over all the businesses that make up these huge conglomerates, and factions within Trump also have their own agendas regarding their major competitors. Trump has an active social conscience, and is constantly concerned with making NY a better place (no small task). The great amount of respect (friendship?) between Trump and Akaru is widely known in the business community. The unusual relationship between the two has been described as showing the difference between enemies and opponents. They are far from enemies, but they are still opponents in many ways. There are many in the business world who shudder when they think of this, and their worst fear is to see Trump and Akaru merge, a move that would probably allow the joint firm to be the largest, and most powerful single corporate entity in the world. The

internal dissensions within these two megacorps and the mutual respect between their owners keeps the entire corporate scene in a kind of uneasy equilibrium.

New York is not an attractive city to see from the air. There is a constant haze of smog hovering over the city, making it seem dirty during the day and positively gloomy during the night. The most breathtaking things about the city is the sheer size of most of the buildings, and the sight of the Great Dragon Tirandor in flight (a rare sight since he usually restricts his excursions to the late night). The main attractions of NY are its historical significance, and the fact that it is the place to go to do business, any kind of business on either side of the law. NY is a sprawling mass of urban gloom, with shadows everywhere, an ideal place for those who make a living off the hidden agendas in the corporate world. The environment of NY is tense at best. Cultural/Racial tensions flare, poverty breeds crime, corps use any means to get what they want. It is the city of big business and big corruption. Don't walk the streets unarmed, and don't let Metro see the big guns. The cops can be as hair triggered as anyone else, if they see the iron, they will call in the cavalry, unless you happen to know someone inside. The corps have their own police, and the UCAS military is in town. It is hard to tell if all this firepower is their because of all the crime, or if all the crime is there because of the firepower. Everyone who lives in NY is there because they want something, and NY is the place to get it, one way or another.

>>Yeah, good old NY is not for those with a weak stomach<<

--Heckler<17:50:32/11-24-50>

### **The Underground**

NY's sewer and subway system were damaged heavily in the quake of '05. While repairs were made, and a new magnetically guided subway system was introduced, many of the old tunnels still

exist. The quake left a labyrinth of broken down subway and sewer tunnels, along with the ancient pneumatic transit system, and a few subterranean caverns all existing under the city. There are rumors of whole underground communities, many of which have probably never seen the outside world. These tunnels form a modern day dungeon complex of epic proportions, all hidden away from the everyday eye. Reports of "monsters" give evidence that the tunnels are home to awakened critters, and are a very dangerous place to be.

>>C'mooooon Down!!!<<  
--Phil the Troll <14:19:07/12-21-50>

### **Telecommunication Nets**

NY city has two LTG's. One is the  
Welcome to *New York Chummers*, try not to get yourselves killed.  
A public service file brought to you by *The Dark Elf* <vesposit@sbccvm.bitnet>

public LTG for the area, and the other is the Manhattan Corporate LTG. The Corporate LTG carries an orange security level, and is made available to clients willing to pay a fee. To get into most corporate mainframes, one must either go through the LTG's security, or tap the correct data lines in corptown. Several corps even have private LTG's accessible only from the corporate LTG. Network addresses in NY change almost constantly.

>>A friend of mine got flatlined when he found out that the old address of the "decker's haven" database was changed and was given to East Coast Security Systems, a major software firm that specializes in IC systems<<  
--Red Sonja<23:45:46/12-03-50>

# The North Bay

## Special Report by: Renford Political Consulting

Chris Beauregard

<cpbeaure@undergrad.math.waterloo.edu>

>>>>>[I was wandering the UCAS system in Detroit, and I came across this. It seems to have been written by an independent contractor for some UCAS bigwig. Would anyone like to guess that they're considering reclaiming the place? It could be very interesting up there in the next few months.]<<<<<<

-ReRun <12:01:51/11-01-50>

>>>>>[Could be really deadly up there. The only way they're gonna get into that place is by gassing half the occupants and permanently disabling the other half. I don't think Quebec is gonna like a couple divisions of UCAS regulars on their doorstep too well. The UCAS couldn't take the Warrens with anything less.]<<<<<<

-Omega Wolf <05:13:29/11-03-50>

>>>>>[Hey, you wouldn't believe what happened here just a while ago. Shriek and I were sitting over the SAN, and out of nowhere comes a triad of UCAS chopper constructs (wonder who that could have been?) They punched through the SAN ice, and we followed them right up to the SPU just outside you-know-which 'tastore (wonder what they were after?) The Sysop will be glad to know that 'ol Blacky works, real well.]<<<<<<

-Silicon Eel <02:34:01/01-02-51>

*A report on the status of the city of North Bay, prepared for Senator Jan Douglas by Renford Political Consulting, Inc.*

### Overview

North Bay is one of the largest thorns in the UCAS's side next to the NAN. The constant panzer runs across the Quebec border by riggers based in the area have put negotiations with the country in a very difficult position. Not long ago, Quebec demanded that the runs be stopped before any increase in the power allocation from the James Bay project were approved. The UCAS military has begun mobilization for what appears to be a major action in the North Bay area. The prospects of a large scale assault on

the area look to be very grim. The firepower of the relatively large number of panzers in the area would be a deterrent in itself, without the added threat of an operating airbase, difficult terrain, and the impregnable fortress that is the Warrens. It is believed that two or three regular UCAS divisions will be necessary, along with a considerable number of specialists to deal with the Warrens. This number of troops that close to the Quebec border will certainly result in a very delicate diplomatic situation, something the UCAS should avoid at all costs.

>>>>>[Yup, they're going for it. Stupid, really stupid.]<<<<<<

-Omega Wolf <05:20:12/11-03-50>

### History

For the latter half of the twentieth century, North Bay was noted for it's NORAD installation. Aside from having one of the largest military airbases in North America, deep within what is essentially a hollow mountain was housed the command centre for most of the DEW line. Around 1995, a sizable portion of the base personnel, as part of the Canadian defense budget cuts, were moved out. To make use of some of the empty space, portions of CFB North Bay were converted to biological research and storage areas, without the knowledge of the city. Shortly after the turn of the century, the base was converted almost entirely into a hazardous substance research facility, the politically correct word for a bio-warfare centre. While considerable outcry was made by the population of the city, the base was the only major support to the economy of the city, and the furor quickly died out with the influx of several thousands more military personnel and their spending.

Throughout the early years of civil unrest throughout the rest of the world, the city, because of its relative isolation, was mostly unaffected. The only major incident was a small riot started by a brawl between reserve Indians and servicemen. Several were killed in the fighting, and close to one hundred wounded before the fighting was brought to a standstill.

>>>>[Now that's a load of drek if I ever heard it. I think the figures were closer to fifty killed, and three hundred wounded. The real reason the whole thing started was because some army hotshot took the opportunity during the fighting to see what driving a tank through a hotel would do. Trust me, I was there. I was part of a group who took out three parked CF-18 fighters while the military was out shooting civilians.]<<<<<<  
- Tall Boy <13:56:26/11-03-50>

>>>>[Do you know why they covered it up so much? I mean, that many dead didn't mean much back then when thousands were dying in street fighting across the country.]<<<<<<  
- Shriek <03:43:52/11-05-50>

>>>>[That was in the United States. Canada wasn't nearly as bad. And you have to consider that the city only had a population of 70,000 or so at the time. We're talking about a good portion of the population being killed off.]<<<<<<  
- Tall Boy <13:22:00/11-10-50>

During the Lone Eagle crisis, the peace of the small city was once again broken when vigilante action against reserve Indians resulted in what amounted to a small war. The end result was 90% of the native population being wiped out, and large portions of housing in the city being leveled by guerrilla action. The remaining natives were shipped to the re-education centres established about that time. When the VITAS plague hit, the area was mostly free of its effects, given the relative isolation of the city. It did not escape the effects of the UGE, however. After the beginning of the UGE, every child born in the area exhibited the characteristics of the Dwarf strain. Close to 15% of the population left the area in

the first three months. After several months, a small number of normal children were born to the area. The effects of the UGE on the area were explained by government officials as an isolated effect probably having to do with the pollution of one of the area lakes.

>>>>[They explained it like that, yes. No one believed it though, at least no one living there. The lake water story is pure and simple drek. No one ever drank out of it, and that's the only way you could possibly be affected by the water. They just didn't want to admit to the shoddy waste disposal techniques used by the base. I once had an army transport dump about a ton of PCB's on a site next to my property. I complained, but they stated that it was harmless. Harmless, if you consider having non-human children harmless.]<<<<<<  
- Tag <09:06:45/11-03-50>

>>>>[Sorry chummer? 'non-human' did you say? I sure hope you don't live around here anymore, 'cause if you do you ain't gonna live much longer...]<<<<<<  
- Chuck D <17:09:24/11-07-50>

During the years of the Ghost Dance, North Bay was hit hard. One night, the city was rocked by a major earthquake. As the city is situated in the extremely stable Canadian Shield, the only explanation was the now growing magic. Indeed, one month after the quake, a group of native shamans took credit for what they called 'justice against the befoulers of the planet.' The recovery of the city itself occurred quickly enough, but the base was damaged considerably. Large areas of the underground complex were lost completely, and the electronics of the base were, with few exceptions, destroyed. Close to two thousand personnel died as the tunnels collapsed around them, and several hundred others died in the city itself. The rebuilding of the above-ground portion of the base was accomplished in the first year after the quake. The underground complex was operational after two years of work. However, large portions were still unusable.

While the quake took out a considerable amount of the cities economic power, the most damaging event in the history of North Bay was Goblinization. On that day in April, 2021, almost half of the residents of both the city and the military base were transformed into dwarves. The reason still has not been explained to any great extent. In the next year, North Bay became the site of the largest influx of dwarves in North America. Close to three thousand moved to the city. This was counterbalanced by over five thousand normal humans leaving the city. In a matter of one year, the face of the city was transformed.

Several years later, the military converted a portion of the base into a magical research centre. Part of its duties were to study the reason for the high rate of Goblinization among the population. Three years later, a Matrix Warfare centre, essentially a clone of the U.S. Echo Mirage project, was added. The entire base was wired for the use of the new technology. For unknown reasons, the old computer linkages were kept intact and added to the new system. When it was discovered that parts of the damaged base were still connected, the old system was disconnected again. During this time a fusion power plant was also added to the base.

The Crash of '29 hit the base hard. In the first few days, close to one third of the base hardware was destroyed as the virus swept through the system. In response, the system was disconnected from external lines, the virus cleaned out of the system (with a high rate of damage to equipment and personnel), and the old linkages restored to pass over the damaged sections. The base continued to operate more or less normally, albeit slowly, until the virus was destroyed. After the virus was destroyed, the base system again underwent an overhaul. The work was not quite as thorough as

the previous rebuilding of the system though. Patches to the damaged sections were made, and much of the ancient connections still remained part of the new system. At this time, the MW section added some rudimentary IC to the system. As the years went by, this was improved considerably, and CFB North Bay eventually had what was considered the most secure military system in the world.

>>>>>[Drek! The guys who programmed most of it also left a trapdoor big enough to throw a Cray III through. The Soviets got more research information outta the place in one year than they got from NORAD during the entire Cold War]<<<<<

- Viper <12:09:22/11-05-50>

When the Canada-U.S. merge occurred, close to half of the personnel of the base were transferred, in a move that devastated the North Bay economy, as part of a deal with the separated province of Quebec. For several years, until one small Japanese chemical company moved in, the city was akin to a ghost town. The introduction of Kenji Biotech Inc. was the only thing that saved the city from death.

>>>>>[Of course, we weren't all that surprised when this happened. I mean, North Bay was pretty much the leading manufacturer of Bio-Hazards, courtesy of the Canadian government. Over the years the company has shrunk somewhat. They used to have over a thousand employees, mostly from the area. Now they employ maybe two hundred and most of them are foreigners.]<<<<<

- Tall Boy <14:01:54/11-06-50>

The greatest transformation of the city occurred around the period of the Night of Rage. Given the large meta-human population of the city, it became a prime target of *New Terrorism*. On the night of September 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2038, close to a thousand members of a group calling themselves the *Purity League* went on a rampage through the city, killing all metahumans crossing their path. The military watched the battle without interfering. During the fighting, several thousand dwarves

retreated into the damaged parts of the base, and fought off numerous attacks from the terrorists. When they were finally fought off and the smoke had cleared, one quarter of the meta-human population of the city were dead, and hundreds of normal humans as well.

>>>>[For those who don't know, the Purity League was the northern equivalent of Alamos 20,000. I think there were close to ten thousand members in the northern UCAS and Quebec. After the North Bay battle, the group splintered into smaller terrorist groups. A few of them took another shot at the town, but they didn't last much longer than the military. Eventually, we all got tired of PL groups taking shots at us and we took out about half-a-dozen of their compounds with some of the CF-201's the military 'left behind.' No trouble after that...]<<<<<<  
- Tag <11:44:30/11-07-50>

At this point, the meta-humans rallied and, in a prolonged battle, took over the base. All military personnel were killed on sight. Before the UCAS even had time to mobilize, the angry dwarves had turned the base into a fortress. A takeover attempt by a battalion of UCAS infantry was beaten back with 70% casualties before they had even reached the outskirts of the city. A second assault was called off when Quebec sent an ultimatum warning that any more mobilization of troops within 50 miles of the border would be met with force. No more attacks on the base were ever attempted.

>>>>[Fraggin' idiots! They didn't even have any air support, no prelim recon, nothing. I guess they didn't figure that a group who could take one of the stronger military bases in the country could also hold it.]<<<<<<  
- Chuck D <03:45:16/11-08-50>

In the aftermath, the defenses of what was now called the Warrens were increased even more. The contents of the air base, still containing several military CF-201 interceptor/bombers, were supplemented by stolen military craft, most notably four Ares Dragon

helicopters, at least a dozen heavy panzers, and an EFA interceptor. The newly formed government of the Warrens also began encouraging riggers running the Quebec border to use to base as a resupply point. As a result, the base normally has a number 'visiting' panzers and several other craft on call.

Much of the complex was destroyed during the fighting, and sizable portions of the grid serving the base had to have extensive work performed on them. As well, close to two thirds of the base was lost due to cave-ins during the fighting. This includes the Matrix Warfare labs, one of the larger magical research labs, and close to half of the bio-warfare labs.

>>>>[Heh. "Close to two thirds." Slight understatement there chums. Getting into the bloody place took a fraggin' big pile of explosives, in all kinds of bad spots. I think we lost more 'cause of overkill with the boomers than we did to the security systems. From what I saw, and I saw a lot, the rebuild after the quake was a real spit 'n glue type job. Wires hangin' all over the place, cracks and crevices all over the place, tunnels packed with rubble.]<<<<<<  
- Tall Boy <05:09:34/11-22-50>

>>>>[You wouldn't believe the security on this place. I stopped there one day for a refuel, and got to look around. They still have the blast doors from the original base (the ones designed to handle a nuke...), but with a few more feet of some kind of ceramic shielding attached. There are camera/servo-gun combinations in almost every corridor, and most of the larger corridors has gas vents and servo- grenade launchers. I was told that most of the passages are rigged with explosives to collapse on command. And this was just the residential areas. They wouldn't let me into any of the high security areas.]<<<<<<  
- ReRun <11:07:21/11-26-50>

>>>>[Magically, this place isn't nearly as tight. I mean, they're dwarves mostly, right. Dwarf mages are pretty rare, and there are absolutely no shamans in the place. I've been told that the high tech/high contamination atmosphere of the places drives most of them nuts in the first week, and none have managed to last more than a month without killing themselves. I've heard rumours of toxic shamans in the abandoned areas though. They'd thrive on the bio-hazards]<<<<<<

- Barron <23:17:42/12-03-50>

>>>>>[I do not know about toxic shamans, but there are things deep within the Warrens that are many times worse. I have fought things that would make the UCAS think twice about wanting the Warrens back. I have fought things that make myself think twice about ever going back]<<<<<<

- Pendragon <12:01:00/12-05-50>

>>>>>[At least you beat them. I've lost a few friends who decided that bio-prospecting was the way to go. Damn right it's the way to go. To you're grave, if they can find enough to bury.]<<<<<<

- Barron <00:23:14/12-10-50>

>>>>>[Are you kidding? There's a fortune to make bio-prospecting down there. Only about ten percent, maybe less, of the base is currently occupied. That leaves a lot of room for exploration. I've come across a few mega-nuyen finds in that place in only the six months I've been in there. The beasties sure as hell don't deter me from going down there.]<<<<<<

- Jade Hunter <10:37:02/12-15-50>

>>>>>[That's not quite true about the lack of mages. There are a few of them down there, but they are very isolated. They spend a lot of time in the old magical labs, trying to decipher the military magic notation. I'm also told that they spend time putting together new spells, tailored for the underground. I must agree that there are no shamans.]<<<<<<

- Ice Bunny <15:00:33/12-17-50>

## Organization

The North Bay government is divided into two areas. There is the city government, essentially a town council governing close to eight thousand residents of the city, and there is the Security Council of the Warrens, governing the close to four thousand permanent residents of the underground complex. The city government defers to the Security Council on defense matters, but is otherwise independent. As well, Kenji Biotech maintains a compound approximately twenty kilometers from the city, with its independent corporate government. Neither the Security Council nor the town government have any kind of diplomatic relations with any

neighbours. The closest they have come are the occasional 'negotiation teams,' battalion sized combat groups sent out to deal with suspected infringements on their territory.

It is policy of the Security Council to encourage criminal elements of both the UCAS and Quebec to use the base as a resupply point. Specifically, the Warrens deals well with riggers running the Quebec/UCAS border. In this manner, they receive new technology, while riggers are offered a safe resupply zone, fuel, and for aircraft, a large defended runway with heavy concrete hangars. Occasionally, it is believed that the Security Council participates in some of the runs, adding the occasional panzer team to a run.

>>>>>[Those negotiation teams are nasty. I saw one go after a Humanis compound that someone (stupid) established about 50 km away from the base. All that they left of the place was a few burnt out shells and a lot of craters. Those CF-201's are killers on a strafing run.]<<<<<<

- Puck <23:10:06/11-04-50>

>>>>>[If you happen to visit the Warrens, don't screw with the security procedures. If you get out of line, even by a millimeter, they toast you. This place doesn't follow anyone else's laws, so they don't have any trouble in shooting people. This is only security procedures, you can raise all the hell you like, shoot people randomly, etc., and they won't bother you. They assume that anyone in the Warrens who gets killed shouldn't be there anyways. Nice, friendly people.]<<<<<<

- Omega Wolf <14:50:33/11-19-50>

>>>>>[I can speak from experience that the sight of one of the Warrens concrete hangars is one of the most uplifting things you're likely to see. Cheap fuel, good, solid repair jobs, and lots of reloads are the norm. And after a run of the Quebec defenses, you normally need it.]<<<<<<

- ReRun <11:24:53/11-26-50>

>>>>>[They're pretty good about paying for your cargo too. I exchanged a load of Vindicator cannons for some really hot bio material. You wouldn't believe the profit I made on them.]<<<<<<

- Jade Hunter <04:45:36/12-03-50>

## Geography The Warrens

The Warrens was perhaps one of the largest and most intricate of underground bases in the NORAD system. At its largest capacity, after its last expansion in 2006, it could hold close to 12,000 residents full time in housing zones, as well as close to three times as much room in labs and storage areas. At its largest occupancy it only held three thousand. In the aftermath of the quake and the battles, much of the base was lost to collapses in the tunnel system and bio-chemical contamination. Indeed, few residents move out of the known safe zones without enviro-suits.

The inhabitable area of the base is currently divided into three main zones: Residential, security, and supply. Residential zones contain all the space and services necessary for the four thousand residents. Security zone handles not only the defensive systems of the base, but controls close to forty kilometers of territory around the base, and monitors out to an unknown distance. Supply consists of the food production caverns and several small factory areas producing necessities of life for the underground. As well, a large portion of its efforts go towards the recovery of gear from the lost areas of the base.

Defensively, the base is a wonder of technology. Almost every corridor is covered by camera/servo-gun combinations, and most of them are monitored. Externally, a large sensor array searches for air targets, and two interceptors are always ready to scramble in case of threat. Most of the ground around the base is also covered by sensor arrays. It is suspected that these arrays extend northward to the Quebec border, and forty to fifty kilometers to the south. Heavy panzers also patrol the areas around the base, and infantry teams patrol the outskirts of the city. To top things off, every adult resident of the base is trained in the operation of most of

the systems of the base, and almost all carry heavy sidearms at all times.

Aboveground, the airport is the main feature. The ancient commercial airport has been converted entirely into the military base. Concrete hangars house a fleet of at least a dozen helicopters, between six and eight CF-201 fighters, two EFA interceptors, and a fleet of panzers. As well, a variety of conventional armored vehicles are housed.

>>>>>[The way I understand it, security nowadays has gone down the tubes. A lot of the servo-guns are more or less dead, the lighting in the tunnels has been cut down, and many of the security sensor arrays have been taken out by weather, Humanis infiltrators, and some of the animals in the area. Some parts of the complex have turned into little tribal caverns, and I hear a lot of gang fights go on in the tunnels. Is this just rumour, or what?]<<<<<<

- Komet Kid <02:19:50/11-06-50>

>>>>>[The whole servo-gun thing is a rumour, but they sure don't look like they'd work. I hear that Security Council technical teams occasionally select a few guns and give them a little work so they look like they're dead. The thing about the lighting is entirely correct, but since all the security cameras have been replaced with thermo systems, it doesn't matter much. Besides, they never needed lighting anyways. Think about it. They're mostly dwarves. Built in thermographics. As far as the tribal thing, it's true, but not in the Security controlled sections. Since they're completely isolated from the rest of the complex by some serious defense systems, they really don't care what goes on down there. Besides, they use it as a training ground for their troops.]<<<<<<

- ReRun <17:09:27/11-09-50>

>>>>>[I don't know about isolation. I heard about a Banshee that got into the residential section and killed off a couple people before they fragged it. Supposedly it got in through some ancient ventilation tunnels. Understandably, the SC downplayed it quite a bit.]<<<<<<

- Barron <01:07:48/12-10-50>

>>>>>[While you're in the Warrens, some places you might run into. First, a note on finding your way around. The place is organized in colour zones, Red being the main security zone, purple, green, blue, and white being the residential section, and orange, gray, and black being the factory/research zones. If you see the black zone, by the way, get the hell out of it. If you're not authorized, you're dead. Then the place is set up in levels, from 1 to, as far as I know, 40. The Access number is the "street address" of the place. You might have to ask directions to find the Access, the place is a real maze.

### Temporaries Hostel

Green Zone, Level 7, Access 1409

Large Hotel

No racial bias

LTG# 0956

Manager: Armand Lorino

If you're a visiting rigger, they normally put you up in the Temporaries. A really nice place, big rooms, awesome room service, and solid doors (this is real important in the Warrens). No problems with weapons, armor, but they don't like customers killing each other.

### Cavern One

Green Zone, Level 17, Access 0043

Nightclub

Bias towards non-riggers

LTG# 9844

Owner: Morin Desjardine

You can't really call it a nightclub, 'cause the Warrens doesn't have a day/night cycle. This is the hottest spot for riggers. The amount of tips and information running around this place is fantastic, and Rick, one of the bartenders, has run the Quebec border at least fifty times, still does, and likes talking about it. Weapons are allowed, fighting is allowed, but don't shoot the staff.

### Purple Zone Bazaar

Purple Zone, Level 10, various entries

Open Marketplace

No racial bias

Organizer: Lt. Lesli Darrien

In every zone of the Warrens, there exists a mall. The purple zone bazaar takes the cake. Located in a really massive cavern that used to be a series of gyms before the walls were taken out, jam packed with several hundred people, you can buy and sell anything here, plus a few other items. BTLs, body parts, military hardware, data, anything. Don't try to rip anyone off though, because the place is organized by the security council, and there's normally about three platoons of regular infantry roaming the crowd, and a few

drones hovering over your head.]<<<<<<

- Komet Kid <00:34:59/12-12-50>

>>>>>[We can't forget something really important, can we?

### Security Council HQ

Red Zone, Level 15-20, various Accesses

Large Office Building

LTG# 1111

The nerve center of the Security Council, this multi-level complex is open day and night, heavily guarded, and real important to visitors. This is the place where you arrange permission for a temporary stay, Warrens citizenship, sale of really big/hot cargo, escorts for a run through Quebec (they do this sometimes), and a lot of other stuff. Don't screw with security. You can't carry weapons into the place either, and if you happen to trip a detector while you're in there, and they have them all over, the automatic defenses will shred you.]<<<<<<

- Sage <23:20:12/12-15-50>

>>>>>[Purple Zone, Level 36, Access 1034 will get you into the abandoned section, if you fiddle with the electronics on the lock a little. Getting back is a little tougher.]<<<<<<

- anonymous <15:22:47/12-18-50>

### North Bay

The city proper of North Bay exists in a relatively small area near one of the two area lakes. While in its prime the city occupied considerably more area, the quake, depopulation, and warfare left a much smaller population and most of the city in ruins. The remaining population retreated into an easily defended lakeside area, which they eventually walled off. As well, the current location is less than a kilometer from the gates of the Warrens.

The majority of the residents earn their pay in trade with the Warrens. Farming, hunting, fishing, and scavenging from the city provide a meagre, yet sufficient lifestyle for most residents. A small portion also engage in running the Quebec border, usually through the system of rivers and creeks of the northern wilderness. As a result, the proliferation of weapons in the city is extreme, where virtually everyone has access to military hardware. The city

government, as a result, tends to be quite dynamic in that the entire upper echelon is normally 'replaced' several times per year. The current government, led by the Dwarven Bear shaman Erich Connors, has somehow managed to last out six months, despite three separate attempts at deposing them.

>>>>>[Hmmm. They don't say much about the place. Sounds like some kind of frontier town.]<<<<<<

- Smily <08:45:04/11-06-50>

>>>>>[That's actually a pretty good analogy, if you add in the military surplus family car, automatic weapons, modular housing, and the occasional gang. The place is actually very fun at night. The wall parties are a real blast, and some of those bars...]<<<<<<

- ReRun <17:22:16/11-09-50>

>>>>>[Yeah, the wall parties are awesome. This is when a bunch of residents get together, go up on the wall (about thirty feet high, twenty thick with battlements) and watch the ghoul/gang wars. Hell, sometimes targets get close enough so that we can join the fun. And the bars, yeah, they're something else. Bass One is about the wildest and most dangerous place I've ever been, and The Tank is phenomenal. The Tank, by the way, is a reconstruction of the place that started that riot in town way back near the turn of the century. They have this big Leopard tank imbedded in the wall. And the turret still moves...When you're completely burned and the thing starts pointing your way...]<<<<<<

- anonymous <23:50:05/11-24-50>

## Outskirts

When the population of the city retreated to a relatively small area, the remainder of the city became easy pickings for all manner of squatters and more sinister residents. A few homesteaders live out of the main city, in small walled fortresses. These are normally surrounded by small plots of cultivated land and several layers of razor wire, minefields, and remote weapons systems. Aside from these few, the remainder of the residents consist of a variety of gangs, squatters, and a fair number of ghouls. Nearly every night the

city erupts with the sound of gunfire, explosions, and such as the gangs fight running battles with ghouls over scavenged food supplies. Occasionally the city sends out troops to cull the number of ghouls, but lately this has resulted in considerable casualties. It is expected that the practice will be discontinued in the near future, unless more military vehicles can be borrowed from the Warrens.

>>>>>[This is not a place to get caught outside in at night. I've seen groups of ghouls go after some of the homesteads with flamethrowers. They're much worse on people caught in the open.]<<<<<<

- Looie Loo <20:39:04/11-02-50>

>>>>>[The reason the combat teams have been getting shot up so much is due to infiltrators, not the ghouls and gangs. It seems the Purity League is about to have another go at the Warrens, the poor, stupid buggers.]<<<<<<

- From the Deep <11:02:00/11-07-50>

>>>>>[Wasn't the PL wiped out?]<<<<<<

- Tag <13:55:30/11-02-50>

## Kenji Biotech

The Kenji Biotech compound is typical of Japanese corporations. A number of modular housing units, a factory, and various services all contained in a high wall studded with defensive systems. There are several helicopter pads, and almost daily one heads over to the Warrens airport to pick up some bio-hazard. It is estimated that 200 workers live here, but the exact figure is unknown.

On a rare occasion, Kenji will recruit workers from the town, usually to supplement security. Normally they simply bring in workers from one of their other factories.

If is unknown exactly what the purpose of the Kenji base is, however it is obviously known to some party as a number of attempts by criminal elements to enter have been made on the compound. It is unknown whether any have succeeded - Kenji Biotech does not have much in the way of public relations.

It's suspected that the heavy security has been more than a match for the runner teams.

>>>>>[Yup, that's one thing the locals are good at. Supplementing security.]<<<<<<  
- Tall Boy <23:50:01/11-08-50>

>>>>>[This Kenji outpost is just there for the purpose of testing the various items from the Warrens. It is believed that, as well as the daily chopper run, they send in exploratory teams through some hidden passages. They also pay bio-prospectors pretty well for their stuff.]<<<<<<  
- ReRun <02:05:20/11-09-50>

>>>>>[They do send exploration teams. I have encountered a few members of these teams, violently. They are heavily armed, and use powerful magic. They do not know the passages though, and that is their weakness.]<<<<<<  
- Pendragon <20:17:51/12-01-50>

>>>>>[I wouldn't be braggin' about that chum. Kenji has some real vicious security units. I for one would not want to have a run in with them.]<<<<<<  
- Chuck D <14:08:21/12-10-50>

>>>>>[I do not brag, and I do not fear Kenji Biotech.]<<<<<<  
- Pendragon <18:58:06/12-10-50>

>>>>>[Maybe you don't, chum, but a lot do. 'Cept maybe said 'criminal elements.' I have it on good authority that they're actually a bunch of good old boys from town after KB's ass for something or other. If you've met the towns good old boys, you sure wouldn't want to be in Kenji's position, chums. Maybe you think yer big city go-go-gangs are tough, but you don't want to be around when these guys pull up in an APC with belt fed Vindicator/GL mounts on the top. Or the LAW rockets in the back of the family pickup. 'Less you got a panzer.]<<<<<<  
- Wastrel <00:10:58/12-21-50>

### The Matrix

The Warrens matrix has been torn down, damaged, patched and overhauled so many times that no one can really say what it is. The original military connections, dating back to approximately 1970, are still connected to the state of the art system added around

2038. Add to this hundreds of line patches and the various hardware running the system, and the result is what some deckers have called the most dangerous grid on the planet. The Security Council has taken advantage of the deadliness of the system by connecting their own system inside the many layers of military IC still operating. This is possibly the only major weakness in their defensive systems. Currently, the outer security layer of the grid is purely the old 2038 military system with a few patches. These system patches, however, are indistinguishable from the old system. Once past this main outer layer, the ancient internal military systems are mixed in with many system patches and the new government systems. Security is laughable. To quote the infamous decker Sparrow, "A complete drek-head could cut through that stuff with a turtle and on-the-fly utilities." Analysis by an independent consulting firm has confirmed this opinion. The matrix, while possibly the easiest way to access the Warren goings-on, has little to offer in the case of a large scale assault. Thorough analysis has indicated that absolutely no external slave system such as doors or ventilation systems are connected to the grid. Only a few internal security cameras, obviously passed over in the rebuilding, seem to exist. Quite possibly there is a second, unconnected system controlling all this.

The city system is attached to the Warrens grid, but the security of it is minimal. The biggest threat outside the Warrens is the Kenji Biotech grid. Strong corporate IC has encouraged many invaders of the North Bay system to look for their fortunes elsewhere. It is of interest to note that the area grid is still connected to the international system, although the Warrens is technically speaking a criminal outpost. Attempts were made in the early years of its establishment by UCAS technical teams to remove the system, but the teams were overwhelmed by the number of ancient



# The Meat Market

## The Immigrant Street Priest (Exorcist)

Jerry Stratton <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>

**Priorities:** Attributes 4, Magic 3, Tech 2, Skills 1, Race 0

The Street Priest came to North America from either Spain or Italy, and is usually male. In his youth, he was an athlete, and he used this to pull himself up from the streets. When he reached puberty, he started talking to god, and devoted himself to the priesthood. When he started out, he discovered a talent for exorcisms, but didn't realize he could conjure until much later.

The street priest is not fully accepted by the church hierarchy, and does not really care. He spends his time with the people of the street, tending to their spiritual needs and, when possible, protecting them from secular harm. His knowledge of Christian theology is tempered with urban legends and mythology.

The street priest is not a shadowrunner, although such a priest might become involved with a shadowrun team for a specific purpose. The street priest may well ask for a donation of time if the people of the street are having trouble with a certain corporation or government agency.

The street priest can usually be found running food or medical supplies to people in need, or helping out at a local Catholic soup kitchen.

If the priest's contact is a fixer, the priest trades information and occasional sanctuary for information on food and medical supplies.

### Quotes:

"Please. These people are poor, and are unable to meet your demands."

"Heaven *and* Hell await you, son. You must choose."

"Madre de dios, señor, the community *needs*

this food. How can you allow it to be thrown out?"

"No, we have nothing for you to steal. Perhaps you might make a donation to the people instead?"

"Meditate on this while you heal, my child."

"The Angels of the Lord attend me and my needs."

### Attributes

Body	6
Quickness	4
Strength	5
Charisma	6
Intelligence	4
Willpower	5
Essence	6
Reaction	4

### Skills

Conjuring	6
Street Etiquette	2
Theology	1
Christianity	3
Athletics	5
Unarmed Combat	3
Performance	1
Oratory	2
Religious	4

### Languages

Spanish or Italian	6
Church Latin	5
English	3

### Contacts

Any Street Type (prob. Doctor or Fixer)
---

## Gear

Used Car (often breaks down)
Religious (Conjuring) Library
Rating 6 (300 lbs)
Car Phone
Ordinary Clothing
Priestly Clothing
Priestly Equipment
Conjuring Materials (8,000¥)

The priest will probably have already conjured two elementals with the above conjuring materials (remember that the priest has to buy the materials specifically for the force and type of elemental). Street priests tend to prefer air and fire elementals. These are more in line with their calling. The priest will probably be attended by a Force 5 air elemental and a Force 3 fire elemental.

>>>[Note to Game masters: if the player decides to go for a Force 6 or greater elemental, you might want to be present for the success test -- if the success test is failed, those 6,000¥ or so of materials are gone.]<<<

-- Jerry [08:33:22/05-12-92]

The priest will always attempt to conjure spirits in private. To him, conjuring is a personal sacrament. The street priest is always aware of the ambiguities inherent in summoning, and tries very hard to make it obvious that God is the source of power, and the priest is only the conduit for that power. Some street priests will believe that spirits are forms of angels. Others believe them to be demons, bound by God's will. Or, perhaps they're simply manifestations of the Holy Ghost, the spirit of God. Such manifestations appeared as tongues of flame to the apostles, and as a strong wind to others.

# The Jack of all Trades (Jack-o-T)

Wordman &lt;ward1@husc.harvard.edu&gt;

Priorities: Tech 4, Attributes 3, Skills 2, Magic/Race 1/0

The Jack-of-all-Trades uses many skills, but is master of none. His kind have always existed, but the SkillSoft tech of today make him more able than ever. He prides himself on having the tech and knowledge to deal with any situation. To him, the Shadowrun — with its unpredictable curves and pit-falls — is the ultimate test of his diversity.

## Quotes:

"Look, man, your average shadowrunner has a problem: he's a specialist. One'll run the matrix, another'll drive you 'round, and another is just some dude with a big gun. Everyone's a specialist these days.

"Not me.

"I can do everything, for you, chummer. One call does it all. And if I can't do it myself, I'll just get me a chip that'll help me help myself. Sure, so maybe a Razorguy can eliminate the opposition better'n me, but what's he gonna do when he's alone and needs some data? You need an adaptable sort like me running for you. Ain't a situation I can't handle.

"So...we deal or what?"

## Attributes

Body:	4
Quickness:	5
Strength:	4
Charisma:	3
Intelligence:	4
Willpower:	4
Essence:	2.0
Reaction:	0

## Skills

Armed Combat:	4
Computer:	6
Car:	4
Etiquette (Street):	4
Firearms:	6

## Cyberware

Chipjacks (Four, plus one included with Skillwires) Cybereyes with Flare Compensation, Low-Light, and Thermographic Imaging Datajack Datasoft Link Display Link Headware Memory (90 Mp) Skillwires (6) Smartgun Link
---

## Contacts

Any Street Type Decker Fixer Mechanic Rigger Street Doc
--

## Gear

Heckler & Koch HK227 (w/ built-in Smartgun) Lined Coat Fuchi Cyber-4 w/ Response Increase (1): Bod 6, Evasion 6, Masking 6, Sensors 6, Attack 4, Evaluate 4, Sleaze 5 Skillsofts (all general) Three knowledge (3) One knowledge (6) Three active (3) One active (6) One language (10) One language (9)
--

## The Mage Hunter (Dwarven)

Hubris, the Shadowmaster <escotoR@moravian.edu>  
**Priorities:** Race 4, Attributes 3, Magic 2, Tech 1, Skills 0

Mage Hunter is, as his name implies, the worst nightmare of the unsuspecting spell-tosser. His family may have been murdered by magic, he just might hate mages enough to want to do them harm. Either way, he hunts mages for a living, which means he'll have no problems getting work.

### Quotes:

"Yeah. I'm clean. I got no 'ware. Don't mean I ain't bad enough. Just means you're to stupid to see. I could crush you like last week's newsfax. Don't worry. I won't... yet.

### Attributes

Body:	4
Quickness:	5
Strength:	7
Charisma:	3
Intelligence:	3
Willpower	7
Essence:	6
Reaction:	4(6)

### Skills

Etiquette(Street)	2
Firearms	6
Interrogation(Physical)	2(4)
Stealth(Urban)	1(3)
Unarmed Combat	4

### Gear

Colt Manhunter(w/ 1 extra clip & 30 rounds Reg ammo)
Form Fitting Body Armor(Lvl 3 B-4 I-1)

# Economics of Shadowrunning

Corporation Report: Economics of Independent Illegal Operatives -- 'Shadowrunners'  
earl@cco.caltech.edu (Earl A. Hubbell)

**Abstract:** Statistical analysis applied with some wild assumptions demonstrates 1) Shadowrunners are not generally a significant force and 2) They are an economic preferred alternative to 'in-house' operatives, despite general unreliability.

## Seattle of 2050:

Population :  $3 \times 10^6$  individuals

Corporate affiliated:  $1.5 \times 10^6$

Below Poverty:  $1 \times 10^6$

Thus, we see economically independent units compose  $5 \times 10^5$  individuals. We rule out the 'Below Poverty Level' population, as any significantly skilled/cybered/magic unit will be aggressively recruited/have entered poverty voluntarily/will not be counted in standard census.

From the UCAS census estimates, we have approximately 1% of the population having 'significant' cyber-enhancements (so called 'samurai', 'riggers' or 'deckers') or significant magical enhancement ('physical adepts'). Full mages compose approximately .1% of the population.

Thus, there are approximately  $3 \times 10^4$  units of significant personal power in Seattle. Of these units, 3,000 are mages. Due to aggressive corporate recruiting, it is estimated that only 10% of the 'significant' population may be considered 'independent'. Thus, we have  $3 \times 10^3$  significant units, of which 300 are mages.

For obvious reasons, counting this population is difficult, however, it seems that only approximately 20% of this final group engage in high-risk operations (the remaining 'independents' belonging to various 'normal' occupations).

Thus, the 'significant' population available to 'shadowrun' consists of merely 60 mages, 60 skilled 'deckers', approximately 120 riggers, 120 physical

adepts, and 300 samurai (numbers do not add due to some overlap in categories, and approximation errors).

Given the near-necessity of 'magical cover' on any significant operation, we see an operating population of approximately 100 'teams' of runners within Seattle, composed from a pool of approximately 600 'powered' individuals, and approximately 2,000 skilled personnel in various 'support' positions (so-called 'fixers', 'detectives', 'security consultants', 'cannon-fodder'...)

This explains the 'close-knit' nature of an otherwise paranoid profession - the 'teams' generally know of each other, at least by reputation, and in the case of mages, almost certainly by individual (deckers as well). They interact with the same population, travel in the same circles, need the same information, think the same way.

Thus, we see that although 'runners' form a relatively large force on the scale they tend to operate, their disorganized nature tends to leave them with little real impact on corporate operations.

## Part 2:

### Economics of Corporate/ Shadowrunner interaction.

#### Seattle:

Median Income: 25 k $\text{\$}$ /year.

This figure is highly unreliable, due to the very visible presence of 'unreported' money floating throughout many credit networks. Cash-flow estimations are therefore difficult, and much more approximate than any other computations.

Total cash available to non-corporate individuals:

approximately  $10^{10}$  ¥/year. (note - most of this 'income' is in fact passed back and forth between individuals of little note, or flows from the UCAS government to the welfare recipients, and is then returned, allowing the UCAS to claim{digression deleted})

Total cash available to corporate individuals:

approximately  $10^{11}$  ¥/year (note - due to the 'pyramid' structure of the society in 2050, most of the money is available to the top 1% of the population, and is unreported due to various tricks with corporate holdings, services provided 'gratis', etc...)

Due to the familiar 'money surge' as international financial markets open and close during the daylight hours, approximately  $3 \times 10^9$  ¥ value flows into and out of Seattle each *day*. This drives a fair amount of 'high finance', but has little effect on the lives of 'independents'.  
{digression deleted}

Assuming corporations, for optimum functioning, require the occasional 'bending' of stringent regulations and laws, since 100% law enforcement has been found to not be cost-effective in 'security maintenance' (see Lone-Star report #115345: 'Optimization of Law Enforcement by the Saad-Dine Algorithm'). Assume 99% of all corporate functioning may be 'above question'. Assume further that plausible deniability may be established for corporate operatives in 90% of the remaining cases. This leaves .1% of funds available, indeed, nearly required, to be spent outside the corporation on 'extra-legal' operations.

From our previous numbers, we obtain an estimated  $10^8$  ¥/year available in the Seattle area for payment of independent operatives. Given the estimated

population of  $10^2$  teams, this works out to  $10^6$  ¥/year income per team - a high-paying income, cut into by the various individuals in the network being paid for their support services. (An interesting parallel to income tax may be made here - some free-market assumptions about 'government by market forces' seem to be confirmed.)

In practice, there is a strong stratification within runner society- most exist in an environment of rapid cash-flow, and succeed in merely a comfortable existence, punctuated by gambling with their lives. The rare high-success ratio teams are looked upon with great awe, and keep most of the merely adequate teams 'playing with the death lottery', and are often assumed to have some 'favor' or 'technique' that they have hit upon, when in reality most of the difference comes from statistical anomalies (the familiar 'gamblers paradox' restated).

Note that the total economic force available to the 'runners' is about a factor of 10 less than the total population of 'independents', and so plays only a minor role in the economic life of the city (welfare recipients alone exceed their cash, although most of it is spent on 'necessities').

### Appendix:

Some interesting breakdowns, and error analysis.

The *total* number of 'runners', seems likely to be accurate to within 50%. Smaller categories may vary by up to 200% (number of mages - shamans are especially notorious for not being counted).

With that in mind, however, some interesting secondary data may be applied to our results:

### Adjusted population ratios:

Human: .5 among independents  
Ork: .2

Elf: .2  
Other .1

(these do not equal 'average' population ratios for Seattle, due to aggressive recruiting of humans by corporations, however, the accessibility of cyberware to humans seems to be larger, somewhat balancing this trend).

**Adjusted education ratios:**

.7 High School or lower  
.2 Bachelors or equivalent  
.1 Ph.D. or other advanced

(a large population of 'independents' tend to have informal or unusual educations, if they have them at all, and so are (mis)counted in the lower population. Surprisingly, a large number of advanced degrees are present in the independent population.)

**Some consequences:**

There are approximately 45 samurai/adepts presumed to have Ph.D.'s in various fields - these subjects should probably be interviewed for a psychological study, so we can identify dangerous trends in our own employees.

Personal curiosity has led me to independently investigate the two known dwarf runner physical adepts possessing Ph.D.'s. It seems that they are twin brothers, and interestingly enough, bitter enemies on the street. {deleted as digression}

- Dr. R. Smith-Nabulsi

Boeing-Mitsuhama Statistics Group 5.

[Dug this out of some corporate's personal files in his headware memory, when a corporate extraction went wrong and we were forced to put him on the open market - thought you might find it amusing - Slash]

[I found a similar Renraku report on 'Corporate Cyberware: Cash Efficient or Research Boondoggle' - made some interesting points about cost-optimization within the corporate environment for cyberware. - Elephant]

# The Word on the Streets

A definitive listing of street slang in 2050  
compiled by the Dark Elf <VESPOSIT@ccvm.sunysb.edu>

**A-Boys:** A type of boostergang whose motif is a specific animal.

**Angel:** A benefactor, especially an unknown one.

**Arc:** An arcology.

**Ballerinas:** Reflex boosted female assassins in the employ of a major corp.

**Booster:** Gang member that uses cyberware, leathers, and violence as a way of life.

**Bounts:** Bounty hunters.

**Bopper:** A robot.

**Brain Tap:** A datajack or a chipjack.

**Breeder:** Orc slang for a "normal" human.

**Business:** In slang context, crime. Also "Biz."

**Buzz:** Go away. Buzz off.

**Chipped:** Enhanced by cyberware.

**CHOOH:** ("choo") Slang for alcohol, as used in vehicle power plants.

**Chromatic:** Heavy Metal music.

**Chromer:** Slang for metalheads, heavy metal fans.

**Chummer:** Pal or Buddy.

**Cinema:** A movie, usually in tri-d.

**Clavie:** Any person who lives in an enclave.

**Combat Drugs:** Designer drugs for military use.

**Comm:** The telephone.

**Corp:** Corporation, corporate.

**CORPSE:** CORPorate Security Expert, a corporate assassin.

**Cowboy:** A decker/netrunner.

**Dadie:** Knowledge or skill chip.

**Dandelion Eater:** An Elf, very insulting. See also *Keeb*.

**Dataslave:** a corporate decker or a data processing employee.

**Datasteal:** Theft of data from a computer, usually by decking.

**DEBS:** Transvestites, a type of posergang.

**Deck:** 1. A cyberdeck. 2. To use a cyberdeck illegally.

**Decker:** A pirate cyberdeck user. Derived from 20<sup>th</sup> century "hacker."

**Deckhead:** A Simsense addict. Or anyone with a datajack/chipjack.

**Derms:** see *Dorphs*.

**Dinks:** Any member of a rival boostergang.

**Dorphs:** Designer drugs that increase healing rate and limit fatigue. (also, *Derms*)

**Dr. Know:** A contact who always seems to have useful info. Also a seller of knowledge and skill chips.

**Drek:** Shit.

**Duck:** A person who carries more weapons than could possibly be needed.

**Dumped:** Involuntary ejection from the matrix.

**Enclave:** Corporate subsidized housing aka the projects.

**Exec:** Corporate executive.

**Fate Meat:** Someone bound for the body banks. "It is his fate to be meat"

**Fetishman:** A talismonger, a dealer in magical items.

**Flatlined:** killed in the matrix by Black IC.

**Flickercladding:** A synthetic plastic material impregnated with fiber optics and temperature gauges designed to respond to skin temperature, a 21<sup>st</sup> century version of the mood ring, but is worn as clothing.

**Frag:** a common swear word.

**Fringe, The:** Edges of society where nomads hang out, barrens.

**Geek:** To kill.

**Glitter Clothes:** Clothes made of *flickercladding*.

**Glitter Folk:** Rich people who only have time and money.

**Go-go-go:** A bike gang or gang member.

**Gothics:** A posergang whose motif is death and old b&w horror movies.

**Gutter Jumpers:** Claim jumpers among the homeless, squatters.

**Gyro:** A small one or two man helicopter.

**Hardwired:** 1. Having Cyberware. 2. Unable to change, inflexible options.

**Heatwave:** A police crackdown.

**Hitmage:** A magic-using assassin.

**Hoi:** Hi, Hello.

**Hose:** 1. Louse up, screw up. 2. to spray with an automatic weapon.

**Hydro:** 1. Hydrogen fuel. 2. anyone crazy enough to take it as a drug.

**ICE:** Security software. *Intrusion Countermeasure Electronics*.

**Input:** A girlfriend.

**Jacked-In:** Actively using a cyberdeck.

**Jam:** 1. To fight or to run away "let's jam". 2. *Jamming*.

**Jamming:** 1. Sex. 2 Moshing heavily in a band. 3. Being involved in a paramilitary operation involving a large amount of flying bullets and shrapnel.

**Jander:** To walk in a casual or arrogant manner, to strut.

**Keeb:** An Elf, very insulting. See also *Dandelion Eater*. After a discontinued advertising campaign (Keebler).

**Knife Bullets:** Armor piercing ammunition.

**Know, The:** Knowledge or information.

**Kobun:** A Yakuza clan member.

**Meat Bop Parts:** Vat grown replacement body parts.

**Meat Puppet:** A prostitute whose memory and/or senses are disabled temporarily.

**Mnemonic:** Someone who uses a brain implant as an electronic vault.

**Motorhead:** A rigger or a mechanic.

**Mr. Johnson:** An anonymous corporate agent.

**Mundane:** A non-magician, or non-magical.

**Muscle Boy/Girl:** Someone with enhanced strength.

**NetNerd:** Someone who spends more time in the matrix than in the real world.

**Ninja:** A freelance assassin.

**Nutrisoy:** Cheap processed food product derived from soybeans, fortified with most essential vitamins.

**Nuyen:** World standard of currency. Used for Japanese foreign markets.

**Output:** A boyfriend.

**Oyabun:** Head of a Yakuza clan.

**Panzer:** A combat hovercraft/ground effect vehicle.

**Paydata:** A datafile worth money on the Black Market.

**Plastic Gangster:** A person with a great deal of cyberware.

**Plex:** A metroplex, a large city.

**Poli:** A policlub or a policlub member.

**Polymer-one-shot:** A cheap hold-out pistol.

**Poser Gang:** Any gang whose members all adopt a specific look or style.

**Razor Boy/Girl:** A person who uses various bladed implant weapons.

**Ripperdoc:** A surgeon specializing in implanting illegal cyberware.

**Rocker Boy/Girl:** A freelance musician.

**Samurai:** A mercenary or muscle for hire. Implies an honor code.

**Sarariman:** A corporate employee.

**Screamer:** A credstick or passkey that triggers alarms when used.

**Seoul Man:** A member of a *Seoulpa Ring*.

**Seoulpa Ring:** A small criminal gang.

**Shadows:** The quasi-criminal world of freelance *shadow-runners*.

**Shalkujin:** An "honest" citizen.

**Sinless:** 1. Part of the underclass not having a SIN (c.f. *System Identification Number*). 2. In the *Shadows*.

**Slot:** 1. a mild curse. 2. To use a skillsoft.

**Slot and Run:** 1. Hurry Up, Get to the point. 2. Move and Run.

**So Ka:** I understand.

**Soykaf:** Coffee substitute made from soybeans.

**Squat:** see *Stuntie*.

**Stud/Studding:** Rigging or remote control of a vehicle.

**State of the Art:** 1. Hipper than Hip. 2. To be on the edge.

**Stuntie:** A Dwarf, highly insulting. also *Squat*.

**Sprawl:** 1. A metroplex (c.f. *plex*). 2. To fraternize below one's social level.

**System Identification Number (SIN):** ID number assigned to every member of society. (but c.f. *sinless*)

**Tag:** Name, handle or trademark. To grab or take something.

**Tagged:** Equipped with a tracking device. Recognized.

**Trid:** Three-dimensional successor to video.

**Trog:** An Orc or a Troll, very insulting.

**Very:** Hip term for cool fun or "in."

**VatJob:** Someone who has extensive cyber/vat grown replacement parts.

**Wagemage:** A magician who works for a corp.

**Wavy:** Cool or smooth.

**Wetware:** 1. Biological enhancement. 2. Any original body organ.

**Wetwork:** Assassination, murder.

**Wigly:** Weird or different. Usually referring to a good drug trip.

**Wire Boy/Girl:** A *decker*.

**Wired:** Equipped with cyberware, especially wired reflexes.

**Wiz:** 1. *Wizard*. 2. anything impressive. "Truly *wiz*, man."

**Wizard:** 1. A powerful mage.

**Wizworm:** Slang for a Dragon.

**Word, The:** Any type of slang or gossip.

**Yak:** Yakuza. Either a clan member or a clan itself.

>>>[Hey, all you closet linguists out there. I've recently run across an article on the evolution of words such as 'drek' and 'frag.' I'll see if I can dig them up for the next issue.]<<<

-- Silver Cyanide (11:56:47/05-23-52)

# Shadow U.

## New Skills, Concentrations, and Specializations

### Social Skills (correction from previous issue)

#### Leadership

*Gang*

#### Interrogation

*Verbal* (interviewing)

*Machine-aided* (lie detectors, etc.)

*Coercive* (torture) (sick, I know, but just the thing for your next cyberpsycho npc who is determined to get that tidbit of info that your players didn't know they had.)

#### Negotiation

*Bargain* (haggling, barter)

*Con* (duping someone; persuading someone to do something they normally wouldn't do)

#### Etiquette

*Media* (Journalists, Rockers, Musicians, Actors, etc.)

*Organized Crime* (Yakuza, Mafia, Seoulpa rings, Tongs, inter-group relations)

*Religions/Cults* (by religion or cult, inter-group relations)

*Tech* (Technicians, Armorers, Mechanics, etc.)

*Military*

*Government*

Military and Government specializations include:

specific branches or departments

inter-branch or department relations

local- or state-level groups

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## The Ice Box

>>>>>[I originally posted a rather extended version of this to the CyberRPG mailing list. This was before I got a hold of VR and realized that a lot of what I had posted was covered in VR. So I changed this a fair bit...]<<<<<<

- Barron <08:14:30/05-11-92>

>>>[Here are two new bits of ice to look out for. They keep on trying to stop us from grabbing their data. Heh.]<<<<  
-- Micromara [09:14:27/05-12-52]

### Purge IC

This White IC is similar to Scramble, but it will instead erase the entire file. This IC was introduced because in the past, deckers have been able to download and analyze the Scramble code and reverse the process.

Purge IC takes two actions to erase a file, and if it's stopped during the first action (Slowed, destroyed, etc) the file could conceivably be recovered, with the help of certain ¥expensive¥ utilities or maybe a real good NPC decker.

Load Rating: 1/2 Rating (round down)

### Demolisher IC

This is another White IC based on Scramble. It is placed in a datastore and covers all the files in the node. When any of the files is read by unauthorized individuals, it scrambles the entire contents of the node. If any files are down loaded with the IC still in place, it works similarly to Scramble, except that if the IC is set off while within the deck, the IC, well, let's just say it thinks of the deck as one big node, and all those files within that node... It starts with the largest file and works its way down. To destroy a file, roll the IC's Rating with a target number equal to the MPCP Rating of the deck. A success indicates that the file or program was scrambled. This is done with each file, stopping only when the program fails a test. It goes without saying that utilities hit cannot be run. It's possible to use a Rebuild utility on stuff hit by Demolisher (unless, of course, your

Rebuild was scrambled...) Demolisher has a construct similar to Scramble (a light coating of something) except that it covers the entire node.

Load Rating: Rating x 1.5

>>>[Here are some nice little utilities to help you out. I got mine from a friend in Seattle. Check the bulletin boards for purveyors if you're interested, but look out for narcs.]<<<<  
-- Micromara [09:17:02/05-12-52]

### M-2097 Mine Detector

Scooped from an obscure military database by an anonymous decker, this one will be a sure friend to the discriminating (and cautious) This is a heavily modified Browse used to detect files or programs that the you really doesn't want to look at. Examples of these would be ones which cause systems alerts, activate IC, attempt traces, infect your deck with a virus, and so on. The target number is up to the GM, and depends on the sophistication of the trap (take a modern virus, for instance. It can range from the really obvious, to self-encrypting and mutating.)

Most versions of this program appear as a crew of military engineers who scrutinize every file with what you'll recognize as mine detection methods. Low rating programs involve some guy crawling around poking a knife into the node in a pattern around him, while more advanced versions consist of a couple guys with a shovel and metal detection rig. (We've also seen a hacked Rating 1 version where some Merc, fingers in ears and eyes shut, stomps ahead with one foot. A detection is real cute...)

**Options:** One-Shot, Link Rating: 1 through 10 (we got the whole series...)

**Size:** Rating<sup>2</sup> Price: same as Sleaze

**Designer:** UCAS Military

### Rebuild

Something hacked together by the Ice Bunny after having *One Of Those Days*. This program can be used to rebuild a scrambled file. The program is large, slow, and unpredictable. Fortunately, the good decker shouldn't need it much, and the bad decker, well, he isn't reading this. That's why most of you'll want the One-Shot version (aside from the size of the thing, that is) We understand that the Bunny is working on something to take care of Purged files, based on this thing.

When the program is running, roll the Rating of the utility, with a target number equal to twice the rating of the Scramble IC that hit the file. At least one success is

necessary to even pull out usable data. Increased successes increase the amount of usable stuff that can be extracted (normally starts at about 50-75%). As well, the program requires a number of rounds equal to the Rating of the Scramble. The success test is made on the last round.

This program manifests as a bunch of cyber-gnomes who surround the file in question, tear it into tiny bits, and start sorting it into bits before rebuilding it. The whole process is reminiscent of a couple hyperactive kids putting together a puzzle.

**Options:** One-Shot Rating: 1 through 10

**Size:** Rating<sup>2</sup> × 4 Mp Price: Same as Evasion

**Designer:** Ice Bunny

## The Black Market

### Portable Vehicle Control Rig (PVCR)

(thanks to Rat Rasta,  
JDELAHUNT@CCNODE.COLORADO.EDU)

An experimental item from Mitsuhamma, the PVCR uses existing autopilot connections and wiring within the vehicle to allow a rigger better control of the vehicle. At this point, the PVCR is unsubtle in it's methods, using it's rating in dice to attack, with the vehicle resisting with it's autopilot rating. Each turn on "conflict" takes three seconds, and when the PVCR wins (which it will), the rating of the effective VCR is the rating of the vehicle's autopilot or the PVCR, whichever is lower.

The Mitsuhamma PVCR allows a rigger to move from vehicle to vehicle without rebuilding each vehicle.

Once the PVCR is removed, however,

the vehicle has no effective autopilot, and every subsequent driver suffers a +2 to driving target numbers.

Mitsuhamma Portable Vehicle Control Rig	
Rating	Cost
1	20,000¥
2	35,000¥
3	55,000¥
4	120,000¥
5	190,000¥
6	260,000¥
7	660,000¥
8	790,000¥
9	999,999¥

>>>[Now, I have to admit to not knowing much about this kind of stuff. I never even talk to the bus driver. But isn't something like this for stealing cars?]<<<

-- Silver Cianide (10:56:05/05-09-52)

## Cyberlimbs

Wordman <ward1@husc.harvard.edu>

The following rules make cyberlimbs a bit more useful than per vanilla Shadowrun, offering some more useful extras. Effort has been made to make sense of the essence costs of various extras. (It makes no sense, for example, that the cyberarm guns in the *Street Samurai Catalog* cost more essence the bigger the gun gets.) I will try to justify essence costs at all times, allowing you to decide if it makes sense for the reasons I give. (I'm always available for discussion).

As some of the things I'm proposing will cost no essence, the cost is usually elevated -- sometimes irrationally so -- for game balance purposes.

### Credit Where Credit is Due

Quite a bit of what follows is from the *Cyberpunk* RPG and it's *Chrome*

supplement. This is mostly a rules conversion to Shadowrun.

As per normal Shadowrun rules, limbs come in two types: natural-looking and obvious cyberlimbs. Normal-looking limbs offer no special extras and the following rules do *not* apply to normal-looking limbs unless otherwise indicated. Every pair of limbs (Cyberhands not included, see below) acts as a level of dermal armor.

I'm using the concept of *Spaces*. Each limb gets a number of *Spaces* for added extras. These *Spaces* should be considered a measure of volume. As this is the first (untested) draft of these rules, some of the *Sizes* of extras (i.e. the number of *Spaces* occupied by them) will probably need some adjusting.

Also, some *Spaces* are different than others. A *Finger Space* is different from a

other *Spaces*. This should become clear later. Note that not all *Spaces* need be filled.

### Cyberarms

Cost a full essence point for either type (a table of essence and monetary costs can be found at the end of this missive). The arm portion (that is, the shoulder to the wrist) of the limb holds 4 Spaces. The hand part of the limb holds either 1 Hand Space *or* 4 Finger Spaces.

>>>[Missive? Who do you think you are, Gary Gygax?]<<<  
-- Jerry Stratton (12:41:27/05-23-92)

### Cyberlegs

Cost a full essence point for either type. The limb as a whole holds 4 Spaces.

### Cyberhands

For those who just want to replace the hand and not the whole arm. These cost 0.5 Essence for either type. [Note that *all* costs and benefits of the cyberarm described above already include the hand]. A hand can hold 1 Hand Space *or* 4 Finger Spaces. Increased strength cannot be installed in a hand, but an obvious cyberhand can easily crush bone. It also has the damage code of a club (Str+1)M2 for punching damage. These last two abilities are shared by a cyberarm as well.

### Spaces (normal non-hand/non-finger spaces)

Built-In device: Space cost up to gamemaster. Devices might include a pocket secretary, TV, radio, bug detector, medkit, stim player, fire-extinguisher, etc.

**Built-In Smartgun Link:** Takes 0.5 Spaces and costs 0.25. This essence cost (half the cost of a normal smartgun link) reflects the hardware that must be installed in the head/eyes.

**Cavity:** A space to put stuff into. Accessible without tools (optional). Space cost is variable, depending on how big the space is. Again, what fits into the cavity is up to the gamemaster.

**Cyberdeck:** Fills number of Spaces

equal to MPCP/3 (round all fractions UP). This Space cost does *not* include storage (but does include memory). Storage must be installed separately -- see Data Store, below -- or externally. The deck can be internally hardwired to a datajack for 0.1 essence. (Note that a datajack is still needed.) Includes output and input ports through the arm, so internal wiring is optional. These decks are at 5 times the Nuyen cost.

**Cyberguns:** Arms only. As per the *Street Samurai Catalog* except for essence cost. All guns cost 0.15 essence for firing controls in the skull (optional). Smart cyberguns exist but are five time normal cost. Guns take up the Spaces based on gun. See the table.

**Data Store:** Takes up Mp/1000 Spaces (keep fractions). Not compatible with headware memory; accessible only by external cable. Can be hardwired internally to an internal cyberdeck.

**Increased Strength:** The same as the normal Shadowrun rules. Each level takes up 0.25 Spaces.

**Spur:** Arms only. Takes 1 Space. No essence cost.

**Whip:** Monofilament or otherwise. A retractable whip. 1.5 Spaces. 0.15 essence for controls in the head (optional).

**Wired Reflexes:** If the organic body had (or has) a Vehicle Control Rig or wired or boosted reflexes implanted, they reflexes must be installed on the cyberlimb to get normal use. This hardware takes 0.5 Spaces regardless of the type or level of reflex enhancement, but the Nuyen cost is included in the cost of the reflexes.

### Hand Spaces (all cost 1 Hand Space)

Finger razors: Standard razors, retractable or otherwise. No essence cost.

**Flash Pack:** Flashes out of palm or from back of hand. Standard flash pack, but directional.

**Maglock Passkey:** Highly illegal. Magcard flips from back of hand. Can be detected externally, with some difficulty (Concealability: 16).

**Microtronics Kit:** A full microtronics tool kit contained within all the fingers of the hand.

**Taser:** Works as a shock glove, but punching damage is unchanged.

**Finger Spaces** (all cost 1 Finger Space unless otherwise noted)

**Credstick:** Full credstick, any type. Obviously not a finger. Non-jointed.

**Cutters:** Takes two Finger Spaces (one blade on each of two fingers). Work as heavy-duty scissors/wirecutters. Stabbing damage in melee is (Str/3)L2.

**Dartgun:** Fires single compressed air

dart. Range as Hold-out. Can fire as Narcojet or taser darts. Reloading is complex and takes 1 min.

**Finger Compartment:** As in the Shadowrun rules, but no essence cost.

**Injector:** Chemical injector which pierces the skin and deliver a toxin. 2 doses. A touch is required for effect, resisted by impact armor. Any fluid can be injected: Narcojet, Fugu-5, curare, acid, etc.

**Light:** Flashlight. Narrow beam to 30m.

**Lockpick:** Effective against mechanical locks only.

**Sprayer:** Chemical sprayer. 2 doses. 2 meter effective range. Any gaseous chemical is usable: Mace, Neuro-Stun VIII, VITAS-3, etc.

## Cyberlimb Cost Table

Item	Essence Cost	Spaces Cost	Nuyen Cost
Limb Replacement	1.0		50,000¥
Cyber Limb	1.0		100,000¥
Hand Replacement	0.5		40,000¥
Cyber Hand	0.5		75,000¥
Increased Strength	-	L*.25	+(L*150,000¥)
Built-in Smartgun Link	0.25	0.5	2,500¥
Built-in Device	-	variable	4*cost
Cavity	-	variable	100¥
Cyberdeck	(0.1)	MPCP/3	5*cost
Cyberguns (damage/ ammo)	(0.15)		
Hold-Out (3L1/12)		0.5	250¥
Light Pistol (3M2/10)		1.0	650¥
Machine Pistol (3M2/10)		1.5	900¥
Heavy Pistol (4M2/6)		2.0	800¥
Submachine gun (4M3/8)		2.5	1,800¥
Shotgun (3M3/4)		3.0	1,200¥
Data Store	-	Mp/1000	Mp*100¥
Spur	-	1.0	11,500¥
Whip	(0.15)	1.5	by weapon
Normal whip			5,000¥
Monofilament whip			15,000¥
Wired Reflexes	-	0.5	0¥
Finger razors	-	1H	9,000¥
Flash Pack	-	1H	1,500¥
Maglock Passkey	-	1H	100,000¥+
Microtronics Kit	-	1H	9,000¥
Taser	-	1H	4,500¥
Credstick	-	1F	5,000¥
Cutters	-	2F	2,000¥
Dartgun	-	1F	10,000¥
Narcojet dart			1,000¥
Normal dart (2L2)			100¥
Taser dart			500¥
Finger Compartment	-	1F	3,000¥
Injector	-	1F	30,000¥
Light	-	1F	1,000¥
Lockpick	-	1F	(rating*1,000¥)
Sprayer	-	1F	25,000¥

# Silent Death

How not to wake up the corp guard three doors down...

## Bullet Noise

A supersonic bullet sounds like a cracking whip. One which cracks from leaving the muzzle until it goes subsonic, which might not be until it is inside the target. Subsonic bullets make a sound like a whip that is NOT cracking. You can hear them both. The sound is NOT deafening. We are talking about shooting without anybody knowing.

## Muzzle Noise

Gasses expanding at Supersonic velocity sound roughly like a gunshot. Funny thing, that. Most of the sound is from the muzzle gasses expanding. The point of using subsonic ammunition (or faking it with a drilled barrel) is that if you want to be silent, do it right. Not too much benefit in quieting the muzzle noise in the quiet of the night just to follow it with the cracking of 30 whips from 30 shots... Either somebody really kinky is having lots of fun, or a firefight is going on.

## Bullet tumble

Stand a top up and let go. It falls over. Take a top. Stand it up and spin it and let go. It stays up for a while. Then it falls over. Spin a top *real fast* and it stays up longer. Slap a spinning top and it bounces around more than a slapped non-spinning top. A slapped fast-spinning top dances more wildly than a slow spinning top. Take a spinning bullet and fire it through air and its accuracy improves over a non-spinning bullet. This is akin to a spinning top standing up longer than a non-spinning top. Take a spinning bullet and fire it through a target of varying densities and toughness (like a human body) and like a slapped top it will bounce around.

Try the trick with the top. Spin the bullet *real fast* and fire it through a target of varying densities and toughness and it will bounce around wildly and tumble

and dance. This is why rapidly spinning bullets tumble more wildly than slow spinning bullets. It is the energy expressed in rotation around one axis being changed into energy expressed in spinning around more than one axis... if a bullet spins around more than one axis it is tumbling. Lighter bullets will tumble more easily than heavy spinning bullets because... angular momentum... the top "resists" having it's axes of rotation changed. This is "gyroscopic force".

Take a heavy top and spin it slowly. Take a light top and spin it much faster so it has the same rotation energy. Slap them both the same. The lighter, faster rotating top bounces and dances more, in response to the same slap, than the heavy top. This is why the 7 mm magnum is the spear and the 5.56 (M-16) tumbles like the blade of a rototiller, as I said in the previous post. In these examples, the slap to the bullet is hitting skin and organ and fibrous connective tissue and muscle and bone in the target body.

Somebody posted that some Doctor had proved that all bullets tumble the same amount, leaving the average mind to conclude that this is without regard to the bullet velocity, rate of spin, bullet weight or shape, or the target type.

Either the quote was careless or the Doctor got his degree from a Crackerjacks box. I prefer to presume the latter. A cannon shell won't tumble from hitting me. An M-16 bullet will tumble more times going crotch-to-shoulder (which may occasion it exiting my body through the left knee) than going through my arm. Some slugs on some trajectories *will* make the one tumble the Doctor said they would, but for *every* slug, for *every* hit, to make one tumble, requires more smarts than a bullet has. (Unless it is a Cyberslug, which sounds like something that, when stepped on, will slime you right quick.)

## Silencers and Bullet Speed

We have concluded that the "washer" type silencer does not slow the bullet down. Hooray for consensus.

We have had it explained that the drilled barrel type DOES slow it down. Truth is, all barrels exert friction on the passing bullet, whether drilled or not, because the bullet is squeezed in the barrel... if it were not so the gas would escape *past the bullet* which would damage the gun badly and ruin accuracy besides.

While the number and size and placement of holes *can* be done so that the *highest* velocity is *not* at the muzzle, the only object of drilling the barrel is to prevent supersonic muzzle gas... the bullet is supposed to be accelerating *positive* (getting faster) all the way to the end of the barrel. Drilling so many, or so big, or placed so that the bullet is slowed down by friction while inside the barrel sounds like some designer didn't do his math right, or was being *really* cautious about preventing supersonic gas at the muzzle. Combining the drilled barrel and the washer-type (which *can* sustain continuous fire if built right) sounds like a much more deadly combo.

## Washer Silencers

This is a can full of washers & springs.

The end of the barrel is threaded on the *inside*. The silencer screws into the end of the barrel. The washers are spaced apart with springs. The springs and washers may be coated to reduce rattling noise from the gas slamming them around. The outer casing of the silencer is perforated. It may also be multiple layers. The washers may also be perforated. The machining does *not* need to be super-critical... the 9 mm bullet passes through a 10 mm hole in the center of a 20 mm washer. *Most* gas immediately hits the washer and diffuses through the perforations on the side of the can. What gas passes with the bullet through the 10 mm hole repeats this at the next washer.

It all gas goes subsonic before exiting the can (either at the perforations on the side or at the muzzle perforation) the muzzle noise has been suppressed. Gas quantity and pressure at the muzzle are the determining factors of how many washers of what size are required and what precision is required in the machining to achieve noise suppression. Note my choice of 9 mm, 10 mm, and 20 mm are arbitrary ones. Exact models will vary and you can (illegally in US) make your own.

>>>[The author asked me to append the following notes as well:]<<<

-- Silver Cianide (01:02:17/5-8-52)

Attribution not required, either... which is partly because I'm humble, partly because these books are read by the FBI and other unpleasant people, and partly (please note this to the readers) because the only silenced weapon I've handled is one silenced by the removal of the firing pin. The rest of the information is second hand, and some of it may be reliable.

>>>[Boy, it sure sounds like you've handled more...]<<<

-- Silver Cianide (01:02:37/5-8-52)

Remember the allegation recently on the net... that the Anarchists' Handbook had deliberate disinformation that could truly hurt the trusting reader. I don't know a specific point to tell.

>>>[It's a problem. We can't always verify the information we get. Here's a warning to *everybody* reading this: don't trust it unless you can verify it. Anyone can take an electronic copy of this and insert different information. Neo-Anarchists do not believe in Public Key Cryptography. Openness is the key to the future.]<<<

-- Silver Cianide (01-01-56/05-08-52)

You might also point out that the best political affiliation that the budding or hardcore anarchist might acquire is a membership in the NRA. Being an anarchist without an effective right to keep and bear arms reduces the status of

the anarchist to that of a school grader  
who won't play the regulated games...  
impotent.

## Dead Zones redux

Jerry Stratton, jerry@teetot.acusd.edu

There've been a few questions about the game mechanics behind dead zones. In our game, we use dead zones as flavor. Our game master decided to use dead zones after seeing them in a series I wrote for the ADND-L game list (*Men Not Afraid*). So, the mechanics presented here are not necessarily used by us. But they could be. This is the way dead zones act in my fiction, modified for a Shadowrun world. Change it as you see fit.

### What is a Dead Zone?

A dead zone is a place where technology doesn't work. See the earlier article in the *First Annual Neo-Anarchists' Guide to Everything Else*. What technologies don't work? Powder and most other explosives don't explode. Electricity doesn't flow. Nuclear radiation doesn't radiate. Drugs don't react with the brain in the same way as outside of a zone. On the surface, things look the same. Fire still burns. Light still illuminates. Water still boils. Gasoline burns (although spark plugs don't spark, and who uses internal combustion anymore, anyway?)

Gears, springs, pulleys, and ropes work, but there's evidence that even these will have different effects. One group noted that ropes seemed much stronger inside a zone, as if the  $r^2$  law were no longer in effect. It seems possible that mass due to acceleration increases linearly with distance from the center, rather than with the square of the distance.

>>>[That bit of confusion is from physics. When you swing a rope around, anything tied on it's end is going to feel heavier. How much heavier is proportional to the square of the length of the rope. The same thing occurs when you climb a rope, since the rope always swings to the side, if only a bit.]<<<

-- Physics Phred (12:35:32/05-08-52)

Basically, *everything that makes technology what it is, doesn't work.*

>>>[There are some strange things that work differently. There's an old parlor trick from way back, where you take a toothpick, a fork, and a spoon. Attach the spoon to the fork by inserting the bowl of the spoon between the tines of the fork. Insert the toothpick partially between the tines of the fork. Now, rest the *other* end of the toothpick on your finger. In a dead zone, that's impossible. The spoon and fork pull the toothpick down every time. Outside of a dead zone, you *can* balance it. Many Elven scholars use this to point to the basic flaw in science. How can something be balanced if all the weight is on one end?]<<<

-- Dr. Jerold Stratton [07:48:49/03-28-92]

>>>[Drugs *do* work differently in the zones. It used to be thought that the use of drugs in pre-awakening shamanistic rituals was an attempt to simulate assensing. But I can guarantee you that peyote is a completely different thing inside a zone than it is outside. Outside, it's a trip. Inside, it's a journey.]<<<

-- Fire Mountain [07:51:52/03-28-92]

Both gravity and magnetism, or some analogy to them, *do* work. People don't float away from the earth when they're in a dead zone, and a few natural compasses continue to point north. Most compasses don't work. It seems that they must be created in a 'natural' way for them to work. Lodestones always work. And while electrical current doesn't exist in a zone, there is some analog to electricity: lightning still strikes in thunderstorms.

>>>[Technically, I don't see much difference between relativistic gravity and naturalistic gravity anyway. Both basically state that things fall because 'top' and 'bottom' exist. And we've yet to fully understand magnetism. However, magnetic north does not fluctuate inside a zone, whereas it can outside a zone. This indicates that lodestones are not pointing in the direction of the earth's magnetic lines of force, since these meander all over the place, but are pointing towards some naturalistic north.

And lightning? Well, according to the Greeks, lightning is a form of the element of fire. Incidentally, a very good instrument (so I've been told) for telling whether or not you're in a dead zone is one of those sealed flasks with metal leaves inside, (Leyden Jars, I believe) used in high schools. Take a rubber rod, give it a charge, and touch it to the metal ball on top of the flask. In the 'real' world, this causes the leaves to swing apart. In a zone, this does nothing at all.]<<<  
-- Dr. Jerold Stratton [22:27:40/03-29-92]

Dead zones range in size from a few meters to a few kilometers. The largest known dead zone is 15 miles wide, in the area known as the Bermuda Triangle. And it's been known to grow to twice its size on clear nights of the full moon. Dead zones grow and shrink with the lunar cycle, but this depends on solar interference, cloud cover, and planetary forces. People in our Shadowrun game haven't figured it out yet, and it'll probably take a while. The lunar influence has been noted, but it's not exact, so not everyone believes it.

There are no known dead zones within a living city. In fact, most (if not all) seem to occur in the areas that were the least touched by man before the awakening. There are those who claim that dead zones are a healing attempt by the Earth. These are the same people who believe that dead zones will eventually grow and engulf the entire world.

Dead zones are spherical, and centered on the surface of the earth. In the ocean, they are centered on the underwater land surface.

## What are the Effects of a Dead Zone on Society?

Early in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, trains were already coming back as a form of shipping. Because the rails were never redesigned, the rails that were built (and restored) are still compatible with the steam engine. And the steam engine works in a dead zone -- fire burns, water boils, and pressure turns pistons. So, there are a few steam engines in the midwest. In the relatively large dead zone in the northern part of the Indian nations, normal trains debark and their engines replaced by a number of steam engines, which pull the load across the zone. On the other end, different diesels take over, and the steam engines pull another train the other way.

Except for the Bermuda Triangle dead zone, most dead zones are not large enough to cause major problems with air transportation. Dead zones are spherical. Even a six-mile wide dead zone only extends three miles high, and that only at the exact center. Since most dead zones occur in unpopulated areas and jets are usually quite high, they don't intersect with the zone.

>>>[Incidentally, there's a small body of evidence that says the Bermuda Triangle dead zone existed *before* the awakening.<<<]  
-- Smilin' Sam [07:34:41/04-10-92]

Underwater travel has perhaps been most affected. Submarines send out radar soundings. If the radar doesn't return, they'll skirt that area.

>>>[In fact, this may be the origin of the term 'dead zone.' When radar enters a dead zone, it doesn't come back, leaving a dead area on the radar screen.]<<<  
-- Silas Jack [08:08:17/03-28-92]

Stanley Steamers, a steam automobile from the early twentieth century, are popular automobiles among those few who live near zones. Surprisingly, these automobiles can reach speeds in excess of 50 miles per hour.

### Who Uses Dead Zones?

Nobody really uses a dead zone. Enchanting materials taken from a dead zone are guaranteed to be unhindered by the deadening effects of having been worked. But even the most solitary mages haven't quite learned to live without portable radios, computerized libraries, microwaves, and digital watches. I mean, a Rating 6 Conjuring Library weighs 300 pounds! Combine that with a Rating 6 Enchanting Library, a Rating 6 Sorcery Library, and whatever else you might need (Geology Library? Biology Library?) Of course, if you're hiding from a mundane, a dead zone is a great place to do it.

### What Cyberware Doesn't Work?

Any electronically-augmented or chip-augmented cyberware will completely fail in a zone. This includes just about everything. *Some* cyber-spur implementations -- those that use muscle-position to spring a mechanical lock -- will still extend in a zone. Boosted reflexes continue to work, although some correspondents have reported strange, shamanic sensations, possible due to the unnatural drugs that are boosted reflexes. Wired reflexes do not work, usually leaving the user a quivering mass.

### Firearms

Firearms do not work, although gunpowder still burns. On the fringes of a zone, firearms may explode if used, causing damage equal to the damage of the weapon, The wound level, power, and staging are reduced by 1 (but not below light or 1). And yes, an explosion in a firearm may set off the rest of the

bullets. In this case, treat it as autofire, equal to half the number of shots exploding.

There have been some reports that, in the center of very large zones, when they've waxed to their largest, gunpowder doesn't even burn. This has yet to be confirmed.

### ***Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap?***

No job too small, no fee too large!  
Need a reference? Need information?

Call *Dirty Dan* the *Fixit Man*.

What you want, baby I got!  
if you're in too deep, let Dirty Dan fix it!

LTG# 7-1-DIRTY-DAN

**Seattle Area Only.**

Void where prohibited by law. Heh.

# Roper

Safehouses in Seattle  
by LLWardIII

## Angle

If you need a meeting room, safe-house, decking haven, or any other short-term real estate, Roper is your man.

Roper owns or has access to apartments of every kind in every district in Seattle, as well as a few warehouses and at least one house.

All are available (for a fee, of course) on a per day basis; occasionally, one can negotiate an hourly fee instead. All rooms are guaranteed to be free from bugs and other surveillance, but under NO circumstances will Roper provide security.

Matrix access is available from almost every location, but a large deposit is requested for activation. This deposit is forfeit if the SAN number of the location is compromised.

## Style

Roper is not cheap, but he is reliable. No one has ever reported a double-cross.

>>>[Rumor has it the runner team called the Advocate once tested his integrity by, after having some members rent a place, offering ten times as much cash to reveal their whereabouts. He refused.]<<<

-- Wordman (11:32:05/04-22-52)

The bug-free guarantee has *never* been found to be false.

A deposit is required for all rentals, in addition to the Matrix deposit if there is one and the per day rental fee. Damage to the location or is deducted from the deposit, and compromising the location results in a forfeit of the deposit. Deposits are usually about ten times the normal rental price of the real-estate for each day. (Thus to rent a medium middle class apartment (600Y per month normally) for 3 days, a deposit of 24,000Y is required (10\*600Y\*4days).)

Roper, of course, maintains a blind eye on any illegal activity carried out from or

in the rented space. However, sloppy crimes usually result in higher fees next time, or perhaps no next time at all.

Roper is very quick to keep part of the deposit for very minor damage or problems. Additionally, Roper doesn't usually own a single location for more than six months. He has pseudonyms on about every apartment waiting list in Seattle.

## Clientele

Not being one to discriminate, Roper serves just about anyone who can pay, although he has been known to refuse service to groups based on bad rep. He also has refused service to a group composed *entirely* of Orks at least twice.

About 80% of Roper's leases are to corporates. Organized crime usually has its own locations, but has used Roper occasionally.

## Employees/Resources

Roper employs a stable of deckers to keep his locations invisible. If a party requests Matrix access, Roper usually sends one of his own deckers (either up front or covertly) to maintain the security of the SAN. Upcoming deckers vie for a job with Roper, as it is a fairly easy job most of the time, allows time to train, and gives access to great equipment, including a microtronics shop and three Fairlight Excaliburs.

## Area of Operation

As stated earlier, Roper owns locations all over Seattle, but he usually does business downtown. He is known to frequent the *Gray Line* and the *Edge*.

## Description

Roper is short for a human and is not very imposing. He usually allows his clients to dictate the pace of a meeting,

but he decides on the location. He will not hesitate to retain any or all of a deposit if he feels he has been slighted. He realizes that his real-estate is in high demand, and is unwilling to jeopardize his cartel by betraying clients. He sees to it that no one compromises him, but he

never interferes with or intrudes on a client.

Roper is a semi-successful oil painter under the name Samantha Tarrow. He is also a Neo-Anarchist.

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## Grey's

Anatomy of a Seattle Bar  
by LLWardIII

### Angle

Contrary to popular belief, the name of this bar does not refer to its owner, or any other person named Grey. In fact, there is no Grey working at or associated with the bar. Instead the name is supposed to convey the message "colors mean nothing here."

Grey's was started by three gang-members-turned-Shadowrunners as a neutral ground for the gangs of Redmond. The driving idealism of the bar is that the interaction of gang members will help cut down on violent acts between gangs.

Although there were some problems initially, Grey's has become accepted by most of the gangs in Redmond. The three founders have shown to be more than a match for earlier opposition, and gangs that don't frequent Grey's leave it alone.

### Style

The first thing noticed about Grey's is that there are no places to park. Vehicles that have been left in front of Grey's (against the advice of signs saying no parking) are moved or destroyed by Grey's employees. By now most patrons know to avoid parking near Grey's.

Grey's takes a somewhat novel approach to weaponry: if you are found clean by a weapon scanner, you get 30% off your bill. This system works for two reasons 1) gangs like to save money, and 2) in past instances, as soon as someone

drew a weapon (gun, knife, broken bottle, anything) within the confines of the bar, he was immediately killed by Grey's employees. There are signs to this affect posted in the entry way (for legal reasons). By now most patrons know to avoid bringing weapons into Grey's.

Grey's employees come down hard on brawlers as well (but generally let them live). If possible, this is done from a distance with stun magic from Erik (see below). By now... (you get the idea).

In spite of that, Grey's can still get pretty wild. Grey's employees have no objections to patrons dancing naked on tables or more carnal activity on the dance floor (although in such cases, Erik usually astrally confirms that the involved parties are doing so voluntarily.) Grey's turns a blind eye to drug use [which will NOT go away by 2050] but asks patrons actively using chips in the bar to stop or to leave (BTL fantasies usually don't involve purchasing Grey's alcohol.) Grey's is NOT known for checking age very carefully.

>>>[Actually, my son says Grey's is known for not checking age very carefully. A minor semantic distinction, but he says it's an important one.]<<<<  
-- Silver Cyanide (13:24:36/05-23-52)

The public portion of Grey's is divided into two sections. First reached from the entrance is the main bar room. It contains many tables, more private booths and the

bar itself. A wall insulates the room from most of the volume generated by the second half of the room, the dance floor. An archway leads into the dance floor room. It contains a standard recessed dance floor -- surrounded by elevated booths and tables -- and a stage.

The booths overlooking the dance floor are open to all, but those in the main bar room are usable only by those who pay for them (the tables in the main bar room are free, however). Additionally, Grey's has two small private rooms a dressing room.

### Clientele

While the founders of Grey's use the bar to stop violence, Grey's patrons have different ideas. Apart from relatively safe entertainment, Grey's provides a perfect venue for deals and alliance agreements. (Most notably the temporary alliance of Redmond's big four to annihilate Xenon, a group who was interfering in all of their business seemingly at random.)

Grey's also serves as a place for smaller gangs to posture themselves and show what they got. This has the effect of also showing what they have worth taking, but that's gang life. Elven women (especially those from rival gangs) seem to be the Thing Worth Fighting Over this month. A gang member surrounded by female elves (or enslaving female elves) has Status. That's also gang life.

Grey's has also made possible the Cranes, a small gang bent not on gaining territory of drug markets, but on acquiring information. No one knows if this group has a headquarters, for they are only seen at Grey's. Members always wear masks (not unusual for Grey's) and a white crane sick pin. While they are still up and coming, they fill a welcome niche at Grey's.

There are almost no non-gang (or ex-gang) people to be found at Grey's, including the employees. Organized crime is not welcome, which has caused some problems in the past. The Yakuza is rapidly learning the lesson the gangs did

in the early days: interference in the operation of Grey's will not be tolerated. The owners have quite a bit of power — in terms of both influence and physical/magical strength — and at this time generally have support of a few gangs who don't like the Yakuza interfering with their territory. However, Grey's is careful not to take an offensive stance against the Yak, figuring that a "don't mess with us, we don't mess with you" strategy is more financially sound.

### Employees

Employees of Grey's, of both sexes (65% female) and all races, wear gray suits (complete with gray shirt, gray tie, etc.). Most are usually gang members or ex-gang members, so can usually handle themselves. All have been trained to some degree by Thane (see below). Most employees serve drinks, but each night a half dozen are exempted from serving drinks to provide wandering security (which half dozen are chosen is determined by a rotating schedule.)

In addition, five men and three women have been highly trained by Thane and serve as security every night. It is these people that usually deal with troublemakers (see above). Naturally, if a serious problem emerges, all employees are expected to do their part.

The door is guarded by one of Thane's well trained cadre and two bouncers: Bob, a big troll, and Mucus, an even bigger Orc. If prospective customers pass through two weapon detection systems (ratings 5 and 7, in that order) they are given some sort of token indicating so (it changes nightly). They are not required to wear it. If they present it with their bill, they receive 30% off. Weapons are not taken from those who have them (but see above).

There are four bartenders, three on duty at any given time: April, a rather plain elf; Wax, a handsome human with gold eyes; a middle-aged (although still in good shape) human man named Juan; and Karen, a surprisingly attractive Orc

woman (if that's possible).

>>>[My, my. Showing our true colors?]<<<  
-- Brian Qen-Xin (04:32:11/05-23-52)

The owners of Grey's were all part of a very successful Shadowrunning team (so successful that most people have never heard of them). All grew up in gangs in Redmond, but severed their gang affiliations long ago.

Thane started as a Warrior in the now defunct Priests. His Orkish strength and high intelligence made him very successful. Thane is fast (very fast), calm and deadly. His success as a runner allowed him to install some high quality cyberware. He is of two minds regarding violence: he would much rather see violence never occur, but when it does, it should be handled immediately with excessive force.

Erik is a mage of considerable ability. It is he who usually demolishes vehicles who park in front of Grey's. He was given a full ride scholarship to Seattle University. He became the first dwarf to receive a Masters in Magical Theory and Arts at the top of his class.

Mithral is a telepathic telekinetic. (Actually, she is a sorcery adept, but she doesn't know that.) Her considerable abilities have helped to overcome some legal problems in the past. Mithral handles most of the financial aspects of the Grey's operation.

>>>[Remember that, just because the title of this is the 'on-line grimoire,' that doesn't mean that all these spells are necessarily on-line. Referees can outlaw some spells, make some spells private -- owned by an individual who hasn't given out the spell theory, make some spells lost -- hidden in some tomb somewhere, waiting to be found by the intrepid shadowrunner/archaeologists, etc.

Referees can change any part of these spells. Remember, this is an electronic copy. All you've got to do to change things is open it up with your word processor (text editor for the text version) and edit away to your heart's content. You *must* decide what kind of things you want mages to do in your campaign. For example, in Keith's spells, I absolutely *love* the idea of the mageswords. But I think that Flight should require the use of the appropriate spirit. If that means that some shamans can't fly, well, so be it. (Of course, since I'm only playing, not running a game, I have very little say about anything, so feel free to ignore me!)

Also, remember that spells can be made permanent in a variety of ways.]<<<  
 -- Jerry [08:11:00/05-16-92]

**Anti-Blade Barrier** Manipulation (Transform)  
*Jonathon K. Henry*

Anti-Blade Barrier	S2	Physical	Sustained
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This spell is similar to the already existing theories of Anti-Bullet Barrier and Physical Barrier. The target for the spell is 6. The number of the success counts as armor against such attacks as bladed weapons (including weapon foci swords, Bladed variations of shuriken, and common house knives); serrated edges (including sharp rocks, broken glass, and circular saws); bladed arrowheads (including the *Precision Arrows* found in the *Street Samurai's Catalog*, but not the blunt, or stunner, arrows); and grenade-like shrapnel (including shrapnel grenades and showering glass fragmentation, but not standard shotgun shells).

**Biophysical Armor** Manipulation (Transform)  
*Jonathon K. Henry*

Biophysical Armor	M3	Mana	Sustained
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This spell is essentially an armor spell that protects the body from influences that interfere with its natural rhythms. The spell assists deckers/runners in the matrix against damage from Black IC/Personas. It also assists against such attacks as electrical shock (stun batons, shock sticks) and vertigo (such as

ultrasonic induction). It doesn't aid in normal combat related situations so no, the spell cannot be used in conjunction with the standard armor spell in melee/firearms related combat.

The spell does not aid against the effects of aging in any way. It does help the subject fight off the effects of Poisons, Pathogens, Toxins, and related substances (even against the reactant of a "Stonebiter" Bat). It also gives its dice to the recipient to resist the effects of Health spells.

**Enhance Willpower** Manipulation (Transform)  
*Jonathon K. Henry*

Enhance Willpower	D3	Mana	Sustained
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This spell gives defense dice vs. attacks similar to those the *Mental Armor* spell aids against. It also directly strengthens the psyche, allowing the subject to resist the effects of drain more readily. It doesn't directly change the willpower attribute. It enhances the recipient's ability to deal with the varying energies of Astral Space. The spell also does not enhance the ability to resist its own drain.

**Flame Shield**

Manipulation (Transform)

*Jonathon K. Henry*

Flame Shield	S2	Physical	Sustained
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This spell is similar to the existing spells *Anti-Spell Barrier* and *Personal Physical Barrier*. The spell gives successes equal to its success level against fire-based attacks of all sorts. This includes Flame Projection, Firebolt, Hellblast, Flame Volt, Flame Bomb, and other flame spells and powers. It does not protect against the Ignite spell. It also does not afford complete protection against heat in a pure form. Against heat and heat-related attacks, the spell functions as an Armor spell (lava flows, light-based lasers, etc.).

**Flight**

Manipulation (Telekinetic)

*Jonathon K. Henry*

Flight	M1	Mana	Sustained
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The target number for the spell is a 3 (Natural Objects). The number of total successes that are accrued help to define the "flight pool" of the user of the spell. Only voluntary living subjects can be affected by this spell.

The speed that can carry its recipient is equal to the dice allocated from the "flight pool." 'Running' speeds utilize a modifier equal to the force of the spell. The control of the flight (turning, any maneuvering, etc.) is equivalent to the remaining dice of the "flight pool."

For example, Jeremie gets 15 success with this spell, which he has at a Force of 5. His top speed is 75 meters per turn, though he would be moving in a straight line, with no ability to turn. In that example, he had all his "flight pool" dice allocated to speed. If he were moving at a speed of 0, that is no dice allocated to speed, he could effectively hover in place and gain 15 dice to "in-place" maneuvering (dodging and the like). Note that any alteration in speed allocation, results in appropriate change to the "maneuvering" ability of the user.

>>>[15 successes? What, he rolled 20 dice? Remind me not to mess with Jeremie.]<<<  
-- Jerry (09:03:33/05-16-92)

Or, Jeremie can allocate 7 dice to speed, leaving him with 8 dice for maneuvering.

Faster speeds usually require the use of *Oxygenate*. This spell also allows for movement through water, as the previous version did not, though the movement modifier for faster speeds cannot exceed a 3, regardless of spell force.

**Foresight**

Detection

*Scott Crain - Jonathon K. Henry*

Foresight	D2	Mana	Sustained
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Similar to the already existing *Combat Sense* and *Personal Combat Sense* theories, this spell allows for a limited precognitive view of the area around the spell's user. The successes for this spell directly enhance the Dodge and/or Defense pools of the user, as the spell gives some indirect insight into "where he should or should not be at the time" and "what to do to stop this action."

The area of "detection" is standard for detection spells. Due to the extra level of stress placed upon the caster (time is something more difficult to handle), the target number is a 5 instead of 4. The spell can be placed upon another individual, but this further alters the target number to a 6.

**Increase Matrix Reaction**

Health

*Jonathon K. Henry*

Inc Matrix Reaction+1	L3	Mana	Sustained
Inc Matrix Reaction+2	M3	Mana	Sustained
Inc Matrix Reaction+3	S3	Mana	Sustained
Inc Matrix Reaction+4	D3	Mana	Sustained

This spell is essentially a variation on *Increase Cyber Reaction* spells. The spell will work in conjunction with Wired/Boosted Reflexes (when going naked into the matrix) and Increase Response systems on Cyberdecks. It will not work in conjunction with *Increase*

*Cyber Reaction* (which don't work in Matrix Interfacing). It will not work in conjunction with *Increase Reaction* spells of other forms, as they are not designed to work with the mind and its fuller faculties in simsense realities.

The spell will aid the decker / runner if they are attempting to *cut and run* from attacking IC. Treat the spell as if it were an *Increase Willpower* spell, for purposes of dice mechanics. If for some reason the decker / runner already has an Increase Willpower spell in effect on his / her person, the *Increase Matrix Reaction* spell takes precedence, even if it is a lower level of increase.

The spell functions in all other ways as any other Increase Reaction spell does, adding a number of dice to the initiative, as well as a +2 to the reaction attribute of the user per level of increase. Many GM's might not allow the spell to interact with Cyberdecks of any sort, but might allow the spell to work when running naked in the matrix.

<b>Magesword</b>	Manipulation (Transform)
	<i>Jonathan K. Henry</i>
Magesword	S2 Mana Sustained

This spell creates a blade of energy equal in length to the caster's willpower attribute in feet. If the length is equal to 4 feet or more, it has a +1 reach. Spells that assist the Willpower attribute *do not* increase the length of the blade.

The target number for this spell is a 5 instead of 6. The number of successes is the rating for skill level and strength. The targeted individual uses willpower to resist damage. Impact armor does not assist. Neither do most artificial shields, walls, etc., though they are not themselves damaged. ("What do you mean he died? His clothes aren't ripped up or hurt, there isn't a mark I see on him.") Anti-Spell barriers function as Impact armor would, reducing the successes of the attack damage. Mana Barriers function as an Armor spell

would, that is adding more dice equal to the barrier rating to the resistance test. Physical Barrier and Anti-Bullet Barrier do not assist. Dermal Armor (Bodyware section of Cyberwear) does assist.

The damage done by the attack is (success rating)M2. Reach modifiers are mentioned earlier. Shape of the "sword" doesn't seem to matter in the case of damage for this case (sorry, no (SR)M3 Mage Katanas). The magician controlling this spell can deflect Weapon Foci being used by another (whether or not they are bonded to the user). The magician can also attack Astral beings/entities with this weapon (as long as they can see them). The "sword" created by this spell does not have to glow or be visible to the physical world. Fully capable magicians usually have their "sword" non-visible and use their perception talents at the same time. Sorcerer Adepts are not that lucky. Their swords are usually visible to the naked eye.

<b>Magesword II</b>	Manipulation (Transform)
	<i>Jonathan K. Henry</i>
Magesword II	S3 Physical Sustained

This spell is essentially the same as the above mentioned Magesword, except that the sword is completely physical. The sword cannot pass through non-living objects like the mana version. Impact armor is fully effective as are Physical Barrier spells. The Anti-Bullet Barrier is still ineffectual against it.

The sword can hit non-living objects. This allows it to be used against doors, cars, etc. It can still be used to defend against Weapon Foci. The sword cannot hit purely Astral beings/entities. If a creature/spirit is manifest, it can be used to attack them. The power of *Immunity to Normal Weapons* does *not* aid the subject from attacks by this "weapon."

The damage by the weapon is (success rating)M2. Reach modifiers are as for the mana version. If a variation of this spell is researched where the blade is a "katana"

form, then the damage does go to M3.

>>>[Won't the drain go up, as well?]<<<  
-- Silver Cianide (08:46:40/05-16-52)

The sword is visible at all times, and sheds a minor amount of light (about equivalent to a standard firefly).

>>>[A pretty huge firefly, I'd guess. An awakened firefly, maybe?]<<<  
-- Silver Cianide (08:47:38/05-16-52)

### Notes on the Magesword Spells

The sword must remain within line of sight of the caster at all times. Mirrors and/or Binoculars can assist as long as the spell doesn't go beyond a range equal to the magicians magic rating times the success rating of the spell in meters.

The "movement" speed of the spell is equivalent to its success rating with "running" modifiers being equivalent to the spell's force.

The mana version can be cast from the Astral Plane and utilized into the physical world if the caster also is Manifesting. The physical version of the spell cannot be cast from the Astral.

The Initiate Talent of *Shielding* is of great benefit to the defender of both versions. It raises both the target to hit and gives extra dice to resist the damage with.

### Quickening and Locking Mageswords

If the caster wishes to maintain self-control over the spell, the functions remain the same in all ways.

If the caster wishes to make the sword usable to someone else the "sword" becomes "self sustaining" and does not keep any of its self motivation ability. It is thus considered an object that is to be "wielded" by an individual. Any living creature may utilize the mana version of the spell. They do not need to be able to see it, though perception of the weapon's dimensions does help (target numbers go

up by 1 otherwise). The damage the weapon does becomes standard for melee combat (Str)M2, with any appropriate reach modifiers. The target resists damage according to the version used. An additional point of Karma is required to make the sword "permanent" in this fashion. This includes Spell Locks, which usually become the handle of the weapon. (Hey look, he's got himself a Lightsabre!)

>>>[I suspect the sword retains an astral link to it's creator, just like normal Quickened/Locked spells, right?]<<<  
-- Myra (08:57:21/05-16-52)

### Mental Armor

Manipulation (Transform)

Jonathon K. Henry

Mental Armor	M3	Mana	Sustained
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This spell is similar to the *Armor* spell. The target is the subject's willpower, with successes treated as additional dice for purposes of resisting any form of attack against the psyche. This includes Mana-form combat spells, Mind Controls and Probes, Fear and Weakness powers of paranormals, as well as Essence Drain attacks from Vampires. It will also work defending against combat attacks in the Astral in much the same way that an *Armor* spell protects the body in the physical world.

### Mental Shields

Manipulation (Transform)

Jonathon K. Henry

Mental Shields	S2	Mana	Sustained
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This spell is essentially the same as the *Mental Armor* spell, except that it is true "armor," giving automatic successes against the attacks mentioned above. Think of it as a limited scope *Anti-Spell Barrier*, that also includes attacks from Parabiologicals and Paranormals.

### Movement

Manipulation (Telekinetic)

Jonathon K. Henry

Movement	S3	Physical	Sustained
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This spell directly copies the spiritual/elemental power of the same

name. It does not protect the user of the spell from some of the more harmful side effects. When combined with the *Weather Guard* spell most, if not all, of the adverse side effects are negated (air friction, vertigo, etc.). The spell can be cast on any person or object. Movement is multiplied by the number of successes.

Potential uses of this spell, besides the standard movement increase, are:

*Firearms Enhancement:* When placed on the chamber of a weapon, the spell enhances the Power attribute of a projectile. The level of enhancement is equal to the success level of the spell. There is no additional recoil modifier for use of this spell.

*Vehicle Speeds:* This can be very dangerous if the pilot/driver of the vehicle is not aware of the spell's placement. All target numbers are increased by the success level of the spell with appropriate modifiers for rig level (if any), etc.

*Vehicle Economy:* If careful control is utilized, the spell will enhance the economy level of a normal vehicle by the success level of the spell. A vehicle that has an economy of less than 1 KM/Liter will have the economy increased by .1 KM/Liter per success. A vehicle that has 100 or more KM/Liter economy (as some mopeds do) has the economy modified by 10 times the number of successes.

A vehicle has a 15 KM/Liter economy rating. The casting magician obtains 5 successes with the spell, thus enhancing the economy by 5 KM/Liter. Another vehicle has .5 KM/Liter economy. The same number of successes on this vehicle will enhance the economy by a further .5 KM/Liter (5 success X .1 KM/Liter).

>>>[Remember, your referee might disallow some of these options. Check with your referee before basing a plan on a specific option, or you could be unpleasantly surprised.]<<<

-- Jerry (10:41:20/05-16-92)

## Pathkeeper

Manipulation (Transform)

Jonathon K. Henry

Pathkeeper	M3	Physical	Sustained
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This spell has a few purposes, most of which are minor in their effect, but have an overall effective usefulness. The spell allows the magician or individual effected to walk without distraction over any standard medium. This includes water (such as a river or lake), a rocky incline (such as a mountain slope or desert creek), etc., without penalty for movement. The spell also offers a limited amount of protection from the terrain the recipient is moving through.

For example, choppy waters go smooth in a radius equal to the caster's magic attribute in meters, around the user. The user will also gain no distractions from such things as briarthorns, cactus pines, jagged rocks, etc.

To get a good idea on the spell's diversity, consider the spirit power of *Guard*, with a twist (levitate-like powers over water or mud). The spell will not protect from such things as lava, electricity, wire fencing and caltrop-like obstructions. The user also cannot walk through something (this is not a Passwall spell). The recipient must willing (so no, you can't suddenly strand a fish on the water's surface). The spell will not work on non-living objects.

If the caster of the spell designates the spell to be used by an individual underwater, and an oxygenate spell is used in conjunction, the individual can move at standard movement without penalty. It has been hypothesized that if a hydrate spell (oxygenate for a water breather) were used in conjunction with this spell on a water traveling target, they could move about on land without penalties.

**Resist Allergy**

Health

Matt Bunch - Jonathon K. Henry

Res Nuisance Allergy	L1	Mana	Sustained
Res Mild Allergy	M1	Mana	Sustained
Res Moderate Allergy	S1	Mana	Sustained
Res Severe Allergy	D1	Mana	Sustained

This spell allows the caster to dull out an allergy's effects on the target. For the spell to function, the caster must touch the subject. Once the spell has been successfully cast, the caster does not have to maintain physical contact to sustain the spell.

This spell does not remove the allergy. It just alleviates the effects of the allergy. The spell does not aid against Vulnerabilities. For example, a vampirically inflicted individual is exposed to sunlight while under the effects of a Resist Deadly Allergy. As long as the spell is in place, the subject is protected from the harmful effects of the sunlight. If a Shapeshifter is touching or comes into standard contact with silver they are protected in a similar fashion, but if the silver is used as a weapon against the character, it still has its modifiers to damage (+1 Damage Category).

>>>[Some referees might decide that each allergy requires a specific spell.]<<<  
-- Jerry (10:52:59/05-16-92)

**Warplight**

Manipulation (Transform)

Jonathon K. Henry

Warplight	M3	Physical	Sustained
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This spell is similar to the power of *Adaptive Coloration* used by the Bandersnatch. The number of successes indicates the modifier to the perception tests needed when using the standard visual spectrum. This includes Thermographic vision and the UV spectrum, but not sound or EM fields. If the subject is moving at a rate greater than 10, the modifiers to perceptual tests are doubled.

The spell also acts as full armor against standard lasers, with a rating equal to the successes of the spell.

**Weather Guard**

Manipulation (Transform)

Jonathon K. Henry

Weather Guard	S3	Physical	Sustained
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This spell protects the recipient from the elements. This includes the effects of rain, sleet, hail, snow, desert heat and sandstorms, etc. It does not protect a person from spells with elemental side-effects, such as *Flame Volt* or *Acid Bomb*. Harsh winds are reduced to gentle breezes (for the protected). Dehydration due to prolonged exposure to the sun will have no adverse effects, though standard consumption of water is still required.

The spell does not aid someone in perception tests against fog, rain and the like, nor does it protect someone with a Severe Allergy to the effects of sunlight. It will negate the effects of distraction due to rain, wind, etc.

## Master Spell List Addenda

The initial *Master Spell List* can be found in the first *Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else*. You can cut and paste whatever spells you want from here into there.

Note the two corrections under *Transform Manipulations*: the two personal spells were previously listed with a range of Visual. Obviously not, they're Personal.

### Detection Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Staging/Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Foresight**	D2	5/6		Visual	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana

### Health Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Inc Matrix Reaction+1**	L3	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Inc Matrix Reaction+2**	M3	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Inc Matrix Reaction+3**	S3	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Inc Matrix Reaction+4**	D3	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Resist Nuisance Allergy**	L1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Resist Mild Allergy**	M1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Resist Moderate Allergy**	S1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Resist Severe Allergy**	D1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana

### Telekinetic Manipulation Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Staging	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Flight**	M1	3		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Movement**	S3	Object Resistance		Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical

### Transform Manipulation Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Anti-Blade Barrier**	S2	6		Visual	MA/Force	Sustain	Physical
Biophysical Armor**	M3	4		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Flame Shield**	S2	6		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical
Enhance Willpower**	D3	Willpower		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Magesword**	S2	5		Personal	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana
Magesword II**	S3	5		Personal	MAx#S	Sustain	Physical
Mental Armor**	M3	Willpower		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Mental Shields**	S2	Willpower		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Anti-Spell Barrier	L1	6		Personal	Single	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Physical Barrier	M2	6		Personal	Single	Sustain	Physical
Pathkeeper**	M3	4 (Voluntary)		Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Weather Guard**	S3	6		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical

## Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out

"If some unemployed punk in New Jersey can get a cassette to make love to Elle McPherson for \$19.95, this virtual reality stuff is going to make crack look like Sanka."

-- Dennis Miller

Twentieth Century comedian and prophet

"Chip me in, Johnny; Chip me in, Jane!  
Jack me to the max, pump that comstim in my veins!  
Hear the fire all around me with my com-enhanced brain!  
Rockin! with my FNFL!

-- Kansas City Charlie  
(and the Flying Buffalo Chips)

### The Architect of Dreams

The walls of Seattle City Hall were of the finest marble, finely engraved with the works of masters and local unknowns alike. Despite the crowd, the noise, and the numerous doors and halls, once I got my bearing the hallway seemed designed specifically to bring me where I wanted to go, as if it were made specifically for me, specifically for this occasion. The ceilings were vaulted, but not too high, and if I didn't know better I would've sworn that the light coming through the slanted windows was sunlight and not from hidden fluorescent tubes. Rather than take the elevator, I took the stairway, the more to explore this amazing feat of architecture. The stairs were actually designed for walking. They were thin, and gave the impression of a European castle, but whenever I passed someone, it was never crowded.

I stopped once to look out the window, over the city. There were so many new buildings, and so many buildings in progress. All the work of one man, the man I was there to see.

It was the saddest thing I had ever seen. I was here to convince him to leave this world, but I could've stayed, myself. Before this, I used to be surprised that perfectly normal people could give up reality for a chip-induced fantasy. Now, I'm surprised that such a small number of people actually do. No, there was no way I could succeed. This was everything he'd ever wanted. How could I convince him to return to the regular bump-and-grind?

John Doe graduated summa cum laude from Stanford University in 2046. His degree was in Architecture. His dream was to design and oversee the building of a new city, a true artistic creation of the future. But no city was willing to outlay that kind of money for a makeover of dubious necessity, and John had to content himself with standard work for standard buildings in standard cities. He was talented, no question, and his work was admired by his colleagues. But there wasn't any room in this world for what *he* wanted.

Until he met *her*. He'd always been jacked so he could plug into the computers and design from within. But he'd never thought of using *simsense*. Until a friend bought him a custom chip for his birthday, and life was never the same. In this chip, he was the most sought after architect in the world, and everyone clamored for his attentions.

In these last three years he has gone further in his dream world than he could ever have gone in the real world. He has designed whole cities, and buildings that fill the senses.

I did meet him that day, and we discussed his leaving. But only after he took me on a tour of his favorite projects, including a restaurant that he not only designed, but owned. The only thing he regretted was that his father wouldn't come inside to talk to him. But that wasn't enough of a hook to bring him out.

-- Dr. Jerold Stratton, Ph.D., Psychology

## Hotel California (Ark of the Damned)

The Dream Park was conceived as the ultimate test of the future today. Brainchild of future activist Trurl Klapaucius, the Dream Park has degenerated into the best example of what the future has to offer.

>>>[This *is* the hope of the future, chummer. Our population has already recovered from Vitas, and is growing faster and faster. We need more room for people, and the more room we take for people, the less we have for food, even synth. Trurl may have given up, but he's given us our only chance at a future of hope, rather than a future of pollution, sweat, and homeliness]<<<  
-- Mel Walsinats [05:32:19/05:11:52]

Trurl emigrated from Poland to Seattle in 2030, and acquired backing for his project (Dream Park) in three years. Construction began on June 22, 2034 and was completed on September 18. The original Dream Park contained 400 rooms. Trurl sold lifetime living rights for 100,000¥ each. Tenants were required to have their own plug. Trurl provided waste disposal and food. The food was nothing more than gruel pumped into the body, and the living accommodations were spartan, if clean.

But the magic was in the built in matrix. The Dreamtime, he called it, and tenants spend every moment of their lives in the Dreamtime. In the Dreamtime, the building is a luxurious mansion, the food is the finest cuisine the world can offer, and everyone is beautiful. He sold all 400 spaces in 43 days.

The Seattle government freaked. They decided that they did not like this type of development. They have since passed very restrictive laws protecting the residents of the Dream Park and making it next to impossible for new Parks to be built. The Dream Park owner, for example, is forbidden to touch a tenant's base payment -- it must be returned if the tenant ever decides to leave or the Park is

ever closed down. But it doesn't matter, because no one wants to leave, and the interest on 40 million Nuyen is a very nice profit, even after taxes, food, and custodial expenses. After all, only the minimum of upkeep is necessary. No one ever unplugs from the Dreamtime.

>>>[Well, not quite true. But the turnover *is* incredibly slow. Last year, only 10 vacancies opened up, and the year before, only 12. So far this year, 3 vacancies have been filled. Out of 1,600, that's pretty fraggin' low. Unfortunately, we don't know how many of those are people leaving and how many are deaths.]<<<  
-- Frank Bishop [06:27:33/05-12-52]

>>>[How little you know. Nobody dies in the dreamtime -- we're forever young, there's no sickness, no disease. What's there to die from?]<<<  
-- Mel Walsinats [07:31:01/05-12-52]

>>>[I think you've mistaken your virtuality for reality, Mel, old chap. Your icon may be in paradise, but your body is atrophying in its own shit.]<<<  
-- Wily Coyote [09:05:51/05-12-52]

>>>[Drek, Coyote-san. They take care of us here. The vessels are kept clean, and if they atrophy, well, so what? There's only one important muscle on the whole thing.]<<<  
-- Mel Walsinats [18:54:32/05-12-52]

Trurl grew disillusioned with his child, and sold it to Sam Belding (accountant for Concrete Illusion) for a reputed sum of 2.8 million Nuyen in 2042. Belding doubled the number of spaces -- after all, the tenants didn't need any of the space other than their bed and their jack. He offered to let anyone who wanted to leave (there was a waiting list, supposedly, of 5,000 people who wanted in), leave. Only 78 people did so. Then, he turned around and sold the 478 new spaces for 150,000¥. The seed grew to 103.9 million Nuyen. It was during Belding's tenure that Dream Park became known as the Ark of the Damned. When he sold it, most of the letters in the neon logo had stopped working (in the real world; in the Dreamtime, of course, they're fine), leaving the letters "D am

ark" which may or may not have been purposeful. Belding sold in 2048.

The third (and final) owner is Dr. William Hansen. He has doubled the number of spaces again -- there are now 1,600 tenants in the Dream Park. All of the neon letters are dim now, and the place has come to be known as "Hotel California." 299 of the original tenants remain, and 385 of the second group remain. Those who bought the approximately 800 new spaces paid 180,000¥ apiece, and the price has currently risen to 200,000¥.

Only government inspectors are allowed to see the inside of the Dream Park. Visitors must jack in in the visitors'

lounge, and prospective tenants are allowed to jack in from the landlord's office. The waiting list is rumored to hold over 1,000 people, so the Dr. Hansen doesn't have to do anything he doesn't want to, as long as it's not required by law. There are four people to a room (what used to be a single person room in Trurl's day), and it'll probably jump to 6 people per room soon (3 beds, 2 high). That'll bring the population of Dream Park to 2,400. If Seattle ever relents, you can be sure that Dream Park will build up as well. It's still only 4 stories tall!

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# Tess Diary

by LLWardIII

[Writer's Note: This is the summer diary of my character Tess, a grade 0 Snake shaman. She walks in a different world than most of us. Comments welcome at ward1@husc.harvard.edu]

## «June 3 / Seattle / Voice mode»

I have confusion. I thought the running of shadows was the Path. I no longer know. I'm not confident that setting my thoughts in this pseudo-permanent medium is a rational act, but Jana seemed to think so. My confusion is such that I will consider anything. (Anything? A dangerous thought, if true. Even my honesty eludes me.) There is too much black.

Maybe it is the mundane concerns. The current resolution with Aztechnology should be a break. But is it a resolution? Baal has left to avoid possible retribution; that seems prudent. I should leave but is that the right thing? My dream of the wind through the sculpted walls seemed far.

Chicago. But the sneer....

## «June 4 / Seattle / Voice mode»

I have just played back my first entry. John says that the voice-to-text translator seems to work fine. If I am sure of anything, it is to take his word for technical matters. I can remember speaking more between some of the sentences from yesterday, but I must have just thought them. Interesting.

## «June 6 / Seattle / Voice mode»

Went back into Redmond to make my goodbye's (for how long) to old friends. The first time I'd stepped onto Brain Eaters turf for years. I wasn't even in colors. Even though I've come to recognize lust in males, I've never fully understood it. Bruiser felt, not lust exactly, but something. I'd never noticed that before. He seemed concerned for my safety on my journey. I'm glad I told them I was going to Los Angeles.

Troxia has disappeared. She has apparently run off with a corper and moved to, coincidentally (?), Chicago. The Eaters are uneasy, but anything that gets her out of here should curb her chiplust. Voracious appetite for new input, but no will to go get it. She's a lot like me in some ways, had it not been for Snake.

The loss of the arm seems to have made Buck more philosophical. He said very little, but he and I always understood one another anyway. I'm sure he knew I'm really going to Chicago. He reached into a box and pulled out something I never thought I'd see again. The Collar. He kept it after he killed Marcus, apparently just in case he needed to make an object lesson. He said "It is the chain that you're dragging that was once your relief." (I wish I'd been looking at him from the Ethereal then. I'd swear — for a brief moment — that Dog spoke through him. More confusion.) He seemed a bit uneasy about how I'd react to The

Collar.

It almost seems like that frightened, ignorant creature was a lifetime ago.

I'll be glad to get out of here tomorrow. This hotel room is beginning to depress me. Or is it the city? To much black.

## «June 7 / Chicago / Voice mode»

Chicago airport is a zoo. I'm glad I was in a suit. I'm also glad I left the taser behind. Huh, imagine the look on the maid's face when she finds that in the sink. She's probably used to it.

The woman next to me on the plane was in simsense for the whole flight. She was an executive secretary. I examined cyberware very closely from astral for the first time. I never noticed how truly intricate the fusion between flesh and machine is. It was actually quite beautiful.

I begin to understand why cyberware, *by its nature*, makes healing so difficult. The patterns. So beautiful. I have not the words.

## «June 8 / Chicago / Voice mode»

Talked to a gentleman in a bar, discovered that he had just lost his wife. I watched him astrally while he drank and the alcohol seemed to improve his state. We talked for hours (I mostly listened) and he never asked my name. Just needed someone to talk to.

I bought a taser. Funny how something that would have landed me in jail at the airport can be bought without license from a sporting goods store.

Chicago's emotional state, in general, is a bit more negative than Seattle. The weather, perhaps. Maybe just the crowding. Or is it the Mafia? (Morte Alles Francia, Italia... something). Is it relevant?

## «June 9 / Chicago / Voice mode»

Been studying ancient Chinese all day. Some interesting texts from library.

## «June 11 / Chicago / Voice mode»

Stopped a rape. I was downtown, when I thought I saw Troxia. It turned out not to be her, but I followed her for a while. I noticed a man doing the same. His aura was a bit... twisted, so I mind probed him. Nauseating. He was so far gone, I don't think he noticed. I ambushed him with the taser and left him sprawling in the street. No one seemed to care.

Even so, I felt badly about sifting his thoughts. Every time I've done it before was in desperation. And the... subjects knew it was coming. I'm glad

I decided against probing Cat's Eye while he slept that first night.

Today was the first spell I've cast in days. Now that my attention is focused on it, it feels like the mundane world is driving it's hooks into me. I think now might be a good time for an astral tour of the city.

«**June 13 / Chicago / Voice mode**»

Last night seemed to help.

I sought out Troxia this afternoon in earnest. I tried to learn the city by asking around the old fashioned way, but I had to resort to summoning a watcher. (They grow them a bit strange looking out here). Troxia and her "significant other" joined me for lunch. Doesn't seem like Troxia's type, but who am I to judge. Troxia told me later that it was all biz.

Dreamt of the sneering face again, but He wasn't sneering this time. He seems very familiar, but is that just part of the dream? Baal put digitized pictures of everyone we ran across into this gizmo, but His face is not any of them. Something about two small creeks crossing is there, but eludes me.

«**June 14 / Chicago / Voice mode**»

Another dream of the Face. This time eating rattlesnake. Couldn't sleep after that. I am beginning to feel the Face is on my Path. As an obstacle, judging by the symbolism, yet it doesn't feel that way. I'm going to have to find this man.

Spent the day trying to buy Peyote, in the hopes that it will make my dreams stronger. Very hard to get here, but found some. It is good to have a tangible direction.

«**June 15 / Chicago / Voice mode**»

Dreams of the Face again; this time hiding something. The crossing streams are not creeks but rivers. I got the feeling of a mountain surrounded city. I'm going to Denver.

I ran into an artist on the El today, and he drew a likeness of the Face from my description. It is something at least.

«**June 16 / Denver / Keypad mode**»

This city is beautiful! The sun was setting over the Rockies, just as the plane landed. Although legally I am supposed to be in the UCAS sector, I have a room in neutral downtown.

No dreams last night. I think I am getting closer.

«**June 17 / Denver / Voice mode**»

Downtown is set off at 45 degrees to the rest of the city, so I got a bit lost today. A huge Amerind corp-type pointed out that the mountains are always to the west. I should have thought of that.

Between bouts of scanning the screamsheets for the Face, I took an astral tour. This town almost pulses with deals. A very odd sensation. I

saw a mage lose control of a Fire Elemental and paid close attention to it's aura. The entity killed the mage, then flew off into the night, both of which I expected. Its aura/emotion when it killed its summoner was not the satisfaction of revenge that I'd expected. No desire, but no regret either, as if it was just something that it had to do. Very curious. When it flew away, however, the feeling of freedom it radiated almost consumed me. I noticed that, inside my pocket, my right hand was wrapped tightly around the Collar.

«**June 18 / Denver / Voice mode**»

Went to Confluence Park, where the Platte river meets Cherry Creek. Obviously not the rivers. I overheard a woman mention the Cherry Creek Mall. Just to be thorough, I took a quick peek. The mall was standard, but near by was the Tattered Cover Book Store. Not just real paper books, but a whole building full. Clientele was almost all Awakened. The astral charge in the air was so thick, I wouldn't have been surprised if Spirits started forming out of thin air.

«**June 20 / Denver / Voice mode**»

Haven't made much progress on locating the Face, but haven't had the dreams either.

I did meet a decker named Ty, who is looking for work. Very interesting aura. Intricate beyond anything I've seen. For that reason, I think, I find myself very drawn towards the shadowrunner. I asked about the picture of Face and mentioned a price tag. We are now working out of a downtown apartment. I feel hopeful.

«**June 22 / Denver / Voice mode**»

The Face now has a name: Whittiker. He is part of the Pueblo Corporate Council. That makes sense to me for some reason.

Ty has been showing me around the Matrix. It gives me a horrible headache, but is very fascinating. I begin to understand the thrill John feels when fishing secrets from miles away.

«**June 25 / Denver / Voice mode**»

Whittiker is in the city of Pueblo, a hundred miles south. From a map I see that the Arkansas and Fountain Rivers merge there. Whittiker's position seems innocuous enough, but we are heading for Pueblo as soon as we make the arrangements. Ty knows a samurai there named Rojo.

«Keypad mode» As I was looking at Ty this morning, I caught a strange expression in my reflection in the window. It seems like I've seen that expression before on someone else. I'm beginning to get a bit confused over my feelings toward Ty (if only because I don't know what they are), but I must not let that confusion affect my Path.

«June 30 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

I can't even remember how much of the information we're finding I have put into this diary. I should go back to check, but I don't have time. Our discoveries are coming very quickly.

«July 6 / Pueblo / Keypad mode»

I've mixed emotions about last night. The experience was enlightening, to say the least, but now, as I write surrounded by satin sheets, I have doubts as to my goal. Yesterday I was sure that Whittiker's secrets were the reason I was drawn to this place, but after last night, I am beginning to question this.

I have never before experienced what Ty brought forth in me last night. The (I have trouble even writing it) ecstasy coursing through me was enough to send my soul out into its astral home; a reprise, almost, of my gang initiation. As then, I could see my meatbody below me, but it wasn't still. I could see it spasming under Ty's caress.

Even stranger, I could feel it.

Somehow I could still feel my body. Every touch. Every kiss. As if I had somehow bridged the tenuous gap between mind and body. More likely is was my partner's doing, although probably unintentional.

Even as she sleeps, Ty's aura is vibrant, especially where her skin touches her husband's. Lying on Ty's opposite side (which is curious, as when I went to sleep, he was asleep between us), Rojo is easier to figure out, but no less interesting. His aura pulses faintly (in time to his heart, I believe), a strong contrast to last night. An odd effect; parts of him completely black, while from the patches where he still has his original body, his aura seemed to explode. I think Snake is watching him.

Personal indulgence aside, this is what concerns me. Is Whittiker really on my Path? Or was I actually drawn here just to meet these two people? Ty and Rojo have certainly affected me. It is almost like Awakening again. But, no. It can't be; the guards on Whittiker's secrets are too strong for Snake and I to ignore. But... something.

Last night was significant, and not just because of the enlightening astral connection. Nor because I finally understand why Humanity places such a strong emphasis on the pleasures of mating. Something else is there.

In spite of my growing doubts and nagging suspicions, Rojo, Ty and I are going to go through with the plan to infiltrate Whittiker's building. I must have answers. My mind tells me that I will find them there, but my spirit tells me that the answers (and perhaps the questions) will differ vastly from my expectations. Snake has remained annoyingly quiet. Although that has happened before, I am still frightened.

«July 7 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

«Input error. Impedance overload»

Aaaaannn. Fuck!

«Input error. Microphone spike»

Venom! This fucking hurts.

>You should stay quiet, Tess.

Stupid, stupid, stupid! Too much black.

>You'll be fine Tess, just hang on.

«Nil translation» Ty?

>I'm here.

Important. Get sword to Jana. Seattle. «Nil translation»

>Who? What sword?

Get that fucking thing away from me!

>Easy, love, easy. Rojo, put the patch away.

«Nil translation»

>Tess! Tess!

>>Is she...?

>No. Just unconscious. She cast a healing spell on herself before we got there.

>>Let's hope she held it long enough. I found her clothes.

>The bleeding's stopped.

>>Christ. I'm going to go get... the...the rest of her.

>Be careful. Are you all right?

>>No. Not after this. What's that flashing?

>What? Oh. Her secretary is recording.

>>Turn it off.

>Hurry back.

«Interru

«July 9 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

As soon as we got in, I knew it was wrong. How fucking stupid could I be? It hurts so much. It feels like my arm is on fire, even though I know it's no longer there. If my intact eye wasn't swollen shut, I might cry.

I... I think Rojo blames himself, but it was my fault I got caught. I should have been paying more attention to where he was going. Rojo says Whittiker's gun fired explosive flechettes. Thank All that he didn't pull the trigger when.... The sick fuck. Who shoots someone bound in front of them?

Damn it. I'm bleeding again. Not that I can see it. Snake. I could heal myself, if only I could see.

Shit.

I think... I think it may be time to put myself in debt. I can't continue like this. The true sadness is that it's all my fault. I misinterpreted something somewhere. I don't know. What did I do wrong?

«July 11 / unknown / Keypad mode»

Interfactor seemed... tense, for lack of a better word, although that probably isn't possible. He (?) managed to get me out here, wherever "here" is. I think I'm somewhere in Japan. Chiba would make sense, given the nature of my upcoming surgery.

The Surgeon (that's all I have heard him called) said that he'd never seen wounds like mine before. I agreed, and given some of Baal's violence, that is not a small statement. I'm a bit

glad I can't see my body in the real plane, 'cause it's appearance is very distressing in the astral plane. The Surgeon informs me that a spread of six of the flechettes impacted around my right armpit, destroying my breast, some ribs and exploding my shoulder. Another cluster (or maybe two) spread down to my left hip, destroying my eye (I'm apparently lucky I don't have brain damage) and bruising some bone.

My arm, according to the Surgeon will not accept a vat grown replacement, so he is cyber-replacing it. That didn't sound right to me, until I took a good look at my stump from astral. Something is preventing it. I have a feeling it is Snake, which is disconcerting. I'm told that normally they can install machinery which doesn't take away as much of my humanity, but that since they don't have the flesh of my real arm to work with, I have to settle for the normal stuff. The eye will be almost half organic, as will the sub-dermal plating that the Surgeon insists upon ("to reinforce your damaged skeletal structure.") Apparently, the problem with grafting real flesh to my arm does not exist for my breast, so thankfully they are simply growing me a new one.

I'd love to crawl around this place sometime. John would be very interested in their machines, I have a feeling.

I am not looking forward to surgery. The Surgeon assures me that everything will be fine, but I haven't told him about the intensity of my dreams. The surgery itself doesn't scare me, but the idea of being chemically prohibited from waking up does.

If something should go wrong, my will can be found at SAN (0003)-09-2938 box 747. Passcode "Jormungandr."

#### «July 29 / unknown / Voice mode»

I almost forgot about this thingy.

The bandages are finally off. Yay! During the actual surgery, I apparently drove them crazy, as I kept blinking into a Metaplane. None of the mages here have access to the Metaplanes, so to them it seemed that my aura just vanished, even though my body was still showing vital signs.

Oooo. Pink!

Um... I did dream, but I don't remember. I looked at some of my EEGs. The docs said they were strange, but they just looked like squiggles. I'm told they tried an experimental simsense recorder on me in an attempt to record my dreams. I don't think it worked.

My meatbody looks great! I had thought there would be scarring. I keep breaking cups with my new hand, but I'm getting better. The injectors were Interfactor's idea. The eyes are amazing. They can see heat patterns and zoom in on far away objects. They can even cry. I can't feel the plating at all unless I probe with my fingers. My new breast is fine. It is now the same size as its

opposite. I never realized how annoying that almost-invisible size difference bothered me until now.

«Input error: Nil translation. 67% probability of being laughter.»

Wow. I think these drugs are getting to me. I'd better stop talking before I say something silly.

#### «August 2 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

I just woke up here, even though I was in a hospital bed when I went to sleep. It was almost like a dream, but the light reflecting off my arm would seem to indicate otherwise. Damn, nothing quite like spending 800K for a month of surgery. I'm gonna get my bearings, then find Ty and Rojo. Then Snake and I have a long overdue appointment.

I've only been to Snakehome once before. Maybe twice. I don't really know what to expect. The first time, I was invited. Last time I was welcome. This time around I don't even know if I'll be allowed in. My power has diminished. I can't seem to make spells work without chanting in Chinese. That is most distressing. It seems like I should know something about the Path I got injured on... why it went wrong.

I don't have it.

#### «August 3 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

They're both dead. Rojo... he...

«Input error. Microphone spike»

« ¥ø† §¶ ¨øª•¥ »

#### «August 4 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

The storage seemed to transfer O.K. Where did this temper come from? Looking back over this log... I don't know. I would never have tossed my pocket sec into a mirror three months ago. Very disturbing.

I feels like my world is falling apart. My magic is going. My friends are gone. Ty... O.K.... Ty got...killed. Black IC apparently. Running something in Denver. Rojo first found her. He killed himself. He... left....

#### «August 5 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

Words are harder now. I never told Rojo that I didn't hold him responsible for what happened to me. I can't help but feel....

What is wrong with me? I've lost people before. People I've known longer than Ty and Rojo put together. I... damn it. Calm.

Calm.

#### «August 6 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

Buried them today. I used to think that burials were to ensure the spirits of the Dead rest. I think now that they're more for the living. Nothing makes you deal with death more than planting your friends in the ground.

Took a long walk. Beautiful weather, which I found depressing. It is becoming a bit clearer.

«August 7 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

I've been wandering in a haze for days. Time to stop. I understand love. I loved Ty and Rojo, although not in the way they loved each other. Bruiser loves me; we had the same look. It seems absurd that I didn't recognize that last time I saw him.

I've been putting off seeking Snake due to my grief. No. Due to fear. I go tonight. I go alone.

«August 8 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

It is so clear! I don't know why it took so long to realize. It... well... start at the beginning.

My quest began in a sweat filled room with only one door. This short, greasy bald guy with a horrendous cigar entered from the other direction, blocking my path. He started to taunt me about losing my magic. I thought it was some sort of test, but he never made any sort of question or point. Looking back on it now, I can see that it was a test of separating the mundane irrelevancies from my magic. When he began to make dry comments on my sex life, I said "Does any of this matter?" He just looked at me. I told him to fuck off any pushed him out of the way. He didn't seem to mind, and I sure felt a lot more confident.

I thought I'd prepared myself for the sudden shifts in scenery so typical of the Metaplanes. I was wrong.

Suddenly I found myself staring right into what I can only describe as the Source of Magic. Mana flowed out of a void, flooding the universe to infinity in every direction. It was enrapturing. After a long while (almost too long, I now realize), I noticed that the flow wasn't really fluid at all. More like individual streamlets. I noticed that one of the streamlets — maybe threads is a better word — seemed wrong somehow. I traced it's path from the void and found that it passed just above me.

I remembered some bad hermetic theory that I'd read long ago. I'd always considered it garbage, but it seemed to work here. I experimented with the flow a bit. I made a wrong move and it charged through my body. It just left me tingling, but I think it could have been much worse. The stream seemed normal after that. I'd apparently fixed it.

Water rushed around my ankles, and I was naked in a sewer. Almost like growing up again, but I was already full grown and not afraid. I felt Snake just around the corner.

Realization struck just before I turned.

Snake was before me, but elusive to the eye. She seemed to radiate thoughts this time and never spoke. I knew that my damage and loss of magic had been a punishment, but that was now incidental, because I now knew *why* I had been punished.

I shouldn't have needed the hint, but the

magic threads finally made sense. The thread was, of course, mine, but it wasn't 'wrong,' just misused; or... sorcery done correctly, but for the wrong reasons. I'd been questioning everything. Is this on my path, is that on my path? Stupid. The path will come to me, not vice versa.

Snake seemed to smile.

For the first time in Her presence, I felt confident. Even now, as I sit here alone, I understand that do not know where I am going. And as never before, knowing that I do not gives me great strength.

«August 10 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

I am still struck by the simplicity of Snake's lesson. I suppose all True things seem simple once they are understood. I talked to another of Snake's Chosen about the lesson today. He seemed to think that I should be upset about the permanency of it. I don't think he believed me when I said that I'd met Snake.

I don't think She chose him the same way She chose me.

Mentioning being chosen has reminded me of something Snake told me long ago. "You must not dwell on whether I think something is right or wrong. I have chosen *you*. *Your* decision will be the correct one." I should not have forgotten that.

A Mage told me about a Sorcery lecture series given at the local college by some guest lecturer. A week ago, I would have worried about if going to this lecture was on my Path. It is somewhat liberating to have those thoughts vanish. The lectures have crossed my path, and sound interesting, so I will attend. The point is that I won't know if they are on the Path until they are finished.

"Freedom is a road seldom traveled by the multitudes."

«August 11 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

This sorcery seminar looks most intriguing. The professor is not Human. I mean literally not a Homo Sapiens. He calls himself Dion Kimber and is a City Spirit.

He passed out a syllabus (which looks a bit too hermetically oriented for my tastes) but chose to tell his own story instead of teaching sorcery for the first lecture. He apparently went free some years ago after his summoner died. A corporate wage mage; geeked during a shadowrun. He seems very interesting.

Only today have I noticed that I have cultivated Ty's more revealing style of dress. A subtle tribute perhaps? In this heat though, you need to dress skimpily. I actually wouldn't have noticed, but this early bloomer kept staring at my breasts during the lecture. Couldn't be more than fourteen years old. No skill, but lots of raw power. Coyote chosen, I think. The class is going to confuse the hell out of him.

«August 14 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

I had to leave class today, 'cause I started to weep over Ty. Irrational timing. After I calmed down, though, I felt really good. Made me realize that she really did mean that much.

The kid is in way over his head, which could be dangerous. He still continues to stare down my cleavage. I'm going to have to do something about that.

I'm finding only one idea in four from lecture new, and maybe one out of every three of those useful. I almost forget that most of these students (not to mention the teacher) haven't ever seen the Metaplanes. Most of them — how did Rojo put it? — “don't know dick” about astral space.

While shopping for my sorcery texts (mostly philosophy stuff), I found a book on enchanting. Hermetic, but I can relate to some of it. It's much more interesting than the sorcery texts, at least.

«August 16 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

I cornered the kid today and asked him why he found my breasts so fascinating. He kind of fumbled and mumbled sheepishly, which was sorta cute.

I gave him a ride home, then invited myself in so I could convince him to look elsewhere for magical training. I mean, the kid's parents don't even know he's Awakened. I lay down the basics, especially the difference between shamanic and hermetic magic. That seemed really illuminating to him (as it did to me, all those years ago.) He asked me to tutor him for the summer. I refused.

I talked myself out and turned to go, but he stopped me and said “I find your breasts fascinating because I don't have them.” I was a bit too stunned to respond, and so he, eyes looking at the floor, said “Can I see them?” I remember thinking only: and the Path will come to you. I took off my shirt.

«August 17 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

The kid (I never did learn his name) didn't show up in class today; a good sign. He'll do fine. Magically, he and I are a lot alike.

I've been thinking about yesterday, and I'm not so sure that I went away profitless. I'd never made love to another magician before. There were some odd astral ripples. We both noticed them, and I think he may have learned more about magic from them than he did from anything I told him. I gained a little something into how sorcery effects auras. In fact, now that I think about it, it makes one of the points of today's lecture very clear.

«August 20 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

Today I witnessed the joy of two parents in a park. Their child took her first steps, and was soon walking around the grass. For the first time that I can remember, I found myself thinking about my parents. Who were they? Why did they

leave? It seems almost unnatural that I've not thought about it before.

«August 24 / Pueblo / Voice mode»

I had lunch with Professor Kimber this noon. He is a fascinating man. Spirit, rather. Some of his subtle movements are so human, it gets hard to tell. He seems such an average normal-guy, and then bam, he says the most brilliant thing you've ever heard.

I've been using this diary much less, recently. I think that's a good sign. Maybe I don't need it any more.

«September 3 / Santa Fe / Voice mode»

I've been traveling around with Dion. We've been teaching each other in the most wondrous locations. I can see why the NAN make such a big deal of pollution. I'd kill to regain this land, too.

Dion has thought me a few new spells and I've gotten better at casting the ones I already know. Dion is actually a very artistic spirit. He's been encouraging my attempts at illusion sculpting. He's much better at it than I am. In return, I've been trying to teach him alchemy. It is going slowly. (I think spirits have a slower learning rate than humans. More repetitions seem necessary.)

It seems odd that I've become so intimate with an astral entity. A hundred years ago, I might have been burned at the stake. Nowadays it's simply unusual. Dion has been with other women before. Lots of women, if the seemingly limitless pool of ideas he suggests is any indication. His staying power is impressive.

I find his predilection for handcuffs interesting. He seems to relish the control. At first I thought it was just control over me, but I think it is really the idea that he is in control of a magician that pleases him. When he first suggested the idea to me, I flat out refused; more ghosts from the past. Later I told him that I would if he'd tell me his truename. I expected him to freak, but he just looked at me and said “You can find that out yourself, can't you?” I said “Yes, I can.” He thought about that for a second, then told me.

Being bound still doesn't appeal to me, but it gets him very excited, and that does appeal to me. Perhaps more than it should.

«September 14 / Taos / Voice mode»

Dion vanished three days ago. All my attempts to find him have failed. Either he has been banished or he doesn't want me to find him. In either case, I'm fairly certain that his truename was a lie. That surprised me, but it shouldn't have. I'm slipping a bit. This sounds heartless, but I don't miss him very much. I think we looked at each other as pleasant experimentation. I'm glad I never showed him the Collar.

I'm beginning to miss home a bit. If for no other reason than I knew how the city worked. I have about a week left before my visa expires, so

I'm going to head over to Sedona.

**«September 15 / Sedona / Voice mode»**

This is one interesting place. On the one hand it is extraordinarily beautiful; the green against red against gray. On the other hand, it is filled with mundane magic-wannabees. I've never seen so many crystals in my life. You hear stories about the NAN lands, and how noble the Indians are, but I can't believe that the whites in this particular town were any worse than these people.

I was meditating up on a cliff, and one of these guys asks "May I join you?" I couldn't believe it. I was real tempted to blast the fucker off the mountain.

Hmmm. There is music playing from the next room that sounds familiar. Reminds me of sewers, for some reason.

Superchunk!

«Input error — Impedance overload»

**«September 19 / Pueblo / Voice mode»**

I think my decision about where to go next has been made for me. I seem to be a bit low on funds. I hate that feeling. Anyway, I leave for Seattle tomorrow. It'll be good to see the troops again.

Maybe.

[Writer's Note: Tess was killed two months after this entry.]

## Amazon Tales

Sony-Louis Rollando

When my dad lived in New Orleans, I used to sneak out to the docks. The docks were a real sight for a ten year old. A lot of men, drunken bastards, used to hang out there. Probably still do. There were always a few kids out there, and we'd always gang together, more for protection than any kind of friendship. There were always new faces, and always some old faces who just stopped coming down. I always figured their parents found out, and kept them away. Most of the docksiders were listless and gray, but there were some right mean bastards as well.

Only a few of the bums would talk to us, mostly old sailors, I think. We always knew where they were. One I remember real well was a gray-haired old guy we called Patch-Eye. Never knew his real name, though we knew the name of an old flame of his -- he had her name tattooed beneath a picture of her on his right arm, though he'd never talk about her.

Patch-Eye could just as well have been Pegleg. I guess he was missing a lot of his body, and back then cyber just wasn't as common as it is now. I suppose cyber probably never did become as common in the Confederacy as it has here. I haven't been home for well over a decade now.

Anyway, Patch-Eye was still pretty good with his remaining eye. He could identify most any ship that came into the harbor, by name and origin, while it was still a sail, a smokestack, or an antennae array on the horizon. This was how most of his tales usually started.

"See that ship out there? That's the Marie Celeste III, bound from Amazonia. Probably loaded down with fruit and nuts, and not a few of them fetishes."

Few of us had ever seen any imported fruits. They were for people better than us.

But most of us had been to a 'mamaloa' at least once, and seen their bottles and wands. Fetishes from the small jungles of South America, on the Pacific, were in sharp demand by the local witches.

"I was down in South America many times," he said, "but only once in the Amazon. You kids've never seen anything like that."

Actually, us kids had never seen much other than old drunks, muddy marshes, and yellowed, dying plants. Maybe that's why we listened so intently to him.

"Yeah, It was the Jesus San Marcos, a huge clipper, sails like an ocean of their own. Captain Washman, he was the owner as well, he sold his house for that boat, and a better deal he never made. Last I heard, old Washout sailed it to Free Europe, or whatever they call themselves now, and was running the African coast.

'Yeah, we sailed the San Marcos to the mouth of the Amazon. The Captain'd hired out to bring back some hunters and their game. Me and the rest of the crew, we figured it'd be some monsters. The jungles have always been odd, but after the awakening, no place could outdo the jungles for wickedness. All the legends of the jungles came true -- the Rahara of the Yanoama, the snake-lovers of the Warao, Yoin of the Kaingang."

Of course, none of us had been around during the awakening. We figured life before then must've been like life without electricity, or without computers.

"What are they? The Rahara is a snake, bigger than an anaconda. They can sleep for days, and even weeks, letting the jungle grow right over them. But let someone try to walk over it, and the head will whip around and swallow them whole, tearing up the jungle to do it. The Yoin is a huge, man-demon. It

grabs people in the night -- yes, even rats like you -- and shoves a knife up your ass to rip out your heart and intestines. It eats them, I guess it thinks they're a delicacy.

'You know, I've heard rumors that one managed to sneak away on a trade ship, and there've been some strange deaths in the quarters recently. I'd be careful if I were you.'

We didn't know enough to actually check the newspapers at the time, but I think he just made that up.

"So we were headed into this green hell to rendezvous with these guys, and bring their captures back to New Orleans. We anchored the San Marcos well into the Amazon basin, and the Captain, First Mate, and a couple of hands, including me, we got into a big barge and made our way upstream with poles and oars. It was hot work. There was no breeze, and it was as humid and hot as it ever gets here.

'We all had shotguns, and one guy, John... John Yarbrough, he had an English longbow, just in case we ran into trouble and the guns didn't work. They don't call 'em dead zones for nothing, you know, and back then they weren't mapped out so well as today. Many a man's wound up dead thinking his rifle or cyber'll save him.'

Of course, the same's true even today. Ten years ago the scientists made a big show about knowing exactly where the zones would be, but those of us who had to use their theories quickly learned not to trust them too much. Sure, if they predict a zone'll be in a spot, it'll often be true. But not always. And even in a zone there'll be pockets of normality. And we still have no idea why they'll grow with the moon, some of them disappearing completely with the New Moon.

Back then, though, we thought we knew everything.

"On the way in we saw a huge croc. I didn't think they came out that close to the ocean, but that one was big as a sea serpent,

must've been 50-60 feet long.

'No, I don't know what that is in meters. Damn fools. Eat you for an hors d'oeuvre. Snap you clean away.'

You know, I'm leaving out the parts where we find him some whiskey, or roll over another drunk for some fedsticks.. Dunno. And I'm sure I'm still forgetting some things. Memories are the most deceptive creatures in the awakened world. So, here goes:

He hacked up some phlegm. Some of the new kids left.

Hm... Now, you're probably getting a picture of Patch-eye as an old, dying drunk. Okay, that's what he was. But he was a lot more than that to us. Most of the kids had no father, or if they did, he hated them. A lot of the kids had no parents at all. Patch-eye was by no means a father substitute, but he was someone who existed.

I almost said 'a lot of my friends' instead of 'a lot of the kids,' but that'd be misleading. We stayed together for protection and order, not out of any need for friendship. You lose that real fast in the sprawl.

He wiped his face, and took another drink of whiskey.

"We beached the boats a few kilometers past the San Marcos. The savanna stretched right into the horizon. It'd been a lot easier to just bring the whole ship in, but that was against the law. It was still legal to hunt, though, cause the jungle was still screwy, and they were trying to regrow it. Crocs, for example -- we saw them everywhere, cause the Savannah favored them more than the jungle would've. I guess it was more an everglades than a Savannah, but not quite as much water.

'We made sure we camped far away from the river. We brought the rafts, put 'em on posts, and pitched the cots a foot off the ground. Made sleeping a whole lot easier.

'We got a message from the ship, that our

contacts were further in, into the remaining jungle, another two or three days upriver.

'At night, the insects made more noise than a city street. To the south east, we saw what looked like the lights of a small city, but there were no cities here anymore. The only cities left in the Amazon were much closer to the Atlantic. I've heard rumors of dead cities inhabited by awakened animals and ghosts, and we were glad the insects drowned out whatever noises might be coming from that ghost city.

'In the morning, we pushed off again, poling slowly upstream. We passed another dead city, and as we passed I could've sworn the insects were speaking a barely audible Indian tongue. We, though, pushed on in silence."

Oh yes, I almost forgot. He emptied a bottle of tequila. We'd found him a near empty bottle thrown away from a nearby bar. He spit the worm out, and it rolled through the cracks in the dock. I heard it splash in the bay. Big worm. He went back to the whiskey.

"That night, there were fewer bugs, but more animals. What were once flying squirrels hopped like gliding rabbits in the tall grass and bush. A dragon or flying snake flew across the moon sometime early in the morning.

'The third day, we pushed up the Jari, a smaller river feeding the Amazon, and soon entered a new, low jungle. By night, the jungle was deep and dark. We got word from the trappers and the ship, and figured we'd meet up the next day.

'We were just about to sleep, when we hear this sizzling in the sky, like frying bacon. Fire fell from the trees. In another trip, among the Taka-noo, I learned that they're familiar with this, and blame a spirit sloth, whose shit is the source of all fire. We had to high-tail it out of there real quick.

'I never want to move around in the jungle at night again."

We felt the same way about New Orleans.

"And then, to top it all off, sometime around 4 in the morning, it starts raining, but the rain don't make it to us before it rolls around in the forest roof. By that time, the drops were green and warm, and felt like nothing less than a giant's piss.

'So, come morning, the sun starts heating the jungle up, and we're wet and tired. And there, as we round a corner in the river, are the trappers. So, we carried the animals back and made it to the ship by sundown. Now, you get out of here."

What?

"Nope, that's the way it happened."

Absolutely not, and we knew it. Then some kid, I don't remember who (well, I remember who, just not his name. When we got a football game going, he was a good fullback), handed him a burger. God knows where it came from.

"OK, so we see the trappers, and they've got this monster in what looks to be the flimsiest cage I've ever seen. I mean, it had good-sized bars, but this thing was huge."

The kids up close moved back a bit to get out of range of the spray.

"I had no idea what it was, but I knew it was awakened. Even in the jungle nothing like that was natural.

'It had long arms, like an orangutan, but it stood at least 8 feet tall. No, 8 feet huge. It was an off green, like the underside of a frog, and the head... the head was horrible. It was like someone upended a giant spider and stuck it on this thing's neck, the bottom side facing towards us, and a square, fanged mouth in the center.

'When it roared, it sounded like a dying elephant.

'That's not true. I've never heard an elephant dying. Only ones I've seen have been dead.

'Anyway, we round the bend and there this thing is, caged, sure, but for how long? John and I, we figure we ought to turn around right there. John's always been a smart one. I think he even went to college. He's probably back in England now.

'I have no idea how they captured this thing. They must've pumped it full of a keg of tranq. But as we get closer, we realize it won't be quite so hard to get it to the ship -- the cage is on pontoons, and there are *real* long ropes for tying it to their boat. So as long as it can't break out -- and we're hoping, hey, it hasn't broke out yet, maybe it can't -- as long as it can't break out, we're set. Lug it in, load it up, and go home. No problem. Piece of fuckin' cake.

'There's no way we can sleep, so we figure we might as well get started. They had a long canoe, so eight of us row. The captain and two of the hunters (I guess there were only two hunters, and the rest were grunts like us) trail behind on two boats, each connected to a corner of the cage; they're about 30 feet behind the cage, and I'll bet they were wishing they were further. The two hunters each had tranq rifles, and they're trailing behind at an angle, so they can fire if they need to without worrying about us.

'Cause if one of us gets tranqed, one of them'll have to row, of course. One thing I wasn't too sure on was what would happen if the cage started to catch up with us, because we were going downstream, after all. But I guess the canoe caught more current than the cage. That was one problem we didn't have to worry about.

'It was pretty easy going. The river was slow and steady, and we didn't have to work too hard. Coming out onto the Amazon was the same, though it got heady in some places. The Amazon's pretty wide, though, and all we had to worry about was keeping centered.

'And we made it. Past the dead cities and the talking insects, and into the basin. Had a bit of trouble loading it onto the San Marcos,

though. One sailor got a nice gouge in his arm on that one. The ship's doctor had a hell of a time keeping it from turning green. And then, we pulled out and headed home.

'All through the first day and night it howled and banged on its cage. And the second day as well. But the second night... That night was dark. Probably we missed a storm further south. But I woke up that night, sometime after midnight, and I knew something was wrong. I felt like I did the time I got caught in the eye of Hurricane Gary. Like time just up and stopped. But I realized it wasn't like the hurricane at all -- I could still hear the waves punching up against the side of the ship, and there was a wind whistling through the sails.

'There wasn't an ounce of sound coming from the hold. I tried to wake up the guy next to me, but he wasn't there, and there was something warm and wet there instead. There was no light. I got off the bunk and woke up John, below me. We went up top, so as not to bother the guys sleeping.

'The captain and mate were up already. In the light of their lantern, I saw blood all over my hand, and then I got scared. Why we survived, I don't know. The captain had gone to the hunters' quarters to find out if the creature's silence was anything to worry about, and they were already dead, torn apart, he said. The thing had to be loose, and we had no weapons of worth to stop it. Not up here, anyway. Maybe, maybe the autos downstairs.

'Oh yeah, the tranq guns were gone. Washout asked John and I to go down and get everybody else up top. So we did. I was feeling too sick to think straight. Downside, John got his bow, and I woke up the two riflemen. Or tried to. One of 'em was dead, torn apart. The other one woke up groggily. I told him to get his auto, we had to get up. Then, John and I woke half of everyone else up -- the other half were dead. The creature had come through here and chosen half of us to kill. We were freaked. The rifleman began to understand what was going on, we just told

him to follow us upstairs.

'Then he said he couldn't find his clips. He'd left one in and two taped to the sides before turning in -- he always did. But all three were gone, and so was his box.

'We heard something growl in the shadows, and we just shit our way topsides. All told, there were ten of us left. And the only weapon between us some knives and a single bow. We started lowering the lifeboats. Washout was against it at first, but we convinced him in seconds. There was no way we were going to take this thing on and live.

'We lowered the two lifeboats, and while we were doing that the captain convinced two others to help him lower the sails. Then we climbed down, and five of us in each boat. John was the last one down, covering us with his bow. Bravest man among us, he was. I've nothing against college folk. We rowed off, watching the ship sit there on the ocean, against a backdrop of one or two stars poking through the clouds.

'We were picked up three days later, half... trashed, by a Cuban fishing boat.

'Washout hired some guns and a ship to help him find his own ship. He'd bet a lot of money on that boat. They found his ship to, two or three weeks later. The creature was gone, but from what I hear, the corpses were all strung about from the yardarm, skinned to the muscle, and no carrion-eaters or insects anywhere near.

'I told you Washout brought his ship to Europe. Nobody here would sign on to a ghost ship.'

# The Chipper

Reviews of things you have to pay for.

## Hell's Angels

Hunter S. Thompson  
Ballantine Books, 1967  
New York, NY

What's a go-gang? Face it: most of us have no idea what goes on in the kind of motorcycle gangs that populate cyberpunk worlds such as *Shadowrun*'s. Well, Hunter Thompson risked his life just for us gamers. For over a year in the sixties, he hung out with the Hell's Angels, going to their meetings, their parties, and their 'runs,' loafing, drinking, riding, and eventually getting stomped. His book captures the essence of cyberpunk in a world without the cyber. If you're looking for better ways to role-play your go-gangs, I can recommend nothing better than Hell's Angels.

Here are a few quotes taken practically at random:

"...some of their homes resemble private arsenals -- knives, revolvers, automatic rifles and even a homemade armored car with a machine-gun turret on top. They don't like to talk about their weaponry... it's their only insurance policy against that day when the Main Cop decides on a showdown, and the Angels are absolutely certain that day is coming."

"There's only two kinds of people in the world [they say]... Angels, and people who wish they were Angels.... it helps to believe, when the body rot starts to hurt, that the pain is a small price to pay for the higher rewards of being a righteous Angel."

"there has never been one, either, who had anything but contempt for the idea of good clean fun... which is one of the reasons they shun even the minimum safety measures that most cyclists take for granted. You will never see a Hell's Angel wearing a crash helmet. Nor do they wear... leather jackets....

Anything safe, they want no part of. The Angels don't want anybody to think they're hedging their bets.... any independent making a pitch for Angel membership would be rejected as "corny and chickenshit" if he showed up in leather."

Quoting an Angel: "When you walk into a place where people can see you, you want to look as repulsive and repugnant as possible. We are complete social outcasts -- outsiders against society. And that's the way we want to be. Anything good, we laugh at. We're bastards to the world and they're bastards to us."

reviewed by Jerry Stratton

## Thrilling Locations

Robert Kern, Michael E. Moore,  
Gerard Christopher Klug  
Approximately \$10.  
Victory Games, Inc., 1985  
New York, NY 10001

*Thrilling Locations* is a supplement for the *James Bond 007* role-playing game, but it makes a marvelous handbook for any modern/near future game, including *Shadowrun*. *Thrilling Locations* describes luxurious casinos, luxurious hotels, luxurious restaurants, luxurious trains, luxurious boats, and luxurious jets. *Thrilling Locations* is written for high-rolling adventurers attempting to live in the world of royalty and money.

Maps are provided in each case. Almost all of the locations are *real* locations. In addition, other useful information is given. Under the casino section, a few interesting games are described. Under the boat section, some tips on outfitting the master villain's boat with armor and armory is provided. In each case, tips on npc encounters are detailed. You'll have to change the names

from the Bondian things such as Plenty O'Toole, and replace 'agent' with 'runner,' but there's very little useless information in this book. Almost nothing is game specific.

You'll get the *Casino de Monte Carlo*, the *MGM Grand Hotel*, the *Tavern on the Green*, the *Venice Simplon-Orient-Express* (yes, *that* Orient Express), the *Burger Hargraves* 125' cruiser, and the *Regent Air* luxury Jet. All fully described and mapped out in more detail than you're likely to need.

I'm very impressed with *Thrilling Locations*. I can recommend it to any referee running a modern/near future game.

reviewed by Jerry Stratton

### **White Wolf #30**

February 1992, \$3.50 (\$3.95 Canada).

The February issue of White Wolf contained one article specifically dedicated to Shadowrun, and another with some interesting ideas. There are three capsule reviews as well: The London Sourcebook, Native American Nations Volume Two, and Total Eclipse.

The two articles of interest to Shadowrunners are *New Shamanic Totems for Shadowrun*, and *The Scope of Magic*.

*New Shamanic Totems for Shadowrun*  
Berin Kinsman

These are new totems for Shadowrun mages. There's nothing special here -- each entry is simply a sentence or two about the totem's outlook/personality, and the advantages/disadvantages. Most are quite useful, although the 'Skunk' looks suspiciously to have been based on Pepe le Pew.

If you want more totems (and who doesn't?) this is worth looking at. You'll need to modify some of them depending on the precepts behind *your* world, but they're all reasonable (even the Skunk).

Here's what you get: Armadillo, Badger, Bat, Beaver, Buffalo, Deer, Dolphin, Fox, Frog, Horse, Lizard, Mouse, Opossum, Otter, Skunk, Squirrel, Swan, Turtle, and Weasel.

*The Scope of Magic*

Christopher Earley

This installment of the regular column *The Scope of Magic* provides street spells for another modern role-playing game, Night Life. Each of these spells has a place in the Shadowrun universe. They're the kind of thing a wizard/shaman might invent just to help survive normal, mundane life. Things like a stoplight control spell, space guitar, and fake bus tokens. Most of these spells should be Light, and staging is unlikely to be higher than 3, usually 1 (if it ends up being Mana-based), or 2 (if it ends up being physical).

reviewed by Jerry Stratton

# Seattle Sourcebook Index

Wordman was nice enough to take the On Line Index to the Seattle Sourcebook and format it so that it can be put on one sheet of paper. You'll have to use both sides of that sheet, though.

I see from the Rigger Black Book that FASA has finally realized that indexes are useful things. If anyone has indices for any of the other books, though, let us know! Maybe we can compile a comprehensive Shadowrun index.

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