

R. TALSORIAN GAMES PRESENTS:

# Bastille

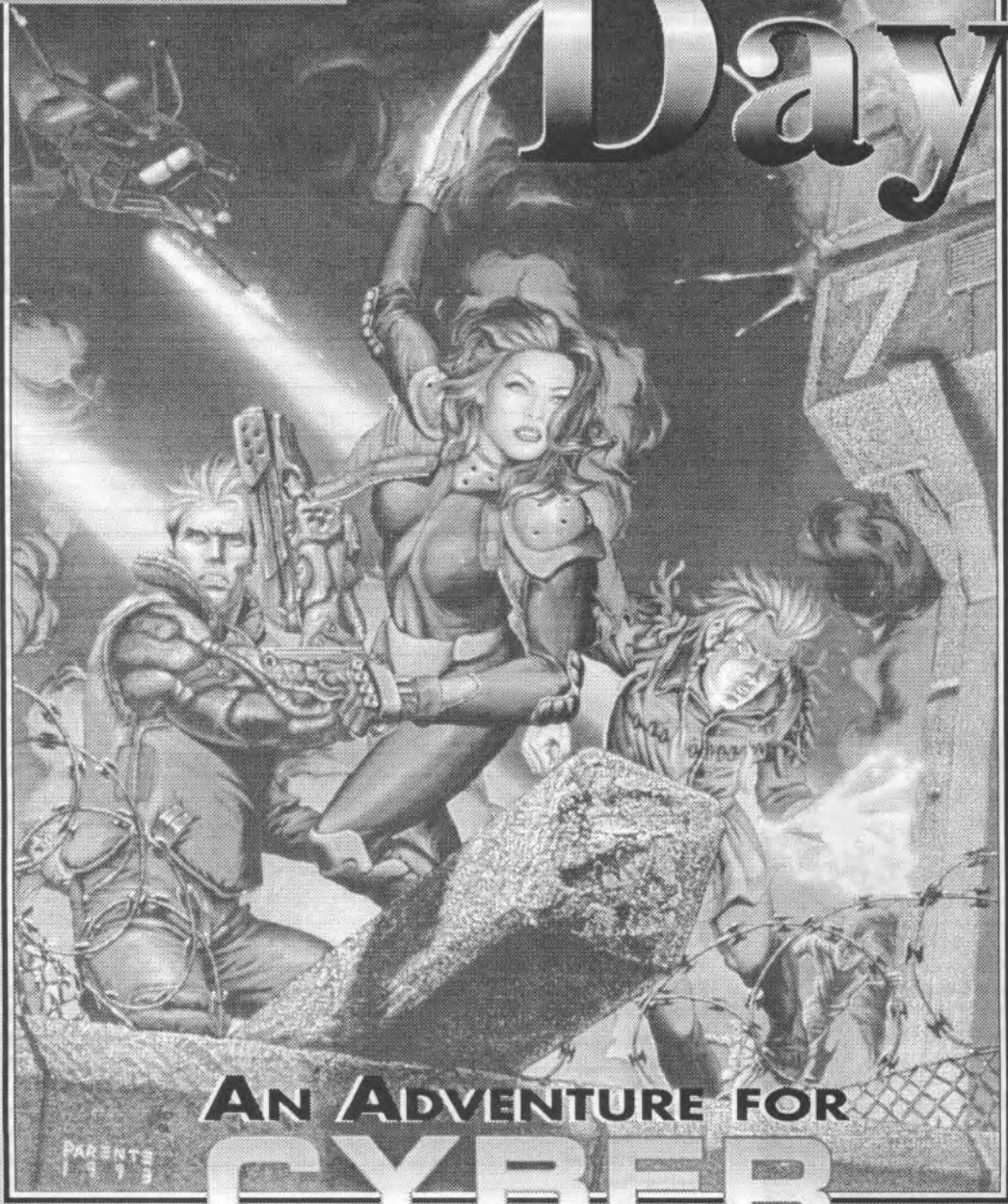
KEEP ON ROCKIN'  
FOR A FREE WORLD

# Day



AN ADVENTURE FOR  
CYBERGENERATION

# Bastille Day



AN ADVENTURE FOR

**CYBER  
GENERATION**

PARENTS  
1993



**Bastille Day**  
**Writer**  
 • Edward Bolme

**With Contributions by**  
 • David Ackerman  
 • Mike Pondsmith

**Design**  
 • Mike Pondsmith  
**Layout**  
 • David Ackerman  
**Graphics**  
 • Ted Talsorian

**Cover**  
 • Paolo Parenté  
 • Matt Anacleto

**Interior Illustration**  
 • Malcolm Hee  
 • Alex Racine

**Editors**  
 • Derek Quintanar  
 • Janice Sellers

**Uncredited Artist On**  
**Cybergeneration**  
 • Phillip Tan

**Playtesters**

Greg Althaus, James Bennet Jr., Daniel Brillhart, Edward Brown, Mark Brown, Kevin Golden, Ingrid Granberg, Andrew Heckt, Mary Jacobs, Don Lamb, Wayne McNeil, Judith Perry, Bill Powers, Micheal Presswood, Randy Ray, David Silvera, Jack Staik, Will Tharp

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# INTRODUCTION

**A**lthough the kids don't know it, Bastille Day is coming, and soon. The Eden Dream is picking up steam, and like any revolution, there are setbacks and defeats from which desperate revolutionaries must salvage some sort of victory. This is one such time, and the kids end up as one such group of desperate revolutionaries.

In *Bastille Day*, the kids of the Cybergeneration are on their own, fighting against the corporate government for a cause which is larger than they are. This may not be the first time in the Eden Dream that kids will have to fly without a chaperone, but it certainly won't be the last. But, as some in the Cabal say, God is their copilot. The others prefer to depend on a Malorian 10mm.

## What's In This Book?

*Bastille Day* is the first *Cybergeneration* adventure. Aside from the pure adventure material, we give you lots of advice on strategy and tactics in the cold corporate cities of 2027: What to do, what not to do, and what to keep in mind. The guidelines for the generation of tomorrow are here.

In addition, we have included useful source material for your Cybergeneration campaign. Aside from the generic yogang encounters (suitable to any situation, anywhere), we've included some information on BuReloc camps, BuReloc gear, and BuReloc's typical method of operation. We've even added a couple of new yogangs for when your players are cybergenerating their characters: the Moshers and the Trogs (pages 44 - 48). In short, while this book is an adventure book, we don't want its usefulness to end after a single play session.

To run *Bastille Day*, you'll need the *Cyberpunk 2020* rulebook and *Cybergeneration* (natch!) in addition to this

scenario. *Night City* and *Maximum Metal* are both useful, but by no means necessary, supplements.

## Adventure Background

*Bastille Day* revolves around a BuReloc camp break-out, but in order to understand the adventure, you must first understand the events that led up to the current situation.

Northern California has only recently had its Free State status overturned. Up until now, there has been little BuReloc activity in the state. However, with the return of Northern California into the federal fold, BuReloc activity has increased. BuReloc vans and guards are becoming common sights in places, and the underground information network has gotten wind that BuReloc is building a new camp for some of Northern California's "undesirables."

Meanwhile, the Eden Cabal is always working, struggling toward their goal. One of the tasks at hand is to run the Net constantly, gathering as much up-to-the-minute information as is possible. This task falls primarily to **Spider Murphy** and Dog, under the tireless guidance of the late **Rache Bartmoss**.

The day before the adventure begins, Spider and Dog ran a CorpSec data fort in Los Angeles, trying to get a line on this rumored new BuReloc camp. Runs like this can often take over an hour as the runners slip slowly into the system. For security reasons, the two hackers were running the Net from different locations: Spider from Night City and Dog from Rancho Coronado. They had penetrated the data fort, and while the CorpSec sysops were alerted to a security breach, the two runners had not yet been located or traced. Suddenly Spider Murphy dropped out of the Net in mid-raid. Dog was surprised — no, he was shocked — and he jacked right out.

### SPIDER AND RACHE

Rache Bartmoss and Spider Murphy are prominent characters in this adventure. If you want a better look into their psyches, pick up *Rache Bartmoss' Guide to the Net*, also available from R. Talsorian Games. This will tell you a lot about Spider and more than you want to know about Rache.

The sysops were surprised themselves, and they poured over the electronic transcripts of the events like cybernetic bloodhounds. They knew Spider was one of the intruders because of some of the trademark software she uses. They figured, correctly, that Spider Murphy had been the victim of coincidence: that something unrelated had happened to drop her out of the Net while she was in their fort. CorpSec in Night City had launched a hellhound at Spider a few minutes earlier in the evening, and it had gotten the three-digit prefix of her phone number before it died at the claws of a killer program. After the hellhound crashed, Spider withdrew and the sysops were unable to track her before she went on to L.A. Putting these facts together, the CorpSec sysops knew Spider was in Night City and that some event had dropped her out of the Net. If they could trace the event, they could possibly pinpoint her location and get rid of her once and for all.

What had happened was actually very simple. The building Spider was using as a base of operations was an older building used by the poor and disenfranchised. Since it was filled with 'undesirables' and bordered on Lake Park, the building was signed over for a new corporate housing project. As soon as the papers were electronically validated, BuReloc descended on the building like a hammer, rounding up all the squatters and tenants and packing them off for reeducation. It just happened that this raid came in the midst of Spider's run, so Spider and Nomad Santiago (who was acting as her real-world bodyguard) were both captured by BuReloc.

It was not difficult for CorpSec to figure that Spider could well have been nabbed by this BuReloc raid. BuReloc records are completely open to CorpSec. The raid took place at the right time and in an area covered by the phone prefix Spider was using. Finally, it was far and away the most major event in that area at that time. So CorpSec knew where Spider likely was: in BuReloc's unwitting hands. Unfortunately for them, CorpSec doesn't have an actual description of Spider Murphy, let alone her fingerprints or DNA structure. They only know her through her busty Japanimation Net icon and the trail of ravaged data forts she leaves in her wake. They also know she'll be canny enough to cover her identity once she's in the camp. Therefore, instead of alerting BuReloc and leaving her capture in their heavy bureaucratic hands, CorpSec immediately sends a spy into the camp, hoping to discover which of the prisoners is indeed Spider Murphy (and, if everything goes perfectly, place a mole in the Eden Cabal).

### About the Camp

The BuReloc reeducation camp itself is typical of the species, but it is as yet incomplete. Local Night City laborers are being employed to do a lot of the basic work like leveling the ground, installing sewer systems and power lines, raising the guard towers, etc., but prisoner labor is being used to complete the camp. BuReloc finds this to be more cost effective than hiring contractors to do everything. They also like the idea of getting the undesirables to build their own cages.

About 10% of the camp has been largely finished, and a few prisoners are completing the living quarters. Another 30% of the camp or so has been fenced off, and most of the prisoners work here, putting up additional dormitories to handle more prisoners. The remainder of the area is still being leveled and prepped by the Night City workers. In another two weeks, it will be secure enough to let prisoner labor take over the work.

Fortunately for the characters, this is the most vulnerable time for a BuReloc camp. They don't yet have a full complement of guards, not all of the security measures are in place, and the general confusion of ongoing construction makes everything easier for the ambitious young cyberevolved.

### How to Use This Adventure

At the end of the characters' escape, the kids are given a choice (*Cybergeneration*, page 141). They can go it alone, they can sell out to the corps, or they can join the CyberRevolution. This adventure is written assuming they struck a blow for idealism and joined up with Alt and the crowd. If not, you'll have to do some tweaking yourself.

If the kids opted to go it alone, then the person who disappeared (you know, Spider) would have to be some sort of benefactor or friend whom they'd want to spring. You'll have to design that yourself, because you know your players better than we do. Alternatively, they could be contacted by Rache Bartmoss and hired to spring his partner, because no one in the Eden Cabal is available to do it. The fact that Rache is quietly cyberpsycho makes this concept more plausible.

If the kids sold out and went the CorpSec route, they could actually be used as the CorpSec mole. You could send the kids to Spider's flat to gather extra evidence, and then get them to break themselves into the BuReloc camp without blowing their cover. Once there, they'd have to wait for Spider to make a break for it, either with or without help from the cyberevolved.

In short, if your players don't go with the Eden Dream, you'll have to do some surgery to get the bones of this adventure into a workable format for your group, but we know you can do it.

Unlike most adventures on the market, this one doesn't have a concrete plot line. There is no single right path for the characters to follow; there are no specific hoops through which they must jump. In this adventure, almost everything they do will be up to them; they will not be dragged around by a nose ring.

Basically, this emulates real life much more closely than do conventional adventures. The characters are assigned to resolve a situation, to wit: Spider's disappearance. It helps if they gather evidence (page 13), talk with their benefactor (page 20), and make a plan (page 26) before they spring Spider from prison (page 29), but the important thing to keep in mind is that the only thing they must do is free Spider. They can go about it in any fashion they like.

Since there is no direct plot line in this adventure, we cannot possibly anticipate everything your players might do. We have covered the likely bases, but ultimately you'll have to run this yourself. To help with that, we have made this book as informative as possible.

We've packed it with details of Spider's apartment, the BuReloc camp, and the plans and personalities of the people involved. Odd tangents are covered under Morgan Blackhand's tips, which appear in sidebars throughout the book. Although these are written as Morgan would tell them to the cyberkids, they also provide you, the gamemaster, with insight on how to deal with these and similar situations.

Finally, if you or your players develop an interesting new tactic or come up with some good advice, by all means, send it in. We're planning to publish a series of *Documents of the Revolution* for this game. Be a part of it. Help the CyberRevolution. Get your name in print. But most of all—

Enjoy!

## BuRELOC

The Federal Bureau of Relocation and Housing Security Services has come to represent some of the ugliest aspects of the ISA. Initiated at the behest of the CEP, this organization aids the corporations in the displacement and disposal (which is the most accurate word, despite rhetoric to the contrary) of the poor and undesirable from properties which corporations wish to use. While originally part of the Department of the Health, Education and Human Services, BuReloc has operated with surprising autonomy since day one, perhaps primarily because their tactics were so antithetical to previous DHEHS methods.

Their methods are frighteningly simple. Once a corporation has come to an arrangement concerning a section of property, either buying it outright or contracting to renovate public land, BuReloc is sent in to remove any recalcitrant residents from the area. Their trucks and armored cars move in, cordon and off a desired block or building, and then agents move in, searching each floor room by room. If a resident does not have a SIN (State Identification Number) or cannot prove a steady source of income by paycheck stubs or credit transferral records, then he can be claimed as a ward of the state and bundled into a truck for relocation to a camp. Note that Edgerunners rarely keep records about their sources of income and are usually even more loathe to reveal them to the government. Even employed individuals must leave immediately for new housing (which BuReloc helps find), and any resistance is met with force, supplied either by BuReloc itself, the police, CorpSec, or, in extreme cases, the Army. Reports of the use of nerve gas, napalm, and even full-body cyborgs to "prepare" neighborhoods for renewal have filtered out to the underground. Basically, BuReloc is authorized to use as much force as it takes to clear an area out. After all, these vagrants are trespassing and obstructing the public good, right?

Ostensibly designed to reeducate and relocate the people it gathers, in reality, this bureau simply drops them into camps located in remote areas around the country. There, these detainees are kept in squalid conditions, being brought out in labor platoons for various local companies' projects in the name of vocational training (giving a new meaning to the title "Human Services").

Originally, BuReloc employees believed that they were helping these poor, underprivileged people, and in some cases they actually did, but as the months wore on, it has become more apparent that they are simply containing them. For four years now, the mediacorps have been subtly telling the American public that these squatters and welfare families are the bane of American society, that they need to be isolated like a cancer needs to be removed in order for a body to grow healthy again. Eventually, the members of BuReloc came to believe this themselves, and now they look on their wards as less than human.

The pursuit of the Changed is a task to which BuReloc feels it is singularly well-suited. Since they are also one of the few bureaus, other than CorpSec, which the CEP truly trusts and they are already part of the DHEHS, it seemed natural to put them on the track of these dangerous "plague vectors." With their extensive access to government records and their experience at containing and processing large groups of "undesirables," BuReloc now acts as a modern Gestapo. With its distinctive uniforms and high public profile, it forms the most obvious threat to the Changed, and their tactics are crude and brutal, if effective in their own way. They have incurred a lot of enmity on the Street, and it often takes threats to get ordinary citizens to cooperate with them. Not that BuReloc minds threatening people...

# STARTING OUT



**T**he kids get organized to discover what happened to Spider Murphy. They must get across town while avoiding yogangs and government forces. Here they'll discover the first hurdle of the CyberRevolution: it's not so easy to get around town when you aren't old enough to drive...

## Rache's Briefing

The adventure starts with the characters getting contacted at a safe house by a virtuality simulation of Rache Bartmoss (a.k.a. GhostLord, *Cybergeneration* page 169). Some suggested locations for this relatively secure flat are (with *Night City Sourcebook* reference pages and the approximate location on the Night City Map in *CP 2020*, pg. 219):

- **Burleson Tower** on 4th and Rucker (pg. 70 in *NCS* or #22 in *CP 2020*, pg. 219)
- **Good Night Rooms & Coffins**, a flop-house on Commercial (pg. 88 in *NCS* or near #45 on pg. 219)
- **Pier Three Paradise**, another flop-house on Harbor (pg. 86 or near #46 on pg. 219)
- **The Sandorf Hotel**, a condemned dive on 1st and Shirley (pg. 65 or one block east of the Industrail Park, #27 on pg. 219)
- **The Widmark**, a serious hell-hole on 1st and Dick (pg. 62 or one block north of #27 on pg. 219)

Of these places, Burleson Tower is the best. It's relatively safe (unlike the Widmark and Sandorf) and has a

PAGE



GENERATION

**YOU ARE HERE**

So why is the location of the safe house important? The kids are going to try to get across town to Spider's flat. They'll have to deal with yogangs, cops, and other niceties. Give them a definite starting place and destination, and everything will be much more real. With increased reality, they'll make more plans and they'll play the roles better, and that, in turn, will help you as gamemaster to flesh out the city more fully. So, if some of you gamemasters are still playing Cyberpunk in an episodic fashion instead of as a full-fledged campaign, give it a try. Now's your chance to break into the gestalt of *Cybergeneration*.

reasonable amount of privacy (unlike the dockside flophouses). Being the home of the **Totentantz**, the sight of yogangers is not uncommon here, and it's pretty safe from ISA infiltrators. Of course, the Totentanz being a bastion of freedom and youthful mayhem, it's only a matter of time before BuReloc comes and shuts this place down as well. Perhaps when that camp is completed...

Begin by familiarizing your players with the other characters, if necessary, and giving some basic background on the political situation in Northern California (the lack of BuReloc presence, etc.). We'd give you a read-aloud here, but you should tailor this presentation to suit your game. Tell them where they're hiding out (even down to the room number), and give them a sketch of the safe house (or use the map on *Cybergeneration* page 82). Aside from all the standard fixtures, the apartment has to have a virtuality deck hooked in to the Net. It's very important that Rache be able to communicate with the kids.

At this time, Rache is unaware that Spider is in trouble. He just knows that she hasn't reported in. He figures it's probably nothing, maybe even just a down phone line or some such. He rounds up the kids and sends them over to sort things out. You know, give them something to do other than trash the apartment and order incredible amounts of Hot 'Za.

**Read the following to your players:**

*It's late at night on a Thursday, or, if you prefer, agonizingly early on a Friday morning. A few of you are asleep, the others practicing with your new-found powers or idling away the hours listening to some hapless BeaverBrot succumb to the Carbon Plague. The relative quiet of the evening is suddenly interrupted by a virtuality sim of Rache Bartmoss popping up and noisily clearing his throat with a roto-rooter.*

*Rache appears as his normal self, which is to say that at first he looks like a boringly average short Anglo male with long black hair and mirrorshades, then he shifts shape to that of a toad with a clam for a head and eyes on springs, then into what appears to be a tesseract. As you watch, his icon keeps changing shape, sometimes into something identifiable, sometimes not. You get the idea you'd rather not be inside his head if this is how he programs his own virtuality sims.*

*Rache waits until everyone is more or less conscious before he speaks. "You have a little job to do, kids," he says. "Well, actually, we all have a job to do, but you don't know what yours is. Yet. Of course, most of us don't often know what our tasks are, but we know that we have to do them and we have our goals set. It's like if you —"*

*Suddenly the entire image de-rezzes temporarily, then rematerializes as the original human-looking Rache. As the icon starts melting again, he continues. "Sorry about that. Spider Murphy gave this virtuality sim a reset flag in case I start rambling. I hate it. It makes me feel like my brain has been chained by a —"*

*Again the image de-rezzes, re-rezzes, and begins to mutate anew. "Ouch. That hurts. Spider Murphy. That's what I came here to talk to you about. That's who, I mean. Spider Murphy, ace netrunner and holder of the monofilament reins which torture my attempt to exist in virtuality, is AWOL. She of the code-wrenching resets is gone gallivanting. I can ramble as long as I do it quickly. Spider was running the Net, trying to get the latest news from the ISA, when she dropped out like a vortex from outer reality. She didn't reboot, didn't return, and she hasn't called her mother, which is to say, me, even though I'm male. And I'm dead. Still, the dead deserve a little respect, don't you think? She should have called if she was going to stay out late.*

*"So she's running around, outside the Net I mean, and we don't know where she is. But we do know where she was. Aside from in the Net, that is. She was running from an apartment. 705 21st Street. That's the address. It's on the corner of 21st and Williams. Apartment 308. That's 705 21st, #308. Call on her today. Don't delay. Supplies are limited, so act now.*

*"Find out what happened. Pay her Internet bill if she forgot to again. Boot any beaus from her bed. Tell her she's in deep yahoo for leaving us in the lurch. Snag her cyberdeck if she's been stupid enough to leave it lying around; that'll give her a fit. Then return back here and let me know what kind of irresponsible indiscretions she's up to. She shouldn't be jumping ship like this. She's critical to the Eden Cabal,*



because she takes my dictation. Without her, the world would be denied the pleasure of having me. Lord only knows why I should be so gracious as to impart my incredible knowledge, though, since I'm dead. Uh, oh, nggggh, I feel a reset coming up. Quick, do you have any questions?"

Almost certainly the players have some questions. The most likely ones, along with Bartmoss' answers, are given below.

• **Why don't you just run the Net and find out where she is?**

"I tried, but she's not there. In fact, the whole apartment building appears to be off-line. Also, her modem number has been disconnected and there's no answer on her cellphone. Probably someone cut through a cable somewhere. That's part of the problem with a fascist state. They can't do anything right."

• **When did she disappear?**

"She dropped out of the Net at 12:03:54.0133 a.m. PST. You can be amazingly accurate when you're a sim, but I'd kill to eat a plate of serious Thai food."

• **Was she in trouble?**

"We all are. I used to be the #1 most wanted. Then they killed me, and I dropped off the list. Now I'm back up to #2 again, which shows they don't know how nasty I am. But no, Spider was not zapped by black ice, she was not being tracked at that time, and to my knowledge, her cover was secure."

• **Is she dead?**

"I certainly hope not. It's no fun, and I don't think she had a freezerr handy."

• **Was anyone else with her?**

"Who knows? Probably a few fleas, a rat and maybe a squatter or two. She was surprisingly lax with security when it came to the homeless."

• **Can we get a picture of Spider?**

"Sure. Her icon or her meat shell? Huh, look who's talking, I'm Mr. Cold Cuts here. Anyway, we don't keep pictures on file for security reasons, but I'll draw a virtuality image of her from memory. Here you go." A small slip ejects from the V-deck. "Just tear it up if you get caught, okay?"

• **Can you give us a hard copy of the city map with her apartment marked?**

"Sure thing, meatkid." GM can refer to *Night City Sourcebook* or the *CP2020* rulesbook map (pg.219).

• **How can we get to her apartment?**

"Beats me. I just run the Net. Use your feet. Catch the bus. Hijack a plane. Knock on the door."

## NO CHAPERONE?

If the characters have a Guerrilla among them, that's fine. If not, and your players are inexperienced, you might want to consider having an adult go along with them, to try to keep them in line. Dog, Spider's fellow netrunner, is a good option here. He could be on a bus to Night City (he's worried about Spider, too), and give them any additional insight that they might need.

Dog is a small, wiry netrunner approaching thirty. He has unkempt mousy hair, pale skin from spending too much time in dark rooms with a computer, vaguely unattractive looks, and a tendency to mumble. He always looks like he's wired on speed or caffeine, but it's just his natural paranoia. Dog is a technophile to a fault, and he became a netrunner just to wreak havoc in the most technological environment he knew of. Dog isn't a natural leader, because he doesn't say much. When asked for input, though, he gives sound advice. You just have to be patient enough to ask him to speak up. Again and again and again...

<b>NAME</b>		DOG															
<b>INT</b>	10	<b>REF</b>	8(9)	<b>COOL</b>	10												
<b>TECH</b>	6	<b>MOVE</b>	6	<b>LUCK</b>	2												
<b>BODY</b>	4	<b>EMP</b>	5	<b>ATT</b>	3												
<b>S.ABILITY</b>		Interface			10												
<b>AWARENESS</b>	8	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	3	<b>DODGE</b>	4												
<b>DRIVING</b>	3	<b>PROGRAMMING</b>	8	<b>EDUCATION</b>	6												
<b>HANDGUN</b>	5	<b>SYSTEM KNOW.</b>	10	<b>LIB. SEARCH</b>	7												
<b>BASIC TECH</b>	8	<b>MELEE: RIPPERS</b>	5	<b>STEALTH</b>	3												
L	L	L	L	S	S	S	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M	M	M	M
<b>BTM</b>	-1	<b>HITS</b>	4														
<b>CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR &amp; OTHER SKILLS</b>																	
Cyber: Cybermodem link, rippers, chipware socket (any skill chips desired), +1 Kerezikov speedware, nanosurgeons																	

• **Do you have a key to her place?**

"Nope. I'm just a sim."

• **How do we contact you?**

"I'll leave a surveillance program here, and it'll let me know when you get back. Either that, or give a call to this apartment's phone. The number is 666-7734, or ask directory assistance to connect you with a Mr. Eaton Frenzy."

• **Can we get guns?**

"Sure. Just lift them from any CorpSec goons you meet."

• **Can we get knives?**

"Well, you can grab some steak knives and butcher knives from the kitchen, but I understand they don't work so great on any opponent tougher than a hamburger patty."

• **How do you know all this about her disappearance?**

"She was running the Net with Dog when she disappeared. He told me all about it. Plus I have my resources. I'm the heir apparent to the Supreme Being, you know."

• **Why is it so important?**

"Well, there's always the chance she's stuck in a closed loop from her deck, or fell down and knocked herself out. Or maybe she's been drugged by a potential suitor, or getting beat up by the landlord. There's always a chance she's gotten herself into trouble, more than usual I mean, and we just want to be sure."

• **Why aren't adults handling this?**

"This? You've got to be kidding. It's no big deal. Just tell her to give me a call, okay? Or is that too many instructions for your underdeveloped little brains? Here I thought you'd be happy for a chance to get out and do something useful for a change instead of toss cockroaches into the microwave, and instead you're afraid of going across your home town to visit a mutual friend. Sheesh."

• **Can we talk to Alt or Morgan?**

"No. I'm not good enough for you? You should get on your knees and beg for mercy, you little snot."

• **Are you really dead?**

"What you are talking to is a virtuality sim, programmed to be as close to my insanity as is possible. The real Rache is frozen out there somewhere, and his super-cooled brain is still hooked into the Net. He's so paranoid he won't even let me know where he is, which is no surprise, since I know how very untrustworthy I am."

**Once there's no other questions, Rache will give his parting advice:**

*"One more things, evolutionaries. Remember, you're kids. Don't try to go toe-to-toe with the adults. That's playing their game, and if you play it that way, you'll lose. You're kids. Be kids.*

*Don't try to be all grown-up and blow things apart and kill everyone in your path. Everybody thinks that's the adult way to do things, and I find it very juvenile. Don't do what those guys did in Fort Worth. Kids died. Good kids. In short, act your age."* Then, with a devilish grin (complete with six-inch fangs), Rache rips the side of his skull open and de-rezzes, leaving a pulsating bloodshot eyeball with a flopping optic nerve in his stead. The eye stares impassively at you as you ready yourself for the task at hand.

## GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

Once the kids are ready to roll, it's about 3:00 a.m. on a Friday morning. How, then, will they get to Spider's apartment? There are several options.

**They can walk.** The most direct route takes them through the Corporate Center and along the fringe of Lake Park, both dangerous places for yogangers to be in the early hours of the morning. Rest assured such a motley crew will have several encounters if traveling shank's mare.

**They can bum a ride.** With a proper combination of panache, negotiation, flattery and bribery, the kids could convince some Tinkertots or GoGangers to give them a lift over to where Spider made her run. If things get interesting, they might even hang around and give them a ride back. Many of the yogangers have heard of Spider Murphy, she having a lot of fame among the corporate-hating youth. If the PCs can convince the yogangers that Spider needs some assistance, they'd be happy to lend a hand. Another approach is to hint to some GoGangers or Megaviolents that they know where some federal cops might be found. Finally, by playing the innocent child, they might convince an adult or some police to give them a free lift. After all, it's not safe to be out after dark, right?

**They can catch the bus.** Route 68 (*Night City*, pg. 18) runs a "night owl" shuttle that swings by the safe house at around 3:15 a.m. and can drop them off within a block of Spider's building. While this is relatively fast and effective, they might meet someone while waiting for the bus, and there's bound to be some yogangers in the back.



**WHAT IF THE KIDS HAVE A CAR?**

Hey, this is Night City. Steal it. Or, worse yet, tow the puppy, and let them decide whether or not to go to the authorities to get it back.

**TACTICAL ADVICE: ACID REIGNS**

Alchemists have a lot of powers, but few recognize that they can alter the air as well as solid matter.

For cars equipped with touch-sensitive alarms, an alchemist can disintegrate the metal without actually touching it. Air itself can be transformed into nitric acid (HNO<sub>3</sub>, that's hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen). It takes a while, but it's possible (Disassembly task @ 8 then Assembly task @ 15).

Likewise, salt water can be transformed into hydrochloric acid (same Difficulties as nitric acid). Mixed, the two of these produce aqua regia, which dissolves almost anything. Get your nanites to disassemble the necessary ingredients, transport them to the tips of your fingers, and then reassemble them so they can drip upon the car lock. If you're careless (fail a *Manip.* roll @ 8) you'll get some serious blisters, but you can dissolve the lock without activating the alarm.

**They can catch a cab.** It would probably cost about 10 or 20 eb, depending on the kids, how they handle things, and whether or not they tip. Most cabbies would be rather reluctant to pick up a bunch of yongangers. Further, the kids might attract attention waiting curbside for their taxi to show.

**They can steal a car.** There are a few junkers parked still around the streets. Although many have alarms, most yongangers tend to think along delinquent lines.

## Sample Encounters

These are likely occurrences which can plague the kids as they trek there and back again. Save the encounters you don't use for later adventuring sessions.

### Here in My Car

This incident shows how not to bum a ride. Sure, lots of kids have wheels. GoGangers, Glitterkids, even BoardPunks have personal transport. Many would be happy to help. But don't take a ride with a Goldenkid. If the PCs are standing around waiting for a ride to drop itself in their laps, give them one. Choose one of the boys in the gang who looks like 'fun'—that is, rough but not too rough—and read the following:

As you debate how to get a lift over to 21st, a BMW 9018s pulls up at the curb. The rear window rolls down smoothly, and an attractive young woman with a cascade of red hair leans out. She looks (whoever) in the eye and says, "Hey, studboy, you looking for a little thrust?"

This Goldengirl has boosted her dad's car keys, and she and several of her friends are prowling the streets looking for suitably dumb and hormone-driven males to abduct. They want to throw a party with the freshest hors d'oeuvres around; they plan on taking the victim, binding him, tourniquetting his limbs, and carving him up slowly for an appetizer. She'll employ whatever combination of lies, promises, sex appeal, and bribes of drugs and liquor it takes to get the guy in the car, at which point the doors close, the windows go up, and the victim and his friends have but a few seconds to prevent the Goldenkids from driving away and completing their disgusting catering plans.

The 9018s is fully-described in *Chromebook 1*, but suffice it to say it's armored as much as you want, it has room for six, and has whatever other features you'd like the Goldenkids to have.

The Goldenkids in it all have weapons of various sorts.

**GoldenBoy**

**Stats:** INT 5, REF 4, CL 8, ATT 5, TECH 3, LK 5, MA 6, EMP 4, BT 7

**Skills:** Gogo 5, Streetfighting 5, Little Angel 6

**Outfit:** Nice clothes, switchblade or monoblade

**GoldenGirl**

**Stats:** INT 5, REF 5, CL 8, ATT 8, TECH 3, LK 5, MA 4, EMP 5, BT 5

**Skills:** Wardrobe & style 6, Streetfighting 5, Seduction 4

**Outfit:** Nice clothes, polymer one-shot or taser

**SURVIVAL HINT: STICK TOGETHER**

It's a large, rough world out there, kids, and you are small and untrained. Deadguys, Goldengirls, Megaviolents, and CorpSec cops are everywhere, just waiting to lay you out. The corporations took the country using the old stratagem of divide and conquer; they turned the people against each other so that no one fought the Machine. Don't give them the chance to do the same to you. If you stick together in a group, you'll be able to cover for each other, and at any time you'll have one kid around with the cyberevolved abilities you need. But if a Scanner gets in a car with five Goldenkids, he'll soon find himself in a lot of trouble with no Tinmen around to help. Just ask the survivors in Fort Worth.



## The Busboy

If the characters catch a bus this late at night, you can use this encounter.

You hop on the AI-controlled bus and pay your fare into the automated till. The bus smells pretty funky, the sticky floor rips as you walk, and the only other person on the bus is an older kid, sprawled across the back bench like it's his personal throne. After a few blocks, he gets up, walks up to (the toughest-looking PC), and says in a hoarse whisper, "Do you know what pain really is?"

This guy is a Megaviolent Tinman. Having survived the Carbon Plague, he has gone over the edge, hungering for the pain which the nanites no longer let him feel and glorying in his near-invulnerability. He wants to get into a fight, and he will, whether the PCs want to or not. To the death. By the way, the reason the bus smells funky is that he has killed and gutted several other people and tossed them out the door. Internal organs smell bad.

**Jason Annaud (Tinman)**

**Stats:** INT 3, REF 6, CL 6, ATT 2, TECH 4, LK 5, MA 7, EMP 2, BT 8

**Skills:** Berserk 7, Streetfighting 8, Fearless Leader 7, Hexite Shaping 5

**Outfit:** Light armor (SP 14), two Federated Arms X-9 pistols, whatever else he shapes himself into

### DO WE HAVE TO KILL HIM?

The Busboy encounter doesn't have to turn into an automatic brawl. If players want to try to talk him down, they should be allowed, even encouraged. It won't be easy though; this would require a *Street-smarts* roll @ 24, *Fearless Leader* @ 20, or a *Little Angel* @ 22 to cool this kid down. If he is incapacitated or restrained during this "talk", reduce the target by 5.

Of course, the main thing is to make the players actually *talk* to the character, and you can modify their rolls accordingly. Jason is pretty far gone, having killed a couple of people already, so play him very pumped and edgy. The key may be to convince him that he can kick some serious butt if he helps the group. Having a borderline psychopath (a pretty funky smelling one, at that) accompanying the party can lead to some great roleplaying moments (especially if he takes a liking to one of the female characters...). Go with it.

### Crossing the StreetFighters

If the group passes by the Park, they can meet the Gold Eagles Guardian yogang (*Night City*, pg. 146). If not, they could stumble across a StreetFighter gang, or a local neighborhood territorial gang like the Chinatown Tigers. Decide who they'll meet, define the gang colors and appearance, and then read:

Suddenly, ahead of you, a lithe shape drops from (a tree, a fire escape, whatever) and lands almost without a sound. As it straightens up, you notice it's a girl with close-cropped hair and (describe the uniform). She steps a little closer and says, "Well, what have we here? A veritable polyglot of disheveled ragamuffins. We will have none of that here, we care not for your antics. Depart, knaves, lest we prevail upon you to concede to our imperatives." As she says this last, you see other shadows shifting in the darkness.

The hardest thing here is convincing the yogang of your good intentions. If the characters say they mean no harm, this will indicate weakness, a bad thing to do in front of a territorial gang.

If they say they're just passing through, they'll be ejected because they 'have no business on these blocks.' Finally, any yogang is going to be suspicious of a group of kids who are obviously from wildly varying walks of life.

#### Street Tough

**Stats:** INT 5, REF 8, CL 6, ATT 4, TECH 5, LK 3, MA 5, EMP 5, BT 6

**Skills:** Kata or Streetfighting 7, Get A Clue 5

**Outfit:** combat clothes, possibly a staff or other melee weapon

#### PLOTPATH

Hey, remember the advice we gave you on page 156 of the *Cybergeneration* rules? Now's a good time to start dragging out the dirty laundry! What if one of the StreetFighters (or, worse yet, that Megaviolent) is someone's rival?

### Car Punks

The characters can encounter this group any time they're on the streets.

You notice, about fifty meters or so away and across the street, a group of yogangers hanging around a car. One sits on the hood, two lean against the side, and the last leans against the wall of the building. They're talking, and either they haven't noticed you or they don't care about you.

This is a group of EcoRaiders laying out the basics of a planned attack on a new construction site (a wetland 'reclamation', not the BuReloc camp). They have bigger fish to fry than the PCs, and so the only way they interact is if the PCs approach them. They are not beneath taking a bribe for a ride, nor are they afraid to

fight if pushed. Finally, one of them is a Scanner (she has not told the others) and will shout a warning should the PCs decide to attack.

#### EcoRaiders

**Stats:** INT 4, REF 6, CL 6, ATT 4, TECH 3, LK 4, MA 5, EMP 7, BT 5

**Skills:** Streetfighting 7, the Scanner has Interpretation 3

**Outfit:** Kevlar jacket (SP18), large knife, one has a heavy pistol and one has a light pistol

### Spare Nuts

What's a machine without a few spare or broken parts hanging around? Unrealistic. Likewise, although the government has made the entire nation a wind-up toy, there are still those adults that are not a part of the Machine. This encounter can be used whenever the kids loiter in a single area for a while, whether it be a bus stop, the lobby of their apartment building, or the park.

After a while, a short man in a heavy black armorjack wanders by, stopping about twenty meters to one side of you. He looks around, running an appraising cybereye over your cluster of kids, then pulls out a cigarette and lights up. The heavy smell of narcotics drifts your way. It doesn't look like he's watching you, but then, he's not leaving, either. Give the kids the chance to panic and scam, then continue.

Ten minutes later, another adult saunters up. She's female, tall, and walks with her arms held slightly away from her body. She wears tight armored clothing, but her jacket is open, and loose enough to hide quite an arsenal. She eyes you coldly as she passes.

This is your typical drug deal. Narcotics have become much more dangerous to sell than they were in 2020, a situation made all the worse by the fact that edgerunners just can't trust their friends any more. In 2027, almost all illicit drug deals are made by solitary and very paranoid people. Perhaps your kids will interfere, perhaps nothing will happen, perhaps the adults will force them to leave the area at gunpoint.

These folks are one reason not to mess with adults.

#### Drugrunners

**Their Stats:** INT 4, REF 9, CL 9, ATT 4, TECH 6, LK 8, MA 7, EMP 2, BT 7

**Their Skills:** Awareness 8, Melee 7, Pistol 9, Shotgun 8

**Her Outfit:** Kevlar jacket (SP18), Malorian 14mm pistol w/ smartlink, Militech Crusher, two cyberarms w/ wolvers, any other cyber you feel the need for

**His Outfit:** Kevlar jacket (SP18), a lot of drugs, no weapons, and a very large plastic explosive charge wired to a deadman switch (referee's discretion)

# THIS OLD HOUSE



**H**ere the cyberkids actually make their approach and reconnoiter the apartment. With a bit of luck and daring, they get a good fix on Spider's fate. Then they only have to make it back across town to their safe house, and probably with BuReloc or the police on their tail...

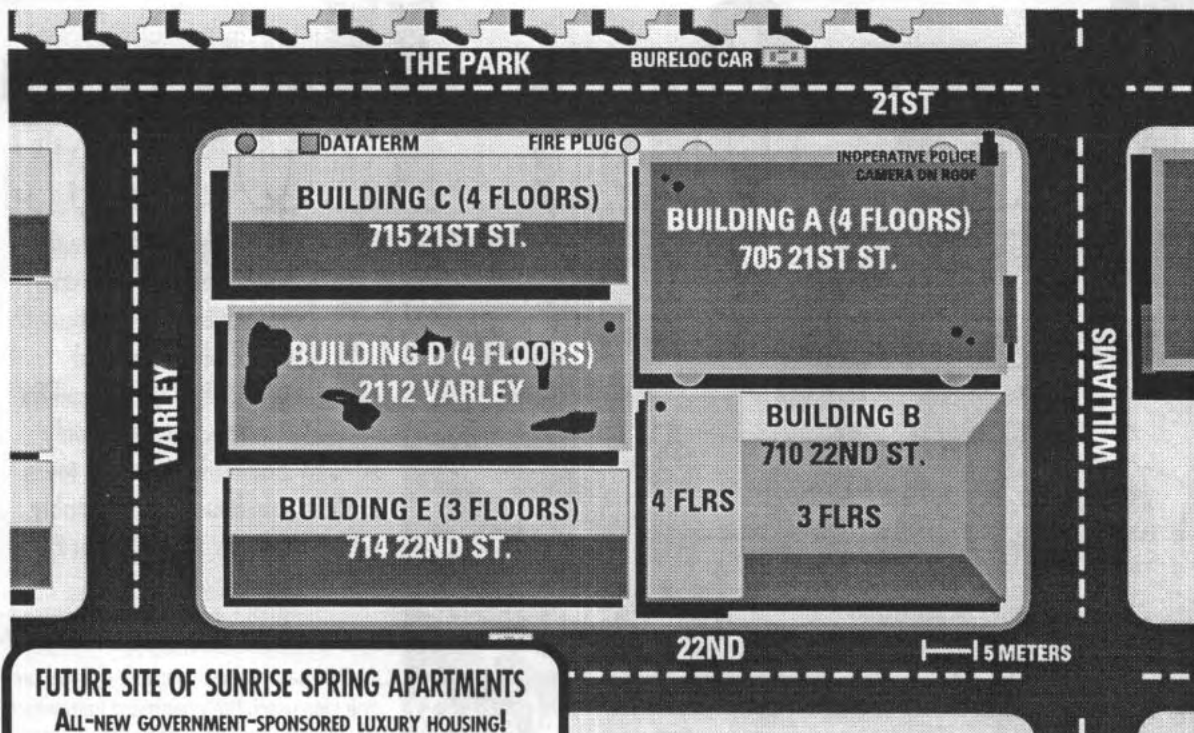
## Overview

This part of the adventure starts when the kids reach the apartment from which Spider made her run. What the kids first notice about the building depends primarily on how they make their approach. In other words, we can't give you a read-aloud to cover all the bases, but we can give you all the information you need to wing it. Here, then, is a description of the block and the surrounding areas (refer to the map on pg.14).

**Building A** is Spider's building: 705 21st Street. There is no address apparent on the walls unless someone goes up to the northeast door and looks. Next to the door are the nails which used to hold the wooden address numbers, and the wall has a slightly lighter shade where the digits used to protect the brickwork.

There are no lights on inside. The building is four floors tall, and is taped off by yellow and blue perimeter tape reading: "BURELOC QUARANTINE LINE KEEP OUT."

All of the windows on the ground floor (and many of the windows on the higher floors) are barred to prevent entry. On the east side of the building is a small drive-by stand which sells screamsheets



**FUTURE SITE OF SUNRISE SPRING APARTMENTS**  
**ALL-NEW GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED LUXURY HOUSING!**  
 This project will provide for the future prosperity of all corporate employees through comfortable, affordable housing conveniently located near Lake Park and local malls. Strict requirements will ensure that only the best cross-section of productive America will take residence. Advanced applications may be submitted through your corporate housing office. Ask about your corporation's rent-matching program! **CORPSEC AND THE ISA: CLEANING THE STREETS FOR A BETTER TOMORROW!**

**DARE TO KNOW IT ALL!**  
 If you want more details on this area of town, you can find them in the *Night City Sourcebook*, Section C3, pages 146 - 150. If you don't have the *Night City Sourcebook*, open your *Cyberpunk 2020* rules to page 208. Spider's erstwhile hideout is in the block south of the Lake Park Bandstand (location 59) and southwest of Savage Doc's (location 38)

**SIGN ON 705 21ST ST.**

and espresso. It being early in the morning, the stand is closed and locked. There are no valuables inside the stand (not even a screamsheet printer; the owner carries the notebook-sized item with him), and the wooden back of the stand completely covers the only ground floor window without security bars.

**Building B** is 710 22nd Street. The west end of this building is four floors tall, but it's the private penthouse (such as it is) of a wealthy and powerful Japantown businessman. Anyone trying to climb this part of the building to jump from rooftop to rooftop is likely to find themselves in deep saka. The rest of the building is only three stories high, and the outer edges of the third story slope down at a 45 degree angle. Leaping from here to a window in Spider's building would be difficult at best (referee's discretion).

**Building C's** address is 715 21st Street. The address is readily visible to someone standing on the sidewalk, but

people across the street will have to make a *Get a Clue* check @ 15 to make out the numerals. It is four floors tall with an attic, and the roof is done in the classic sloped style. Once a cyberkid gets balanced on the pinnacle of this roof, the leap to the top of 705 is pretty easy.

**Building D** (2112 Varley) is a dive, even more so than Spider's building. This is simply because the flat roof has allowed the acid rain to pool and eat its way through in places, so acid corrosion, water damage, and dry rot have really started to take their toll here. This building is also four floors tall, and the whole place smells of mildew. You can bet BuReloc will be visiting this place soon.

**Building E**, at 714 22nd Street, is only three floors tall. Considering its short height and its poor location, the characters will probably ignore this place.

A dataterm and a fire plug can be found in the open area at the north side of the block, and some cars are parked on Williams and on Varley. No cars are parked on 21st or 22nd.

Lastly, a couple of stealthy Squats are hiding in the alleys, waiting for a while longer until they're sure BuReloc has gone.

### Surrounding Points

To the north and northwest of the 700 block is Lake Park, including the bandstand and the gazebo. These structures, as well as the wilting trees which line 21st Street, provide good cover for stealthy cyberkids. On the other hand, the park is not a terribly healthy place to be at night. The Gold Eagles guardian gang patrols the part known as the garden (and a bit beyond), and Megaviolents, Goths, EcoRaiders, and the infamous Breakfast Klub cannibal yogang prowl the rest of the area. Occasionally police AVs sweep through looking for major trouble.

Kitty-corner to the northeast is the Nichiban Mall. While most of the stores are closed at this time of the morning, there are still a few convenience stores, business service establishments, and restaurants open for business.

To the east and west are more apartments, and on the far side of the block to the west are the offices of Combat Cabb. Finally, to the south, more apartments give way rapidly to the Combat Zone.

### PLOTPATH STRIKES AGAIN

You know how kids never memorize their friends' addresses, just how to get there? Now might be a good time to drop a bombshell on someone. Have one PC have a good friend who used to live here.

### BuReloc

There are several cars parked curbside around the block, including one blue BuReloc car. This car is unmarked, the lights are off, and the mirrored glass makes it difficult to see that there's a BuReloc agent in the driver's seat. The only possible clues to its purpose can be found in its license plate (BR054CN - the 54th BuReloc car in Northern California), and the fact that it is in pristine condition this close to the Combat Zone and the park.

This sort of stake-out is standard operating procedure for a BuReloc gentrification operation. When BuReloc comes down on a building, they surround the place with agents and cars, and move a well-marked bus or three (depending

### BURELOC GUARDS

As mentioned, there are two guards on site (one in the car, the other currently patrolling an alley) and two more to return in an hour. The trooper in the car, William McCelland, is a typical cold-hearted yogang-hating BuReloc stormtrooper. Brusque, harsh, and arrogant, no good will come if he notices the cyberkids. The agent in the alley, Lisa Danuloff, is more compassionate. She's good-hearted, but she does her job because the pay's steady. She justifies this to herself by considering her job to be a necessary evil. She'll only help the kids if there's no danger to herself and absolutely *no* chance she'll get caught.

#### Use the following for the BuReloc guards:

**Stats:** INT 6, REF 9, TECH 6, CL 8, ATT 5, LK 5, MA 7, BODY 8, EMP 5

**Skills:** Athletics 3, Authority 5, Awareness 6, Brawling 7, First Aid 3, Handgun 6, Human Perception 4, Intimidate 6, Melee: Nightstick 6, Streetwise 4

**Cyber:** BuReloc-keyed smartlinks, cybereyes

**Outfit:** Standard BuReloc Q-Armor, nightstick, plus the bad cop has a Genius Gun (40%) and the good cop has a heavy pistol.

### BURELOC Q-ARMOR

This is the standard armor issued to all BuReloc personnel operating on a gentrification site. It's blue, has BURELOC stenciled front and back in large reflective yellow letters, and has the agent's name, SIN, and bar-code registry number over the left breast. In certain situations (deeper in the Combat Zone or when the residents are a known boostergang), agents are issued heavy plastic-plate armor overlays for additional protection.

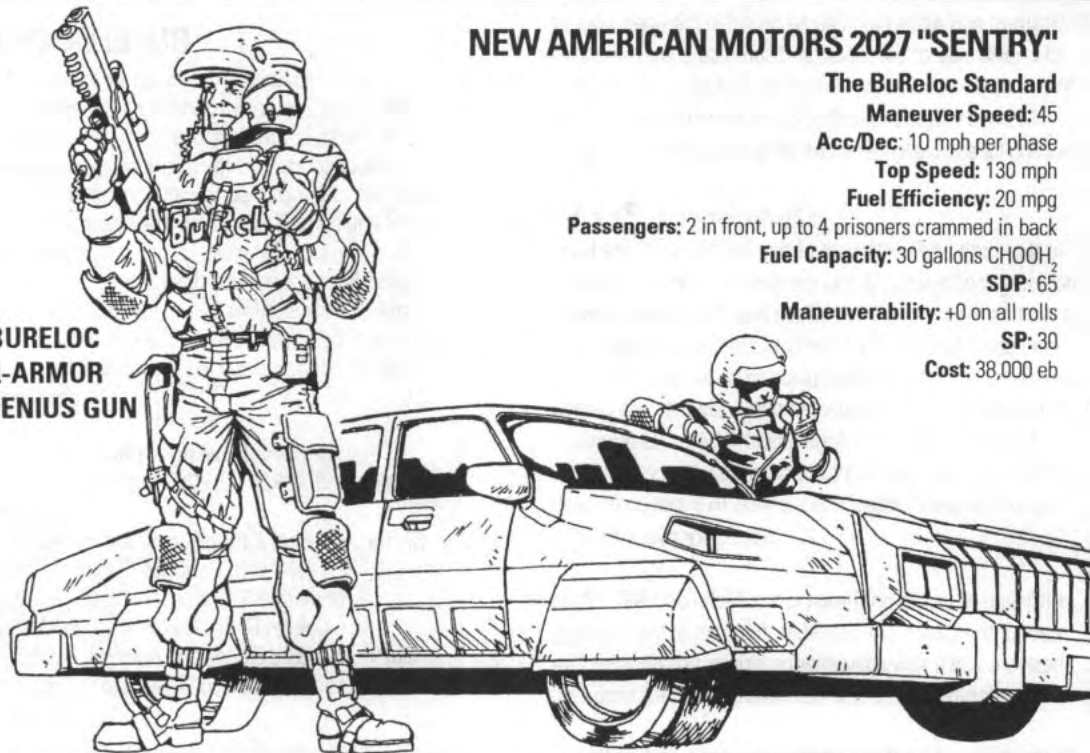
The helmets are rated SP=20, and are equipped with a smart visor with image enhancement and low-light compensation and a voice-activated radio keyed in to all other BuReloc agents in the immediate area. A small gas mask is mounted on the side of the helmet, controlled by a small sensor. If the sensor detects gas, it extends the mask to cover the agent's nose and mouth.

The mask can also be activated manually, but few agents have ever activated the mask before the sensors picked up the gas.

Agents also wear heavy boots (SP=18) over a full body suit. The suit is designed to prevent puncture wounds (and therefore protect the agent against diseases like AIDS and the Wasting Plague, which can be transmitted by needles, etc.). The armor provides SP=14 against bullets and piercing weapons, but only SP=5 against smashing weapons.



**BURELOC  
Q-ARMOR  
W/GENIUS GUN**



## NEW AMERICAN MOTORS 2027 "SENTRY"

**The BuReloc Standard**

**Maneuver Speed:** 45

**Acc/Dec:** 10 mph per phase

**Top Speed:** 130 mph

**Fuel Efficiency:** 20 mpg

**Passengers:** 2 in front, up to 4 prisoners crammed in back

**Fuel Capacity:** 30 gallons  $\text{CHOOH}_2$

**SDP:** 65

**Maneuverability:** +0 on all rolls

**SP:** 30

**Cost:** 38,000 eb

### NAM 2027 "SENTRY"

New American Motors won the contract to supply the Bureau of Relocation with their squad cars, both marked and unmarked. They are built for neither speed nor smooth handling, because BuReloc generally doesn't spend its time chasing homeless people down the highways at 200 mph. Instead, they're built to withstand the hazards of the combat zones where the BuReloc hunts down and nabs the undesirables to populate its camps and make the streets safer for the corporate sellouts. Well-built, well-armored, and equipped with sturdy suspension and puncture-proof tires, the Sentry is able to pull BuReloc personnel out of the hardest firefights. (Sure, a Stinger will pop this car open like a Coke can, but Stingers are a lot harder to find now that Whindam's boys are in power.)

The Sentry has flashers mounted behind the grill, on the front and rear dashboards, in the light panels, and under the chassis. The side mirrors double as high-power spotlights; with the push of a button the mirrors retract out of the way, and the spotlights can be realigned from inside the car.

Finally, to help in the worst of situations, the Sentry has gas canisters and claymores mounted in the running boards. The gas canisters are typically filled with tear gas and sleep gas, while the claymores are concealed behind very thin paneling which is itself designed to

break apart into shrapnel. BuReloc guards will not hesitate to use the gas canisters in any riot situation, but they only use the claymores in the direst of emergencies. After all, it's expensive to replace the car panels and clean the ichor off the paint. Plus there's all that paperwork...

**Special Equipment:** Gas and claymore anti-riot devices (both explained above), BuReloc satellite link, on-board cybercomputer with black ice, cybercams in the front and rear dash, fire extinguisher, air purge system to clear out the cab, air bags (counts as 10 SP in crashes), two spotlights, police flashers, virtual display on the roof, and enhanced loudspeaker. The car also has an air-tight secure back seat with a variety of gas injectors to keep those miscreants calm. Finally, there's a 20 SP reinforced plexi barrier between the front and back seats with electrified steel reinforcing for the plexi barrier (designed to discourage vandalism, it also inhibits cybergen activities).

**Notes:** The heavily-marked NAM Blazers are functionally identical to the Sentrys, but they are white, they sport full-color markings, and their lights and spotlights are all externally-mounted. They don't have mirrored glass, so the steel-reinforced plexi dividers are readily visible. They make to attempt no be subtle, and have thus earned the street nickname "I-catchers", a cross between 'eye catcher' and 'ISA nomad-catchers'. NAM Blazer squad cars run about 34,000 eb.

on the size of the building) up to the main door to the place. After they clean the building of all its residents, they tape it off and seal it up. Then they station a car or two near the building with up to half a dozen agents hanging around trying to act innocuous. These guys keep tabs on the building, waiting for anyone to try to go back in, or for any scurrilous tenants who evaded the search to try to sneak out. BuReloc likes to get a 100% apprehension rate whenever possible. This sort of surveillance also helps to deter looters from cleaning out the apartments until the BuReloc Economic Salvage & Recycling Service can get a truck over to the place and load all the miscellaneous housewares. And people wonder how the government outlets can afford such cheap prices.

This is a mid-sized building, so four BuReloc agents have been stationed here. Two of them are gone at the moment. They're across town processing a few careless edgerunners who tried to break into the abandoned building to collect merchandise — furniture, plates, whatever might be saleable — from former tenants who owed them money. This leaves just two guards at this time, one in the car, and one checking out the alleys. The other two will return within an hour.

## GETTING IN

The first thing the cyberkids have to do is get into the apartment building. This necessarily involves some combination of stealth, deceit, and wits, to say nothing of breaking the law by passing beyond the perimeter tape.

The kids also have to avoid the BuReloc agents (assuming they spot them first, that is). Of course, they could do this by entering a different building and then jumping for the target building's roof or fire escape. If they try this, especially if they climb another building's fire escape, they might attract the attention of the other building's tenants. This usually means the kids suddenly find themselves staring down the business end of a shotgun held by a very suspicious and slightly drunk adult. There's not much a kid can do to convince the tenant that he was really just hanging around this fire escape and meant no harm, so the best solution in these cases is just to leave as quickly as possible.

If the characters sneak past the guards too easily, go ahead and have a yongang show up. Perhaps the Gold Eagles are changing the guard in the park and happen across the characters. If the PCs skulk through the alleys, they might meet some Squats or, worse yet, some Goths on the prowl.

Or if they move along the streets, some BoardPunks or

GoGangers might show up to add a little spice to their lives. Who knows what could happen in Night City at 3:30 in the morning?

Once the characters get to the building, they only have to get in. This is not a problem if they snuck up onto the roof or fire escapes; from the roof they can enter the main stairwell, and from the fire escapes they can open or break a window and crawl inside. From the ground level, life is a little more difficult. The steel doors of the building are locked, and the windows are either boarded up or barred.

The door lock can be picked by rolling *Thief Stuff* @ 15, *Suburban Ninja* @ 18, or dissolving it with nanotech. This last will leave evidence that might be discovered. The window bars can also be disintegrated or bent by nanotech, or else pried open wide enough for children with a *Jack Stuff* roll @ 21. Again, these tactics will leave evidence.

### TACTICS HINT: TENDRILS

Some Tinmen will want to reach under the cracks of a door, up the back side, and twist the knob or pull the pins out of the hinges. Be smart, kid, don't let 'em.

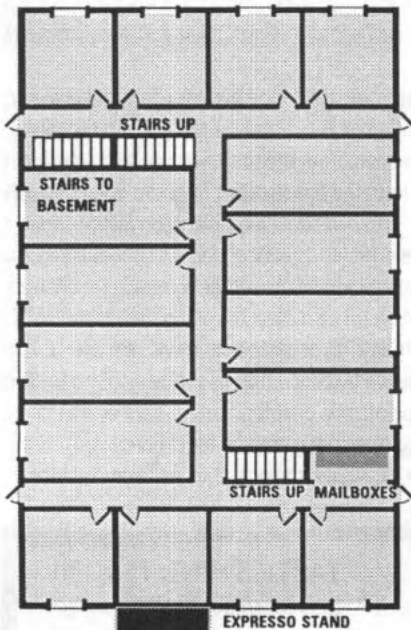
Tinmen lose easy control of their limbs once limb diameter reaches a mere few millimeters. It's difficult for a Tinman to smash his limbs as flat as a quarter, ooze them under a door, and build a strong structure on the other side with only a tenuous connection to the rest of the body. The best that can happen is you'll waste a whole lot of time. The worst that can happen is that BuReloc will happen by while your Tinman has most of his arms trapped on the other side of a door.

You'll have to run, leaving your glory-mongering goboys to suck up a few tranq rounds and become the poster punks for bio-experimentation.

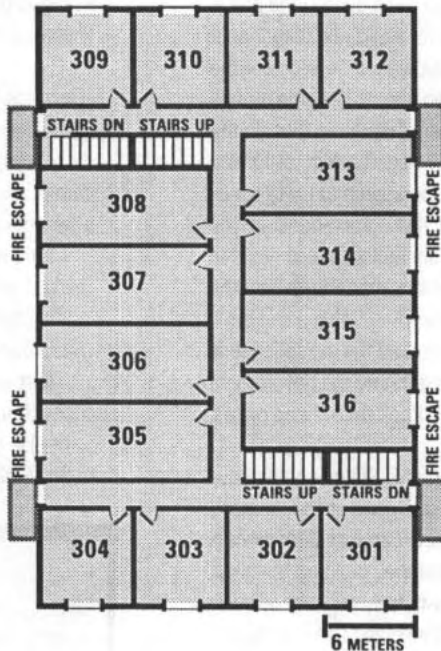
### SPRING TIME

Need to get off that roof in a hurry? What's the quickest way? That's right, jump! And you Tinmen can get away with it. All you have to do is armor up your torso with inflexible armor, then convert your arms and legs into springs (*Hexite Manipulation* @ 15). Be sure and hit the ground with all four springs at once for maximum safety. Of course, no matter how sprung you are, jumping four stories is still a dangerous undertaking, so if possible, practice these maneuvers on lower structures. After all, if you land wrong (fail a *Jack Stuff* @ 11 roll), you could injure something, give yourself a concussion, and start bouncing uncontrollably.

705 21ST GROUND FLOOR



FLOORS 2-4



The guard is a simple AI set to monitor traffic and help apprehend interlopers and tenants trying to sneak out. A plausible explanation will allow the AI, because BuReloc does allow some evictees to return for their stuff. (These are newly-hired corporate employees and the like.) If the kids don't con their way past, or if they panic, the AI will alert the BuReloc guards in the car to the presence of trespassers. Naturally, if the guards are already dead, this will do no good, and the AI doesn't have the range to be able to contact anyone else.

Another option is to let an ArcoRunner or a Trog lead you through the undercity into the sub-basement of this building. Finding a good route requires *Tunneling@22* or *Spelunking@17*. This completely bypasses the guards and yogangs on street level. In fact, all you have to worry about is alligators.

Of course, if the kids forgot their V-trodes, then they won't see the guard as it notifies the authorities. Treat the AI guard as the BuReloc guards detailed on page 15, except for the fact that it's artificial, and can only hurt them in V-Space (see *Cybergeneration*, pg. 146-147).

The Empty Halls

Once inside the building, the going's easy. Few of the doors are locked, while many of them hang ajar. There are mailboxes by the northeast door, but there is no name posted for the occupant of apartment 308. The kids can move pretty quickly inside the building, although if they're not careful with their light source, they might attract the attention of the BuReloc agents or other passers-by.

All utilities have been shut off in this building. There's no light, no water, no phone. The entire building is rank with the smells of Japanese cooking. (Not that the cooking itself is rank, but when the smells have lingered and mingled for as long as these have, it gets pretty funky.) Trash and graffiti litter the halls, but most of the scribbling is in hiragana and kanji characters, and therefore unintelligible to most of the PCs.

There is one ringer for the kids, however. On each floor, half way down the central hall, BuReloc has placed a Virtuality guard. When a life form steps within ten meters of the card, a BuReloc guard appears to walk out of a nearby open door. He raises a gun and says, "Freeze! What are you doing here?"



## Spider's Lair

Spider's apartment is missing the number, but the characters ought to be able to figure it out quickly, since it's the unit next to 306 and 307. The apartment is rather small, the whole thing being a little bigger than five meters by eleven and a half. In this part of town, whole families live in units like this. The front part of the apartment is a kitchen and dining area. Counters with a stove and a sink run along the east and south walls of this room, and a refrigerator sits in the southwest corner. A pile of trash fills the northwest corner. This part of the apartment is otherwise empty.

The bathroom and a closet split the apartment into two halves. The closet is closed, but empty. The rest of the apartment is a living area, and, like the kitchen, it is almost devoid of contents. A grimy window dominates the southern wall. The outer quarters of the window can be opened, each side sliding in towards the center.

If the characters spend their time looking around, they can pick up the following clues, which are keyed to the map of the apartment. Depending on how your players are doing, you could give them the clues, or force them to make *Awareness* or *Get a Clue* rolls or role-play it all out.

**A:** The refrigerator has a few bullet holes in it, and some spatters on the door which might be old food (or they might not). The refrigerator is still rather cool inside, and holds some leftover pizza and Chinese take-out, a half-empty container of mineral water, a few bottles of Corona, and assorted scuzz as one would expect to find in a low-rent apartment fridge. If the characters are alert, they'll notice that the bullet holes came from the direction of the front door.

**B:** There are a few dark stains on the floor. An alchemist could sample this and determine that it's blood. Although there's no way for the kids to know this, it's Nomad Santiago's blood. Alternatively, the kids could pack a sample back for Rache Bartmoss to analyze. Rache has the technical ability to deconstruct the DNA and figure out whose it was.

### THE TASTE OF BLOOD

An Alchemist cannot, as has been noted, work with living tissue. The blood droplets, however, are no longer alive. An Alchemist could extrude some nanomachines, locate the DNA in the blood cells (assuming he has a good idea what DNA is), and memorize the taste. Of course, DNA is a very complex molecule, and if an Alchemist elects to memorize it, she cannot 'remember' any other chemical, and even then she still has to roll her INT or less to be able to reproduce it accurately enough for Rache to be able to perform a positive identification.

**C:** There are a few rinsed dishes piled neatly in the sink, and one dirtier set on the counter amidst three empty Corona bottles.

There is one rinsed glass on the opposite side of the sink as the mess. There are a few more utensils, all in one cupboard over the sink.

**D:** The tub has not been used for some time.

**E:** The toilet seat is up. For the alert, this means that since Spider was female, someone else was here. Of course, it could have been one of the BuReloc guys.

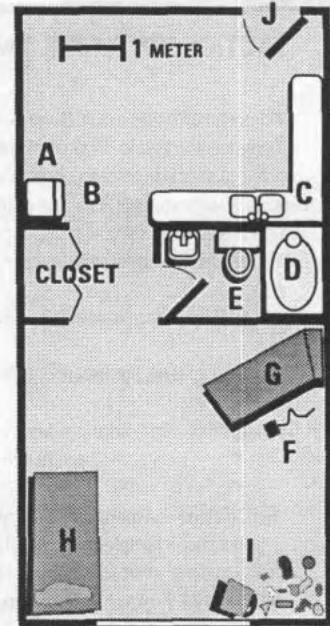
**F:** There is a cyberdeck here, still patched in to the (dead) phone plug. The program chips have been smashed. Although the kids don't know this, Spider stomped on her deck. More specifically, she stomped her heel onto the RAM portion of her deck, destroying her programs and all records of the run she was making. The CPU is fine, and the kids could salvage parts of her deck if they wish, perhaps to swap with some Tinkertots.

**G:** A sleeping pad lies partly propped against the wall. This was Spider's, and it's arranged to make her more comfortable during runs. A glass next to the pad holds a toothbrush and some dental floss.

**H:** A rather more smelly sleeping pad is here. This one is Nomad Santiago's. If they search underneath the pad, the cyberkids find a fighting knife (balanced for throwing) and a 50-round box of .44 pistol ammo with 23 rounds remaining.

**I:** There is a large pile of garbage here: Clothes, paper plates, an old chair, empty cartons, cans, all sorts of stuff. It was all tossed here when Spider rented the place. Part of her rent deal was that the landlord wouldn't have to clean it up himself.

**J:** If the characters search the door and hall after searching the fridge, they'll find evidence that whoever got shot at the fridge did some damage to the BuReloc guys, as well: Blood, bullet holes, a few things like that. There's no spent brass lying around, because all ammo in 2027 is caseless.



### TACTICS HINT: GIVE 'EM MORE THAN THEY WANT

Adults can often be made to yield to kids just by making them uncomfortable. If you make it look like they asked you to step across the boundaries of proper decorum, especially with younger kids, the adults will get out of the way. For example, if a young gogirl gets braced by a male cop, she could refer to her budding womanhood.

**Cop:** What are you doing here this time of night, kid?

**Girl:** I'm heading to Nichiban Mall, officer.

**Cop:** At three a.m.? Sure you are. And what do you think you're going to buy, there, hm?

**Girl:** (feigns exasperation) Well, if you must know, it's that damn female thing. Maybe if I had a mom she woulda told me what to expect so I wouldn't have to run out to the 24-7, okay? Creeze, nosy old guy, aren't you?

**Cop:** Oh, um, no, uh, get out of here, kid!

### BOLTER HINT: LAY LOW

Many Bolters don't realize that they don't have to throw their bolter cords. Try laying your wires on the ground in a back-and-forth pattern, or perhaps wrapping them around a doorknob. This way you can hide several meters away, and still be ensured contact when you need to blast someone. It can take some extra time to set up, but whenever someone crosses your trap, you'll zap 'em. Unfortunately, some of the charge does tend to ground out, so reduce any damage by one die (the Bolter spends the regular amount, but one die is lost to grounding). Be careful of standing in puddles when you try this...

## Aftermath

Once the characters have searched the flat to their heart's content, all they have to do is get back to their safe house. If the characters have been stealthy and fast, there's be no additional problems in leaving. The only problems they'd encounter would be the guards (if they didn't already take them out), perhaps a returning edgerunner or two, and a few more yogangers just to round things out.

If they messed with or killed the two BuReloc guards, you ought to have the other two show up about now. If they've been loitering inside the apartment building for a long time or they left evidence that they're cyberevolved, the guards might have had time to call for the Tactical Response Unit,

which is a bunch more BuRelocs with AV support and heavier weapons. The TRU is called in when boosters, yogangers or edgerunners get out of hand, and they are not squeamish about blowing away young kids. If any of these cases has happened, and if one of the kids has been standing guard at the window, he might hear sirens, see the flashers, or notice the deployment of extra troops (gamemaster's discretion). Otherwise, it's likely the kids are just going to blunder into the middle of BuReloc central. That's okay, though. Even if they get captured, they'll get closer to finishing their mission, because they'll have caught up with Spider in the camp!

### Debriefing

If the cyberkids manage to scatter back across town, they get to have a debriefing with Rache Bartmoss. Oh joy! Just the thing to settle the stomach after a harrowing evening. Read the following as they walk back in the door of the safe house:

*You walk into the apartment and shut the door quietly behind you, breathing a sigh of relief. You notice that the virtuality eye with the flopping optic nerve is still there, waiting with digitized patience. It surveys your group, then falls upward and hangs suspended in the air. The icon of Rache Bartmoss rezes around the eye, then begins its slow trans-mogrification anew as he asks, "Well, kids, what's the scoop?"*

Let the players retell the story through their eyes, remembering that Rache doesn't know anything about what happened other than what they tell him. It might help to take notes to remind yourself of exactly what Rache does (and doesn't) know. Have Rache prod them for additional details, remembering that he's a very good interrogator.

Rache can also identify the blood found inside the apartment as that of Nomad Santiago. He's independent but considered reliable by the Eden Cabal. If the kids didn't get a blood sample, though, he has no idea that Santiago was around.

There are also certainly some questions the kids might have. Some of the more common questions and their responses are given here. By the way, Rache will react negatively to the use of the term 'Dead guys.'

#### • Does BuReloc fight netranners? Were they after her?

"Generally not. BuReloc does coarse-grade wholesale cattle-trucking. It was probably a coincidence. Besides, they don't know who she really is. She was never brave enough to use her real name, which by the way, is Arabella, and—uh, oh, now I've done it. I told you her name. If you get caught, I'll have to hunt you down and wipe your brain squeaky clean. Scrub, scrub, scrub!"

• **What about the smashed cyberdeck?**

"That's a standard Spider tactic. Pisses me off, too. She used to live with me, and once she smashed one of my own decks when I didn't knock before entering my own apartment. She does it to destroy any evidence of what she was doing."

• **Did she have anyone with her?**

"Not that I know about. Most of us like to have a meatboy or two around when we're running, though."

• **What was Nomad Santiago doing there?**

"Guarding her body while she ran with her mind."

• **Do you think she's dead?**

"Probably not. BuReloc probably doesn't even know they've got her. If they did, we'd have heard about it buy now. Spider's a wanted woman."

• **Do you think Nomad Santiago is dead?**

"Probably not. There's nothing in the coroner's reports. BuReloc is pretty open about filing reports of transient deaths, especially transients with guns."

• **Has there been any other BuReloc activity?**

"We think there was a smaller raid in the Combat Zone last week. We haven't been able to confirm anything, and BuReloc isn't saying. It could have even been a training exercise, sort of a final exam for their agents."

• **What does BuReloc do with their prisoners?**

"The BuReloc ops manual says to collect the various people in a central processing center, then ship them off to a nearby camp. The processing centers are virtual bunkers, patterned after Arasaka facilities, damn them both. The camps are generally situated a couple hours out of town, where they don't disturb the corporate toadies."

• **Is there a BuReloc camp nearby?**

"Not last we knew. Of course, most of our information is three months out of date; that's how old info gets before the ISA dumps it into a less secure mainframe. So as of three months ago, there wasn't. That's why we didn't have much BuReloc activity here in Night City; nowhere to take them to. Things might have changed. They always do, and generally for the worse. We've heard rumors of a new camp, and this adds weight to the talk."

• **Is there a BuReloc processing center nearby?**

"Not that we know of, although BuReloc has rented a large office building at 103rd and Varley. We don't yet know what

they do there, but it's quite possible they could set up a temporary processing center in the parking garage."

• **Could she have been moved to another state?**

"Possible, but very unlikely. See, the ISA disperses funds to the states for federo-corporate housing projects on a ratio determined primarily by how many 'undesirables' the state turns in to the government. In short, the state gets a bounty for every person BuReloc rounds up. None of the states is particularly willing to part with any of the vermin-infested money they get for getting rid of their homeless. Yet another sorry example of how the ISA is turning the working-class sheep into working-class cannibals. It's so sick. It reminds me of this time when Dog and I were —" Bzzt. The icon resets again.

• **Could she have been moved by plane or boat?**

"Nah. Too expensive. They like things cheap. BuReloc is nothing more than a meat-packing firm. They'd have packed her on a boo-boo bus and sent her somewhere nearby. Three, four hours max."

• **How can we find out if there's a new BuReloc camp?**

"Several options. You could run the ISA or CorpSec data forts, which is what Spider was doing. Talk to some people who work at the camp, if it exists. Drive all the highways in Northern California. Break into the BuReloc processing center. Find a BuReloc transfer bus and follow it until it stops. Kill yourself and ask God."

After pumping them for all the information he can and answering all their questions, Rache gives them his appraisal of the situation, or, if the players have stated their own appraisal, he adds his own input. As an AI, he's not a great idea man, but he's good at evaluating possibilities. Finally, he adds the kicker, which generally goes as outlined below. Obviously, you'll have to adjust it to match exactly what your players did and said.

*"Okay, folks, so it's not as bad as we thought. Still, Spider's been pinched by BuReloc, and that's plenty bad enough. That probably means there's a new BuReloc camp around, and she's in it. I need you to find it, find her, and get her out of there. I'd give you reinforcements, but what resources we have are already stretched thin. If there's anything I can help you with, let me know. In the meantime, here's a map of Northern California to start you off. Oh yeah. One more thing. First thing you do when you find Spider, you tell her to remove this reset code I'm chained with. Tell her that if she doesn't do it, I'll take her and—" Blip. The image is gone, leaving only the eyeball surveillance virtual.*

# THE SEARCH

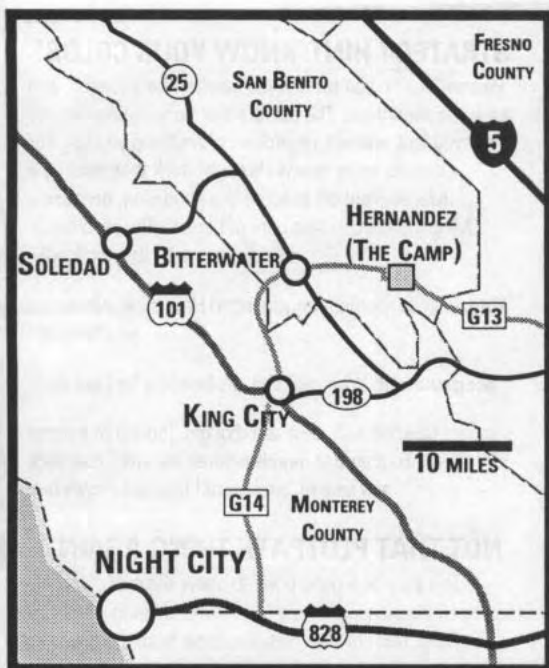


**W**ell, now, the cyberkids really have a lot on their hands, don't they? Spider Murphy is caught by BuReloc, Nomad Santiago is captured and injured as well (if not dead), and they have not only to bail them out of prison, but they have to find the prison and get there. This poses quite some problems for them, sure, but this is the sort of challenge for which youthful idealism was made!

This part of the adventure is the most nebulous, because there are so many possible approaches. The players might spend a lot of time in this portion of the adventure. At the other extreme, one playtest group spent all of three minutes (real time) in this part before catapulting themselves to the next portion. In short, there's no set structure here. We'll just give you the information you need to be able to wing it.

## Background on the Camp

Rache's hunches were right; Spider wasn't moved out of state. There is a new camp in Northern California, so new it's still under construction. It's



located east of Night City, which BuReloc considers one of the most troublesome areas in the state of Northern California.

The exact location of the camp is at the ghost town of Hernandez, in the Diablo Range (a set of large desert hills).

What little remained of the small village was razed as construction began, and the family of farmers hiding there became the camp's first detainees. Hernandez is almost exactly halfway between Night City and Fresno, and although it's only fifty miles from Night City as the crow flies, it's situated up a long-abandoned unpaved road, so it takes well over an hour to get there from Night City, even allowing for good traffic inside the metropolis. The Diablo Range is a harsh area, and the closest potential help for an escapee would be Highway 101 or Interstate 5. Neither of these roads are particularly close, and few if any drivers will stop to help a vagrant these days. Actually trying to cross either freeway would be akin to playing Russian Roulette, though a lot less safe. Truckers especially are proud of the little people they have painted on their fenders.

The main portions of the camp (parade ground, fences, utility lines, etc.) are being constructed by hired help. These workers come from Fresno, Night City and Monterey, these being the closest cities with an adequate workbase. The prisoners are left to put the finishing touches on the facilities and housing (details like the roof and such). Headed by the original inmates, some prisoners are already starting to farm to supplement the government-issue food. They've heard the rumors about how little BuReloc detainees get.

## Filling the Gaps

### Peer Pressure

There may still be some unanswered questions in the aftermath of the BuReloc raid. Many of these might be answerable by witnesses to the incident, who can be found in the neighboring buildings. Of course, if the characters were spotted by the BuReloc guards, they'll have to be very circumspect while moving around the scene of the crime.

No one likes BuReloc and the raid has everyone scared, so the characters should have an easy time pumping yoganger witnesses for any additional information that they missed.

They can confirm that a whole bunch of people were packed onto two BuReloc buses. They also mention that there were gunshots fired during the raid, and several former tenants were treated at the scene before being shoved into a bus as well.

### Dataterms and the Press

The press (both government-backed and independent) has things to say about the raid. This is an easy way to fill in on any gross oversights. The underground press especially points out that this raid indicates there's a new camp nearby, a camp that BuReloc hasn't told anyone about.

It's possible the kids will try to get the media do the dirty work for them. You know: Spill what they know and let the professional reporters go to the wall for the whole truth.

Unfortunately, these days the press is almost completely controlled by the corporate government; after all, the media corps have their share of the pie, and have no desire to besmirch their own image. The underground press, namely a reporter by the name of Roberta Burns, might be able to find a few more tidbits, but any stories they post are likely to be erased by the ever-watchful wire service runners.

### Tenants

If the cyberkids hang out near the building, a few people come back at around noon, driven here in a BuReloc van.

These people are allowed back into the building, where they collect some portable stuff and leave. These are the few people caught in the BuReloc dragnet who, being gainfully employed, are allowed their freedom. They've come for their necessities, and BuReloc will ship the rest of their stuff to wherever they move.

One is an undercover agent for Arasaka, Linette Stein, who won't talk to anyone. She was plenty pissed at being grabbed, but she didn't dare fight back for fear of blowing her cover among the residents. She grabs some gear and heads out, talking to no one.



Another is a long-time resident, Ben Waite, who very recently landed a decent job. He comes back with his two kids to get their stuff. Since he has become part of 'productive America' per the Whindam vision, BuReloc has located another, more acceptable residence for him. He gets his toiletries, heads across the street to the bus stop, and waits. The cyberkids can approach him, and, as he is tired and in need of venting some stress, he'll be quite talkative. The amount of information the characters can pump out of him should be tailored to how well they are doing — if your players are having a hard go of this adventure, he could work for the construction company that's building the camp.

## Locating the Camp

### Peer Pressure

If the camp is new, someone has to be building it. The obvious solution is that these workers can be found among the poorer classes, who tend to hold down construction jobs instead of managerial positions. Mind you, construction jobs have held a lot of prestige since the Collapse, because they're one of the few jobs left where you can stay within the law, work hard, accomplish something, and don't have to kiss your boss' ass every time you turn around. On the other hand, with the commencement of work on the new camp, even some of the construction workers feel like they're prostituting themselves.

In any event, getting a handle on these construction workers is a good approach to finding out where the camp is, or at least getting an idea. A good start is to talk to the kids. BoardPunks, Goths, and Moshers are the best place to start, since they generally come from the low end of the income scale and, unlike GoGangers and Megaviolents, they keep up a reasonable relationship with their parents. Flattery, an understanding of yogang subculture, and a bit of name-dropping and bribery can all come in handy here. One, a Mosher named "Slammer" Wills, has info that may help:

**Punk:** Hey, great noise, who is this?

**Mosher (Slammer):** Like it? It's Thrudbone, they played The Dive last night.

**Punk:** Real dead-chester jamming, eh?

**Mosher:** You know it. Anything to piss off the Machine.

**Punk:** Listen, my man, you know anything about a BuReloc camp near here? They raided over on 21st last night and scrummed a whole building. Hauled 'em all. Heard they even got The Skulls' bassist.

## STRATEGY HINT: KNOW YOUR COLORS

Be careful who you send to reconnoiter the situation, and how you send them. The powers that be will judge you by how you look and act, regardless of anything you say. For example, some cyberkids might think that sending a Megaviolent off to scout is a good idea, because a Megaviolent can take care of herself. The problem is, others won't take this too kindly.

**Cop:** {shines spotlight on yoganger} Hey, punk, where are you heading?

**Megaviolent:** Who, me? I'm, ah, heading for Lake Park.

**Cop:** Uh-huh. Just as I thought. (Sound of a pistol cocking.) Turn around, hands against the wall, feet back and spread 'em before I blow your eyes out.

## NOT THAT PLOTPATH THING AGAIN...

This may be a good point to allow some of those old connections come up, like a friend who is being sought by BuReloc and only narrowly escaped from the buses as they were heading into the countryside. In exchange for help getting out of the city, he'll tell what he knows. He heard the guards talk about "Hernandez", but whether it was a place or a person, he doesn't know.

As we've tried to point out in *Cybergeneration*: make people the way to get things done, not weaponry.

**Mosher:** No screamin'? But there ain't no camp near here.

**Punk:** S'what I heard, so I figure they're making one, and —

**Mosher:** Hey, yeah, the old man said they pulled down a government contract a few weeks ago. Construction work all the time. He don't hang around at all any more, which is fine by me. He just yells a lot when he's not drinking.

**Punk:** Yeah? Where's the job site?

**Mosher:** Hang on, I'll see if Mom knows.

Of course, given the dysfunctionality of most families and the secrecy agreements BuReloc demands, the detail that can be obtained is slim. The characters could probably find out that the camp is east of town, that it's about an hour and a half commute, and the time that the employees leave for work. They might possibly be able to find out that the site is in the Diablo Range.

Red Tape

This is the most fruitless of approaches. BuReloc has not

### WHY DOESN'T RACHE RUN?

Remember, folks, this isn't Rache himself. This is a virtuality AI that looks and thinks and talks and acts like him. It can run the Net, but it is not very good at it (Interface 5). It will (grudgingly) do small-scale runs for the kids. If needed, it can contact Rache himself, and he can run the Net for them, but this is a last resort. In other words, use Rache as a *deus ex machina* to save the characters' prepubescent butts, but let them muddle through as much of this as possible without tying up Rache's valuable time.

Besides, Rache might lose his temper doing a bunch of fiddly bits for a pack of juves. They wouldn't like that.

officially announced the new camp (they never do until it's fully operational), so they're not about to let some kids off the street get the full scoop. Of course, this being a government bureaucracy, they'll make it appear that they're being cooperative. "Here, son, fill out this form and then go up to the twenty-third floor waiting room, and someone will speak with you shortly..."

### Espionage

There are a lot of sneaky ways that the kids can get a fix on the location of the BuReloc camp site. They could try to run the data fort at the BuReloc building (good luck). They could put a tracer on a BuReloc vehicle, or perhaps a vehicle of the construction company. If they got an angle on a worker (see *Peer Pressure*, above), they could put a tracer on his car or triangulate on his mobile phone. Or perhaps they could just ask like nice kids. You never know what adults will let slip.

The kids could also take a more direct approach. They could stow away on top of a BuReloc bus, hide in the trunk of an official car, or even grab the parents' car keys and go driving around the countryside between Night City and Fresno.

There aren't that many roads out there, so this last is less difficult than it sounds. Of course, it's also quite likely that they'll be spotted by BuReloc and invited to stay at the camp for a while. The kids could get out of it, but they'd have to convince the agents that they aren't breaking the law, they have good parents, they actually have a driver's license but it's at home, and they really support the government.

If the kids are fast thinkers, they could go to the BuReloc transfer and processing station on 103rd and Varley. This is where everyone caught in a raid gets sorted out. The last busload of people leaves here for the camp at around one in the afternoon.

Perhaps the best way to locate the camps is to take advantage of any Scanners in the group. BuReloc agents are supposed to be polite whenever they're in public, so they're forced to talk to kids when the kids want to talk. Public image, and all that. If the kids were to demand an agent's time and talk to him about the good things that BuReloc is doing, what with their vocational education camps and such, chances are a Scanner could weasel down into the unwitting agent's mind and pull out some pertinent data.

### Felceries

There are also more direct options open to the kids. They could break into the BuReloc office building using ArcoRunner tactics. They could crawl the utility lines with the Troggs and tap the phones. They could get a Rad to try some psywar techniques.

### TACTICS HINT: DROP NAMES

Spider Murphy is a well-known anti-government operative, and dropping her name might get better cooperation from the counterculture, especially from the kids, to whom she's an idol. Naturally, there'll be some suspicion; how many kids in 1993 would believe someone who said they knew U-2's Bono had been arrested and was being held incognito at the county jail? Also, there is the risk that word will get out that Spider is being held, but the counterculture is pretty tight-lipped around the ISA.

Better yet, if you can convince someone that what you have is indeed Spider Murphy's cyberdeck, then you'll have a real prize on your hands. You could trade it for favors, perhaps even promising that Spider herself will customize it when she gets freed. She'd be happy to do that. Such a course will turn a trashed cyberdeck into pure gold in the eyes of the yogangs.

### STRATEGY HINT: KNOW THEIR HOMES

When dealing with the yogangs, knowing their views, their slang, and their habits is not enough. You also have to know where they're from. Resources and information available to yogangers vary by their background. BeaverBrats have good access to a lot of household chemicals, but they don't know much about the social scene. Moshers know the tricks of the trade practiced by the lower class, but they're unlikely to have a parent working in management, let alone one with a home computer and modem. And Squats... well, why do you think they call them Squats, anyway? Remember to look at kids not only as first-generation resources, but as second-generation. That is, don't think only of what they can control, but what can they influence?

Another course of action involves blackmail. Perhaps some female cybergeners (we don't recommend Tinmen for this) can use false accusations of molestation and statutory rape against specific BuReloc agents. Leonard Fenton, a petty official at the local BuReloc office, is a good target for this tactic. Along with some falsified video and computer evidence cooked up by the Vidiots and/or the Wizards of the group, these threats could be quite effective, especially in the new air of moral rigidity being pushed by the CEP. And, if you're good enough at scanning, you might get what you need just by grilling the nervous target agent face-to-face.

If these subtle approaches don't work, there's always a more direct approach: torture. This is the favored tactic of Goths, Megaviolents, and Trogs. It's a very tricky proposition, though, and certain to involve combat. This in turn will attract unwanted attention, and eventually BuReloc AVs.

## SCOUTING THE CAMP

Getting a look at the actual camp and learning its layout is difficult at best. There is only one road that passes by the camp: It's unpaved and barely two lanes wide. Worse yet, the only traffic on the road is BuReloc-sanctioned, so any interlopers will not be dealt with very nicely. This

leaves the players with the options of a fast hit-and-run reconnaissance or trekking in overland for twenty miles under the hot California sun. Not fun, either choice.

More mature kids could try to hire on to the construction company. Savvy kids without a job could probably manage to drive in surreptitiously with the rest of the construction personnel, parking the car or bikes among the crowd. If they failed, though, they'd be in a much worse situation, what with BuRelocs and workers all around. Of course, should they succeed, they'll have a map of the camp, which could make planning a breakout much easier.

Perhaps the best approach involves a little deception and a lot of youthful innocence, so it's best to use a twelve- or fourteen-year-old punk for this: Go to the camp gate, walking. Tell the guards a tale of a boyfriend or girlfriend who, denied the physical attention they desired, dumped you in the middle of nowhere. Ask to use the phone. Wander around and ask a lot of questions. Then have an older teammate, posing as a sibling, come pick you up an hour later.



### We Need a Plan

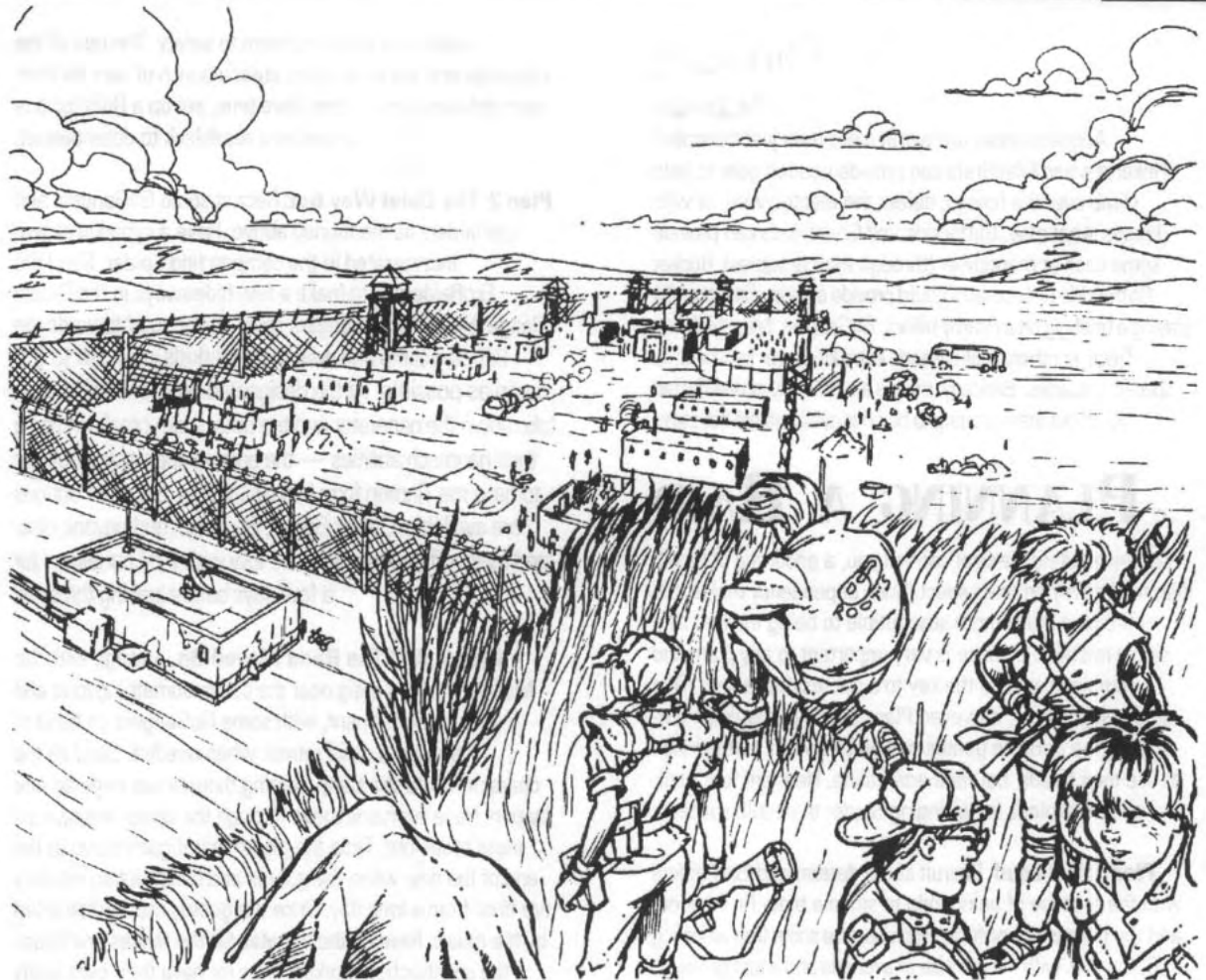
Once the cyberkids have gotten all the information they can, they need to do something with it. Spider needs to be broken out, preferably with Nomad Santiago and all the other prisoners as well. How to do it? Good question.

There are as many ways to break out of a camp as there are cyberkids with imagination. Tunnels could be dug, fences stormed, even airlift operations with a hijacked AV could work. We don't know what your players will come up with, but whatever their plans are, there are several obstacles that might need to be hurdled.

### Getting There Yogangs

The first big problem is getting to the camp and, hopefully, getting away again. Two yogangs can be especially helpful here; the GoGangers and the Tribals.

The GoGangers all have bikes, or, in some of the gangs, cars. They also like to use them, especially in high-speed chases on narrow roads evading the ISA. Carefully balanced approaches of bribes, promises, and a good sales hype could garner the cooperation of a GoGang. Of course, GoGangers being who they are, they might insist the characters' spokeskid fight their leader, just to prove the raid is a worthwhile



investment of time and fuel. Once convinced, the GoGangers are useful both as transport and extra muscle.

The Tribals are another potential asset. This BuReloc camp is being built in the middle of the Diablo Range, which has been abandoned since the Collapse. No one even takes the roads through there any more, because they are in such ill repair (until lately). Now a large, sprawling BuReloc facility threatens to plaster itself all over the remains of this wilderness. The Tribals are likely to be displeased. They can help get the characters in towards or away from the camp, using their outdoor survival and orienteering skills. Tribals also make good allies in an attack.

They are all practiced with bows and coup sticks, which are pretty darn silent in this cybernetic genius-gun age.

### Felceries

Hijacking and grand theft auto are other popular methods of getting transportation. These unfortunately attract the attention of the authorities and are therefore frowned upon by the members of the Eden Cabal. As Rache Bartmoss

would say, "That's such an adult approach. Be kids. It's supposed to be what you're best at."

### Espionage

As mentioned above, driving along with the morning commute is one good way to get there. So is joining the construction company, or stowing away on a BuReloc bus. Another option that might be open to the kids is borrowing the parents' car. Sure, you've run off and you're out of touch, but surely you know how to break into your own house and where your parents keep their keys, right?

### The Quick Way

The easiest way to get to the camp (and the method favored by the playtest teams) is simply to approach a BuReloc agent, tell him that you're homeless and need a job, and you'd like to apply for the government vocational reeducation program. Before you know it, you'll be on a van heading for the camp to learn a new trade as a pack mule, hauling boards and nails to your fellow prisoners who have more carpentry experience than you do.

## Support Ycgangs

Acquaintances are worth more than just transport. Tinkertots and MallBrats can provide needed gear to help climb over the fences, defeat the electric wire, or who knows what else. Glitterkids and Goldenkids can provide some cash or manpower (through their groupies). Rocker Glitterkids or Moshers could provide a great distraction by playing a brief gig on a nearby hillock. GoGangers, Megaviolents, Trogs, or others could provide extra kidpower to overcome specific obstacles. Basically, there's a whole city of disaffected youth out there waiting to be employed against the state.

## PLANNING A RAID

As any good BeaverBrat can tell you, a good raid does not lean too heavily on one aspect. Such dependency makes the entire plan much more susceptible to being trashed by a single mistake. Balance is very important to any plan, and combined arms is the key to a successful assault. One strong suggestion, however: Plans based primarily on out-fighting the BuReloc guards will probably fail. Get the kids to use their heads, not their adrenaline. Here are four well-balanced plans for springing Spider that could succeed.

**Plan 1: Get Loud.** Recruit some determined EcoRaiders with the promise of being able to strike a blow for freedom and the defense of nature. Likewise, lure some free-wheeling GoGangers with the promise of a rumble and a fast getaway, and maybe some Megaviolents or StreetFighters with the opportunity for a good battle for a great cause.

One innocent-looking cyberkid goes into the camp to seek out Spider Murphy. A snatch team (made up of the EcoRaiders and most of the rest of the team) moves in stealthily through the Diablo Range with the EcoRaiders leading the way. When they're in position, the GoGangers (with one or two cyberkids and whatever front-line grunts you've scrounged) hit the front gate of the prison with massive mayhem, lobbing Molotovs and doing acrobatics over the workers' cars.

When the guards are all distracted by the incident out front and all the workers are panicking, the snatch team takes down the fence on the other side of the compound. The kid inside the camp assists. If he's done his job, he'll also have garnered the help of some of the prisoners inside the camp. The cyberkids gather up Spider and Santiago and zip out the front end of the camp to where some GoGangers are

waiting to transport them to safety. The rest of the cyberkids and the other allies steal a bunch of cars for their own getaway, and, if they have time, set up a BuReloc bus or two as a roadblock to deter pursuit.

**Plan 2: The Quiet Way Out.** Recruit some GoGangers and EcoRaiders as mentioned above. Have a cyberkid or two incarcerated in the camp to find Spider. Send the EcoRaiders in to make a few hideaways in the Diablo Range. Have the GoGangers zoom up the road towards the BuReloc camp and drop the cyberkids as close to the camp as possible. At the designated time, the insider kids take down the generator and the outer team breaks in using their nanotech abilities — the easiest approach would be to have the Tinmen form human ladders, but other options are available. Gather Spider, Santiago, and anyone else, and make off into the night. Lie low with the EcoRaiders for a few days before leaving the area.

**Plan 3: And The Band Played On.** Arrange with the Moshers to hold a gig near the camp, something loud and anti-establishment, with some GoGangers on hand to provide a rapid retreat when needed. Send all the characters into the camp, getting themselves arrested one by one. Have everyone move through the camp, arranging a mass break-out. Time the gig so that it goes down at the end of the day, when the guards and construction workers are tired from a long day. Once the guards are all distracted by the music, have all the inmates hit the fences and hijack the construction workers' cars (or have their own ready hidden in the hills) to make their escapes.

**Plan 4: The Trojan Bus.** Infiltrate some cyberkids into the camp. Recruit some BoardPunks for use later. Recruit some StreetFighters, hijack a bus, and send the whole StreetFighter dojang to the front gate in broad daylight as a sort of Trojan horse. While they're being processed and admitted, the StreetFighters create an incident to distract the guards' attention. At this time, the cyberkids on the outside pass needed weapons and support equipment through the back fence to the kids on the inside, perhaps even just raw materials for the Alchemists to transmute. The kids on the outside wait for a day, and then sneak up to the camp and start breaking into cars so they'll be ready for a grand exit. Just at closing time, have BoardPunks with airboards buzz the guard towers, dropping stun grenades or what have you. When they've got the guards' attention, the fully-armed mob of cyberkids, streetfighters and edgerunners on the inside make their break, run to the cars, and make a hasty getaway.

# TUNE IN, TURN ON, BREAK OUT



**H**ere we go, folks, the object of this whole fiasco; the BuReloc prison camp. Fortunately, it is largely incomplete, which will make this jailbreak a lot easier for the cyberkids. Of course, once they've whetted their appetite here, they can move on to breaking bigger and better places. In the meantime, here's a description of the camp, keyed to the map provided on page 31.

## The Camp

**Armory:** This is a brick building with a locked steel door. There are lights all around this building, and an especially powerful lamp right over the door. Picking the lock on the door requires a roll against *Thief Stuff*@20 or *Suburban Ninja*@19, to say nothing of doing something to keep from getting spotted. The only people who have keys are the officers of the camp: the CO and the captain of the guard for each shift. Inside the one-room building are the supplies of non-lethal riot control gear and lethal pursuit equipment, as well as plenty of ammo. Pull out the stops here; get as nasty as you like.

Armor, nauseators, tanglers, gas bombs, crates of rubber slugs and dum-dum bullets, even fully-automatic belt-fed narcotic needle guns if you feel like it. Of course, the armory is not chock full of war toys from floor to ceiling, but it still has a good selection.

**Bath House:** There are two of these facilities available, one for each gender. The guards are suspicious enough that the camp inmates don't even walk too close to the bath house of the opposite sex;

there's a kind of invisible perimeter about ten meters around each bath house where opposite genders are not allowed. If one of the player characters crosses this unmarked line, have a guard rough him up and give him or her a hard time about security, promiscuity, and the fact that the Carbon Plague is an STD. ("This is the second and last warning you will receive, detainee. You are disrupting camp life. If you cannot control your hormones, we shall control them for you.")

The bath houses are simple latrines and showers, and are not designed for privacy. There are only the smallest of dividers between the toilets, and the shower room is simply one big open area. This is all a part of BuReloc's program to strip the inmates of their essential humanity. Having to sit on a toilet where everyone heading into or out of the showers can see robs a person of their dignity and pride, and without these, an inmate is a lot less likely to have the energy to escape.

The water for the bath houses comes from the water tower through underground piping. The waste water drains down through the floorboards and into a large septic tank. The pipelines might be large enough for a young ArcoRunner, but they don't connect to anything else. On the other hand, they sure wouldn't think you'd hide down there...

**Dining Hall:** This is a shabbily-built building where the detainees eat. The tables and chairs are made of plastic, strong enough to hold the prisoners but lightweight enough that they offer no threat to the guards. The serving bowls and plates are likewise light plastic, and the only utensil the inmates are given to eat with is a spoon with small fork-like tines. These, too, are plastic, and can't cut anything stronger than the gruel the BuReloc serves.

### STRATEGY HINT: BASIC CHEMISTRY

Those folks in BuReloc pump their camp food full of saltpeter in an endeavor to keep the sexual drive minimal in camp (An old-fashioned and not very effective treatment, but once the inmates have been broken down, it will no longer be necessary). For those of you Alchemists you know your basic chemistry, that's the first step towards getting gunpowder. Second, you'll need some sulfur, which you can get from eggs, fish, cabbage, or possibly even the ground (Disassembly @ 8). Carbon is the final requirement. You can get that just about anywhere (Disassembly @ 7), but be sure to crystallize it as charcoal (Assembly @ 12). Dry-mix these ingredients together in the proper proportions (requiring a *Schooling* @ 18 roll or a *Chemistry* @ 10 roll), and you have an explosive. Wrap it in seamless steel (relatively easy for you Alchemists) with a fuse of some sort, and you have a grenade. Even if you can't get enough steel to make a dangerous explosive, you'll still have a flash-and-burn chemical distraction.

BuReloc is so confident that none of the serving utensils could be used for mischief that they don't even do more than cursory accounting. It's possible that an inmate could stash away a fair number of these items over the course of a week, though the usefulness of such a venture is not obvious.

**Dormitories:** Like the bath houses, the dormitories are split by gender. Further, the guards are even more watchful of opposite-gender inmates straying too near the dormitories than they are about the bath houses. Actually getting caught inside an opposite-gender dorm is grounds for severe discipline. This of course means that families are split apart, a problem BuReloc overcomes by playing on familial ties ("Mr. Johnson, if you keep breaking the rules by seeing your daughter, we'll have to put you in solitary. And if that doesn't stop you, we'll have to put your daughter in solitary, instead.") and, later, the Relaxation Booths.

The dorms are open, military-style one-room affairs, with bunk beds running along each wall. Like the bath houses, there is no privacy. The bunk beds themselves are put together rather well, and are made entirely of wood and plastic. The fasteners used are not nails, but wooden dowels and plastic plugs.

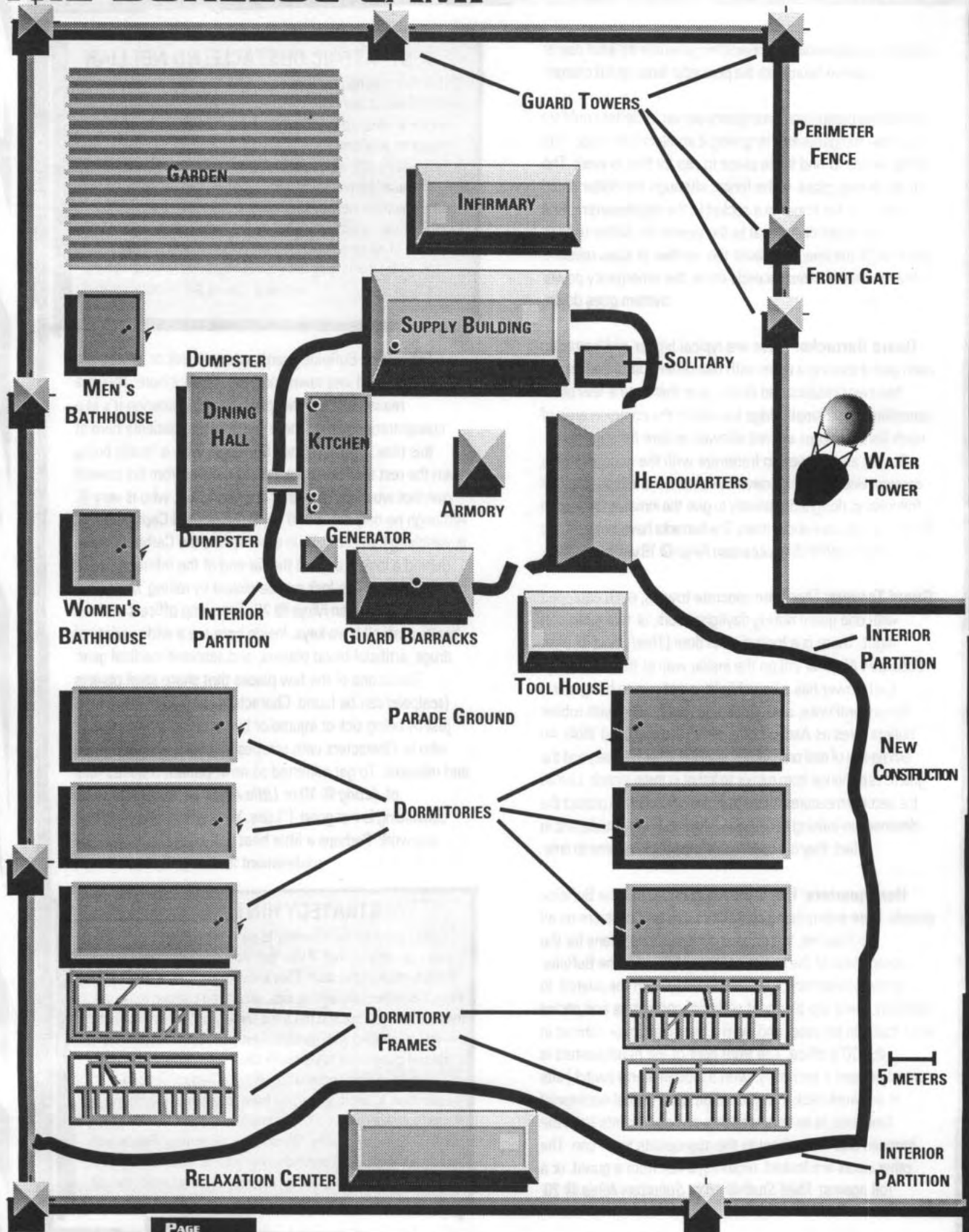
**Dumpsters:** What can you say? These are typical steel dumpsters. They're full of garbage, they smell bad, and kids love to play in them.

**Front Gate:** Made of the same material as the perimeter fence, this entrance has two independent gates for greater security. The gate is controlled from inside the nearby guard house. Two guards (sometimes three or four) are here at all times. The controls for the gate are not obvious; there's no big red button that says, "TO OPEN GATE PRESS THIS." Thus, to figure out how to open the gate requires a roll of *Electrical Security* @ 10, *Basic Tech* @ 13, or *Suburban Ninja* @ 16. Alternatively, you could hot-wire it with *Kitbash* @ 13, or a Netrunner or Wizard could do it with *Arcane* or *Interface* @ 10.

**Garden:** This is where some of the inmates have started growing their own food. The authorities surreptitiously endorse this, because it's a focus for creative energies, it keeps the cost of running the camp down, it lets the inmates think they're helping themselves, and it puts down roots in the camp (no pun intended).

**Generator:** A small brick building housing the emergency generator, this well-lit little edifice is difficult to break into (*Thief Stuff* @ 20 or *Suburban Ninja* @ 23 to pick the lock on the steel door). This small power plant is fired up whenever the power supply from the city grids is interrupted. There is a tank of

# THE BURELOC CAMP





CHOOH<sub>2</sub> in here, enough to power the generator for a full day (or twelve hours with the perimeter fence on full charge).

While the camp is on emergency power, a Bolter could try to blow the generator by giving it an electrical surge. The Bolter needs to find some place to zap for this to work. The most obvious place is the fence, although the Bolter could even stick his finger in a socket in the headquarters. Roll six-sided dice equal to the power the Bolter uses to overcharge the line, and count the number of sixes rolled. If the number of sixes exceeds three, the emergency power system goes down.

**Guard Barracks:** These are typical higher-end barracks, each guard sharing a room with one other guard. Each room has two dressers and desks, plus there are a few other amenities like a small fridge located in the common area of each floor. Inmates are not allowed in here for any reason. Guards are allowed to fraternize with the inmates in the campgrounds, but it is a carefully controlled and trained sort of fraternizing, designed expressly to give the inmates the illusion that the guards care about them. The barracks have simple locks; *Thief Stuff @ 15* or *Suburban Ninja @ 18* will break them.

**Guard Towers:** These are concrete towers, each equipped with one guard during daylight hours, or two guards at night. There is a locked steel door (*Thief Stuff @ 17* or *Suburban Ninja @ 20*) on the inside wall of the compound. Each tower has a searchlight, a net gun to bring down AeroboardPunks, and a machine gun loaded with rubber bullets (fires as Assault rifle on full auto with +1 WA). An ammo box of real ordnance is stashed in each tower, and the guards can change from rubber to lethal in three rounds. Like all the security measures, these are here ostensibly to protect the detainees-in-training from marauding bands of nomads, and in fact, they are used in this capacity from time to time.

**Headquarters:** This is the nerve center for the BuReloc guards. Here enterprising characters can find dossiers on all the inmates, full rules and regulations, plans for the completion of the camp, personnel files for the BuReloc guards, inventory lists, and possibly even the payroll. In addition, there are plenty of personal computers and phone lines that can be used, and even a personal liquor cabinet in the CO's office. The front door of the headquarters is unlocked, and a secretary (with a hidden alarm switch) sits at the front desk. Her job, aside from typical secretarial functions, is to take requests and complaints from the inmates and route them to the appropriate trash can. The other doors are locked, requiring a key from a guard, or a roll against *Thief Stuff @ 18* or *Suburban Ninja @ 20*.

### STRATEGIC OBSTACLE: NO NET LINK

This BuReloc camp is new enough that it has yet to be patched into the Net in any fashion. So far, everything is done on local microcomputers or over voice phone lines. Even so, there are things for a Wizard to do. The V-cards hung on the fence, the wards (see pg.36), and the portable bar code scanners used for roll call can all be tampered with. If the Wizard can get into the microcomputer network in the headquarters (a series of 5 x 1 CPU systems scattered around the camp), there's no telling what kind of havoc could be raised. And finally, there are a few other items lying around waiting to be abused, like the workers' cars or the microfactories...

**Infirmary:** BuReloc guards who are sick or injured are medevacked into town. Inmates are sent here. This is a reasonably nice hospital area, considering it's in a concentration camp. There are only two patients here at this time. One is Nomad Santiago, who is finally being given the rest and care he needs to recover from his several gunshot wounds. The other is a young kid, who is very ill. Although he only has a bad flu, BuReloc (and Capt. Kaprow) is watching him carefully in case he has the Carbon Plague. Behind a locked door at the far end of the infirmary is the nurses' station. The lock can be picked by rolling *Thief Stuff @ 18* or *Suburban Ninja @ 20*. The camp officers and the health staff all have keys. Inside here are a wide variety of drugs, artificial blood plasma, and assorted medical gear. This is one of the few places that sharp steel objects (scalpels) can be found. Characters can easily get in here just by being sick or injured or by escorting someone else who is. Characters with scrapes and such will be treated and released. To get admitted as an in-patient requires rolls of *Acting @ 10* or *Little Angel @ 15*. Failure to be convincing is not good. ("I see. Your wrist hurts. Can't do any work. Perhaps a little heat will help. Guard, solitary confinement for this patient, please.")

### STRATEGY HINT: STAY HEALTHY

Got to get in to the infirmary to see Nomad Santiago? Don't play sick; play injured. If you 'get sick', you'll certainly attract the attention of the staff. They know how virulent the Carbon Plague is, especially among kids, and if you pretend to be sick, they'll knock you out and run a full battery of tests to find out if you're infected with nanites. Test positive, and you'll win a special guest pass to visit with Capt. Kaprow, who will offer you a choice: cooperation with the authorities or a quick execution. In short, if you just have to get in to the infirmary, scrape your knee, have a friend break your nose, do something physical. But stay healthy. Oh yeah, one other thing: Tinkids, with your black limbs, don't pretend you've got a broken arm. We know you could make it look out of joint, but it's not worth the risk.

**Interior Partition:** This is just a simple roll of razor-wire spread across the ground to keep the inmates separate from the construction workers. All the construction workers have company photo IDs, and a pair of guards at the gap in the wire check them as people come and go. A character could leap over the razor wire by rolling *Jack Stuff @ 15* (suffering one wound for a miss), but they'd likely be spotted by the guards. Moshers can simply run through the wire (getting a wound) by rolling *Mosh @ 10* (if they miss, they trip). In addition to the wire, there are several sentry cards hung on the wire (see the Perimeter Fence description for details), but they are haphazard enough that there may be gaps. When the construction workers go home, a second roll of razor wire is stretched across here, more sentry cards are added, and a few guards patrol this area regularly.

**Kitchen:** This building is not directly connected to the dining hall. Instead, there is a conveyor (an old-fashioned roller kind, not a mechanized kind) onto which the cooks load the food and move it to the serving line in the prisoners' dining hall. The guards, on the other hand, eat in the kitchen at a small table. Since the guards rotate their chow times, only a few are in here at a

time. The camp officers are fed in their quarters. They don't usually eat standard camp fare, so poisoning them will be more difficult than poisoning the guards. The kitchen, like the other official buildings, is locked (*Theft Stuff @ 15* or *Suburban Ninja @ 20*). The staff and the officers have keys.

**New Construction:** These are the areas where the hired help is leveling the earth, setting concrete posts for building foundations, laying new plumbing lines, and erecting additional towers and perimeter fence posts. There are a couple of guards in these areas, just doing

basic supervisory stuff and making sure the workers don't smuggle things to the inmates or talk to them overmuch.

**Parade Ground:** This is simply a large, flat, open area covered with packed dirt. The inmates are formed up here every morning and evening for roll call. Once the inmates are broken down, roll call will only occur once per day.

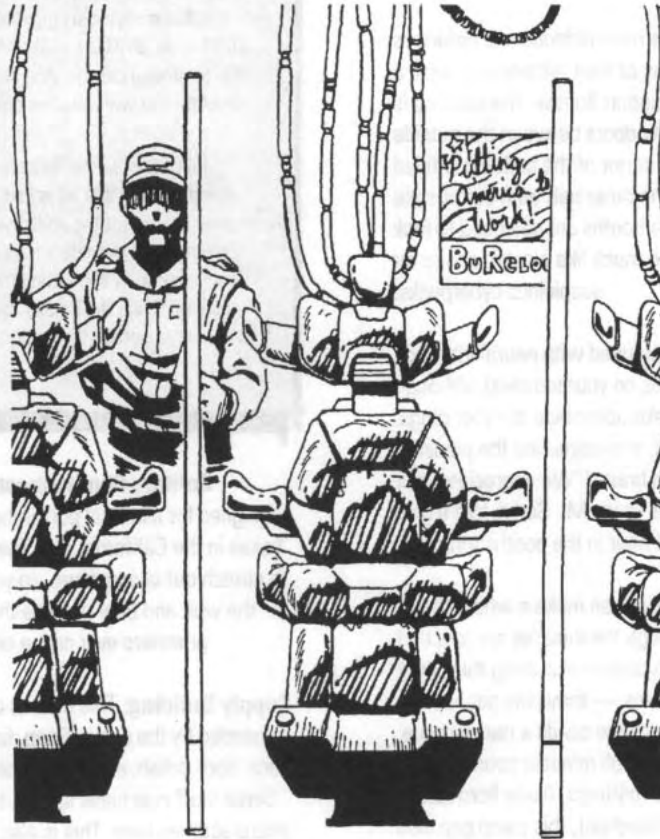
**Perimeter Fence:** This is a large chain-link fence topped with razor wire (banned by the Geneva convention, but perfectly okay for those pesky civil disputes). The fence cannot be cut with any tools the prisoners have at their disposal, although given time and equipment an Alchemist or a Tinkertot could make a pair of wire cutters (*Manipulation @ 12* or *Kitbash @ 15*).

Alternatively, a Tinman could reform his arms into cutters (*Hexite Shaping @ 15* followed by a *Strength Feat @ 10* to cut). The fence is electrified, although to save on power it only carries a nominal charge most of the time (*Resist Torture @ 10*, *Mosh @ 12*, or *Berserk* or *Deathwalk @ 15* to ignore). When problems arise, the fence can be set to full power from the headquarters or the guardhouse at the front gate. At these times, it is very advisable not to

touch the wires. If the power is not at full, it takes a roll against *Jack Stuff @ 18* to get over the coils of razor wire at the top of the fence. Finally, the fence can be battered down.

Each section takes 15 SDP before it goes down. Alternatively, a press of about twenty people in close ranks can push over one section. The guards can not be expected to stand by at such moments, however.

The perimeter fence has Sentry Cards hung on it at 20-meter intervals: V-cards with sensory grid capabilities. Sentry cards project an invisible static grid five meters outside the fence;



THE "RELAXATION" CENTER

they are basically nothing more than over-sized keyboards designed to detect anyone passing through (*Jock Stuff @ 20* to crawl under the static field without setting it off) and set off an alarm. Wizards can see the static field if they roll *Arcane @ 20*. In addition, two virtuality guards constantly patrol the perimeter of the fence. These two guards are nothing more than an animation passed baton-style from sentry card to sentry card. They look alert, and they walk within the static field so that any intruder trying to attack them activates the sensory grid.

**Relaxation Center:** This is the most hideous and nefarious of the BuReloc installations at their retraining camps: a small warehouse of Relaxation Booths. The building is equipped with serious security doors between the outside and the foyer. Half of the interior of the building is filled with the booths themselves, the other half with coffin-style sleep mats. Although the booths are designed to look relaxing, they still look too much like electric chairs for suspicious cyberpunks.

Each Relaxation Booth is equipped with neural interface slap trodes (the type you press on your temples), although some have regular jacks to take advantage of cyber plugs. The booths are used for reward; they stimulate the pleasure center of the inmate's brain. ("We appreciate your mentioning the escape plans to us, Mr. Saduj. We'll give you an extra half hour in the booths tonight.")

A few seconds of this sort of bliss can make a whole day of abuse seem worthwhile. Although the inmates are told that they get an hour of this each day — assuming they work hard and obey all the rules — they only get about a minute's worth. Then the machine sends a narcosis cue, and the inmate spends the other 59 minutes sound asleep as workers pull him out to a mattress. Aside from cutting costs and allowing greater throughput, this sleep gap also makes it easier for the inmates to adjust from pure pleasure back into the real world.

As can be imagined, this device is very addicting, especially once the controlling computer has learned its way around the inmate's brain a bit and adds extra little impulses and images to further enhance the experience for the inmate.

Also, and unknown to all but the camp officers, the computer also splices in some subliminal suggestion, training a susceptibility into the inmate which can later be used as a sort of Pavlovian riot control. One of these associations is made with the color red, and when problems occur, red lights go on all about the compound, and all the inmates start slowly calming down.

The Relaxation Center is almost finished. Workers (the hired guys, not inmates) are putting in the final touches right now. At the moment, though, the doorknobs have not yet been installed on the heavy steel doors.

### A MORE DANGEROUS GAME

The subliminal booth system in the camp is a prototype, which means there are still a few bugs in it. This may result in insanity and/or death for the recipient. For every time under the wire, there is a .02% chance of a mishap which may result in a psychosis (per the Cyberpsychosis table in *CP 2020*) or death (GM's call). Any deaths will be certified as due to natural causes. And any new psychos? Well, these street people were always pretty unstable, anyway, right?

Just because the Relaxation Booths go into operation doesn't mean that all is lost. Wizards can reprogram the computer to prevent the addictive impulses (perhaps causing a riot!), and even do a little indoctrination into the Eden Cabal instead of submitting the victims to the camp brainwashing. Using the Relaxation Booths to aid in an escape amounts to getting the government to sponsor resistance activities.

**Solitary Confinement:** These reinforced cells are designed for maximal punishment. They are regular sweat boxes in the California sun. There's not quite enough room to stretch out laying down, so you just have to lean against the wall and bear it. Once they've endured solitary, few prisoners ever cause enough problems to go back.

**Supply Building:** This houses all the non-tactical supplies needed by the camp. Soap, linen, dry foods, toilet paper, pens, boot polish, all sorts of merchandise is available here. Some stuff is actually stored, but most is produced by the microfactories here. This is also where the camp laundry is located, but although it's called a laundry, it's more of a recycling center. Prisoners turn in their old uniforms and get new ones once a month or so. Since most prisoners have only the clothes they're wearing, they need a new set by that time. Of course, until the construction workers are finished, the inmates are allowed to continue wearing their street clothes. The door has a simple lock (*Thief Stuff @ 13* or *Suburban Ninja @ 16*). The cleaning staff and the officers have keys, as does the sergeant of the watch each shift.

**Tool House:** This is where the construction tools are stored. It is securely locked (*Thief Stuff @ 18* or *Suburban Ninja @ 20*), and when the front gate is opened, there are always two people on duty here. The guards here check out

one single tool to each inmate, taking a reading of their bar code tattoo for each tool checked out. This is stored in a small computer, which does regular data dumps to the main computer in the headquarters. Nails and screws are produced by microfactories, and only in the exact amount each inmate needs. ("Detainee Phillips, you are to install the paneling on dorm 12. You will need 96 nails every 90 minutes; come back when you need more. Do not bend the nails. Scan here. Next!")

Finally, there is a powered exoskeleton here, which is used for heavy lifting when needed. It's essentially a forklift based on the *He-Man Linear Frame* [STR 27, Dam. Mod. D10+5, Lift/Cap: 1350 kg., Carry: 405 kg., -2 to REF while using, Toughness Mod (treat as SP) -7, SDP 25; see *Maximum Metal* if you wish more details]. While designed for manual use, it can also be controlled via neural links, or by your local Wizard (an *Arcane Do Your Thing* instruction roll @ 12 every other round to maintain remote control). In the hands of the kids, it is sure to see some use other than simple lifting and carrying...

There are a variety of tools which may be checked out.

Hammers, saws, shovels, picks, hoes, and other typical construction and farming tools are available. There are no wire cutters available. Electrical wires which need trimming (like during the finishing of a dormitory) are trimmed by a guard acting as site foreman. Of course, most of the tools available here could be used as weapons, so BuReloc insists that every one be checked back in at the end of the day. Failure to do so results in solitary confinement for the miscreant, and a full search of the camp until the tool is found. (By the way, inmates who narc on another inmate's indiscretion are rewarded.)

**Water Tower:** Hey, it's big, it's tall, and it looks like a Martian walker in the dark.



**POSITIVE USE OF AN EXO-FRAME**

## The Locals

There are a lot of people around this camp. Some are prisoners, others are guards, and the rest are the construction workers hired to finish the base work on the remainder of the camp. Many workers and guards can be considered cookie-cutter characters. There is little difference between one example and the next, because BuReloc ensures that this is the case.

The inmates are more varied, but there are a lot of constants between them, as well. BuReloc has searched each and every one of them for drugs and weapons. Full cybernetics scans have also been done, and cyberweapons have all been disabled, usually by removing a critical chip or wire. Without adequate tools, few if any of these accessories can be returned to use, even by a skilled technician. BuReloc has allowed the cyberlimbs to retain their basic functionality, however. Even though this is a little dangerous, it allows the inmates to do their work with greater efficiency.

The inmates still wear their street clothes, and each one has had a bar code tattooed into (or etched onto) the palm of their right hand. They are, as a general rule, beaten down, hopeless, and bewildered. Most were poor and struggling when the hammer fell, and now they've been swept into an entirely new and bleak existence. Fear is a major factor among most of the inmates, although anger is there as well. If the cyberkids can tap this anger, so much the better.

### BuReloc Guard

**Stats:** INT 6, REF 7, TECH 4, CL 6, ATT 5, LK 5, MA 7, BODY 7, EMP 5

**Skills:** Authority 3, Athletics 3, Awareness 5, Handgun 4,

Human Perception 5, Intimidate 5, Melee: Nightstick 6

**Cyber:** cyberhand with taser grip, cyberaudio (amplified hearing, voice stress analyzer, sound editing)

**Outfit:** Nelspot Wombat or Militech taser, nightstick, mirrorshades, sometimes a helmet with a radio link. In emergencies, they carry Sternmeyer Stakeout 10s loaded with rubber bullets and heavy pistols with real ordnance, and they wear riot armor if they have the time to get it on.

#### Michael Hughes

Most of the guards are your typical cannon fodder, but there are exceptions. Take Michael Hughes: A new BuReloc recruit, this job has been tough on him as he's had to watch all these people being put through the psychological meat-grinder. Quickly growing disillusioned, Mike has found himself siding with the prisoners in arguments with his watch supervisor which has resulted in reprimands and even violent threats from his fellow guards. Now fearing for his and his family's safety,

Mike will only help the detainees in small ways (no point in becoming one of them) by getting them some special medicines and delivering messages for them to the outside world, but he will not take any obvious chances. A good man caught in a bad situation, he is worth getting to know since his cooperation could be vital during any escape attempt. He works the night watch from 2400- 1000 hours.

#### Camp Supervisor Teresa Kaprow

Born on the Street, Capt. Kaprow has very little sympathy for those who haven't managed to get themselves out of the hole, and thus she monitors her wards with a fair amount of disdain, if not outright hatred. She is fascinated by the Cyberevolved, however, seeing enormous potential in them. If any of the party are captured or revealed to be Evolved, she will have a well-monitored talk with them, trying to see if she can recruit them for BuReloc or the Raptors (she is bucking for a transfer to CorpSec and would see such a recruitment as a real feather in her cap). If they refuse to cooperate, she will regretfully order their deaths. A cool and handsome older woman, Capt. Kaprow's manner is always quiet and controlled. She is ordinarily quite efficient, but the chaos of the new camp has prevented her from getting it properly organized, a fact that irritates her no end. The longer the players wait to make a break, however, the more effective camp security will become as she gets things together.

#### Steve Negru

The minute you get more than ten people together in prison, you get a Black Market. Well, Steve Negru *is* the Market in this camp (and he insures this by creating trumped up offenses for any competitors). He is in his mid-thirties, with scraggly hair and a wicked grin. He will approach all the characters at one time or the other, letting them know that

#### TACTICAL OBSTACLE: THE WARDS

Each inmate has a subdermal tracker (with a 25km range) implanted in the neck and keyed to his bar code tattoo. Once the guards have figured out which prisoner is missing, they'll key their sensors to that tracker number and home in on the escapee. Obviously, the first way to bypass this is to have all the prisoners escape at once. If BuReloc has over 100 trackers to follow, chances are smaller that they'll trace yours. A Wizard should be able to reprogram the device so it broadcasts a different code. With time and dedication, a Wizard could make all the devices in the camp broadcast the same number. That would certainly make tracking more difficult for the BuReloc boys. A third option is to cut the thing out of the inmate's neck. Unfortunately, this leaves a scar, which, considering that BuReloc implants a little tattoo dye with the trackers, marks you for life as a criminal.

Why aren't the subdermal trackers devoured by the nanites? Well, actually they are, but because the wards are supposed to be hypoallergenic, it takes the nanites a while to identify them.

Thus, about 48-60 hours after the wards are implanted in the cyberevolved, they will stop functioning, much to the consternation of the BuReloc guards, who will then start a full medical examination of any affected prisoner. The kids should be made aware of this danger, and the GM can use it as a time limit for accomplishing their mission once they're in the camp. A little pressure never hurt anyone, right?

#### THIS ISN'T SO BAD...

Many jaded players may be wondering what is so horrible about these camps anyway, no one's being put into ovens, right? Well, besides the brutal psychological programming and the fact that the detainees have had all their rights stripped away, it's just a matter of time before the State starts to make full use of the "human resources" here. It will start with work gangs being hired off to local corps for unpaid "vocational training," the 2027 equivalent of slavery. Any new drug or tool of the CEP can have "unstructured" testing in the camps before being used on the general public. And Corporates are putting bids in on attractive detainees of both sexes for "specialized training," sometimes conducted with the *Soulkiller* program. Would you fight to avoid being at the mercy of such a system? If not, then we've already lost...

he is the MAN when it comes to getting stuff that they shouldn't have, like drugs, clothes or medicines, in trade from any valuables that they may have left (he has one of the guards that works with him to smuggle in stuff). This guy is strictly small-time and would probably be dead in a minute on the street, but he can be useful for getting any unusual materials the players may need. The bad part is that he is also a snitch, and will report whatever he overhears to the guards (discreetly, of course). If this ever gets out, his days in the camp will be numbered. Play him as an annoying little power-broker who is due to overplay his hand any day now.

**Bill Cole**

Once a solo of some repute, Bill has seen it all. In fact, he's probably seen too much. Failing reflexes and a long streak of bad luck put him on the street, and BuReloc scooped him up from there. This last indignity has put him over the edge, and he now shambles around the camp, a broken and listless man; the very model of what BuReloc wants from its detainees. There may still be a spark of fight left in him, however, if the players can find it. Skilled at unarmed combat and stealth techniques, Bill only lacks the motivation to become a vital member of any escape attempt. It's up to the players to find the lever needed to move him; perhaps appealing to his Edgerunner roots or to some dormant paternal instinct (GM's call). Use the Exceptional Edgerunner template on page 189 of *Cybergeneration* for him, but make his REF 7, his Stealth 9, and he will not have any weapons.

**Rachel Barson**

A complete red herring, Rachel Barson has nothing to do with anyone. Of course, the similarity of her name to that of Rache Bartmoss might lead cyberkids to think otherwise. She's very nice, very compassionate, and very helpful. She always seems a little flustered, and, horribly enough, she still believes the BuReloc propaganda. She's homeless, untrained, and genuinely believes that the only hope she has is to get some BuReloc vocational training and be able to land a job and a home somewhere — just like President Whindam says she can on those public service spots on TV. In short, she's going to backfire on the kids, and even if they do pull a jailbreak, she'll stay in the camp like a horse returning to a burning barn. But that's the price you pay when those in power and those in the media are one and the same.

**Others**

There are plenty of other people around of every color and age. Toss off a few extras whenever you need them, and give them cursory personalities. Arnold Benes, who seeks to get himself released by being an informant. Suzie Chong, a six-year-old rapschallion. Jorge Adrianopolous, going quietly insane with flashbacks to his incarceration in a CentAmer POW camp. Shep Ovina, too scared to break the rules. Chandra Ross, always voicing her objections loudly and clearly, yet never actually causing troubles.

Similarly, the contract workers have a variety of standard personalities available, from the bigot who hates the barnacles of society, to the compassionate guy who thinks the inmates are being helped, to the objector who doesn't dare try to intervene too much. All of these cameo parts can be drummed up and used as needed, and they help to flesh out the camp.

**NOMAD SANTIAGO**

Nomad Santiago, a senior member of the Aldecaldo pack, has always been a simple guy. He likes fast bikes, faster women, and very big guns. He's not afraid to use any of them as often as he likes. He opened fire on BuReloc when they raided the building, whereat they put him down with a return volley, gave him pefunctory treatment, and shipped him onto the bus. His wounds weren't all that horrid, but the lack of adequate attention followed by being packed on the bus and sent here has worsened his situation. If Santiago was simple before, he's simpler now: he wants nothing more than to lie down and sleep, although preferably outside this camp. He is able to function, though poorly. All his stats and skills are halved for the duration of this adventure. The nomad is not as smart or as prepared as Spider, and he's a lot more arrogant, so he didn't have a cover story ready for when the law finally caught up to him. Instead, Santiago has used his injuries as a defense, simply moaning and feigning delirium when asked his name. At the moment, he is known to the authorities simply as Detainee 12.

<b>NAME</b>	NOMAD SANTIAGO				
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<b>INT</b>	5	<b>REF</b>	11	<b>COOL</b>	9
<b>TECH</b>	6	<b>MOVE</b>	10	<b>LUCK</b>	4
<b>BODY</b>	10	<b>BMP</b>	5	<b>ATT</b>	6

<b>S.ABILITY</b>	Family	8
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<b>AWARENESS</b>	8	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	9	<b>DODGE</b>	7
<b>DRIVE</b>	9	<b>JUDO</b>	9	<b>RIFLE</b>	10
<b>HANDGUN</b>	10	<b>SEDUCTION</b>	8	<b>STREETWISE</b>	9
<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	8	<b>MELEE</b>	10	<b>STEALTH</b>	7

<b>BTM</b>	-4	<b>HITS</b>	10
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**Cyber:** Kerezikov boost, cyberlink, cyberarm with Kevlar & 9mm SMG (disabled — the subprocessor has been removed), cyberleg with thigh holster (empty), two cyberoptics (targeting, lo-lite, microscopics, infrared)

**PLOTPATH: ONE MORE TIME**

Not all of the prisoners here are from Spider's building, folks. On top of that, there's a bunch of workers and guards. Could be bad if some kid's Final Quarantine neighbor fingered her as a runaway with the Carbon Plague. **On that note:** It is unlikely that there are any other Cyberevolved in the camp since so few people have been interned so far. Also, any obvious Evolved would have been taken away or killed by now. The kids are on their own.



Spider is lightweight and bookish looking, very much a netrunner instead of a physical person. Nevertheless, her voice synthesizer, motion detector, and pain editor make her an effective part of an escape team. Spider's most telling feature is her long red hair, which she habitually wears as a single thick braid. Since she's being forced to do menial work, she's taken to tying this braid into loops or a large bun. Without Rache's rendition of her, the cyberkids will not be able to identify her just by looking. A Scanner could find out, but it might take quite a while to scan all the people in the camp (of which there are currently about 120). Also, since she knows of the Raptors, she takes pains to conceal her thoughts.

Play her cool and reserved, with the poker face of someone who has spent her adult life dodging the authorities. In fact, the only thing that will make her lose her composure is to have someone call her by her real name (Arabella), because no one has called her that since she ran away from home at age 14.

### SPIDER MURPHY

A netrunner of no small repute, Spider Murphy is very intelligent and quick-witted. She has long nurtured and developed an artificial personality known as Robin Phillips for use in case she ever did get caught. This personality is bolstered by seeds of information she has sown in the Net over the years, so to all appearances, Robin Phillips really exists. Spider knows that, since she's in government hands, her survival depends on no one ever finding out who she really is. Even if confronted with her real identity, she will deny it. She'll listen to what folks have to say, just out of a 'theoretical possibility that Spider might turn up', but she'll never admit it. It will take some direct proof that the team was sent by Rache (like the contact phone number and name) to get her to reveal her identity to them. She and Nomad Santiago have not spoken to each other since they got here. It hasn't been tough, since he's in the infirmary, but even were he released, he'd be savvy enough to avoid approaching her.

<b>NAME</b>		SPIDER MURPHY (Robin Phillips)															
<b>INT</b>	10	<b>REF</b>	8	<b>COOL</b>	9												
<b>TECH</b>	8	<b>MOVE</b>	4	<b>LUCK</b>	6												
<b>BODY</b>	4	<b>EMP</b>	6	<b>ATT</b>	7												
<b>S.ABILITY</b>		Interface			11												
<b>AWARENESS</b>	9	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	4	<b>DODGE</b>	5												
<b>CYBERDECK DESIGN</b>	9	<b>PROGRAMMING</b>	10	<b>EDUCATION</b>	8												
<b>HANDGUN</b>	5	<b>SYSTEM KNOW.</b>	11	<b>LIB. SEARCH</b>	12												
<b>BASIC TECH</b>	6	<b>BRAWLING</b>	4	<b>STEALTH</b>	5												
<table border="1"> <tr> <td colspan="6">Cybernet</td> </tr> <tr> <td><b>BTM</b></td> <td>-1</td> <td><b>HITS</b></td> <td>4</td> <td colspan="2"></td> </tr> </table>						Cybernet						<b>BTM</b>	-1	<b>HITS</b>	4		
Cybernet																	
<b>BTM</b>	-1	<b>HITS</b>	4														
<b>Cyber:</b> Neural processor, 2 x Interface plugs, Cybermodem link, pain editor, memory chips, motion detector, digital recorder, voice synthesizer																	



### NIGEL HOLLISON

Nigel's real name is Don 'Ace' McLeod. He is CorpSec's undercover plant in the camp, assigned the job of ferreting out Spider Murphy. Born of an American father and an English mother, he has resurrected his English accent for this assignment, the better to appear as 'one of them damn foreigners.' He has served with the LAPD and LEDiv, and has spent the last ten years freelancing.

His rep as a bodyguard took a hit in 2021 when Jack Entropy died (see *EuroTour* for details), but he has been able to find continued employment as a private investigator and bounty hunter. His quiet and observant habits have made him a favorite hireling of CorpSec in recent years, and being a dedicated cop-on-the-street, he'd love to bring in Spider Murphy to show those netboys that the real world beat-walker is still superior to any cyberspace cowboys.

Since the characters are likely to be all cyberkids, none of them should know 'Ace' McLeod. However, if one of your PCs is an old-hand edgerunner and went on the EuroTour, he or she will recognize 'Ace' immediately. If this happens, he will admit to his real identity, and say that he adopted the cover name of Nigel Hollison because he's wanted by the ISA. He has also been trained by CorpSec to avoid easy scanning. Any attempt to read his true intent will be a Difficult *Interpretation* task in this environment.

Face it, folks, while our friend 'Ace' helped the edgerunners during the EuroTour, times have changed. Now that the front line has shifted, he's on the other side of the fence, and he'll stop at nothing to accomplish his mission. You have no idea how big the bounty on Spider is.

CorpSec has an inkling that there might be some sort of organized crime element out there. CorpSec also knows that Spider Murphy is not without allies. These two ideas may well be linked. Rather than allow BuReloc to take a heavy-handed and probably fruitless approach in trying to determine which inmate is Spider, they hired 'Nigel Hollison.' His plan is simple, though necessarily vague. He'll hang around, spread dissent, and try to engender someone else into making a plan for a break-out. He figures Spider Murphy of all people would be all in favor of that idea. Further, if an externally-aided escape is planned, he'll try to be on the inside of that group, as well. He'll do everything he can to help, figuring that there's no one here other than Spider important enough to warrant a raid. Finally, acting on the advice of CorpSec, he'll keep an eye out for any kids, especially if they're cyberevolved. BuReloc doesn't know he's here (to better ensure his cover is secure), and he'll act the consummate foreign detainee. After his years of bounty hunting, he's gotten quite good at putting on a front.

<b>NAME</b>	ACE MCLEOD (Nigel Hollison)				
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<b>INT</b>	6	<b>REF</b>	8	<b>COOL</b>	8
<b>TECH</b>	4	<b>MOVE</b>	6	<b>LUCK</b>	5
<b>BODY</b>	10	<b>EMP</b>	3	<b>ATT</b>	4

<b>S.ABILITY</b>	Authority (COP)	6
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<b>AWARENESS</b>	8	<b>ATHLETICS</b>	4	<b>DODGE</b>	4
<b>DRIVE</b>	7	<b>HUM. PERCEP.</b>	6	<b>EDUCATION</b>	4
<b>HANDGUN</b>	6	<b>INTIMIDATE</b>	5	<b>WARD. &amp; STYLE</b>	5
<b>STREETWISE</b>	7	<b>MELEE</b>	5	<b>STEALTH</b>	6
<b>LEADERSHIP</b>	4	<b>PER. &amp; FAST TALK</b>	4	<b>THAI BOXING</b>	6

<b>BTM</b>	-4	<b>HITS</b>	10
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**Cyber:** Plugs, weapon link, Sandevistan speedware, adrenal boost, subdermal armor (SPB), cybersoptic (image enhancement, targeting, lo-lite, teleoptics, thermograph, Times Square — yes, with six options; this is cutting-edge tech), CorpSec homing beacon with cookie-cutter (subdermal)



## THE CAMP ROUTINE

Weapons are not a problem at the front gate, since the detainees' possessions were already inventoried at the processing center and certain items were confiscated "until their release." New admissions to the camp are given a full scan for cybernetics (nanotechnology is not detected by these scans). In addition, everyone is required to roll up their sleeves to make sure they are not Tinmen. Of course, this is a new camp, and most of the guards don't yet really understand the full implications of the Carbon Plague, so this examination is easy to fudge your way through. There are even a few guards at the camp who think the purpose of rolling up the sleeves is to spot IV drug users. The test can be avoided by rolling a check against *Blend* @ 13.

If the guards locate a Tinman with the examination, the victim will be quarantined in the infirmary. If he persists in being a troublemaker, he'll be sent to solitary. Regardless, a day or two after discovery, a CorpSec security van will arrive to take the kid away. Sure hope they've broken out by then.

Once the kids are inside the gate, they are given a bar code identification tattoo on the palm of their right hand. Then they are fed a battery of medicines designed to rid them of any parasites or communicable diseases. It also makes the inmate feel somewhat sedated (gee, I wonder why). Then they are assigned a bunk in one of the dormitories. They are told the camp rules, which amount to 'do your work and don't cause trouble.'

Every morning at 0630 hours, the inmates are formed up on the parade ground for roll. The guards count heads, and if the numbers don't tally, they go around with portable bar code scanners and do a person-by-person inventory. Once they find out who's missing, they pull a typical search while everyone else sweats out on the parade ground with their stomach growling. If everyone is accounted for, the CO or his Executive read the orders of the day, work assignments, and any other items of interest. Then follows the pledge of allegiance (which Nigel Hollison does not participate in) and everyone is dismissed for breakfast.

**"I pledge obedience to the flag of the Incorporated States of America, and to the concept for which it stands: one nation, following the President, indivisible, with prosperity and security for all."**



### TACTICAL HINT: DUMMY ROLL

Be sure to play on the individual strengths of your cyberkids. For example, two Tinmen and a 'Facer' can create an additional person in the middle of a formation. The Tinmen use their arms to create the head and shoulders of a person. This leaves their sleeves empty, but that is unlikely to be noticed by those guards scanning the formation. The 'Facer' puts his facedancing mask on the constructed head to give it a lifelike appearance, and uses his mimicking skill to call "Here" should it be necessary. With this tactic, one of your team could be undertaking all sorts of mischief all while being counted in the official roll. The down side of this is that you'd better be on good terms with those around you so they don't think you're monsters. Additionally, if you're too close to the edge of the formation, your ruse is more likely to be spotted.

### TACTICAL HINT: THE SKIN GAME

Tinmen have an obvious disadvantage of having a visible manifestation of their cyberevolution. This can be covered up with a RealSkinn™ prosthesis, requiring a guard to make an *Awareness* roll @ 19 (or possibly higher if he's careless). RealSkinn™ prostheses have become available on the yogang black market, or can be obtained through others in the Eden Cabal. Prices vary from around 50 eb through Eden up to 300 through the yogang black market. They can also be purchased at costume supply stores (where the 'Facers' get their masks) for 100 eb, but recent regulations have made it very difficult for Tinmen to get these. The downside to wearing a skin prosthesis is that you have to remove it before you change the shape of your arm. Well, you could leave it on in an emergency, but a shredded piece of RealSkinn isn't going to fool anyone in the future.

Breakfast generally runs from 0645 to 0720 or so. By 0730, everyone is supposed to be at his assigned work post. Although there are specific orders as to who's supposed to work where, the guards don't much care as long as every job gets its share of workers and all the projects get completed. Job trading is common among the inmates, and helps to keep the grapevines and rumor mills flourishing.

There is a lunch break, split into two shifts, one from 1300 to 1330, and the other from 1330 to 1400.

Work continues until 1900, at which time dinner is served. Once dinner is over (2000 hours), there's a second roll call, after which the inmates can work on their gardens or relax. Once the camp is in full swing, the second roll call may be canceled and the evening time will be dominated by the Relaxation Center and a politically correct V-Space show.

At this stage in the camp's development, the inmates are put to work finishing the additional dormitories. The hired hands have poured the foundations and put up the main structural timbers, leaving the rest for the prisoners to complete. The prisoners have to finish the frame, string the electrical lines, do the plumbing, attach the siding, and finish the roof. Some are also put to work making furniture, mainly bunk beds. Still others are ordered to make adobe bricks for further housing projects.

Of course, all of these tasks require some skill at carpentry and such. Inmates without any useful skills are either put to work digging septic tanks or ditches for the utility lines, or else are given some rudimentary vocational instruction on the parade ground during work hours. The authorities are rather intolerant of those who seem to be slow in learning; they suspect them of "trying to mooch their way through life just like they were on welfare."

Guards are also a regular sight. While patrolling inside the compound, the guards use the tried-and-true buddy system:

They always move in pairs. The advantages of moving in pairs are twofold: It makes it harder to ambush a guard, and it makes it easy for the guards to use the good cop/bad cop routine on the inmates. To further expedite this psywar technique, the guards never move too close together, so inmates can always approach the 'good' guard without the 'bad' guard overhearing ... at first.



## Another Plan

Whether they're inside the camp, outside, or both, the characters need to come up with a plan of escape. You have the information now, so turn the characters loose and see what they do with it. It's their show. It's up to you how well it works in practice. After all, they'll probably only get one shot.

Keep in mind, whatever happens, that Nigel Hollison (Don 'Ace' McLeod) will do everything he can to try to get Spider. He figures that outside help, possibly kids, will try to spring her. He'll do everything he can to assist and foment unrest, in hopes of getting near her. He'll watch any kids that show a special interest in the women of the camp, because he knows Spider's female. He's an intelligent and capable guy, and a worthy addition to any escape team. Make sure the characters come to this conclusion on their own, so that they'll want to include him.

## AND THEN IT HITS THE FAN

If the players are moving a tad too slowly or have elected for an overly violent approach, the GM should feel free to have all hell break loose in the camp. Have some prisoner make a loud noise at the wrong time, or someone screams; or whatever; but as the sirens start to wail and the spotlights sweep across the compound, the heat should definitely be on the players. If the team has really screwed up or just seems to be having too easy a time with the guards, Kaprow can call in the TRU squad (see pg. 20), and soon armed AVs will be sweeping over the camp, taking down prisoners and yogangers alike with gas and cannons (the enthusiastic team on our cover seems to be facing such a situation). Hopefully, they will learn that stealth is superior to firepower and make a hasty exit.

# DENOUEMENT



**I**f all has gone well, the kids have made it out of the camp with Spider. If you've done your job as gamemaster, Ace (aka Nigel Hollison) is with them, his trusty little CorpSec implant broadcasting his location every 15 minutes. Hmm. A mole in the Eden Cabal.

Give any Wizard a *Get A Clue* roll @ 20 to detect this broadcast if they happen to be looking at Ace at the right time. Ace will of course feign ignorance of any such device, accusing BuReloc of implanting a second ward. Play him intelligently; it will take more than this to get him to tip his hand.

The question is, what will CorpSec do about it? If Ace has a chance to get away and talk to them, and if he realizes that there's a large-scale conspiracy going on, nothing happens, and instead Ace infiltrates deeper and deeper into the organization. Perhaps he succeeds, and the campaign continues with Ace as the quiet enemy in the ranks. Or perhaps he gets caught and interrogated by Rache Bartmoss and ends up working in a restaurant — as a doorstop.

The more probable result is that Ace doesn't understand the full implications of the Eden Cabal, or that he is unable to isolate himself from the rest of the group to place a call to CorpSec.

Bartmoss especially is paranoid of outsiders and will insist that any newcomers be watched. If the players locate and remove Ace's transmitter implant (requires a *First Aid* roll @ 15 to avoid injuring Ace, although they may not care by that point), they can ID it as a non-standard transmitter. If they destroy it, they will automatically trigger the CorpSec raid described below, which will hit within 15 minutes.

In either of these last two cases, CorpSec sends a team to arrest Spider and pull Ace out of trouble. These guys fall like a hammer, but they don't understand that there's more than a netrunner to be arrested; there's a whole room full of cyberevolved.

The raid might take place something like this:

You're back in the safe house, winding down. Spider and Nigel are talking animatedly at the table, discussing the legal implications of Virtuality. Bartmoss vanished after the debriefing, and Nomad Santiago lies on the most comfortable mattress, snoring quietly. As the adrenaline starts to wash away entirely, it seems like you've gotten away clean. Then, just as you begin to joke around, the door bursts open, splintering on its hinges.

"FREEZE!" bellows an enhanced voice. "CorpSec! No one move!" Several cyber-enhanced corporate police slip through the door and deploy themselves, silenced submachine guns at the ready.

**CorpSec Snatch Team (number depends on party size)**

**Stats:** INT 6, REF 9, TECH 5, CL 7, ATT 6, LK 5, MA 9, BODY 7, EMP 4

**Skills:** Athletics 7, Authority 5, Awareness 7, Dodge & Escape 5, First Aid 4, Intimidate 6, Melee: Wolver 6, SMG 6

**Cyber:** Cyberoptics (with infrared, lowlite, smartlink, anti-dazzle, camera, telescopes, and Times Square), wolvers

**Outfit:** Metal Gear armor, medium SMGs (one has a Crusher automatic subshotgun, see *Chromebook 1*, pg.42), helmets with voice amplifiers and coaxial microspotlights, gas masks, assorted gas grenades, striptape binders, one has a first aid kit, one has a tracker cued to Ace's transmitter.

What happens? They just want to arrest Spider Murphy and get Ace back. They don't care about anyone else. They'll even ask for Don McLeod by his real name, since they don't know what he looks like. If no one moves, they grab Spider and Ace and leave. Of course, if everyone is indecisive, you can have Nomad Santiago open up with whatever

gun he's managed to scrounge. That'll toss the whole situation right into the fan.

If one of the kids fires, or displays a nanotech power, the guards open up with everything. Their reaction is totally out of line with any acceptable police norm. This is especially true if they notice that one of the kids is "an inhuman mutant subanimal," because they will deliberately hunt down the kids and kill them ruthlessly. Ace immediately ducks out and makes his escape as soon as gunfire starts.

Can Ace McLeod be turned? It's possible, but it won't be easy. He's a lifetime cop, dedicating his entire existence to fighting wrongs. He supports law and order, and to him these are embodied by the ISA. Granted, the cops are, as a general rule, slowly being disillusioned by the state of the union. More and more are realizing that the ISA is a fascist state, with no regard for human rights. These people can be turned. With luck and perseverance, perhaps Ace could be one of these. It may take years, and it'll be dangerous, but it's the right thing to do.

And that's what the revolution is all about.

**BUT IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG WAR...**

"There's been talk of revolution for a long time. Youth have talked about it for the last seventy years, a youth culture revolt against the crusty old ways. They think they know it all, think they understand the world better than those who've been in it for three times as long. What arrogance. Only kids can be so haughty. Now, I take a look around me and, yeah, things aren't so pretty, but they work. There is law and order, and the long arm of the law is getting longer. Look at the statistics. Things are getting better. But the kids still aren't satisfied, and that, my friend, is what scares me. I've done my reading. There've been a few places where the younger generation overthrew the older generation. Where? China. Cambodia. Viet Nam. Colombia. South Africa. Heck, in China, they even called it The Cultural Revolution. And what happened? Hate and violence and murder and totalitarianism like the world had never seen before. That's why I fight these kids. I fight them because they're lawbreakers, and because without even knowing it, they're working to turn our country into a living Hell."

— Don 'Ace' McLeod.

It's up to this generation to prove him wrong. And they will ... because they have to.

# NEW YOGANGS

## MOSHER



"Party 'til you puke!"  
 "Hey, watch this. I'll do a  
 back flip off the stage."  
 "Crank it up and get ugly!"

Everyone, it seems, has their own escape from the harsh realities of the twenty-first century. 'Facers live others' lives, Trogs run and hide, and Megaviolents grab the basest of kicks. But not you. You experience life in all its harshness, with music as the vehicle. You are the party animals of 2027, thronging to hear the latest in head-banging chromatic rock in back alley clubs, abandoned warehouses, and junkyards. You don't do discos; it's got to be live music, and it's got to be loud, and it's got to drip with angst and anger and frustration. You get together, dance and yell and pogo and scream until the sweat rolls freely down your face, and then you start to get a little wild.

Your goboyos are generally from the middle- and lower-class ends of the social spectrum: those Americans who have stress to cope with, pain to name. Kids from the upper-class and wealthy families don't have to deal with privation, just boredom and isolation. They don't even have to toe the line; that 'privilege' falls to the lower end of the social ladder, your end, and it is to deal with this that you party so hard. You also have less to lose than the rich, which makes you much more willing to risk what you have for the simple pleasures of stage-diving and drinking so much that you crawl through your own vomit in the gutter. Others say it's escapism, but you know you're wrestling with your pain and abuse, facing it down night after night and living life to the fullest. Just feel the music and listen to the lyrics; they tell it true.

### Appearance

You wear clothes that are rugged and easy to wash (which you often have to do after a concert, just to get the unidentifiable matter out). The entire concept behind Mosher fashion is to get as ugly as possible. Some think this stems from a statement against modern society, but you know the rule came from the vileness of modern adult society. Get ugly. They treat you like misshapen guttersnipes, so you dress the part and give them what they want. In their face.

Your common outfits include boots (for wading through broken glass), heavy jeans or fatigues, and a couple of the new Reacti-mesh™ shirts, which you wear open. The Reacti-mesh™ shirts are perfect for your lifestyle; when out in the cold of the street, the mesh closes up for warmth, but it opens up for ventilation in the compressed heat of a gig. Fortunately, they are available in a variety of bizarre colors and patterns, and their loose fit makes it easy to hide weapons and drinks. You also wear headbands of various sorts, but the most common type among your goboy is a cotton mesh band pulled tight, covered with cloisonne pins of your favorite band insignia (yeah, the pins dig into your scalp, but who the frack cares?). To top it all off, you wear the mandatory denim duster or long coat (but not armored or leather; they're too heavy).

You're fond of accessories, especially if they clash. The girls wear sickly paisley miniskirts or shredded lingerie over their tights and combat boots, guys might wear oversized silk boxers over their pants, and everyone wears patches, pins, and other memorabilia from his favorite bands. Exclusive concert T-shirts can command a high price among Moshers, but you'd never sell yours. Tattoos (both temporary and permanent) are common as well, with the more obvious ones bequeathing the most prestige. Facial tatoos in particular have come to be signs of true dedication to the Mosher lifestyle, an on-my-face-in-your-face statement, but it takes a real hard-core Mosher to get one.

### Subculture

You are the proud heirs of the head-bangers, punks, and grungers of the previous century, a post-modern primitive culture, clannish in nature. Your social life centers around hole-in-the-wall clubs and basement bars where energetic bands bash out cutting edge rock — chromatic, retropunk, and duster. The bands might not be skilled, but they have imagination and lots of energy, and they speak to your needs. The group identity built by your yogang is based heavily on a primal sort of bonding engendered by the close, sweaty, groping, and often painful physical contact each of you undergoes for several hours at each concert, with stage divers leaping out into the heads of the throng and a few full-blown brawls to add a little excitement. It's a very physical intimacy, fueled by mob psychology and driven by the music, and you love it.

You don't pay attention to physical pain. Having someone land on your head with combat boots is all just a part of the gig. On the other hand, as a stage diver you expect that, on occasion, you won't be caught and you'll crash to the floor, possibly breaking something in the process and having people step on your kidneys until you can crawl out of the crowd. Empty bottles of Smash fly into and out of the throng regularly, getting glass underfoot and keeping the 24-hour clinics in business. And it's not a good night unless there are a few good-natured fist fights to keep the energy level high.

Even outside the concert, you look at life as a big laugh. You'll get in a scrum at the drop of a hat, sling your fists for a few minutes, and then laugh it off. Since 'personal combat' is legal in the States, you can do this repeatedly, getting some practice and

constantly disrupting the corporate drones, and the police have no grounds to arrest you unless they catch you panhandling. You bring your music out into the streets with you as well, playing bootleg tapes of your favorite groups on your boomboxes as you move through the crowds. You'd feel isolated without your music

Mosher yogangs tend to be geographically organized, simply because it's easier to get together with your friends if they live within walking distance. Mosher gangs also tend to focus around one or two music groups whom they consider the best. This championing of bands can lead, in downtown areas where several Mosher gangs get together, to vicarious wars between the gangs, with each playing tapes as loud as possible and kicking and punching to further their arguments. Despite all the infighting, you all look on each other as kinfolk, and you'll drop any pretense of animosity to team up against any outside interference, be it from another yogang or from adults.

### Belonging

Most new Moshers get in by being friends of current Moshers, but you, having just moved here, didn't have it so easy. You looked and searched late at night, and you eventually found a club and started frequenting it. You went to the gigs, hung out, pushed a few people around, and slung a stage diver up by his heels just to teach him a lesson. You got ugly, raiding your family's rag bin for some really cranked clothes. Once you blended in, you bought someone a can of Smash, and got the lowdown on a hot new band playing in an abandoned tenement. You showed up to that gig, and you were already in the Moshers.

Staying involved doesn't require tasks that need to be met or skills that you need to possess; you just have to have contacts. If another Mosher will tell you of upcoming gigs, you're in. If not, keep trying; keep frequenting the clubs. Or carry a boombox in public and bang your head against the wall a few times to get their attention. Anyone who really wants to can, and eventually will, be a Mosher.

### Allies & Enemies

You have your closest ties with the BoardPunks, who share a common desire to have fun and get physical. Your two yogangs often hang out together; you provide the music and an audience, and they give you something to watch and make jokes about. You also have decent relations with Goths, because they also have an appreciation for 'real music', which is to say anything underground. (The Goths, by the way, refer to you as 'Frankies', a reference to your 'clumsy Frankenstein physicality.' Fat lot they know.) You have no taste for Glitterkids, Mallbrats, or 'Facers, all of whom are too trendy, too upscale, and too wimpy. Although you are generally friendly and gregarious, you give members of these yogangs a hard time whenever possible. These are the few times that you'll get into a fight and really mean it.

Although you annoy the police and corporations, these authorities largely ignore you as mostly harmless. They have bigger fish to fry.

**Slang**

**Base:** sober

**Chester:** as a verb, projectile vomiting; as a noun, a social faux pas, a nerd

**Cranked:** really ugly or disgusting (generally a compliment)

**Grainy:** exceptionally emotional or loud

**Pit:** cool, hard-core, popular

**Scrum:** fight

**Throw down:** to play music, to have sex

**White:** horribly drunk or under the influence

**Gang Skill: Mosh (BODY)**

In Mosher parlance, to mosh is to do something really daring or reckless. Your parents would probably refer to it as being stupid or suicidal, but hey, they're punching a clock and you're having fun down in the old junkyard, right? Stage-diving is moshing. So is banging your head against the wall, drinking until you're blind, and leaping onto a moving semi. Basically, moshing is any act which proves you don't really care. Live, die, it's all the same, right? I mean, what have your corporate-sucking parents given you to live for, anyway? With your Mosh skill, you can ignore the fears and hesitations that plague most normal boring people. You can ignore the shrieks of pain of your bones and tendons. After all, that's what you do, night after night at the gigs. Wanna stage-dive? Piece of cake (Average). Open that bottle with your teeth? No problem (Easy). Need to leap from the tenement roof to catch that hot-water pipe one floor down and twelve feet out? What the heck (Very Difficult). Ignore your fractured jaw while you try to talk your way out of an arrest? It's second nature to you (Difficult). Some yogangers say the things you do seem impossible, but that's just because they let themselves believe it.

**Some examples of using the Mosh skill:**

- **Combat Dance:** using the head butt (1D6) and body smash (1D3) as a martial art (can substitute for *Streetfighting* skill in a brawl).
  - Ignore impact damage: blunt trauma damage halved on a successful roll.
  - Stay awake for days (equal to 1/2 *Mosh* skill level).
  - Eat almost anything non-fatal (but not necessarily poisonous) without puking on a successful roll.
  - Ignore Stun/Shock rolls on a successful roll.

**If You're a Mosher:**

- 1) Tell me your age, name, and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides the V-trodes you miraculously haven't lost, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
  - A portable music chip player with earphones.
    - A beat-up compact disk boom box radio.
  - A dozen bootleg chips, tapes, or CDs (your choice of music).
    - Mega-V™ spiked leather gloves (1D6).
    - A first aid kit.
  - A small bottle of your favorite libation in a hip flask.
    - Heavy peacoat, trenchcoat, or duster (SP5).

# TROG

"Claustrophobia? Not since I got stuck in a storm drain for two days."



"They think we're  
monsters. Fine by me."  
"Death from below!"

The corporations are the America of tomorrow, or at least that's what they tell you. You believe they are the dawn of the bleakest days since the Collapse. They are the future, and you want to have no part of it. In fact, you want no part of the present, either.

That's why you're a Trog. You've abandoned the corporate-controlled streets and sought refuge underground, biding your time among the storm drains and sewer lines beneath the city streets. Sometimes you even launch raids above ground, just to keep the enemy on their toes. Darkness is your blanket and fear is your ally, because the deadguys and zombie girls don't like trying to chase you through your natural habitat. You have too many surprises waiting

### What You Look Like

As a Trog, you believe functionality is more important than appearance, although you'll try to get both. Jungle boots and tabi boots are common amongst your goboyos, although some older

Trogs go in bare feet. Sneakers and boots without adequate drainage are never seen. Your clothes tend towards the nylon and polyester, because those hold less water than cotton. Other Trogs wear plastic or wool, but most agree that plastic is too hot and wool too heavy when it gets soaked.

You wear long pants and a long-sleeved shirt like most of the other Trogs. Some Trogs wear shorts or tank tops, but they're usually the older ones that have become acclimated to the colder temperature below ground and whose skin is covered by a uniform layer of subcutaneous fat. Whatever you wear, it's sure to be loose-fitting, both to allow you some freedom of movement should you get hung up on a protruding spike and to give you a more nebulous appearance. And, of course, you've got your duster, pea coat, or rain jacket to top it all off. The best coats are the over-sized ones that reach almost to the ground.

All your clothes are in darker colors: blood red, black, brown, or deep blue. The colors blend in well with the lines, and stand out in stark contrast to your pale Trog skin. And hair? Who needs hair? It gets in your eyes and itches when it gets too dirty, so you just shave it all off. All the better that it helps give you the image of a subterranean monster. So does your scarcity of gizmos. You carry some gear to be sure, but as a general rule, you know you should be able to survive underground with nothing to help you. No crutch. Crutches are for the weak, which is why society sold itself out to the corporations.

### Subculture

Many people view your yogang as a degenerate offshoot of the ArcoRunners. Personally, you think that's a load of drek.

ArcoRunners are Trogs who don't have the guts to give up their feather bed or the courage to spend the night alone in a cold sewer line. Trog subculture is geared expressly to survival outside of society. Not away from society like the EcoRaiders, but outside, looking in. You live like parasites, bleeding the surface world of the birthright your parents sold away. Living as you do among the leeches and mosquitoes, one might think you wouldn't be proud to be a parasite, but you recognize the nobility of sapping the strength of a corrupt system, getting your perks without selling yourself. You constantly train to survive in the worst of situations, because you know when everyone else has fallen before the corporate juggernaut, the Trogs will still be there, underground where adults fear to tread. They will never eliminate you.

Some of the Trogs still maintain contact with the surface world. You realize that this is a necessity; you can't be a true parasite without knowledge of your host. This keeps you informed of the goings-on on the surface world, and gives you advanced notice of any potential threats or allies. There are other advantages to scamming the surface world, too. It's the only place to get a good education, it keeps you up-to-date on technology, and it makes it much easier to garner supplies for the rest of the Trogs. The other Trogs, the ones who don't put on the facade of living within adult society, also occasionally make raids into the streets, either to assassinate someone, kidnap someone, steal something, or just cause some destruction. You make these raids almost always at night, because darkness is your friend.

Trog subculture is woven around the concepts of individuality and dedication, and you wouldn't have it any other way. You're expected to be able to go it on your own, but at the same time you expect to be able to rely unfailingly on the other Trogs. There is no theft of any sort, not even borrowing without asking, within Trog subculture. Neither is there lying, evasion, or other unethical activity. The Trog Code is stricter than it is for any other yogang, and any Trog who breaks it will find himself at the business end of your boot with his face underwater. Trogs are survivors, and there is no place for envy, jealousy, or infighting in your world. The flip side of this is that Trogs are colder (emotionally speaking) than most other yogang subcultures. This is a necessary byproduct of being survivors, because in your mind emotional attachments are a weakness that can be exploited by those who crawl on the surface world depending on the sun to give them the energy they cannot find within themselves.

You do have dealings with the other yogangs, however. They bring you supplies and information, and you lend them your expertise in the underworld. You know your way through the sewers and the subbasements of the office buildings and apartments, and you can smuggle anything you want for dozens of miles without ever seeing the light of day. Drugs, weapons, bootleg CDs, even the kids themselves, you've smuggled it all. The other yogangers might treat you like the living dead, but when they need your services, they come crawling, and if they're going to crawl, you make sure they do it through the sleaziest, smelliest lines you know.



## Belonging

You take pride in the fact that being a Trog was not something you learned, but something you were born. With Trog society almost exclusively underground, you knew there was no way to walk up and ask to join. You had to prove yourself to them, and you wouldn't have it any other way. First you figured out how to lever up one of the manhole covers scattered about town, or else how to slither your way down a storm drain. You learned quickly what to wear, how to move, and what smells meant what. You explored the lines near your house, working ever deeper into the stygian tunnels.

Perhaps you met some Trogs running the lines; perhaps you even laid a mock ambush for them, adding a little zest to their day with bottle rockets or firecrackers. Perhaps they found you, leaping out of the darkness while you felt your way by hand down the lines. Or perhaps you found one of their lairs, large roomy areas where the Trogs rendezvous: the Spa, Primal Rex, the Warbasin. Many Trog lairs are even well known above ground. However you found the Trogs, they took you in. Just the fact that you were down there on your own was good enough for them. They spent the time teaching you the ropes, the feel of the lines, and their philosophy of survival. And then, when everyone thought you knew what was going on, they left you alone. You wouldn't have it any other way.

## Allies & Enemies

You have contacts with the ArcoRunners, who are at least of similar mind. You keep in touch with the Vidiots, because some interesting things find their way into the sewers, and also with the BoardPunks, who sometimes have need of you to help transport goods. On the other hand, there are a lot of yogangs on your black list. Goldenkids, Glitterkids, BeaverBrats, Rads, 'Facers, and anyone else who has sold out is absolutely not trusted, and the most visible members of these gangs are the targets of your above ground attacks. Of course, your most hated enemies are the corporations and politicians. The feeling is mutual, since the powers that be don't like the creepy feeling they get knowing that borderline psychotic kids are crawling through the sewers and subbasements of the city. The only yogang you have good relations with are the Goths, but since you are both pale, cold-hearted monster-types, your relationship could hardly be called friendly. It's just not strained.

## Slang

**Burk:** as a noun, Trog who breaks the rules; as a verb, to double-cross or do severe damage

**Creeze:** general purpose expletive

**Flyrunning:** going up into the streets on a raid or recon

**Line:** any tunnel

**Muffin:** surface-dweller, so named for their tan and their squishy weakness

**Scumming:** living in the surface world as one of the muffins

**Troghole:** manhole

**Whindam:** corpse found in the lines; corporate security or police

## Gang Skill: Spelunking (INT)

Despite the name you and your goboyes give to your lifestyle, you have more in common with the Tunnel Rats of Viet Nam and Central America than with any candy-assed nature-pining cave hobblers. You know how the sewer lines and catacombs run, you know the network of tunnels and how and where they connect with the hated surface world. You know a bit about how to dig, reinforce, and collapse tunnels. You know how to survive, even if the deadboys pump nerve gas into the lines. But most important, as a Trog, you just know. Spending most of your time under-ground, you just have that sense, that feeling when someone's there in the darkness, when a corporate assassin has snuck in and is about to open up with his genie gun. You don't know what it is: maybe your hearing, maybe ESP, maybe the hairs on your skin, maybe even the tunnels themselves talking to you. You just know that inside the sewers (and, rarely, in small rooms or hallways), it works. In these dangerous times, that's reason enough to avoid the streets. Orienteering below the city streets is Easy for you, digging new lines is Average difficulty, and finding a way into a subbasement is Difficult at best. Sensing an enemy lurking in the dark might be Difficult if it's a typical guard, but Arasaka operatives and inanimate booby-traps are Very Difficult to detect on the best of days.

### Some examples of using your Spelunking skill:

- **Danger Sense:** know if there is someone in the room or tunnel within 25 meters on successful roll.
  - Detect gas or other airborne poisons on a successful roll.
  - Hear things or sense vibrations through floors and walls on a successful roll.
- Stare down rats and large sewer alligators on a successful roll.
- Orient yourself to aboveground landmarks and streets while in tunnels with a successful roll.
  - Track others through tunnels (*Spelunking* vs. *Stealth* skill).

## If You're a Trog:

- 1) Tell me your name, age, and sex.
- 2) Describe what you look like.
- 3) Besides the V-trodes you pulled off a victim, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
  - High-power slingshot with 50 lead slugs (does 1D6).
- Barbed forked spear (for catching rats; does 2D6 because of the extra ripping damage done by the barbs).
  - Light leather armor (SP 10).
  - Acetylene lamp with 8 hours' fuel.
  - Pack of 10 microflashes (toothpick-sized flashlights).
- Combat harness with miscellaneous survival gear (hammock, pocket knife, etc.).
  - Breather mask with ten minutes' air.
    - Snorkel and goggles.

# RACHE NEEDS A FAVOR



Ace netrunner Spider Murphy is missing, and Rache Bartmoss, the schizophrenic spiritual leader of the Eden Cabal, wants the characters to find out what she's up to. But, as happens with so many of Rache's little projects, things rapidly get out of hand...

When the cyberkids pick up the trail, they find the steel-shod bootprint of one of the most powerful organizations in the post-modern world, and the only way to contact Spider may be to walk into the maw of the ISA dragon. All they'll have to do is avoid detection, find Spider, organize outside help and build an army out of nothing for *Bastille Day*—the liberation of the disenfranchised from the clutches of the Corporate State.

## THAT'S ALL. JUST A FAVOR.

*Bastille Day* is an introductory adventure for *Cybergeneration*. Inside is everything you need to let your characters help bring light to a dark future, including:

- A full free-form adventure putting the kids toe-to-toe with an oppressive federal government
- A full, detailed map of your friendly neighborhood concentration camp.
- Two new yogangs, the Moshers and the Trogs. (Betcha can't wait to party with 'em!)
- Loads of hints, advice and tactical notes for players and gamemasters alike.
- Spider Murphy's real name! (Ooooh!)



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# Bastille Day

AN ADVENTURE FOR

## CYBERGENERATION

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