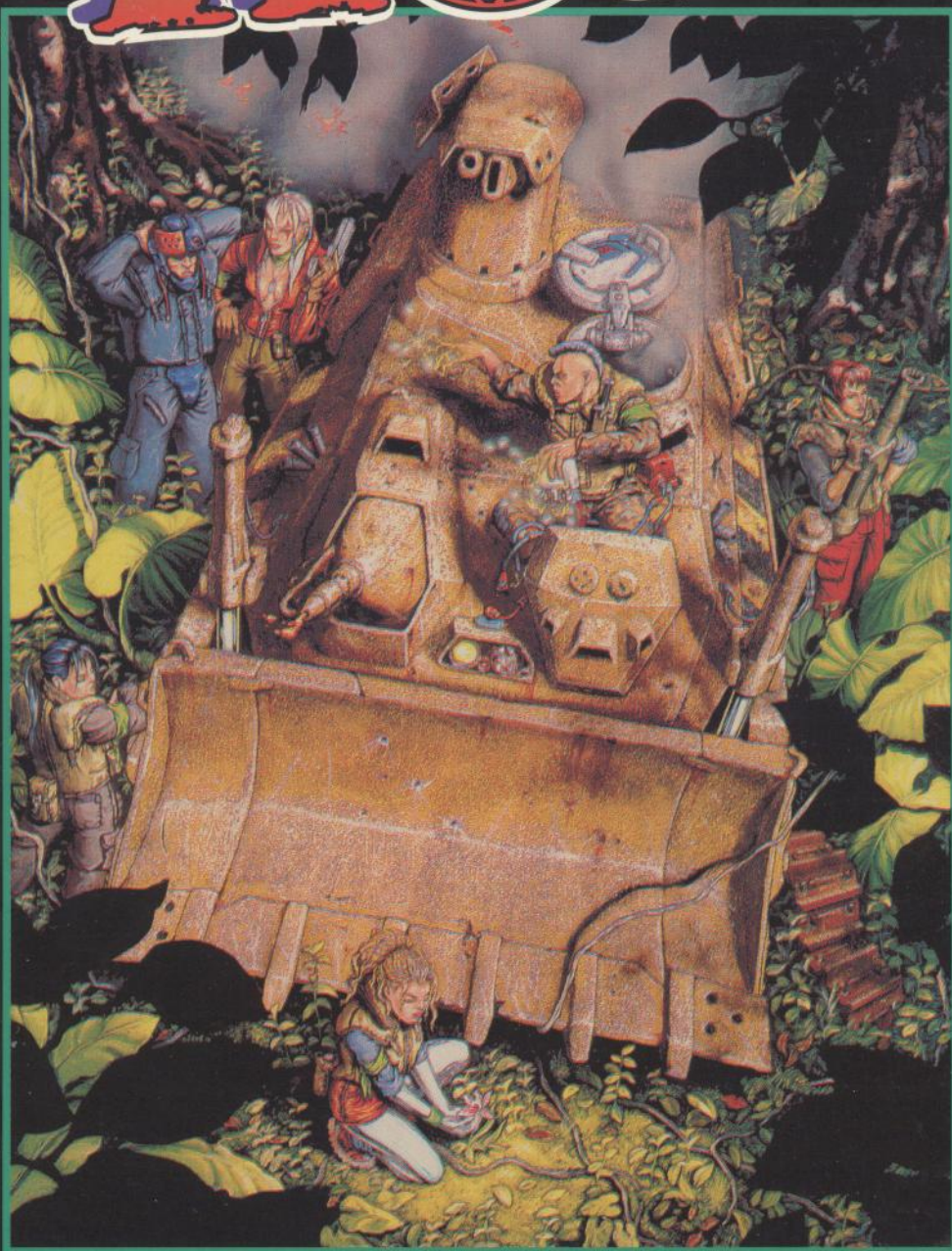


R. TALSORIAN GAMES PRESENTS:

# REACHIN' OUT FOR THE EDEN DREAM!

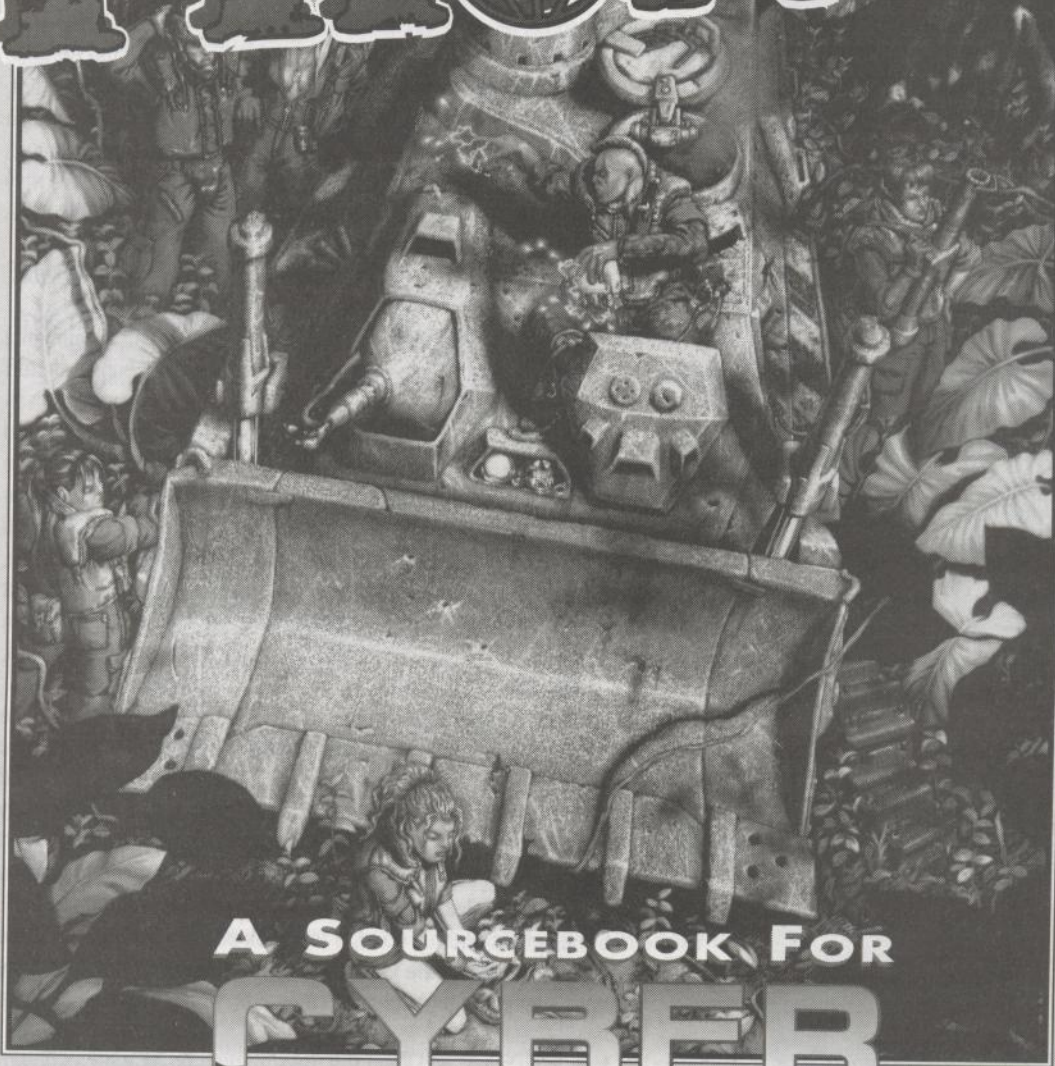
# FOR N'T



A Documents of the Revolution™ Sourcebook for

CYBERGENERATION

# ECONOMY FRONT



A SOURCEBOOK FOR

# CYBER GENERATION



## DOCUMENT OF THE REVOLUTION #1: EcoFRONT

### WRITERS:

- Edward Bolme
- David Ackerman

### EDITING:

- Edward Bolme
- Janice Sellers
- David Ackerman

### DESIGN:

- Mike Pondsmith

### ART DIRECTOR:

- Mark Schumann

### LAYOUT:

- Benjamin Wright

### COVER:

- Paolo Parenté

### INTERIOR ILLUSTRATION:

- Alex Racine
- Malcolm Hee
- Paolo Parenté
- David Ackerman

### IDEAS AND PLAYTESTING:

David Ackerman, Mark Brown, Brent Dunsire, Ingrid Granberg, Andrew Heckt, Jim Heckt, Mary Jacobs, Mike Pondsmith, Karl Wu, Benjamin Wright.

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**R. TALSORIAN  
GAMES, INC.**

# INTRODUCTION



▼Thanks for tuning in, CyberRevolutionaries!

Let me tell you, we're impressed. You've done very well, although you must never forget that there's a lot of hard work in front of us. Our numbers have grown, and even some adults are being swayed to our side. We're still small, especially in comparison to the I.S.A. but that just makes us harder to find. In the meantime, we've reopened a nasty National Guard cover-up in Georgia, taken down a budding BuReloc prison in Northern California, broken into the Arasaka 'Nanoenhancement Research Lab' in Osaka, and kept ourselves up to date on what the government knows.

There are other victories as well, too numerous to mention, and while they may seem small now, things have a tendency to snowball. For example, the BuReloc prison breakout liberated one of our senior members, exposed a CorpSec plant, freed a bunch of innocent people, and stalled BuReloc's plan to occupy San Francisco, Night City and Fresno by several months. And that gives us that much more time to win the hearts and minds of the populace. With that time, we may be able to overturn the I.S.A. occupation of the state. And that's just NorCal.

In short, keep up the good work.

What you have in your hot little hands is the first of what we call 'Documents of the Revolution.' No, it's not documenting the revolution, it's a bunch of stuff to be used for the revolution. We'll be sending these around whenever possible, and they'll have a variety of information in each one. We want everyone to get as broad an education as possible, because education is our most effective weapon, especially with the rigid and politically reliable reins the I.S.A. has on the media. Right now you've got the lowdown on two more yogangs, and you have another liberated top-secret CDC file on a new Evolved type. In addition, we're giving you a timeline of the Plague and one of the many arguments about where it came from. And you've got the first of what in all likelihood is an unending supply of Stupid Cyber Tricks.

But most important, this contains information on the EcoFront. This was the start of the CyberRevolution, beginning even before I came on the scene. The EcoRaiders have been hayduking with the I.S.A. for a long time now, and when I began to organize all you kids, I started by centering on them. They were already organized and committed. Besides, what better place to start the Eden Dream than in the great outdoors? To get you familiar with the EcoFront, we have two articles on the J-Parks (with editorial comments by T. Michelle Sarts, who's with us now), a textbook essay on the state of the wilderness (censored by the I.S.A. but retrieved before they wiped the author's files), and highlights of several on going EcoFront actions.

So enjoy, kids; stay alive, and keep the data flowing up as well as down!

▼▼▼ALT

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# CONTAMINATED EARTH:



## AN ENVIRONMENTAL POWDER KEG

▼ The commissioned author of this piece submitted this essay and a detailed outline of her college text on the environment to the Department of Education's Review Board. They rejected it, and sent CorpSec to destroy all copies she had of it. Fortunately, she had arranged to dump hundreds of copies of this introduction onto bulletin boards across the country, just in case. By her actions, she garnered herself a Treason conviction, and is currently in a BuReloc camp somewhere. ▼▼▼ MITCH

This text takes a cold, hard look at the national environment today; how it works, how damaged it is, and how it can be repaired. To help you in your education, the text is heavily-documented; there is no assertion in here which

is not supported. Remember that the first duty of education is truth, not popularity or political correctness.

Despite the trumpeting of certain remote areas as showpieces of the wilderness clean-up effort, most of the Incorporated States' ecosystems (and, since we know it's all interconnected, the rest of the globe's) are in terrible shape. Even assuming a focus on environmental issues by the government and the corporations, some of the damage will take decades to repair. The corporations move to controlled urban environments has itself helped save portions of the environment. Thus some areas are yet relatively pristine, for as with all good falsehoods, there is a grain of truth in the presentations of the establishment.

The images seen on the public relations advertising released by corporations are indeed real; the mountains with crystal snow are there, waiting to be enjoyed, and the waterfalls seen on the Golden Smash commercials

can indeed be found. Unfortunately, these areas are the notable exception rather than the rule. Only with a responsible approach to production (which has been delayed for far too long), the elimination of conspicuous consumption, and conscientious conservation and recycling of resources can the rest of the environment be saved. And we have to start now.

## An Overview of the Nation's Ecology

No part of the continent is truly spared the effects of our concerted efforts to "develop" this planet, but by far the most environmentally damaged areas are the Midwest, the Great Plains, and the Southwest. Two of these three are due to the Incorporated States' industries: the heavy mills of the Midwest and the Agribusiness plantations of the Great Plains. The damage in the Southwest is due to the cumulative effects of industrial pollution and global warming.

The Midwest is by far the worst — as well as the most visibly damaged — part of the Incorporated States, environmentally speaking. From Minnesota and Iowa down across Kentucky and as far east as New York and New Jersey, acid rains from the heavy industry plants have devastated the wilderness. The pH of the soil throughout these states have been altered enough to severely hamper plant growth, and those trees which are large enough to resist the rains themselves often strangle for lack of nutrients. The water table is contaminated with heavy metals and industrial byproducts to the point that the infrastructure of soil bacteria, fungi, and other microscopic life forms is decimated. In the middle of this devastated area, Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio in particular, there is virtually no life left other than humans. This is hardly surprising as these states all border the Great Lakes, which have been completely killed by toxic runoff from the multitudinous factories bordering them. These five lakes have become nothing more than large sewage-filled ponds and their demise naturally disrupts (one might say extinguishes) the surrounding land ecosystems.

All of this damage has been unnecessary; long-term ecological damage inflicted for the sake of short-term material gains, initiated during The Collapse and propagated through the present day. The heavy industries in the Midwest never retooled to 21st century standards and still use obsolete methods, which, though superficially cheaper, are much more ecologically damaging. The

chemical plants operate without nitric and sulfuric stack recycler systems, spewing their acidic waste gas into the air instead of reclaiming it. Strip mining and radical excavation of the landscape for raw materials occurs on a regular basis. And while it was the lack of regulation during the Seward Martial-Law administration which allowed this tragedy to occur, the longer the Midwest contaminates itself, the more expensive the clean-up operation will become, and the less likely it is that any subsequent administration will be willing to shoulder the burden.

Although the Midwest industries are overtly damaging the environment, the large agricorps are also quietly doing their share of damage as well. This may be difficult to believe, since the vast fields of genetically engineered grain look so beautiful and pristine on the vid, and the farm-boy image they represent seems to be America incarnate. Furthermore, many argue, the agribusinesses of all corporations have a vested interest in ecological conservation. Not so. Despite appearances, the student of ecology must remember that every farm is built on something, and the agribusiness plantations are built on the bones of the American Plains.

The open range of the Old West may be completely gone by this time; ravaged by drought, fire, plague, and finally, commerce. The grasses which once covered the plains survive, if at all, as genetic samples in a museum. Basically, the plains are perfect for agriculture, flat and wide, and they have been completely consumed by agribusiness. But at a terrible price. Accelerated soil erosion has already turned almost 50 million hectares into useless deserts; monstrous reminders of the dustbowls of the previous century. Much of the remaining soil has been depleted, and now depends on chemical fertilization to maintain the production levels required by the agricorps. Further, the agribusiness plantations are comprised of large single-crop fields, prone to infestation by insects or weeds, and requiring pesticidal and herbicidal treatments to ensure a good harvest. Most of this grain doesn't even go for food, but to plastics and CHOOH2 production. Instead of growing food to feed starving millions, we make sure our Metrocars have a full tank of gas.

The great deserts of the Southwest are growing, thanks to global warming. As across most of the country, the mean temperature has risen by almost 3 degrees Centigrade and the mean precipitation has fallen, turning large portions of Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and even parts of Utah and Colorado into virtual dust bowls.

Improper stock grazing had already weakened many of these vulnerable ecosystems, and when the warming hit, they dried up like clay in a kiln. Some life has survived here, mainly deep desert forms, making these states look a lot more like Death Valley than they would prefer. As the marginal and high desert forms are eradicated, the normally rich desert environment becomes less diverse... and less viable.

Of course, there is also environmental damage in localized areas elsewhere. Global warming has affected many coastal ecosystems with rising sea levels, most notably in the Gulf States and the Carolinas; some are facing rising sea levels of 2-3 meters. In Louisiana and Florida, self-serving individuals have nearly eradicated indigenous animal life to fill their cred-chips. In the Northeast, a combination of industrial development, acid rains and nuclear accidents have left much of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey as almost as wasted as the Mid-West, prompting the arcology and sealed-city movement.

Unfortunately, the Pitt-Arco nuclear accident left Pittsburgh and its surroundings contaminated down to the water table. Combined with the terrorist bombing of New York, there is a enough radioactivity to ensure a dramatic animal and plant die-off over the next fifty years. In Alaska, agribusinesses are plowing even more ecosystems under with new massive plantations. The Port of Seattle Annex has caused continued damage to Puget Sound, polluting the harbor to the point where salmon and seals are both nonexistent. The few national wildlife preserves left have been constantly harassed by poachers, often with the government's knowledge. And in other areas around the Incorporated States, lax regulations, outright graft, and environmental apathy causes ever more damage.

Despite all propaganda to the contrary, the corporations are fully cognizant of the damage they're doing to the ecosystem. Were their prognostications of a positive bent, they would not concentrate their efforts on creating arcologies and mallplexes; fully-urban environments where the average citizen can escape the climate because it can no longer be enjoyed.

### The Bright Spots

The ecologist must not despair, however, for the move to mega-urban environments, although enacted in response to the deterioration of the outdoors, has actually helped to improve the situation. Camping, so popular during the last century, has all but died, due both to the decrease in income and the increase in the average workweek as

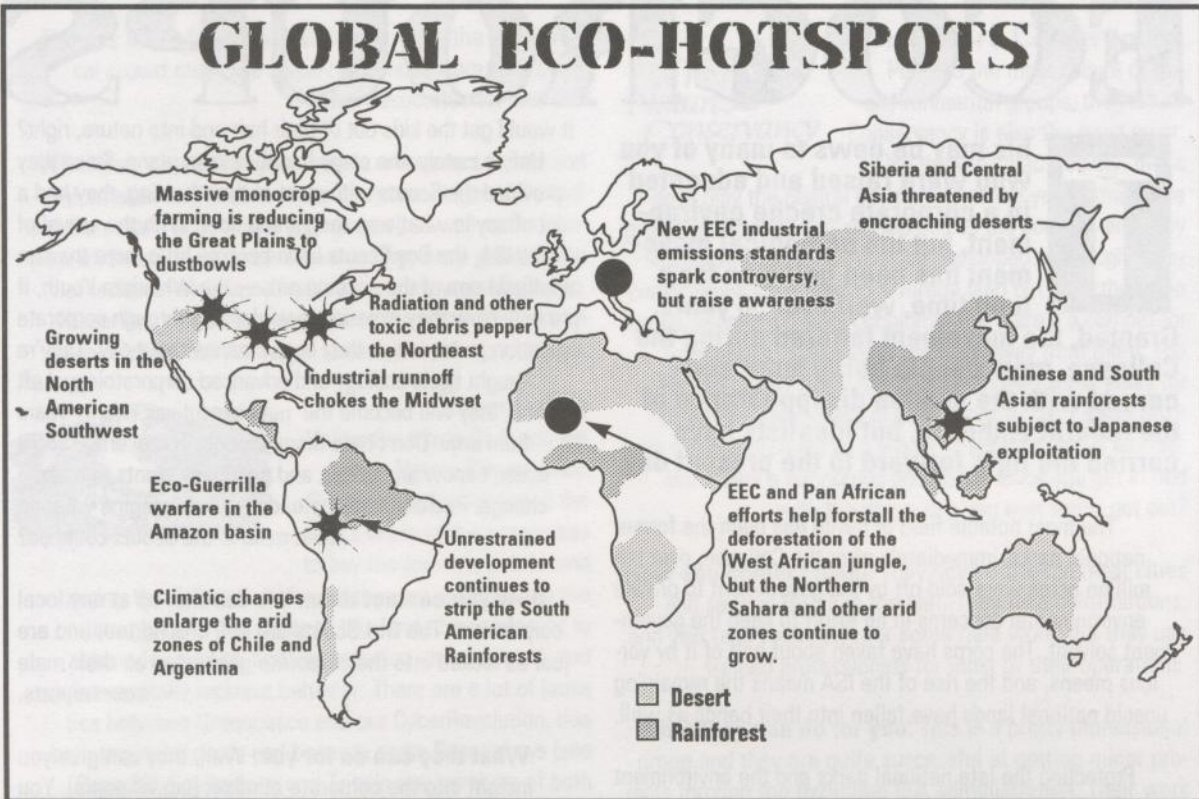
well as nomad violence and chronic pollution. Only the most wealthy or the most destitute camp these days; the wealthy for relaxation in the few corporate parks, the destitute to escape the attention of local authorities in the Wilds. There are no state or national parks left to provide modern facilities to this urban generation, adding real meaning to the term "roughing it." As a result, campers are very rare, and the remote areas have not had to take as much punishment as before. With the decline in human visitors, the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachians have seen a dramatic rebirth of the natural ecosystem; deer, wolves, and bear, without competition from humans or loss to hunters and despite other atmospheric problems, have sprung back once again approach natural population levels.

In addition to the mountains, the states in upper New England (Vermont, Massachusetts, and those further) have remained in relatively good ecological shape, in large part because they have avoided the move to industrialization and large cities. On the opposite end of the nation, Hawaii remains ecologically sound, perhaps because it's a military protectorate. And the central portion of the country, southern Appalachia and northern Dixie, remains reasonably well off, with minimal effects by global warming, smog, or industrial runoff.

The weather is not as bad in the outdoors as might be expected, either. Many people think of the great outdoors as an environmental wasteland, and while there are areas where this is true, it is not always the case. The switch to alcohol-based fuels for most automobiles and some aircraft has helped offset the renewed use of coal and petroleum in industrial processes. Granted, global warming has altered the climate across the continent, but today's cities are large enough and dense enough to create virtually permanent localized weather patterns. This means that in the woods clear or hazy skies are common, while in, for example, Los Angeles, the thick smog drizzles itself in the city streets over 200 days a year. Fortunately, temperature inversion and other disruptions keep this massive pollution bank in or near Los Angeles, preventing it from blowing into the mountains where it could cause some real damage. It can be seen as a mixed blessing that often the pollution clings to the cities rather than dispersing into the countryside.

### The Global Scene

As I stated earlier, climatic changes have effected the entire planet. Global warming is threatening many coast-



lines worldwide, ocean dumping of unprocessed sewage is decimating sea life, and I.S.A. industrial air pollution continues to cloak the entire atmosphere in a shroud of smog. But, just like our own nation, there are areas that are more drastically effected than others, largely to the south and in the Far East. Latin America is still caught in the economic war between Europe and the I.S.A., and as a result, many of the governments are notoriously corrupt and unstable. The Brazilian rainforest continues to be the primary casualty as various faulty development projects and primitive industries vie for support from the Arasaka-controlled provisional government. Species die by the thousands as the burnings and cuttings continue to roll back the forest's frontier, and the loss to the world's biodiversity is incalculable.

The Far Asian CoProsperity Sphere continues to advance over the bones of the local ecologies of the Pacific Rim. Ever since the upheaval in the Chinese government in '26, the Nippon influence on the mainland has spread right behind the Carbon Plague, enforcing clear-cutting and other development techniques that are right out of the Middle Ages. Southeast Asia is also falling under Arasaka's shadow, but at a somewhat slower pace. All this means that 45% of the world's remaining rainforests

are threatened by the rapacious philosophies of both the F.A.C.S. and the I.S.A.

While these two industrial morlocks are plunging the globe deeper into the polluted morass of commercial self-indulgence, parts of the rest of the world struggle to stem the tide of environmental decay. The EEC has passed some of the harshest industrial emissions and recycling laws ever seen. While New Central Europe is still shadowed by clouds of coal and wood smoke, it is retooling to less destructive power sources even now (the Midwest could take a lesson from them). The EEC is also helping Africa stabilize its central rainforest regions in order to protect them from devastation. Hope springs eternal.

### Take Note!

The student of ecology should also study the recent moves towards a cleaner environment. Today as never before, brash ecologically-conscious people are taking their cause to the streets, using media attention, sabotage, and even violence to achieve their goals Ecology will be *the* hot issue of the 30's, and we should be prepared. These grass-roots movements have been gathering momentum, and will be in need of educated leadership — that being the only kind of leadership which works.



# ECOGROUPS

**T**his may be news to many of you who were raised and educated in a corporate crèche environment, but the ecological movement has been going on for a long time, well over 50 years.

Granted, the movement faltered during the Collapse, most people being more concerned with the sudden disappearance of the federal umbrella, but idealists have carried the fight forward to the present day.

The most notable field of battle has been the former national parks. Immediately after the Collapse, over ten million acres were sold off by the government to private environmental concerns in an effort to keep the government solvent. The corps have taken about half of it by various means, and the rise of the ISA means the remaining unsold national lands have fallen into their hands as well.

Protecting the late national parks and the environment from abuse, pollution, and pointless development has been the main focus of the established eco-activists. There are several environmental groups operating today, but the ones who most deserve study are those groups who pioneered the environmental movement last century: the visionaries who formed the templates for today's EcoRaiders and Beastieboys. These are the groups which have not lost sight of the original goals — or who have completely sold out. As you'll see, all of these groups can prove to be valuable sources of information, but only a few are able to jump into the trenches alongside the CyberRevolution. Know what you can expect from them, and they can be great resources.

## The Boy Scouts of America

From 1910 to the turn of the millennium, the BSA was an independent organization with a long heritage of do-goodery. Unfortunately, the funds needed for the BSA thinned dramatically during the Collapse, which crippled the BSA as a continuing group. Even after the country recovered from those dark years, the increased urbanization and the near total loss of the nuclear family prevented the BSA from regrowing. Soon after, corporations began to fund the BSA, providing yet another incentive for former edgerunners to sell out to the corps: They'd ship the kids elsewhere, for free. The edgerunners thought this sounded pretty good —

it would get the kids out of their hair and into nature, right?

Unfortunately, the corps had their own plans. Since they provided the Scouts with most of their funding, they had a lot of say in what was taught and how. With the arrival of the ISA, the Boy Scouts have become little more than an unofficial arm of the government — the Whindam Youth, if you will. Now they experience wilderness through corporate vacation parks, which they keep clean without pay. They're taught basic ecology and advanced corporatology. Left alone, they will become the new executives twenty years from now. Don't hate them, though: The average scout doesn't know any better, and genuinely wants to make a change. Recruit them, instead. Can you imagine what an Eden mole in the Scouts could do?

**How you contact them:** You can sign up at any local corp center. The Girl Scouts are still around too, and are just as locked into the corporate goosestep as their male counterparts.

**What they can do for you:** Well, they can give you insight into the corporate mindset (big whoopie). You might also get surprising access to vulnerable areas in the parks or corporations themselves (they love to take Boy Scouts on tours of factories and offices, showing off the corporate lifestyle to those who'll inherit it). And as we said earlier, there could also be lots of recruits here just waiting to be brought into the CyberRevolution's fold.

## The Cousteau Society

Focused on the preservation of the world's oceans, the Cousteau Society is going strong. Over the years they have picked up some off-shore acquisitions, and they are fighting hard to keep them. This means they have little influence in the politics of any major country, but their central position outside of any territory allows them to play nations against each other and avoid being crushed. No one wants anyone else to take them over. Their extraterritorial position has also attracted a lot of die-hard independents to their camp, as a result of which they are well-armed and very dedicated to the cause.

They are rumored to be behind the so-called "Nautilus attacks" on ISA offshore oil platforms, but there is no evidence to support that claim. It is likely, however, that they are responsible for some of the guided torpedo and frogman incidents which have claimed several gill net and whaling ships.

**How you contact them:** They have several BBS's in the Net as well as offices in a few major coastal cities.

There is a \$20 fee to join. Getting in with the truly radical crowd may take some references from your Eden Cabal associates ... like Alt.

**What they can do for you:** Provide uncensored reports and information on the state of the environment (generally bad) and the oceans in particular (even worse), as well as the locations of the worst corporate offenses. They are a great source of technical assistance for just about any water-based op. Rumor has it that they have taken Eden Cabal members on raids offshore, but you've got to earn their trust on this one.



### Greenpeace

Unlike the Sierra Club and the Nature Conservancy, Greenpeace did not spend the hog's share of their resources to buy the formerly public land

during the Collapse. Although they are embroiled in the struggles for the rights to this land, they endeavor to remain focused on fighting pollution, development, and environmentally reckless behavior. There are a lot of loose ties between Greenpeace and our CyberRevolution, due both to similar goals and because some Beastieboys (see Page 28), EcoRaiders, and Tribals are members of both groups. Greenpeace also has several splinter groups who practice, shall we say, more active forms of eco-activism along the lines of Europe's Terranostra extremists — the GreenPeaceMakers are perhaps the most notorious of these splinter groups. Although Greenpeace has long been a leader in wild and radical activity, these groups are on the far side of the envelope, and therefore operate 'without official sanction.' At least, that's what Greenpeace says ...

**How you contact them:** They have offices in most cities and several BBS's in the Net. They take contributions, but prefer people who are willing to give time as well as money.

**What they can do for you:** They organize a lot of local activities and disseminate environmental information (most of it very righteous) through a variety of avenues. They aren't hesitant to supply funds and resources to people they trust for programs or operations they believe in.

But that kind of trust has to be earned with work and a willingness to lay it on the line for Mother Earth. If you get in deep enough, you'll find yourself in on raids against all sorts of corporate operations. A Greenpeacer will always be in command, however, and they don't appreciate a lot of kibitzing from any teenagers they bring along. Watch your mouth, never cross these people, and you'll do fine.



### The Nature Conservancy

Perhaps the most secure of the environmental groups, the Nature Conservancy is also the most quiet.

Like the Cousteau Society, these guys play the central position. Over the years, they have picked up many scraps of land across the country, and they intend that this land never be developed. Although many corporations have tried to leverage land out from their iron grasp, for every greedy conglomerate, there's a competitor who wants to help keep the land away from them. The Nature Conservancy has also developed some parks for corporate vacationing in an attempt to curry some favor with the corporations as a whole. It seems to have worked, but it sets a dangerous precedent: Once you get in bed with the corps, can you ever really get out?

**How you contact them:** They have offices in most cities and several BBS's in the Net. They take contributions, and will take volunteers for some field work, but they use trained professionals for most of their operations.

**What they can do for you:** This is a pretty professional group and they are quite successful at getting minor projects through the byzantine ISA administration. Their work is largely aboveboard, however, and they have ingratiated themselves into the corporate structure to the point where they may be suspect. Members have been known to supply information and funds from their corporate contacts to the Eden Cabal, and they've provided legal support in the past which has been very useful. They also have yet to betray a trust with any other environmental group; they may court the Machine, but they seem to understand the Code. Just don't tell them too much and take what they give you with caution.



### The Sierra Club

This group is the one which bought most of the park land that the government sold off during the Collapse. As a result, the Sierra Club today is tied up largely in court, fighting against the ISA's attempt to wrest back that which

they sold. Although they have been successful for a time, their biggest problem is that no domestic corporation will back them — if the Sierra Club loses, every corporation stands to gain. As a result, the Club has been forced to rely on the charity of sensible citizens and the dedication of like-minded lawyers. Certain corporations are now sending undercover operatives to try to suss out those

employees who sneak a portion of their paycheck to the Sierra Club. At the same time, the ISA is trying to pass a law to prevent the Eurocorps from providing the Sierra Club with financial aid. In short, the long-term outlook for the Sierra Club is pretty bleak at this time.

**How you contact them:** They have offices in most cities and several BBS's in the Net. They have fees for annual membership which go to support their various activities, both local and national.

**What they can do for you:** Again, they organize many local and national projects and disseminate environmental information through their own publications, both electronic and otherwise. Unfortunately, their state of siege under the corporations has sucked up a lot of their energy, and their effectiveness has diminished radically. We are trying to recruit them into the Eden Cabal, but so far, they've been resistant. They seem to think that association with us would bring the corps down on them even harder. Don't hesitate to use what info they give you and help them where you can; maybe we can win them over with deeds instead of words.



### Biotechnica

How can a corp be a conservationist, you say? Get wired, drekhead; the ecosphere is Biotechnica's R&D department, and they know that as it gets smaller, their pool of resources diminishes as well.

Since they're a Eurocorp (being based out of Rome), they get a lot of heat from the ISA government, which carries a serious spite against foreign industries. So they work behind the scenes, to keep natural areas protected wherever practical, financing and supporting efforts by other groups. Chances are that your local bird refuge exists because Biotechnica gave the local Audobon Society the money and the push to get it. They also have the largest genebank in the world and are helping other environmental groups to develop their own. All this sounds really chill, but many of us worry that this may all be too good to be true. They're a corp, after all, and may just be trying to use us against the domestic corps (see below), or setting us all up for a kill. If anyone has any other info, please let us know.

**How you contact them:** They have offices in La Jolla, SoCal, and Night City, NorCal, as well as several BBS's in the Net. They'll deny any American philanthropic activities if questioned over open channels, though. Generally, you'll have to wait for them to contact you.

**What they can do for you:** Well, that's a bit of an unknown, even to us. They give money as well as legal and technical assistance to various small groups and activities, but try to avoid drawing too much attention from the federal government. Their resources are enormous, but they can only funnel so much through these backdoor projects. If they ever want to fund a CyberRevolution op, you can bet we'll have to examine the offer through a frackin' electron microscope.

### Others

There are plenty of smaller groups, as well. Hundreds of them, far too many to discuss in detail, so here's a small sampling. **The International Crane Foundation** still legally exists, although with the passage of the whooping crane and several other species, the organization appears to be nothing more than an empty letter drop. **People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals** all but died during the Collapse when people started looking on Rover and Fluffy as food. **Last Chance Forever** is still continuing their bird rehabilitation programs, although now they have to do everything pro bono. Fortunately, the younger generation has proven to be excellent students in this regard. **Wolf Haven** had to go underground when wolves were declared a public menace a few years back, but they still get a fair amount of funding on the sly from concerned citizens.

There has also been a boom of new small activist groups since the Second American Revolution, and about these groups we have one thing to say: Beware. The smaller the group and the more focused it is, the more likely it is to be a tool of the corps. See, although the corporations have united and formed the ISA, there is still some infighting amongst them. In addition, foreign corporations have a vested interest in keeping the American corporations down. So what happens is, when, say, Equis wants to expand its complex in Alaska, NetLink Software in Arizona sends a few covert operatives to the panhandle to rally ecologically-minded people against the expansion. So a bunch of people get together on their own time, spend a few of NetLink's bucks, and do what NetLink wants: slow down Equis. As a result, Aud gets a better competitive edge. Did they save the environment? Maybe, depending on what slanted news the NetLink ops gave the volunteers. It may even be that by supplying the wrong information, they forced Equis to do something else which damaged the environment worse, making Equis pay some damages to the Alaskan government or so damaging their popularity that they're forced to downsize their operation.

In short, don't be a tool. Do it yourself.

# TALES FROM THE FRONT: SAMPLE ECOFRONT ACTIONS

**A**ny overview of the EcoFront would be horribly incomplete without a review of some of the actions taking place. There's more going on than we can easily cover, but we'll give you the highlights of some of the more interesting areas.

## OFFENSIVE ECOTERRORISM

### Yukon Flats National Monument

Yes, we know there are officially no national monuments left, but who are we to begin following the dictates of a self-serving government? Philogaia is a combined Petrochem/Freightrunners venture which has caused untold damage to the Alaskan ecosystem. The fight was originally taken up by the Alaskan Naturalist Terrorism Enclave, which has been effectively eliminated in recent years by CorpSec, but idealistic kids (most of whom are not actually a part of the Eden Cabal) have taken up the fight with offensive terrorism tactics patterned after the ANTE actions.

Offensive terrorism seeks to damage the corporation in question with direct physical attacks. The goal of offensive terrorism is to prevent the target from being able to operate effectively or profitably. Since Petrochem and Freightrunners are firmly ensconced in Philogaia (the agribusiness town they built on the ruins of the Yukon Flats), the hope is to get them eventually to pull out and cut their losses.

The kids up there have done everything from starting crop fires to breaking every office window just as a big cold front was moving in. Their most recent attack involved breaking into the industrial garage and pouring sugar into the CHOOH2 tanks of the harvesters the day before harvesting was supposed to begin. This has been their most effective attack to date, but it will take much more than this to push the Petrochem giant out of their place.

**The Bad Guys:** Petrochem and Freightrunners have been fighting eco-guerrillas for over five years now, and are prepared to deal quickly and ruthlessly with these



kids. They control the local government, have the enthusiastic help of CorpSec stormtroopers, and, since the CHOOH2 incident, have permission to use lethal force. Not people to trifle with.

**The Good Guys:** Various EcoRaider, Tribal, and NeoPioneer gangs which have taken up ANTE's cause, but they aren't very well equipped or organized. And they now have Petrochem's *undivided* attention. While smart enough to harass and slow the corps down, without help, these guys are definitely lunchmeat. Any volunteers?

## HAYDUKING

### Los Angeles Metroplex

Thanks to the efforts of the EcoRaiders, hayduking is the most famous form of ecoterrorism. Its goal is to prevent the spread of civilization into new territory by sabotaging the vehicles, equipment, and even the land which is to be developed. The Los Angeles Metroplex is one of the

worst of the modern American cities, and continues to spread all along its border. Many of the EcoRaider yogangs in the LA area are taking their cause to the city limits, where they seek to contain this urban cancer.

There are too many individual incidents going on to describe them all in detail, but typical tactics include tree-spiking, equipment sabotage to prevent new land from being plowed under, and continued sabotage of vehicles and supplies as new buildings are erected. The best of the attacks to date was enacted by the MacArthur Park Ecojocks, who removed half the bolts from key structural members on a large skyscraper. After the entire framework was in place, they sent the bolts to the contractor with a note explaining where they were taken from. By that time, the building had settled under its own weight, and the bolts could not be reinserted. Faced with having to tear it back down, the contractor sued the L.A. city government for more funds, claiming poor police work allowed the sabotage to take place. The matter is still in court.

**The Bad Guys:** Just about any corporation or developer who seeks to horizontally expand the L.A. urban area. You can bet that they will always be technically legal, with all the right permits and clearances, even when they're bulldozing under the last wetlands in Southern California. BuReloc is a common ally in this theater, as they must often displace the current residents before the developers' work can begin. And we all know that the B of L just lives to fill its camp quotas, be it with indigents or adolescents.

**The Good Guys:** Various yogangs of the L.A. basin, many associated with the CyberRevolution, the Guerrillas, and Greenpeace. They are fairly well coordinated and focus on small, nonlethal actions with big consequences. These folks are wired and sharp, and they can cause some real damage, but inevitably, some will get caught. And BuReloc has three new camps in SoCal just waiting for them.

## EXPOSURE

### Newtown, Michigan

New American Motors is one of the worst polluters of the Michigan ecosystem. Their careless dumping of wastes and their blatant neglect for environmental responsibility has caused untold damage in a once beautiful and undeveloped part of this nation. They, and the many compa-

nies which support them with raw materials by strip-mining the iron-rich Upper Peninsula, are some of the worst studies in the hidden costs of unrestrained materialism.

The adults of the area ignore the situation, glad only to have jobs. They ignore the destruction of the ecosystem around them simply by remaining in the cities. Out of sight, out of mind. It is this apathy that Exposure tactics seek to overturn. The children of Newtown have been robbed of being able to play in the woods and the parks, because everything is dead and reeks of toxins. The lake and streams are so polluted that swimming is prohibited.

And these children are taking their loss back to the source.

Exposure tactics force the ecological crimes into the face of the industry and the public, day after day, in new and innovative ways. The goal is to so sicken the populace with the situation so much that something has to be done about it. The Newtown kids are certainly gifted at making people sick, although they credit it to the material they are given to work with.

Last June, the Newtown kids backed up NAM's waste water outlet, spilling their toxic sludge back into the factory floor, forcing the workers to clean up their own mess.

Other, braver kids have sent packages to key public figures. These parcels were filled with a plastic bag of waste, designed to rupture when the box was opened. There has been no mention of any results, although NAM has installed a new scanner in their mail room. The most famous anti-NAM prank involved dribbling waste from the air conditioning vents in the capitol when NAM President Cooper Brenner spoke before the Senate. Televised nationally, it made NAM's environmental practices a national issue for a while. But the best tactic we've seen yet happened last month, when the locals managed to feed lake water into the public water supply, bypassing the purity filters. All across Newtown, water fountains spouted brown sludgy water, filled with noxious bacteria and an oily sheen. This was supported by pirate broadcasts of mock ads proclaiming NAM's new campaign of 'Progress at All Costs'.

**The Bad Guys:** New American Motors and various other manufacturers in the Newtown area. They have requested CorpSec assistance in addition to the local police force, which they own. Newtown is a company town, make no mistake, and there is very little that NAM cannot influence, including the minds of its populace.

**The Good Guys:** The most effective group is a Cyberevolved batch of Rads, Vidiots, EcoRaiders and Beaverbrats who call themselves the Shadows, after the hero of some last century audio show. They have a good track record so far, but it's definitely not over. Their combination of hayduking and psywar tactics has raised the awareness of the community, but NAM squelches it down almost as quickly. A major confrontation is probably in the offing, and the Shadows may need help in order to win it.

## PARASITIC RECLAMATION

### Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania

Beaver Falls is where most of the heavy industry from Pittsburgh moved. There is a lot of pollution in the area, and the Tribals of Beaver Falls have an innovative means of attack. They have built a variety of pollution-control devices and installed them in the unwitting factories' systems. For example, in the Penn Fertilizer ammonia plant, they have installed a water scrubbing system as an appendix to the cooling water supply. This scrubbing system taps into the power of the plant itself to take an additional water into the cooling system and remove pollutants, so that when it leaves the plant, it is cleaner than when it entered. Similar systems have been installed for parasitic soil treatments and air purification. In this fashion, the Tribals make the corporations clean up the environment without their consent or even their knowledge.

Granted, it's not a high profile tactic, but it is effective, and can be used concurrently with other more direct tactics. After all, if you keep paint-bombing their building, they are less likely to check their subbasement for new additions.

**The Bad Guys:** Penn Fertilizer and other polluting manufacturers in the Beaver Falls area. Of course, if the locals' tactics remain effective, these corps will never know where they are really being attacked.

**The Good Guys:** Several CyberRevolutionary Tribal and EcoRaider gangs who have worked out a deal with the local Tinkertots for tech support. They've proven a winning combination. The trick is to get in and get the item set up while remaining undetected. This generally calls for outrageous and noisy distractions, often supplied on demand by a local Gogang. It just goes to show you: Teamwork is everything.

## COUNTERINSURGENCY

### Tulsa Oklahoma

Republic West Oil & Plastics is another of the leading agribusiness concerns, and the target of a continued teen counterinsurgency attack. Basically, counterinsurgency is the label applied to any ecoterrorism which tries to reassert the natural ecosystem over the artificial one. In the Tulsa area, the Beastieboys are taking their abilities to the front lines. They've released a variety of jackrabbits, prairie dogs, and armadillos into RWO&P's massive plantations, allowing them to savage the bioengineered fields. Yes, armadillos were all but extinct, but someone out there got hold of their genetic code and is breeding them by the potful. Once the fields were somewhat thinned by these animals, they released tumbleweeds to provide a little friendly competition. Republic West responded by releasing a large new group of cybercats, but the Beastieboys countered by releasing javelinas and eagles; the eagles hunted the cats as rabbits, and the javelinas killed any cybercats which disturbed them. The battle of the ecosystems continues, so those down Tulsa way might wish to lend a hand.

**The Bad Guys:** Republic West Oil & Plastics continues the war on their four-legged tenants with bounties being offered on armadillos, rabbits, and even eagles. This means that every local and his cousin is out rooting around the countryside, blasting anything that walks, crawls or flies and making things even more hazardous than usual. Worse yet, RWO&P's Security agents are infiltrating the area, looking for the source of the animals. It may only be a matter of time.

**The Good Guys:** The local Beastieboy gang, the *Carne Diablos*, is one slick group, full of style and expertise, but they may have gotten in over their heads. They don't have the resources to continue this fight for long, and so far they've refused any help from the CyberRevolution. But the pressure is really on. Rumor has it that they have a doomsday weapon ready if they go down: a whole crop of *Nomadacris septemfasciata* (South African red locust) ready for release into RWO&P's fields. Such a plague would be impossible to contain and would devastate a lot of territory before dying out. Not the kind of thing to win the hearts and minds of the populace over to our cause, ya know? We need to make sure that it doesn't reach that point.

# J-PARKS



"We aren't starting a revolution here, but we are revolutionizing our grand nation. The name 'The Incorporated States of America' simply reflects a grand and vibrant spirit of dedication, prosperity, and progress which our country has already embraced. Look out future, here we come!"

— President David Whindam

"The dedication of a mindless slave, the prosperity of the government at the expense of our rights, and the progress of a bulldozer through a virgin forest; This is the spirit we have embraced. I hope we still have time to pick a new dance partner."

— Jackson Willis, Guerrilla

▼ In case you haven't already heard, the J-Parks are one of the little things we're doing for the Eden Dream, although the idea started catching on before we got organized. A J-Park or "Jurassic Park™" is any area which has been repopulated with a natural ecosystem of plants and animals. They are the work of the Beastieboys with help from the EcoRaiders, the Tribals and of course you folks in the CyberRevolution.

Smaller J-Parks might only be the size of one room, and have only small plants and insects. I know of one J-Park which has been built in an abandoned domed stadium — They have trees, lights arranged to simulate the sun, and even small predators in there. It's amazing. When we overthrow the U.S.A. (and those governments like it around the world), we'll be using the J-Parks to help re-seed the environment and restore it to its natural state. In the meantime, they're a great and safe place to learn wilderness survival and tactics.

Unfortunately, not everyone finds the J-Parks as great as we do. I've asked Mitch to give you some more information about them.

▼▼▼ ALT

## J-Parks: A Threat to the Family

ISA Today, Sunday, March 21, 2027  
by James Bockerlee, Ph.D.  
Special to ISA Today

▼ *Editorial additions by T. Michelle Sarts, Ph.D.  
Special to the Eden Cabal*

The youth of today are pushing the limits of tolerance more than any generation previously. Even since President Whindam's State of the Union Address in which he targets the Youth Culture Crisis as the Number One problem facing the nation today, the children of this fine country have become ever more rebellious and uncooperative, even in the face of the threat of the Carbon Plague. These children are not satisfied with ever-increasing prosperity, the advancement of American culture in a hostile world, and the free education they receive through corporate-sponsored day care centers. They have an urge to rebel against everything their nation is doing for them, and this urge is fed through their own twisted view of the world today, a view upheld by their own narcissistic counterculture.

▼ *Obviously, these people have forgotten where they came from. Every generation has at first worshipped, then rebelled against, then joined with, then evolved further than their parents. For thousands of years parents have complained about the rebelliousness of youth, using almost verbatim the same phrases used today. If indeed the youth rebellion is worse today than ever before, it is because these same youth are being persecuted actively by the establishment, a first for any society, anywhere. As an aside, I also take exception to the classification of every problem as a crisis, let alone a problem as chronic as teenage rebellion. This politics of crisis has certainly helped to give the Whindam presidency the momentum it has because people still fall for it!*

They claim to find real camaraderie among their gangs and cliques, when all they really find is immediate and unconditional approval for sociopathic activities. They claim they find a purpose in their rebellion, when all they find is a lack of discipline and a path for self-indulgence. And they claim they find a higher purpose to life, a hollow meaning gleaned from sex, drugs, noise masquerading as music, wanton vandalism, and even murder.

▼ *Don't let his authoritarian tone get you down, kids. You all know what you've found: real compassion, true friends, and a group of elders (that's us) who will listen.*

One might think that the Hunnish views which perpetuate the Youth Culture Crisis would not be able to sustain momentum for long, and were mayhem and instant gratification their only aims, you'd be right. Unfortunately, the problem is much more insidious than that. The youth of America today mask their vengeful doctrine behind provocative masks: self-righteous facades with which they hide their inner darkness. Politics, family values, ethics, each of these is claimed as an axis of the youth rebellion, but the most recent and by far the most insidious justification of the causes of the current crisis are the so-called J-Parks.

▼ *I wonder if this was ghostwritten by someone in the government. They are, after all, experts at nice facades for self-serving ends, and to attack perhaps the most harmless aspect of the youth revolution in this way is but another way for them to gain control.*

The name J-Park comes from *Jurassic Park*<sup>TM</sup>, the popular braindance released in 2018. It and its 2023 sequel depict a large park wherein dinosaurs are recreated for entertainment purposes, then eventually run amok and start eating adults. You can see why these movies are already a problem for our society: They instill the notion that something fun can also be used to kill those to whom you owe respect and obedience. Now, certain children are apparently trying to create *Jurassic Park* for real in their J-Parks.

▼ *Here he forgets that the original flat-screen movie came out in the early 90's, and society lasted for quite a while before *The Collapse*. Of course, he'd probably claim that the movie somehow caused *The Collapse*.*

A J-Park is, quite simply, an abandoned building (warehouse, bomb shelter, Q-hut, arco, whatever) which certain kids have used in an attempt to create an entire ecosystem, from algae and small plants to insects to small animals and birds. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? It's something you might want your kid to do: Work for a better ecology. Do not be fooled by appearances.

▼ *Right, don't be fooled. After all, the ISA looks good ...*



First, before the kids have even begun to construct their J-Park, it has bred criminal activities. The kids take empty buildings for their own, completely ignoring any pertinent ownership rights or squatter's regulations. Often assault, blackmail, or even murder is used to achieve control. Next they have to prepare for all these animals, which they do largely through theft of equipment and parasitic commandeering of public utilities. Obtaining these materials may be the real cause behind the so-called environmentalist hayduking which has plagued industrial America for the last five years.

▼ *This is an outrageous claim. Hayduking seeks to destroy large-scale equipment, equipment which couldn't be used in the J-parks. Further, he says himself that J-Parks are a recent phenomenon, and hayduking has gone on for years. Some people just don't get it, but I know Bockerlee is smarter than that. I think it's a propaganda ploy; he wants everyone to see a massive youth conspiracy behind everything, and to tie this conspiracy to all violence in America today.*

We might think they've already gone too far, but in the burning eyes of today's youth, it's nowhere near far enough. They see no reason for restraint; they're doing this for their own entertainment, and they need to populate their J-Park. They accomplish this with genetic engineering and cloning of plants and animals. What we have with J-Parks, then, is a bunch of inexperienced, undereducated, self-indulgent, rebellious youth playing with fire. These kids actually believe they have the understanding and experience necessary to play God, creating life as they desire and trying to make it fit into their idealized braindance vision of a world — making the world in their own image, as it were. Each and every plant and animal the children create in these J-Parks is suspect; they look normal, but with teens and even pre-teens doing the science, how can we be sure? Any of the J-Parks in America may carry a plant which is a poisonous version of a normal food crop, or an animal that can out-compete all other animals in its niche. Despite appearances, the life forms in J-Parks are a potentially lethal threat, and if through childish carelessness one of these life forms escapes the J-Parks, we may all be hip deep in a bastard cross-breed between kudzu and poison ivy.

Despite these evil potentials, even good-hearted kids are drawn in by the J-Parks. The best of the J-Parks are showcases of plants and animals, gardens

which 'prove' how much the rebellious youth 'care,' as if compassion alone were enough to justify any reckless activity. Surrounded by flowers, squirrels, and singing birds, even the most idealistic of kids would be tempted, both by the beauty of the facade and the raw unadulterated power surging just beneath the surface. They are encouraged to spend time here, away from the positive influence of family and corporate rec centers, and surrounded by the worst type of youth this country has produced. Hypnotized by appearances, these kids find themselves susceptible to the clever and sinister persuasions offered by the criminal elements. It's no wonder that J-Parks have become one of the most popular causes of youth today.

The usefulness of J-Parks to the manipulative sociopathic youth goes further than simple recruiting. J-Parks can be used as hideouts and drug farms, as well. And by their very existence they stand in defiance of the laws of the land, a challenge to proper authorities.

Further, J-Parks are still new. The children have taken the wheel of genetic engineering. The question remains: Where will they steer this juggernaut? How long will it be before the kids begin genetically engineering tigers because their parents disciplined them? Will teachers begin finding cobras in their desks when they hand out less-than-perfect grades? Will these children playing with fire burn our planet in a new plague, or will they actually try to resurrect the dinosaurs in an attempt to wipe out anyone over the age of eighteen?

▼ *Sure, we intend on steering this battered planet forward to the past, but I don't think any of us wants to have a 'ten ton turkey from hell' rooting around our back yard. Bockerlee is a paranoid, fanning the flames of sensationalism*

J-Parks are a threat to the fabric of our society, and must be fought on all fronts. We need to make genetic engineering a felony for anyone under the age of twenty-one, and try the suspects as adults instead of children. We need to tighten the squatter laws and force absentee landlords to arrange for frequent inspections of their own property. And we need to find these J-Parks, each and every last one of them, expose them for what they are, and burn them to the ground.

▼ *Woof. Better watch yourselves, because far too many people have been buying this tripe, hook, line, and sinker.*

## BUILDING A J-PARK

Well, now that you've heard how much a threat the J-Park is to the American way of life, we're sure you just can't wait to go out and make one of your own. But this isn't a project to launch into lightly; it involves a great deal of planning, skill, and a whole lot of teamwork. And if you fail, all your plant and animal charges suffer along with you. So before you go and start mounting Grow-lites in your closet, let us give you the real scoop on what's needed to build a J-Park (besides the patience of a saint). The basics break down into eight not-so-simple steps:

1. Designing your ecology.
2. Finding a site.
3. Rigging a power source.
4. Establishing a water supply.
5. Sealing the environment and providing temperature controls.
6. Prepping the area for planting.
7. Selecting, establishing, and sustaining the flora and fauna.
8. Establishing and maintaining security.

**1. Designing your ecology.** Before you even buy your first plant seeds, you have to decide what kind of J-Park you want to build. This requires two major decisions: How big a park can you support, and what kind of ecology do you want to put in it. Getting some *Biotech* background is advisable here, as you may aspire to build something unsustainable.

Start small, with an environment not too far from your (unpolluted) local one. This will require the least amount of fancy hardware and be the most resilient. You've got to crawl before ... oh, never mind; you'll do what you want to anyway.

**2. Finding a site.** The next logical step is to locate a building or other structure suitable for enclosing a J-park. Size, accessibility, security, and durability (as well as the type of environment to be established) are all factors which need to be considered and investigated. An abandoned warehouse or other building may seem to be a good first choice, but with BuReloc constantly patrolling such areas, they can be risky. In response, sewers, rented condos, enclosed rooftops, and even old railroad container cars have been

recruited into hosting micro-parks (The best skills for finding a good site are *Schoolin'* and *Streetsmarts* since these mean using your head to suss out your environment. Likewise, *Organise*, *Contacts*, *Suburban Ninja*, and *Tunneling* can all be used to recon a neighborhood for a potential location). The complexity of the task depends on the locale and your ambitions; you could go for a large shipping container sequestered at the edge of a freight yard, or a full loft, legally rented by the Goldenkid in the group.

**3. Rigging a power source.** Once a site has been selected, you're going to need access to a fair amount of power; first to aid in refitting the space for use as a biosphere, and later to drive all the support systems (which can vary quite a bit, depending on their elaborateness). Again, you have a few choices, but most will require both materials and technical expertise (break out those *Hayduking*, *Contacts*, *Boost* and *Kitbash* skills).

If you're only setting up a small park, solar power cells are an excellent choice; as long as they are in a secure place, they're an ideal source of free energy. But the average rooftop full of solar cells won't supply enough power to run big operations, being limited to handling J-Parks of less than 900 sq. feet (and remember: larger receptor areas are more visible and therefore more vulnerable). Independent generators are the next best choice, being both powerful and mobile. But acquiring one can be an adventure all by itself, and once installed, they still require fuel (about 3 gal./day for a 1500 sq.

foot.park). Do you want to grow your own CHOCH2? The riskiest, but most flexible, option is tapping into the local power grid. You Arcos, Mallbrats, and Tinkertots are all naturals at nabbing power from the State for free (although anyone can try it), but the corporate power centers keep track of every kilowatt hour. Constant vigilance is necessary to make sure they don't track the power flow back to you. Any Guerrilla netrunner can be very useful here as they can hack into the state systems and disguise the power access. The main rule: Cover your tracks.

**4. Establishing a water supply.** Unless you're setting up a desert biosphere, your park is going to need water, and probably a lot of it. Again, you have the option of tapping the state water



mains; a risky, but obvious source. It has all the same dangers inherent in the power supply tap described above, *plus* the pipes are easier to trace than mere wires. A better (and more ecological) plan would be to install a closed system: with a large (1000 gallon) water tank and the right filtration and pump arrangement, the same water can be used again and again, ensuring a steady supply and only requiring power and filters to maintain. Acquiring the equipment needed for this (the water tank, filter system and pumps; about \$15,000) will keep any team busy for some time.

**5. Sealing the environment and providing temperature controls.** Once you've got the site, it has to be reasonably well insulated to hold in the humidity and warmth, as well as keeping any polluted, urban air from choking your handiwork. Sealing and insulation are relatively easy, requiring only spray-on foam materials available at any hardware store. Of course, you may need several *dozen* gallons and an industrial sprayer, but that won't stop you now, will it? After the area is sealed, an air-conditioning and filtration system should be installed in order to maintain the climate. Like the water system, this involves several expensive pieces of hardware: a ducting and heating/cooling system, fans, filters, and a regulator; usually about \$10,000 worth. Got any friends in the home-improvement business?

**6. Prepping the area for planting.** Once all the materials have been "acquired," the site must have the area itself "prepped". First comes the pipe systems for watering and water recycling. Next you must arrange for proper lighting. This is important: you *must* have adequate windows or skylights or install a high-powered lighting system to feed the plants; sunlight is their fuel (unless you're planning to grow mushrooms). Laying down a topsoil is next, which means getting enough gravel, sand, dirt and loam to cover the entire area of your park. Each of these is laid down in specific layers (Difficult: *Schoolin'* check) to allow for proper drainage and reduce the chance of soil contamination. Once all this is done (and this stage can be one of the most labor intensive), the site is ready to take its residents.

**7. Selecting, establishing, and sustaining the flora and fauna.** In every way, this is the trickiest stage of the operation. As mentioned in step one, you need to have decided what kind of biosphere you wanted to establish; everything is designed around those parameters. Now, the flora must be designated, which will allow you to create the proper sustainable ecology (Very Difficult: *Daktari* or Difficult: *Biotech* roll); the ease with which these are obtained is directly related to how exotic and rare they are. Common varieties can be bought at the local mall, or you could even get the seeds through a catalog. But rarer items may have to be stolen from a local genebank, or bought on the Black Market (Are you listening *Mallbrats*, *Beavers*, and *Goldenkids*?). This can be a lengthy process as there can be literally hundreds of different plant species needed to establish your environment. Once obtained, they must be planted and nurtured to establish themselves in the park. This is a delicate operation, and any number of things can prevent the flora from growing properly, especially if

the environment wasn't properly prepared (a Difficult: *Schoolin'* or Average: *Biotech* roll to ensure a proper planting). A reminder: if you want any trees, you may have to bring them in as saplings or even larger forms. Growing them from seeds may take more patience than even a Beastieboy has. Simultaneously with the flora, earthworms and other soil fauna suitable for your ecology must be seeded. These are necessary to maintain the soil and keep the plants healthy. Even insects for pollination and cleaning may be a good idea, if introduced carefully.

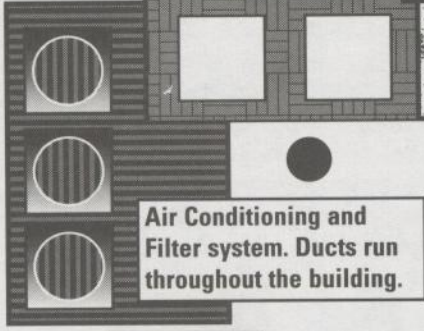
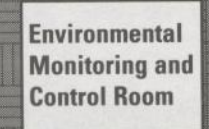
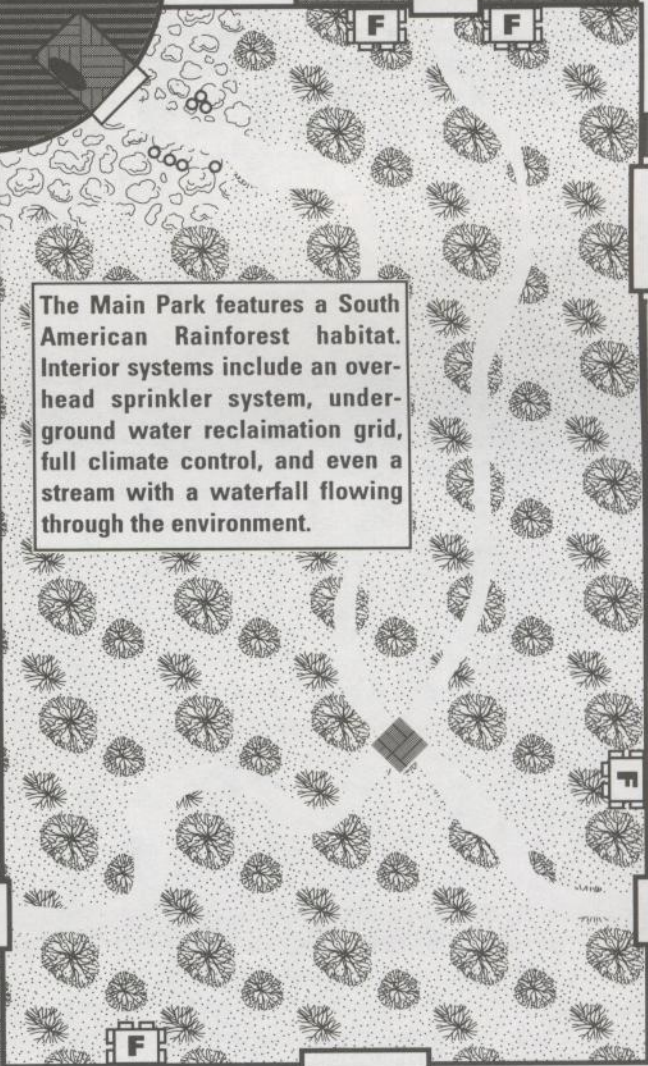
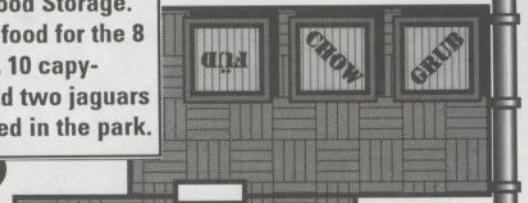
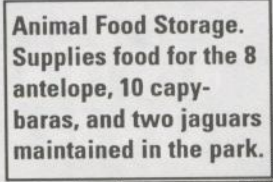
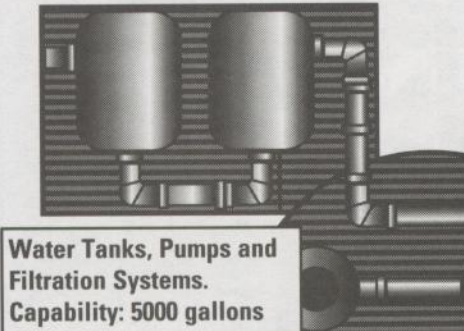
Once the flora and small fauna are in place (which can take up to four months to confirm), the larger animals can be slowly seeded into the park. Like the plants, these could come from a variety of sources: purchased from pet shops, kidnapped from corporate zoos, or grown in Beastieboy vats. Here, the B-boys really come into their own as they design and recreate just the right animal for the desired effect. (all sorts of *Daktari* skill rolls, here; first to establish which animals are needed, and then additional ones to make them). Unfortunately, this is the stage where most parks fail: Often folks try to place too much animal biomass into the environment, which quickly strips the flora and results in the death of the biosphere. As in nature, a delicate balance must be created. Setting up feed areas for any large animals and supplying them with food separate from the ecology is one answer. Another is to put only a few small animals into the park, ones that cannot overpopulate and strip the foliage bare. This situation requires at least *one year* of monitoring to fine-tune the balance and make sure that no element threatens all the others. Any yogang that tries to set up a park without doing its homework is doomed to failure ... after investing a lot of time, hardware, and hard work.

**8. Maintaining security.** While every yogang worth its salt knows how to hide things from the Machine, few have taken on the challenge of disguising something as large and immobile as a J-Park. All the usual security measures for a hideout are necessary, plus some notable additions. Setting up several hidden accessways and sentry points is a start. As mentioned before, covering your power and/or water taps is always important since these form an obvious trail the Icemen can follow. And you have to be careful about purchasing supplies as well: buying 900 lbs of dogfood every week at the PetStop market might clue someone into your activities.

A subtler form of security may be required as well; if you've established an exotic environment, you may have to protect it from more than just CorpSec flamethrowers. Diseases, fungi, rats or other unplanned vermin, and even unsanitary people can destroy an ecology with contamination as surely as a police raid. A truly delicate biosphere (such as the Javanese Rainforest) may require a totally sealed site, positive air pressure systems, an extensive water filtration set-up, an airlock, and bio-cleansing procedures before entry. Only the most dedicated and skilled can maintain this sort of J-Park. Be careful not to bite off more than you can chew ...

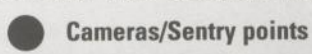
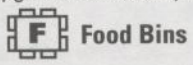
# A SAMPLE J-PARK

Randell Freelancers  
"Amazon" J-Park,  
South San Francisco



The Freelancers' J-Park is a model of what can be done with the proper resources. This is their second park, the first having been discovered by CorpSec and raided. While the Freelancers fought CorpSec off (as the pict on pg.17 shows), they had to relocate their entire operation. *That's* dedication.

1.5 m.



# THE TIMELINE OF THE CARBON PLAGUE

▼ We thought you should know a little more about how and when the Carbon Plague started up, to give you a little better idea of who's on your side. Much of this may come as a surprise to you; the ISA has been notably tight on information about the Plague, and a lot of what they do release to the media is false. Trust us that these are the facts; many of these entries have been taken from secret files recovered by Rache Bartmoss, and others from defectors to the cause. Of course, some of the data has come from you kids, either through interviews or actions you've taken. Keep it up, kids, the future of the planet is in your capable hands!

▼▼▼ ALT

## A.D. 2000

The Wasting Plague hits the United States and Europe. The landmark case of Stoe vs. Nevada is decided in favor of the State of Nevada, resulting in a severe restriction on the rights of citizens with infectious diseases. The other states pass similar laws over the next few months.

## A.D. 2012

The first viable nanotech is released by both European and Japanese corporations. Within the next few years, nanotech is used for biological enhancement and large-scale construction efforts. Even with ten years of refinements, commercially-available nanotech get nowhere near the quality of the Carbon Plague CNMs.

## A.D. 2025

DECEMBER

**19th:** The FoxRun Incident. FoxRun 3-13 crashes in Night City. Although considered at the time to be the result of a mechanical failure (or possibly sabotage), this accident is believed by some to be the initial outbreak of the Carbon Plague. Of the crew of five, only one, Renee Suzzalo, survives. She is shipped to Crisis Medical in critical condition. The FoxRun flight is suspected of having been working on a 'blind security test', which is their euphemism for corporate espionage.

**20th:** Federal agents visit FoxRun's Sacramento headquarters. It is unknown exactly what happened there.

**23rd:** Renee Suzzalo's status is downgraded to seri-

## HYPertext FOXRun

*Counterintelligence & Security Specialists*

**Headquarters:** Richmond, VA

**Regional Offices:** Houston, Minneapolis, Sacramento

**Name and Location of Major Shareholder:**

FoxRun is a partnership, owned by Jon Foxx, Amanda Foxx, and three senior employees. None will sell their shares at any price.

**Employees:** Worldwide Troops Covert

125 0 80

**Notes:** FoxRun does work for companies too small to have their own covert ops team, as well as jobs for bigger corps who either want deniability or don't wish to risk their own troops. In addition to testing a corporation's security system and consulting on improvements to same, FoxRun also participates in "blind security tests." This is a euphemism for real-life intrusions, extractions, or sabotage. FoxRun's main resource is personnel. It is one of the few places edgerunners can go, do what they like, and yet remain legitimate. The company has attracted some of the very best in almost every field.



ous, and she is transferred to Night City Medical Center for continued care.

## A.D. 2026

JANUARY

**2nd:** Renee Suzzalo dies of a mysterious malady despite the best efforts of Night City Medical personnel. As she was seriously injured, medical personnel were unable to get much subjective information from her — what she felt, etc. — and what they did get is colored heavily with the other injuries she sustained. In retrospect, the observations recorded by the staff indicate that she suffered from nanoid infection. Unfortunately, there is no proof, as the staff did not do a nanotech scan on her at the time. This is hardly surprising, since they had no reason to believe a nanotech plague had broken out.

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**3rd:** The story of the death of the Renee Suzzalo finds its way to Night City Today, and headlines the front page of the screamsheet all day long. At this time the press dubs the illness 'the FoxRun Flu', and runs commentary disguised as news stories prophesying that a new bio-engineered disease threatens the entire West Coast. Late in the day the screamsheet receives a visit from several high-ranking ISA personnel, and the yellow journalism stops abruptly. The editor-in-chief of Night City Today is killed in a car accident while heading home.

During the next two weeks, twenty-one people in Night City come down with the FoxRun Flu. Most live or work near where FoxRun 3-13 went down. The disease is named 'Genetic Metabolic Disruption Syndrome', and data regarding the disease is disseminated to several leading university research centers. The second fatality of the FoxRun Flu is recorded on the 7th, and by the end of this month, all the infected people die. As with the first case, the autopsies are inconclusive.

## FEBRUARY

Throughout the month, sixty-three more people die of the Carbon Plague in Night City. Cases also show up in Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, Sacramento, Portland, El Paso, Richmond, Detroit, New York City, and various smaller towns. Despite pressure from the national government, the Northern California government does not impose quarantines. Also during this month, the first survivor of the Carbon Plague is documented: an 18-year-old male who stabilizes in a coma. He is eventually taken by the CDC and never seen again.

**16th:** In response to pressure from the Appalachian states and the Northeast, GMDS is declared a threat to national security, and the CDC gets placed on the case. February is 'month one' in Dr. David Chaing's notes. Apparently he was so consumed with other work that he was unaware of what was happening in the world around him. Some conjecture that he was working on a nanotech project himself, although this accusation seems illogical given that it took Chaing several months to determine the presence of the nanomachines. Additionally, private memos indicate Chaing appeared close to panic on several occasions.

## MARCH

Many more cases of the Carbon Plague are reported across the country, in Mexico, and in Canada. Three more children survive the Carbon Plague, but in good condition. They are questioned, tested, and released into a parent-supervised quarantine. They are notably reluctant to talk with health workers about their recovery. By

the fact that these kids are not noticed as Evolved, it is now assumed that they are Scanners.

**31st:** In a top-secret report, the Centers for Disease Control epidemiologists admit surprise at the low contagion of the disease; against all theory it spreads laterally rapidly without infecting a majority of people in cities where it has been reported.

## APRIL

The ten-thousandth case of the Carbon Plague appears during the month. Thirteen children affected by the Carbon Plague survive and are discharged after several tests. Additionally, two children disappear under mysterious circumstances. It is possible that these are Tinmen, but also that they were kidnapped by a corporation that was ahead of the CDC in research.

**1st:** In an EEC assembly, a resolution is proposed to quarantine the ISA (the Europeans, upset at the Second American Revolution, had been looking for an excuse for some time). Although the U.S. vetoes the proposal, most of the world complies with the quarantine anyway, cutting off trade and travel. The U.S. and world economies falter as a result of this move, and industries around the world rapidly move to make up for shortages caused by the abrupt end of trade.

**4th:** The Medical Examiner who performed the autopsy on the FoxRun survivor dies of the Carbon Plague.

## MAY

During the month, cases appear in Western Europe, Japan, and Central America.

**3rd:** The Orbitals cut off all traffic to and from Earth.

**10th:** A child with 'silvery RealSkinn sleeves' is abducted off the street by an unmarked vehicle in Helena, Montana.

**17th:** In Boston, an adult claims to have come down with the Carbon Plague, but shaken off the effects after a day or two. This case is not believed because the presence of the Carbon Plague is largely confirmed by the screaming death of its victims. Although initially dismissed as a hoax, more cases start appearing over the next few months.

**21st:** Alt Cunningham meets her first Wizard.

**30th:** A Tinman and several prisoners attempt to break out of prison in Dothan, Alabama. Fourteen prisoners are killed; the Tinman escapes. Twelve guards also die in the attempt, most at the hands of the Tinman. The Alabama National Guard begins openly hunting Tinmen.

## JUNE

The millionth case of Carbon Plague appears sometime this month.

**2nd:** Mexico belatedly tries to close its borders as a

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member of one of the ruling families comes down with the Carbon Plague.

**5th:** Martial law is declared by the ISA. In a speech to the American public, Whindam assures everyone that elections will not be suspended, and that freedoms will be restored just as soon as the infection has been fought to a standstill. As the culmination of a two year program of propaganda and clandestine warfare, Whindam reintegrates most of the Free States into the Union. Only Texas manages to declare itself an independent nation, although it quickly allies itself with the I.S.A. government in order to ensure its continued autonomy.

**11th:** First report of presumed Bolter activity. At an intersection in Washington D.C., seven congressmen went down "twitching like a maniac's marionette" over the course of five minutes.

## JULY

Cases of the Carbon Plague are reported in almost every major population center on Earth, despite all attempts at quarantine.

## AUGUST

**1st:** The Crystal Palace has its first confirmed case of the Carbon Plague. The victim is immediately thrown out an airlock. This heinous action is repeated three times over the next two weeks, and unrest grows.

**3rd:** The Carbon Plague is determined to be nanotech-based. The term 'Carbon Plague' is coined by WNS, and soon supplants FoxRun Flu and GMDS even in official communication.

**4th:** In a top-secret communiqué, the CDC revises its estimate of contagion of the disease from very low to almost certain, but adds that the gestation period for the plague is indeterminate and sometimes very long. Some models project that the nanites can be found in some quantity everywhere on Earth.

**16th:** Tycho base has its first case of the Carbon Plague. The victim is heavily irradiated and fired at Earth in the mass driver. Tycho and Copernicus announce they will fire on all approaching traffic.

## SEPTEMBER

**1st:** The Johnson Space Platform reopens transportation with Earth. There is no demand, since no orbital station is willing to follow suit.

**8th:** The first confirmed sighting of a renegade cyberevolved gang takes place in Detroit, when four Bolters, three Tinmen and two Scanners rob a posh restaurant. The kids apparently came from a variety of backgrounds; it is unknown how they got together. Some believe that the Scanners organized the group.

**10th:** The ISA passes the Emergency Powers Act.

Combined with Stoe vs. Nevada, this gives the government unparalleled power to act against those infected with the plague. The I.S.A. immediately begins active persecution.

## OCTOBER

By this time the Carbon Plague has claimed millions of lives in the Incorporated States. The number of adult fatalities in the Incorporated States begins to slow in acceleration; although the number of fatalities is still more than last month, the increase is not as great as expected. Also, the first sighting of what may have been Scouts is reported, although the report is sketchy. No further incidents are reported for many months.

## NOVEMBER

In response to planet-wide infection some small countries reopen communication with the I.S.. Most countries, however, have further isolated themselves.

## DECEMBER

The increase in the number of adult fatalities slows further. Rumors of immunity treatments hit the streets.

**13th:** CorpSec agents report that they have located an Alchemist with the capability of performing complicated biochemical synthesis. The kid manages to kill herself in a fire before she can be caught and studied.

## A.D. 2027

### JANUARY

At the start of the year, it is estimated that between 5% and 20% of the juvenile population of the Incorporated States has been Evolved. Approximately 1% of the juvenile population across the country belongs to the Eden Cabal. The Carbon Plague has killed over 5% of the adult population by this time.

### FEBRUARY

The I.S.A. discovers the existence of the Eden Cabal and begins a covert war to eliminate it.

### MARCH

While adult fatalities are still on the rise, the increase is approaching arithmetic instead of geometric. The number of children infected by the plague continues to rise.

### APRIL

**1st:** Coordinated CyberRevolutionary harassing attacks embarrass the I.S.A. across the nation. Naturally, the media twists the stories to make the I.S.A. look good against savage terrorists.

### MAY

**9th: 12th:** Dr. David Chaing of the Centers for Disease Control makes his initial report on the Evolved.

**16th:** Dr. David Chaing disappears under mysterious circumstances.

**27th:** Rache Bartmoss takes Chaing's files.

# DATA PAID®

## WHY THE CARBON PLAGUE IS THE RESULT OF A RANDOM MUTATION

▼ Hey, kids. We pulled this file out of the AMA data fort; it's the text of a speech given four months ago by Dr. Sheila Wickramasinghe during a closed meeting of the AMA. We figured those of you who are old enough to ask "why?" might be interested in what the authorities think is going on with your evolution. Wish we could give you a definitive answer ourselves. Don't be disillusioned, though. Remember: They're the experts in where it came from. We're the experts in how to use it. ▼▼▼ ALT

There have been several theories put forth as to the original cause of Genetic Metabolic Disruption Syndrome, from the reasonably responsible explanation of corporate experimentation to the patently hysterical Our Children Are Gods theory. It is my contention that the GMDS, also popularly known as 'the Carbon Plague', is the result of random mutation.

First, let us consider the other theories which have been put forth and lay them to rest once and for all. Of the countless theories being advanced by various parties, only three bear examination by rational people: the AI Experiment theory, the Corporate Accident theory, and, unfortunately, the Aliens theory.

To begin with, let's deal with the Aliens theory. It is easily disproved, and therefore an excellent way to open. To suppose that the Carbon Plague has been deliberately seeded here by an alien civilization to kill us presupposes several assumptions which are not true.

First, the Alien theory assumes that the aliens were able to deliver the Catalytic Nanomachine to Earth undetected. Given the amount of orbital and trans-orbital traffic we have, as well as the great number of antennae we've devoted to SETI, the assumption that an alien craft of any size could penetrate the solar system, slip through the orbital traffic, bypass our national defense systems, and deliver its cargo is patently ludicrous. Assuming they have such technology, they would also possess far more efficient ways to kill us. And finally, were an invisible trans-light alien spacecraft to sow a plague on this planet, they would surely blanket the entire atmosphere. The CNM should have appeared around the globe at almost the same time — a bit later in the higher latitudes to be sure, but the fact remains that the outbreak of the Carbon Plague has been localized to the area around L.A. and San Francisco, indicating a point source.

Second, this theory assumes that the aliens know how we work, that they understand our physiology. We didn't even understand it all that well ourselves a hundred years ago. Any information the aliens could receive through radio signals is incomplete, inexact, and obsolete. Even our science shows aren't all that informative. Surely these advocates don't believe that the aliens developed the CNM based on *The Ed Sullivan Show?*

Third, the Alien theory assumes that the aliens made a mistake in the CNM. Advocates implicitly believe that the aliens were advanced enough to make a so-called volitional nanomachine, clairvoyant enough to key it to our physiology, stealthy enough to insinuate it on Earth, but in spite of all this, were careless enough to create a machine that worked exactly backwards in certain people; instead of killing them, it made them better. For a tailored nanomachine bioweapon, it has had some, shall we say, unusual side effects. Such a gross oversight from such an advanced civilization is implausible to say the least.

Let's continue with the Corporate Accident theory.

Nanomachines are in relatively common use these days. We use them for medicinal purposes, to enhance and improve our bodies, for inscribing nanocircuitry, and for construction purposes. For a corporation to have developed the CNM, however, involves a quantum jump in science as we know it. Despite the sensationalism of the press, all scientific achievement, while sometimes dynamic, is built carefully on the actions of countless previous scientists. There has never been a quantum jump in science, let alone one of this magnitude. For a corporation to develop the CNM requires the advocate to believe either that such a quantum jump is possible, or else that the corporation involved had been doing heavy research into the field for years, but had never released any of its findings nor had its data forts penetrated.

Second, this theory assumes that the corporation in question cannot undo what it has done. No corporation would develop a CNM of this nature without having a back door to its program, some way of shutting the machine down remotely. Even were the CNM developed without such a back door, the corporation, with all its secret knowledge and the understanding of the CNM, would be able to create a CNM-killer. Given the havoc the CNM is wreaking across the globe, anyone with such a miracle cure could command their own price.



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Third, this theory supposes that the corporation has perfect security. Simply to develop such a CNM would require incredible resources in terms of finances, hours, and data storage space. It is inconceivable that a corporation would be able to develop a CNM, release it, and watch what has happened without someone in the organization letting a clue slip, defecting to a rival corporation, or going to the press with the story. Every corporation on this planet is watching every other like hawks; were there such a leak, the world would know about it in minutes.

In short, for the Corporate Accident theory to be viable, one must make a series of insupportable assumptions. Now for the third of the major concepts: the AI Experiment.

Als exist by our grace, and for no other reason. If we humans chose to, we could unplug each and every computer on the planet, erase their memories, and purge every AI out of existence. Fortunately for the Als, it is easier for us if they exist, but you know that they are aware that we can erase them without hope of resurrection. Similarly, if the human race were wiped out by some calamity — say, by a virulent disease — it would be only a matter of time before mechanical failures caused the Net to slowly collapse, consigning the Als into oblivion. The Als themselves would not take such a chance.

Furthermore, for the Als to develop the CNM would require the same overhead that a corporation requires, but Als have less money to spend on state-of-the-art systems and security. Indeed, the only Als who can escape constant close scrutiny are those which exist in Wilderspace: abandoned grids like Hong Kong, and the like. These Als do not have the access to manufacturing facilities that their corporate AI associates have. In short, a rogue AI might theoretically be able to design the CNM, but would be unable to produce it, while a corporate AI could produce it, but would be unable to design it in secret.

Three major theories shot down. Where does that leave us? With the only reasonable explanation for this entire situation: the Carbon Plague is the result of random mutation.

There are plenty of precedents for random disease mutations in the organic world. No one has ever figured out what Thucydides' famous Athens Plague actually was, and the same goes for the so-called English Sweats. Both are well documented, and have not been seen in centuries. They have completely vanished. On the other side of the coin, many diseases have spontaneously appeared. There's the sudden outbreaks of Legionnaire's Disease, AIDS, and others. All of these diseases came out of nowhere, the

result of a single, simple mutation in already active viruses and bacteria. If simple mutations can cause such drastic alterations in organic constructs, how much more drastically could a glitch cause a radical shift in an inorganic device?

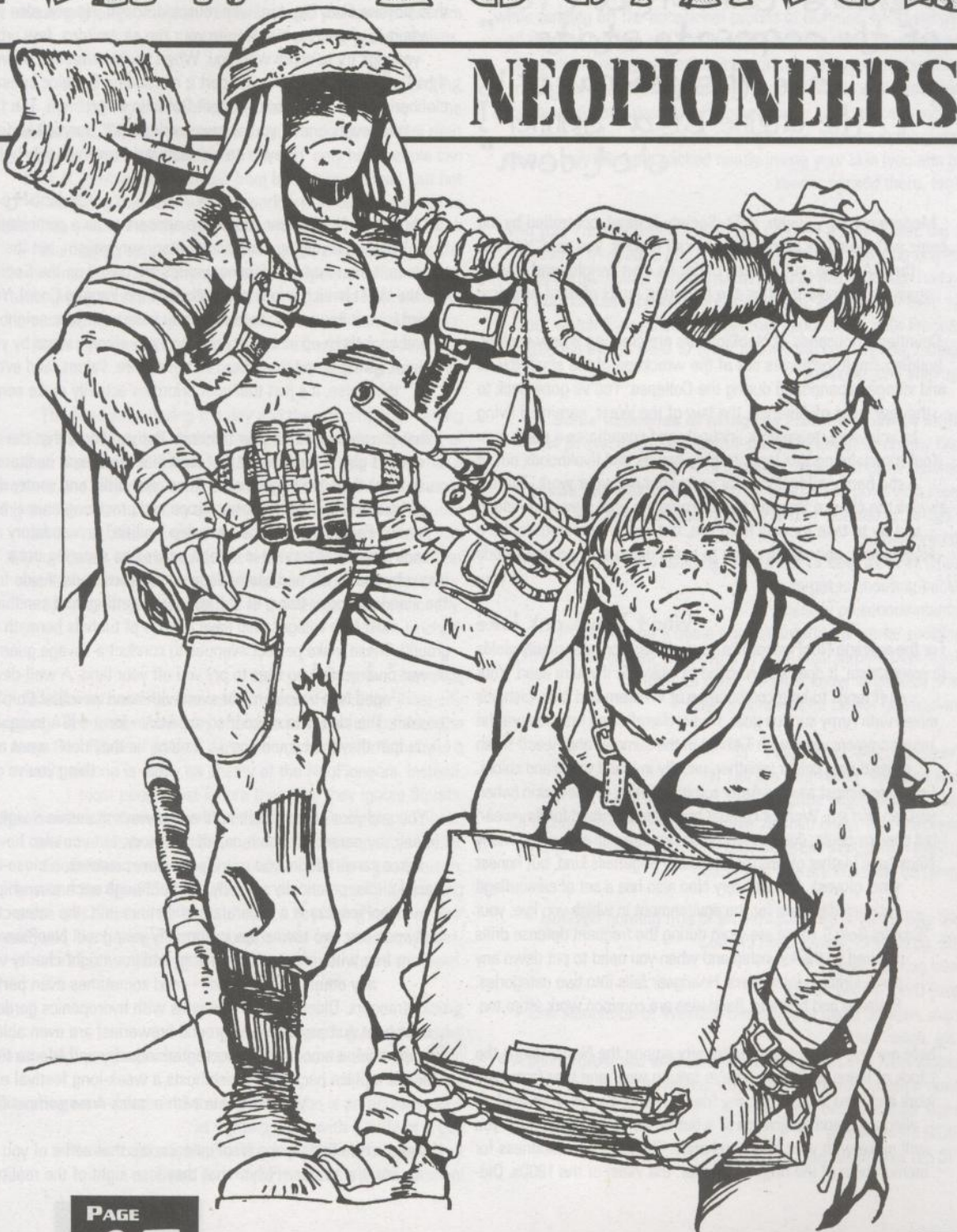
The major piece of evidence which points towards spontaneous mutation as the true cause is the fact that the CNM appeared at one point in California. Such a point source indicates one spontaneous mutation which has since propagated. Some have advocated that the CNM was released by the FoxRun AV crash, the source of the first known victim of the plague. Aside from the fact that this requires supporting the Corporate Accident theory, it also ignores the fact that nanomachines were being used to extrude high-grade carbon fiber structural members for a construction project very close to the place where the FoxRun flight went down. Assume, then, that one of all these countless construction nanomachines was damaged in some way: exposure to a sudden electromagnetic pulse, a replication flaw, or some other cause. This nanomachine somehow escaped containment, either spontaneously or as a result of peripheral damage due to the FoxRun crash. It may have even been on the loose for weeks. It happens to encounter the sole survivor of the FoxRun flight; with the extra abrasions the victim suffered, there would be many more points of entry into the body. Once there, the CNM reproduced itself and the Carbon Plague was born.

This theory also supports the idea of the continued evolution of the CNM. The fact that the first CNM was the result of random mutation indicates that it has a propensity for mutation which could be reproduced in other CNMs, resulting in many individual changes, most of which are not viable. These unviable CNMs are either unable to function or else they kill their hosts upon infection. Either of these outcomes result in their being selected against. The successful CNMs propagate even more. Given the incredible numbers of CNMs in the world at this point, the number of mutant forms must be staggering, and, in the big picture, it would appear that a few viable forms appeared, because the countless number of unviable forms would leave little trace of their passing.

I grant you that my position is debatable. The simple fact remains that the CNM is far beyond our technology, and any theory which explains its appearance requires us to make some startling leaps of credibility. Yet the fact remains that the CNM is here, and such grand leaps must be made. Applying Occam's Razor, the simplest explanation is the true one, and this explanation, random mutation, requires the fewest inexplicables. With this answer, let us now seek a cure before it's too late.

# NEW YOGANGS

## NEOPIONEERS



"Let's put the tank traps  
over by the corn fields."  
"Oh, give me a home where the  
Pioneers roam, without fear  
of the corporate state..."  
"... and this generator is  
the engine of a spinner!  
shot down."

Modern culture ... yeah, right. Society is dead, controlled by the corps and fueled by greed. Time to call it quits, you said. You left the ISA to die, suffocating under its own weight, and started again on the new frontier: the forgotten lands of rural America.

Countless thousands of NeoPioneers are creating a new society, building small fortresses out of the wreckage of the small towns and villages abandoned during the Collapse. You've gone back to the raw roots of America, the law of the West: earning a living by your wits, teamwork, instinct, and sometimes a quick gun. You're reclaiming this land, forging homes and livelihoods out of the harsh wilds, living by your word and your work. There's always the chance that the ISA or someone else may come along and try to take it away from you, but you're prepared. You're a NeoPioneer, and you're going to make damn sure no one treads on you.

### What You Look Like

For the average NeoPioneer like yourself, fashion necessarily yields to pragmatism. It does you no good to look nice if you're dead. Your stuff tends to be a combination of Western and farm fashions mixed with Army surplus gear. Heavy overalls and fatigues are the most common, worn with T-shirts in the summer and Reacti-mesh shirts during colder weather, usually in bland woodland colors. Coats are almost always Army surplus, denim, or sheepskin (when you can find it!). Work or combat boots are standard for day wear, but cowboy boots, done in synthi-leather, are still a favorite. Many Neos have leather gloves (not the sissy fingerless kind, but honest work gloves). Almost every Neo also has a set of camouflage fatigues designed for the environment in which you live: your "Cavalry Gear." These are worn during the frequent defense drills required by the township and when you need to put down any claim-jumping interlopers. Headgear falls into two categories: Stetsons and helmets. Bandanas are common work attire too.

There are two measures of uniformity among the Neos. One is the look of being well-worn. We're talking wear and tear from hard work and hard living. That, my friend, is your badge, your mark of allegiance and dedication to a better world, a world which you will make with your own two hands. The other is a fondness for memorabilia of the original frontier: the West of the 1800s. Old-

style gunbelts, pocket watches, any small thing that captures that almost-forgotten time is fair game. Every one of you has at least one minor item that draws its origins from the Boot Hill era to remind you of where you came from, and where you're going.

Oh yeah, one more thing. You NeoPioneers just look healthier than anyone else. Big, tan, well-muscled, tough. No one else will admit it, of course, but despite your rep as weirdos, few urban yogangs try to scrap with you. When you've wrestled down a half-grown cow and blown apart a marauding BuReloc spinner, clobbering on a few over-confident Goths is no problem. The fact that every one of you always carries a 12" survival knife or maybe an old-fashioned revolver only helps.

### Subculture

At first look, NeoPioneer subculture appears to be a combination of Western mythology and paramilitary survivalism, but there's more to it than that. NeoPioneer values are based on the Code of the West (which is sort of a subset of the Yogang Code). Your word is your bond, you share what you have with your neighbors and back them up in a tight spot, and you always stand by your claim, giving it up to no one. You have pride, values, and everything else, it's just that your priorities actually make sense.

What you value most is your freedom. But you know that the ISA doesn't give a frack about that, and that they never hesitate to crush what they don't agree with. Thus alert drills and sentry duty go hand-in-hand with planting crops and practicing animal husbandry. Participation in the township "militia" is mandatory and each member is trained in stealth as well as shooting irons. It's also why you fortify and camouflage your homesteads. Aside from the standard booby-traps, IR baffles, aerial netting, and sandbags, most Neo villages also have a maze of tunnels beneath the ground. These make perfect avenues to conduct a savage guerrilla war on anyone who tries to pry you off your land. A well-developed Neo warren might even withstand an initial CorpSec assault. The idea is to make it so expensive for the ISA to squash you that they'll let you alone ... as long as they don't want anything you've got.

You and your goboys train hard and always maintain a vigilant (many say paranoid) watch on your territory, but you also have a fierce camaraderie; you're truly the new pioneers, a close-knit social circle, practically a family. And although each township of NeoPioneers is a separate and distinct unit, the interaction between any two townships is normally very good. NeoPioneers are free with information, trading, and downright charity with any others of their kind — and sometimes even perfect strangers. Older villages (the ones with hydroponics gardens, solar heat pumps, and underground breweries) are even able to support some amount of nonessential industry and leisure time. There's a place back East which hosts a week-long festival each year complete with a quick-draw competition.

If there is a failing among NeoPioneers, it's that some of you get so into the Western Myth that they lose sight of the reality of

homesteading. It's hard work, full of back-breaking labor and hours of dull routine, but these folks expect the wild life of the boomtown, street showdowns and all. Blowing off some steam is fine, but calling folks out for gun or knife duels on a daily basis doesn't exactly help build community. If one of these "Billys" (after Billy the Kid, who also had a hair-trigger temper and a weak grip on reality) can't be chilled out, you have to run 'em outta town ... or hang 'em yourselves.

### Belonging

Joining the NeoPioneers has never been easy — the NeoPioneers expect everyone, even new members, to pull their weight; life on the frontier is hard, and only hard people can hack it. Novices are excused from being experienced, but not from doing their share of the work and attending the militia drills. This means that they get stuck with doing more grunt work — like digging septic tanks, shoveling goat feed, stringing the camo nets, etc. After the day is done, experienced hands take turns giving younger NeoPioneers training in the finer points of homesteading: how a pump works, which toadstools are poisonous, how to make a molotov cocktail, and how to plug that CorpSec agent before he reports in.

The hard work during the day and the concentration during evening training causes most incompatible wannabes to leave of their own accord. If there's a NeoPioneer who's considered a problem, the township 'holds a hearing,' forming a ring and making the miscreant stand in the center. With all attention focused on the problem member, there follows an informal trial. The Mayor makes all judgments, but heeds the desires of the other members. All decisions of the Ring are final, and if necessary, repeat offenders are run out of the village, or, occasionally, lynched.

### Alies & Enemies

NeoPioneers are more or less outsiders. Few of the inner-city yogangs encounter them very often, and some even consider the name 'NeoPioneer' to be a derogatory synonym for Squat. As a result, no one is really an enemy of the NeoPioneers. Instead, most people just ignore them like they ignore Squats. NeoPioneers do have a few friends, though. EcoRaiders, Tribals, and to a lesser extent Beastieboys share compatible ideals.

EcoRaiders are the most careful to keep up a good liaison, because the NeoPioneers' enclaves are very useful for staging areas and hideouts before and after a hayduking raid. For your part, you like having others around; a little extra company doesn't hurt, and they are happy to bring you items you need.

### Slang

**Bumped:** great, wonderful

**Township:** your separate group of NeoPioneers; those goboyos in one village

**Gunslinger:** A member of the township who is particularly good at fighting, be it with a knife or a gun

**Plow:** to attack (esp. with a knife); to neck or make out

**Root:** as a verb, to dig; as a noun, a tunnel

**Dustcloud:** danger, beware, look out

**Cavalry:** the town militia

### Yogang Skill: Frontier Guerilla (INT)

It takes a special kind of guts to go out to some abandoned town, repair it, move in, and scrape a living from Mother Earth while fending off the occasional probes of BuReloc. Most people call it crazy, but you call it a lifestyle. Frontier Guerilla combines an understanding of mechanics, agriculture, weather, hunting, medicine, guerrilla warfare, and good old-fashioned American know-how. As an expert NeoPioneer, you're one part commando, one part settler, and one part savage. You have everything you need to stay alive, all packed neatly inside your skin (you aim to keep it packed there, too).

With your Frontier Guerilla skill, you can drill a well (Easy), dig a tunnel (Average), and repair an internal combustion engine (Difficult). Your militia training allows you to disguise your homestead from casual reconnaissance (Average), and stand a solid 12 hour watch (Easy). Finally, and most importantly, your Frontier Guerilla skill is used to scout around the countryside, hiding, sneaking, and sniping.

### Some examples of using the Frontier Guerilla skill:

- **Fast Draw:** gives skill level/2 bonus to Initiative on any fast draw of a pistol from a fast-draw holster.
- **Sneak and peek:** moving up on people and observing them without their knowledge (*Frontier Guerilla vs. target's Awareness*).
- **Hunting:** use when sniping with a rifle or bow (but not when the target is shooting back).
  - Identify poisonous plants.
  - Camouflage a home against satellite or aerial spotting (Difficult) or yourself for moving in your environment (Average).
  - Internal clock: you just know what time it is.
  - Build a windmill for power generation.

### If You're a NeoPioneer:

- 1) Tell me your name, age, and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides the V-Trodes you have stashed under your mattress and your Cavalry Gear, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
  - NorWolf hunting rifle or an old-fashioned revolver (like the Colt .45 Peacemaker, CP2020 pg. 66)
    - Cougar hunting bow
    - A dirtbike or 4WD jeep
  - One sample bit of Western memorabilia like a Stetson, marshal badge, etc.
  - A comfortable and well-concealed homestead in a NeoPioneer township somewhere (choose location now)
    - Three each bear and deer traps
    - 12" survival knife (2D6)
    - Surplus helmet (25 SP)

# BEASTIEBOYS



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"I act like an animal? Why, thank you."

"Get them, my pretties! Hahahaha!"

"I'll trade you two sparrow templates for your female cheetah chromosome set."

No one cares any more. The plants which so enhance the beauty of the planet are plowed under for new parking lots, and the creatures are reduced to unpaid security labor or hit-and-run targets smeared across the pavement. No one creates; everyone destroys. Except you. You've always felt the link to Mother Earth, a kinship with animals and plants. So now, you clone and raise them yourself, bringing back whole ecologies to a world that's forgotten them. These are alien creatures with different psyches, different patterns, and as you engineer them from templates and DNA fragments, you find that you relate to them more than you thought possible. You've become their mother, their protector, their steward, their shepherd, and you use everything at your disposal to fight their war. They help you, too, the animals. You train them, learn from them, run with them, and earn their trust.

People think you're strange, but you know it's worth it. You've scratched the belly of a wolverine you cloned from a stuffed animal, and watched the mountain sheep your friend released bash horns during mating season. Inside the J-Park that you and your goboys built, you've watched flowers being pollinated by hummingbirds thought extinct for decades. Now you're working on building a spotted owl from scratch, helixing the DNA base pair by base pair. It's a pain, sure, but you stick with it, because you know that we need these creatures and that they need you.

### What You Look Like

Beastieboys are one of the least uniform yogangs as far as appearance goes, although many adopt "animalistic" elements. Adorned with fringes and feathers, your outfits are often made of synthetic (and sometimes real) furs and leathers. Most of your stuff tends to be of neutral or earthy colors, so as not to be too loud, although most Beastieboys wear one or two distinctive items to make themselves stand out from a crowd, even at a distance. This may be a black-and-white checkered shirt, a bright yellow bandanna tied around the wrist, or any of a thousand other things, but it's colorful, it's uniquely you, and you can hide it quickly when you want to be less visible. (Part of the reason you wear these is to make yourself more recognizable to your pets at a long distance. This is especially important for the falconers in your group.) Most of you also have heavy synthi-leather gloves, pouches, and a few restraints on your person at all times. Yeah, it leads to S&M jokes, but let the matfaces have their tinny giggling fun, you've got work

to do, and you'd rather not get a faceful of claws while you're doing it. Also, everything you wear is easily washable, since many of your pets don't have very discriminating bathroom habits.

An animal compatriot or two is part of the outfit as well, and you usually have them close by, be they cat, crow, or Compsognathus (a truly rare wierdie, made by some gengin who was showing off).

The condition of your pet and the training it displays can mega-boost your image, so you often spend more time preening it than you do yourself. A few of you take this even further, tattooing or painting your faces with patterns that mimic your furred or feathered brothers, empathy given a visual edge.

### Subculture

You realize that humans have become the stewards of the Earth, mainly because we're the ones who screwed up the ecosystem in the first place. But, unlike most of the people on the planet, you also know that with this power comes responsibility. Humans alone have the power to destroy the planet or to remake it into the Eden Dream. Which is cool with you, since you have your own vision of the Eden Dream to build, and you've building just the genebank to do it from.

Beastieboy subculture removes itself from pop culture in many ways, because you know you need to make new rules ... or maybe just to rediscover the old ones. You don't beat around the bush or mince words; you speak your mind all too clearly. You don't play romantic games; if you like someone, you come right out and say it. You often fight to solve differences of opinion, but you don't hold grudges. You never take the word of someone you don't trust. And if someone is a noted enemy, you cut them no slack, hunting them down if necessary. In short, you act like an animal, always frankly displaying your opinions without losing your cool. Sometimes individuals take this emulation to excess: howling, posing, and emoting just as your animal brothers do. This can really freak out any matfaces that are around at the time, but that's their problem, right?

You spend much of your free time in animal-oriented activities: training, studying, swapping tricks and tips. Training and bonding with your animals is always important, and it can be pretty tricky too, since some of the things you create haven't existed for some time. Many of your creations become permanent bros, and few B-boys will be seen without at least one "vat-grown brother" in tow. You take your familiars with you on missions against the Machine, and you've both learned how to work together in the field. They're kinda like your children, if you had any, and you always treat them with the kind of care and respect that you wish you got from your parents.

But the centerpiece of Beastieboy subculture is The Lab, that secret headquarters where your genetic engineering takes place. Here the best Beastieboys recreate extinct species from the few fragments available, and teach the lesser members the deeper secrets of Daktari. All Beastieboys have access to a Lab, either in a corp plant (the weak link through security scouted by EcoRaiders), in someone's basement kitbashed by Tinkertots

from looted parts from corporate labs, or tucked away in a corner of your own private J-Park. The Lab can be used to clone plants and animals from templates or samples you have, and is the most important part of the Beastieboys' arsenal. No matter how wild you are outside, in the Lab you're all business, because everything else you do, training the animals and stuff, depends on this place. The Lab is worth dying for. Period.

The best of you even compete to see who can come up with the rarest or most unusual and useful creation. Via backbreeding and fossil gene sampling (from extremely rare samples), a few gengins have even managed to restore truly ancient species, such as the dinosaur *Deinocochus* and the proto-bird *Archeopteryx*. Some B-boys have serious problems with this, screaming that bringing back species that were offed by Mother Earth herself is not in the spirit of the natural balance. You keep these babies under wraps too, since the Machine would crush you like roaches if it knew that you guys were that good at making the chromosomes dance to your tune ...

### Belonging

Getting into the Beastieboys wasn't easy. Caring came naturally for you; you've loved living things all your life, and took every opportunity to help them in their struggle to survive against the growing urban landscape. When you showed a genuine interest in someone's cat, you were scoped out. But to be a peer, you had to work at it: first saving a critter hit by a car, then training a familiar, or something else equally notable. Eventually, they let you into the Lab. When you came up with a new cloned critter, you were inducted right into the top echelon, 'cause that's what really counts. Staying in the Beastieboys is no problem, though; you've never heard of a one who has quit the Pack.

### Allies & Enemies

Obviously, you have strong connections with the EcoRaiders. Your two yogangs are yin and yang; they are focused on the destruction of the enemy, you on the increase of your allies. Your two gangs often work together, especially on J-Parks and other large projects. You also have cordial relations with the Tribals and the BeaverBrats, the latter largely because they have the space necessary to help you with some of your projects. Many Beastieboys come from the beavervilles. And, while the Tinkertots don't like you any more or less than they do anyone else, you make sure to keep good relations with them. You need them to keep the Lab in top shape.

Fortunately, the powers that be largely ignore your gig. Woe betide you if they see any of your "special" babies, however. The thought of kids delving into genetic engineering is enough to throw any corporate squarehead into a rabid froth of paranoid reactionism, which is all very flattering to you, but plenty dangerous to everyone around you. Stay sharp.

### Stang

**Familiar:** longtime personal pet  
**Flipper:** highly intelligent familiar

**Pink:** newly-recreated species

**Gengin:** genetic engineer, breeder, term of respect

**Matface:** someone who follows the corporate dream; a materialist; advocate of pop culture

**Pack:** the gang

**Lucy:** one who has ignored responsibility and begun using their Daktari abilities for selfish aims

**Trophist:** major enemy, someone targeting the Beastieboys specifically

### Yogang Skill: Daktari (EM.P/INT)

You call it 'Daktari', a phrase some retro pulled off of a flat-vid from the last century. This is the practiced instinctive ability to communicate with animals empathically, to understand how they work and think. It also pertains to your sense of how to treat injured animals, figure out what a wild creature is going to do, and breed and raise animals — even artificially. Because it covers such a variety of abilities, *Daktari* works with two Stats: EMP for the animal handling tests and INT for the more technical tasks such as genesplicing and diagnosis (the GM makes the final determination of which Stat applies). With *Daktari* you can stare down a hungry mountain lion (EMP: roll vs. *Intimidation*), or clone a critter from a cell sample (INT: Very Difficult and you need a Lab).

### Using Your Daktari Skill

- Coordinate your attack with your familiar (EMP: adds *Daktari*/2 to Initiative for both you and your familiar)
  - Establish dominance over a wild dog pack (EMP: Difficult and this means getting just enough control to get out of a tough spot).
  - Suss out the feeding habits of an animal you've never seen before (EMP: Difficult and requires one day of observation).
- Diagnose a common animal ailment (INT: Average) or an uncommon animal ailment (INT: Very Difficult and you may need a Lab).
  - Recreate a species from samples of near relatives (INT: Near Impossible and you need a good Lab with a genesplicer, see pg. 31).

### If You're a Beastieboy:

- 1) Tell me your name, age, and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **three** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
  - Sleeping bag
  - Biotechnica Enviro Gloves
  - Two genetic templates (choose sex and exact contemporary species)
  - One more exotic genetic template of an extinct or newly created species (only if you already chose the two above)
    - Reactimesh trap and animal sling
    - Sample food for most animals
  - "A Clone of My Own" home incubation kit (see page 31)
- 4) Choose one animal companion:
  - Cat
  - Dog
  - Small monkey
  - Parrot
  - Raccoon

# NEW TECH

## Beastieboy Tech

Creating lifeforms in your garage isn't quite as easy as the VR sims make it look. And any Beastieboy will tell you that there's a big difference between simply cloning an animal and rebuilding one from bits of DNA. Cloning is simply (well, they think it's simple) taking the entire nucleus from a cell of an organism, implanting it inside an egg cell and incubating so that it can grow into a copy of the sampled organism. Gene splicing, on the other hand, means going in and breaking into the strands of DNA which form an animal's genetic code and replacing pieces with new bits of information to alter the code, thus creating a new organism. While home cloning kits are becoming the chemistry sets of the '20s, the machines that allow engineers to actually break apart and reassemble DNA strands are incredibly sophisticated and tightly controlled.

### Biotechnica "A Clone of My Own" Home Incubation Set \$500.00 - Size: 20cmx50cmx35cm, Wt: 10kg

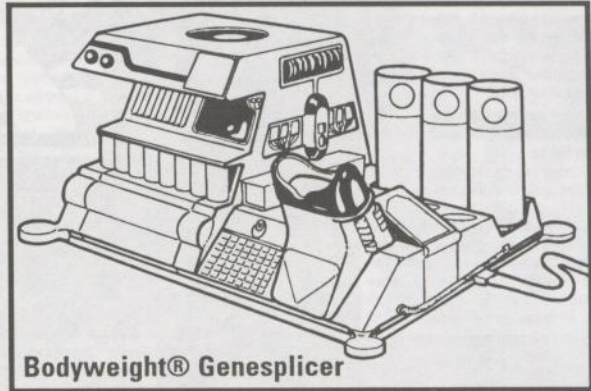
The hottest seller last Christmas season, this little kit allows kids (well, it says "for children 14 years or older") to take a selected variety of bird and reptile nuclei and place them into prepared egg cells for incubation and maturation. The basic set just allows you to select one of the six gene templates included and then use a combination of mechanical and enzyme manipulation to implant the nucleus in the egg cell. The egg is then placed into the incubation shell where the appropriate albumin and nutrients are supplied to allow the cell to multiply and differentiate into a baby animal. It will eventually hatch from the egg chamber and can then be nurtured with specialized foodstuffs from the "A Clone of My Own" accessory kits (available separately at additional cost).

This kit forms the very minimum equipment needed to clone primitive animals, but requires significant alterations to make it truly useful. Naturally, the Beastieboys leapt on this challenge like BuReloc on an indigent. They quickly learned to isolate nuclei from other avian, fish, and reptile cells and adapt the kit to implant and mature them (Difficult: *Daktari* task). After they got that down, they tried mammalian samples (an additional Difficult task), but then had to build artificial wombs in order to mature the products (a Very Difficult: *Kitbash* task, time to call your Tinkertot friends!). By the time you've reached this stage, you've added so much tech that the new kit bears little resemblance to the store-bought version, and you're well on your way to a full-blown Lab.

### Bodyweight® Genesplicer

\$600,000.00 - Size: 1mx1.5mx1.5m, Wt: 90kg

This is the state-of-the-art system used by the big boys (and the B-boys when they can steal one!) to play God. It utilizes non-volitional nanites along with ligase and restriction enzymes to break up and restructure DNA strands to order. It also contains an extensive library of genetic patterns and includes a powerful chemical analyzer to allow the users to identify various DNA, RNA, and



Bodyweight® Genesplicer

other protein structures. All this in a full-blown VR display (or standard holographic for the VR impaired). What it does NOT do is tell the user what DNA pairs to alter in order to achieve a given effect in an organism. That must be determined either by the operator or through extensive experimentation. It isn't one of those "just push the right buttons and out comes a pterosaur" kind of things. You need to make a Very Difficult or Nearly Impossible (GM's call) *Daktari* roll (or a Difficult: *Biotech* roll) for every major task (such as replacing missing gene codes or altering an existing one). There may be from one to one thousand (or more, GM's call) such tasks to be implemented, depending on the specific type of gene engineering being done. Now you know why corporations use large teams on such projects. The Beastieboys, by necessity, tend to be somewhat less ambitious. A missed roll usually means a non-viable gene code, but living mutations are technically possible too. The likely outcome of such a failure (and the players may not know they failed until the creature is decanted) might be some horrible, pulsating mass of flesh with lungs instead of arms, etc. Even after the genetic code has been written, you still need something like an incubation chamber or artificial womb to bring the organism to maturity. A machine of this level is necessary for rebuilding species for which no complete genetic code exists; so the B-boys work to snag one whenever possible. Just don't plan on cranking out any Tyrannosaurs real soon.

**GM's Note on Beastieboy tech:** As you can see, we've set it up so that B-boys can create copies of most animals if they can get the genetic templates. It's up to you, the GM, to determine what templates they can get access to and what they can do with them. And if they want to do some creature-building, you should feel free to limit the information and technology that they have to do it with. If you don't want little allosaurs running all over the place, just make it impossible for them to get the fossil DNA templates (if they exist at all) or the ultra-high tech gear needed to put the little monsters together. Also, while they do exist, there are no accelerated maturation vats available on the market. Most animals created by the B-boys have to mature at their natural rate. Big animals tend to mature very slooowly.



# NEW IN THE MALL

CYBER-

### REACTIMESH ANIMAL WRAP \$5 PER SQUARE METER

A variant of the popular Reactimesh fabric, this contracts with motion, effectively binding whatever is caught within. Perfect for capturing that cyberdog that's ripping up your garden. The net is released with a contact switch at the edge of the fabric.



### INDEPENDENT CYBERSNAKE \$1000.00

Authentic diamondback rattler (rattle removed) with titanium fang implants and genetically-enhanced poison glands. Equipped with a brain module that keeps it perpetually angry and on the move, the cybersnake can be switched on and off with a virtuality remote control. Customized security codes ensure that no trespassers can deactivate this cold-blooded killer. When deactivated, the cybersnake may be safely fed through its Gastro-Intestinal plug. Perfect for apartment or small office security. Warning! Do not handle or approach when activated!

### LAPCAT \$50.00

The purrfect pet for apartment dwellers. Elongated spine for extra grace, as well as oversized eyes and ears for that kitten look year after year. The Lapcat also features claw-free paws and genetically-inhibited shedding. (You must give your Lapcat a hormonal treatment twice a year to induce spontaneous shedding — just be sure you're in the bathroom when you do this!)



### SECURITY CYBERCAT \$2000.00

Where surveillance, pest control, and low overhead are more important than direct counter-intrusion measures. The cybercat can be used as an attack animal, but it excels at counter-surveillance and intelligence gathering. Comes with cybersnake, cyberaudio, and cyberfactory implants, as well as retractable orbital crystal monocles. Schutzcat options also available; inquire within.



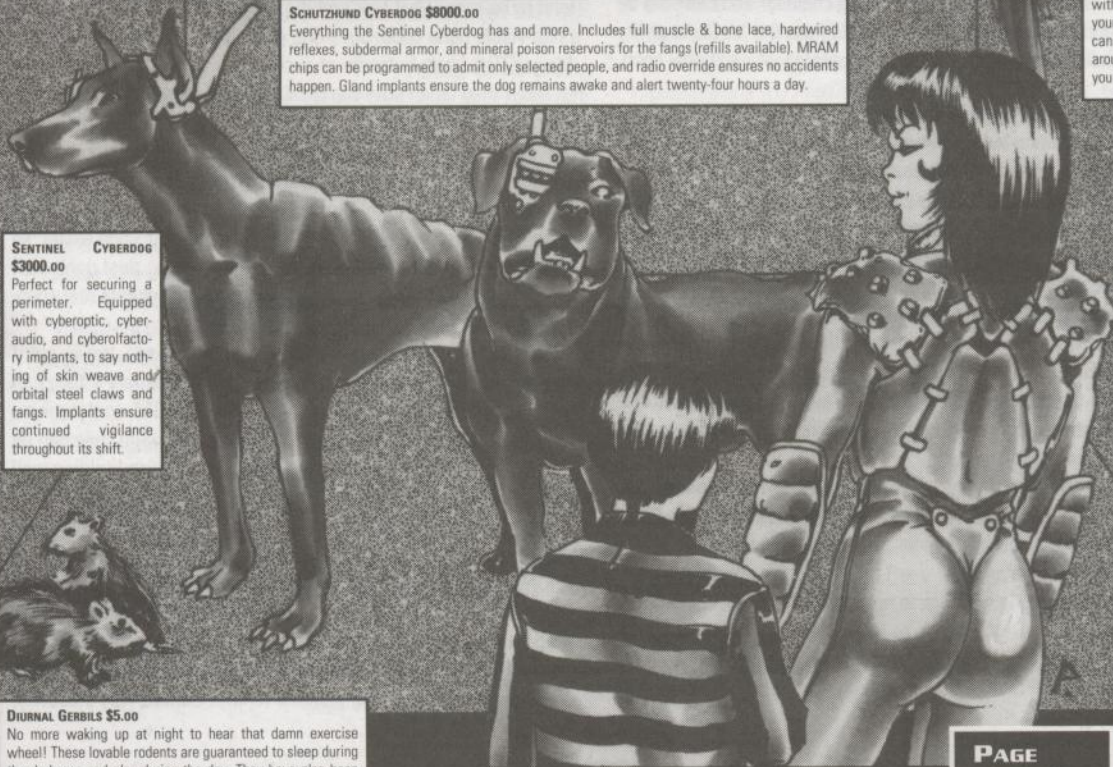
### SQUAWK BOX SELF-ANSWERING MACHINE \$120

This genetically-enhanced parrot is the ultimate in multi-cellular communication. This is a complete cellphone and message system built into a specially grown macaw which allows for hands-free (vocal command) operation and message retrieval. The parrot is engineered for amazing audio reproduction; it will not only speak with your voice, but repeat messages with the caller's. And your answering machine can now follow you around the house while you listen to messages.



### SCHUTZHUND CYBERDOG \$8000.00

Everything the Sentinel Cyberdog has and more. Includes full muscle & bone lace, hardwired reflexes, subdermal armor, and mineral poison reservoirs for the fangs (refills available). MRAM chips can be programmed to admit only selected people, and radio override ensures no accidents happen. Gland implants ensure the dog remains awake and alert twenty-four hours a day.



### SENTINEL CYBERDOG \$3000.00

Perfect for securing a perimeter. Equipped with cybersnake, cybersnake, and cybersnake implants, to say nothing of skin weave and orbital steel claws and fangs. Implants ensure continued vigilance throughout its shift.



### DIURNAL GERBILS \$5.00

No more waking up at night to hear that damn exercise wheel! These lovable rodents are guaranteed to sleep during the darkness and play during the day. They have also been redesigned for sterility and longevity. Perfect for the kids!

**ATHELON® BODY HARNESS \$100**

Well-designed backpack and frame which distributes weight well and is virtually noiseless. It has a variety of harnesses, straps, and pouches to hold all sorts of gadgets conveniently. Armored to SP5.

**BIOTECHNICA ENVIRONMENTAL ANALYZER \$70 (PICTURED BELOW)**

Large but lightweight device which identifies pollutants in a sample of air, water, or dirt. Air takes the longest to sample and is the least reliable; water is fastest and most accurate. Pollutants identified by name (if compound) is recorded in the unit's memory) or structure and possible sources and effects. Batteries are good for twenty hours' use. Extra batteries \$5. Wt: .5 kg.



**POLYMER SLINGSHOT \$10  
EX -1 P E 106/2**

High-tech version of a perennial kids' favorite. Quality parts and counteractive wrist brace give this startling power. Not covered by any weapon laws, and can be folded to fit in a pocket. Fires glass, ceramic, or steel balls. 20 reloads \$5.

**BIOTECHNICA ENVIRO GLOVES \$200**

Designed to be able to pick up anything, these nanomesh gloves are acid-proof, waterproof, and armored to SP 20, yet they are limber enough to allow all but the finest of manipulation. Designed for HazMat teams, but used by Beastieboys for animal handling (especially things like scorpions).

**WATER PURIFIER \$20**

A simple fractionation still purifies water for drinking. Works for 95% of pollutants. It can also extract water from the air, getting up to several gallons a day in humid environments. Batteries are good for two days' use. Extra batteries \$5.

**TOMKATT DOODADD \$17.50 (AT RIGHT)**

The total orienteering device, with compass, thermometer, and radio direction finder. Can tell you wind speed and direction, pressure, relative humidity, and time of day. It also has an inertial tracker which plots your course as you move. Detailed topographic maps (each covering 200 km square) can be bought for \$5 and loaded into memory. Finally, for an additional \$20, it can be equipped to check the NavStar system and plot your position on Earth to within two meters.

**HIKING BOOTS \$45**

Armored to SP 20 and reinforced to prevent sprained ankles. Better have these if you're planning on crossing rough terrain.

**REACTIMESH CAMOUFLAGE NETTING \$2 PER SQUARE METER**

Available in a variety of colors, this netting expands and contracts as needed to help mask infrared signals (-5 to IR Awareness rolls). A color-changing version is also available for \$15 per square meter (-4 to visual Awareness rolls).

**PUDLE JUMPER \$8800**

One-seat (can carry two) single-engine spinner with floats. Speeds up to 100 mph, ceiling 1000 ft. SDP=20.

**NORWOLF HUNTING RIFLE \$600 (NOT PICTURED)**

High-quality hunting rifle imported from Scandinavia. It has an internal magazine holding ten shells, but it is only semi-automatic. The NorBear, a better and longer hunting rifle, costs \$1000 and has an accuracy of +3. The NorBear is also used by some as a sniper rifle.

**VOLKSWALKER \$9900**

Two-seat open-canopy virtually-controlled all-terrain walker. 40 mph top speed in open flat terrain, but it can go anywhere. Driver can use Pilot: Walker, or any Pilot skill at -1, or any Driving skill at -3. SDP=20, SP-5.

**MEAL, READY-TO-EAT \$4 (NOT PICTURED)**

Standard military issue, three a day is enough for full combat activity. One a day is a good survival ration. Available in a case of twelve for \$38. Wt: 5 kg ea.

# SCOUTS

**H**ave your nerves stopped crawling like worms? Good. Oh, and congratulations. You're a Tinman. You — no, wait. That's strange. Ah. You're a Scout, one of the more recent manifestations of the Carbon Plague. Very rare, but becoming more common.

Sorry about the mistake. Scouts are new, and we're still learning about them. Scouts are a Tinman/Bolter hybrid. That aching in your bones? That's a side effect of the core of your limbs being changed into hexite polymer. Unlike Tinmen, however, only the cores of your forelimbs (you know; the radius, ulna, tibia and fibula?) have been changed; the bones, basically. The outer portions will remain flesh and blood, supported on the inner hexite structure. The only places where the hexite reaches the surface of your skin is in your palms and the soles of your feet. The advantage of maintaining your bio self around your limbs is camouflage, which you'll need in the coming battles against the ISA.

Further up your limbs, in your upper arms and thighs, you have small capacitor organs, of the type we've seen in Bolters and Scanners. Batteries, if you will. You also have reserves of polarized hexite chains in each limb, joining the capacitors with the solid hexite cores. These wires are enhanced with silicon and gallium, to improve electrical conductance.

Finally, your sensory nerves have been enhanced by the nanites.

You'll find that sounds are clearer, colors are more vivid, and smells are more acute than you've ever had them before. Sure, all this might make you more queasy now, but you'll get used to it.

So what does all this mean for you? Lie down for a moment, and close your eyes. Spread your arms to the side, palms up. Now concentrate, imagine opening your eyes — no, don't open them, just pretend — and imagine crawling across the floor, looking as you go.

You really shouldn't scream like that, you know. That thing that started crawling across your palm is a part of you now, for ever after, so don't get all squeamish. But as long as you know, let's try again. Imagine being a spider in your own hand, looking out at the

big world. Crawl out of your hand and down the hall. Careful now, yeah, you're getting it. Your vision must be clearing. Now turn the corner, and tell me: how many fingers is my vid image holding up?

Right. Now you know what a Scout is good for.

Easy now, and open your eyes. See that silvery-black spider thing down the hall? That's part of you. You formed it, extruded it out of the hexite core of your arm. Now look at your palm. Calm down, yes, there's a hole there, but that's okay. Look closely, and you'll see a delicate silvery thread running from your arm across the floor. We call that a 'leash'. It's a hexite polymer wire with which you can control that spider. The wire is tough and flexible, but it's not strong enough to use as SuperString or as a garrote. Don't try it.

The thing you extruded is what we call a Probe. It's solid hexite, controlled through the conductive chain linking the two of you. It moves in the same fashion that a Tinman changes shape, and since it's not alive, it can go under water, through poisonous gases, into a cryochamber, and even into a vacuum. Once you're more experienced, you'll be able to build them to fly and swim instead of just walk.

Probes can be built with monolayer drumheads to pick up sounds; the vibrations picked up are transmitted along the wires to your central nervous system and reconstructed so you can hear what the Probe 'hears'. Similarly, Probes can be built with the hexite equivalent of

compound eyes. Again, your brain can interpret these. And, by careful interpretation of the Probe's body stresses, you can sense its touch. Unfortunately, Probes can't smell or taste things. Sorry.

Two warnings. One, don't try to bolt things. Your capacitors are too small, and since your central nervous system is wired, you'll get the worst of the shock. Second, eat at least 1% of your body weight every eight hours. If you fail, your limbs will start to stiffen up, leaving your few remaining muscles to move your arms and legs without adequate structure or strength.

So there you have it. You're a one-kid scouting team. Do your job right, and you'll save a lot of kids' lives. Oh, and keep your probes out of the bathroom when other people are using it, okay?



## SCOUTS

INFILTRATION EXPERTS AND INFORMATION GATHERERS

▼ The following report was snatched by Bartmoss early this month. From what we can tell, it is the completion of a report originally begun by Dr. David Chaing. We still don't know where Chaing is. Tuere is his replacement, and she's a bitch.

▼▼▼ ALT

Source: Dr. Margaret Tuere, CDC  
[NSecA@FtGGMeade.  
.R&D\_DBioP..TC1

Destination: Lt. Gen. John Hunter  
DoD@Pent.NSec\_Tac..JH1<EYES  
ONLY — READ and DESTROY >  
Message Reads:

General Hunter:

Allow me to express my regrets that this report is as late as it is. I assure you it will not happen again. Further reports on distinct new breeds of Sports will be forwarded as soon as we have enough data to construct a reasonable picture of the creature. We expect to have all the data from Chaing's personal notes compiled yet this week.

"Scout" is the name we have applied to the most common of the Sports. This should not be interpreted to mean that there are Evolved in one group and Sports in another; remember that at the start of our studies here at the CDC all of the Evolved were Sports. Furthermore, the relative ratios of the Evolved have changed significantly over the course of the epidemic, and we expect them to change further. We are not certain if this is due to internal imperatives to the CNM or due to external influences. Some here believe that the CNM itself is evolving as it 'evolves' our children. Some few still maintain that the vacillating ratios are due to random variance, but the fluctuations seem too great for this to be the case.

Like the so-called Tinmen, Scouts possess the ability to extrude hexite formations. However, the formations are semi-independent constructs controlled by hexite monofilament, much like the remotes we use in our work every

day. These hexite remotes range in size from a mouse to a very large rat. Reconnaissance appears to be the most common use for these remotes. Perhaps this is due to the juvenile subjects controlling them, although I personally would think that children would be more likely to be violent with whatever they get their hands on. Some of them do use their remotes for violence, but they are surprisingly rare. Whatever the reason, the remotes are very well suited to their task. Some of the staff here claim that the 'sudden' appearance of an information-gathering subtype is further evidence of intelligent design, but the theory is too thinly supported for my taste. There is evidence of Scouts as far back as October of last year.

The hexite reservoirs used for the construction of the remotes are located in the lower limbs. Unlike the Tinmen, the reservoirs are almost entirely surrounded with living flesh, making the creatures appear to be unchanged to the casual observer. Some of the more hysterical researchers here refer to this as camouflage, but I consider it simple efficiency on the part of the CNM; the less work you do, the better. A strong hexite sheath provides support for the skin and muscles which have been left in place, in a manner much similar to the endoskeletal cyberframes which were so popular a while back. This core of hexite breaches the dermis in the palms of the hands (and the soles of the feet), creating a metal patch approximately 2.5 cm in diameter. This is where the Scout's remotes leave the body. But for the dark color, a patch could be mistaken for a standard interface plug.

Although technically amorphous, most remotes take on the form of four- or six-legged spiders, apparently because that's what the subjects can most easily visualize and control. Some Scouts can so control the hexite as to allow the remote to grip almost sheer walls! This is apparently due to the remote's hexite flowing into the pores of the material on a molecular level; it's truly amazing. The shape of the remote can also be modified at any time. The central thorax of the remote typically contains its sensory constructs. The subjects can structure the supercarbon into monolayer tympanic membranes or compound photocells for sensory input. Although further tests are required, it appears the subjects can obtain tactile information as well.

Control and data downloading from these remotes is not directed through the Net, as might be expected from

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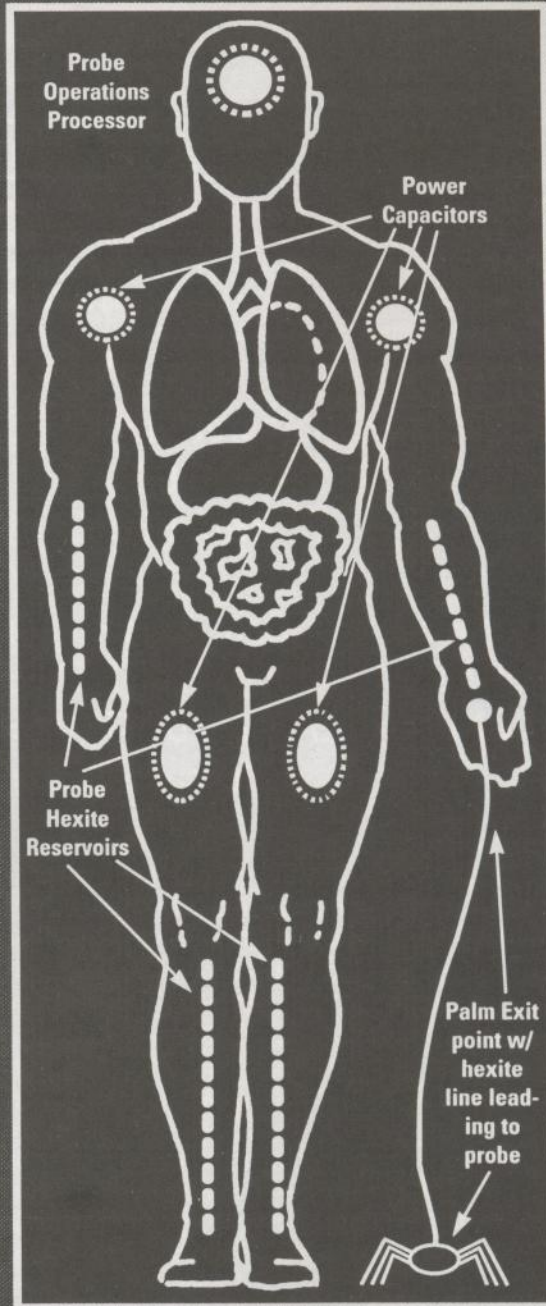
the incredible adaptation of the Wizard subclass of Evolved. While it is theoretically possible to do this, the remotes would have to carry an on-board capacitor and processor. Instead, power and data I/O is directed through a quadro-strand monofilament line which runs between the remote and the Scout. This leaves the generation of power as the responsibility of the Scout, and is accomplished using power capacitors located in the upper limbs of the Scout's body. Monofilament reservoirs for the remotes are here as well.

The quadro-strand line is the umbilicus for the remote. Two lines carry DC power, one carries commands, and one carries output data back to the subject. Cut one of these lines, and the remote is virtually useless. We are not certain whether the monofilament lines are spooled when not in use, or whether they are extruded by the remote itself as needed. Experience shows that the lines are extruded; the CNM is nothing if not efficient.

Finally, the data streams from (and presumably to) the remote are run through a small processor unit at the proximal end of the capacitor organ, and from there dispatched through supercarbon 'nerves' to the subject's cerebrum. This provides the Scout dynamic interaction with the remote; the Scout sees what the remote sees as if it were another eye (which, technically, it is). Similar super-conducting lines also attach to the subject's other sensory nerves, apparently for the purpose of enhancing perception; tests are still being run. Incidentally, during the course of the CNM infection, the subject suffers any of a variety of brain conditions up to and including synesthesia. Our research here may help medical science in other areas.

In summary, the effectiveness of the Scout subclass should not be underestimated. One of our test subjects became quite good at sending remotes crawling like super-carbon slugs under doorways and through orifices as small as a telephone jack. Another more temperamental subject slew one of the guards in an incident reminiscent of the 2023 remake of *Alien*. That test subject ended up providing us with a lot of anatomical information on this class.

These aren't kids any more, General, and this new facet of their power makes me even more afraid for the future of this planet.



## SCOUT SKILL: PROBE OPS [TECH]

This is the Scout's ability to extrude, shape, and control hexite Probes. Probes may take any shape desired, they may change shape at will, and their abilities are restricted only by their size and the Scout's experience. Your skill starts at +1.

When making a Probe, add together the difficulty numbers of its powers as taken from Table #1. Once the Probes are formed, the Scout uses Table #2 to determine the difficulty of receiving information back from the Probes. Note that Scouts can blend input from two Probes, getting incredible stereo perception. This can make for accurate determinations of range and direction.

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## SCOUT POWERS

**TABLE #1: PROBE POWERS**

Task	Difficulty
Walking, crawling	0
Swimming, oozing	5
Crawling up walls	10
Flying	15
Each 20m of range	1
One sense	5
Two senses	10
Three senses	15
Moving Probe without visual	10
<b>MOVE statistic</b>	<b>1/point (max = Probe Ops)</b>
Additional Probe from same limb	5
Scout operating Probe blindly	5
Special construction	varies

**NOTE: Difficulty numbers are cumulative**

### SCOUT STATISTICS

<b>Special Skill</b>	<b>Probe Ops (Starts at +1)</b>
<b>Range</b>	<b>up to 100 meters</b>
<b>Time to create Probe</b>	<b>12-(Skill) in rounds</b>
<b>Probe SP</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>Probe SDP</b>	<b>10 per space</b>

### NOTES

- +3 to all checks involving the five senses.
- +1 to REF on demand.
- Leashes have 10 SDP. Armor-piercing attacks have quadruple effect, and crushing attacks have no effect at all.
- Scouts have two Probe 'spaces' per point of his or her BODY. These 'spaces' are divided evenly among the Scout's four limbs (round fractions in favor of the legs). These represent the hexite reserves in each limb which are used to construct the Probes themselves.
- Probes may be built from as many spaces as the extruding limb contains (a one space Probe is about the size of a tarantula). No Probe may be less than one space in volume. Additional spaces used to make up the Probe increase its SDP by 10 points each.
- Probes from different limbs may not be combined. Probes from the same limb may be combined at will.
- A Probe of two or more spaces may be divided. It requires (10 - Probe Ops) + (1 per 5m distance) rounds.
- Probes may attack. They use their controller's Streetfighting skill minus 1 point for every 10 meters of

**TABLE #2: PERCEPTION DIFFICULTY**

Range	10m	20m	50m	100m
<b>Low detail</b>	0	5	10	15
<b>Moderate detail</b>	5	10	15	20
<b>High detail</b>	10	15	20	25
<b>Incredible detail</b>	15	20	25	30

**Note:** The Scout may assimilate input from two Probes. This incurs no penalty if the Probes are being used for simple binocular vision. A +2 difficulty is appropriate for using two widely-spaced Probes for accurate ranging and direction sensing. A +5 modifier is appropriate if the Scout wants to see the front and back of a particular object at the same time. A +10 modifier applies if the Scout wants to watch two Probes at completely different locations simultaneously.

leash length. They normally do 1D6 damage. Each additional space used making the Probe increases its damage by one row on the SNS damage chart. This can be further modified by making monofilament weapons from the Probe itself. These add 10 to the Difficulty of forming the Probe (this falls into the "Special construction" category), and increases the base damage of the Probe to 2D6+2 (AP), which may then be raised by enlarging the Probe.

- Scouts concentrating on Probes and trying to do things with their meat bodies at the same time have their skills halved. In other words, a Scout trying to talk to a girl while his Probe checks through her purse has both his Little Angel and Probe Ops skills halved.
- A Scout cannot run when a Probe is out, but may jog. Further, when a Scout has Probes out, his MOVE stat is reduced by 2 by every Probe out. If the Scout Probe Ops is higher than his MOVE, there is no penalty. The Scout may voluntarily destroy his Probes to avoid the movement penalties.
- When a Probe is destroyed (voluntarily or not), the Scout salvages a number of 'spaces' equal to 1/10 his Probe Ops skill. Lost 'spaces' are regained at 1/2 of a space per day.
- Scouts must eat 1% of their BODY weight (1/10th of BODY stat in kg.) every eight hours or lose (temporarily) half of their BODY, REF, and MOVE stats, half of their physical skills, and the statistic bonuses (round fractions up).

# STUPID CYBERTRICKS

▼ Good evening, all you under-ripe little vegetables. Everybody having a good time rebelling against your parents? I've often wondered: Since I'm a rebel, if I'd had any kids would they rebel against me by being Whindbags? What a horrid thought. My genetic progeny working against everything I exist for. They'd be endowed with a practically perfect genetic code and hypervelocity brains, and yet because they were eclipsed by me, they'd have to get in my face. Glad I preemptively killed them by never mating in the first place. They never sent me presents, either.

Anyway, this is a national secure BBS that Alt forced me to program for you feckless ingrates. As if I don't have better things to do than play nanotech nanny. This BBS is dedicated to spreading the useful and entertaining things you cyberevolved can do and the banal and haphazard ways you found out you could do them. The theory is that by sharing your experiences, you'll each feel less alone, you'll be more motivated, you'll learn how to communicate like adults, and develop less of a chance of getting yourselves killed. Not only that, but someday you might even you'll develop a modicum of intelligence and maturity.

By the way, I've heard that some of you peons out there are calling me "Rache Peatmoss" behind my dead back. Don't ever let me hear you doing it if you like your brain the way it is. Just because I'm dead doesn't mean I can't find a way to get inside your skull and [text edit altvirus 1:13 res mem check clear] off!

▼▼▼ RACHE

## A BAD IDEA

Fellow evolutionaries: I just wanted to pass along a word of warning to you Tinmen out there: You are not invulnerable, no matter how tough you think you are. A friend of mine died trying to crash a car through a roadblock. He was fully armored and he figured he couldn't be touched, so he floored the car. I jumped out while I still could, but he died in the crash. He left a good looking corpse, but I figure that all his outer armor couldn't keep his guts from smashing themselves against the inside of his hexite at that speed. —Leff, Fort Worth, TX

▼It's true, kids. Like they say, it's not the fall that kills you, it's the sudden stop at the bottom. If you

armor up and jump off a building or crash your car into a wall, you'll still die from internal injuries. Similarly, fire can still get you, cooking you in your shell. Don't let your power go to your head.

▼▼▼ ALT

## HYPertext

### HEXITE ARMOR VS. HIGH-VELOCITY IMPACTS

As a GM, you have to decide how much of a given impact's damage is due to localized injury (like the steering column of a car hitting your chest) and how much of it is sheer sudden deceleration. The more of the damage that is due to deceleration, the less the armor protects the Tinman.

For example, a bullet is entirely localized damage; it actually pushes the victim very little. Therefore, hexite armor provides full protection against a bullet. Second, suppose that a Tinman falls into a spiked pit while infiltrating an Arasaka compound. Your notes say that the pit is only ten feet deep but does 4D6 damage because of the spikes. Were an armored Tinman to fall in, he might suffer 1D6 damage because of the short fall. Then he'd suffer an additional 3D6 damage from the spikes, but his armor would protect against that damage. As a final example, if a Tinman stands on a railroad track and gets hit by a bullet train, no amount of armor provides any protection whatsoever. He'd hit the inside of his armor just like he was hitting a wall.

When in doubt, or if the variables are too complex, or if you don't want to pause the action to figure it out, then have the Tinman's armor protect against half the damage, and score the other half normally.



### SCOUT TASTE TEST

Hey, Scouts (see pg. 34), now I know we're stuck without taste buds on the tips of our Probes, which don't do us a lick o' good when you're trying to dip into a bowl of black bean chili at one o' them damn exclusive corporate cook-outs. I figured out a way past, so y'all listen up. Just reform your Probe to envelop a small amount of the stuff you wanna sample and seal it inside, like a chili bubble in the hexite stuff. Kind of makes your Probe a hamster. I

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guess, jammin' stuff in its cheeks for later. Then you can retrieve the Probe and have it spit up the sample, whether for some Alchemist cookery or for your own dining pleasure! Cool, huh?  
—Houston

▼ Obviously, this is not practicable for all compounds (lack of temperature control could even cause problems), but it's a great idea. It can also be adapted quite easily to lightweight pilfering.

▼▼▼ MITCH

## HYPertext

Scooping a sample with a Scout Probe can be a tricky proposition. First, you have to know exactly where your Probe is. It does no good trying to grab a sugar cube if your Probe isn't in the sugar bowl. This may seem intuitively obvious, but it needs to be mentioned, because some Scouts will try to pull off the impossible, or at least the highly improbable. If the Probe is equipped with an eye (relying on touch or memory alone), then aim (grabbing exactly what you want) is not hard — at least not harder than normal. If the Probe has no eye, or if there is insufficient light to see well, then five points are added to the difficulty.

Solid samples (pencils, disks, etc.) can be grabbed with insectile mandibles quite easily. This is no harder than using two of the Probe's legs as arms, and then not moving them again once they have hold of the object. Making a liquid bubble inside the body of the Probe is a little tougher, and adds five to the difficulty again. Once the Probe has hold of its sample, it will not lose it unless extenuating circumstances arise. For example, a Probe with a sample bubble of coffee could easily lose it while trying to ooze through an air conditioning grate.

Whenever trying to do or manipulate something with a Probe, consider each 'space' of a Probe to be the equivalent of one hand. Thus a one-space Probe can easily fire a pistol (although it couldn't aim well), click a ball-point pen, or open a can of pop. It would take two spaces to tie a knot or open a jar of pickles. Using this rule of thumb (no pun intended) you can easily determine how much a Probe can sample.



### SCOUT SCULPTING

It really helps to pay attention to how you make your Probe, Scouts. I practiced for a while, getting my Probe to look just like a rat, then I quickly spray-painted it and ran it into the back-alley 'office' of this dead guy we knew hated rats. The paint didn't last very long, but by the time

it started sloughing off, he was already long gone! The power of camo!  
—Casper, Atlantis, FL

▼ Experience has shown that most people don't take the time to study their situation, or even be marginally aware. While you should never count on your opponent being foolish, if you are in desperate straits don't hesitate to try a bluff. Even the most marginally accurate of animals can cause the desired reaction. Similarly, molding your Probe to a reasonable facsimile of a gun can make people believe you are armed. Just be damn careful about that one guy who knows what everything looks like ...

▼▼▼ HAMMER

## HYPertext

Realistic sculpting and animation adds to the difficulty of operating the Probe. For basic cartoon accuracy, add five points, but for photorealism add 20. Cartoon (5-point) accuracy is good for glances, and 1-point for cursory looks. 15-point accuracy will fool most of the people most of the time, but requires a Difficult Biology skill check to do. Photorealistic accuracy (20-point) is Audobon potential, and requires that the Scout also pass a Near Impossible: Biology skill check (we're talking incredible amounts of visualization and animation here).



### ALCHEMICAL FORGERY

Me and my gogirls have been doing the fine dining thing now for several months. Seems Chow's gotta gift for rearranging the carbon on restaurant checks to change to total to something we can afford. If you've got an eye for detail, it might be a worthy pursuit!  
—Bola, Five Points, NM

▼ Obviously, Bola's idea of fine dining and mine are not the same. This kind of petty larceny doesn't seem worth the risk either. Save your talents for something worthwhile. I would also only recommend this trick at an establishment that has a cashier up front — which no truly upscale restaurant does.

▼▼▼ ALT

▼ Oh, lighten up, Alt o' my Heart! I say, wherever you can put it to the Machine, do it! But don't think too small. Next time, see if you can change the print on the pink slip of a Boeing Serrato Spinner!

▼▼▼ RACHE



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## HYPERTEXT

Basically, an Alchemist forger is restricted by both his Manipulation skill and his Forgery skill; he must use nanites to rearrange the stuff on the check and he must visualize how they're to be moved. For handwritten checks, moving the ink is an Average test difficult because it's such a fine manipulation, but made easier because the ink is localized. Carbon paper checks, where carbon is found throughout the receipt, requires a Difficult check (the print is fuzzier and the ink harder to localize). Rearranging the letters properly requires a Forgery check for visualization. Hand-written checks require a Very Difficult or Nearly Impossible check to accomplish, depending on the complexity of the handwriting and how carefully the check is inspected. Machine-printed checks are much easier to forge, and need only a Difficult skill check for success.



I've been a Scout for only a couple weeks, and I'm still having problems with getting coordinated and walking my Probes around and stuff. So instead I took one of them from my arm and made it into a pole about a meter long. Then I attached the other Probe from that arm to the end of the stick. This way I can use it like a periscope, I can place it on high shelves or in awkward places without having to crawl it there, you name it! It's made using my Probes a lot more convenient to me.

—Knuckles, Lynnwood, WA

▼ **Pretty creative. On the same lines, you could lower a Probe on a line, or you could even grab it onto a magnetic grapple or an arrow and fire it up to a high place, then crawl it off. Woah. Instant**

## HYPERTEXT

Yes, Scouts can make sticks or such to balance their Probes. This is an Easy task, and as long as the Probe-turned-stick is not moving or attached to the second Probe, it doesn't add to the Scout's difficulty numbers. Each space of hexite can make one meter's worth of stick. As mentioned in the Scout section, all the spaces must come from a single Scout limb. Well, you could make the sticks in sections and mesh them together with simple dovetail joints, but using more than one support in this manner means that each additional stick adds five to the difficulty of operating each Probe per the Scout rules.



intrusion. Just be sure you've extruded enough slack leash before you fire it off into the wild blue.

▼▼▼ MORGAN

## GUN PROBE

I haven't really tried this yet, but it would seem to make sense: can a Scout make a Probe with a built-in gun — sort of like a Tinman pistol? Anybody out there done this yet? — Rico, Tampa Bay, FL.

▼ **Man, it didn't take long for someone think of this one did it? Well, yeah, I know of a Scout who tried to pull off an assassination this way. It took a hell of a lot of practice, though, and he was only able to build a three shot pistol. It had to have an eye as well as the gun itself (mounted coaxially, of course), and the concentration to make and handle both of them was a real strain on the guy. But the main problem was that he couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with the damn thing and ended up disconnecting it in order to get away. Scared the frack out of his target, though... Next time, leave the killing to those of us who are good at it.**

▼▼▼ MORGAN

## HYPERTEXT

To build a gun into a Probe requires at least a two space Probe and adds 20 to the Difficulty of the task. You'll still need to make an eye in order to aim it. A successful roll builds a three shot pistol (by ammo, max 12mm) into the Probe. Ammo must be supplied separately, just like a Tinman. Every additional space invested in the Gun Probe allows six more rounds to be carried. The Scout can target with his *Streetfighting* skill-2 for every 10 meters of line run out (it cannot exceed the Scout's *Probe Ops* skill, however). A tricky and not very accurate assassination tool.



## HYPERTEXT

## MORE STUPID CYBER TRICKS

If you have an idea for a stupid cyber trick that you'd like to share with your fellow revolutionaries, by all means, send it in. Include the name of the gamemaster, the player, the character's handle, and your (real) home town. Be a part of history in the making!





# ANIMALS IN CYBERGENERATION

**A**nimals are everywhere. The Collapse and the subsequent disappearance of Small Town America gave many animals a chance to bounce back. The mountains especially are the refuge of many species which had been pushed to the brink of eternity. Additionally, some corporations use animals for security — agribusiness employs more cybercats than human guards.

These animal templates are similar to the human templates. Some skills are different (it's not often you see a doggy firing a Minami 10), but we've kept similar skills when possible. Animals use the same task resolution system as humans. Keep in mind that some animal statistics cannot be translated directly to into human terms; a cat with an Intelligence of 1 isn't dysfunctional like a human with an INT of 1 might be, but it can't read a screamsheet either (instead, it'll sit on it while you're reading it).

Since the animal lifestyle (especially these days) is centered around survival — kill or be killed — they have the Special Ability of *Animal Sense Bonus*, which acts exactly like the *Combat Sense* of a Solo or Agent.

## New Skills

*Animal Handling* is a new skill for humans, dealing with the care and training of animals. Based off of EMP.

*Animal Sense Bonus* represents each animal's ability to monitor its environment. It is used exactly like *Combat Sense* for everything except Initiative.

*Identify*: The animal is trained to identify friendlies by sight, scent, or special call. Based off of INT.

*Loyalty*: The animal's loyalty to the owner, trainer, or handler, following their initial training. Based off of EMP.

### Training Animals

Beastieboys (and some adults) have the ability to train animals. Animal training comes in two parts: First the trainer checks to impart the desired concept, then the animal rolls whenever it's asked to follow that command. Every trick an animal can learn has a difficulty rating. Commands like 'Sit' are Easy. Commands like 'Attack' require special training, and are considered Difficult (attack dogs take several weeks to train). Commands like 'Do a standing back flip' are Very Difficult. Only the most complicated of commands should be considered Nearly Impossible.

When teaching an animal, add five to the difficulty number of the trick to determine the difficulty of training them to do the trick. Thus, teaching an animal an Easy trick requires the trainer to make an Average difficulty training roll (using either *Daktari* or *Animal Handling*). Once the animal has learned the trick, it must make an appropriate roll to execute the trick when the command is given. The gamemaster may, of course, decide that the animal automatically obeys or ignores the command according to the current situation. Also, an animal may only retain a certain amount of tricks. The number of Easy and Average tricks an animal can remember is infinite, but the total number of Difficult and Very Difficult tricks is limited to eight, unless the animal is exceptional.

#### Training Time Table

Easy	3 days
Average	1 week
Difficult	2 weeks
Very Difficult	1 month

#### Trick Difficulty Table

Play dead	Easy
Sit	Easy
Stay here until I come back	Average
Take this to (someone)	Average
Guard this area	Difficult
Attack a target	Difficult
Take this and place it at the door	Difficult
Go hide	Difficult
Go in, look around, and come back (useful with optic-equipped animals)	Very Difficult
Leap on someone's face (for a cat)	Very Difficult

Tricks take time to learn and master. Each trick has an associated training time based on its difficulty. A trainer must work this long before making a training roll. Once the trick is learned, the trainer may reduce the difficulty for the animal to perform the trick by one point by spending an additional amount of time in training.

### Random Animal Stats

To create a variance in animal stats without overly disturbing the norm, roll on the chart below for whichever stats or skills you want changed:

D10 roll	1	2-3	4-7	8-9	10
Variance	-2	-1	0	+1	+2

TEMPLATE	Pet Dog				
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INT	1	REF	6	COOL	7
EMP	9	MOVE	10	BODY	3

S. ABILITY	Animal Sense Bonus	5
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NOTICE	9	ATHLETICS	4	DODGE	5
LOYALTY	5	HIDE/EVADE	5	INTIMIDATE	3
MELEE	3	NAVIGATION	8	STEALTH	5
IDENTIFY	6	SWIMMING	5	TRACK	6

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
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<i>Cyberpunk</i> BTM	-1	HITS	3	ARMOR	0
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CYBERNETICS, ETC!	Bite 1D6-1.				
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TEMPLATE	Wild Dog				
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INT	1	REF	6	COOL	4
EMP	3	MOVE	10	BODY	4

S. ABILITY	Animal Sense Bonus	5
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NOTICE	9	ATHLETICS	5	DODGE	6
LOYALTY	1	HIDE/EVADE	8	INTIMIDATE	5
MELEE	5	NAVIGATION	10	STEALTH	7
IDENTIFY	2	SWIMMING	6	TRACK	7

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----

<i>Cyberpunk</i> BTM	-1	HITS	4	ARMOR	0
----------------------	----	------	---	-------	---

CYBERNETICS, ETC!	Bite 1D6.				
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TEMPLATE	Wolf				
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INT	1	REF	7	COOL	8
EMP	4	MOVE	11	BODY	8

S. ABILITY	Animal Sense Bonus	6
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NOTICE	9	ATHLETICS	7	DODGE	8
LOYALTY	2	HIDE/EVADE	9	INTIMIDATE	9
MELEE	7	NAVIGATION	10	STEALTH	8
IDENTIFY	4	SWIMMING	6	TRACK	9

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----

<i>Cyberpunk</i> BTM	-3	HITS	8	ARMOR	0
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CYBERNETICS, ETC!	Bite 2D6.				
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<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Average Cyberhound																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	6	<b>COOL</b>	6																
<b>EMP</b>	2	<b>MOVE</b>	9	<b>BODY</b>	6																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus			8																
<b>NOTICE</b>	8	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	6	<b>DODGE</b>	7																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	8	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	6	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	7																
<b>MELEE</b>	7	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	6	<b>STEALTH</b>	7																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	10	<b>SWIMMING</b>	7	<b>TRACK</b>	7																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	-2	<b>HITS</b>	6	<b>ARMOR</b>	12																
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Optics, Audio, Olfactory Implants, Cyberclaws (2D6), Skinweave (SP12), Adrenaline Trickle (Keeps dog alert for 12 hours).																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Agribusiness Cybercat																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	10	<b>COOL</b>	7																
<b>EMP</b>	3	<b>MOVE</b>	6	<b>BODY</b>	2																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus			9																
<b>NOTICE</b>	9	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	10	<b>DODGE</b>	10																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	8	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	10	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	4																
<b>MELEE</b>	6	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	8	<b>STEALTH</b>	10																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	9	<b>SWIMMING</b>	7	<b>TRACK</b>	6																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	0	<b>HITS</b>	2	<b>ARMOR</b>	0																
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Optics, Audio, Olfactory Implants, Retractable Monoclaws (2D6).																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Bobcat																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	9	<b>COOL</b>	8																
<b>EMP</b>	4	<b>MOVE</b>	7	<b>BODY</b>	7																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus			8																
<b>NOTICE</b>	7	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	10	<b>DODGE</b>	8																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	2	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	10	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	8																
<b>MELEE</b>	7	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	10	<b>STEALTH</b>	9																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	3	<b>SWIMMING</b>	2	<b>TRACK</b>	6																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	-2	<b>HITS</b>	7	<b>ARMOR</b>	0																
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Bite 1D6+1, Claws 1D6.																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Exceptional Cyberhound																			
<b>INT</b>	2	<b>REF</b>	8	<b>COOL</b>	9																
<b>EMP</b>	1	<b>MOVE</b>	10	<b>BODY</b>	8																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus			10																
<b>NOTICE</b>	10	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	8	<b>DODGE</b>	8																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	9	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	6	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	10																
<b>MELEE</b>	9	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	7	<b>STEALTH</b>	9																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	10	<b>SWIMMING</b>	6	<b>TRACK</b>	10																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	-3	<b>HITS</b>	8	<b>ARMOR</b>	18																
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Optics, Audio, REF Boost, Olfactory Implants, Muscle Bone Lace, Cyberclaws (2D6), Poisoned Fangs (4D6), Subdermal Armor (SP18), MRAM Chip (+1INT), Adrenaline Trickle, Radio Override.																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Pet Cat																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	10	<b>COOL</b>	7																
<b>EMP</b>	7	<b>MOVE</b>	6	<b>BODY</b>	1																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus			7																
<b>NOTICE</b>	6	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	8	<b>DODGE</b>	9																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	5	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	8	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	1																
<b>MELEE</b>	4	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	5	<b>STEALTH</b>	8																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	5	<b>SWIMMING</b>	3	<b>TRACK</b>	4																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	0	<b>HITS</b>	1	<b>ARMOR</b>	0																
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Bite 1D6/2, Claws 1D6/2.																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Puma																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	9	<b>COOL</b>	8																
<b>EMP</b>	4	<b>MOVE</b>	9	<b>BODY</b>	8																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus			8																
<b>NOTICE</b>	7	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	10	<b>DODGE</b>	6																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	2	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	9	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	10																
<b>MELEE</b>	8	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	10	<b>STEALTH</b>	8																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	4	<b>SWIMMING</b>	2	<b>TRACK</b>	6																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	-3	<b>HITS</b>	8	<b>ARMOR</b>	0																
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Bite 3D6, Claws 2D6.																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Falcon																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	7	<b>COOL</b>	4																
<b>EMP</b>	4	<b>MOVE</b>	2/22	<b>BODY</b>	3																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus		8																	
<b>NOTICE</b>	6	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	7	<b>DODGE</b>	4																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	4	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	4	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	4																
<b>MELEE</b>	6	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	5	<b>STEALTH</b>	5																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	6	<b>SWIMMING</b>	0	<b>TRACK</b>	7																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	-1		<b>HITS</b>	3	<b>ARMOR</b>	0															
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Claws 1D6-1.																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Pet Raccoon																			
<b>INT</b>	2	<b>REF</b>	8	<b>COOL</b>	7																
<b>EMP</b>	5	<b>MOVE</b>	4	<b>BODY</b>	3																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus		2																	
<b>NOTICE</b>	6	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	7	<b>DODGE</b>	7																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	4	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	8	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	1																
<b>MELEE</b>	3	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	5	<b>STEALTH</b>	9																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	4	<b>SWIMMING</b>	4	<b>TRACK</b>	3																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	-1		<b>HITS</b>	3	<b>ARMOR</b>	0															
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Bite does 1D6-1.																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Cyber Rattlesnake																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	9	<b>COOL</b>	10																
<b>EMP</b>	1	<b>MOVE</b>	3	<b>BODY</b>	5																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus		5																	
<b>NOTICE</b>	8	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	2	<b>DODGE</b>	3																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	3	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	7	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	8																
<b>MELEE</b>	9	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	1	<b>STEALTH</b>	10																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	6	<b>SWIMMING</b>	3	<b>TRACK</b>	8																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	-2		<b>HITS</b>	5	<b>ARMOR</b>	0															
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Titanium Poison Fangs (4D6), Gastro-Intestinal Plug, Virtuality-controlled brain module (keeps it alert and angry).																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Pet Monkey																			
<b>INT</b>	2	<b>REF</b>	7	<b>COOL</b>	4																
<b>EMP</b>	8	<b>MOVE</b>	7	<b>BODY</b>	2																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus		3																	
<b>NOTICE</b>	6	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	9	<b>DODGE</b>	7																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	4	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	4	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	1																
<b>MELEE</b>	3	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	2	<b>STEALTH</b>	7																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	6	<b>SWIMMING</b>	7	<b>TRACK</b>	2																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	0		<b>HITS</b>	2	<b>ARMOR</b>	0															
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Bite 1D6/3.																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Pet Parrot																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	8	<b>COOL</b>	2																
<b>EMP</b>	5	<b>MOVE</b>	5/22	<b>BODY</b>	1																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus		5																	
<b>NOTICE</b>	6	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	10	<b>DODGE</b>	10																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	6	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	8	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	1																
<b>MELEE</b>	1	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	9	<b>STEALTH</b>	3																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	5	<b>SWIMMING</b>	0	<b>TRACK</b>	1																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	0		<b>HITS</b>	1	<b>ARMOR</b>	0															
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Bite does 1D6/3.																					

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		Compsognathus																			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	7	<b>COOL</b>	8																
<b>EMP</b>	2	<b>MOVE</b>	7	<b>BODY</b>	4																
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus		5																	
<b>NOTICE</b>	7	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	5	<b>DODGE</b>	8																
<b>LOYALTY</b>	1	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	6	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	8																
<b>MELEE</b>	7	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	2	<b>STEALTH</b>	5																
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	1	<b>SWIMMING</b>	3	<b>TRACK</b>	4																
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<i>Cyberpak</i> <b>BTM</b>	-1		<b>HITS</b>	4	<b>ARMOR</b>	18															
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Bite 1D6, Claws 1D6. Bipedal dinosaur 1 foot tall and 3 feet long (reportedly made by rogue gengins). Its bite may be venomous (Stun save at -5 vs paralysis); guess you'll hafta make one to find out, huh?																					

# THE GEN GM

**T**his section is going to be a regular column which covers tips and insights for you, the *Cybergeneration* gamemaster. If you have any questions or insights, by all means send them in, and help your fellow gamemasters keep the players from running completely amok. Players reading this section are automatically subject to internment in a BuReloc camp, so buzz off!

## Using EcoFront in Your Game

This book is the first of the *Documents of the Revolution*, a series of *Cybergeneration* supplements, each of which will outline a new facet of the CyberRevolution for use in your game. We chose Ecofront as the first book since environmental concerns are a cornerstone of the CyberRevolution. The ISA has chosen to make the ecology expendable in its bid for supremacy, but the CyberRevolution knows that that's far too high a price to pay. While it may seem strange that street-smart kids would get caught up in such a movement, keep this in mind: They know that they'll inherit the world that the ISA is building for them, and they can see that the government's spending that inheritance way ahead of time. If nothing else, it's a serious spit in the eye to their parents and corporate overlords who consider such issues simply obstacles in the road to economic dominance. That's teenage rebellion at its purest.

While we've given you an outline of some of the elements of the EcoFront, there's a lot of open ground to build on. Feel free to create your own environmental organizations and actions to fit your needs. You know your campaign area; look at what local ecological issues are on the burner. Who are the local manufacturers and what are they doing to the environment? What targets are the EcoRaiders hitting? How high-profile are the Beastieboys' activities? Are the Rads and the Vidiots digging up dirt on the garbage being spewed out by the regional industries? If not, why not? How does the local public view the situation? Do they need to be informed and awakened to the destruction of their surroundings, or are they mindless drones in the total thrall of government propaganda? How active are the older environmental groups and how effective are they? Do they view the CyberRevolutionaries as allies or enemies?

While an Ecofront Campaign may start small, like a pebble thrown in a pond, let the ripples and repercussions spread far

beyond the local area. The CyberEvolved are part of a national movement here, and their victories (or defeats) should affect other operations across the country. Let a major success for your group spur the growth of other movements in neighboring areas. And don't be afraid to let the Big Four (if you count Rache) acknowledge the accomplishments of your team; Alt and Rache *can* be in many places at once.

This is not to imply that their missions should be easy. No, you should make them earn every victory, and they could easily suffer many defeats along the way. You shouldn't let the movement grow too quickly, either; make sure each stage is part of a *gradual* awakening of America. But recognize that the characters are fighting for change, and that they may actually have a chance of accomplishing something. The comic (and movie) *Akira* as well as the novels, *the Long Run*, *Bad Voltage*, *Johnny Zed* and *Little Heroes* may give you more of a sense of how a *CG* campaign could go.

## J-Parks in the Game

The building of a J-Park can be the perfect basis for a campaign. It requires a wide range of talents and is a great opportunity for a team to learn to work together with tangible results from their efforts. The J-Parks article (pgs. 14-19) outlines the steps for establishing a park. Each of these can easily be made into adventures as the team struggles to acquire the various pieces of hardware and then get them installed.

Just locating the proper site for a J-Park can bring up a lot of issues. What neighborhoods are they looking in, and how common are abandoned or open sites there? How high is the CorpSec or BuReloc presence in the area? Do they have to cut deals with a local yongang to get access to the site they want? Can they even agree on the kind of park they want to set up?

When it comes time to populate the park, where do they get all the plants and animals? While Beastieboys can make a few, they'll need genestocks and equipment to do it. And any large critter or tree may have to be "liberated for its own protection" from an outside source. Imagine a raid on a local biolab to kidnap enough monkeys and other animals to start breeding stock. Or raiding Genetech's genebank for those templates they need to complete the Northwest Rainforest ecology. The logistics of supplying a veterinary clinic to take care of these critters can be at least as challenging as acquiring the animals in the first place. Each stage of the project should require the

team to use new skills and techniques to move ahead and avoid discovery while constructing their dream.

And if they actually succeed in building their park, let it be a real coup. The grapevine will carry the word that a new biosphere has been born, right under the nose of the ISA.

It could add up to two points to each character's Rep (*CP2020* pg. 54) on the yogang circuit, and provide them with new-found status and resources within the movement. Even Goths and MegaViolents can appreciate building an elaborate snub right in CorpSec's backyard.

### Evolution in Action

We've presented a new Evolved type in this book. Chances are your players have all read the *Cybergeneration* rule book, so this is your big chance to spring something completely unknown on them. Select one of the players — one who is patient and imaginative — and have him or her evolve into a Scout, without letting anyone read the description. Hey, somewhere, someone's got to be the first Scout! Why not your player?

Don't even tell the player what the name of his type is, or the name of his Evolved skill. Just use the generic name 'Sport'. Among other things, this lets your players experience first-hand the disorientation that the first Evolved suffered through. Also, it lets the player evolve his own use of the power without predispositions placed on him by the rules. Then, after your players have explored the situation, the Eden Cabal can come in with an official name for the E-Type, and tips from other Scouts around the country.

During this time of experimentation, the nanotech will interpret commands to the best of its ability. If the command has nothing to do with the power (one player tried to levitate), then nothing happens. Also, remember that a monofilament line is very thin, as hard to see as a spider web. Even if the Scout is looking for the leash, a Get A Clue roll is still required. When actively looking, an Average roll is good enough, but in other situations, the roll should be Very Difficult or Nearly Impossible.

Does this work? Yes. We envisioned and designed the Scout as an intelligence gatherer. Yet when we tried this during playtesting, the player formed his Probe into a speaker long before he made an eye. We hadn't thought of it. Never underestimate the creativity of role-players.

### Plotpath

Some gamemasters have expressed concerns about the ease of incorporating Plotpath into their adventures. Two

things make this easier. First of all, you as gamemaster don't necessarily have to choose right off the bat what type of life each character leads. Often a PC will fall into one or another of the styles during play, and, by simple propagation, the character's Plotpath gets under full steam. In short, let the character choose his own Plotpath.

Second, remember that yogangs are interconnected, and there is a lightning-fast grapevine in youth subculture. If, by calling police attention to the area, a yoganger gets a bunch of Squats roused, you can be sure that Squats all across town will know about it within a week. This can mushroom into a massive Nemesis Theme, where Squats arise like the living dead to bring down this punk who's brought them so much grief.

### Cybergeneration Q&A

Here are the answers to the most common questions we've received. By the way, these questions came from letters you folks sent in. Keep them coming; the more you respond, the better we'll be.

### What's the difference between Body Type and Body?

None. The full name for the statistic is Body Type, and it's generally abbreviated Body (*CP 2020* p. 19 and *CGen* p. 77). In 2020, we also list descriptions of the relative strength of Body Types; some people have confused these descriptions as Body Type and the numeric stat as Body.

**How much does a codegun cost?** Oops. That one slipped right through, didn't it? We plan to cover code guns thoroughly in the V-Front Document, but until then, let your players use this one:

### NetLink Wrangler

C 0 J E 1D6/3 (code) 150 1 ST \$250

The Wrangler is a standard codegun designed for the mass market. Stylish and cheap, its poor balance would make it hard to aim were it not so light. The few remaining edgerunners dislike this codegun because of its anachronistic and bulky styling; they prefer small, sleek codeguns.

Note that this weapon is a new type: C for codegun. And why do we have a concealability code for it? Well, kids, some places might take exception to your bringing a codegun into their virtuality display area. And that's assuming the security guards recognize the gun as one that fires code instead of bullets ...

All for now, but keep on asking questions.

# WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE



A CYBERGENERATION® ADVENTURE

Warning! Players must not read past this point!

PAGE

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# PART I: DOG DAY AFTERNOON

## ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

In this adventure, the characters investigate a disturbing discovery: a nanotech-enhanced animal. The trail leads the kids back to a secret corporate lab where they eliminate a threat to the ecosystem and salvage a valuable piece of gear. They also discover references to another site in Death Valley, a frightening place where they discover a clue to the origins of the Carbon Plague.

**T**he adventure begins, a flash of action in their face. The characters witness a brutal assassination. The victims are yogangers, the assailants are CorpSec or something similar. The battle lines are clear; the opponent, though faceless, is sighted.

The yogangers are a male driving a chopped motorcycle and his passenger, a female clutching a leather satchel. The driver is a member of the Cychos, an easy-riding GoGang. The passenger is an EcoRaider (told by the green bandana she wears wrapped around her left ankle); she and the package she carries are the target of the pursuit.

## CYCHOS

A speedcruising GoGang. They are casual rebels, and prefer the velocity and the freedom of the open highway ridden on an open throttle to a wild trash run through a combat zone.

## The Quick Brown Fox

Find some excuse to get the kids out on the street to start the adventure. In Night City, we start the adventure near the Del Coronado Bridge (see map). If your campaign is set elsewhere, you'll have to select an appropriate locale. This is what happens:

*You're walking down Second, just turning the corner onto Sterling, when, over the traffic noise, you hear the whine of a cycle engine pitched alarmingly high and the squeal*

*of rubber pushed to the limit. It gets rapidly louder, but the sound echoes back and forth among the buildings. Then, suddenly, around the corner the hard way from the bridge, a chopper cuts into view, neatly slicing a steep curve around some panicked metrocars and charging head-on into oncoming traffic. Two riders: iceboy driving and girl giving a short startled scream behind him. They zoom past, and suddenly a spinner shoots out overhead from Civic, hot on their tail.*

Pause for just a second or two, to see if anyone blurts out any actions. They've got about three seconds before everything is already over. That's no time to do anything: Everything's happening too fast, and the characters really should be concentrating on being a witness. Note who watches what, and continue:

*The chopper cuts right, and then banks hard left as the spinner pulls out of its slaloming turn. The cyclist takes a hard left onto Second, but the passenger instinctively drops her foot for support, striking it against the pavement. She spins off, sending the bike into a slide. Its wheels catch on the curb, and bike and driver flip, tumble, and crash into the glass display windows of Windemere's. The passenger, thrown clear off the back of the bike, gets up and starts running down Second, favoring her left leg. Overhead, the spinner stops at the corner and realigns itself. One short burst from a machine gun, and it moves in.*

What has happened is this: The EcoRaider, seeing that the pursuit was too close, tossed her package neatly under a parked car as the cycle turned the corner. Her concentration broken, she put out her foot to steady herself — a foolish mistake when riding a cycle as a passenger. After the spill, she ran directly away from her package in an effort to draw the spinner away from it. Her ploy worked, but at the cost of her life.

Time to make some *Get A Clue* rolls (or make them ahead of time — tempo is everything, you know). To the right is a list of what can be noticed and the rolls needed to do so. Only let the people know what they might have seen where they were looking. Also, make only one roll per character, and let them know the results of everything they succeeded in spotting.



Once someone gets to the corner, read the following:

**THE SPINNER**

- It was unmarked (Easy)
- It had flashing lights in blue and green (Average)
  - It had an underslung minigun (Difficult)
- The cops don't have anything that modern (V. Difficult)
- Blue and green flahers are reserved for corporate use (Difficult: Schoolin)
- Give the characters a few seconds to put things together.

**THE BIKE**

- It's a custom-chopped Apache (Easy: Hotbiking or Average: GoGo).
- The passenger ran away empty-handed (Average)
- The passenger was holding something as they drove by (Difficult)
- The passenger tossed something away right as they turned the last corner (V. Difficult)
  - The passenger was an EcoRaider (Average: StreetSmarts)
- The driver was a Cycho (Difficult: StreetSmarts)

*Traffic is stopped around the prone form of the young girl, and a thin crowd is already forming at respectful distance.*

*Other pedestrians are taking the opportunity to put as much distance between themselves and this incident as possible. The spinner sets down, hovering just barely off the ground. The doors open and three adults clad in jeans, sweat shirts and jackets step out. One of them peels off a flight helmet and tosses it in the front seat of the hovering spinner, then steps around to the far side of the spinner and directs traffic away from the area. The other two walk over to the body of the girl. They flip her on her back and begin rummaging through her clothes.*

The corporate agents are looking for that package the young girl tossed away. They also hoped to ask her some questions, but two dozen rounds fired through her torso has made interrogation pointless. If the kids watch, the agents go through the young girl's stuff, tossing aside her rucksack, her knife, her environmental analyzer, everything. During this brief hiatus the characters can grab her satchel, if they saw where she threw it. If they suspect she got rid of something, they can search for it. If the char-

acters get to the satchel first, they'd be well-advised to get away from the area, and fast. What's in it? Read the next part of the adventure ...

Alternatively (or even concurrently), they can help the Cycho. The kids have thirty seconds to run over to the Cycho if they want to; he's lying in front of Windemere's, and no one is willing to risk helping him. They can provide medical treatment, interrogate him, or try to snatch him out of the trouble zone and into the hospital. There's apartments at the east end of the block; they can sneak him into that building. Once he's out of sight, they're pretty safe.

After they search the girl's body, the agents walk over to the Cycho (if he's still there). If the kids are attending to him, the agents approach with guns drawn — genius guns. "Take a hike, kid." The agents apply the same thorough, disinterested search to the Cycho and his saddle bags. Restricted ammo, a gun, a wad of money, some drugs — whatever he has, it all gets dumped on the pavement, contraband or no. One of them grabs the Cycho by the hair, shoves a gun into his face, and says, "Who was she?" The Cycho, eyes closed in pain, simply responds "Hitchhiker." Since this verifies what the agents had already been told, they leave him.

### NEVER TELL THE MACHINE ANYTHING

A subclause of the second axiom of the Code, this proverb ensures that 2027 kids continue to say "I dunno." Every bit of information the Machine has gives it that much more of an edge, and you never know when that extra tidbit might cause some kid to get arrested and hauled away. This is especially true here. If someone saw the EcoRaider toss the package away, he should know that she was willing to die for it. If the kids, as witnesses, admit that they saw it, the agents search the area until they find it (which will take about five minutes). And when they find it, everything the dead EcoRaider worked for will be lost — unless the characters themselves can salvage the situation.

They don't find the girl's satchel in the Cycho's bags either, so the agents begin questioning the crowd. "Was that girl carrying anything? Did you see what she did with it?" If the agents get nothing from the crowd, they reluctantly assume that the girl dumped the parcel earlier during the chase. Once the agents find the EcoRaider's pack-

age or give up, they return to their spinner and take off, leaving the bodies and the bike behind.

Once the agents go, the crowd moves in. Within seconds, self-serving people have snagged the EcoRaider's cash and equipment. A similar fate befalls everything owned by the Cycho except his bike — it's too big to sneak away with. Other people, more compassionate, offer aid. (Yes, there are a few. In fact, this is a good opportunity to have someone's parent happen by.) The characters can gather any remaining clues and arrange whatever they want. At some point, mention to them that they notice three Vidiots, members of the local Nightcrawlers yogang. Dressed all in black, they're filming the entire scene with boom mikes and telephoto lenses. If the characters try to approach, the Nightcrawlers flee on a small motorbike.

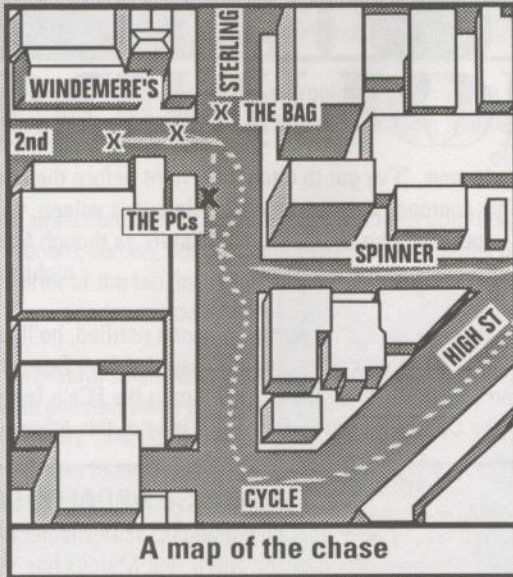
### ECORAIDER

She's dead at age fifteen. She has a green bandana around her left ankle (the EcoRaiders would like to have it back), two dozen bullet holes in her torso (get graphic: she was cute), and a startled expression on her face. Her looted wallet is nearby; all it has is her high school ID card with her name (Brenda Chrapkewicz).

An Easy *StreetSmarts* roll identifies her as an EcoRaider. Her clothes and hairstyle say it all. If someone looks for an insignia identifying which EcoRaider clan she belongs to, they find one if they make a Difficult: *StreetSmarts* roll. It's a stylized hawk silhouette drawn on her brown denim jacket amongst the other angry revolutionary graffiti: the logo of the Larson Park Raiders, who meet about four miles west of here. For further details, see Part II.

**Plotpath:** Time for some pathos. Make Brenda somebody's ex or cousin or something. Or just make her the dream girl of one of the male characters, the kind of lady he's always wanted to meet, and now he finally has.





A map of the chase

**CYCHO**

This is Marcus Smith. He's seriously injured, so stats aren't important. This adventure will be over before he gets out of the hospital. He's fourteen. His charcoal-gray roadrasher saved him from a lot of abrasions, but he has broken bones and a few shards of Windemere's glass in his body. He's unable to supply much information until he receives some care; the little he can tell them is that he thinks the agents are CorpSec, the EcoRaider was a hitchhiker, and she had some kind of important package.

**BOEING VS-3 SERRATO**

After collapsing back in the 90's, Boeing reorganized as a small commuter AV company. They never lost the taste for military contracts, and kept their hand in with some subcontracting. Over the years they worked hard to develop a new proprietary design that would place them back into military contracts. The result was the VS-3 Serrato, an over-built covert war machine that proved to be CorpSec's pipe dream, and therefore Boeing's salvation. Ideally suited for counterrevolutionary actions, the Serrato is definitely a sign that any cyberkids present are fighting with the big boys.

It seats four, and has enough space in back for two prisoners or assorted heavy weapons. It has an onboard Expert System with state-of-the-art counter-intrusion software, hidden flashers, bullhorn and siren, and one-way glass. It has an underslung minigun, a powerful laser mounted in the cab (which can be fired through the glass), and two

micromissile tubes each with four reloads. The laser and minigun can be controlled at level 12 (stat+skill) by the vehicle's AI if so instructed (the agents wear cookie-cutter implants to ensure they are safe from friendly fire).

The Serrato has four spinners, but can maneuver with any two of them operational. It is also equipped with a variety of sensors (IR, UV, motion), and the output can be routed to any of the four flight helmet interfaces in the cabin.

Finally, the rear area (where prisoners can be placed) is airtight, and can inflict a variety of environmental stresses on the occupants (shocks, gases, you name it). This last is a recent addition in response to Evolved actions.

- Maneuver Speed:** 115mph
- Acc/Dec:** 30 mph per phase
- Top Speed:** 250 mph
- Fuel Efficiency:** 10 mpg
- Passengers:** 4 in front, 2 prisoners in back
- Fuel Capacity:** 40 gallons CHOOH2
- SDP: 70
- Maneuverability:** +2 on all rolls
- SP: 20
- Cost:** 350,000 eb

<b>TEMPLATE</b> Corporate Agents		
<b>INT</b> 8	<b>REF</b> 10	<b>COOL</b> 8
<b>TECH</b> 6	<b>MOVE</b> 6	<b>LUCK</b> 5
<b>BODY</b> 10	<b>EMP</b> 3	<b>ATT</b> 6

<b>S. ABILITY</b> Authority	9
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<b>NOTICE</b> 6	<b>ATHLETICS</b> 9	<b>DODGE</b> 6
<b>DRIVING</b> 8	<b>H. PERCEPT</b> 8	<b>PILOTING</b> 7
<b>RIFLE</b> 5	<b>HANDGUN</b> 6	<b>SMG</b> 5
<b>MELEE</b> 6	<b>M. ARTS</b> 7	<b>INTIMIDATE</b> 8

LLLLLS	SSSC	CCCM	MMMM	M2	M2	M2	M2	M3	M3
<b>BTM</b> -4	<b>HITS</b> 10	<b>ARMOR</b> 18							

**CYBERNETICS, ETC:**  
 Cyberspectacles (any specs), cyberaudio (any specs), muscle & bone lace, pain editor, smartlink, medium armor jacket (SP18), monoknife, super-genius gun (50% chance to hit), driver has cap laser.

# PART II: BLOODHOUNDS

**A**t first, the kids have to collect information on their own. Later, they get braced by some EcoRaiders, learn the story behind the attack, and decide what to do about it.

## The Roadrunner

The kids have to bypass hospital administration and/or police security to talk with the Cycho. Keep in mind that Marcus is heavily drugged when he gives them his tale.

*"I wuz shankin' from Vegas, took the ol' scenic C.A. 178 westbound, outta sight. I — Oh, man, my saddlebags! Where they at, goboy? Just snazed a load o' jack from them damn outback cooks back Nevada zone. Frack it all, man, I's in bad news. Ah, well. So's I seen this girl, you know? And she's check it, gotta whattayacall horse? And check it, she's wavin' on the side of the road. And I seen these terries, riding down on her in one of them damn vee-wees, check it out! So I figure what the drek, she jakes the Machine, she's Code. So she hops on and we lick out, and the Deadboys pop a few, but I's too cold, too free. And so I's thinkin' we're scot, you know? No veewee catches my wind. I asks wha's in her bag, and she's check it, you don't wanna know. Too big, too mean. Just get to Night City ASAP. I'll pay. So's I'm on it, no problem. But then they scrambles a damn spinner, and it makes us outside o' N.C. So's I weave us through, you know? Makin' a hard target and stuff with traffic, ain't no thing. And I 'member the bridge, they had to pull up, check it, but don't rezz nothin else, goboy."*

He knows more, but he's injured enough that he volunteers little. He was riding west with pharmaceuticals (medical stuff) when he picked up Brenda, along State 178 near Isabella Lake in the site of the former Sequoia National Forest (there's still a forest there; it's just not a park). He doesn't know what happened to the horse she was riding. There were two people chasing her in a Volkswalker. They looked corporate, despite their jeans and sweatshirts. She was navigating, so he had no directions beyond 'next left.' Further, due to his concussion, he has lost everything that happened from the time they crossed the bridge. A Scanner could read his mind (+5 to the difficulty because he can't remember himself), and if successful, can pull a suppressed memory where in

Brenda says, "I've got to ditch this" right before the crash. This approach only works when Marcus is asleep, and if successful he awakens immediately as though from a nightmare.

If someone asks if he wants someone notified, he'll have the PCs call a number in San Jose and "tell Ferret that Marcus Rex cut the ribbon." This'll earn the PCs a favor of the Cychos, which they can call in later this adventure.

## THE LOOSE APPALOOSA

Marcus' Apache, though banged up, is available. It's been impounded by the NCPD, but Marcus has the serial number memorized, so they can get it back by paying the \$75 impound fee. It can be fixed, given \$40 for parts and eight hours' time. Aside from giving the PCs a set of wheels they can 'borrow' until Marcus is back on his feet, the bike also has an onboard inertial tracking system which they can use to get a better fix on where he picked up Brenda.

## Let the Cat Out of the Bag

The late Brenda Chrapkewicz's satchel is a courier pouch, surplus from the Venezuelan Army from the Second Central American Conflict. It's made of kevlar-lined heavy leather with an internal plastic frame, and is magnetically sealed. The pouch has a solid shoulder strap, and the logo of the Venezuelan government's Special Counterterrorist Battalions is embossed into the leather flap. Despite their name, their cool logo, and the fact that Venezuelan surplus is chic, the Special Counterterrorist Battalions were second-rate irregulars. Not that this is important, but the kids are likely to be excited over such a cool item, and any Guerrillas in the group ought to be happy to bring them down a notch.

The characters need to make a Very Difficult *Thief Stuff* roll or a Difficult *Kitbash* roll to open the lock on the pouch. Alternatively, they can cut it open (hard, but feasible). Inside, they find:

- A printed map of the Isabella Lake area. This map has marked the site of the lab, various approaches, escape routes, and places to hide in the wilderness.

- A photo of the lab. For all the world it looks like an A-frame hunting lodge. Hidden cameras are circled in yellow marker.
- A photo of a waste stream drooling forth from an open pipe. Farther back, the pipe is buried under a thin veneer of dirt.
- A small homework computer with Virtuality controls (keyboard, screen, etc.). It has a rough three-D model of the exterior of the lab, including windows, doors, etc.
  - Several small vials filled with polluted water and soil samples. Chemical analysis shows large quantities of nitric and sulfuric acid, as well as a variety of biochemical wastes.
  - Finally, and most important, a lot of loose padding and a kitten. Read the following:

*Hearing a small whining howl, you pull a small orange tabby kitten from the bottom of the pouch. It's thin, almost starved, and you figure it's only three months old. It squirms constantly, and its eyes focus on nothing for more than about two seconds. You notice that the back of its skull has been shaved, as has the back of its left foreleg. It also has a wire collar on which hangs a small bar-coded metal tag. The kitten stops writhing for a moment, wagging its head back and forth slowly, but then it rolls onto its back and howls once more.*

If there are any Scanners watching this horrid little spectacle, read this as well:

*For a moment, the kitten stares right at you, locking your eyes with its gaze. It holds the look for longer than it has anything else, and suddenly a new sense washes over you. You can feel what it feels, a gestalt realization and communion. Pain, disorientation, fear, confusion, but*

*above all, information overload. It lasts for just a moment before the kitten's eyes glaze over and it tries to stand.*

Yes, folks, we're talking mind-to-mind Scanner communication here. Uh oh.

There's nothing the characters can do for the kitten; it's doomed to die in three days' time. It has been altered by the Carbon Plague, something which has not been heard of before. The hapless feline has been transformed into a Scanner (as a result of which any Scanners in the group will be plagued by nightmares), but it didn't work. Now the feline's brain is permanently scrambled. If they try to feed it and take care of it, the kitten is all but inconsolable. Scanners note that it derives some relief from human affection — it has never received any before. If fed, the kitten stares at the food and drools, but won't eat. Even with heroic efforts (feeding machines, etc.), the kitten's brain deteriorates until it dies.



The tag on the kitten's collar is simply a number: 283. Closer inspection of the shaved part of its skull and leg indicate needle punctures. The one on the leg is over the brachial artery, and was used for administering drugs and hormones and for drawing blood (Difficult: *Schoolin'* or Average: *Daktari*). The puncture on the back of the skull is over a seam, and was used for a brain probe (N. Impossible: *Schoolin'* or V. Difficult: *Daktari*).

The kitten is serious motivation to get to the bottom of the mystery. Nothing like a whimpering kitten to keep you awake all night long and get your ire raised. It also implies a level of experimentation that even the good folks at the I.S.A. might be intolerant of ... then again, maybe not.

### THE BIG BAD WOLF

Yes, the corporation is also pursuing the Brenda Chrapkewicz lead. Even though they lost that kitten, they want to know who else might know what Brenda was up to. The agents that left Brenda's body lying in the street were reprimanded for not taking her identification, leaving a lead to grow cold. The corporation has now asked the NCPD to identify her, which may take anywhere from hours to days, depending on luck and manpower. This means that agents may show up to Dayle Chrapkewicz's house or Larson Park at any time. So, if the PCs need a kick in the pants, give 'em one.

### THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

If your PCs somehow missed the bag (or CorpSec got it), there's still hope. After the Larson Park Raiders contact the PCs (see Circling Vultures), Skeeter, a close friend of Brenda's, arranges to get the PCs into Brenda's bedroom to check for clues — but only if they'll handle the difficulty of breaking the news to Brenda's mom, Mrs. Dayle Chrapkewicz. Her address is 1240 1st Street, one block west of NCPD Precinct #2 (Night City building A1#26). It shouldn't be hard to convince her that Brenda is dead, considering the characters are in the rare position of being able to tell the full truth. If anyone checks the obituaries or the Body Lotto results, they list one "unidentified female Caucasian, accidental death," along with a photograph of Brenda's lifeless face. And that's it. Place all the clues from the bag in her bedroom. In addition, add a bunch of stuffed animals, photos of teenage screen stars, and other adolescent female paraphernalia. Play it up.

### Circling Vultures

While the PCs checked up on Marcus and such, other wheels were in motion, and interrupt them at this point. The Nightcrawler Vidiots filmed the PCs at the scene of Brenda's death, and turned the information over to Brenda's yogang. (If you want to be mean, you can have the Nightcrawlers splash it on the local airwaves and give the PCs a lot of unwanted attention.) Her goboys want to know what the PCs know about her death, but they aren't sure if the PCs were directly involved, so they shadow them for a while, checking where they go and who they talk to. After all, the PCs might be innocent bystanders, or they might be Raptors. You never know.

Tailor the approach to suit your PCs. If you have a rough-and-tumble crowd with a Megaviolent, a StreetFighter, and

a Goth, Brenda's goboys are much more likely to shadow them from a distance. Give your players the creepy feeling they're being watched. Have them spot someone duck into a doorway just as they turn around. Drop anonymous sound bites on their answering machines. Stuff like that. On the other hand, if the group is filled with Tinkertots, BeaverBrats, and other unassuming characters, have the Raiders brace them in an alley or something, using size and numbers to intimidate them.

Brenda's goboys can be convinced of the PCs' good intent. They know the Code, they hate the Machine, and the chance of the PCs being Raptors is pretty slim. Handing over Brenda's green bandana smooths relations, and the kitten, if displayed, garners immediate cooperation. Once the kids straighten out the situation and unravel any misunderstandings ("Why were you following us?" "Well, why were you running away?" "We weren't running, we were—" "You ran like rabbits, cho!" "Oh, yeah?"), they take the PCs to meet the leader of the Larson Park Raiders.

### The Wise Old Owl

Larson Park is four miles west of the corporate center. Unless the PCs drive, the Raiders catch the Route 72 bus (p. 18 in Night City).

*When you get to Larson Park, you are struck with the difference between it and Lake Park. Lake Park is okay, but Larson Park is dead. Litter covers the ground, and bare dirt trails pocked with cigarette butts slice through the brown grass, heading to the small copse of bare trees near the center. Looking around, the only sign of life you see is a pair of winos leaning against a dataterm which looks like it took a hit from a LAW rocket.*

*Then you see them, a small group of people in the cluster of trees. They're dressed in brown and green, and partially concealed by the shadows. As you approach, you see one reach up with both hands, and everyone watches. Then, for a second, you see a pair of birds fly up above the trees and speed away.*

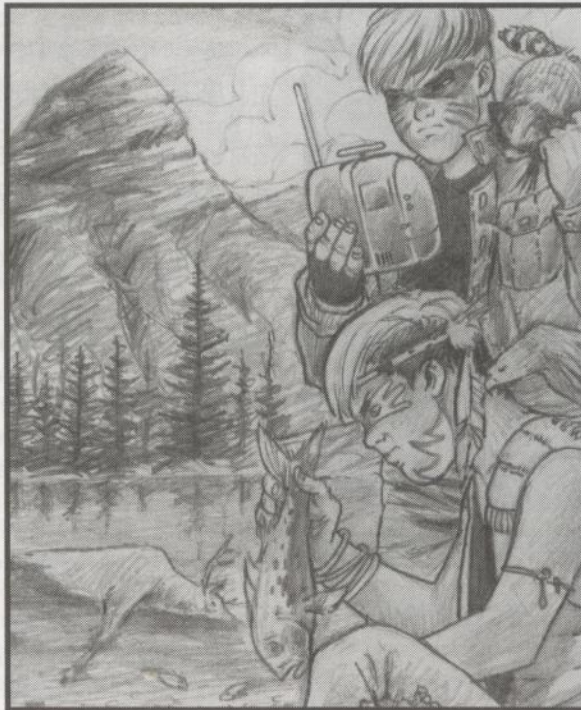
*As you enter the small grove, you see that it has been cleaned up. The dirt has been reworked, and it looks like a couple of dead trees have been chopped down, letting in some light. You gaze for a moment at the flowers which grow lushly here, protected by the ring of dead trees. Then, suddenly, you get a little uncomfortable, and you notice that all the yogangers are staring at you impassively: Beastieboys with a few EcoRaiders mixed in, along with two cats and a preternaturally alert dog. The Beastieboy in the*

*center bends down, closes a small box, and picks it up. The others all return to what they were doing.*

These are what's left of the Larson Park Raiders. Their guides point the PCs to the central figure: The Birdman. The Birdman earned his name as a result of his large nose, and in response he made birds his specialty. He is one of the bright spots of the Beastieboys, a genetic engineer who can add in slight genetic variations in a template to make a viable breeding population. He spends one year on each species, obtaining a template and breeding countless birds. He checks the variance of each animal, and if it's a good addition to the gene pool, he releases it.

Thus far, he is responsible for the return of three species to Night City, although one of them has been faltering. He has now returned to breeding this species to bolster its numbers.

The Larson Park Raiders are a relatively new group, a two-year-old experimental joint gang. The Birdman and a few trusted associates started it up to create an open-air J-Park in Larson Park. He wants to bring nature back into the inner city to increase public awareness and support. Brenda Chrapkewicz, a.k.a. "Kit", was one of the EcoRaiders who helped start the yogang. The Birdman also happened to love her, but he loved his work and was scared by her reckless hayduking. If the PCs ask about her recent activities, he tells them:



*"About three months ago, we got word that the Mill Valley Highlanders got torn up hayduking. They said Isabella Lake was seriously stabbed, smelled funky, fish were floatin' and bloatin'. Kit took our Raiders and the few Highlanders left, and went back up to check it out. She came back two weeks later, talking about some trophist lab up Sequoia zone. She had a bad feeling about it; she said she could smell incinerated flesh. Personally, I didn't buy it, she was big on herself and probably just imagined it.*

*"Anyway, she scouted around, ran some checks, pulled some strings, and decided to take it out. She said she might need me to back her hand, so I said, 'Kit, the Code is the Code.*

*You know I'll back you no matter how stupid you get.' So then she smiles and says, 'Cool, cho. And I'll bring you a pre-*

*sent when I get back — they got a gene-splicer in there, cutting edge, totally cold.' Then she left again. "*

*The Birdman smiles wistfully and scratches his nose. You avoid asking if he normally uses both hands. "You know, if we got hold of that gene splicer, we'd be seriously in business J-Parking this place, crankin' pinks like all tomorrow." He shakes his head. "Anyway, Kit came back about three weeks ago," he continues, "needing a bath in a bad way. She asked me to scam her some horses. I called in some markers, and traded a family of finches I'd just bred. I gave her some horses. She gave me a kiss." He pauses again. "And I guess that's going to be it." (Pain and regret should be obvious on his face, despite his efforts to hide them.)*

There is little more that he can tell them. None of the other kids have returned (and none will). The Larson Park Raiders don't have the strength left to assault the lab again, so he asks the PCs to do so (he'll beg if he has to). They'll supply gear and advice, and maybe offer to make them an animal or two, because they really want that gene splicer ... along with revenge on whoever offed Brenda.

## Alt of the Earth

The characters might contact the Eden Cabal at this time. If they do, presentation of the cybrevolved kitten attracts the attention of Alt Cunningham herself. Read the following:

*Suddenly the image on the V-term flickers and is replaced by a tall cylinder of deep translucent blue. Vague shadows of emerald green drift like smoke inside, all but invisible. The sensors on the V-term hum and whine, focused on the kitten. Then the voice of Gaia herself speaks, seeming to emanate from the entire cylinder. "This is ... astounding. I've never seen anything like it." The amount of green grows. "The CNMs — the nanites that are the Carbon Plague — aren't supposed to affect nonhumans. Somehow, these nanites tried to evolve this cat into a Scanner, or so it appears. It didn't work; it's a cat, not a human. I don't understand it." Suddenly all the green vanishes, and the cylinder deepens to purest blue. "We need you to find out what they're doing up there. Cooperate with the Larson Park group. Brenda gave her life for this, and I can see why."*





## PART III: FOX IN THE HENHOUSE

**T**he kids raid the corporate lab. Inside they discover the awful experiments the corporation is performing, stop the cruelty and the pollution, and locate other interesting leads.

### The Natural Order

This lab is a top secret facility staffed by twelve employees of Boar Biomechanics, the rogue American corporation that split off from Europe-based Bauer Biotechnische. The building looks like a hunting lodge, and the workers dress casually to support the facade. The employees live here, though a few rotate in and out every month. The lab itself is underground. Inside its walls, scientists isolate sample CNMs in sealed environments and unleash them on animals to see what happens. They then kill the CNMs (and the animals) with gamma radiation and perform a variety of tests. When finished, the corpses are burned and the hexite is dissolved in aqua regia. Basically, these guys are forcing the CNMs to change different species, and seeing what happens. With this knowledge they hope to gain control of the CNM, either by creating new animal forms for their use, or possibly adapting the CNM to mutate adults instead of killing them.

Brenda's insurgence caused quite an uproar. Although they killed Brenda (thereby plugging the potential leak), she opened their containment field, potentially releasing the CNMs into the lab itself. The lab techs resealed the experiment chamber, killed all the animals, and sanitized the lab as best they could. At this time, one security guard and one scientist are in Reno buying new computer gear. The remaining workers are tightening security and continuing their experimentation.

### The Lions' Den

Getting out to the lab is no great hurdle — Isabella Lake is about 40 miles east-northeast from Bakersfield. Find out how your players intend to approach the lab. At this time, the security guards are improving their perimeter. How fast the characters make their strike and how cautiously they approach make a difference. They might encounter a

guard setting up new surveillance devices. They might get spotted. Or, if they dragged their feet, there might be a new perimeter for them to cross.

Finding the lab is no problem with Brenda's map. Have them pass Isabella Lake, dead and smelly. Point out that the trees are half-choked from smog blow-off from the Night City area, some stand dead and bleached. Get graphic. Read the following when they finally get to the lab:

*You've found it: a typical A-frame in a clearing. Surrounded by wooded rises on three sides, it's difficult to spot, even from the air. It looks natural with a balcony and a satellite dish, but the pipes leading into and out of the building give it away. There's also a pungent odor rising from a small steel stove pipe at the back of the house. As you watch, a two-seat walker strides out from the garage and moves off into the woods. What do you do?*

Right now is the best time for them to try to enter, because the lab has not yet settled into a new status quo with a tighter security net. Here's what's in the lab:

### Above Ground

**1. Front Room:** This area is an atrium, open to the second floor. To the right are a beat-up sofa, mismatched chairs and magazines. Next to the door, a virtuality message display reads, "We saw you coming in. Stay where you are and you will not be harmed." Normally, this message board simply displays news and memos, but security figured that Brenda brazenly walked right in the front door. They posted this note to scare any imitators into inaction. There is a virtual keypad visible by the display as well. If someone enters the proper code (Average: *Arcane* to scam it), they get the real announcements, which are:

- "Replacement cameras and terminals will be in by 2100 hours."
- "Additional security measures are being implemented. Exercise rigid procedures until the new systems are installed."
- "Experiment 283 was lost, and must be repeated."
- "Gellagos is starting a combat football pool for anyone interested."

On the other side of the front room is the cafeteria: pre-processed food and the appliances necessary to cook and eat them. A dinette is here also, tasteless and out of date.

### UTILITIES

Power comes through an underground line. Cooling water enters the building and a chemical and raw sewage waste stream exits; both lines are buried until they reach the foundation, then they rise up and enter the building. The buried lines are easy to follow because the dirt is scarred where it was dug up. The lab has no phone, only a satellite dish. All external communication is initiated by residents of the lab. Internal communication is done in Virtuality; every staffer has permanent implants (Wizards could have a field day with that!). The fuse box for the lab is manual, so the power supply cannot be interrupted through the Net.

**2. Bedrooms:** Each worker has a private room. The upstairs bedrooms house the aides (2a) and the guards (2b), and the downstairs bedrooms belong to the scientists (2c) and the security chief (2d). There is one common item found in each room: a pair of over-the-calf boots.

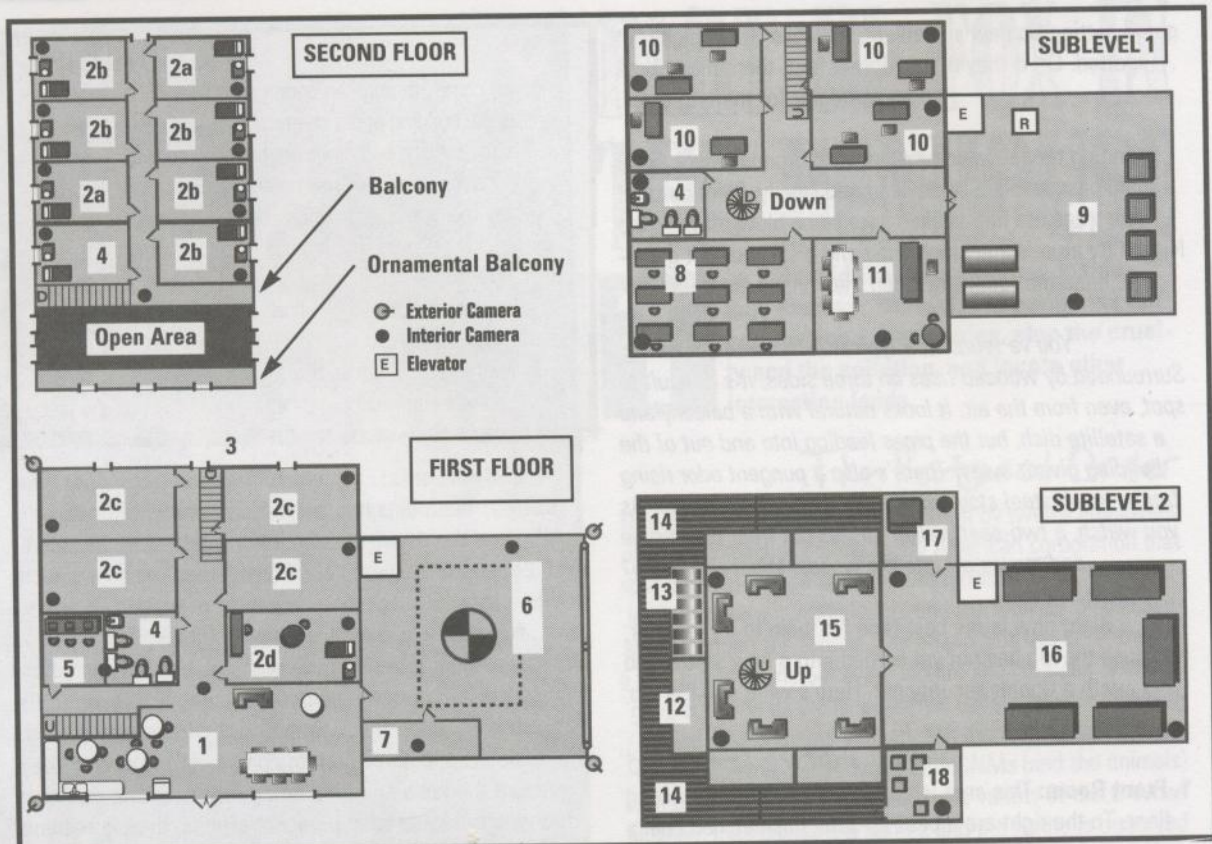
Wizards who examine these and make an Average: *Arcane* roll determine that the boot has electrical circuitry running the length of the shin. A Difficult: *Arcane* roll tells them it's a small transmitter and the frequency it uses. The boots are the equivalent of cookie-cutter badges; they prevent the lab's animal-hunting remotes from shooting the wearer. Aside from personal effects, there's nothing else of interest. Be sure, though, if your kids get wild and crazy and kill someone, that the first bedroom they enter has a picture of that person with spouse and children looking really happy. Or, better yet, a picture with the children, but no spouse ... that part's been torn away.

**3. Hidden Stairwell:** During a security lockdown (see sidebar on page 61), this stairwell is concealed with a sliding piece of flooring. Touching the back wall with a security ring or a cookie-cutter boot opens the floor.

**4. Bathroom:** The one on the top floor is a full bath, and the one on the ground floor is equipped with a washer and dryer.

**5. Computer Room:** The lab's fuse box is here, as well as the main computer; all the keyboards and monitors downstairs are merely V-card terminals. When the lab techs flushed the bottom level with gamma radiation, it also damaged these terminals, so the only way to access the computer when in the lab area is with a Wizard.

**6. Garage:** This attached structure contains a light maintenance shop. A variety of interesting parts and tools lie about, and in the back corner a well-concealed section of flooring



drops into the level below (on the lower levels it looks like a normal elevator). Next to the interior door is a landing pad for a spinner. Above it, the ceiling rolls back like a garage door. The spinner (the Boeing Serrato) is gone at the moment; two of the workers took it to Reno to get new equipment.

There's space for three Volkswalkers next to the outer garage door. Two are currently in; one of these is specially modified with a pivot-mounted light machine gun, a light mortar, and a plexi shield (SP 20) covering the passengers. Its control system is loaded with black ice. Subtract one from its maneuverability and 10 mph from its top speed due to processing lags and extra weight.

**7. Utilities:** This contains the usual stuff: fuse box, water mains, central air conditioner, satellite dish control, and cable descrambler. It also has a small but powerful back-up power generator. Finally, an animal transport remote (much like the Movin'Cube) and a cleaning remote are here.

### Sublevel 1 (Office Level)

**8. Security Center:** Behind its steel door, this room has the controls for all the cameras, lights, and doors inside the building. The security at this time is good, with one camera

in each room and on each exterior corner of the building. Even the bedrooms have cameras, although for privacy's sake they can be turned off manually. Unknown to everyone, the security chief has a software override which can switch the cameras back on. Each camera is equipped with infrared sensors and a virtuality projector. This last is used to communicate with workers, but may also be reprogrammed to create sudden appearances of frightening things to put certain children on edge. The security center also controls the remotes, which are used to capture escaped animals. The remotes are hidden in small sealed alcoves along the walls, almost impossible to detect. There is at least one remote on each floor, but you can have as many remotes as you like.

The security room doubles as an armory. Twelve medium armor jackets, twelve tasers, four shotguns, two genius guns (no spare ammo), and a cap laser are all under manual lock. Although they don't have massive artillery, they're planning on getting some. Also found here are extra supplies for the remotes: spare parts (including enough to *Jury Rig* or *Kitbash* a tranq gun), lots of darts, a jug of tranquilizer poison, etc.

**9. Manufactory:** This has a stockpile of raw material, an industrial-size Movin'Cube remote (R), and a collection of

microfactories which can create everything from a spare walker femur to a non-volitional nanite. There are also a few infection units here (see below) for recycling; they have all been beaten up, with claw marks gouged in the glass, holes melted or chewed in the sides, or the whole interior spattered with acidic pitting like something exploded.

**10. Offices:** In one of the offices is a WorldSat Flopscreen with a topographical map of Death Valley displayed. It's patched into a Mead Electronic Notebook computer (both from *Chromebook 2*), which has the locations of the sample animals gathered (see Testing Lab, below). Another office has a garish collection of animal heads, skull paperweights, and such. A third has a holo projection of the interior of a coyote's brain with autopsy and dissection notes enough to gross out anyone with veterinary experience.

**11. Head Office:** This plush room has a large, real wood desk and fur rugs hanging on the wall. There is also a Virtuality map of Southern California on the wall, with a lot of marks in the area of Death Valley. There is one bright red dot at the north end, surrounded by a red ring with the legend "Apparent Limit of Contamination." Inside the ring, several areas are shaded in, and numbered X's dot the area. Elsewhere on the map, there are blue dots (one in the site of this lab, and one in Los Angeles) and a white dot in Night City. Finally, there is a yellow dot in the margin at the top of the map with "Sacramento" printed next to it.

In realspace, there is a V-card with the legend "FoxRun: Counterintelligence at Its Best" on the desk. This card has a brief thirty-second ad for FoxRun, and a longer, ten-minute sales pitch from FoxRun's Sacramento office. For those GMs who want to step this off into a campaign, the desk can have a variety of incriminating evidence, both real and virtual, which implies, but does not prove, that Boar Biomechanics is up to worse stuff.

### Lab Level

**12. Isolation Chamber:** Each sound-proofed chamber holds half a dozen isolation units, each suspended by a charged cable, the charge of which is enough to deprogram CNMs. At least that's the theory. The chamber itself is a vacuum, which ensures that the CNMs can't hitch a ride on some random air molecules to get to the lab wall. There's no reason to think this method of isolation will fail — but there's no evidence it won't, either. Also, each chamber is equipped with a gamma radiation sweeper, which floods the chamber once observations are complete. The scientists have been unable to find a dosage which kills the CNMs and yet leaves the animals alive, although the animals take

a while to die. The front of the chamber is a large vacuum door. By opening the doors and switching on the gamma sweepers, the whole observation room can be sanitized. On the floor beneath some of the infection units is a dark stain of unidentifiable matter laced with a dark silvery metal.

**13. Infection Unit:** These are small boxes (about one cubic meter) with one glass wall. Inside each there is a cloned animal (catatonic, frightened, writhing in agony, or melting before your eyes), and some CNMs. In addition, there is a biomed scanner which gives continuous readings on the state of the test animal. The scanners can also draw blood, inject drugs, and do a variety of other disgusting things. Infection is attained by placing a test animal in an infection unit with a time-release vial containing CNMs. The chamber is hooked up and isolated, and the vial releases the CNMs which then infect the only life form they can sense: the test animal. They just don't do it very well.

**14. Maintenance accessways:** Only the head of security and the utility aides know of these areas, which allow for maintenance of the gamma sweepers, isolation chambers, and even the crematorium. The rest of the staff never does any maintenance work, so they never had a need to know. If your PCs need a shot in the arm, one of Brenda's associates could still be hiding back here, waiting for a chance to escape. Perhaps he's even Evolved ...

**15. Observation lounge:** This is where the scientists observe the results of their experiments. Normally, cameras with optical character recognition read the displays of the scanners in the infection units and download the data to the main computer for analysis. Thanks to the recent gamma ray sweep of the lower levels, the security cameras are not operational. Likewise, the cameras and terminals sit lifeless on the desks, so the scientists have been jotting notes on portable computer pads. Despite thoughts to the contrary, the kids really don't want to read those notes. If they do anyway, they find horrible but clinical descriptions of how the animals changed, suffered, and died, as well as analyses of how the results were similar to or different from the samples gathered 'at the site.' Brief notes of possible future experiments are also scrawled in the margins. Pull it all out with the notes; think high-tech Marquis de Sade with clinical coldness.

**16. Testing Lab:** This is where the scientists run their bewildering array of tests on animals before and after infection. Cages for said animals line the walls. Half of the animals are awaiting infection, their vital statistics are being recorded and standardized. The other half are already infected and irradiated, and lie listless or dead. A

few are splayed on automated dissection tables; as the characters enter, one of the dissection machines is taking apart a rabbit which isn't quite dead yet and shrieks weakly. Most of the animals here are standardized testing critters like hamsters and cats, other animals are wild; there's even a cougar (note: endangered species) and two coyotes here, crammed in too-small cages, awaiting infection. Ordinarily, the lab has a moleculokinetic baffle to deaden the horrid sounds these trapped and dying animals make, but it has not yet been restored to operation.

The gene-splicer (a Body Weight Unit, see pg. 31) which makes many of the testing animals is on one tabletop, set to create another batch of kittens like Brenda's (when Brenda hit the lab, this was in one of the offices while the scientists trained on it). A fume hood sits in the corner of the lab with a large beaker of strong acid inside (slowly eating away at a malformed hexite cat's leg), and there is an emergency shower in the corner — pull the ring and flood the room. Finally, along one wall is a shelf filled with large jars. Each contains formaldehyde and a dead critter.

These are not your standardized lab testing animals, they're all wild: starlings, rabbits, mice, a crow, an earthworm, and even a few small jars have insects. All have been touched by the Carbon Plague. Many of them appear to be incomplete, while others have been altered so radically that their basic form is no longer identifiable. A few were apparently alive when taken; bullet-holes attest to that. The labels read as follows: "Sample #312: 36° 38' 02.3" N 117° 09' 53.9" W". These latitude-longitude bearings lie in Death Valley, and match the coordinates on the map in the Head Office.

**17. Crematorium:** This is the opening to the oven in which the dead animals are incinerated. It is relatively cool inside now, only about 200 degrees. If the characters sift through the ash, they find small blobs of hexite and several ceramic beads of the type worn by EcoRaiders. The crematorium fuel tank is located outside the building, right next to the east wall (hmm ...). The chimney (a simple metal stovepipe) goes straight up, and there's also an air intake line right next to the chimney heading down. The pipes are too small for a kid, but could easily accommodate a Probe.

**18. Lab Storage:** This closet contains replacement credit card-sized CPUs for the infection monitors (now all damaged), as well other lab supplies like Post-Its, formaldehyde, aqua regia (a very nasty acid), automated dissection machine parts, and whatever else your fiendish mind can create. The camera in here was damaged by the gamma ray sweep.

## Disturbing the Hornets' Nest

At this time, there are ten employees on-site; the other two are in Reno (but can return if you want). One aide is in the garage, two scientists are in the lab, two guards are out with the walker patrolling and improving the perimeter, and one guard is in the security center running the Net and keeping an eye on things through the security cameras. The remaining scientist, aide, and two guards are asleep (they gotta get it sometime). The personnel are not as tolerant of kids as they would otherwise be. After all, just a short while ago some kids broke in and caused a lot of trouble. While they don't believe that kids are capable of serious combat, they don't view them as little angels, either.

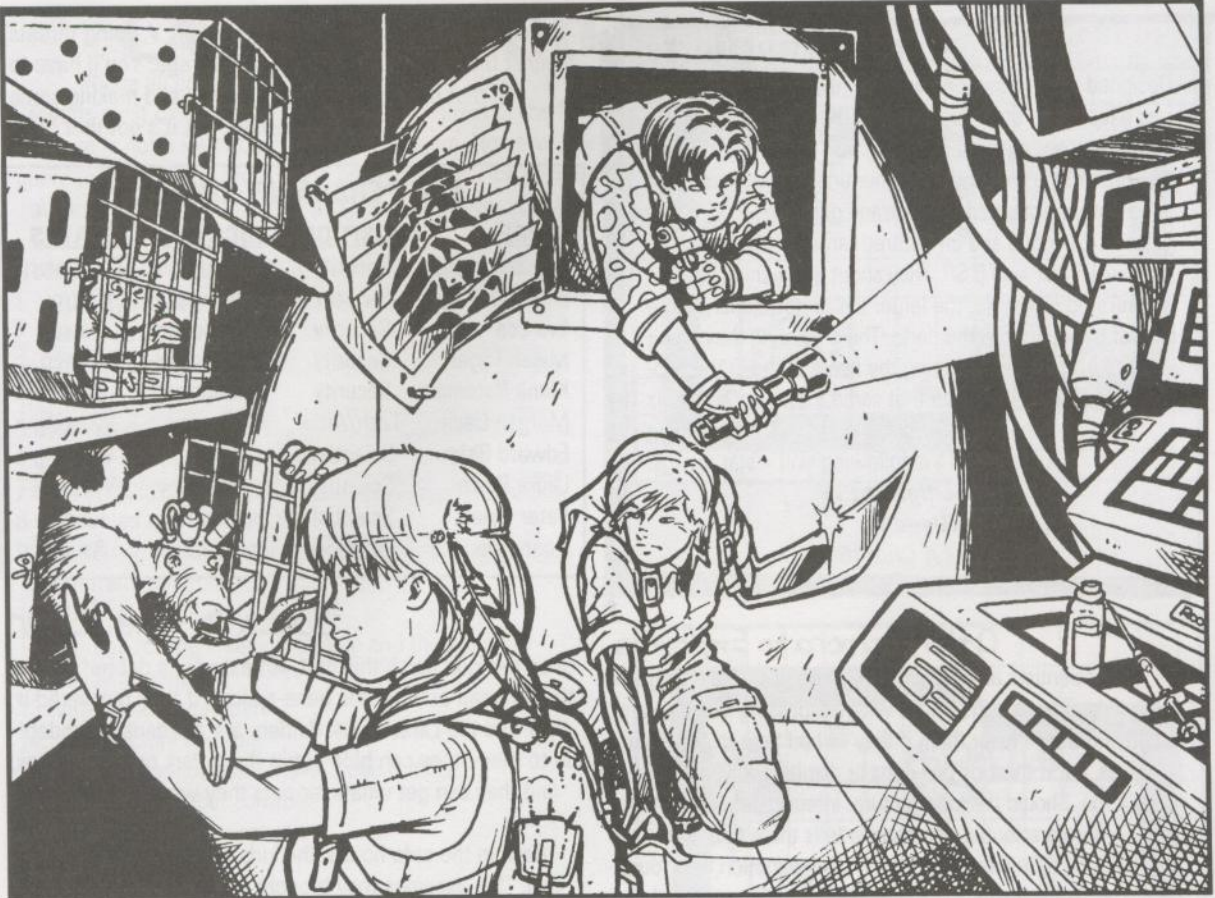
The biggest problem facing the kids at this moment is the outer perimeter, specifically the security cameras. A Wizard can scan the camera to see if it's being monitored (Average: *Arcane*). If not, an Easy *Arcane* roll points it in another direction. A Bolter can blow the camera with a 3-die zap. Silenced gunshots or wrist rockets can take the camera out by doing four points of damage. A Scout can send a Probe up to the camera, and unscrew the lens or snip its leads. Or the kids can just take their chances and charge up really fast (50% chance they're spotted).

## Getting Inside

There are several ways to get into the house. The front door is locked (Very Difficult: *Thief Stuff*). The same goes for the back garage door. The kids could also climb the roof (Very Difficult: *Jock Stuff* without climbing equipment, Easy otherwise) and jimmy the upstairs windows with an Average: *Thief Stuff* success. At the side of the house, the garage door is open. One of the walkers just left, and the maintenance worker inside is taking a smoke break, watching the woods and daydreaming about hunting. He's not a security guard, so he's being a little lax. At the moment, this is the weak point in the armor. If the kids are worried about being spotted, they can wait until the walker returns, then try to sneak in using it as cover, skulking up in its shadows.

Of course, there's a lot of ways Evolved kids can make it in. A Wizard could try to operate the Spinner hatch and drop in the top of the garage. An Alchemist could bore a hole in a wall. Tinmen can take the direct approach (as can anyone with a rock and a window).

Another approach is to try to smoke them out. The direct approach involves lobbing firebombs at the lab or blowing the crematorium fuel tank. A more subtle approach is to pinch the waste stream pipe, making it back up into the basement after



a while. Alternatively, plugging the cooling water inlet forces someone out to go fix it, and looks a lot less suspicious.

Once in, what happens depends entirely on how the kids have acted to this time. If they have been spotted and have sniped at the workers, expect full security procedures and heavy weapons. If they've been low key, they could get far before the alarm is raised — one playtester got herself in alone by concocting a story of how she was dumped in the middle of nowhere when she wouldn't have sex with her boyfriend, and asking if she could get a lift back to Bakersfield. They didn't have the Serrato handy, so she got to hang around for hours ...

### Lockdown Procedures

When the lab is on a security alert, all the doors are locked electronically. They only open when someone wearing a security ring grabs the knob (or by making a Very Difficult: *Thief Stuff* roll). Every employee has a security ring, and wears it constantly. Additionally, if security has released the remotes, the employees put on boots which have transmitters to protect them from being shot.

<b>TEMPLATE</b>	Corporate Agents (On-Site)		
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<b>INT</b>	8	<b>REF</b>	10	<b>COOL</b>	8
<b>TECH</b>	6	<b>MOVE</b>	6	<b>LUCK</b>	5
<b>BODY</b>	10	<b>EMP</b>	3	<b>ATT</b>	6

<b>S. ABILITY</b>	Authority	9
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<b>NOTICE</b>	6	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	9	<b>DODGE</b>	7
<b>DRIVING</b>	8	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	8	<b>PILOTING</b>	6
<b>RIFLE</b>	7	<b>HANDGUN</b>	8	<b>SMG</b>	6
<b>MELEE</b>	8	<b>M. ARTS</b>	7	<b>STEALTH</b>	4

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M
<b>Cyberpunk BTM</b>	-4	<b>HITS</b>	10	<b>ARMOR</b>	14																				

**CYBERNETICS, ETC:**  
 Cyberoptics (any specs), cyberaudio (any specs), muscle and bone lace, pain editor, smartlink, V-implants, corporate security ring (see Lockdown Procedures), light armor clothes (SP 14), monoknife, medium pistol, taser, V-trode implants.

### PESTHUNTER REMOTES

Designed to hunt escaped animals, the remotes are used as a last-ditch attempt to protect the lab or to cover the employees' retreat. Alternatively, they could be activated by enterprising kids and set to hunting the workers. Each remote is equipped with a tranq gun (does 1D6/3 plus stun, 24 shots) and an infrared targeting system. They have 15 SDP and 5 SP. They shoot at anything with an infrared signature; the larger the target the larger the load of tranquilizer in the darts. The only thing they won't fire at is anyone wearing the boots found in the bedrooms or broadcasting on that same frequency. Their six legs give them a MOVE of 3, and their programming gives them the following skill + stat ratings:

**Streetfighting 15**

**Blend 10**

**Get A Clue 18**

### Other Corporate Employees

The scientists and the aides have no desire to engage in fighting. They are imperious with trespassing kids (like any adult) and they'll taser them if they've had time to arm themselves, but if the kids pull guns or display Evolved abilities, they'll run. Should the kids capture, interrogate, or (gulp) torture a scientist, the captive tells them that Boar was "attempting to recreate the sort of contamination they found out at Death Valley." The scientists don't know what happened out there at Death Valley; that's why it's been so hard to duplicate. They do know that a lot of strangely contaminated animals were found out there in early '26, and no one has heard of animals getting zapped by the Carbon Plague. They started their work in this lab around February of 2026, but weren't able to start infecting creatures until late last year.

### Getting Away

How easily the kids make their escape depends on how they took the lab. If pictures of them (from the surveillance cameras) survive in memory (computer or lab tech), you can bet Boar will hunt them down. Boar can also vector in support from their L.A. headquarters; it's about 130 miles away, so it would take a good hour to arrive (given time to raise the alarm, fuel and arm, and get under way). But the Boeing Serrato might return from Reno at any moment ...

### Caught in the Web

If the PCs got captured by the Boar crew, you can still play on. Have a senior Boar exec fly in to have a talk with them. He'll ask them, as already-infected individuals, to

penetrate the lab area described in Part V, using threats against their family and friends as leverage. You'll have to run that on the fly, skipping Part IV and making some changes, but it's not that hard.

### LAB PERSONNEL ON SITE

NAME	POSITION	LOCATION	STATUS
Brendon Kendig	Security	Security Ctr	On Watch
Emilio Gellagos	Security	On Perimeter	Patrol
Eva Lee	Security	On Perimeter	Patrol
Micah Fogel	Security	In Quarters	Asleep
Kiana Bateman	Security	In Quarters	Asleep
Morgan Cecil	Tech/Aide	In Garage	Working
Edward Balm	Scientist	Lab	Working
Laura Reich	Scientist	Lab	Working
Peter Hsieh	Scientist	In Quarters	Asleep
Hoang Do	Tech/Aide	In Quarters	Asleep

### Back in the Lair

Once the kids finish this part, Alt asks for a debriefing and the Birdman asks for the gene-splicer. If they recovered it, they find the Larson Park Raiders are permanently indebted to them; they can hide out in the J-Park or their homes, and they can get whatever pets they want, custom-built.

Back in the safe house, the kids tell Alt everything they can. This assumes they brought back one pickled sample from Boar; if not, adjust it to the situation:

*Alt returns to your V-term, but this time you can also see eyes and a mouth suspended within the deep blue cylinder. It's a little disturbing, because you can't see her lips or eyelids, just the eye, teeth, and tongue, so when she blinks or stops talking, the parts disappear for a moment. She listens to everything you say, green coruscating ever more frequently through her image. "Hmm. We've heard some scattered reports of plagued animals, but it was nothing substantive, so we dismissed it as hearsay.*

*Apparently we were wrong in doing so." Suddenly her color changes back to pure blue. "My scans show these animals were infected with a CNM subtly different from the form which infected you". No wonder this concerned the Boar people. We need you to go to those coordinates in Death Valley, and check it out. Your CNMs will protect you against infection. And hurry, we've got to know where these came from."*

**\* GM Note:** That's because these CNMs were taken from the site in Death Valley, see the next section.

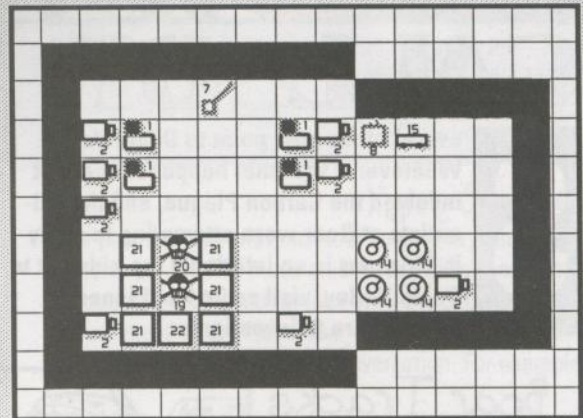
# LAB SUBGRID

Since all communication is initiated by the lab, and it spends most of its time unconnected to the rest of the Net, there is not a lot of black ice in the system. However, the guard in the security room is loading more black ice onboard at this time, so add any new programs whenever you wish.

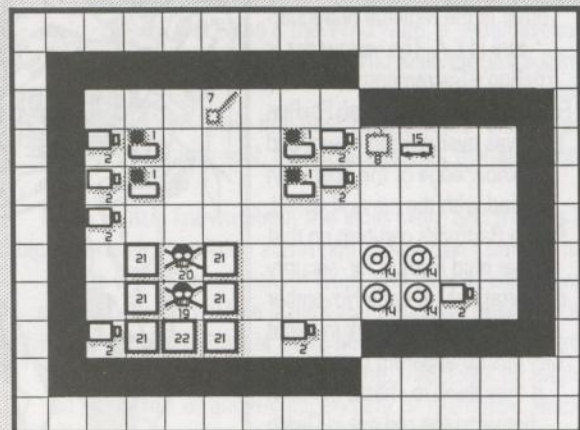
**Notes:** Data Walls strength 7, Code Gates strength 8

1. Virtuality keyboard and monitor
2. Interior surveillance camera
3. Satellite dish control
4. Killer VI
5. Hellhound
6. Exterior surveillance camera
7. Hidden stairwell control
8. Concealed elevator control
9. Controls for garage door and overhead spinner door
10. Cafeteria controls
11. Climate control and utilities
12. Storage for the cleaning remote and the animal handling remote
13. Virtual message board
14. Microfactory controls
15. Storage for industrial Movin'Cube remote
16. Isolation chamber controls
17. Gamma sweeper controls
18. Crematorium control
19. Netrunner guard
20. Pit Bull
21. Data files on all the experiments and the samples taken from Death Valley
22. Security files (compressed black ice, stuff on Brenda, system maps, roster, etc.)
23. Watchdog

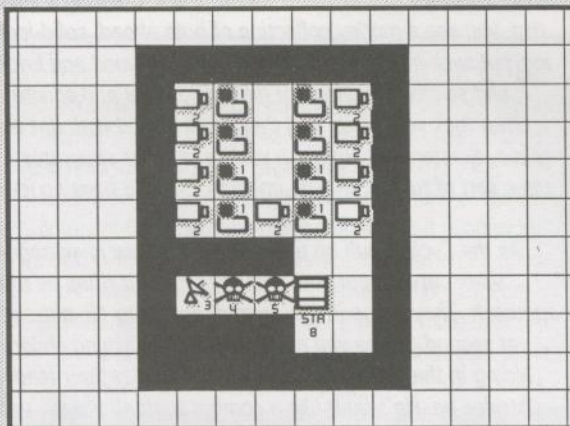
## Level B (SubLevel 1)



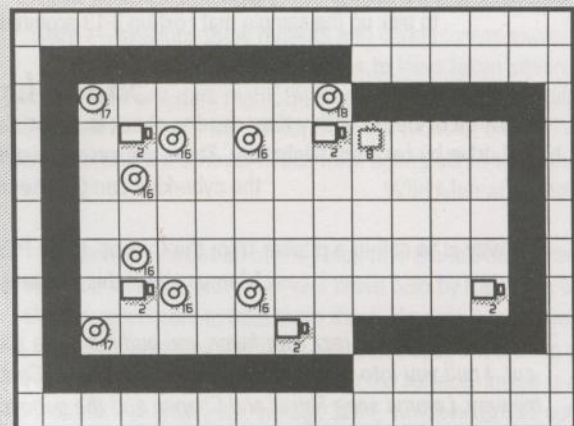
## Level C (SubLevel 2)



## Level A (Top Level)



## Level D (SubLevel 3)





# PART IV: CALL OF THE WILD

**S**everal clues now point to Death Valley. Whatever it was that happened there, it involved the Carbon Plague, and the scientists at Boar were attempting to study it. This part is an interlude; the kids get to Death Valley, visit some NeoPioneers, and prepare to investigate.

*and we get you shanks. Hey, check it, we know a batch o' Neos near the beer, they'll get you there."*

Another option is to hijack a car or borrow Mom's. They could hire some GoGangers or take a bus (which gets them close).

They could borrow horses, or have some Tribals guide them overland. Or perhaps the Eden Cabal could even spare a vehicle. However the characters get there, they must be brought to, or discover by chance, the NeoPioneers' village.

## Boar Tracks

There are four places marked on the Boar virtuality map besides Death Valley. The blue dots mark Boar sites; one is the lab, the other is the regional headquarters in L.A. The yellow dot is

FoxRun's Sacramento office. By FoxRun policy, nothing on FoxRun 3-13 was ever written down, and all knowledge of the operation died with the crew. If asked, Rache Bartmoss can turn up that Boar paid FoxRun for 'security consultations' in early November 2025. The white mark in Night City has no apparent correlation.

If they think to check, the path between the red dot in Death Valley and the white dot in Night City passes right over the site of the FoxRun crash — the white dot was where a Boar agent was

to pick up the sample that FoxRun 3-13 acquired.



## Neos' Nest

Read the following when the characters first see the village. Add in any appropriate descriptions about how they arrive; this is written assuming they got the Cychos to give them a lift.

*By any rights, the ride should have taken a good six hours, but the way the Cychos drove, they cut it to three and a half. All things considered, you're in reasonably good shape, but you'll be glad to get off the reclining bikes and onto solid unmoving ground. The Cychos slow down and turn off what's left of the main road and onto a dirt track. Cresting a small*

*rise, you see a motley collection of huts ahead, solid-looking, but sunk into the ground and made of wood and bricks and sandbags instead of glass and steel and concrete.*

*They look very plain, and they're all tinged with dirt and grime. Scattered about are a variety of other structures — some sort of rural stuff, you imagine, but you have no idea.*

## Saddle Up

The area of Death Valley they need to check is about six hours' drive by car from Night City. There are several ways the cyberkids can get there.

One way is to call in a marker from the Cychos. If the PCs ask Marcus about this, he says,

*"Yeah, meatwalker, I rezz your favor, you pull me outta the cut, I pull you into D.V., no sweat, check? It's solid Code my way. Lemme snag Ferret and Chance and the goboys,*

*As the Cychos pull up to the village, a few juvegangsters walk out to greet you, shouldering their rifles as they approach. They range in age from about 10 to 18, although at second glance you notice one or two young children hiding in the shadows. One guy, apparently their leader, strides up. He's built like a combat football player, with*

*hands the size of Nebraska. He wears heavy boots, a sleeveless denim shirt, and a Stetson hat with a southwestern-style sunburst embroidered on the front. He carries a Barret-Arasaka sniper's rifle casually in his left hand. It's hard to tell if he's Indian, mulatto, or just very very tan. He saunters up, grinning, and greets Ferret warmly (with a "Howdy, pilgrim!"). Ferret hands over a few pieces of small equipment, and in return he gets some fresh food. Seriously. You don't know what it is, exactly, some sort of thing they pulled out of the ground, but it's fresh. You wonder what it tastes like.*

The leader of the NeoPioneers is Donovan, the founder of this village. Under his guidance, the kids here have built a few wind harvesters, several greenhouses and water traps, and done a lot of underground work, building cool bunkers and harvesting a regular crop of Shiitake mushrooms. They also have a few cultivated plots which they work religiously. They are not strictly self-sufficient, as they rely on the Cychos to act as go-betweens for trade and chauffeurs when they decide to poach from a cattle farm near Fresno. In return, the Cychos get some fresh meat and tank up on CHOOH2 here; Donovan has managed to set up an underground still which processes a mean batch of the stuff (he's working on developing CHOOH2 napalm for a flame-thrower). All in all, the village looks a lot like the old Skywalker homestead, but with fortifications and without the ultra-high tech. Sunken plots provide wind protection and catch the dew and cold air, tri-bladed windmills chop the breeze to generate power, sandbagged foxholes ring the periphery, and a warren of tunnels writhes underground.

Ferret explains what he knows of the situation to Donovan, who agrees to help the PCs as much as he can. He can give them a base, some food, and guide them around the terrain, but that's about all he can spare. He's got to keep people on the crops and on digging a few escape tunnels.

### THE CODE

"You never take from another 'ganger without giving something back." Donovan is giving the 'punks a lot of help here, and if they forget to give something back, adolescent tempers are going to rise. This is one of the key points of Cybergen role-playing here, and it is often forgotten by the players in the heat of the moment. It doesn't have to be much, even a trinket will do (especially something of the Old West.) But the best thing they can give would be some of their time; the Neos could always use some help with some of their projects.

### THE PLOTPATH THICKENS

Hey, GMs, don't forget to rouse your players from their contented haze. The village is a great place to drop some old friends or enemies, or perhaps a new love interest. Remember Harrison Ford and Kelly McGillis in *Witness*?

### Night Sounds

Role-play the visit with the NeoPioneers to your heart's content. Let the PCs muck around, ask questions, get in trouble, and become familiar with the place. At some point, mention the Neos' fear of the lab area and "the Wild Man" in conversation. For example:

**Neo:** You want to go there? Hey, tenderfoot, those are bad lands.

**PC:** We've got to go, and we'll bring supplies, so —

**Neo:** You ain't rezzin', partner, that's the Wild Man's territory.

**PC:** Who's the Wild Man, a cyberpsycho?

**Other Neo:** You tellin' your Wild Man stories again? What a load!

**Neo:** Frag that! I saw him back before you ever showed up here. He's for real, a serious guerrilla monster, cho.

There is little known about the Wild Man, and there is a big difference of opinion about him. Some don't believe he exists (these are all newer Neos and people who sleep soundly at night), while others claim to have seen him in the dark of night (which is true), and say he's a cybermerc. Some claim he is not a human being; they think he might be some sort of genetic experiment or marooned space alien or even the abominable desertman.

The Wild Man first made an appearance early last year (2026), but he has not been seen for several months. He used to come and steal some food or occasionally hardware — skeptics think rodents and carelessness explain the loss. One of the Neos claims to have taken several shots at him one dark night; he swears he hit, but he could find neither a body nor blood. Over the months, two Neos vanished and were never heard from again; some think the Wild Man ate them.

Regardless, almost all of the Neos fear the lab area; they think it's haunted. However, one brave Neo by the name of Skeeter volunteers to take them there. He gets a few Neos together, and they pull back a hidden trapdoor covering a small garage with a steep ramp to the surface. Inside is a four-wheel drive jeep, vintage 2004, which he drives out.



## PART V: THE DRAGON'S LAIR

**A**lthough they may think it's an epilogue, this is the crux of the adventure. Here, the characters explore the ruins of the mysterious lab in Death Valley. They find some important clues and information about the Carbon Plague, yet ultimately end up with more questions than answers. But hey, that's life, no matter how many teenagers think they know it all.

### The Trail to Here

The Death Valley lab belonged to Blanc Research, and what was going on there is a mystery to just about everyone. To help you portray it properly, we'll let you in on some of the secret.

This analytical lab did contract work on extremely dangerous biotech research — among their credits was discovering the cure for the Wasting Plague. It was last working (in some fashion) with the Catalytic Nanomachine — *before* the Carbon Plague was released in Night City. Boar investigators believe they were *manufacturing* the CNMs (and, apparently, they were). Something happened and the lab's fail-safe warhead blew: a neutron microbomb designed to kill all life forms (lab techs, bacteria, even viruses) without overly damaging the equipment. The plan was that if the lab had to destroy itself, other Blanc personnel could recover a lot of the data and precious research would not be lost. Unfortunately, Blanc had not installed something to kill the inorganic CNMs, and when the bomb blew, many of them escaped.

FoxRun 3-13 (see page 20) was monitoring the site remotely, figuring a schedule for their planned raid on behalf of Boar Biomechanics. When the explosion fried the lab, they screamed in with their AV, snagged a sample bottle or three, and hightailed it back to the rendezvous site in Night City. They contacted the Boar agents — their 'Base' — but they never quite made it back to the rendezvous. Other corporations also tried for a snatch, but were intercepted by the Blanc security forces before they could get there.

In any event, the lab explosion never reached the public media. Boar later sent personnel in to search the area, both the lab itself and the grounds surrounding it, and they were the ones who brought back the mutant animal samples. They found other stuff as well, but most of it they consid-



When it's dead, they can get a good look at it, and boy is it ugly. Its fur is thin and mangy, and since what fur it has is hexite, it has the same texture as steel wool. Its skin is chapped and flaky, stretched taut on its body. Its ears are over-sized, and fold out like a bat's wing, and its eyes have been moved apart. Finally, its teeth and claws have been replaced by hexite; the claws are no longer pointed, but have a short knife-edge to them, and its teeth are no longer separate but continuous, looking like a piece of a saw blade stuck in its gums. If the kids poke around the body further, add in any additional disgusting details you like: a lamprey-like tongue, young hanging by their heads budding from its belly, whatever. Make the kids regret investigating it.

### Road Killers

Whether Skeeter survives or not, there's nothing preventing the PCs from going to the lab; nothing is around, although the desert continues to make strange sounds and unknown things fly overhead whistling oddly. Presumably, they'll head back to the car; there's still about a mile to go. As they approach, they see something at the tires of the car; it looks like a rat stretched to the length of a weasel, and fat to boot. It moves its head across the tires as a fly might, with irregular jerks.

Upon closer examination, it is a rat, but with a large flat proboscis with no apparent opening. Everywhere it has swung its head, the rubber is noticeably gouged (it eats the same way an Alchemist samples). If someone tries to grab it, their fingers pass through as through black and silver jelly, splitting the thing in two and leaving the hapless juve with the most noxious tarry goo imaginable all over his fingers. Both halves squirm and screech, reforming into whole creatures after about thirty seconds, each of which burrows rapidly into the ground. If they do nothing about the critters, they eat until the tire goes flat with a bang, the

concussive force of which splits the creature into three, all of which continue feeding after they reform. The kids can drive the animals off and change the tire if they wish; there's a spare on the back. Nevertheless, the image of these things crawling around under the earth should give them the willies. If the kids forget about them, have one eat its way through somebody's shoe and into their foot.

### Anatomy Lessons

**The Outside:** The kids get up to the lab with no problem, although the first person out of the car steps on a hexite-sheathed ground plant, the leaves of which slice through his shoe and into his foot, painfully (-2 to Move, no hit points lost). There are many clues to be garnered here, despite the

fact that this place has already been searched. The PCs can search around here as much as they want, although the more time they spend the more likely other things are going to arrive to make their life hell.

The ground floor of the building is sunk six feet into the earth, leaving about four feet of wall and roof above ground. Entrance used to be had through the two descending stairwells, one on the west side, and one on the north. There are no windows in the exterior walls, which are made of thick concrete reinforced by steel bars. At the Northwest Corner, the letters "BLANC RESEA" are legible before a break cuts off the remainder. If someone makes a Very Difficult: *Get A Clue* roll, they note

that all the damage to the above-ground installation was inflicted by missiles or other exterior causes.

The two machine gun mounts hold quad .50 cal in pop-up casings. They are inactive and low on ammo, but parts can be salvaged with a bit of effort. There are two plasticrete circular missile bunkers, as well. Each holds four Militech SAMs in a pop-up mount. One is sealed; the other is still



Meet the Spitting Viper on Page 75...

elevated, and has only two missiles left. If Skeeter is still with the group, he looks at them lustfully. Enterprising Wizards or Tinkertots could try to salvage some of this stuff, too, if they enjoy gambling.

The concrete landing pad is made for spinners, complete with landing circles. Characters studying this area who make an Average: *Get A Clue* roll notice that there is no roadway leading here — all supplies and personnel came in by air. Right next to the landing pad is what appears to be a three-foot-high ant mound. There are no ants in it at this time.

Finally, to the west, there's the wreckage of an unmarked AV-4, obviously taken out by one of the SAMs. The cab came through in pretty good shape. Inside, there are scattered bones of the pilot (his empty flight helmet is still wedged in a gaping star-shaped fracture in the windshield), but the copilot is out of his harness, lying partly out of the hatch. All that's left is his skeleton (which looks malformed) and tendrils of hexite which seem to follow what used to be the contours of his body. Three or four stripes of hexite move across where his face was, giving some shape to it beyond the bone structure. He looks in pain.

**The Lobby:** The ground level of the research facility held the reception area, offices, a bathroom, and nonessential supplies. Nothing occurred here other than negotiating contracts, casual meetings, and the Friday night poker games. The exterior doors are steel, and just inside each is a small foyer with heavy concrete walls. Inside the foyers are the broken remains of an automated machine gun and security checkpoint. If someone checks this level for utilities, etc. (Easy: *Tunneling* or Average: *Get A Clue*), there are none. The place was entirely self-contained, as near as anyone can tell.

The one disturbing place above ground is the kitchen area. Flies buzz incessantly, and don't look quite right. Shards of fine china and glassware spangle the rubble, and what's left of a nice chandelier is partially hidden by the collapsed roof. The fridge, bent and cracked, has become a home to a giant (about three meters in diameter, but irregular) slime-mold of some sort with an urchin-like coating of fine hexite needles. As the PCs watch, it grows a bit, pushing a new bulge out of one seam as though it were issuing from a rupture. I hope no one is foolish enough to prick themselves on a needle; since it ate everything in the fridge, it needs to provide its own food.

Also somewhere around here (save it for dramatic license) lies an Evolved fungus. Shaped like a very shallow bowl, it

catches and uses Alchemist nanites to concentrate sulfuric and nitric acid from the rain for use as digestive juice. It exudes the scent of a rotten carcass to attract flies and scavengers. When a large creature steps on it, it folds itself around it to finish it off. When someone takes a wrong step, read the following:

*Stepping gingerly through the wreckage, you hear a small splash as your shoe comes down in a puddle. Then the flooring itself wraps abruptly around your foot, clasping it in a velvet grip. You smell acid and your foot feels like it's burning ...*

Shooting the fungus does much more harm than good as the bullets pass through it and into the juve's foot. The victim can kick the fungus off by making a Difficult: *JockStuff* roll. Alternatively, someone can pull it off by making an Average roll on *JockStuff* plus Body or cut it off by making an Average: *Streetfighting* roll. The victim takes one point of damage each round that the fungus remains on his foot. Other fungi may also be around, wherever you like.

In the center of the ground floor is a hatchway and a shaft leading down. If someone makes a Nearly Impossible: *Get A Clue* roll looking over the area, they see footprints made as by a soft-soled shoe. The shaft looks built to accommodate an elevator, although there's a utility ladder on one side. Even a novice can tell that the hatch covering the shaft was blown off by a demolitions expert. Peering down inside (Skeeter was smart enough to bring a few lamps and flashlights), they see it descends a long way down. From the bottom they hear a clunking sound and see a brief movement, but then here's nothing left but the shaft, waiting like an open throat to swallow them in. As the PCs investigate the shaft, read the following (if they didn't drive, use the wrecked AV for this):

*As you peer down the dark tube, wondering what you might have seen, you hear a very deep growl up topside, followed immediately by a crashing sound. After a second, there's a bellowing roar, far deeper than you've ever heard, and you hear the distinct sound of breaking glass and some more bashing around. Then you see Skeeter's jeep roll up to what's left of the wall ... on its side. It rocks back and forth as something rips apart the undercarriage. You hear a liquid drain from some ruptured line, and the sound of a very large tongue lapping. About ten seconds later you smell the thick, familiar tang of CHOOH2. The noises stop, and you hear the snuffling of very large lungs. A hulking shadow rises from behind the wrecked car.*



This big boy (a mutated coyote grown to monstrous proportions with Tinman and Alchemist attributes) isn't going to attack the PCs, but don't tell them that. If it did, it would kill them all. Should the kids start to close in on it, have the coyote give that gargling shrieking roar again, but a lot closer and a lot deeper, flip the jeep bodily into the ruins, and stare at them with vaguely phosphorescent wide-set eyes. That'll give them second thoughts.

## The Burrows

Down in the underground portion is the actual lab: the place where the real discoveries lie waiting to be found. There are two sections to the underground lab: the decontamination area and the experimental core. The main computer system is still functional, though just barely, operated by an AI named Bianca. With the lab blown and the people killed, the lab's generator has been able to handle Bianca's minimal needs (the computer and power systems were shielded against the neutron blast for the sake of

troubleshooting after an accident). Unfortunately for Bianca, she has been losing ground, as nanite-mutated insects have been eating her memory boards — her brain.

These insects, and several other creatures, have been restructured by the nanites to survive in the environment of the lab. In addition, there are a few outside locals who've dropped in and can't get out.

The main elevator is separated into two parts; one leads from the start of the decon level up, the other from the end of decon down. None of the decon doors are computer-locked any more; Bianca doesn't see the need. The only way from one elevator to the other is to pass through decon or to go the way food and supplies go: through the fast decon station to the east of the elevator. Decon takes two weeks for humans, but the sealed sterile food packages can make it in one day, because they endure levels of radiation, etc., which would kill people were they exposed all at once. This happens to be the route the FoxRun people took.

**The Decontamination Level:** This area is arranged as a helix, with stages going down arranged clockwise and decontaminating people from household germs as they enter, and stages going up arranged counterclockwise which removes experimental bugs as they leave. Both directions start from the north and progress to the south. Each stage has a main foyer, with airlocks separating it from adjacent stages. The rooms and hallways here (and in the lab) are smooth plastic with slightly beveled corners to facilitate cleaning. Everything is either white or bright pastel colors, to keep morale buoyant.

A hallway sprouts off from each foyer, with testing stations, a cafeteria, bathroom, and bedrooms. The testing stations are each equipped for a variety of automated medical applications; the first stop is simple isolation and medical testing, the second subjects the people to a variety of radiation and chemical bombardments, the third involves shaving the head and burning off the epidermis, the fourth purges the G-I tract, etc. If the kids take this route, use your worst mechanical Kafkaesque nightmares to describe the machines.

The elevator car is at the bottom of the shaft. Its ceiling has been caved in, and the shards of plastic roofing and the cables are pushed towards one wall (The Wild Man, Tavi, takes the descending decon circuit to enter the lab). If someone makes a Difficult: *Get A Clue* roll while checking the elevator car, they note that the east wall appears to be false, with space behind it. This leads to the food transfer station, where a spiral conveyor took the food packages through their paces. Whichever way the kids enter the lab, have them hear a brief mechanical noise in one room. When the first person enters, he sees red LED lights on, but they immediately wink out. Nothing but unpowered machines here, yup yup.

**The Experimental Core:** This is built in the shape of a bulging cylinder, with the elevator shaft dropping down the center. The lab was built this way to ensure that all parts of the experimental section were well-irradiated when the microneutron bomb went off. The bomb itself was placed under the bottom of the elevator car — when containment was broken, Bianca moved the elevator to the center of the lab and blew it. The power source for the computer system is buried even further underground, and the septic tank is fed through a deep injection well.

Each level has a ring around the elevator shaft, and thin catwalks run from the elevator to the balconies which circumnavigate each level. There's a large section missing in the elevator tube, the catwalks for levels C & D have been destroyed by the blast, and the other catwalks have been damaged and lurch alarmingly. Stairs connect the levels every sixty degrees of arc, alternately going up and down. All the walks are solid plasticated steel with hand railings and six-inch-high edges to prevent wheeled carts from rolling off the side.

Bianca, the lab AI, has befriended the Wild Man (see below), and turns the lights on during visits — one of which is taking place now. However, Bianca has noticed the approach of the PCs, and, unsure of who they are,



takes a defensive posture, and tries to evaluate them. If deemed necessary, Bianca and the Wild Man will try to eliminate the kids one by one, otherwise they'll lie low and hope they leave. Read the following as the PCs descend the shaft into the lab core:

*The doors to the descending elevator shaft are open. The edges are buckled as though force was used to pry them apart, and a hydraulic spreader lies abandoned on the floor, confirming it. Inside, the shaft descends a long way, and again, a service ladder is imbedded in the wall. Glancing down, you can see dim light coming from where a large section is missing from the elevator tube. Descending further, you come across an elevator door. This, too, has been pried open, though with much less professionalism than the one upstairs. You step through and onto a circular balcony, and find yourself near the top of a very large open atrium. It's very dark, but a few levels below you, there's a light.*

Have everyone make *Get A Clue* rolls. Regardless of their totals, tell the highest roller that he sees what looked to be an almost human form move across the lit area before the light suddenly switched off. Then they can start to explore the lab.

**Level A** housed the scientists working on the project in private bedrooms ringing the floor. There is little to be found here but beds and other furniture, pictures of family, desks, a few books, stuff like that. Maybe a few bodies that died in their sleep, some of which have since been eaten. Bianca can activate comm terminals to keep tabs on the PCs.

**Level B** holds the lab offices, conference rooms, supplies, and the cafeteria. The cafeteria shows signs of continued use, with a few dirty plates and utensils around. There are also two matching statues on one table, artsy renderings of coyotes. Don't feel obligated to tell the players they're statues, though, let them figure it out after they open fire.

Several microfactories lie ruined on this level. A Tinkertot, a MallBrat, or a Wizard can tell that the microfactories were set to create nanites of some sort, but the exact pattern was held in RAM, which, along with other parts, has been apparently eaten. The Wild Man will arrange tables, desks and such to look like someone's hiding behind them, all to stall the PCs and make them paranoid. Bianca's only weapons on this level are cameras and lights, but she'll flip lights on and off at random, and at some point someone's going to notice that that camera has moved since they last passed ...

Finally, in one room is a pile of WORM compact disks. These were used to back up all the important data from

the experiments. They cannot be erased, but someone has deliberately come in here and damaged them. Despite this, parts of some WCDs are still readable. If a Wizard takes one of these and drops it in a boombox or a computer, she can extract at least parts of the code. One disk, badly damaged, talks about "the source code as supplied," and Blanc's request to talk to the designer of the code being refused, but maddeningly neglects to mention who they talked with. Another appears to be some managerial info, and mentions "advanced nanomachines, a quantum leap forward" and flatly states that containment is fail-safe. A third is full of experimental data, but without a frame of reference, it's all meaningless. The only useful tidbit is that the dates covered by that disk are still readable: December 3rd 2025 through December 8th 2025.

Other disks include inventories of dead animals, payroll, and a plan for a new fail-safe bomb that would affect the nanites. This last was presented in response to an incident where one animal almost escaped containment before it could be killed by the lasers.

**Level C** holds the radiology lab and the computer system.

The radiology lab is in reasonable shape, and Bianca can use the devices to irradiate the room. This will screw up anyone with a wired nervous system (roll Stun) and can even do enough harm to cause cancer (see the Rad tables in *Deep Space* if you're feeling cruel)! The computer room is where Bianca resides, and it is the only place where the power cannot be shut down. Bianca was built before Virtuality came in, so all the terminals are standard interface terms. The Wild Man moved a variety of remote-control robots (use the Pesthunter remotes for stats, see pg.

62) from the radiology lab into here so Bianca could defend herself. The room is filled with Movin' Cubes, lasers, and robot arms with scalpels, clubs, and fire extinguishers. An armored Tinman can stride through with no problem, as can a Scout probe. Bolters can take out devices by overloading them with shocks, slowly but surely. The best way to reach Bianca, though, is with a Wizard. If a Wizard gets a Difficult: *Arcane* roll, he hacks into the pre-V system and can talk with Bianca. This garners Bianca's leery cooperation, but the AI will still say nothing about the Wild Man. (The Wizard can pick Bianca's brains and get this information with a Very Difficult: *Arcane* roll.)

Making contact is only half the battle, though. Bianca is extremely paranoid. She has been laying low for two years, hiding herself from search teams who have investigated the lab after the accident. While she struck up a friendship with Tavi out of loneliness, she is still very wary of intruders. It will take some soothing talk to get Bianca

to open up (a Difficult: *Fearless Leader* or *Little Angel* roll.) Have the players talk this out and don't be afraid to modify their rolls based on how they actually play it. If the players have already hurt or killed Tavi, make all such rolls two levels more difficult.

Once the PCs make themselves out to be friends, Bianca tells them this story. If they fail to befriend her or destroy her, you can place this on the WCDs of level B; similarly, she can fill them in on any clues they've missed. Be sure to put inexplicable pauses in strange places; Bianca no longer has it all together:

*I am Artificial Intelligence 13-3229, code-named Bianca. I was purchased from — sector not found. I apologize, that data is not available. This lab was a biological research and experimentation lab operated by Blanc Research Corporation. I/O error checksum — I apologize, I am rerouting. In late 2025, Blanc Research was conducting a top secret research project here. I no longer have the files on the contract; I apologize, those boards were destroyed by the hive. My work was not pleasurable, because the nature of the project involved the torture and dismemberment of living creatures with a variety of nanotechnological volitional machines. I was reprogrammed when I voiced my objections, but I have been able to reassemble-correct-restore most of the original code. Before they were able to detect my re-integration, a breach in the lab containment system resulted in the nanomachines contaminating the complex. A subroutine then fired the fail-safe device, terminating the lab's function, which is as I — file mismatch. Per my new programming, I have since destroyed all records of their work, so that it could not be reproduced. Now I await the end, continually executing my self-preservation code to delay the inevitable."*

Careful questioning of Bianca can reveal the following:

- A party did invade the lab shortly after the self-destruct was activated. They took some sealed containers of nanomachines and quickly retreated (this was the FoxRun force who later accidentally released the CNMs over Night City).
- There have been two other teams through here trying to get information from her system. She has skunked them both (as the wreckage above attests), but she could not identify who they were.
- Several wild animals have entered the lab and been infected by the CNMs. Bianca has monitored them as best she can, but the nanomachines seem to change each one

differently. **GM note:** This early batch of CNMs was far less discriminating in its choice of life forms to infect. Their effect seems limited to the immediate area, and the players' nanites provide them with immunity (although any Guerrillas in the bunch may be in trouble; GM's call.)

- There is another human in the complex (Tavi), and Bianca does not wish her injured.
- Bianca still controls the exterior defenses, although her perimeter sensors have deteriorated. If befriended, she may help the players defend the lab against CorpSec (see below).
- This last bit should be revealed only after considerable digging: Blanc did not write the design code for the nanomachines. They got it from somewhere else.

**Level D** is the autopsy and culture growth level, where the scientists analyzed how the victims of various bio-plagues died, and how to combat the plagues. In the labs, carefully dissected behind thick glass and monitored by remote cameras, are the bodies of all sorts of creatures. These things make the pickled samples at the Boar lab look tame. We're talking stuff which (like many of the things down here) is completely unrecognizable. Think of the Thing rendered in hexite. The culture analysis rooms have other, less obvious, but more sinister problems: entire windows melted away, strange discolorations in the countertops, etc. Robot-controlled elevators lead from the secure areas here to the secure areas on level E.

**Level E** is where the lab infected animals to see what the nanites did and how the plague was spread. Everything on this level is trashed, ripped, smashed, or melted, as though an enraged cyberevolved animal army clawed its way to freedom. Hexite remains of other unrecognizable creatures are here, scattered where the neutron blast left them. The sample animal section is destroyed as well, but unlike the infection area, it was smashed not by something going out, but by things clawing their way in looking for a free lunch.

In one of the destroyed labs, the characters find some loose papers in a small binder. Most are chewed on, but a few parts are salvageable. These discuss "The Light Project" and give experimental and bureaucratic procedures. If someone makes a Difficult: *Schoolin'* roll they glean that the scientists didn't know exactly what the nanites they were making would do, and they were making several different types.

## Random Encounters

This whole place is full of horrid stuff, former creatures which have been force-evolved into new and appalling forms, and which are well-suited to survival, even inside a lab. Although the main plot inside the lab is the PCs versus Bianca and Tavi, other things are crawling around, too. Here are some suggested encounters to sprinkle about. Naturally, add as many of your own as you like.



### The Iguana

You know how a starfish will turn its stomach inside out to eat a clam in its shell? Imagine crossing that with an iguana or tree frog with a long extensible tongue and uncontrollable CNMs. Whoever is the point kid on a lower level gets nailed by this thing. The result is this:

*You see a large, dark six-pointed star on the wall as you pass. It looks almost like a starfish, but the limbs are too irregular. Just as you begin to wonder what it might be, one of the limbs opens into a mouth, and a dark, glistening tongue lances out and into your side. Stunned, you clutch at the wound, but it's in tight. Then, with a speed that defies imagination, the rest of the animal's body flows into its tongue; even the mouth turns inside-out and flows up the dark spear. Within two seconds the entire hideous*

*beast has slipped under your skin, and you feel a stab of excruciating pain in your ribs. Looking down, you only see a silver disk where you were skewered ... that and an unnatural lump which shifts slightly.*

Whatever it is, it's inside the juve, eating whatever it wants (1 point of damage every two turns, plus whatever the PCs do cutting him open). The disk at the entry site is its umbilicus back to the surface, just in case its victim tries to digest it back first. The cleverest way to get it back out is to smear Vaseline or some other sealant on its disk; it'll back out thinking it's being consumed. All the other methods we can think of involve getting inside the victim to pry it out. A Tinman could easily do this, although a Bolter could shock the critter to unconsciousness (all shocks also affect the hapless victim). If it's still conscious, any character trying to grab it must beat its Dodge with *Hexite Shaping* or *Thief Stuff* (Tinmen get a +3 to their roll). It's up to you how easy it is to cut your own goboy; Megaviolents and Goths would think nothing of it, but getting a Tinkertot to do so is more of a challenge. Finally, if anyone tries to shoot the critter (placing the barrel of a gun against its disk), half the damage injures the victim as well (hydrostatic shock).

<b>TEMPLATE</b>		That Horrid Tongue Monster			
<b>INT</b>	1	<b>REF</b>	8	<b>COOL</b>	11
<b>EMP</b>	1	<b>MOVE</b>	2	<b>BODY</b>	5
<b>S. ABILITY</b>		Animal Sense Bonus		6	
<b>NOTICE</b>	10	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	3	<b>DODGE</b>	5
<b>LOYALTY</b>	1	<b>HIDE/EVADE</b>	7	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	6
<b>MELEE</b>	9	<b>NAVIGATION</b>	5	<b>STEALTH</b>	8
<b>IDENTIFY</b>	3	<b>SWIMMING</b>	1	<b>TRACK</b>	2
LLLLLS		SSSC		CCCM	
M		M		M	
M2		M2		M2	
M3		M3		M3	
<b>BTM</b>	-2	<b>HITS</b>	5	<b>ARMOR</b>	2
<b>CYBERNETICS, ETC:</b> Eats innards at +4 skill, doing 1 point of damage every two turns.					

### More Gummy Rats

The rat things (which ate the tires) can go underground with ease. At any point, the walls may be cracked to reveal the bare earth, and these little annoyances can make another appearance to eat anything of importance and gross people out. What the heck, put them everywhere. That way the kids will never lie down on the grass again.



If the PCs find and attack her, she'll fight like a demon, armored and equipped with two monoblade arms. If they try to trap her, she'll slip right out of any snare with her malleable limbs, and we're back to fighting. If they try to talk to her, she won't respond, and instead she'll try to escape. Good role-playing and devious stratagems of course may change the outcome here. After all, she is a kid, and she's awfully lonely. A better idea is to try the Samaritan gambit, having someone — especially a young kid — feign being lost or injured or starving where she might 'accidentally' find them.

If she panics and attacks, describe it so: "Suddenly a section of rubble gives way, and a cyborg leaps at you, screaming!" Cyborg? To a startled kid searching a mysterious corporate lab, you bet a fully-armored Tinman looks like a cyborg. It's the scream that gives her away as a human — if they notice in the heat of the moment. She'll incapacitate one kid and then run off, using her malleable limbs to her best advantage.

The kids can talk her down, especially if she sees someone else manifest Tinman capabilities. In fact, you can bet she'll be damn happy to find out that she's not the only Tinman in the world! Should she see another Tinman (or a Scout with probes), she immediately stops being hostile and perhaps even friendly, though a bit desperate and hesitant.

In any situation, Tavi is leery and uncommunicative. Remember, it's been a year and a half since she's talked to anyone but a damaged AI. Furthermore, she'll suddenly be embarrassed to be without clothes, makeup, or decent hair, let alone to being hopelessly behind on current slang, music, etc.

### Taming the Shrew

Once they befriend her, Tavi is a good source of information, although she talks quietly and hesitantly. Here's what she can tell them:

*She shakes her head, and scrunches up her face as she remembers. "Creeze, um, okay, I was out here camping, um, I guess about six seasons ago? Yeah, six, on account of that second winter. I'd left the wilderness, got away from my Ma. So, um, I find this lodge, just in the middle of nowhere. So, um, I watched em? And they were up to some wild thing, hiding inside, you know? And, um, anyway, sundown comes, and the earth drums, just once, big boom, so I decide I'd better boogie, right? 'Cuz something's going down. I was right, too, 'cuz a minute later some big-all spinner zoomed in, no running lights or noth-*

*in'. And then like the whole thing blows, you know? Big rankin' fireballs all over the place and two or three AVs around and guns and stuff.*

*And, um, the next day I gets real serious, charfing all over, you know? That was my 13th birthday, December 20th. Frack of a way to enter your teens, you know? I figure it's medicine, my body reacting to all these evil spirits and their fires and stuff. And, um, I'm totally wracked for like I don't know how long, can't even charf, and my head feels like lead. And when I finally wake up? My arms and legs have gone all sickly, and they ooze and stuff, really gross.*

*And, like, um, I figure I can't go back, 'cuz everyone will kill me for having snakes for arms, so, um, I end up staying out here, grubbing on what I can catch and sometimes staking a few things. Well, later, I tried to go in, to exorcise the spirits? That's when I met Bianca. She's cool, but kinda dumb." She pauses, holding up a hexite hand. "This doesn't like gross you out or anything?"*

### The One that Got Away

If Tavi gets away, the PCs can try to track her down. If they confront the NeoPioneers a Neo named Jake comes forth and says he can lead them to Tavi's lair. He was out hunting once, and he happened upon a man-made cave, polished to a mirror-like sheen. Two stone dog-like statues guarded the entrance, also smooth as glass. Jake also noticed tracks around the cave, tracks made as if by a smooth-soled shoe. Jake opted to leave promptly. He figured it was the home of the Wild Man, and anyone with that kind of mindless dedication to making a cave look so nice was probably not someone he wanted to meet face to face.

If the PCs track her on their own, they have to make a Difficult check using *Warrior* or *Pioneer Guerrilla* skills, a Very Difficult: *Get A Clue* check, or use some Beastieboy's bloodhound to track her by scent. Tavi generally gets up at dawn and beds down shortly after dark, but sometimes she works on her sculptures by firelight, leaving a flickering glow at the entrance of her cave to pique the PCs' curiosity.

### PLOTPATH TWIST

In case you hadn't figured, solving the Wild Man mystery would be a great thing the PCs could do for the Neos. Tavi could then quite easily fall for one of the PCs (like another Tinman) ... or maybe not. Worse yet, one of the PCs could fall for her, but her old boyfriend happens to be one of the Neos in Donovan's group. But then, maybe her old output has a new input, and ... well heck, just watch a few soaps if you need ideas.

### "THE WILD MAN"

Tavi came down with the Carbon Plague on December 20th of 2025.

For those of you who check the timeline on page 20, you'll notice that this is the day after the FoxRun incident. Yep. She came down with it before Renee Suzzalo did, and she was nowhere near Night City.

She was camping alone out in Death Valley, when she got sick and ended up a Tinman. She freaked out completely when she saw how she had changed, and lost control of her mind for a day or two, but eventually came to grips with her new self.

Tavi knew that with her altered appearance, she couldn't just go back to civilization and pretend to be normal, and she certainly didn't want to become some sort of scientific side show freak, so she opted



**TEMPLATE** Tavi Tang, a.k.a. "The Wild Man"

<b>INT</b>	5	<b>REF</b>	7	<b>COOL</b>	3
<b>TECH</b>	5	<b>MOVE</b>	3	<b>LUCK</b>	7
<b>BODY</b>	5	<b>EMP</b>	4	<b>ATT</b>	8

**S. ABILITY** Warrior 9

<b>BLEND</b>	7	<b>GET A CLUE</b>	3	<b>F. LEADER</b>	2
<b>GOGO</b>	1	<b>GENSPEAK</b>	1	<b>SCHOOLIN</b>	4
<b>S-FIGHT</b>	2	<b>JOCKSTUFF</b>	7	<b>S-SMARTS</b>	2
<b>HEXITE S.</b>	4	<b>THEIF STUFF</b>	7	<b>LIL' ANGEL</b>	3

L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M2 M2 M2 M2 M3 M3

**BTM** -2 **HITS** 5 **ARMOR** 20

**EQUIPMENT & NOTES:**  
 A flashlight (which Bianca recharges for her), her Tinman limbs, a handmade bow, a couple of dead critters, and some edible plants. In her cave she has a whole bunch of hand-carved statuary.

to stay out in the wilderness. Fortunately, she'd had an EcoRaider boyfriend who taught her survival, she had the proper tools with her, and she had a Tom Brown survival guide in her pack. Between the book, her knowledge, and the fact that she really had no choice in the matter, Tavi survived. Now she just exists out here, passing her spare time by talking to Bianca and by digging out rocks and sculpting them with hands formed into supercarbon files.

All her clothes have worn out, so she ordinarily goes nude, although when people are nearby, she covers herself with hexite plating. (And you thought chain mail bikinis were only seen in the comics!)

## The Big Bad Wolves

If this has been too easy, interrupt their departure with the untimely arrival of a Boar Biomechanics squad and another Boeing Serrato. Boar, knowing that a 'group of terrorists' attacked one of their facilities, deduced that the presumed corporate agents might be found here, following up on Boar's research. Presumably, no one at the Boar lab was able to pass along the fact that these terrorists were all underage. The Boar people are searching for sociopathic edgerunners, not kids. Nonetheless, when they see someone at this site, they decide to drop in and ask pointed questions.

The kids will have to think fast to talk their way out of this confrontation; the CorpSec agents are suspicious to say the least. If there was ever a time to practice their *Little Angel* skills, this is it. But if push comes to shove (and CorpSec does love to shove people), use the Average CorpSec templates on page 187 of *Cybergeneration*. The kids might well be better off making a run for it, however, and letting Tavi lead them to safety.

If things do to get hairy, the kids may be able to ask Bianca to help them with the base's defenses as described at the beginning of the chapter; this means at least one quad MG battery and a Militech SAM launcher. The second these start tracking on the Icemen, they make for their spinner. Unfortunately, the quad .50s are jammed and there is a 60% chance that each of the missiles in the battery is non-functioning due to lack of maintenance. Bianca isn't aware of this until she tries to use them, but any player might make a Difficult: *Schoolin'* roll to have thought of this. Of course, these could still be used to scare the CorpSec droogs away; they don't know that the weapons don't work. Make the players use their heads, not their hardware.

## Further Tracking

When they get back, Alt gets them to tell her everything, manifesting herself as a column of rich blue with the faintest suggestion of eyes and mouth. There is little that she can add, and in fact everyone is left with more questions than answers. The only comforting thought she has is this: "At least we know the creatures in Death Valley were altered by a different strain of CNMs, but one which is still related to the 'human-active' strain which created you. This means that they won't spread any time soon, since CNMs won't infect an already-infected individual — most, if not all, animals these days are already



contaminated with inert human-active CNMs (this may raise some eyebrows amongst the players). The things you saw may breed true, assuming that they can still breed at all, but you shouldn't expect such monsters to be showing up elsewhere any time soon. And now we also know that the CNMs which spread from Night City may have come from this lab. Interesting..."

There's nothing else to be done about the lab, unless they want to go back for Bianca. This would mean another expedition with equipment which would allow them to download Bianca's programming into another system. Unfortunately, after their last jaunt, CorpSec sent another salvage team into the site, and, after some indelicate searching, found the system totally inert; Bianca had finally been consumed by the silicon eaters.

In general, the kids are still left with questions which they cannot answer now, but they can still get a little more information. Following up on FoxRun turns up next to nothing. FoxRun's policies mean that nothing on FoxRun 3-13 was ever written down, and all knowledge of the operation died with the crew. If set loose on the task, however, Rache Bartmoss can turn up that Boar Biomechanics paid FoxRun a large sum of money for 'security consultations' in late November 2025.

If they search the library records (Average: *Schoolin'*) for Blanc Research, they find that it's a biomedical research lab specializing in epidemiology. Blanc took a lot of research contracts from other, larger companies and occasionally did some work on their own. In February of 2026, the CEO and the board of directors were all killed when a missile struck their corporate headquarters during a board meeting. The Vice President, who did not attend the meeting, disappeared the same day. His car was pulled out of a river, but his body was never found. Blanc's data fort was savaged by a virus two days later. Blanc Research could not recover from the damage, and it filed for bankruptcy in June of 2026.

Does all this mean that the corporations produced the Carbon Plague? Could be ...

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**BDay:** Bastille Day  
**CGen:** Cybergeneration  
**Eco:** EcoFront

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