

R. TALSORIAN
GAMES, INC.

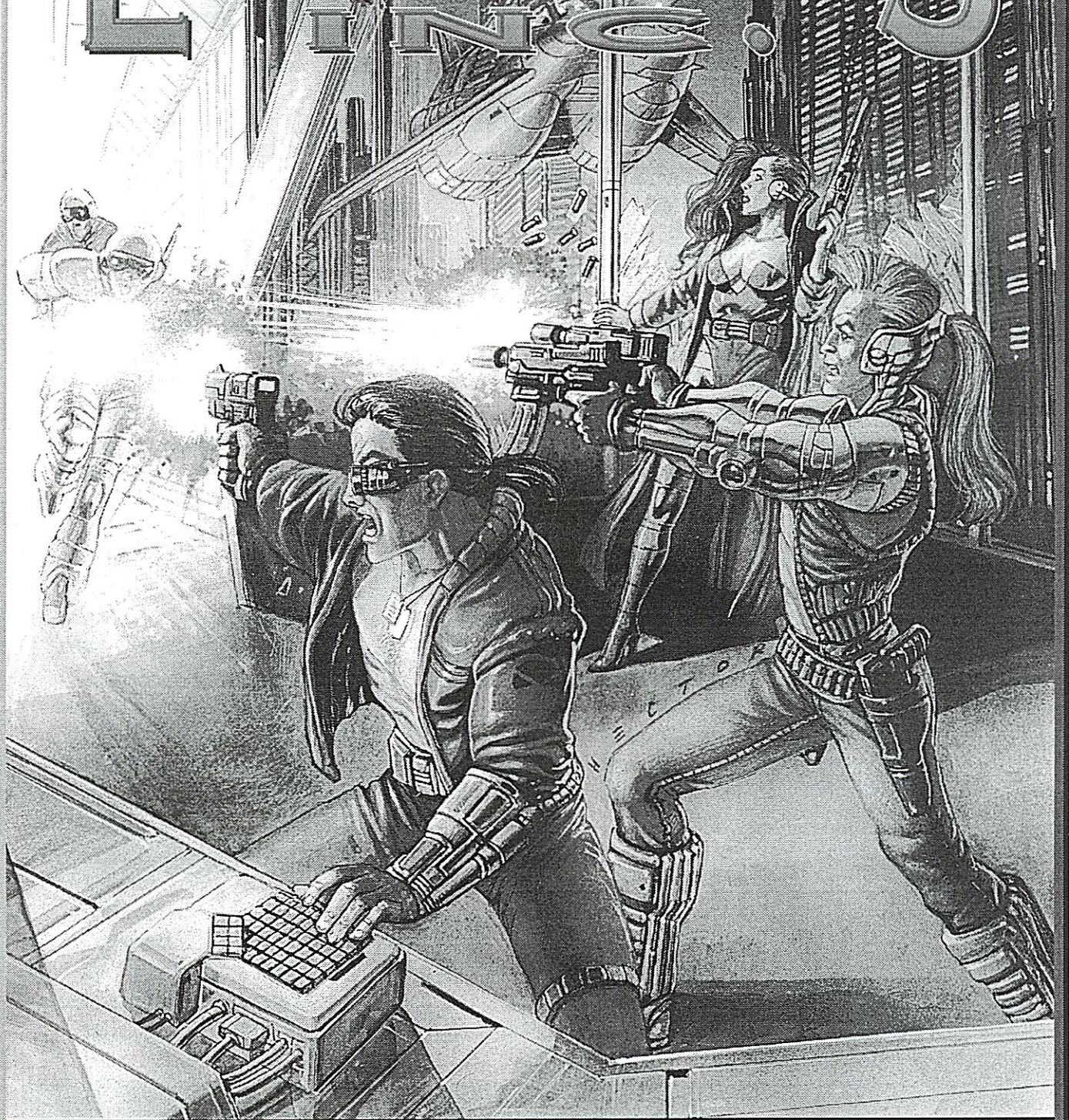
EDGERUNNERS INC.



THE CYBERPUNK® CLASSIFIEDS FOR 2020

CYBERPUNK®

EDGERUNNERS



CYBERPUNK

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H EY GATO, GOT A JOB? TIRED OF THE LOCAL FIXER? DON'T WANNA DO THE UNMENTIONABLE MISSION THAT SOME NO-NAME CORP WEASEL'S OFFERING? (SINCE THEY'RE ONLY GONNA DOUBLE-CROSS YOU IN THE END...) THE *CYBERPUNK MILIEU* ALWAYS HAS NEED FOR A CLEARING HOUSE—A SORT OF WALL STREET FOR THE EDGERUNNER ECONOMY.

EDGERUNNERS, INC. IS IT.

THE IDEA IS THAT THE 'PUNKS WOULD EVENTUALLY GET ORGANIZED ON SOME LEVEL IN ORDER TO SMOOTH OUT THE CHANCINESS OF THE JOB MARKET IN THE TWILIGHT WORLD OF 2020 A.D.. *EDGERUNNERS, INC.* IS HALF ADVENTURE BOOK AND HALF SOURCEBOOK—A MUTANT FUSION OF *TALES OF THE FORLORN HOPE* AND ANY ONE OF OUR CORP BOOKS (SHAMELESS PLUG INTENDED...).

WHAT'S OFFERED IS A MIX OF THE BEST NPCs FOR USE AS ASSISTANTS TO YOUR 'PUNK GROUP, OPPONENTS ON A MISSION, OR JUST SOMEONE TO INTERACT WITH. PLUS, A GROUP OF BUSINESSES AND ORGANIZATIONS IN NEED OF YOUR PARTY'S SKILLS—NOW. *EDGERUNNERS, INC.* IS A GREAT WAY TO GUIDE A BEGINNER'S GROUP THROUGH SOME BASIC PROBLEMS, OR PROVIDE SOME "EATING MONEY" TO A TEAM OF HARDENED PROS. AND THE PATRONS DETAILED WITHIN CAN BE REUSED THROUGHOUT THE COURSE OF ANY CAMPAIGN.

TAKE A JOB—TAKE A CHANCE. BETTER TO BE A WORKING STIFF THAN A STIFF ON SOME RIPPERDOC'S SLAB...



—DEREK QUINTANAR, S.E.

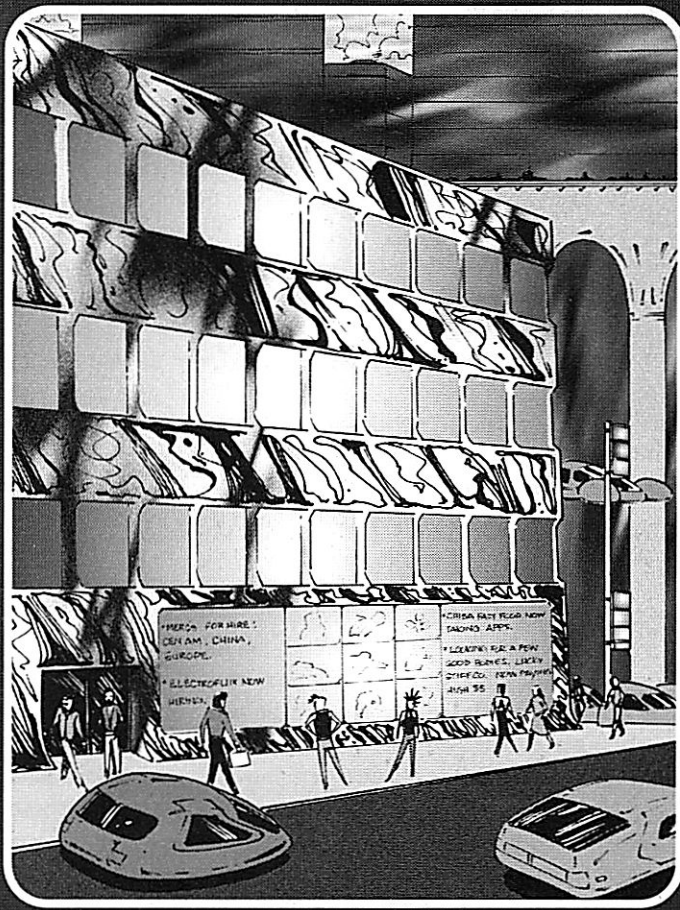




EDGERUNNERS, INC.

STREETEMPS

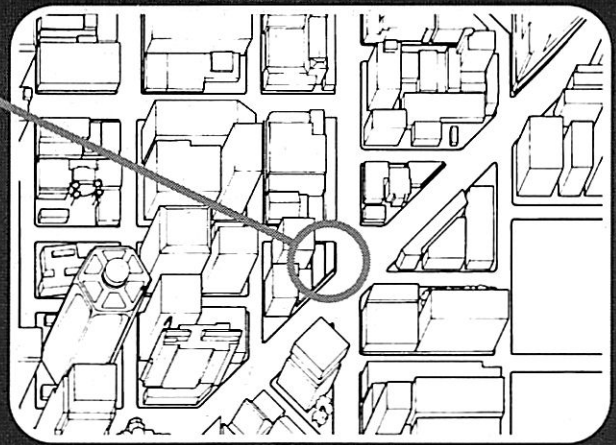
STREETEMPS



EDGERUNNERS, INC.

***A division of the
STREETEMPS
Company***

***Located at the corner of Sterling
and High Street, Upper East Side,
Night City, Free State of Northern
California.***



EDGERUNNERS INC.

NOW HIRING



CYBERPUNK 2.0.2.0

DATASCREEN

5



FAX ON FILE BRIEF



- **Headquarters:** Night City, Northern Cal.
- **Regional Offices:** Upper East Side (Area A4, Building 26 in the *Night City Sourcebook*, page 80).
- **Regional Offices:** None currently (San Francisco and Seattle due to open in early 2021).
- **Name and Location of Major Stockholder:** Wholly owned subsidiary of Hobson Enterprises.
- **Employees:**

Worldwide:	Troops:	Covert:
100 (approx.)	30	???

Business Précis

StreeTemp is in the business of finding employment for the some 30% of the population who are "indigent", or "between residences." Jobs include light industrial work, warehousing, assembly, crop picking, and other basic labor that is more easily (or cheaply) done by a human than by robotics—usually not high paying, or very long lasting, but they are jobs, and pay hard Euro. StreeTemp also provides more traditional temporary services for those who have the skills: secretarial, janitorial, and security duties, as well as a limited number of professional postings.

History

StreeTemp was formed in 2013 by philanthropist Eugene Hobson to try and bootstrap as many of the working poor and unemployed in Night City up to better economic standings. Their biggest problem, as he saw it, was a lack of experience in a trade, and lack of opportunity due to their current financial crisis. Many employers and temp agencies won't employ the indigent; beyond any questions of competence or hygiene, they lack such basic necessities as Net access, a phone, reliable transportation (a car they don't live in), and an address to mail checks to.

Hobson bought a midsize office building that had gone out of business, refurbished it into a facility that could handle large numbers of prospective temp employees per day, threw out placards and advertising everywhere, and started business.

When Eugene Hobson died in 2015 of a coronary, his son, himself a respected businessman, took over the company. Looking at the financial records, he found that StreeTemp was not only not making money, it was a serious drain on the resources of Hobson Enterprises. Michael didn't want to close the company down; it was a good PR machine, and he did feel some filial obligation, but he knew it wasn't going to succeed as it was going.

The first thing he did was to assign his executive assistant, a Harvard business grad, as the Operations Officer of StreeTemp. He expanded the jobs database to include more professional postings, and secretly undertook another project.

Michael was familiar with the Street culture, and the freelance operatives the Media were calling Edgerunners. He also knew that there was no centralized way of getting hold of them; Corps usually worked with a single set of 'Runners that they had come to trust, or tried to get in touch with a team or operative through a Fixer. This was tricky, as you might not get what you needed, or wanted.

What was needed, Michael reasoned, was a temp agency for Edgerunners: a way to match up teams and operatives with jobs that were suited not only to their skills but their temperament. Such an agency would have to be Net-based, of course, so it couldn't be tied back to him.

Michael set his people to work, and early in 2016, a new database opened up for business: one not advertised in screamsheets, heralded on infomercials, or bantered about in style sections. This database didn't even have a name at first. But in the Solo bars and the back streets, the rumor spread and the word got out: if you needed work and weren't all that particular about knowing who you worked for, or what you did, there was a new place to find jobs.

Of course, the ties to StreeTemp were very quickly found by Netrunners, but most were content to leave the database alone; after all, StreeTemp was performing a useful service. Many even helped upgrade the system's Net security.

In 2017, an unnamed Netrunner smashed into the database (apparently an out-of-towner, as he had no idea what he was getting into). Taking a look around, he is said to have commented, "What the hell! This is a bleedin' Edgerunners Incorporated!" He then jacked out just before getting stomped by a local netjockey. The name spread, however, and now everyone calls the shadow database Edgerunners Inc., even the folks at StreeTemp.

STAFF

NOTE: All members of the staff are Corporates, unless otherwise noted.



MICHAEL HOBSON**The Owner**

INT: 8 REF: 6 TECH: 7 COOL: 9 ATTR: 8 LUCK: 10 MA: 7 BODY: 7 EMP: 9/6 SAVE: 7 BTM: -2

Michael is ruthless, and motivated by power and money. He is also a devoted son who is able to grasp why his father did what he did, even if he doesn't always agree, and really does wish to see his father's dreams succeed (if only because employed customers have more money to spend than unemployed ones). His primary attention, however, is the rest of the small empire he controls; Hobson Enterprises controls much of the construction in Night City (his father moved in on a power vacuum after the fall of the Mob-controlled firms during the Mob-Corp War), and has its fingers in transportation and agriculture as well. He has a knack for turning any complication into a new way of making money, and for hiring competent people, and leaving them enough rope to swing on ... or to hang themselves with.

JILL TOMASULO**Net Operations and Computer Maintenance (TECHIE)**

INT: 9 REF: 7 TECH: 9 COOL: 4 ATTR: 7 LUCK: 5 MA: 8 BODY: 8 EMP: 4 SAVE: 8 BTM: -3

Jill Tomasulo was an odd child. She was as likely to be found out in the wood behind her parents' Maine home as she was in her room with her computer; almost anywhere, as long as she didn't have to deal with people. She hasn't changed much; people are still at best something to be tolerated, and then only because they give her access to high-powered computers, and give her the money to be out in the woods she loves. Her only real friend is Joie Cheng. Jill somewhat resents the help the company gets from "real" Netrunners, but at the same time some of the only interaction with other humans that she enjoys is with them. Jill knows she is no match for many of the people she deals with, and doesn't care.

DAVID JACOBS**Director of Security Operations (COP)**

INT: 8 REF: 7 TECH: 5 COOL: 8 ATTR: 8 LUCK: 7 MA: 7 BODY: 6 EMP: 7 SAVE: 6 BTM: -2

Jacobs (as almost everyone refers to him) is an ex-cop, and ex-Special Forces. In charge not only of security for StreeTemps, he is also the person most responsible for the setup and day-to-day running of Edgerunners Inc. Many of their first customers (and contractors) were referred to the service by him, acquaintances he'd made during his time in the Service or the NCPD.

Jacobs seems gregarious and outgoing, yet cautious, and for good reason: He is playing a very dangerous game. Ever since the creation of Edgerunners, Jacobs has been leaking information to the NCPD about certain jobs. Not all jobs, not even most jobs. Just those that seem to be aimed at the city population at large, or at individuals/groups who are vital to the city (attacks on Corporations are not considered important; they're supposed to be able to take care of themselves). These infrequent leaks (not even the NCPD is sure where they are coming from) have convinced the police to leave Edgerunners alone, and even to try and protect them from LEDiv and Netwatch ... for now.

JOIE CHENG**Financial Officer**

INT: 9 REF: 7 TECH: 5 COOL: 8 ATTR: 9 LUCK: 7 MA: 8 BODY: 6 EMP: 7 SAVE: 6 BTM: -2

A pretty Chinese-American in her early twenties, Joie (Joy) is a rare thing in the hard-bitten world of 2020 America—she is an idealist. She joined StreeTemps to help people, and is very disturbed by the turn it has taken. Although she voices her opinion when she feels that accepting a job is too dangerous, or she thinks it is unethical, she is resigned to the fact that the rest of the administrative staff does not agree with her (not as true as she thinks; Jacobs has leaked information about several jobs to the NCPD that he would otherwise not have because of Joie's opposition to them). Joie stays there because she knows that the company is still doing good, and she hopes she might at least temper the others' greed—and because she needs a job, and working at StreeTemps/Edgerunners pays a lot better than one would think.

EVELYN CHRETIEN**Chief Operations Officer**

INT: 8 REF: 7 TECH: 5 COOL: 8 ATTR: 8 LUCK: 7 MA: 7 BODY: 6 EMP: 7 SAVE: 6 BTM: -2

Assigned to oversee day-to-day operations at StreeTemps, she is the driving force behind its success. She has paid particular attention to the Edgerunners side of the business, and has driven the staff to develop more and more contacts, as well as authorized the computerized system of drop sites for jobs and payments, to encourage more corporations to hire on with them. In person, she seems personable, yet driven. She has a great need to succeed, and hates to look like a fool: your typical Corporate. Her relationship with Michael Hobson is a carefully kept secret, and she will go to any lengths to keep it that way.



Reality-based Operations

Most of Edgerunner Inc.'s operations are Net-based; it's much more anonymous. For those operations where an employer wants to approve the employees (usually either the more legitimate jobs, where little illegal activity is happening, or the very sensitive jobs, where discretion is absolutely vital, and the employer wants to be able to match a face to a job if something goes wrong), very discrete job interviews can be held in one of the upper floor conference rooms (with prospective employees flown in by AV), or at some neutral site.

While Edgerunners makes no guarantees about support or help, when they can provide help to someone in a bind, they will try not to leave them out in the cold. Edgerunners maintains several "safe houses" (more like safe cubes, but hey, don't get picky) around the city, and has several rooms on the fourth floor where people can hide out.

Employers usually e-mail their jobs to a drop-box account on the dataterms; this job data is then downloaded and carefully checked on a clean computer for viruses, then entered into the search database. Edgerunners requires payment in advance (payment arranged after negotiations have taken place); this money is held in an escrow account until the mission is completed. Edgerunners usually takes a fee equal to 20% of the payment (this is paid by the employer), and takes a kill fee equal to 25% of their usual fee even if a job is not filled or completed satisfactorily. Refunds for botched or unfilled jobs are paid off within 24 hours of their cutoff date.

Net-based Operations

Despite having been originally designed by a fourth-tier corporation with limited resources, Edgerunner Inc.'s computer defenses are state of the art and very formidable. Several high quality Netrunners have volunteered to upgrade their defenses, including the infamous D'Arque, White Ronin, LiveWire, and, it is rumored, Spider Murphy and Rache Bartmoss himself. (Why? Who knows why Rache does *anything*?) Anyone trying to get to Edgerunner's databases would find himself running up against an elaborate, multi-tiered defense strategy guaranteed at least to slow down anyone trying to breach the system, and to scream for help in every direction, probably attracting the attention of several high-class Netrunners willing to paddle the behinds of anyone trying to off one of their best employment opportunities.

Edgerunners offers two services. Any 'Runner must first give some basic information: a screen name, password, dataterm (or other BBS) e-mail drop-box where messages from Edgerunners can reach them, and a method of payment. Usually this is a blind account or face bank, but can be any method desired.

After this page is filled out, 'Runners can fill out a rather complete profile sheet. This is used to match 'Runners up with jobs, and is completely on the honor system, but applicants are

strongly cautioned not to exaggerate too much; after all, it's their skins (Edgerunners does get evaluations back from employers, and these are incorporated into applicants' profiles).

When an Edgerunner who is on account logs in, he will find his mailbox loaded with job descriptions on any missions on file that meet his profile. The engine which does this is sensitive both to time (if a job's reply time expires, it is automatically killed), and a position being filled.

The other job service available is the use of the Search Engine. This system is tailored for Edgerunners; they can use the engine to find jobs quickly that are appropriate for them. Time on the Engine is not free; users are billed against it at the rate of one Euro per ten minutes. This is charged against any profits the 'Runner may make from jobs he takes.

Job descriptions are usually vague and ill-defined, but include pay information, the skills and traits necessary for completion, and a way of contacting the employer. The descriptions are kept vague for legal reasons—since no party has specified an action or crime, no conspiracy has occurred.

Edgerunners is careful to note that they make no assurances about the veracity of job descriptions posted, or the accuracy of 'Runner profiles. Since this is an anonymous service, background checks or references are an impossibility. This has led to abuses in the past, and 'Runners are warned to tread carefully.

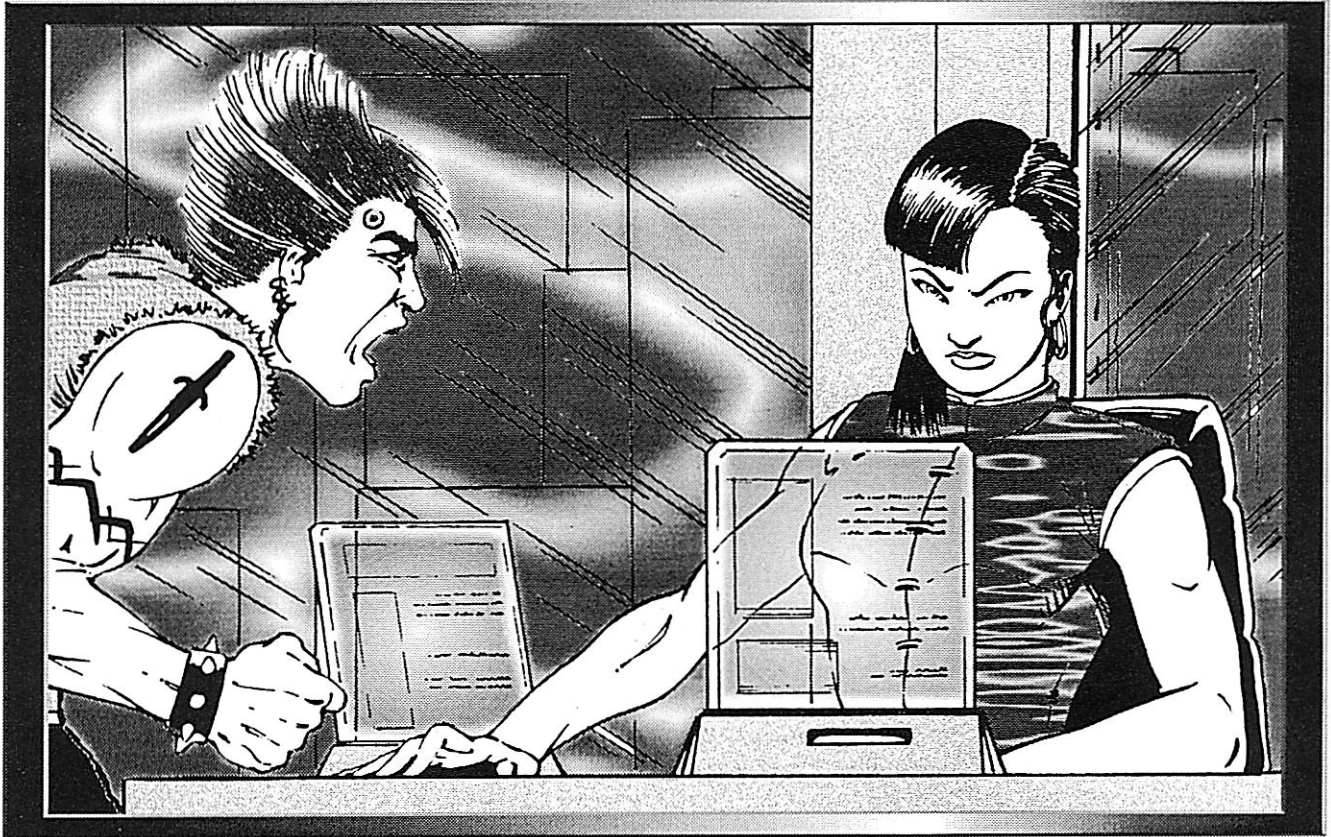
Facility Description

StreeTemps is located in the Upper East side of Night City (see *Night City Sourcebook*). Recently, gang violence has started to plague the area, and StreeTemps has started to upgrade its security.

The StreeTemps building is a former office building that has been seriously renovated for its new roles. Four stories tall, the front of the building is composed of sheets of solid armorcryls (SP35, SDP15 per segment), with two doors in the middle that lead into a large atrium that stretches up to the top floor. Stairs on the left hand side as you enter lead up to the second floor, as do a pair of elevators to the right. A number of benches and sturdy sofas are bolted into the floor along the perimeter of the atrium, facing a long counter to the left, where resumes can be dropped and interviews arranged. Cameras continuously sweep the area from behind surveillance bubbles, but overt security is light: two guards behind the counter with shotguns under their desks. A large bathroom and shower facility (unisex) allows those without access to such to clean up before heading out to work or to an interview. The remainder of this floor is filled with interview rooms, a conference room, a cloak room for the employees by the back entrance (always kept locked, Difficulty 25) and the rear stairwell.

The second floor contains most of the offices for the company, as well as interview rooms for the professional and skilled labor jobs available. The decor is somewhat less utilitarian here; potted





plants occupy odd corners, the floor is covered in carpet rather than stain-proof linoleum, chairs and sofas are padded and cloth-covered. There are two security guards and a receptionist stationed at a counter on the overhang in the atrium, which acts as the foyer for the second floor. Also located on the second floor are the employee break room and restrooms. All rooms on this floor are monitored by security cameras (except for the bathrooms).

The third floor can only be accessed by the elevators; the back stairwell door is locked (no access; the only way to open the door is by contacting the security station and having them release it), but a crashbar allows emergency egress (the crashbar automatically sets off an alarm). This floor houses the executive offices, computer room, and security offices, as well as most of the facilities for Edgerunners Inc.; therefore, security is fairly tight. The elevators open up into a small lobby that faces a high security counter manned by two officers in MetalGear™, armed with assault rifles, who will politely explain that this floor is restricted access. The doors that allow entry into the office spaces are locked, and while they look like synthwood, they are actually steelcore (SP20, SDP25), and are controlled by a trigger at the security station.

An emergency trigger will automatically summon all of the security guards on shift, alert Jacobs, and autocal several Solos kept on retainer who live nearby (response time: 5 minutes to a half hour). Police can also be called if the situation warrants it. If the

doors are forced, an alarm is triggered in the computer room, and unless an override is immediately entered, the computers will automatically overwrite all of the Edgerunner files with random information and game files (this takes twenty melee turns (one minute), but the information will be unusable after only four melee turns, as the system starts with a complete wipe, then rewrites).

The furnishings on this floor are plush—thick carpeting, synthwood fittings, indirect lighting, and plants in nearly every corner. Each of the directors has an office here, and there are some spare offices as well (for future expansion). The computer room is in the back, next to the security office (where assault rifles and MetalGear for all of the officers are kept, as well as a small number of other sidearms). There are two conference rooms with a small kitchen between them, and two smaller interview rooms.

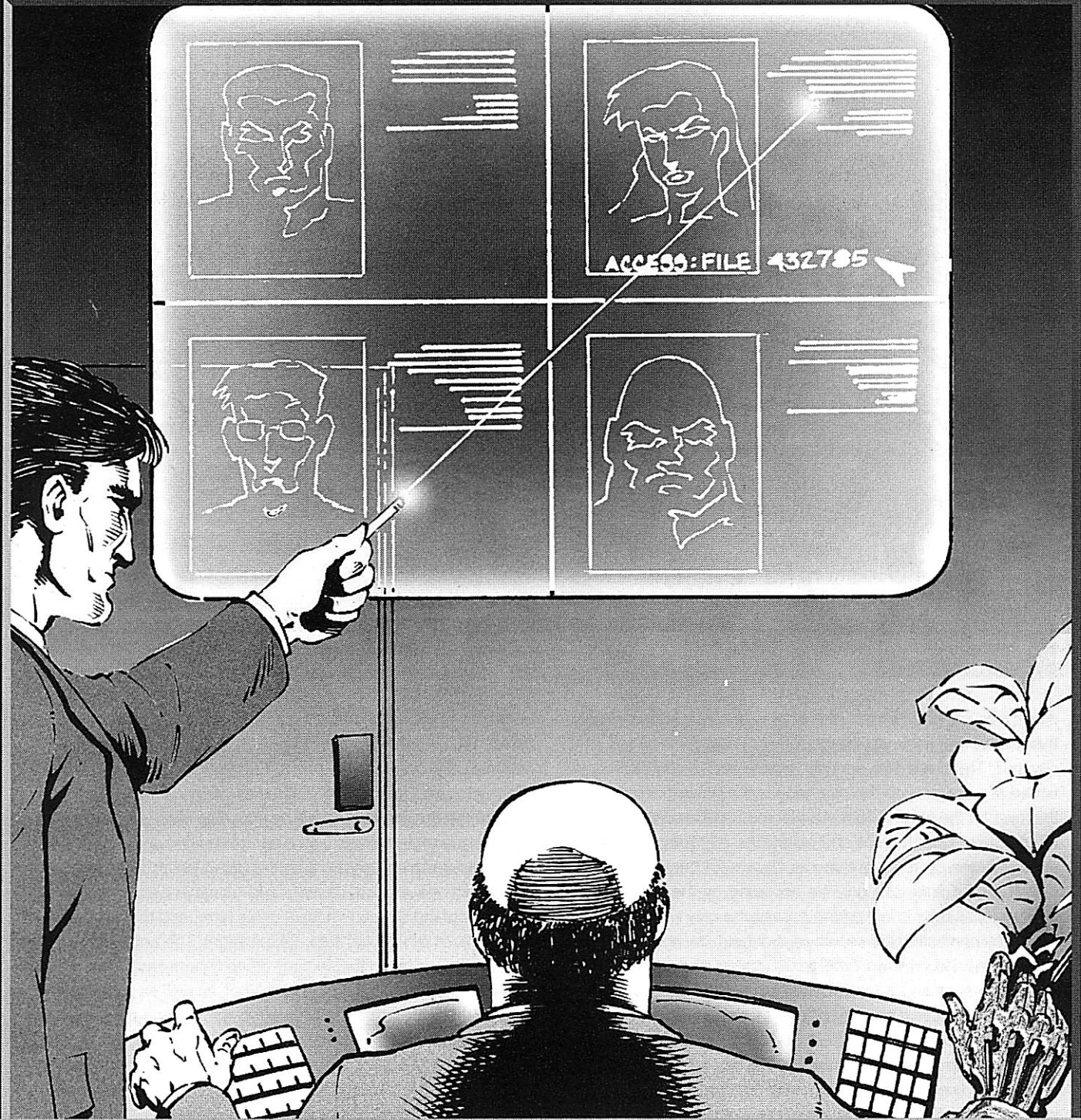
The fourth floor is largely unoccupied at the current time; two former conference rooms are used for storage, and three of the office suites in the back have been remodeled into temporary housing (one as a bunk room, and the other two as guest suites with two bedrooms). These were originally intended to be used for getting clients out of bad situations, and still are, but are more likely to be used to hide Edgerunners after a particularly hot run.

The rooftop houses all of the heating and cooling equipment, antennas for the company's cellular and data links, and a reinforced pad for landing an AV-type craft.



FOR HIRE

EDGERUNNERS, INC.



FOR HIRE



DATASCREEN 10

CYBERPUNK 2.0.2.0



Filename: BOSH



HANDLE**BOSH**
REAL NAME**UNKNOWN**
ROLE**SOLO (BOUNTY HUNTER)**
AGE**28**

Background Notes

Nobody is really sure where this erratic bounty hunter comes from. Acquaintances say he was a beat cop in the New York area for several years and was dismissed from the force in 2011 for attacking a superior officer. Allegedly, the officer ordered Bosh to shoot a streetkid who hadn't done anything except splash mud on the officer's boots. After a hearing, he had his badge revoked.

Bosh became despondent. He had no interest in joining the military, but he was bored and needed the action. He returned to his old precinct, where a new commander had been assigned, and began picking up bounties. After a couple of successful kills and captures, he persuaded the new commander to issue him a "hot beep", the mini-transmitter undercover cops use when they need to call for help. When Bosh called in a raid on a massive snuff-porno operation, he became a trusted freelancer with the department.

Operating Style

When going after a bounty, Bosh becomes obsessive. He learns whatever he can about the target before going in, sometimes following the unfortunate subject around for a while, waiting for the right moment. This usually requires some sort of detective work, so Bosh employs a series of disguises and bluffs. He carries a variety of IDs with assumed names, and is always ready to make new ones to fit the assignment.

Once Bosh has identified his target, he doesn't stop hunting until the contract is filled. This has taken him around the country, often hitching rides with HiWay cops and nomad packs to reach his destination. This has also made him a number of friends and enemies across the U.S.

Bosh's personality is the most disquieting thing about him. Normally talkative, friendly, and laid back, with sarcastic comments and funny sayings, while "on-duty" he becomes brooding and morbid. Worse, he takes an almost obscene pleasure in fulfilling a bounty, dead or alive. Even stranger is Bosh's bizarre hunger for junk food. His eating habits would make a sharp-suited, health-crazed Mover drop dead on the spot. When encountered, Bosh is constantly noshing on something repugnant.

Like all bounty hunters, Bosh often suffers a serious cash-flow problem, and is constantly on the hunt for work. Between big contracts, he goes on private wars (usually against local thugs) for free. (Privately, Bosh is still a cop at heart, and he hates the bad situation on the street.) As a result, he'll pick up any bounty, even petty ones on low-level clowns. Note—Bosh does his homework well before he sets out, which means he won't hunt people who aren't "asking for it", in his mind. No one's sure what that means, but it's hard to trick him into an assassin's job.

Stats

INT: 7	TECH: 3	REF: 10	COOL: 8/9
LUCK: 6	ATT: 5	EMP: 5	MA: 6
BOD: 6/8	Rep: 4		

Skills

Combat Sense +6, *Awareness* +8, *Streetwise* +5, *Martial Arts (Thamoc)* +6, *Athletics* +6, *Pistol* +6, *Rifle* +6, *Library Search* +4, *Education* +2, *Stealth* +5, *Persuasion* +5, *Shadow/Track* +5, *Melee* +4, *Intimidate* +4, *Disguise* +4, *Interrogate* +4, *Hide/Evade* +2

Cyberware

- Basic Neural Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link), Sandevistan Boost, Olfactory Boost
- Muscle/Bone Lace,
- Cyberoptic (w/TA, IR, Dodge Ball [ChrBk1], AD options)
- Cyberoptic (w/TH, TS+ options)
- Chipware Socket w/Police Vis. Recognition chip [ChrBk1], Stress chip [ChrBk1], Ambidex chip [ChrBk1], Stutter chip [ChrBk3]



Filename: LYNX



HANDLELYNX
 REAL NAMELYNDA KOROLEV
 ROLESOLO
 AGE29

Background Notes

The February 19, 1997 cover of Newsweek magazine features an award-winning photograph of a little girl gripping a melted polymer one-shot pistol. She is staring wide-eyed around the ruins of Coney Island after three days of rioting destroyed the neighborhood. The girl is emaciated and filthy, bleeding from a deep gash in her forehead. The streets are lined with rubble, and the body of a dead cop can be seen in the background. The accompanying story, "America: The End Is Here", discussed how the U.S. was falling apart.

Lynx Kolorev was that little girl.

Lynx entered the booster hardcore scene in her preteens. Her initiation involved multiple beatings and a sexual assault. Outfitted with a new set of claws, she began slashing her way around her Brighton Beach neighborhood. Lynda became a full member when she murdered her junkie mother. In the following years, as boostergang wars racked New York, Lynx enthusiastically joined in.

By age 17, most of her old set were dead or doing hard time. New gangs had taken over the area, and the final blow came when Lynx's brother was chainsawed to death by the

Givers of Pain. With the invasion of Brazil still underway, Lynda joined the Army and was assigned to the 1st Cybercav, where she served for three years.

Returning to New York, Lynx became involved with crime and black ops, establishing a rep for herself. Her lover (the only person she ever got close to) got into Eurobiz over his head—his murder further hardened her. Lynx worked with the Brain (see entry) a few times and sometimes hangs out with him between jobs. She is occasionally involved with Affirmative Action (see pg 60).

Operating Style

Lynx can be crude and abusive, and her contemporaries have said she's "as subtle as a lead pipe." She prefers the traditional biker look, unconcerned with contemporary fashion. This attitude is a residue of her days with the gangs. She hates all Europeans, especially Eurosolos, and highriders as well, because she views LEO as a members-only extension of Europe.

Lynx is making an honest effort to improve her attitude. She's had most of the cyberware from her gang days removed, and she drifts in and out of therapy when she remembers to go. Despite her hate for Europe, she even went there for a month when the Brain needed muscle. During this period, she received advanced Euro-therapy to restore her humanity, and had her remaining large-scale cyberware replaced with fresh body parts.

Lynx still has her problems. She parties to excess, spending her cash on 20th century drugs like hash and marijuana (an expensive prospect, these days). She desperately wants to remember her humanity, but keeps getting dragged down by the situation. Only time will tell if she will rise above her past or burn out trying.

Stats

INT: 9	TECH: 4	REF: 8/9	COOL: 10
LUCK: 8	ATT: 8	EMP: 6	MA: 9
BOD: 5	Rep: 5		

Skills

Combat Sense +6, Awareness +7, Streetwise +5, Athletics +8, Pick Lock +2, Pick Pocket +2, Rifle +6, Pistol +6, Shadow/Ditch +4, Martial Art (Karate) +6, Stealth +5, Drive +4, Intimidate +6, Seduction +2, Wilderness Survival +4, Resist Torture/Drugs +3

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/2x sets Interface plugs, Kerenzikov Boost (1 level), Boostmaster (Solo 1)
- Left Cyberoptic (w/IR, TA, Dodge Ball [ChrBk1], AD options); Right Cyberoptic (w/LL, TE, IE, TH options)
- Subdermal Armor (8SP torso)
- Biomonitor, Stress chip [ChrBk1], Death Trance chip [ChrBk1], Ambidex chip [ChrBk1], Adrenal/Endorphin chip [ChrBk1]



Filename: **SABRE**



HANDLESABRE
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLESOLO
 AGE25

Background Notes

Sabre grew up in the wreckage of Seattle's suburbs. When she was five, her parents sold her to a ripperdoc for dorph money. She would have been chopped up for commercial parts, but fate stepped in—the doctor who bought her didn't know the area well, and while driving home, he was carjacked under the freeway. The boosters didn't even notice her in the burning car. Miles from home, Sabre escaped the wreck and wandered the streets, joining the extensive homeless colonies under the highway.

Sabre was "adopted" by a local juvie gang in central Seattle. She learned how to fight and kill, how to bleed, how to take a beating and how to dish one out. Her de facto brothers and sisters taught her the lessons of cruelty and twisted camaraderie. By her twelfth birthday, Sabre had been arrested dozens of times, but she never served more than a couple of months at a stretch, if any time at all. She returned to the streets every time.

When Sabre was 16, her gang assembled in the Seattle Heights, where they met in combat with their longtime rivals. The fight lasted seven minutes. When the smoke cleared, most of Sabre's comrades were dead or dying. Badly injured and jacked up on combat drugs, she took off, killing rivals left and right as she fled.

Sabre tried various times to get off the street, but not even the Seattle PD would have her. C-SWAT was training, but she wasn't that crazy yet, and the military was out of the question—they had just gotten their asses kicked in Venezuela. Inevitably, she sank into the niche of the classic street samurai.

Operating Style

Since then, Sabre has performed hits, robberies, escorts, sabotage, extractions, and a host of other jobs. She is strictly a freelancer, accepting cash or the equivalent. Euro, weapons, skill chips, the newest combat drug, whatever—make her an offer she thinks matches the job, and she's yours (although she's not getting any more cyber if she can help it—unless it's reeeally chill stuff).

Sabre doesn't sleep around, go out on dates, dance, sing, smile, or do anything else remotely fun. During downtime, she either drinks, does drugs, watches the holoivid, or plays arcade braindance games for cash (the local bookies give her good odds). She despises the party culture of 2020 and tolerates it only because that's her hiring hall. She knows how to show respect for prospective employers, how to talk the street, and how to act in public, but that's about it. Sabre is not the typical "iceman." She does not relish or regret killing, nor does she live for the "rush" of combat. She feels neutral about her job, just as she feels neutral about everything she does: It is something she does because she has to, and that's it. After years of drugs, abuse, and gang life, Sabre no longer bothers to react to anything beyond the basic human responses. If asked, she feels, "Fine, I s'pose."

Stats

INT: 6 TECH: 3 REF: 9 COOL: 8
 LUCK: 6 ATT: 7 EMP: 5 MA: 6
 BOD: 7 Rep: 3

Skills

Combat Sense +5, Awareness +6, Pistol +7, Brawling +7, Melee +5, Rifle +5, Athletics +7, Streetwise +5, Stealth +6, Intimidate +5, Shadow/Ditch +4, Resist Torture/Drugs +4, Wardrobe/Style +2, Drive +3, Braindance +5

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link), Kerenzikov Boost (1 level)
- Right Cyberleg (w/HOL, REAL, ARM options); Left Cyberleg (w/STR, REAL, ARM options)



Filename: CRISTA MARGARET

HANDLENONE
REAL NAMECRISTA MARGARET
ROLESOLO (BOUNTY HUNTER)
AGE30

Background Notes

Coming from Eastern European stock, Crista served with the U.S. Army for four years, during which she made lasting friendships (and had a few affairs) with some of the fellow soldiers in her company. Upon leaving the Army, she drifted into the Steel Ratz nomad pack, spending two years with them and rising to a position of some respect. Returning home to Los Angeles, she made a friend in the LAPD, who showed her around the streets and made her realize that her "talents" could be of use to the general public—so she became a bounty hunter.

Unfortunately, this led her into a head-on collision several years later with a large U.S. Corporation which took offense to her shutting down one of their Black Ops (when she captured a gang of ex-cons/escapees in their employ). The Corporation framed her for a killing, and got her Hunter's license revoked for a year.

Though her standing was soon regained, Crista remains angry about the situation. She's undecided about a response, but is willing to handle any street action that will bring a little trouble to the Corporation in question.

Operating Style

Crista took on the dangerous job of bounty hunting initially to make ends meet, but developed a taste for the danger and excitement that came with the jobs. She learned on the streets to "walk softly and carry an automatic weapon" — meaning, she tries to give the air of being a bimbo. Wearing clothing that would be considered a liability in most combat situations (micro-skirts and skintight crop-tops), she has made this an advantage, being able to surprise opponents with this completely brainless look and attitude, then suddenly turning into the hardened combat pro when needed. To build her rep, she likes to wear weird contact lenses when she make a collar, usually either reptile eyes or skulls.

Stats

INT: 6	TECH: 4	REF: 7/8	COOL: 10
LUCK: 4	ATT: 7	EMP: 9/4	MA: 6
BOD: 8/10	Rep: 3		

Skills

Combat Sense +6, *SMG* +6, *Handgun* +2, *Athletics* +5, *Awareness* +4, *Martial Art (Savate)* +4, *Streetwise* +6, *Intimidate* +4, *Personal Grooming* +4, *Wardrobe/Style* +4, *Endurance* +2, *Interrogation* +2, *Persuasion* +2, *Education* +2, *Hide & Evade* +3, *Shadow & Track* +3, *Survival* +2, *Drive* +4, *Motorcycle* +2, *Stealth* +3, *Disguise* +3, *First Aid* +2, *Weaponsmith* +2

Cyberware

- Neural Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun Link, Vehicle link), Kerenzikov Boost [2 levels], Boostmaster, Pain Editor
- Chip socket w/DigiTone ID chip, MaxLover chip, Stress chip, A/E Surge chip and Police VR (+3) chip (all ChrBk1)
- Adrenal Booster, Biomonitor, Decentralized Heart [ChrBk1], CyberLiver [ChrBk1] implants
- Muscle & Bone Lace, Skinweave (SP12)
- Left Cyberoptic (w/CF, LL, DC options); Right Cyberoptic (w/TA, TS Plus [ChrBk1] options)



Filename: **BRUCE**



HANDLENONE
 REAL NAMEBRUCE ???
 ROLESOLO (SOLDIER)
 AGE32

Background Notes

Born into a Nomad pack, Bruce has been on the move from the earliest days he can remember. He came to the U.S. when still young, but has not shed his Australian background. Serving as a heavy-weapons specialist in several small South American/African wars, he learned his trade as a U.S. Army trooper and then as a mercenary.

Bruce lives for the thrill, doing things on the spur of the moment. He is usually violent and antisocial, even to his fellow companions. He is particularly touchy about his parents, and will exact a painful revenge for any slurs, real or imagined.

Always reacting before thinking has given Bruce a very checkered past, with numerous enemies among his fellow mercenaries and ex-employers. It has also lead him to new friends as well—he is owed a considerable favor from a Raven Microcyb executive, when Bruce's team successfully fought off a large,

well equipped extraction attempt on him. Another time, he helped out a police SWAT unit, giving them cover fire during a boostergang ambush. He has had a string of short, but passionate affairs, with only one real relationship which finished when she recently accepted a bodyguarding job.

Operating Style

He believes in the group rather than individuals, attempting to keep a group of people together at the expense of any individual. This has led him to threaten his superiors if they were planning to sacrifice the group in a stupid and pointless way. He enjoys swapping war stories and will happily fight alongside someone he's just met if he has had some military experience.

Always preferring to use the biggest weapon available has brought Bruce the reputation as a "maximum-force man"—when minimum force would have been just as effective in most cases. His axiom is if he's always prepared for a major firepower action, then when it goes down, he'll be able to deliver the goods. (The fact that he always draws the major firepower against himself precisely because of his over eagerness to carry such weapons hasn't registered on his thinking yet.)

Stats

INT: 5 TECH: 6 REF: 8/9 COOL: 7
 LUCK: 5 ATT: 5 EMP: 9/5 MA: 2
 BOD: 9/11 Rep: 3

Skills

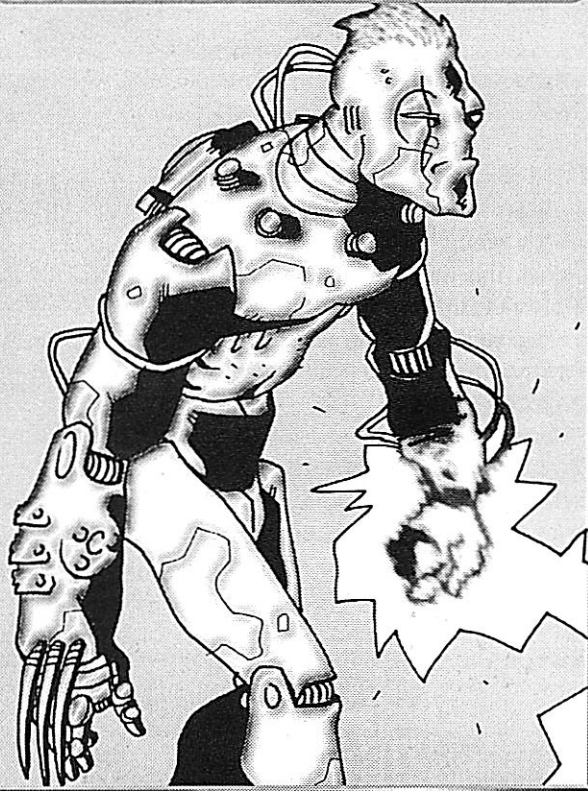
Combat Sense +7, *Awareness* +7, *Rifle* +6, *Heavy Weapons* +6, *Vehicle Hvy. Weapons* +3, *Melee* +4, *Athletics* +7, *Wilderness Survival* +5, *Wardrobe and Style* +1, *Personal Grooming* +2, *Persuasion* +3, *Intimidation* +5, *Seduction* +2, *Endurance* +5, *Basic Tech* +3, *Drive* +4, *Operate Hvy. Machinery* +1

Cyberware

- Neural Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link), Kerezikov Boost (2 levels), Boostmaster (Solo1), Pain Editor
- Chipware Socket w/Stress chip, A/E surge chip, Ambidex chip, Fish 'N Chips chip [all ChrBk1]
- Muscle & Bone Lace, Skinweave (SP12), Enhanced Antibodies, Lifesaver Skinweave [ChrBk1], Anti-Plague Nanotech
- Left Cyberoptic (w/IE, TA, AD, LL options)
- Decentralized Heart [ChrBk1]



Filename: CHROME MAN



HANDLECHROME MAN
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLESOLO
 AGEUNKNOWN

Background Notes

No one really knows about "Chrome Man" before he started working as a bouncer in a seedy club that catered to the more violent music lover. Obviously from a military background, he refuses to discuss his earlier life, saying he was only "born" recently, when he got 'Borged. Since his arrival, he has quickly built a reputation as either already mad, or about to go completely cyberpsychotic!

Chrome Man's cold disregard for the numbers, firepower, and/or psychosis of his opponents has made him a valued (if not liked) member of many Edgerunner groups. He seems to have spent considerable money on his chroming and body-sculpting. It was designed by the renowned Eji of Tokyo, and is worth over 20,000 euro. He is sculpted to look like a cross between a knight and an organic engine!

Probably borderline psychotic before becoming a body-plated colossus, his remaining personality has become weirder and more violent. For example, Chrome Man tends to live in a world of his own, ignoring people, and single-mindedly following his own strange impulses, which has led to him trespassing through both Corporate and gang no-go areas while in the process of going somewhere else.

Operating Style

Chrome Man's major trait is the murderous rage he goes into if his body-job is scratched/dented, etc. He has been known to kill members of two competing gangs because he walked into the middle of their firefight and got hit by a stray round!

Not usually receptive to jobs, even he has to eat (and in his case, the amount he spends on polish and chrome repair work is considerable) and therefore takes any job offered to him, regardless of what it entails. Chrome Man likes to get in close to his opponents, using his brute strength and Rippers to literally tear them apart. While on a job, he ignores any orders given to him, if there is a direct method of accomplishing the mission instead. This often leads to the death of his opposition—and his fellow companions.

Stats

INT: 7	TECH: 6	REF: 9	COOL: 5
LUCK: 7	ATT: ?/10	EMP: 9/2	MA: 16
BOD: 10	Rep: 3		

Skills

Combat Sense +7, *Awareness* +5, *Handgun* +7, *Melee* +7, *Rifle* +7, *Athletics* +7, *Wardrobe/Style* +5, *Endurance* +4, *Strength Feat* +5, *Intimidate* +4, *Resist Torture/Drugs* +4, *Social* +5, *Dance* +5, *Driving* +4, *Basic Tech* +4, *CyberTech* +5, *Electronics* +4, *Weaponsmith* +4, *Seduction* +2

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/2x sets Interface plugs (Smartgun link, Vehicle link)
- AudioVox (w/Voice Pattern [ChrBk1], Forked Tongue [ChrBk1] options)
- Left Cyberoptic (w/AD, LL, TA, TS options); Right Cyberoptic (w/AD, IE, TH, Dodgeball [ChrBk1] options)
- Cyberaudio (w/AH, RL, PS, SC, BD, VS, HT, LD options)
- 2x Cyberarms (w/THK, RJ, SUPR, RPH and Taser Grip [ChrBk1] options)
- 2x Speeding Bullet Cyberlegs [Solo 1] (w/SUPR option)
- Cowl/Faceplate/Torso Bodyplating (all w/SUPR option)
- Decentralized Heart [ChrBk1], CyberLiver [ChrBk1], Mr. Studd implants
- Muscle/Bone Lace





Filename: NUTTER



HANDLENUTTER
REAL NAME ..JEAN-CLAUDE MONROE
ROLESOLO
AGE29

Background Notes

Coming from a non-corporate-sponsored Canadian arcology started young Jean-Claude Monroe's life at a disadvantage. Undereducated and always bored, Jean could see nothing in his immediate future. After he and his brothers and sisters were thrown out of the family apartment when their mother died, they split up and Jean-Claude joined the USMC. There he learned something very well—combat.

After two tours of duty (at least one in Central America), he left the Marines and joined a small firm specializing in Corporate security. His air of professionalism quickly got him the high-risk bodyguard jobs, and his success at these contracts meant that he has several Corporates owing him their lives. Jean-Claude is quite happy to hold onto that debt. Deciding to retire after five years in the business, he is looking for an occasional high-risk job to keep him sharp and interested in life.

Operating Style

"Nutter" (as he became known) found that when bodyguarding, the ability to intimidate people can work better (and with less fuss) than killing them. Remembering the countless hours of animated sword-and-sorcery TV he watched in the arcology, he realized that a large, fire-breathing dragon usually intimidates everyone except the most determined people. He poured almost all of his cash reserves into a "Dragon" body enhancement (with all the combat bonuses and therapy he could afford) and has never regretted the decision. His built-in body weaponry (the claws, combat tail and flamer) has saved himself and his charge on numerous occasions when the opposition thought he was unarmed.

Something of a cold fish, Jean-Claude doesn't socialize much and has no real friends, only ex-colleagues. He keeps to himself and wishes others would do the same—but manages to tolerate those who do not. Always looking for a way to keep himself "interested in living", he seeks out unusual assignments.

Stats

INT: 6 **TECH:** 5 **REF:** 7/8 **COOL:** 7
LUCK: 10 **ATT:** 5 **EMP:** 8/4 **MA:** 7
BOD: 10 **Rep:** 3

Skills

Combat Sense +6, *Awareness* +6, *Resist Torture/Drugs* +1, *Streetwise* +6, *Personal Grooming* +1, *Wardrobe and Style* +3, *Persuasion* +2, *Intimidate* +5, *Corporate Policy* +3, *Native Language (French)*, *Language (English)* +6, *Endurance* +2, *Athletics* +6, *Heavy Weapon* +1, *Handgun* +4, *Rifle* +4, *Melee* +4, *Drive* +4, *Operate Hvy. Machinery* +2, *Pilot Vec. Thrust Vehicle* +2, *Weaponsmith* +1

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/2x sets Interface plugs (Smartgun link, Vehicle link), Kerenzikov Boost (2 levels), Boostmaster (Solo 1)
- 2x Cyberoptics (w/AD, LL, TS options in each, and TE/TA in separate optics)
- Cyberaudio (w/LD, AH, SE options)
- Subdermal Armor (SP18 torso)
- Chipware socket with a wide mix of outdoors skill chips
- "Dragonform" bio-enhancement w/skinchange (heavy scales, SP12), natural claws, combat tail (all ChrBk2), and NovelTech Spitfire flamer implant (same as Kendachi Dragon (ChrBk1))



Filename: MIHOSHI ONI



HANDLENONE
 REAL NAMEMIHOSHI ONI
 ROLESOLO
 AGE27

Background Notes

Following in her brother's footsteps (and benefiting from a more enlightened time), Mihoshi Oni joined the Yakuza and was taught all the combat skills she would need to survive the rough streets. Showing her eagerness for the act of killing, she was soon awarded most of the "wetwork" that needed doing. As she got older, she was taught by several masters of the sword and the skill of silent movement. Mihoshi was an apt pupil and soon became an expert in these "older" combat arts. Having been implicated twice for murder in the course of her various missions, she was spirited away to avoid arrest by the authorities and quietly retired from the Yakuza. They do not see her as unconnected, but Mihoshi is now building a separate reputation for herself as a yojimbo (bodyguard). This hasn't led her into conflict with her ex-bosses yet—but it could.

Operating Style

Always brought up to do the best that she could, Mihoshi tries to excel at everything she does. She has a very competitive streak and this sometimes leads to her showing off when this would be stupid and potentially disastrous. Looking for ways to showcase her talents, she seeks the most difficult of missions, so that her skills and intellect will be tested to the limit. She truly believes that the only way to prove your worth is to put your life on the line.

Enjoying the thrill of the chase, Mihoshi will play with minor opponents, lulling them into mistakes and then punishing them. With more resourceful/well trained opposition she quickly removes them. A loner, she prefers to split off from a group to do her own work. She likes getting in close and using her swords to finish an opponent off.

Stats

INT: 6 TECH: 4 REF: 8/9 COOL: 10
 LUCK: 5 ATT: 10 EMP: 9/2 MA: 5
 BOD: 7/9 Rep: 3

Skills

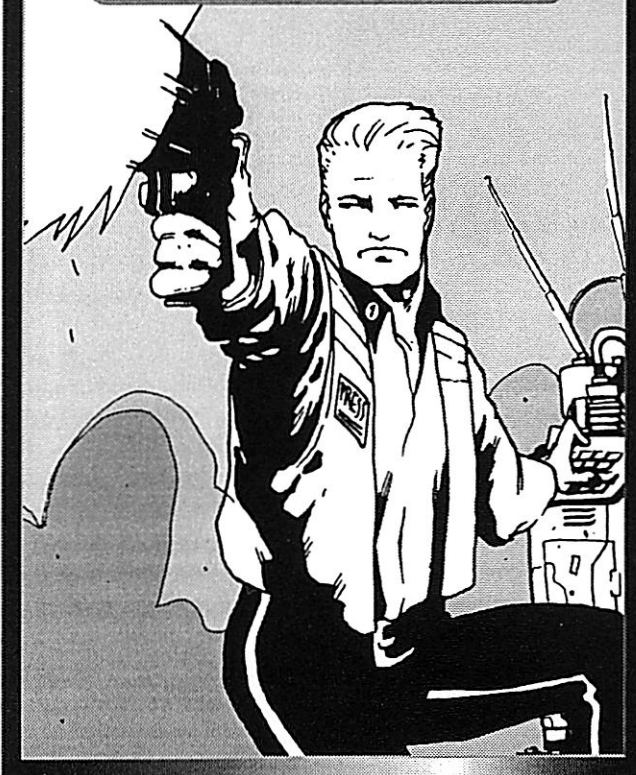
Combat Sense +6, *Athletics* +6, *Handgun* +5, *Melee* +7, *Endurance* +1, *Awareness* +5, *Stealth* +7, *Hide & Evade* +4, *Shadow & Track* +4, *Streetwise* +4, *Intimidate* +4, *Persuasion* +3, *Seduction* +3, *Language (Japanese/native)*, *Education* +3, *Disguise* +3, *Drive* +2, *Personal Grooming* +2, *Wardrobe/Style* +2, *Human Perception* +4

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link, DataTerm link), Kerenzikov Boost (two levels), Boostmaster, Pain Editor, Tactile Boost
- Skinweave (SP12), Lifesaver Skinweave, Muscle and Bone Lace, Nanosurgeons
- Adrenal Booster, Motion Detector, Midnight Lady and Contraceptive Implant, Biomonitor w/Trauma Team "deadman" switch
- Decentralized Heart [ChrBk1], CyberLiver [ChrBk1],
- Muscle/Bone Lace
- Chipware Socket w/English language and Electronic Security skill chips, plus others
- Cyberoptic (TA/LUV/IE/AD options)

Note: Mihoshi's Cyberoptic and Neural Processor are EMP-hardened.



Filename: BRYCE


HANDLEBRYCE
REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
ROLEMEDIA
AGE31

Background Notes

"Bryce" is the handle of one of the most popular—and hated—newsmen in the U.S. His real name is closely guarded by Net News 54 (it's rumored that Bryce is his real surname), and for security purposes, he has no permanent address.

Bryce's family disappeared during the earthquake which destroyed Los Angeles. He was found by corporate police who were "sweeping" transients for work in corporate labor facilities.

Younger than most of the juvies he was brought in with, Bryce got lucky, managing to become an office gopher at Petrochem's brutally infamous East Lubbock Work Facility. He got even luckier when a manager decided to adopt the boy—a stand-in son for his infertile wife. They moved east after scandal closed the facility a few years later, his father becoming general manager for Petrochem New Jersey. Similar grim surroundings and hostile working conditions hardened his already bitter image of the corporate world.

Bryce's adoptive parents put him through good schools, and although they hoped he would join the Company, he took an interest in investigative journalism—not a good choice in a paranoid era where nothing is what it seems. Working on carefully sanitized, Company-school newspapers, Bryce managed to get expelled several times for running stories on the "no-go" list. After college, he was picked up by recruiters from Net News 54.

Never forgetting his East Lubbock roots, Bryce immediately began investigating corporate mischief, making several enemies that first year and nearly getting fired twice. He knew that the corps weren't the only ones screwing up the world; the government was just as bad. In 2015, Bryce forced the governor of Florida to admit she had ordered the State Guard to attack his motel room during an investigation into dangerous genetic tampering with crops—courtesy of Biotechnica. By his third year, he'd earned the Corporate equivalent of a Pulitzer for his coverage of the booster wars in Night City, often traveling with the gangs, interviewing the street movers and the heavy hitters on the spot in order to file his story.

Operating Style

Bryce doesn't appear on a nightly basis. He files his column (daily in major screamsheets nationwide) from different locations. There's an office at the Net 54 News building in Night City—but he's never there. He just appears every few weeks on the seven o'clock news with a hard-hitting story—and the public loves it.

Those who've worked with him say his personality is a little hard to swallow. He often gives the appearance of being a hyperactive maniac concerned only with ratings. He uses this cover image to his advantage, popping up when least expected in his quest for the truth. The networks have tried to pull his stories dozens of times—twice they succeeded, resulting in riots outside the studio.

Bryce hasn't been seen on the air in two months, and reportedly he's looking for a good story. He can usually be reached by putting the word on the streets of selected cities (said locations deliberately leaked by himself).

Stats

INT: 9	TECH: 6	REF: 6	COOL: 8
LUCK: 5	ATT: 7	EMP: 7	MA: 7
BOD: 7	Rep: 8		

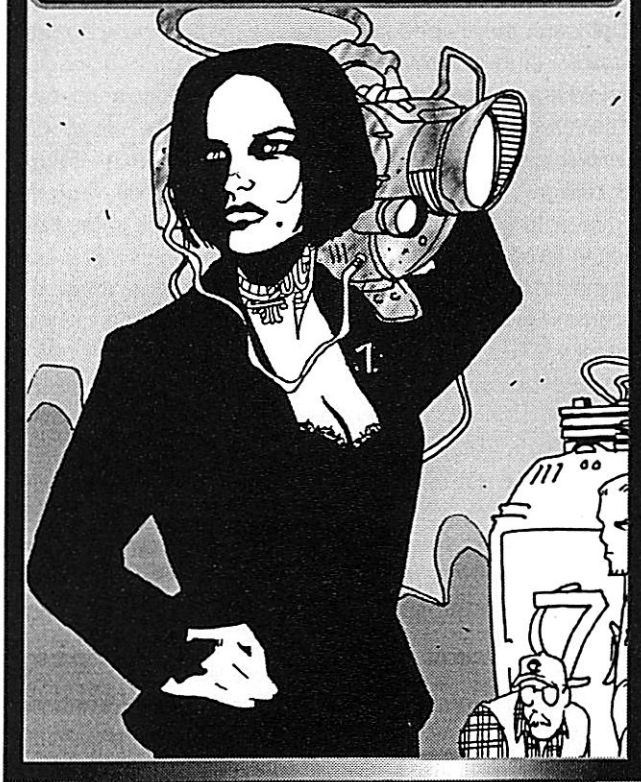
Skills

Credibility +7, *Awareness* +5, *Composition* +7, *Education* +4, *Persuasion* +7, *Human Perception* +5, *Social* +4, *Streetwise* +6, *Photo & Film* +4, *Interrogate* +5, *Library Search* +5, *Pistol* +3, *Brawling* +5, *Athletics* +4, *Rifle* +1, *Melee* +4, *Stealth* +5

Cyberware

- Processor w/Plugs (DataTerm link), Sandevistan Boost
- Optic (w/Video Transmitter [ChrBk 1], IE, TE, ME, AD, TH)
- Cyberaudio (w/LD, SE, DR options)



Filename: **ELECTRIC ANGEL**

HANDLE**ELECTRIC ANGEL**
 REAL NAME**SARA MITCHELL**
 ROLE**.MEDIA**
 AGE**.26**

Background Notes

Brought up with computers, Sara was immersed in the jargon of the "information communication highway" and her family's various jobs with these systems for the emerging multi-national corporations. She went away to university to study computers, but her interests lay in other fields, and she quickly dropped the computer studies for a media course. She excelled, but kept returning to the area of computing and found herself reporting (as a freelancer) on the explosion of the Net onto the world scene. She was in the right place at the right time, having the experience to be able to understand the Net and the skills to communicate it to the general public.

This brought her to the attention of Network 54/Britain, and they proceeded to seduce her into a long-term contract with them for a Net-based news show called "Angel Hour" (after her Net handle). It has become one of the most-watched non-fiction

shows on Network 54, particularly in Great Britain and the Continent (where it's often banned), combining a documentary with a gossip show. Sara works hard uncovering illegalities on the Net, making her friends (some are unwanted, like Netwatch), but lots of Corp enemies as well.

A carefree and easygoing young woman, she sees herself as making sure that the Net is accessible to all to use, not just a few Corporate elite. She rationalizes her "selling out" to Network 54 on the basis that they give her the freedom to do her thing without shackling her to the Network 54 company line.

Operating Style

Originally starting as a solo reporter, she prefers to work with noone else. This has led her into dangerous and potentially lethal positions, only getting the story out through luck, chance and some good friends. She can be very manipulative and will use almost any means to get her story, especially if it's Corp-related! For example, she has joined various groups/causes to get a specific lead, then abandoned them to bring in the story.

Now that she's one of Network 54's primary Net reporters, they have an increased interest in her well-being, and a small, personally picked team often backs her up in the field. This doesn't mean she likes it; a certain lack of freedom comes with the contract these days, and she's looking for a little moonlighting ...

Stats

INT: 7	TECH: 5	REF: 6	COOL: 8
LUCK: 5	ATT: 10	EMP: 9/8	MA: 4
BOD: 6/8	Rep: 5		

Skills

Credibility +7, Human Perception +5, Awareness +5, Social +5, Interview +4, Persuasion +6, Composition +5, Martial Arts (Aikido) +5, Perform +4, Wardrobe/Style +4, Personal Grooming +4, Seduction +2, Education +5, Library Search +3, System Knowledge +5, Expert (Net Gossip) +7

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Cybermodem link)
- Chipware socket w/Daytimer chip, Stress chip [ChrBk1], Photo RAM chip [ChrBk1] and a mix of skill chips
- Muscle & Bone Lace, Enhanced Antibodies, Lifesaver Skinweave [ChrBk1]
- Left Cyberoptic (w/MV, LL, TS options); Right Cyberoptic (w/VideoCam Transmitter [ChrBk1] option)
- Cyberaudio (w/LD, MR, SE, VS options)
- AudioVox w/Forked Tongue [ChrBk1] option
- Biomonitor, A/V Recorder implant



Filename: CHINA DAHL



HANDLENONE
 REAL NAMECHINA DAHL
 ROLEMEDIA
 AGE25

Background Notes

China Dahl grew up in a safe Corporate housing estate, the daughter of a low-level Corp worker. The Corporate school taught her to respect her parents, other people and the Corporation above all others. Happy in this microcosm, she quickly became a skilled photographer and seemed happiest around people. Earmarked for a place in the Corp's PR department, she was fast-tracked into a Corporate-sponsored university to study public relations. While there, she realized that the Corporate-fed media only reported a small slice of the actual news and she began to take unauthorized trips to see the streets for herself. There, she learned that the Corporations had a tyrannical grip over their employees and started to put an anti-Corp slant into her stories. These minor items were picked up only by small, anti-Corporation networks (mostly pirate stations).

Continuing her studies, she passed with honors and was offered a place in the PR department of her sponsor Corporation. To their surprise, she turned them down and went freelance with several smaller stations/networks. Developing a taste for gritty street stories with a Corporate slant, she learned the necessary skills to keep her out of trouble. Her former Corporate sponsor was not pleased by this turn of events, but can do nothing until she makes a mistake.

China is a disillusioned woman who saw all her early values exposed as merely Corp policy drummed into her as a child. She has made new friends in her new world, but still misses her family, and is angry that her father's Corporation will not allow her to see them (for "security" reasons).

Operating Style

Deciding to enjoy her life to the fullest, she is a frequent customer of nightclubs, even those normally closed to her as a non-Corporate member (because of her skill with disguises and persuasion of the door staff). There she can unwind and keep her ear out for any gossip that could lead to a story.

By picking up on said gossip, then following up any possible leads generated, means she's always working—and not always getting a story in return. However, the fact that she can enjoy herself at the same time—sometimes on other's money—makes this her preferred way of operating. She uses people for both pleasure and information, usually at the same time.

Stats

INT: 7	TECH: 7	REF: 7	COOL: 8
LUCK: 5	ATT: 7/10	EMP: 8/6	MA: 5
BOD: 7/9	Rep: 5		

Skills

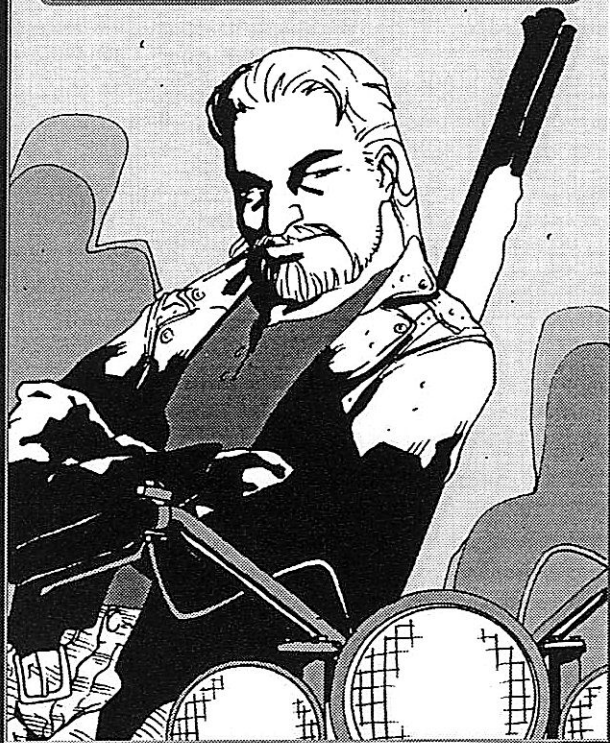
Credibility +7, Persuasion +5, Awareness +6, Athletics +6, Electronics +5, Human Perception +5, Interview +7, Wardrobe/Style +5, Personal Grooming +5, Photo & Film +8, Handgun +4, Library Search +4, Streetwise +6, Disguise +5, Corporate Policy +3, Culture +5

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs, Kerenzikov Booster (two levels)
- Chipware Socket w/Stress chip [ChrBk1] and Max-Lover [ChrBk1] chip
- Skinweave (12SP), Muscle & Bone Lace
- 2x Cyberoptics (AD, VideoCam Transmitter [ChrBk1] options)



Filename: TINY JOE



HANDLETiny JOE
 REAL NAMEJOE ROLACK
 ROLEMEDTECHIE
 AGE28

Background Notes

"Tiny" Joe Rolack stands about 6' 7", weighs in at 260 pounds, likes to bench press scrap steel, and is perpetually eating a bag of Garlic Sour Cream 'N' Bar-B-Q Mesquite™ Kibble Chips (brought to you by ConAg Corporation). He's also EMT-certified, fully competent in street surgery, familiar with cyber-grafting, and legally licensed to perform emergency medical services on the spot. When he's not doing that, he's running himself into debt in one of several Chinatown gambling pits.

Tiny grew up in Las Salinas, a decaying California beach town. Tourism, the town's only industry, didn't survive the Collapse; nobody had money for vacations anymore and the highways leading to Las Salinas were too dangerous. The golden beaches and blue waters which made the town so popular were knee-deep in toxic sludge and bristling with medical waste. His family left, joining the mass of refugees along the California freeway system. At 17, tired of the nomad life, he left on his own for San Francisco.

San Francisco had weathered the end of civilization fairly well; once there, Tiny became embroiled in the juvie-gang culture, constantly in one scam or another. After a round of detention halls, holding cells and work camps, he rambled until, at age 20, he contracted a virus which damaged his nervous system. Lucky to be alive, he opted for medical training to pay off his bills.

That was six years ago. Tiny served his time in the combat trauma clinics of San Francisco; after two years, he was allowed to go freelance. Over the next four years, Tiny worked with various strike medical services, found a lover, lost her to a Red Chrome Legion attack, went home to Las Salinas, found his family scattered, and dejectedly returned to San Francisco.

Operating Style

Tiny can best be described as a "people person." He is loud, boisterous, and jovial. Few people who meet Tiny don't like him. His sense of humor stems from staring death in the face every day for the past two years, then facing a string of personal disasters. Tiny's philosophy is, if you can't laugh, what can you do? Go berserk and get chopped by the psycho squad? Or end up in some hospital ward pumped full of tranqs?

Tiny wanders the Sprawl circuit up and down the west coast of the U.S., looking for work. He leaves his cell phone number with satisfied customers, so he can be reached at a moment's notice if somebody needs no-questions-asked medical care. Tiny has also worked for Trauma Team, but they're beginning a hiring freeze as conflicts develop between management and the medical unions. Tiny enjoys practicing his trade and he honestly likes to help people, but his bedside manner is lacking somewhat due to his personality. He often finds himself working for anyone at all just to catch up on his gambling debts. Tiny may be a high technician, but he's no highroller, despite what he thinks to the contrary.

Stats

INT: 8	TECH: 9	REF: 6	COOL: 7
LUCK: 3	ATT: 4	EMP: 6	MA: 6
BOD: 10	Rep: 3		

Skills

Medtech +6, Awareness +5, Basic Tech +4, Diagnose +4, Education +2, Cryotank Op +4, CyberTech +5, Pharmaceuticals +4, Pistol +4, First Aid +6, Athletics +5, Rifle +5, Streetwise +5, Gamble +5, Wilderness Survival +2, Language (Spanish) +2, Social +2

Cyberware

- Basic Processor, Kerenzikov Boost (1 level)
- Cyberoptic (w/TS Plus [ChrBk2], TH options)
- Medical Modular Hand II-face# 1.2]
- Biomonitor
- Chip Socket w/Stress chip [ChrBk1], Ambidex chip [ChrBk1], SegAtari Mind Games chips [ChrBk1]



Filename: PATCHWORK



HANDLE **PATCHWORK**
REAL NAME **SHELIA DARWIN**
ROLE **MEDTECHIE**
AGE **25**

Background Notes

Very little is known about Shelia Darwin until her late teens. She was originally from the Madrid slums and was involved in anti-government actions at this time. She was expelled from her second year of med school for several projects involving DNA codes deemed illegal by the EC's General Genetics Act of 2004.

Shelia got a midman agent (a necessity in "genteel" Europe) and took to the streets as an underground haute-couture medic, Europe's answer to the American ripperdoc. Her labs were raided in 2018 during a messy incident which turned into a PR nightmare. Despite her agent's best efforts, she was disgraced, and her operation was shut down.

Rumors still abound about that raid. The Madrid police (known for their corruption) isn't an aggressive force. Riding safely in APCs, their idea of active police work is a night of hosing down demonstrators. To this day, Shelia believes that the raid was sparked not by complaints, but in retaliation for her anti-government actions. She remains embittered about it.

Unwilling to relocate to the Orient and prone to space-sickness, Shelia left for the U.S., the only marketplace left. She has plied her trade cross-country ever since, specializing in wetware, bioware, biotech, and genetics. She is also proficient in surgery, and likes to obtain limb samples for cloning experiments.

"Patchwork" is the name she acquired on the street for her custom bodyjobs, but "Shelia Darwin" isn't her real name either. Her old identity, tainted by the episode in Madrid, has been wiped clean. Patchwork normally sports short, spiked hair, a loose-fitting blouse, and jeans worn under an unbuttoned lab coat. Her most interesting feature, rarely seen, is a tattoo of a snake running from her left leg, coiled around her right breast. This is reportedly a remnant of her days in medical school.

Operating Style

Patchwork is quiet and businesslike. Sometimes she is pleasant enough, but is always talking about her work. Other times, she's too distant and detached even for other Medtechies to understand. She always looks to further her research in biotechnology. For this, she needs a constant flow of newtech, fresh body parts, and cash. As a result, she freelances to those looking for the right biotech. Her clients include gangsters, street samurai, braindance stars, intelligence agents, posers (of course), really strange boosters, and others ...

For an exorbitant fee (and over time), Patchwork can alter you into something from your wildest dreams or your worst nightmares, depending on how your procedure turns out. Want another limb? Faster reflexes? Greater body mass? Natural toxin binders? Shelia can do it—probably. She also performs the more exotic sculpt jobs not found openly. For the most part, Shelia lives and works out of her salvaged pre-Collapse van, custom-refitted for her work.

Stats

INT: 8	TECH: 9	REF: 7	COOL: 6
LUCK: 6	ATT: 7	EMP: 6	MA: 8
BOD: 7	Rep: 3		

Skills

Medtech +4, *Biotech* +7, *Awareness* +6, *Basic Tech* +4, *Diagnose* +6, *Education* +6, *Cryotank Op* +7, *Pharmaceuticals* +5, *Brawling* +4, *Athletics* +5, *Pistol* +5, *Drive* +3, *Library Search* +4

Cyberware

- Contraceptive Implant
- Gang Jazzler (ChrBk1)

Shelia's Van

SDP: 40, SP: 20, Max Speed: 80 mph, Acc/Dec: 15/40 mph, Range: 300 mi., Mass: 1.75 tons, Cargo: 1155 lbs. capacity, Passengers: 2 + driver, Equipment: 6.5 (10) empty spaces; Portable Intern Unit, Limb Preservation Unit, Medical Kit, Surgical Kit, Cryotank, Options: Crash Control System, Environmental Control, Security System (Basic System, Lethal Shocker), Boosted Speed, Cost: 40,000eb retail.



Filename: DOCTOR SNOOPY



HANDLEDOCTOR SNOOPY
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLEMEDTECHIE
 AGE28

Background Notes

Born to a middle-rank criminal family, the young "Snoopy" was protected from his family's dealings, and family "profits" were used to send him to a university to study medicine. However, he was suddenly dragged into the family's "work" when his parents were killed by a rival crime chief.

Not long afterwards, he realized the money-making potential of his skills. His first attempt at designer drug production led quickly to arrest and imprisonment for two years, where he learned to refine his methods (especially on the distribution side), and some harsh lessons in survival (e.g., the use of concealed weapons). With the last of his family's money, he bought his parole and some useful cyberware. Leaving prison to make his way on the street, he began acting as a ripperdoc for the street slime and cyberpunks, under the childhood pseudonym of "Doctor Snoopy."

Upset that his entire early life (until age 22) was a tissue of lies, Doctor Snoopy has no respect for himself or others, seeing everyone as tools to use so he can better himself. He has become a doctor who is willing to take risks with his own and other's lives, caring nothing for the pain of his patients or whether a person dies under his knife.

The one dream he still clings to is to control his own large-scale drug laboratory, making products for his own use and for street sale. He will betray anyone or any ideal to reach this dream, regardless of any future backlash on himself or anyone else.

Operating Style

Doctor Snoopy has become widely known as a ripperdoc who, though brutal in practice, is willing to perform any operation—with no interest in the usage of his "work" afterwards. Usually to be found in the worst bars and nightclubs, he is tolerated by others because of his skill. However, he is more widely known within the drug underworld as a source of new designer drug ideas.

If baited with enough money, he could even accompany a group of Cyberpunks, but only if the 'punks are desperate for someone with good medical and/or drug knowledge. Even on these jobs he will be on at least one drug, if not a whole cocktail. When not needed as a ripperdoc, he likes to blot out his memories and feelings in a morass of alcohol and mood-enhancing drugs (some of his own concoction), oblivious to the damage he's doing to himself.

Stats

INT: 9	TECH: 10	REF: 6	COOL: 5
LUCK: 4	ATT: 5	EMP: 5/2	MA: 5
BOD: 5	Rep: 5		

Skills

MedTech +8, *Pharmaceuticals* +7, *Cryotank Operation* +7, *CyberTech* +6, *Library Search* +6, *Education* +6, *Biology* +6, *BioTech* +4, *First Aid* +4, *Human Perception* +5, *Streetwise* +5, *Athletics* +4, *Melee* +6

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Machine/Tech link)
Chipware Socket
- Nasal Filters, Independent Air Supply, CyberLiver [ChrBk1] implants
- Chemical Analyzer, AudioVox with Forked Tongue [ChrBk1] option
- Anti-Plague Nanotech, Skinweave (SP12)





Filename: SYLPH



HANDLESYLPH
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLEMEDTECHIE
 AGE22

Background Notes

Sylph originally belonged to an Arcology group, giving her a sense of extended family, where people tried to help one another when possible. This, coupled with an interest in her father's profession (he was an Arcology doctor), led to her becoming a "care-giver" as well. She passed her exams easily and joined her father on the Arcology med-staff. This was soon brought to an abrupt end when he was thrown out of the Arcology for treating illegal occupants. She was orphaned that same month, in a drive-by shooting. Confused and alone, Sylph was lucky enough to fall in with a local block "guardian" gang. She has settled down now, reverting back to her earlier inclination—to help suffering people—but also makes some profit doing it.

Sylph was always brought up to be kind and caring by her father, helping anyone she could. Although this attitude was not misplaced within the happy and secure confines of

her home Arcology, she has quickly found that most people on the "outside" are only looking to help themselves and will not give to other people unless forced to. Still looking for someone to take her father's place in her love, she is quiet and demure, preferring to maintain a distance from most people until they have proved to be good friends and reliable.

Operating Style

Sylph has decided to help other people and to look after herself at the same time, becoming a street-doc, helping those who can pay her something. The payment is usually small, and even only as much as a promise of future help. She is afraid of the effects of cyberware on the human psyche and will not deal with it if she can help it.

On the advice of her current lover (the block gang leader), she has let people in the local area know that she's operating and has set up an unofficial clinic near the combat zone. She will also go on emergency house calls in her car, but only with her boyfriend (and possibly some of his bros) with her. If approached to work with a specific group, she would examine their reputation for mindless violence versus a more restrained attitude. A large amount of money may allow her to quell niggling doubts, but she will never be found with a group of unrestrained maniacs.

Stats

INT: 9	TECH: 10	REF: 7	COOL: 7
LUCK: 2	ATT: 5	EMP: 8	MA: 5
BOD: 6	Rep: 4		

Skills

MedTech +7, *Diagnose Illness* +7, *Cryotank Operation* +6, *Education* +6, *Basic Tech* +6, *Awareness* +5, *CyberTech* +6, *Athletics* +5, *Interrogation* +2, *Social* +3

Cyberware

- Biomonitor
- Chemical Analyzer implant
- Cyberaudio (w/VS, WB, AH, BD options)

Sylph's Car

Nissan Metrocar

SDP: 25, SP: 10, Max Speed: 50 mph, Acc/Dec: 3 mph, Range:200 mi., Passengers: 2, Cargo: 200 lbs., Equipment: Multi-band radio, Medical Kit



Filename: VICTOR CROWE



HANDLENONE
 REAL NAMEVICTOR CROWE
 ROLEFIXER
 AGE21

Background Notes

Victor Crowe was one of the lucky ones. His childhood was wealth and security, in a place where black-clad, gun-toting guards offered salutes on well manicured landscapes. He went to company schools and became an employee of IEC after graduation—a life nothing short of pampered drudgery. From childhood, he had learned the rules of the game, and quickly carved his own niche in corporate society. At the customary parties, he was the model executive child; then he snuck off like everybody else to screw and do synthcoke all night.

Victor never liked cyberware. He never saw the point to altering yourself, never found any appeal in becoming metal. But he knew there was money to be made as he watched the sales ledgers grow exponentially, fattened by fools who couldn't do without their precious cybernetics.

Then he met Dana, the daughter of the marketing VP, at a party. She had forgotten her pills, and Victor had all kinds of

chemicals to keep her happy. They immediately hit it off. They also shared the same philosophy when it came to cyberware. The pair began their own little venture, making top-grade metal "disappear" from warehouses, skimming off the top, and raking in a small fortune. Mom and Dad would have been proud.

Until the day Internal Investigations came around, and Mom and Dad were demoted to minor clerical positions. In a blind panic, Victor swapped some names, juggled some numbers, burned a few documents, and in the space of an hour, neatly dumped the whole blame in Dana's lap. Dana's father was removed from his position; Dana was blacklisted forever.

That weekend, at a party in Baltimore, several gentlemen from Marketing, accompanied by a dozen or so Chromers, nearly tore Victor to shreds. His company accounts had been canceled, so Victor was rushed to a nearby trauma clinic. He packed up and fled the hospital the following Monday, bandages and all.

Operating Style

That was a year ago. Since he hit the Washington D.C. area, Victor has re-established contact with his various cohorts from the old organization. He is a slick, arrogant hustler who has worked for various criminal syndicates, usually arranging the sale of illegal cybernetics in bulk, the fencing of stolen cyberware, or the procurement of rare "black" tech. In business conversations, he is exceedingly friendly and outgoing, always willing to consider another concession—in exchange for a little favor later. He has good relations with the other syndicates in the city and so far is too small to really bother anybody. His reputation has yet to be firmly established, but so far he has had nothing but satisfied customers. Note that Victor is not above murder, but never without a legitimate grievance.

Victor's only problem now is that the Company is still actively searching for him with intent to prosecute; he needs a hiding place, he needs cash, and he needs reliable contacts. But first—he needs that one big score to get him moving.

Stats

INT: 8	TECH: 10	REF: 7	COOL: 10
LUCK: 6	ATT: 9	EMP: 7	MA: 6
BOD: 7	Rep: 2		

Skills

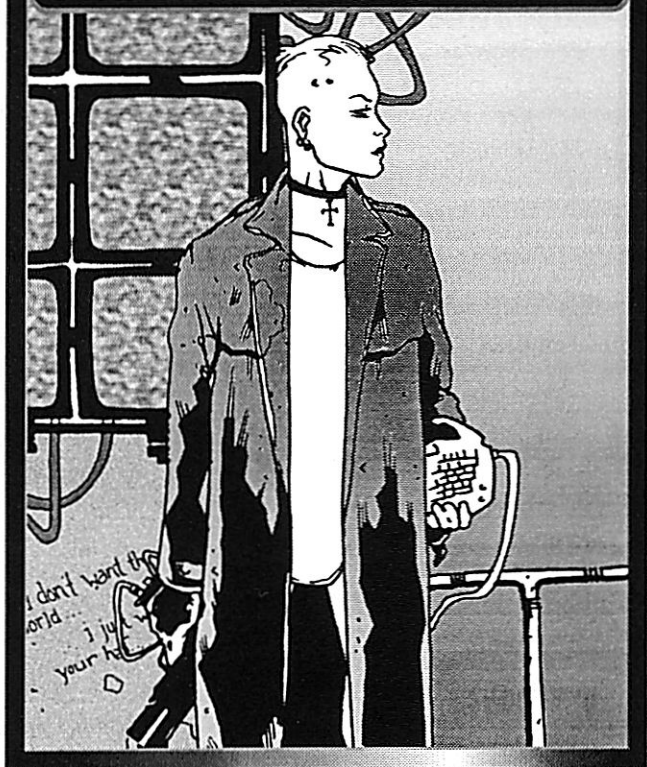
Streetdeal +5, *Persuasion* +6, *Pistol* +4, *Awareness* +5, *Intimidate* +3, *Melee* +3, *Favors (Cyberware)* +4, *CyberTech* +6, *Business Sense* +3, *Accounting* +5, *Athletics* +4, *Wardrobe/Style* +5, *Human Perception* +4, *Social* +5, *Education* +5, *Brawling* +3

Cyberware

None.



Filename: LISA MORET



HANDLENONE
 REAL NAMELISA MORET
 ROLEFIXER
 AGE27

Background Notes

In 2020, information is currency. People kill for it. Nations go to war over it. Corporations murder, wreck economies, and expend millions to compile and protect it. Lisa Moret is one of those individuals who controls the flow of data, arranging for its sale, always acquiring more in the process.

When she was 16, she dated a local Solo who often escorted a man named Jansen—one of the city's biggest info bro—around. Jansen met Lisa at a late-night dinner with other organization members and took a liking to her. She was immediately enthralled with the idea of being one of those people who were "in the know", especially when truth is in short supply.

Working as an understudy, Lisa slowly rose up the info-ladder, getting to know the right people, the right places, the proper etiquette. One night a few years ago, in the middle of a night-club, two men tried to kill her. As a former low-income arcology resident and a product of Detroit's public schools, violence was

nothing new to Lisa, but these men had come to kill her. Had it not been for dumb luck, they would have succeeded. She realized this was the big time, and that she was now a player. An edgerunner. A cyberpunk. It was a sobering experience.

When Jansen expanded his network, Lisa was given control of the local data action. Now an army of Techies, Netrunners, Solos, and Datamen were hers to command. When Jansen was murdered, Lisa decided to split. She handed things over to a lieutenant, took her share of the business, and started working the sprawl circuits. She has reached such a level, that, if the majority of her compiled data saw the light of day, Lisa would be forced to flee off-planet.

Operating Style

Lisa does not specialize in any one field of information. Rather, she has access to select chunks of data from a vast array of topics. She owns a reliable stable of datamen and regularly hires freelance datarunners. The combined sum of data she has access to at any one time has been approximated in excess of five million Euros worth.

Lisa can be found hanging around parties, where she usually has the inside story on current controversies. She is slightly reserved, but quite friendly if you get her to talk, and especially outgoing if she thinks she can pick up some bit of new information. She's fair in business matters, but tenaciously dedicated to expansion of her databases. When not publicly gathering information, Lisa is usually lost in some research

There's a little-known thing about Lisa's portable computer, where she temporarily stores interesting data and other notes. The machine is protected by both positive voice and palm print scans. Any extended tampering with the machine, or three successive failed scans, will cause the EMP grenade built inside to detonate, instantly wiping everything on it and fusing the electronics forever—don't stand too close.

Stats

INT: 9 TECH: 6 REF: 7/8 COOL: 10
 LUCK: 10 ATT: 7 EMP: 8 MA: 7
 BOD: 6 Rep: 6

Skills

Streetdeal +6, *Persuasion* +5, *Interrogation* +5, *Awareness* +5, *Library Search* +3, *Human Perception* +5, *Culture* +4, *General Knowledge* +3, *Favors (Information)* +5, *Electronics* +3, *Pistol* +5, *Brawling* +4, *Shadow/Ditch* +4, *Social* +3

Cyberware

• Basic Processor w/2x sets of Interface plugs (DataTerm link, Tech link), Sandevistan Boost, Boostmaster [Solo 1]



Filename: **GRATEFUL**

HANDLEGRATEFUL
 REAL NAMEBILL FULLER
 ROLEFIXER (SMUGGLER)
 AGE32

Background Notes

Bill's parents were Sixties children who had their son late in life—and Bill hated their guts. They had no concept of real life, he thought, with their “give peace a chance”, and “Love is the way.” Life is hard, and the way to get what you want is to fight. So he joined the Army at sixteen, in time for the SouthAm conflict. Tapped for pilot's school, he was assigned to a Ranger unit operating near Bogotá. Six years of service brought him combat and betrayal; only four of his original unit made it out of the jungles, and two were insane. Bill ended up as a point man for the Long March and lost his arm there.

It was a different Bill Fuller who came out of the jungle. While understanding violence was necessary at times, he wanted as little contact with it as possible. He finally understood his parents, and raced home to tell them.

But it was too late; they were victims of the Wasting Plague. Bill roamed the streets in a daze for months, then pulled himself

together and went looking for a living. Jobs were scarce in 2011, but Bill found a trucking firm that needed drivers unconcerned about their cargo, who could take care of the load—and themselves. Bill fit in, and Grateful (so named for his tie-dye shirts and his music) went into the smuggling business.

In two years, he owned his own Peterbilt (painted in psychedelia). Seven years later, he runs an organization, a confederation of smugglers and couriers. He still does business out of his first Peterbilt, now equipped with living quarters and a sophisticated comm suite. He smuggles computer memory imported from Japan, drugs and pharmaceuticals—almost everything. But no guns; in his opinion, there are more than enough in America already. His smugglers are armed for self-defense only; they're under orders not to smash police blockades, or to shoot it out with Customs—bribery, concealment, and forged documents are his style. ‘Course, if some Nomads won't settle for what the drivers are willing to give for “safe passage”, they're armed to deal with idiots.

Operating Style

Grateful is burly and powerful, his long hair and full beard giving him the appearance of a blond bear. Quick to smile and laugh, he is well liked by his crews and the people he does business with. His loose, laid-back style belies a steel-trap mind and a careful attention to detail. Bill hates violence (but not Solos per se; if it's their destiny to kill, so be it), but uses it when he must. He is rarely without some controlled substance on his person, and has done jail time because of it. He chain-smokes, and drinks coffee at truly prodigious rates, but neither alters his mood in the slightest...Grateful just keeps on truckin'.

Stats

INT: 8 TECH: 7 REF: 9 COOL: 10
 LUCK: 9 ATT: 6 EMP: 10/7 MA: 7
 BOD: 7/9 Rep: 5

Skills

Streetdeal +6, Awareness +4, Persuasion +4, Martial Art (QuickDeath, U.S. Army version of Soviet Sambo) +4, Handgun +5, Leadership +4, Hide/Evade +3, Basic Tech +4, Language (Spanish) +5, Culture (Hispanic) +4, Culture (Hippy/Deadheads) +3, Operate Hvy. Machinery +3, Pilot AV +4, Pilot Rotary Wing +4, Education +2, Driving +4, Rifle +5, Stealth +3, First Aid +4, Human Perception +4, Hvy Weapons +4

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link, Vehicle link, DataTerm link), Kerenzikov Boost (1 level)
- Chipware socket
- Cyberarm (w/ARM, STR options and pop-up Uzi Mini 9 SMG)
- Muscle & Bone Weave





Filename: HAND



HANDLEHAND
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLEFIXER
 AGE25

Background Notes

"Hand" has an uncertain background, originally coming from one of the many Combat Zones that sprung up around the violent city of Miami. The son of a fugitive drug smuggler, he was brought up by his elder sister. He saw that those with power derive it from their ability to make things happen. He took this to heart and quickly became an invaluable person to know—to virtually everyone he was the person to see if you needed something or someone. This quickly brought him enemies and friends in equal proportions, eventually leading to his betrayal to a rival. Now he's on the run, pursued by a Miami-based Corp, his earlier life on the streets preparing him well for survival. The latest attempt by a fellow Fixer "to correct an error" left him minus his right arm, but Hand has even turned this to his advantage by building a reputation around his very visible chrome and neon cyberarm. (The pop-up pistol has also meant he's always ready now!)

His major motivation in life is to escape the streets and to be able to "retire". He is looking for that elusive big score, but so far he has only managed to keep ahead of his bills. The street has also left him with a detached viewpoint, viewing his clients as separate from himself. However, he will help anyone he sees as a true friend, including laying his life on the line for them—lucky for him so far, he hasn't had to prove this too many times.

Operating Style

Hand is currently working on his lack of Corporate connections by acting as go-between for "jobs" that Corps want done out-of-house. He has usually the dubious honor of recruiting Cyberpunks to do these jobs, briefing them and then making sure they follow through. This is a dangerous line to be in, as both sides (Corps and Punks) will look for him if something goes wrong!

Hand hopes to gain as many good contacts as possible, in all the different layers of society. This he equates with Knowledge, and from it, the power to control his life. So far he has a lot of street friends, and some underworld friends, but no major players and very few Corporate contacts, due to the fact that he has not been born and bred into that close-knit circle of people.

Stats

INT: 7	TECH: 5	REF: 6	COOL: 10
LUCK: 8	ATT: 5	EMP: 8/6	MA: 5
BOD: 7	Rep: 3		

Skills

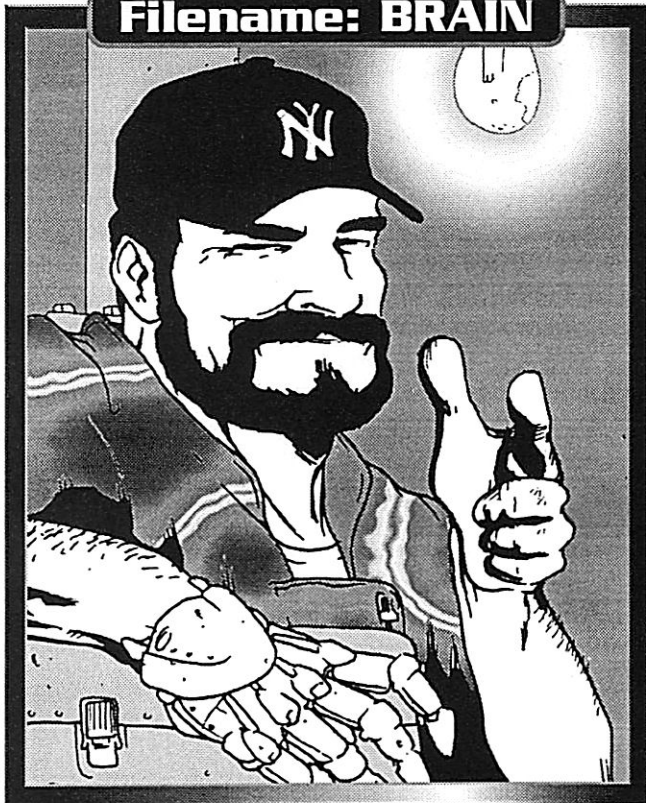
Streetdeal +6, *Intimidate* +6, *Persuasion* +7, *Social* +2, *Human Perception* +5, *Athletics* +7, *Martial Arts (Animal Kung Fu)* +8, *Handgun* +5, *Melee* +5, *Forgery* +5, *Language (Spanish)* +4, *Library Search* +3, *Shadow/Track* +4, *Water Vehicles* +3

Cyberware

- Neural Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link), Kerenzikov Boost (2 levels)
- Chipware socket w/Stress chip [ChrBk1] and a mix of skill chips
- Right Cyberarm (with RJ, SUPR, ARM options and a pop-up Colt AMT 2000 w/LimbLink [ChrBk1] option)



Filename: BRAIN



HANDLE BRAIN
 REAL NAME JOHN McCULLEN
 ROLE TECHIE
 AGE 33

Background Notes

Brain comes from a four-generation line of Brooklyn mechanics. His family lived in a crummy apartment above his father's garage; the smells of oil, gasoline and sweat became second nature. From early childhood, Brain was a natural at taking things apart, analyzing the pieces, and putting them back together successfully (although several television sets became casualties). Through high school, Brain worked the shop, slowly earning the money he would need to attend local college. Things were tough in the post-'96 chaos: They were robbed dozens of times, cars would get stripped or stolen off the lot, road boosters would loot the garage for spare parts. Twice, John had to ward off thieves with his father's 9mm.

John's dreams of college ended shortly after his sixteenth birthday. Coming home late one night, Brain's parents were killed by head-on with a DUI. Devastated, he abandoned the shop and did the only thing he could think of: He enlisted for a

two-year tour in Central America, figuring he could see the world, live a life of danger, and earn some money for college.

In basic, Brain learned to assemble and repair more complex things, including electronics, cybernetics, and heavy vehicles. After training, John was assigned to Firebase Antietam, a little slice of hell in the middle of Peru. In 2006, Sgt. McCullen was standing under an APC, doing maintenance, when the Peruvians attacked. He never saw the rocket destroy the hydraulic lift, sparking a fireball which horribly burned him. The vehicle came crashing down, crushing Brain's right side. Field medics fitted him on the spot with cybernetics.

Brain returned to the U.S. shortly after that and floated around the East Coast. After hooking up with a fixer named Crickett, he became involved in black ops, a variety of gang wars, and high-tech robberies. His resume includes work in Asia, LEO, Europe, Antarctica, and various spots around the U.S. He later became involved with Affirmative Action (see pg. 60).

Operating Style

Brain is friendly enough, but he comes off as somewhat bland at times. He likes a good party when there's nothing else to do, but the PCs are more likely to encounter him fixing something. Brain can be reached several ways, but the best way to pique his interest is to offer him some bit of technology he hasn't seen before and let him have a field day. Brain's primary specialties, in addition to repair, are demolitions and security breach. He's always willing to perform a consultation or go in on a job.

In addition to exploring new technologies, Brain's primary interest is living long enough to retire. Yes, that's right, John McCullen is not one of those Edgerunners who thinks it's so cool to die young; rather, Brain figures that if he made it this far, he deserves a taste of the good life.

Stats

INT: 8	TECH: 9	REF: 7	COOL: 7
LUCK: 6	ATT: 4	EMP: 6	MA: 7
BOD: 6	Rep: 5		

Skills

Jury Rig +5, Awareness +6, Streetwise +5, Athletics +4, Basic Tech +8, Demolitions +5, Rotorwing Tech +4, Tracked Vehicle Tech +3, AV Tech +4, CyberTech +6, Rifle +3, Melee +4, Pistol +4, Stealth +2, Electronic Security +5, General Knowledge +2, Weaponsmith +3

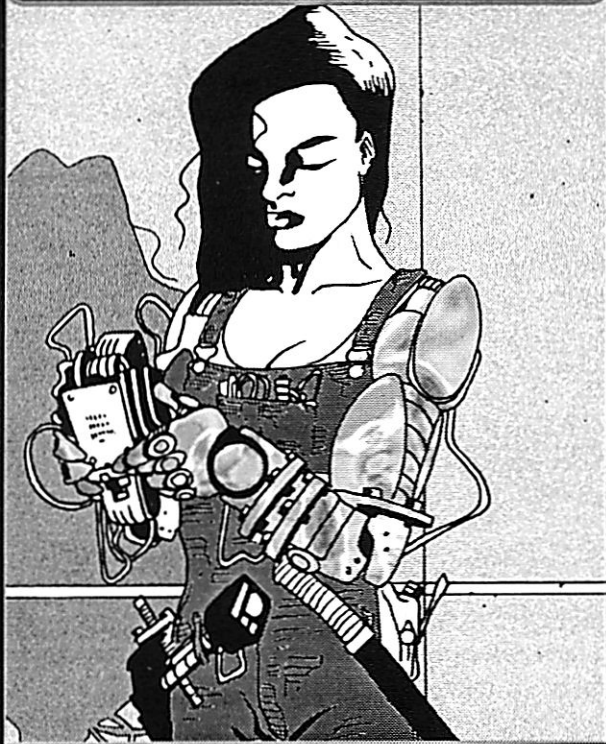
Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Machine/Tech link)
- Cyberoptic (w/TA, TH, ME, AD options)
- Cyberarm (w/ARM, THK options)
- Cyberleg (w/ARM, HOL options)
- Biomonitor, Photo-RAM chip [ChrBk1], Ambidex chip [ChrBk1]





Filename: SUSIE CLOVE



HANDLENONE
 REAL NAMESUZY CLOVE
 ROLETECHIE
 AGE35

Background Notes

Suzy comes from Mulatto/Irish stock; all her family were involved in working with their hands. As a result, Suzy showed an interest in all things electrical—and cybernetics in particular. This field is her fascination and she has spent large amounts of money on cyberware (trying to become a full-body conversion before the actual technology existed!)—and survived the experience (long months spent in cyberpsychosis therapy).

Her earlier life was dominated by cyberware and its acquisition, leading her to engage in illegal activities (robbery, forgery, etc.). As a result, she has spent time on various wanted/hot lists (EBM, Trauma Team, certain State Police agencies). This disregard for authority has made her rep among the street action; her quick and effective repairs and rebuilds have resulted in limited friendships with certain Edgerunners. Suzy had several lovers in the past, but most

were before she "borged" herself up, and became completely absorbed in technical stuff to the exclusion of all else.

Operating Style

Suzy has a insatiable appetite for new cyberware, even to the point of ignoring both people and her current work. With the sort of euro-drain this entails, her paid services are always available. She likes new tech puzzles as well, and can sometimes be tempted away from her workshop to examine a new power source or vehicle, but rarely goes out for any other reason.

She works from various sites, always moving around. Preferring to work in old warehouses and apartment blocks, she'll set up anywhere there's lots of space and access to a power source (for her volume of tech equipment).

Stats

INT: 8 TECH: 8 REF: 6 COOL: 6
 LUCK: 5 ATT: 6/8 EMP: 10/3 MA: 5
 BOD: 10/3 Rep: 4

Skills

Jury Rig +7, Basic Tech +5, Education +6, Awareness +3, Handgun +3, Melee +1, Athletics +3, Social +2, Wardrobe/Style +3, Personal Grooming +3, Streetwise +4, Teaching +5, Chemistry +2, Dance +3, Drive +4, CyberTech +6, Aero Tech +3, Gyro Tech +3, Electronics +6, Demolitions +2, Corporate Policy +4

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/2x sets Interface plugs (Machine/Tech link, DataTerm link, Vehicle link)
- Chip socket w/Stress chip [ChrBk1], Fish-N-Chips chip [ChrBk1]
- Nasal Filter, Digital Recorder, Chemical Analyzer implants
- Muscle and Bone Lace, Skinweave (SP12), Lifesaver skinweave [ChrBk1]
- Right Cyberoptic (w/IE, TH, UV, IR options); Left Cyberoptic (w/TS, ME, UV, IR options)
- Left Cyberarm (w/SUPR, THK, RJ, QC, TOL options); Right Cyberarm (w/SUPR, THK, RJ, STR, MOD options)
- 2x Cyberlegs (w/THK, RJ, STR, SUPR options)



Filename: CYBERDOG



HANDLECYBERDOG
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLETECHIE
 AGE28

Background Notes

Born into a Nomad pack, the young man grew up never knowing for sure which members were his parents. As he got older, he was chosen by the chief Techie of the pack as an apprentice, and began to learn the intricacy of maintaining the pack's vehicles and cyberware. However, the two main loves of his life became explosives and looking after the pack dogs. "CyberDog" (as the Nomads named him) trained the pack's animals to act as perimeter guards. Along the way, he started designing and implanting modified cyberware into the dogs to improve them.

At age 17, his Nomad group was ambushed by operatives of an unknown corporation. They were killed almost to the last person; the only survivor was CyberDog—and his vengeance. He began a life on the streets, making a living repairing the equipment of street people and continuing his experiments with cyber-enhanced dogs. His expertise in both repairs and cyberware

quickly made him a leader in the field, and gained him several "acquaintances," including police and corporates alike. A particular Corporate who became a regular customer eventually found out about his quest for vengeance and used it as bait to lure CyberDog into working for Militech's research department.

Given all the tools and money he needed, CyberDog quickly developed the cyberware now used in Militech's canine guards, but he was also working on another project which he kept secret from the Corp. They eventually discovered the secret project's existence, and, when they refused to tell him which Corporation had attacked his old family, he seemed to give in and agreed to tell them about the new project.

He demonstrated his "Cerberus" project the next day by having a cyberform greyhound unit (a robotic body combined with an organic brain; packed with 2kg of C-6) run up to the crowded observation enclosure and detonate in front of the blackmailing exec. During the confusion, he slipped away from the facilities and returned to the streets, taking the design of his new "Blasthounds" with him.

Operating Style

Cold and detached, his main motivation is to find out who arranged the wiping out of his pack and why. CyberDog maintains a false friendly relationship with everyone so that he can use them later to get information or to help in pursuit of his revenge. Only when someone is of no use to him anymore will he show his real feelings. He either sells his Blasthounds for use, or hires out his expertise in a range of fields to whomever needs it—except Corporations!

Stats

INT: 7	TECH: 8	REF: 7	COOL: 6
LUCK: 8	ATT: 6	EMP: 7/6	MA: 7
BOD: 6	Rep: 6		

Skills

Jury Rig +7, Basic Tech +7, CyberTech +6, Electronics +6, Education +4, Zoology +6, Biology +5, Awareness +6, Athletics +6, Melee +4, Demolitions +7, Streetwise +3, Gamble +4, Library Search +2, Expert (Dog Breeds) +5

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/2x sets of Interface plugs (Machine/Tech link)
- Chipware socket w/A-E Surge chip, Death Trance chip, Fish 'N Chips chip (all ChrBk1) and a mix of various skill chips
- Digital Recorder implant
- Cyberoptic (w/MV, ME, IE options)



Filename: GHOST RYDER



HANDLEGHOST RYDER
 REAL NAMEGREY FALCONE
 ROLENETRUNNER/NOMAD
 AGE26

Background Notes

Grey Falcone is one of the classic combat Netrunners on the street today. He is an Aikido master, an accomplished swordsman and a hot computer cowboy—as equally at home on the street as he is decrypting logic sequencers.

Grey is one of three siblings born to a southwestern nomad family. When his brother, Ice, and sister, Jade, went to fight in S.A., Grey managed to enter Texas A&M, scoring a scholarship in their Internet Study program.

At the time, Grey was becoming proficient in Aikido. To fulfill his Phys Ed requirement, he entered an intensive training course, further honing his skills. After graduation, Grey found a dojo to complete his mastery of the form. He interned with several computer firms during this time, sharpening his Net skills as well.

Grey went back to the pack for a while, discovering that his relatives had not returned from the War. No death notices had been sent, and inquiry to the Army revealed that Ice and Jade

had both survived, but nobody knew where they had gone after discharge. At the request of his parents, Grey went in search of his two siblings, first scouring the Net for any info he could turn up, then actually roaming the country once the paper trail faded. All three ran into each other in Bangkok. They've worked together occasionally since then, visiting the pack at least once a year.

Grey's expenses are heavy; to support his lifestyle, he needs more work than play. His custom deck wiped out the remainder of his bank account, so he tends to grab hot-test software the minute it hits the street (whether or not he can afford it). Grey makes a point of contributing to the pack when he can, so that drains his resources, too.

Operating Style

Grey is cocky, cool and aggressive. He loves the Net as much as he loves his fighting form and is dedicated to both. Unlike most Edgerunners, Grey is concerned with health and fitness. He doesn't do drugs (a first, neh?), doesn't drink much, and will spend extra on real food, not processed chemical garbage. He is constantly jogging, lifting weights, and practicing calisthenics in his off-time.

When not on a job, Grey is usually shirtless, sporting his neon pack tattoo: a flaming skull, symbolizing the Fuego Muertes pack. His Icon is that of a biker with a similar skull riding an ethereal motorcycle. Most of Grey's real-world friends are separate from his circle of Net friends.

Grey's main concern is maintaining that famous edge. He secretly fears the day that his programs run one nanosecond slower, the day his well-placed strike lands half an inch off point.

Stats

INT: 9	TECH: 7	REF: 9/10	COOL: 7
LUCK: 5	ATT: 7	EMP: 6	MA: 7
BOD: 8	Rep: 5		

Skills

Interface +6 [Family +3], Awareness +6, Athletics +6, Rifle +4, Motorcycle +7, Martial Arts (Aikido) +9, Pistol +5, General Knowledge +3, Cyberdeck Design +5, Programming +6, Stealth +6, Drive +4, Fencing +6, Teach +4, Systems Knowledge +3, Endurance +3, Lie +1

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link, Cybermodem link), Sandevistan Boost, Boostmaster [Solo 1]
- Left Cyberoptic (w/Dodge Ball [ChrBk 1], IR, TA, IE options)
- Tech Hair (Blue), Neon Tattoo
- Toxin Binders
- Subdermal Armor (10SP torso, 8SP head)
- 2x Orbital Crystal Cyberhands [ChrBk 1]

Custom Aztec 600 Deck

Speed: +5, MU: 35, Datawalls: +8, Options: Flip Switch, Security System (Thumb Slot, Retina Scan), 20SP Armor, Cellular Capable, Keyboard, Videoboard, Chip Reader, Data Shielding.



Filename: DAEMONESS

HANDLEDAEMONESS
 REAL NAMESHELLY SIMPSON
 ROLENETRUNNER
 AGE37

Background Notes

Shelly grew up in the boom-or-bust atmosphere of the Eighties. She went to the finest schools, attended the finest camps. Her family was one of the lucky ones that went through the tumultuous Nineties with few setbacks. Shelly graduated from a New York college with a degree in Cognitive Science; grad school was spent in Berkeley, studying with a young Janice Grubb. Shelly was soon snatched up by the fledgling Kenjiri Technologies, working in software design, writing programs to be used on the new cybermodems. She worked alongside Janice Grubb in those days, and their friendship grew. Even after Jan left to work for Internet, they continued to correspond and occasionally meet.

Tsuneta Kenjiri found out about this, and made Shelly an offer: Tell us what Grubb is doing, and keep your job, gaining influence and power. Do not—and lose everything. Shelly hated it, but complied. Until Jan told her about what she was doing with the I-G algorithms. To her regret, she didn't tell anyone.

Three weeks after the Transformation, Shelly was out of a job. Adding insult to injury, Kenjiri transmitted copies of her betrayals to Janice Grubb. Not only was she out of a job, she was unemployable within the industry; blacklisted by Internet.

Shelly eked out a living for almost a year, then spent another two in the gutters, addicted to Flash. She was nearly dead when a freakish meeting with a Fixer (she retrieved some files he had accidentally deleted off his personal comp, using a kit-bashed program) got her a datatheft job. Hands shaking, she jacked herself in...

Shelly nearly died, and realized two things that night. First, was that she was scared to death of Black Ice and second, that she'd had the time of her life.

Operating Style

Three years later, Daemoness is a Netjockey who, while not rated as one of the best, is known to get the job done. She is considered to be methodical, precise, and inexorable; you don't want her for a rush job, but she's the one you need if you have the time and you want it done right. She's infamous for her use of semi-autonomous software—viruses and Daemons (from which she gets her handle), plus she appears to be immune to Black Ice counterattacks.

Shelly is strictly a keyboard jockey; she will never willingly jack into a cyberdeck for a run, preferring to use her custom-built workstation (Speed-13, Memory-35, Data Walls +4). Her software is all custom, and changes frequently; she is an expert in tailoring her software to the target. Whenever possible, Shelly will deal with customers via Netspace, or through intermediaries; she has a real fear of physical violence.

Shelly, at 37, is a tall, elegant black woman with close-cropped dark hair. She dresses casually, but is almost never without armor. Her dazzling white smile is something seen infrequently.

Stats

INT: 9	TECH: 8	REF: 6	COOL: 5
LUCK: 5	ATT: 7	EMP: 8/7	MA: 6
BOD: 6	Rep: 5		

Skills

Interface +5, Awareness +3, Basic Tech +7, Education +6, System Knowledge +8, CyberTech +3, Cyberdeck Design +6, Electronics +5, Programming +8, Expert (Modula-7 language) +8, Library Search +6, Teaching +6, Personal Grooming +4, Wardrobe/Style +4, Motorcycle +4, Social +3, Expert (RPGs) +3, Human Perception +4, Streetwise +2, Handgun +1, Hide/Evade +4

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (All links)
- 2x Chipware sockets
- Full Nano-Groomers (ChrBk 3)
- Mediaware cell-phone implant (ChrBk 3)
- Skinweave (SP10)



Filename: RAZORS



HANDLERAZORS
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLENETRUNNER
 AGE23

Background Notes

Brought up in the American home of Japanese corporate managers, Razors learned the contradictory lifestyles of strict old-Japanese morality and the images of modern U.S. life. Confused and unloved, she turned to personal contact in an indirect way—the Net was only a year old when "Razors" stepped onto the scene. Initially wary of the new world before her, she slowly made friends among other Netrunners out there. Realizing that she couldn't continue to live under her oppressive father and silent mother, she left home and coasted from one Net-friend's place to another, being taught all the tricks and skills needed to "live" in the Net along the way. It was during this time that she got her chemskin (a web of circuitry across her throat and half her face, only visible when

she's feeling great emotion) and the light tattoo (lines of circuitry extending from the interface plug on her wrist up her arms and shoulders).

After years of mindless affairs and minor Net crimes, she was hired by a police officer to "run" a datafortress for him. While doing so she was identified, and the corporation (WNS) has been after her (on and off) ever since. Another friend, in gratitude for erasing some records, gave her a cut-down "Super Chief" handgun and a skill chip to use it. Recently she was approached by a Yakuza fixer who offered to give her a steady stream of good Net hardware/software; in return, she would do the occasional "run" for them. She readily agreed and is now on the Yakuza payroll—not that she will readily admit she's sold out to them.

Operating Style

Having no job or qualifications has led Razors into the criminal life, stealing Net data to sell in realspace. Attempting to avoid further mistakes in her life, she now tries to pick her jobs carefully. She is quiet and willing to listen to a job offer, but takes her own time to consider acceptance.

Always expected to do well, a strong work ethic was drummed into Razors when she was young, which left her with a detached and dismal view of people and relationships. As she got older, Razors learned to relax. She can be cold and remote (especially if antagonized or frightened), but she's finally learned to socialize—Razors recently got into the underground club/rave scene in a BIG way.

Stats

INT: 9	TECH: 5	REF: 8	COOL: 10
LUCK: 10	ATT: 8	EMP: 6/5	MA: 5
BOD: 5	Rep: 3		

Skills

Interface +6, *Awareness* +4, *System Knowledge* +7, *Programming* +4, *Library Search* +7, *Streetwise* +8, *Education* +5, *Dance* +4, *Electronics* +5, *Braindance Use* +3, *Expert (Street Gangs)* +2, *Wardrobe/Style* +3, *Personal Grooming* +3, *Native Language (Japanese)*, *Language (Mandarin Chinese)* +4, *Language (English)* +5

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Cybermodem link)
- ChemSkin, Light Tattoo
- Chipware Socket w/a mix of skill chips

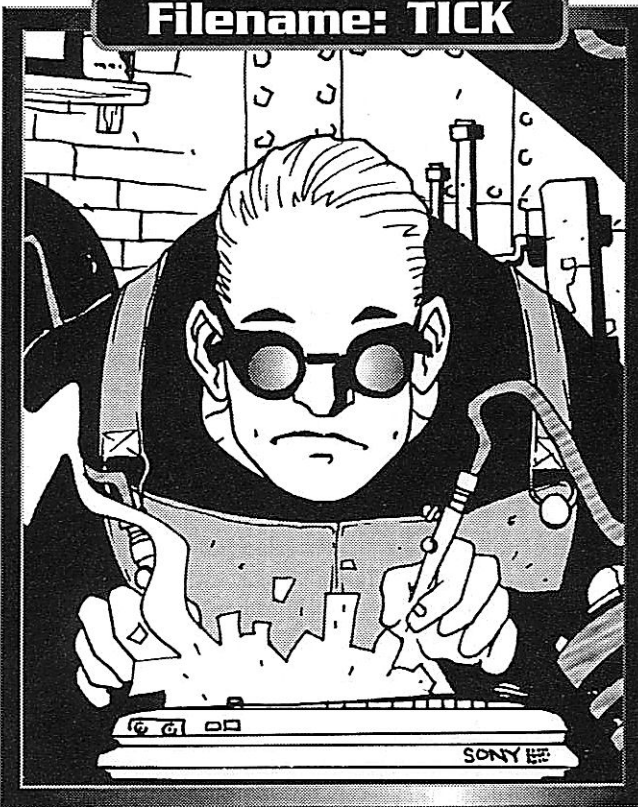
Mitsubishi Omichron²

DeckStation (Customized)

MU: 25, **Speed:** +2, **DataWalls:** +6, **Options:** Printer, Keyboard, Deckmate, Chipreader and 1x1m Videoboard.



Filename: TICK



HANDLETICK
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLENETRUNNER
 AGE24

Background Notes

Tick was abandoned as a child and brought up in a nursing home. Having been born slightly deformed/disabled, with a bent spine and twisted leg, he walks with a pronounced limp and strange body movements. This left him a loner, who overcompensated by trying to befriend everyone he met. Bitter about the constant rejections, the young Tick turned to his computer for friendship and found he had a talent for understanding and building them. He enjoyed rebuilding and modifying computers and cyberdecks so much, he quickly became a well known Netrunner in his area. His only real-space friend is an old male nurse from the nursing home who gave him his first computer, and taught him both how to draw and defend himself. In the Net, Tick is a towering extrovert and has made up a completely fictitious life for himself, right down to parents and a boxing career.

Operating Style

Working from the basement of his old home, Tick rarely comes out now. The place is strewn with cannibalized electronic items, disassembled computers and half-built cyberdecks. Tick has a strange pattern of working for forty-eight hours straight, then collapsing for twenty-four. He puts this down to the fact that he works when he is inspired for as long as possible, then sleeps afterwards. When "resting" nothing short of physical violence will get his attention. He has a slow but steady stream of work but nothing that pays heavily.

Racked by inadequacy and loneliness, Tick tries to impress people with his eagerness and willingness. Seemingly happy-go-lucky, if upset, Tick will become abusive and aloof, holding a grudge—sometimes for years. His need for friendship drives him to do anything to impress people, up to illegal actions.

Lately he's come to see that he can make a living from deck design/building/modification work and his jaunts into the Net are usually only for social purposes now. His occasional trip out of the basement is to the local Netrunner's club, where he can impress his friends with his newest modifications, or to the home of his old nurse. He is looking for several well paying jobs so that he can get his most secret desire—an operation to replace his deformed body parts!

Stats

INT: 10	TECH: 10	REF: 4	COOL: 8
LUCK: 7	ATT: 2	EMP: 7	MA: 2
BOD: 6	Rep: 3		

Skills

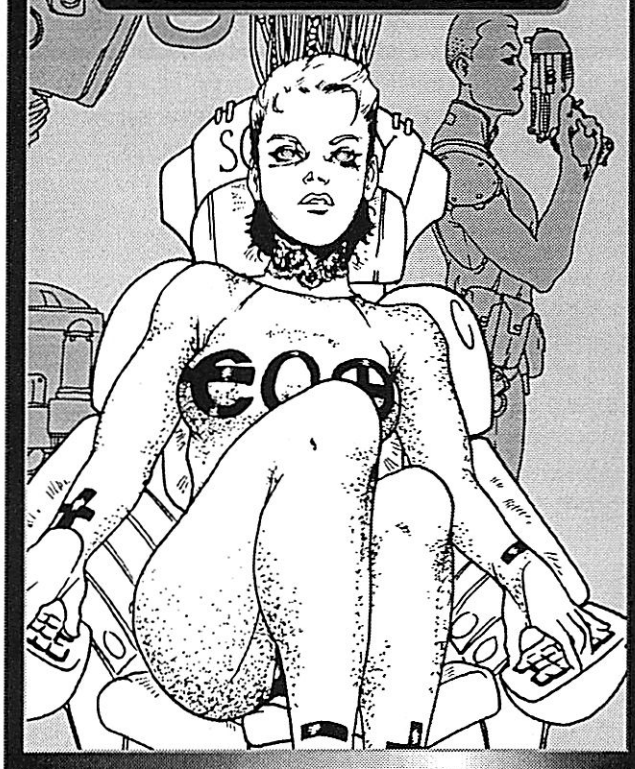
Interface +5, *System Knowledge* +7, *Programming* +6, *Library Search* +5, *Basic Tech* +6, *Cyberdeck Design* +8, *Electronics* +8, *Streetwise* +4, *Athletics* +2, *First Aid* +5, *Persuasion* +2, *Awareness* +2, *Paint and Draw* +3, *Resist Torture/Drugs* +3, *Martial Art (Boxing)* +2

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (w/Cybermodem and Machine/Tech links)
- Chipware Socket with tech and science info MRAM chips
- Cyberoptic w/Image Enhancement and Teleoptics



Filename: PIXIE



HANDLEPIXIE
 REAL NAMEUNKNOWN
 ROLENETRUNNER
 AGE22

Background Notes

A child prodigy and product of a French Corporate family, "Pixie's" parents wanted an exec's position for her when she grew up, and schooled her accordingly. However, Pixie found she enjoyed the Net more and was soon drawn into the wilds of dataspace. After two years as a freelance Netrunner, she wrote herself a Daemon compilation routine (*Chromebook 3*) that could aid others in programming, and her fortune was made. The resulting income has made her a millionaire and brought her a permanent lover/bodyguard (one of the top female Eurosolos around) named Mahoney.

Operating Style

Always looking for the next high, Pixie enjoys everything she does—or she won't do it. She can be very fickle, but tries to not hurt her friends, especially Mahoney.

No longer having to work, she still does illegal jobs, usually for the fun of it rather than for the financial reward. She prefers to sneak through datafortresses, leaving no trace of her run if possible, sending Dameon programs ahead to "scout" before she goes in.

Stats

INT: 9 TECH: 6 REF: 6 COOL: 6
 LUCK: 5 ATT: 8/10 EMP: 8/5 MA: 5
 BOD: 6 Rep: 7

Skills

Interface +5, Library Search +4, Programming +7, System Knowledge +4, Personal Grooming +6, Wardrobe/Style +6, Seduction +4, Social +5, Persuasion +4, Human Perception +2, Awareness +4, Education +6, Language (English) +6, Language (Dutch) +3, Native Language (French), Athletics +4, Dance +4, Swimming +2, Driving +2

Cyberware

- Basic Processor (EMP-shielded) w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link, Cybermodem link)
- Chipware socket w/a mix of info chips, and a few weapon skill chips
- Midnight Lady, AudioVox w/Forked Tongue [ChrBk1] option, Eye-Color Control [ChrBk2] implants
- Skinweave (SP8), Muscle & Bone Lace, Nanosurgeons, Anti-plague Nanotech, Enhanced Antibodies, Lifesaver Skinweave [ChrBk1], Nano-Optical upgrades (IR/LIV) [ChrBk2]

S&G "Phoenix" Cellular Combat Deck (Modified)

MU: 20, Speed: +5, Data Walls: +10, Options: EMP-hardened, Armored casing (SP40, SDP5), 12-hour Battery, Flipswitch, Voxbox, Camera, 1m x 1m Vidscreen, Printer, Chipreader



Filename: THE MAILMAN



HANDLETHE MAILMAN
 REAL NAMEJARED WILLIAMSON
 ROLEPROWLER (COURIER)
 AGE27

Background Notes

"Unobtrusive" sums Jared up in a word. Brown hair, brown eyes, average build; the kind of guy who disappears in a crowd. In conversation, he seems bright and likable, but nothing special, the kind of "Honest Joe" everyone gets along with, but no one really notices. His clothing varies with the situation; it's always appropriate, but not anything that stands out. Forgettable, that's Jared. No one to pay any attention to—and that's exactly what he wants you to think.

Jared grew up in a below-average section of San Francisco. His father lost his job when Jared was thirteen, leaving them to rely on his mother's salary. At fifteen, Jared left school to get a grocery job. He was smaller than the other boys, but always delivered the goods, due to his neurotic habit of taking back streets and alleys, and his psychotic fighting style when he was stopped. One of his frequent customers asked Jared one day if he wanted to earn real money.

Jared started delivering packages for his new employees—the Santorini Mafia family, one of the most powerful in San Francisco. Everything went fine for several years—his family had food, he had money for schooling, he got the chance to travel, and since he never knew what was in the packages he moved, he didn't feel any guilt; after all, he just moved boxes.

Until 2014. Unknown to Jared, the Santorinis were having trouble with the Triads. Things quickly broke down for the Santorinis, who had no time to summon reinforcements. The Triads struck at everyone even vaguely Santorini-connected, including bombing Jared's home while he was away.

Jared returned to find half his family in the morgue, his mother in a coma in the ICU, his home destroyed, and his employer's organization in shambles. His life was ruined by a single act, a single piece of information he hadn't known.

Jared had sizable funds, but the move to Night City, complete with almost impenetrable new IDs for his mother (still comatose; in a bed at City Medical) used all of it, leaving little for the mounting medical bills. Jared returned to the only thing he knew: odd jobs and freelance delivery. As his rep grew, so did his volume; now he's known as the Mailman, highly respected for his skill at delivering anything without attention.

Operating Style

Jared keeps a large number of IDs available, and uses a different one for each job. He has an almost pathological need to know anything that might affect his world, and spends much of his spare time reading or watching current events shows. While his personal ethics prevent him from asking questions of employers, he will often have them followed, tap their phone lines, do research on the side, and pilfer the datafiles they store in his Wetdrive.

Stats

INT: 7	TECH: 8	REF: 7	COOL: 9
LUCK: 9	ATT: 6	EMP: 9/6	MA: 6
BOD: 6	Rep: 5		

Skills

Sneak +7, *Awareness* +6, *Hide/Evade* +5, *Persuasion* +3, *Stealth* +5, *Disguise* +7, *Handgun* +3, *Brawling* +7, *Melee* +5, *Education* +4, *Personal Grooming* +3, *Wardrobe/Style* +3, *Motorcycle* +4, *Social* +4, *Expert (Medical Equipment)* +4, *Forgery* +4, *Human Perception* +4, *Streetwise* +6

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Smartgun link, Vehicle link, DataTerm link)
- 2x Chipware sockets
- Subdermal Pocket, Wetdrive [ChrBk1], ZetaTech BodyComp [ChrBk2]
- 2x Cyberoptics (w/TS Plus [ChrBk1], TA, DC, LL, AD options)
- Cyberaudio (w/PS scrambled [ChrBk2], LD options)



Filename: THE SURGEON



HANDLETHE SURGEON
 REAL NAMEMICAH DAVIDOVICH
 ROLEPROWLER (SNIPER)
 AGE31

Background Notes

Born in New York, Micah moved to western Montana when he was very young, and grew up on the ranch his parents bought to get "closer to the Earth." Micah loved the expanse of forests and mountains, spending his spare time stalking the creatures there. By age 13, Micah was an accomplished outdoorsman, having already hunted and dressed game, spent time overnight camping, and climbed major peaks.

At age 16, in 2005, Micah was drafted into the Marines, where his skill with a rifle and his general sneakiness tapped him for Sniper School, and thence to Force Recon. His impressive kill ratio brought him to the attention of some high-ranking brass who needed a number of special operatives for Operation Big Stick. On April 3, Micah, now a Staff Sergeant, killed a mid-level executive in Bonn, Germany with a shot to the spine, and the Mantoga Corporation ceased to exist.

After completing the final Mantoga sanction, Micah returned to the SouthAm, where he was used to eliminate high-

ranking leaders in the local forces, along with European "military advisors." Because of his elite status and style of combat, Micah saw less of the raw brutality than others did. To him, war was a clinical job. His nickname was derived from his use of medical terminology when referring to eliminations—they were "excisions," "amputations," or (for those he considered most abominable) "retroactive abortions."

When the war ended in 2010, Micah found himself without a job. He worked with the CIA, tracking down and eliminating members of the NSA and the Gang of Four, but soon found himself let go (the CIA, with the formation of LEDiv, went through a period of image-consciousness). His superiors had an idea where he could find a job, if he wanted.

Operating Style

Micah now spends three months a year on a Lazarus base, honing his skills and earning his pay. Between jobs with Lazarus, Surgeon (as he is still known) takes freelance jobs to add cash to his sizable stash and to help support his retired parents (and their Lazarus protection). While Surgeon is most commonly called on to perform assassinations or support jobs, Micah will take any job that doesn't involve direct combat (he knows he's no match for most Solos; it isn't his style). He has learned how to use explosives, heavy weapons, and poisons, allowing him to take a wider array of jobs than just the sniper missions he prefers. He is a fan of high-tech devices, and will frequently use expensive, unique weapons customized for the job and left behind when done (these use custom ammo as well, making them impossible to track). The Surgeon could retire anytime he wants to, but has no idea what he would do.

Stats

INT: 7 TECH: 7 REF: 9/10 COOL: 7
 LUCK: 9 ATT: 6 EMP: 7/5 MA: 8
 BOD: 8/10 Rep: 5

Skills

Sneak +8, Awareness +5, Rifle +7, Demolitions +5, Pharmacology +3, Stealth +4, Hide/Evade +4, Electronic Security +5, Pick Lock +4, Athletics +5, Weaponsmith +3, Education +2, Handgun +4, Martial Arts (Aikido) +3, Shadow/Track +4, Wilderness Survival +5, Motorcycle +4, First Aid +3, Human Perception +2, Hvy. Weapons +4

Cyberware

- Basic Processor, w/2x sets Interface plugs (Smartgun link, Vehicle link, DataTerm link)
- 2x Chipware sockets
- Sandevistan Boost, Boostmaster [Solo 1]
- Adrenal Booster implant
- 2x Cyberoptics (w/LL, AD, TA, IE options)
- Muscle & Bone Lace, Nanosurgeons
- Pacesetter 2000 Heart [ChrBk1]
- Autoinjector [ChrBk3]



Filename: **MARIKO SONOMI**

HANDLENONE
 REAL NAMEMARIKO SONOMI
 ROLE“RECRUITER”
 AGE25

Background Notes

As the daughter of a Japanese businessman, Mariko wanted to please, but school was just so boring. Besides, she was a lot more comfortable dealing with people than the teaching computers. She barely graduated from her prestigious high school (because of her father's influence), and went to college in America. There, her people skills led her to a Media Relations degree, but her tendency to flit gave her no real experience to anchor a resume on. In the specialized world of 2019, she found little call for someone who knew a little bit about a lot of things. The only job she could find was an executive assistant for a minor computer corporation. Mariko's father, disgusted with her "failure", disowned her.

Mariko's skill with people was quickly recognized, and her boss made a proposition: She could earn a lot more money if she helped them "acquire" a rival Corp's senior researcher. Mariko, crushed by her father's condemnation, agreed; if she could prove herself, maybe her father would relent.

Mariko's first "recruiter" job was somewhat perilous (and with a few ethical quandaries) but successful. She was next asked to get some information out of another businessman. So her career began.

The corporation folded two years later, but by then, Mariko had positioned herself to enter the freelance world. She circulates in the right social circles, and frequently dates (both sexes; she's not picky). She never gives any sign whether or not she's "targeting" them, so people are never sure when she's "recruiting" and when it's just recreation.

Operating Style

Mariko relies on her skills as a seductress, not as a thief, but has developed other skills to facilitate her job. She has developed several good contacts to get her false IDs and skeletons when necessary, and has been known to take jobs with different corporations to facilitate her real role.

As a recruiter, her job is to seduce researchers, high-level management, and other key employees from one corporation to another. The actual extraction is the job of a team of professionals (who often consult her about layouts and security measures; she has developed an eye for such details); Mariko's job is to get the target to agree with the switch in employers.

As a data thief, Mariko plays the classic seductress game (one would think people had wised up by now...). She gets her mark to trust and confide in her, letting her into their homes and offices—where she can get at their secrets. She has been known to use blackmail, but only rarely, as she finds it distasteful.

Mariko is a tall, slender Japanese woman with short black hair and a classic, ageless beauty that can range (with careful makeup) from sixteen to thirty. She is extremely physically fit, and can handle herself in a fight.

Stats

INT: 7 TECH: 4 REF: 7 COOL: 9
 LUCK: 6 ATT: 10 EMP: 10/8 MA: 6
 BOD: 6 Rep: 4

Skills

Vamp +7, Seduction +6, Interview +6, Personal Grooming +5, Wardrobe/Style +5, Awareness +4, Culture (America) +4, Corporate Policy +5, Language (English) +7, Native Language (Japanese), Persuasion +4, Social +6, Human Perception +6, Basic Tech +2, Electronics +2, Education +3, Lock Picking +3, Electronic Security +3, Library Search +4, Driving +3, Athletics +5, Streetwise +2, Handgun +1, Martial Arts (Judo) +3, Hide/Evade +3

Cyberware

- Basic Processor w/Interface plugs (Data link, Smartgun link, Vehicle link)
- Chipware socket
- Left Cyberoptic (w/MV feed to Recorder implant); Right Cyberoptic (w/TA, IE, DC options)
- Cyberaudio (w/AH, VS, SE, WB, LD, DR options)
- Digital Recorder Implant





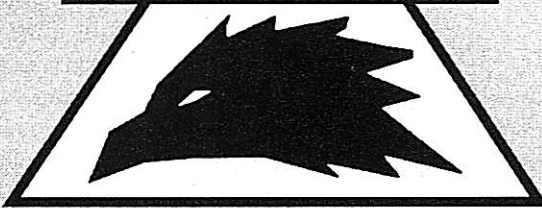
EDGERUNNERS, INC.

HELP WANTED

HELP WANTED



RAVEN®



MICROCYBERNETICS
LEVEL 11



CYBERPUNK 2.0.2.0

DATASCREEN 41



FAX ON FILE BRIEF

INFOCOMP

Corporate Thinktank and Information Brokers

- **Main Office:** 567 Ventura Blvd, Dome "C", Los Angeles; Net LDL 1217.4099
- **Regional Offices:** San Francisco, Night City, New York City, Washington D.C., Miami, Vancouver, London
- **Name & Location of Major Shareholder:** Robert D. Alvarez, Kilauea, Hawaii, retaining 19.2% total shares
- **Retained Earnings (2020):** 640,403,756 Eurodollars (+3% from 2019)
- **Financial Year Ends:** August 12, 2021
- **Total Stock:** 95,492,503
- **Available on Market:** 7,158,859
- **Stock Par Value:** 90eb/share common, 120eb/share preferred
- **Selling Price:** 138eb/share
- **Employees:**

Worldwide	Troops	Covert
9500	700	105

- **Management:**

Chair: Robert D. Alvarez

Trustees: 17

CEO: Dr. Steven Verizio

- **Board of Directors:**

Director, World Ops: Ms. Kathryn Hatch

VP Europe: Dr. Renée Culvère

VP North America: Ms. Rosemary Drake

VP Pacific Rim: Mr. Joseph Curento

VP Antarctica/LEO: Ms. Jennifer Blaake

VP Defense: Maj. Thomas Lochicero

History

When the Gang of Four was swept away, the United States was forced to meld the remainder of its intelligence services with the resources of the notorious "beltway bandits", the infamous think-tank services who for years had competed with the CIA, DIA and FBI in data compilation, charging fees considered exorbitant even by most congressmen.

At the turn of the century, the CIA was reorganized into a lean, mean intelligence force, while the DIA was replaced by a new breed of military think-tanks who specifically catered to the armed forces (they, too, were later replaced). Radical changes in the world's economic, political, and military structures made data previously compiled by the bandits and taken for granted by the government obsolete. Most of the beltway bandits were forced to liquidate. Robert D. Alvarez was one of hundreds of analysts who were suddenly out of a job.

Around this time, Los Angeles was recovering from the massive quake of '98. The new arcology domes were being built, and the city was soliciting everyone and anyone who might be interested in investing. Alvarez took the remainder of his severance pay in advance, forgoing the interest, plus his amassed savings and moved out west. He reserved a spot in one of the planned mall arcologies, laying down the groundwork to begin his own think-tank for the new corporate world.

The company started small, with only a handful of dedicated (and extremely talented) employees, but their services were new and vital. Infocomp became one of the first companies to provide quality intelligence and research data to the megacorps as they took their place in the world. Before long, Alvarez had several regular clients who would assure the firm's success.

In 2006, with the absorption of Eagle Investigations, a first-rate investigations firm, and EbonTech Research, a corporate think-tank, Infocomp has grown into the premier investigations service; not just detective work, but raw data searches, compilation, and theoretical databasing services are available, making Infocomp the best source when information of any kind is needed. Infocomp's ability not only to find obscure pieces of data and the best purchaser for it, but also to predict upcoming events based on current trends, has given them a prominent position in the global market as the premier information traders of the twenty-first century.

Today

Infocomp's corporate mission remains the same as when it was first written: to provide reliable, timely, accurate information to its clients, including intelligence data, research portfolios, and carefully theorized projections. Their range of information is wide, including (but not limited to) technological, economic and personal material. The corporation is





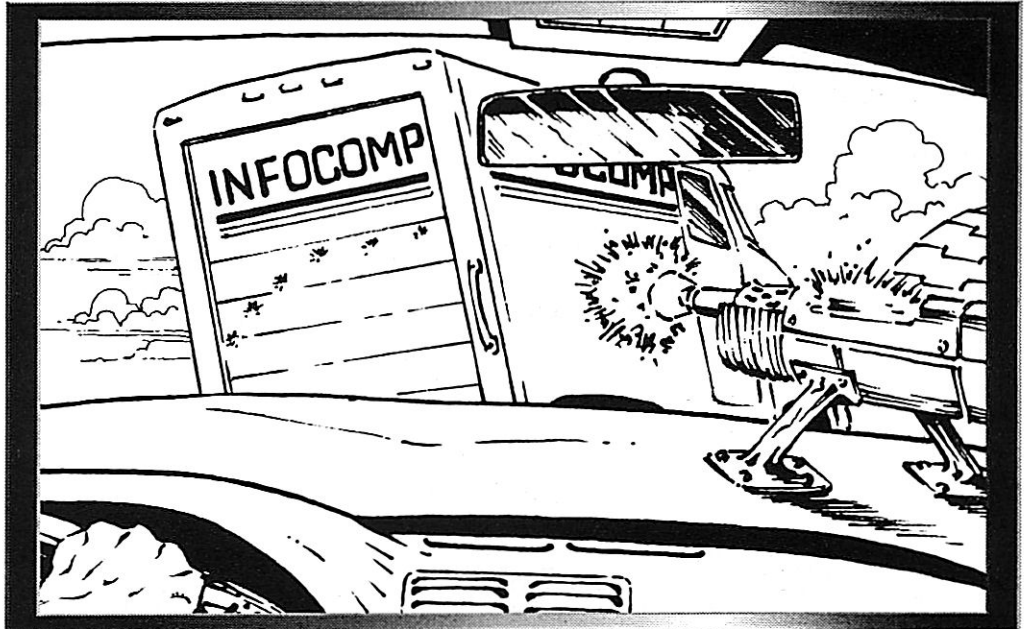
rumored to have the most complete compilation of information in existence, including the most complete copy of the Library of Congress currently existing (purchased during the Collapse). Video footage, sound recordings, hard-copy texts, CD-ROMs, datachips, magnetic media, photographs; stereos of paintings, sculpture, and other artwork—all are stored in Infocomp's vaults, and have been digitized into what is probably the largest single information database in existence.

It has been said that Infocomp's staff members are the most advanced detectives in the world. They pride themselves on their ability to research and compile requested data in one business day: "In by nine, out by five." The other megacorps, despite having their own investigative services, regularly rely on Infocomp for vital research and intelligence. In 2020, the lifespan of a corporate spy is measured in months, but many of Infocomp's operatives have been in the field for almost ten years!

In addition to compiling new data to order, Infocomp also allows clients to access their existing databanks. They have a massive library of information, backed up many times in many locations, but stored mainly in the cold-storage computer core at the main office. Other organizations are constantly using this system, and therefore no one would dare touch it. In fact, the system is used so often that rather than paying per use, most major corporations simply pay a huge monthly subscription fee in exchange for 24-hour, seven-day-a-week library access. Dozens of redundant systems exist to keep this library functioning no matter what, and Alvarez has been known to joke that global nuclear war would not shut down the system.

Infocomp is also involved in the publishing business, in a peripheral way: The *Info at Hand*™ almanac, *Fax on File*™ DataTerm info-retrieval system, and *Whole World Encyclopedia* (in hardcopy, data, or virtual versions) are extremely popular, and Infocomp also publishes a small number of other reference manuals and guides (the *InfoHere*™ regional guidebooks are more popular than Frommers, and more concise and complete than the CIA worldbooks).

Few firms exist today which can even hope to compete with Infocomp; none match its size and sophistication.



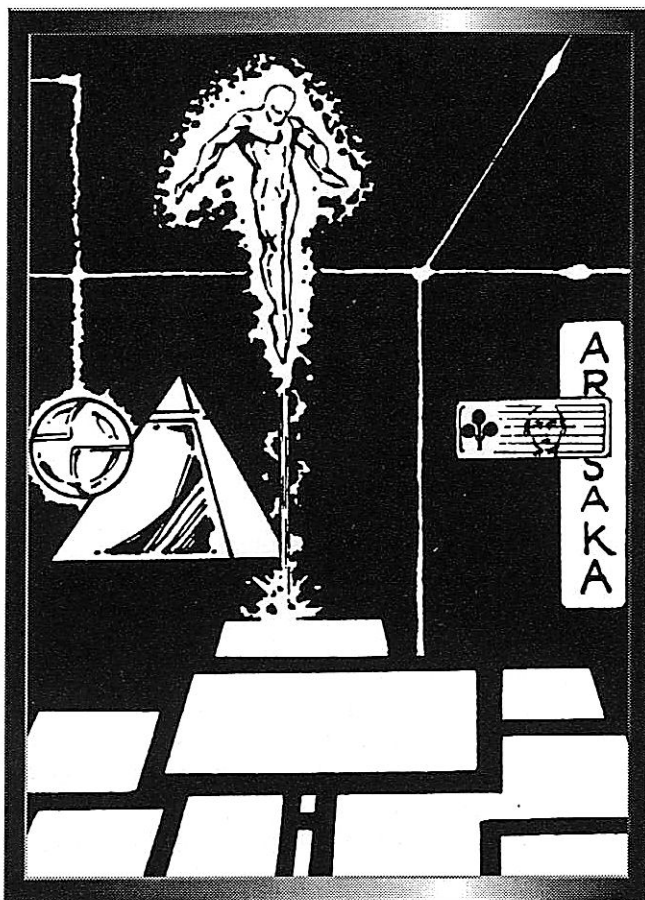
Several firms do exist which occasionally challenge Infocomp for clients; however, their real rivals are the street-level information brokers, who can get hands-on, high-grade information through sheer luck or craft, undercutting the firm. In a fit of good PR, Infocomp has chosen a positive marketing strategy, working with freelance infobros whenever possible, sharing information at will, always keeping an eye out for data which might otherwise escape their notice. They have taken offensive action when required, but Infocomp considers blood to be a big (and unnecessary) expense.

Equipment and Resources

Each Infocomp office is a sealed city unto itself, containing a surgery-capable infirmary, several plush wet bars (for the staff and clientele), one sauna, one gymnasium, and one mini-mall. Vehicles at each office include one Bell-Boeing "Falcon" Osprey, one to four helicopters (of varying types), and two AV-4s and one AV-7 aerodyne, as well as a number of ground cars and several vans equipped with extensive surveillance suites. In the sub-basement of each building is an EMP-shielded, heavily defended Microtech mainframe system, linked to the home office through a series of tough security points. The head office has three to four times the amount of equipment listed above.

Each office has a contingent of 100 troops assigned as security guards. These are not rent-a-cops, but rather professional troops equipped and trained by Lazarus. They do not leave the company grounds unless an employee calls for help. Each office may also call upon an additional rapid-response service, also contracted from Lazarus. All Infocomp armed forces carry Arasaka and Sternmeyer equipment.





Infocomp's covert cadre does not refer to their deep-cover researchers, spies, and intelligence gatherers, which may number over 1000. The covert agents listed are part of Kathryn Hatch's personal Special Projects Division. They are allegedly part of the reason for the firm's continuing success, answering only to Robert Alvarez and Ms. Hatch.

Infocomp's space resources are largely unknown; it is widely suspected that the corp maintains a number of intelligence-gathering satellites (possibly Argus spysats purchased from the United States in 2010). Rumors abound of a secret OTV stationed at Crystal Palace that is used to place data shunts on other corporation's Spysats and internal Commsats, but this cannot be confirmed.

Hiring Practices

The bulk of Infocomp's research is done strictly in-house. Their security forces are used for a variety of roles when needed, and any heavy-duty trouble can be met with additional armed response from Lazarus reservists. Infocomp is currently hiring personnel of all specialties for a variety of positions in the company. These are not freelance positions, this means dedicating your life to the firm and becoming a regular employee. Past the usual administrative,

security, and support personnel common to every corporation, Infocomp has four basic types of employees—investigators, spies, researchers, and “synthesizers”.

Investigators perform the bulk of Infocomp's detective operations, and are also their main field intelligence gatherers. Well skilled in investigative technique, they are sometimes required to be skilled combatants as well.

Infocomp's “intelligence operatives” are highly skilled (many are refugees from the Gang of Four and other intelligence bureaus around the world). Their job description is very simple: gather information on a specific intelligence subject/target. InfoComp is not so much interested in the actual blueprints, specs, or exact devices; merely knowing that Militech is working on an autonomous combat tank (for example) is enough.

Researchers are involved in the day-to-day gathering, collating, classification, and cross-referencing of information from public and private resources: newspapers, news broadcasts, trade publications and other magazines, Net “chat” rooms and bulletin boards, Corporate press releases, even entertainment broadcasts and “books.” They are assisted by a number of powerful expert systems, and four AIs tailored for “datasurfing.” Many researchers are also netrunners; all are very familiar with computers and technology.

“Synthesizers” have two main jobs: data distillation (taking huge databases and sifting out only pieces of information important to a client) and synthesis (taking seemingly unrelated pieces of information and drawing conclusions based upon them). Synthesists are rarely experts in any one field; rather, they are knowledgeable in a wide range of subjects, and, most importantly, know how to draw logical conclusions from insufficient data.

Freelancers, however, are used very sparingly. They are called in only when a situation arises which could be potentially embarrassing if Infocomp's name were involved. They are very particular about keeping anonymity in all affairs. Infocomp stresses discretion above all else, because a loss of credibility would be devastating to their business. Typical freelance assignments include “independent” research efforts, “sensitive” security duty, and a variety of other things which might be construed as somewhat unethical.

Unofficially, the covert corps is also hiring, but by invitation only. As stated above, this is not a freelance gig; joining this group means reaching a new definition of company loyalty. Individuals who are lucky enough to qualify for this duty will find themselves flung to far corners of the world, and even into space, to enforce company policy. The covert corps is not just a group of over-armed killers and cyberpsychos; they need people who fill various roles, particularly Netrunners, Techies, Corporates, and Fixers, along with the usual Solos.



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Experienced security personnel, drivers and data analysts for light escort duty. Some social skills required. Good pay, easy hours. Apply in person.

Contact:

Michael Walsh, Personnel
Phone 212-555-4992/FAX 212-555-5000
Net LDL 6511.9476

Brief:

Douglas Tolliver, a mid-level executive at EBM, has accepted a generous offer to brief Infocomp about the future of the microprocessor market. In order to maintain discretion, Tolliver must do this during his lunchbreak, and the whole meeting must be kept extremely quiet. Mister Tolliver's personal safety is the top priority here.

The team is hired to pick up Tolliver near his midtown office, deliver him to a secluded restaurant downtown, analyze the information he provides, pay him as necessary, and deliver him back to his office. Tolliver gets two hours for lunch and must be back promptly. If the analyst okays the data, Tolliver's information must be fed into a minicomputer (provided by the company) and examined further by company techs before payment is authorized.

Support:

Infocomp will provide a vehicle (probably a BMW Burowagen HSR; see *Chromebook 3*) and send a data analyst (i.e., someone skilled at *Human Perception*, *Stock Market*, *Accounting*, and *Electronics*) if one is not available. The data analyst, Felice Madison, is a well-dressed woman with an impressive amount of wetware and cranial cybernetic enhancement, and has exactly the same personality as a dead trout.

Resistance:

Tolliver is a fairly prominent executive and as such is allowed two hours for lunch. However, if Tolliver is more than thirty minutes late, his biomonitor starts transmitting his whereabouts to the security office at his building. If another fifteen minutes pass, a standard security team comes looking for him. If Tolliver's bio-readouts are disturbed at any time, the security team is immediately deployed (and heavily armed).

Complications:

Tolliver's office is in the local EBM building—so as not to arouse suspicion, the team should meet him outside the building, with a code phrase and counterphrase for recognition (the Ref can make up whatever he wishes as the phrases). From there, the trip to the restaurant should be uneventful, except for Tolliver's obvious nervousness. Referees who want to be sneaky can increase player paranoia by asking them to make *Awareness* rolls a lot, thereby implying that they're being followed.

Lunchtime at the downtown restaurant is where the big surprise is sprung. "Tolliver" is actually an extremely high-level executive with EBM, in charge of all operations within the city and the surrounding area. He's had his identity and face changed, and plans to defect this afternoon. Halfway through the meeting, he announces his intentions and offers the information he's brought (perfectly good stuff, but nothing Earth-shattering) as a gift.

The PCs can make their own decision on this one, or they can call the company and see what they want done with this guy (Ref's decision). If Felice Madison is with them, she will go for checking with the company and will do her utmost to persuade the rest of the team to do so as well. If Infocomp wants him, the PCs will have to deliver him in one piece to a safehouse across town (the safehouse will be a warehouse located near the docks, owned by a subsidiary of Infocomp). If Infocomp doesn't want Tolliver, the PCs will have to return him to his office, despite his protests, or they may be ordered to simply leave him there! Tolliver will be panic-stricken if abandoned, and will attempt to stick with the PCs in such a case.

For really vindictive Refs, have another company attempt to extract Tolliver during the meeting, or have EBM attempt to get him back after he announces his defection—whether or not Infocomp accepts. And don't forget that EBM comes calling regardless of everything else if his biomonitor flatlines or if he's late (which he certainly will be if he defects and goes to the safehouse rather than returning to his office).

Salary:

The pay is 2000 Eurodollars per team member, minus penalty if something bad happens to Tolliver or his information. Hazardous duty pay (up to 8000eb) may be considered if something *really bad* happens.



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Net specialist, technician, optional security, for research project. Payment based on threat level. 20,000eb in equipment guaranteed. Not responsible for personal injury.

Contact:

Richard Gerstner, Personnel
Phone 213-555-2049/FAX 213-555-2050
Net LDL 2990.8576

Brief:

A client is interested in agricultural developments made by Imperial Metropolitan Agriculture. Their datafortresses across Europe or the U.S. would take weeks to crack, but recent Net data indicates that one of their R&D facilities in Australia will transmit three "secure" data squirts to the company comnet on midnight of two days hence.

The team is assigned to intercept and copy this transmission without hindering its reception, then trace the transmission to its source. This should lead the net specialist directly into the IMA datafort. Some sort of Evasion or Black mask program (*Interface*, Volume 1, Issue #1, page 28) is recommended at this point. Download all information pertaining only to sources of transmission. Infocomp will not compensate for material gathered outside of contract guidelines and claims no legal responsibility for team members.

All material gathered will be collected on the spot by company personnel. No data is to be retained or copied. The entire operation will be monitored to ensure this. Any breach of contract will result in immediate abortion of operation and remission of salary.

Support:

Infocomp will provide 20,000eb for equipment or "miscellaneous costs." Receipts are expected. Unnecessary expenses will be cut from team member's retainers. Equipment must be rescinded at the completion of operation. Software bought using these funds should not be copied or otherwise duplicated.

Resistance:

If everything goes correctly, the netrunner should never encounter the fort's defenses, because he will ride directly into the fort disguised as an innocuous program, following the feedback from the data squirt. If the 'runner strays from the datastream's course, or misses the squirt and

tries to go in anyway, he will encounter hideous black ICE and many redundant security programs. There is no online sysop, but one will appear two Net turns after an alarm has been tripped.

In the real world, IMA will dispatch a response team to the PC's position two minutes after the team makes a mistake. First, the entire area will be bombarded by electromagnetic pulses to knock out all the team's equipment and stop the netrunner. Six to eight solos will arrive a mile away by air and sneak up on the team's position. These mercenaries will have virtually no cybernetics, extremely high-tech weapons, and good armor. They are elite operatives who will not be seen by the team until they attack. If the team is in a place where IMA cannot immediately respond, the firm will try to find out who did this; Netwatch will immediately be alerted by the company.

Complications:

The PCs know where the IMA datafort is on the Net, but it's not on any gridmaps and it doesn't have an LDL, so this data squirt is the only way of singling it out from the clutter of signals.

The team will have to decipher which satellites will be used during the squirt and in what sequence. A preliminary netrun may be necessary against IMA (a project in itself) to obtain a schematic of the company comnet. The technicians may also be able to decipher the pattern if they study the comnet for a few days (also rather difficult).

Jumping from the team's present location to the Australia subgrid and then hiding on a satellite may cause loss of processing speed. If the netrunner is worried about his reaction time, the technicians may want to arrange a cellular hookup so the 'runner can directly interface with a satellite, if the technicians have deciphered which ones will be used beforehand.

Salary:

20,000 Euro per team member, minus penalty considerations should things get horribly screwed up. Should the PCs somehow manage to actually implicate Infocomp in this scheme, Infocomp themselves may take hostile action against the team. This response could be legal (you think a 12mm SMG is scary, how about a corporate lawsuit?), electronic (being zeroed from all records; no ID, no credit, no nothing) or physical (poison, anyone?). The team's Netrunner(s) can also be sure to expect serious trouble in such a case.





CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Individuals skilled in vehicle operation, personal and vehicle combat skills and tactics, convoy security, and negotiation and diplomacy. Nomad contacts a plus. Knowledge of southern and northern California terrain a plus.

Contact:

William Johnson, shipping coordinator for Infocomp
Phone 212-555-4925

When contacted, the man will require a face-to-face meeting with the team to set up the details. He is a prematurely balding man in his early thirties who will introduce himself as Mr. Johnson (no, really!).

Brief:

As part of a transfer of assets from Los Angeles to San Francisco, Infocomp needs to move a lot of archival records, current files, and hard-copy information. Infocomp's own security forces are stretched thin, what with a second main office opening now, and so they are hiring freelancers to provide security for the shipments. The team is serving as advance scouts and outriders for a convoy of six armored 18-wheelers (Peterbilt-2000s, armed with a mix of LMGs and Auto GLs) loaded with sealed cargo containers, and sealed with smartlocks (*Chrome 1*). If the team has no vehicles, they will be provided, in the form of a BMW2020 (armed with a 7.62mm GPMG) and Darkwarrior motorcycles. The team is cautioned to avoid combat if possible; support is unlikely, and the trucks aren't set up for extended action.

Of course, Infocomp isn't telling the whole truth; what they are moving is not simply records, but part of an entire backup of all of Infocomp's libraries, archives, and collections, totally priceless in value. Infocomp is very adamant about the locks; all of the containers and cargo boxes must remain sealed.

Support:

Little support can be provided; Infocomp's forces are spread thin. There are a large number of other Infocomp convoys on the road, and they may be close enough to provide some support, if called (Ref's discretion). In addition, if the players are within 100km of Los Angeles, Night City, or San Francisco, they can call for air support from the Infocomp towers there; this support will probably take the form of a pair of AV-4s loaded with Infocomp security forces, but may be Lazarus regulars if things are too hot (Ref's discretion). Such teams will generally take 5-15 minutes to arrive, depending on the distance and availability.

Resistance:

There are two major groups that may prove trouble some along the road. The Aldecaldos pack of Nomads are currently residing between Stateline and Night City, with outriders and work teams stretching out as far as Fresno. While most of them are migrant workers and farmers, some hotheads in the pack have been known to hit trucking convoys, stopping them and demanding safe-passage fees. The Aldecaldos are well equipped and trained, so shooting it out with them is not recommended. They can probably be bought off, and the lead driver has access to a supply of cash to bribe them with (if one of the players has Nomad connections, or is a Fixer, the driver will cheerfully hand over the cash ... once he has assurance the player won't disappear with it).

The second is several teams of road pirates that run between Night City and San Francisco. Of variable quality, these gangs prey on trucking and civilian traffic, relying on their light, off-road vehicles to carry them away from police ambushes and interceptors. Some of them have even set up "toll booths" of their own along the roads. They're armed with a mixture of vehicles and weapons; at least one group is known to operate a number of Bell autogyros. The bandits may be bribable, but not likely (they tend to be greedy), so try to avoid them.

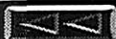
Complications:

The first complication players may find out about if they do some research is that the governments of L.A. and Southern California are not at all happy that Infocomp is downsizing its local HQ (especially since the clearly stated reason has been the huge crime problems and lousy ecology in L.A.). Players can count on their being trouble with the SCHP, and at the border. (Everyone's fake IDs up to date?).

The second complication is the value of the cargo. Almost all of the people on the team are freelancers; if they find out about the value of the cargo, many of them may be tempted to try and abscond with the containers by any of various methods ...

Salary:

Johnson will open with an offer of 1200 Euro per team member, 1600 for each team member that can provide his own vehicle; he can be bargained up as high as 1600eb per member, 2000 for each vehicle. Team members will also be reimbursed for any munitions expended, and for fuel and food along the way. There is a further bonus of 2000eb per member for safe delivery of the cargo containers (still sealed) to the San Francisco loading dock before 10 p.m. on Saturday.



**CONTRACTS
AVAILABLE****WANTED:**

A 4-6 person team. Surveillance skills a must. Personal combat skills preferable, but not required. Experience with Net-operated surveillance remotes preferable. Subtlety, patience, and discretion are required.

Contact:

Diane Vought—Phone 213-556-505, Net LDL 2204.7750

The team's contact is a young, thin-faced woman, who will explain that she works in an experimental research division at Infocomp. She is somewhat officious and detail-oriented, but reasonable and kind.

What she will not tell the players is that the division she works for is the Crystal Ball, a high-tech unit that predicts future probabilities—sort of. The Crystal Ball has predicted an 87% chance of an extraction against BioDiv, an up-and-coming genengineering Corp, within the next twelve days; Diane is hiring a team to watch and see if it happens.

Brief:

The team's job is very simple: conduct continuous surveillance on a small research facility located in the West Hill area. They are to record everything that happens and who goes in or out. They are not to interfere with what happens. The job lasts for two weeks.

Support:

Infocomp will provide the team with a rented apartment loaded with surveillance gear—laser microphones, video cameras with high-powered lenses and lowlite adapter, directional microphones, thermal imagers. There are also three Oracle surveillance remotes and a control deck. Other than that, the players are on their own.

Resistance:

BioDiv is a little paranoid, so security is very tight and slightly trigger-happy. In addition, two gangs are known to frequent the area: the Bozos, and the Voodoo Boys (see Night City pg. 52-53 for info). Either group could cause problems.

Complications:

The extraction team will strike whenever it seems appropriate. The point team is a mix of Solos and Prowlers, with a Netrunner flying cover in the Net and an AV-4 for extraction. These guys will open fire on the players if they see them. The extraction target is a very pretty Asian woman, who will be treated badly by these thugs—are any of the players white knights? The extraction is also likely to attract police attention after the fact. "Hi, we'd like to ask you a few questions about what happened last night?"

Salary:

The pay is 200eb per day per team member; this might be negotiable up to a max of 250eb if the negotiator is good. Obviously rooms are provided, and Infocomp will pay a stipend of 20eb per day (per person) for food if someone thinks to ask.

**CONTRACTS
AVAILABLE****WANTED:**

A 4-12 person team. Stealth, personal combat, and negotiations skills a must. Knowledge of cybernetics and psychology a definite plus. **WARNING**—This is a **MAXIMUM HAZARD** rated assignment; contact with employer is one-time only, face-to-face, via this office.

Contact:

The contact is a young man named David Chu. He is dressed in a lab coat when he meets the players. He looks extremely concerned and somewhat guilty. David is one of the chief technicians for Infocomp's Cyber-Research division. He is also secretly in the employ of Arasaka, with orders to embarrass Infocomp and hurt their public image.

Brief:

The duties are simple: locate a missing operative named Stephan Abramowicz, a Spyder full-'borg that worked for Infocomp until he defected two days ago. The 'borg, from things it has said, is almost certainly going cyberpsychotic, if it hasn't already. Infocomp would prefer it talked down, if at all possible, but if not, then the unit must be destroyed, before the cops and the public find out.

Support:

Whatever the players need (within reason). Full diagrams of the Spyder's capabilities; personnel files on Stephan. Access to Police and Corporate radio frequencies. Real-time tactical analysis; psychology and cybernetic experts standing by.

Resistance:

Stephan is well on his way to cyberpsychosis, thanks to Chu's meddling with his neurochemistry. He is occasionally lucid, though, and can be approached. He has holed up in a warehouse that was once a Neutron Tag game center. The warehouse is now a maze of pathways and tunnels, with odd lighting and numerous cameras and strobes built into the walls. Stephan has begun to add surprises of his own as well ...

Complications:

Chu's duplicity is likely to come out with some careful digging, and will be a powerful aid in calming Stephan down.

More problematic is the fact that David has alerted DMS about a rogue Borg running around the Combat Zone, and they have news teams scouring the streets. None of them are well armed, but they are tenacious. Avoiding them or convincing them to look the other way may take some doing. He may also call CIS (*Chrome 2*) under a false name, just to have them interfere.

Salary:

15,000eb per team member (negotiable) for completion of the mission without alerting the press, police, or public. An additional 10,000eb bonus if the unit is retrieved alive. 5,000eb if Infocomp's role is at all made public (firm). All expenses covered. Full medical coverage.



**CONTRACTS AVAILABLE****WANTED:**

Independent investigative team for highly technical research effort. Netrunner, technician, security required. Generous pay w/benefits. Personal risk involved. FAX/E-mail resume.

Contact:

Arthur Chesterfield, Personnel
Phone 213-555-4992, FAX 213-555-5000
Net LDL 1278.6529

Brief:

This job is open to 5-7 people. A client with prospective interests in military technology would like to know more about a new anti-ACPA system being developed by Militech. The agents are assigned to reconnoiter several tests being run at the famous Militech Proving Grounds in New Mexico.

It has been determined that exactly two weeks from the day the agents are briefed, the corporation will hold a series of tests at the Proving Grounds over a three day period. The agents must establish a small base camp in the nearby mountains, camouflage their presence to the massive electronic surveillance which Militech maintains, and monitor the tests using a high-powered surveillance suite. Ingoing and outgoing communications from the test site are to be monitored, but only from the test site; anything else is unnecessarily risky.

At the conclusion of the three days, the team netrunner (more than one are recommended), in conjunction with the team technicians, must passively monitor outgoing satellite communications and intercept the final test results as they are sent to the main office in Maryland. These results are usually clearly marked with a priority flag packet and will be easily identifiable to the netrunner(s). The team will then meet company personnel at the meeting point, a desolate strip of Interstate 285 clearly marked on maps provided to the team. The meeting point is noted in code.

One company specialist will travel with the team to oversee the operation and personally analyze the material. This person is an able, experienced individual and will have no trouble interacting with the agents.

The team may change base camp locations if they like during the course of the three days, especially if they think their location has been compromised. However, Infocomp denies all knowledge of the team's existence or their mission. If the agents are forced into combat, the mission will be immediately scrubbed, and the team must return to the rendezvous point.

HIGHEST PRIORITY WARNING: THE TEAM WILL ATTEMPT NO DIRECT ACTION AT ANY TIME AGAINST ANY MILITECH EMPLOYEE OR AGAINST ANY MILITECH FACILI-

TY. FIRE ONLY IF FIRED UPON. IN THE EVENT OF A SECURITY BREACH, INFOCOMP WILL EXTEND EVERY COURTESY TO MILITECH SO THAT THE TEAM IS PROSECUTED TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW.

Support:

Except for some generic area maps, Infocomp provides no equipment whatsoever; they wish to remain fully distanced from this operation. Instead, Infocomp issues the team a 500,000eb CredCard which can be used for the purchase of equipment. This amount is non-negotiable, and any unused funds may not be withdrawn for personal use. IR cammo cloaks [*Chrome 1*] and/or Sneak Suits [*Chrome 2*] are recommended.

Resistance:

Massive. The first line of defense includes automated systems consisting of sensors, scanners and lots of fun anti-personnel weapons. These cover a three mile radius around the camp. The perimeter fence, consisting of three concentric rings of triple-reinforced steel chain link, is liberally laced with monofilament wire and security cameras; the entire fence is electrified with a lethal charge (Difficult *Electronics* and *Basic Tech* rolls to penetrate.). A geosynchronous satellite keeps a constant vigil over the entire region, providing realtime telemetry at 20,000x magnification. A standing army of 2000 crack troops under the nominal control of Donald Lundee and Dr. Nils Engelson patrol the grounds and the surrounding area; they are outfitted with top grade military equipment and weapons. There are APCs and other light military vehicles at the facility, plus a battalion of MBTs, some small artillery pieces, and dozens of AVs.

Three clicks south of the Proving Ground is Militech's ultra-secret Special Projects Division. This is a very small, understated-looking building with no visible windows or entrances. The agents are warned numerous times not to approach this building under any circumstances. The bulk of the patrols stick to this area.

In general, patrols make regular five mile sweeps around the facility (Difficult roll to avoid; use appropriate skill—*Tactics*, *Wilderness Survival*, etc.). They are hesitant to check the mountains, though; these have been declared off limits since lots of troops started coming back in body bags (more on that later), and nobody wants to go marching up a mountain when the average temperature in New Mexico is 102° in the shade. Besides, that's what those geosync sats and recon aerodynes are for.

However, that doesn't mean that these soldiers are unmotivated—just careful. If Militech troops choose to come look-



(CONTINUED)

ing for the team, the agents are in for one hell of a tussle. Militech has the firepower and the resources to utterly crush the team without breaking a sweat. Although smart agents will make contingency escape plans, the mission is truly successful if nobody ever knows they were there.

Complications:

The land on which the Proving Grounds and the Special Projects Building now stand was taken from Pueblo and Apache reservations in the early 2000's under the Emergency Federal Land Seizure Act. The residents of these areas were relocated to newly constructed housing projects in Los Angeles.

Many of the residents, however, took to the hills. To this day, they have been fighting a guerilla war against Militech. It is a nasty affair, with a lot of back-and-forth raiding. The body count is rising, and the situation is turning into a mini-Vietnam. Despite their superiority, Militech has lost millions; they have made wiping out the insurgents their #1 priority in the area. But for every encampment Militech destroys, another batch of refugees arrives from Los Angeles, bringing with them angry young men already battle-hardened from life in the combat zone.

The Indians are an important factor because not only are they growing in number, but they've actually established temporary bases within the Proving Ground. These people know their way past the perimeter defenses, and although considered a joke in the past, they're now starting to win battles with Militech troops. Whether this is training (or weight of numbers) is yet to be determined. Unfortunately, it is suspected that Arasaka now trains and arms the Indians, so it may just be a matter of time before they degenerate from real political insurgents into paid corporate terrorists.

What this means is that the agents are apt to bump into these people as they wander around the mountains (Very Difficult roll to avoid; use *Stealth*, *Wilderness Survival*, *Recon*, sneak suit bonuses as appropriate). The Indians could serve as useful allies during this operation, or they could prove to be a major hinderance. The Indians are xenophobic, because Militech has hurt them badly with infiltrators once too often. They are the unknown variable in an already complex equation. The tribal leader most likely to deal fairly with outsiders is Ollie Guerrero (see *Corp Book 2*); there is a 2 in 10 chance that any Indians met are connected to his group. Other, non-Guerrero Indians will attack or harass on a 7 in 10 chance.

Additional Notes: First of all, we know what you're thinking. No, the patron is not Arasaka. It's an independent client who actually wishes no harm to Militech. In fact, he doesn't even plan to divulge with anyone else the information the

Agents recover—he'd just like some inside information before he invests his hard earned millions in new military hardware. (Case in point: thousands of investors, the patron included, really got soaked in 2018 when Orbital Air's new anti-spacecraft defense system turned out to be flop.) The patron makes sure that Infocomp stresses to the agents before and during the operation that Militech is not to be messed with—the agents are merely observers.

Second, in case you were wondering what the new weapon is, it's a man-portable heavy laser. The weapon looks like a large Dragon missile launcher with a small power pack attached. The weapon is designed to lock on to different types of ACPAs by identifying their silhouette. Then, based on the silhouette, the targeting computer delivers a concentrated beam of light at that particular suit's weakest spot. The laser is resistant to aerosols, smoke, and other countermeasures.

The Tests:

During the course of the three days, Militech will run several tests on the Proving Grounds from 8 AM to 8 PM. The sun rises and sets early in New Mexico this time of year, so the agents had best plan for night surveillance. A short description of the tests follows.

- **Day One:** Laser intensity test. The laser is tested against popup targets and the efficiency of the laser is gauged. Problems such as power overload, power surges, and "blooming", or loss of laser coherency, may occur.
- **Day Two:** Computer logic circuit test. Several dummy ACPA suits are placed around the Proving Grounds. Programmers will check to see if the computer recognizes the silhouette and applies the correct amount of laser intensity to the correct spot on each suit. All sorts of things can go wrong when dealing with new programming.
- **Day Three:** Live Fire test. Three two-man teams armed with the new laser will square off against two squads of computer-controlled ACPAs. Laser coherency, computer performance, damage capability and battlefield survivability will all be checked.

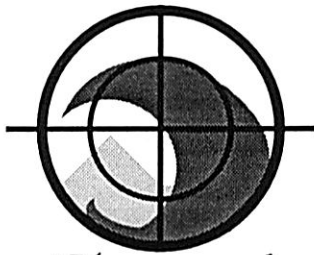
With a few mistakes and some minor adjustments, the three days of testing are basically successful. The final report is sent to Maryland the morning of the fourth day.

Salary:

Based on threat level analysis (thanks to the auditors at Dun & Bradstreet), each team member will retain 25,000 Eurodollars on successful completion of the mission, 1/3 that amount if the mission fails. All equipment must be returned, and all expenses must be accounted for. Unaccountable expenses will be deducted from the final retainer.



FAX ON FILE BRIEF

*Tsunami*
**TSUNAMI
DESIGN
BUREAU**
*Independent weapons
design firm*

- **Main Office:** Osaka, Japan
 - **Regional Offices:** San Francisco, Blacksburg VA, Rochester NY, Rio de Janeiro, Edinburgh
 - **Name & Location of Major Shareholder:** Toshio Yamabatsu, Osaka/Timothy Davidson, Osaka/Michelle Teguchi, Langley (exact share percentages unknown)
 - **Retained Earnings:** 95,339,874 eb (+8% from 2019).
 - **Financial Year Ends:** July 19th, 2021.
 - **Total Stock:** 88,486,312 shares
 - **Available on Market:** 16,247,818 shares
 - **Stock Par Value:** 97eb/share common, 123eb/share preferred
 - **Selling Price:** 144eb/share
 - **Employees:**
- | Worldwide | Troops | Covert |
|---------------|--------|--------|
| 7200 (approx) | 350 | 50 |
- **Management:**
The three major shareholders hold a rotating CEO position.

History

Formed by three friends on the bones of a Japanese airgun company, Tsunami was born in the Net, and this has flavored its feel to this day: Tsunami Design Bureau is a very eclectic, loosely organized corporation. Tsunami utilizes the latest in computer-assisted design and manufacturing equipment, and has maintained a reputation of being more than a little ahead of the cutting edge of technology, a rep that has many mystified, as they would appear to lack the resources and manpower to rival giants like Militech in terms of research and development. Rumors abound of a rogue AI (stolen from either the Pentagon or Arasaka), but Tsunami flatly denies such claims and there has been absolutely no proof brought to light on this topic. For many years, Tsunami was a top secret organization, working strictly behind the scenes, providing designs to governments and a few select corporations, but in the last three years they have expanded their services into the public market. Response has been excellent, and Tsunami's economic growth has been almost frightening.

Today

First and foremost, Tsunami is in the business of designing, building, and testing prototype weapons; once it meets their approval, they then license the design to another manufacturer, who takes care of actually producing and marketing the weapon. Most companies who manufacture weapons have several designs originally by Tsunami, usually high-end, cutting-edge weapons.

Tsunami, under the name Tsunami Arms, also produces an extensive line of limited issue weapons of their own: railguns, lasers, special-purpose weapons, powered armor sidearms, and specialized handguns. Many of these designs are custom made to a customer's specifications (as with the Airhammer).

A third area of business is weapon customization and the production of individual custom weaponry for private individuals. Most of these, contrary to popular belief, are competition pieces, not assassin's weapons (although they make those, too).

Research and development is Tsunami's smallest branch, but perhaps their most important. Tsunami is at the cutting edge of most areas of technology, aided by a crack team of researchers and Net-surfers. While not a major income source, their think-tank (Whirlwind Solutions) is well respected for its ability to come up with solutions to almost any technical problem, even if that solution can't be implemented due to technical failings.

Personnel

Tsunami's employees are an eclectic bunch, ranging from R&D experts with three doctorates working in the machine shop to streetwise techies working in the high-energy lab. They are, without exception, innovative geniuses, multi-disciplinarians, and combat trained. (Tsunami's dress code is simple—wear clothes, and always have a gun on you.) They are well paid, well treated, and devoted to the company with a loyalty that borders on fanaticism.

Friends and Enemies

Tsunami is on good terms with most of their competitors, simply because of their specialized niche and market and the additional revenues brought in by high-quality designs tested by Tsunami and marketed by the various companies. They are especially friendly with Militech (who are creating a joint project with Tsunami called Hurricane Arms), Lazarus (whose ops units frequently are able to field test pre-release designs), and Raven MicroCyb; RMC has a large contract with Tsunami for security small arms.

Tsunami has also cultivated a good working relationship with Infocomp, which many analysts theorize has played more than a small role in Tsunami's disproportionate amount of breakthrough developments.

One notable exception to Tsunami's generally genial relations is Arasaka, with whom Tsunami has maintained a state of





low-level hostility almost from the beginning. This was escalated by Arasaka to near-war in 2017, and only quick action by Infocomp and Militech prevented Tsunami's takeover or annihilation. The reasons for this mutual enmity are unknown.

Equipment and Resources

Tsunami has well kept medical facilities in each of their offices. They maintain a fleet of eighteen AV craft (mostly AV-4s, but at least 2 AV-6s and an AV-8 are kept for testing purposes), six helicopters, and six corporate jets. Although their security and covert operatives are extremely well armed with conventional and heavy weapons (much of it not available on the market ...), they have immediate access to little in the way of military grade vehicles or artillery (although they own at least six PA suits, all custom). They can, of course, call on the impressive assets of Militech and Lazarus when necessary. Tsunami maintains at least three top secret testing and construction facilities, one somewhere in Japan, one in the Rockies, and a third in an as yet unknown location (most rumors point to a crater outside Tycho base, but as Tsunami is not known to possess any space transports, this is hardly credible). Tsunami is rumored to have a powerful "rogue" AI, possibly named Muramasa, at their command, as well as several lesser computer systems, all very well defended.

CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

This mission needs a 4-8 person team, with individuals skilled in melee and fire combat, security penetration, and Net-based combat and data penetration. Mission will involve travel in the Asian sphere; knowledge of Chinese language and customs a definite plus.

Contact:

The players are directed to a coffee bar near NCU, where they are to sit in a specific booth and dial the number given to them on the vidphone there. Dialing the number will connect to a featureless black screen (Techies and Netrunners will notice that the phone automatically starts scrambling the conversation); the voice that answers is well modulated and male, with perfect diction and enunciation. The voice will explain that he is just a go-between for the real patron, who is unwilling to allow either of their identities to become known. The voice will state that the job is the sanctioning of a notorious AI hunter known as Blackheart; this is to be done in the Net, but meat operations will be necessary to support the Netrunners.

The voice is actually the voice of Muramasa, a rogue AI currently in the employ of Tsunami Arms. When

Muramasa was stolen/escaped from its parent company, Arasaka, they put a very sizable bounty on his head, and made sure that everyone knew it. Blackheart has gotten a little too close to figuring out where Muramasa operates from; since this could be disastrous for both Muramasa and Tsunami, Muramasa has decided to sanction Blackheart. Obviously, Muramasa has no intention of telling them who he is, whom he works for, or why he wants Blackheart sanctioned, and will never let any clues drop.

Brief:

The players are to travel to Hong Kong, make their way to Blackheart's compound, and break in. There, the Solos and Techies are to isolate his methods of escape, while the Netrunners go into the Net and kill him with the software provided. They are then to make their way back to the airport and take the next flight out.

Support:

Once the players agree to take the job, he will tell them to lift the vidphone; underneath they will find an envelope in which is a slip of paper with an address and an electronic



**(CONTINUED)**

key. The address is to a local coffin rack; the coffin listed will open up to show one briefcase (fairly high quality) for each team member...

Passports (with suitable temporary skeletons good for two weeks) will be provided, along with first class tickets to Hong Kong on a suborbital leaving Night City International at 2:30 three days hence, a bearer credchip with 5000eb on it marked "for expenses", plus other goodies. Each of the Netrunners will be given a set of program chips. If these are loaded into their decks, they will form into a program with the Icon of an ancient samurai sword. The other members of the team will find a small knife and a handgun with several clips, as well as instructions in how to hide these weapons in the briefcase's liner. Details of the weapons and software are left up to the Ref; the software is a powerful Demon with anti-personnel and anti-system sub-programs, and the weapons are designed to be easily concealed and utterly undetectable by weapon scanners (if Refs don't want to let the players hang onto these too long, they fire custom ammo; just limit the supply). There will also be maps of Hong Kong (with important sites like Blackheart's lair marked) and language chips (if necessary).

Resistance:

Blackheart's datafortress is located in a decaying tower close to the western side of Hong Kong—close enough to the Triads to be out of Corporate control, and far enough away that the Triads aren't currently interested (Big Len is too interested in shooting at the 14K right now) in the area. The building is mostly in ruins, but the bottom three basements have been turned into a security complex and living quarters for Blackheart and his support personnel. (You thought AI hunters worked alone? Not the smart ones. And Blackheart is very smart.) Blackheart is a Pro-level Netrunner (Interface +7), while his assistants consist of three Mid-level Netrunners and a pair of Weeflerunners (cannon fodder). The rest of his team consists of a number of Techies, two MedTechies, several mid-level Solos and some ex-Pirates and gangers for security, and their Fixer, a brutish man named Michael Chang who is reputed to have Triad ties. Blackheart has a very good security set-up, and has several escape routes planned; he leaves nothing to Joss. His people are fairly well armed with pistols, knives, and a few SMGs, but little in the way of heavy weaponry; after all, this is Hong Kong, not Night City. For more information, Refs should see *Rache Bartmoss' Guide to the Net* and the *Pac Rim Sourcebook*.

Complications:

Of course, the city of Hong Kong is the largest complication. HK is a city divided up by the Corporations and the Triads, and is watched very carefully by the Chinese government. None of these factions really get along with each other, and this has resulted in all of the factions watching each other (and anyone else who looks interesting; do the players look interesting?) very carefully. Chinese import laws are strict; while Muramasa has managed to devise ways to get the characters' Net gear and some weapons through Customs, they are going to have to do without a lot of the support equipment and weapons they are used to.

HK's Strip/Combat Zone is known as "the Hell of Death by a Thousand Cuts", because, while the Triads use guns, the remaining gangers and street folks are much more likely to use knives and their fists and feet. Even the Triads are as likely to use blades and Kung Fu as they are a Minami. Having or using a gun in Hong Kong brands you as either a Triad, a gwailo freelancer with more guts than brains, or a fool. Not being able to take care of yourself with hands and feet or a blade merely brands you a fool ... or a target.

Hong Kong is a center for rogue AIs; the large number of abandoned high powered computer systems has given them many places to hole up. These AIs are all slightly paranoid, wondering when their former masters will come after them, and will look with great suspicion on any new Netrunners entering the HK Net. (Both Muramasa and Blackheart find it ironic that an AI hunter put his base of operations in the dragon's lair, so to speak.) Many of the AIs are...nosy, to say the least, so players should keep an eye open for interference by them, at least until the AIs figure out what's up. At that point the players may have to hurry, as the AIs aren't likely to want to let some meatlings deal with someone who has killed so many brethren...

Salary:

The base pay for the job is 7,000eb per team member; Muramasa can be bargained up to a maximum of 100,000 Euro for the entire team, but this should be very difficult. Muramasa will explain that the special equipment they are receiving to help achieve the mission is also part of the pay; the gear is custom made, and utterly untraceable. If players demand payment up front, give it to them; if they try to skip out, Muramasa will simply blank their accounts completely, and post their identities prominently in the NCPD "most wanted" list (after all, he is an AI).



FAX ON FILE BRIEF



Cybernetics & Electronics Manufacturer

- **Main Office:** Plaza Circle, Night City, NorCal, North America; Phone (666) 553-3000, Fax (666) 553-3300, Net LDL 3053.6686
 - **Regional Offices:** Los Angeles Metroplex, San Francisco, Miami, Winston-Salem Urban Axis, Washington DC, St. Louis, Denver, New Galveston, Atlantis, Newtown, Toronto, Montreal, Honolulu, Rio Di Janeiro, Caracas, Brasilia, Havana, Berlin, Bonn, Rome, London, Paris, Stockholm, Moscow, Geneva, Oslo, Helsinki, Nairobi, Cairo, Madrid, Jerusalem, Algiers, Sydney, Tokyo, Kyoto, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Beijing, Delhi, Seoul, Manila, Singapore, Tycho, Crystal Palace, O'neill One.
 - **Manufacturing Facilities:** Seattle, Detroit, Dallas-Forth Worth Metroplex, Anchorage, Silo, Chicago Port, Vancouver, Mexico City, Munich, Hamburg, Osaka, Shanghai, Taiwan, Copernicus, Paradise Station, Galileo Cylinder.
 - **Name & Location of Major Shareholder:** Dr. Corvus Crowe, Night City, NorCal, North America, holding 26.5% of total shares
 - **Retained Earnings:** 784,406,213 eb (+5% from 2019).
 - **Financial Year Ends:** April 21st, 2021.
 - **Total Stock:** 139,552,608 shares
 - **Available on Market:** 10,461,937 shares
 - **Stock Par Value:** 130eb/share common, 175eb/share preferred
 - **Selling Price:** 200eb/share
 - **Employees:**
- | Worldwide | Troops | Covert |
|-----------|--------|--------|
| 32,689 | 3,047 | 315 |
- **Management:**
 - Chair: Dr. Corvus Crowe
 - Trustees: 13
 - CEO: Mr. Roman Fellini
 - **Board of Directors:**
 - President: Dr. Clarence Jordan
 - VP R&D: Mrs. Susan Onizawa
 - VP Overseas: Ms. Chingmy Siao
 - VP Orbital: Mr. Faustus Svankmajer
 - VP Defense: Col. Marlon Cage

History

The first years of the 21st century brought about the collapse of America. It was during this time that many of the 20th century's corporate superpowers fell; GE, Beatrice and Columbia Entertainment were just a few of the casualties. However, amid the attendant chaos of the Wasting Plague, the Food Crash, the 2nd Central American Conflict and the First and Second Corporate Wars, a brilliant scientist by the name of Dr. Corvus Crowe rose to fame and fortune. Having completed his doctorate at nineteen, he spent his early twenties working under Janice Grubb as a software engineer for Kenjiri Technologies when they were developing the first Net interface algorithms. He left the project before it was finished (for unknown reasons) and went on to become one of the founders of BioDyne Systems, the corporation credited with creating the first viable cyberlimbs. As one of the few members of the "BioDyne Seven" who had a head for business, Dr. Crowe bought out several fragmented post-Collapse corporate holdings. In 2009, while BioDyne Systems was going bankrupt, Raven Microcybernetics was declared an official corporate entity. Later that year, BioDyne became another property of the investment group formed by Dr. Crowe, whose new corporation embarked on a meteoric rise to American industry's top twenty.

Business Practices

Today, Raven Microcyb is the premier American manufacturer of cyberware, wetware and cybernetic electronics. They are well-known for always surfing the cutting edge of cyberotechnology, and are generally well-respected for their quality-control and modesty (their offices never bear giant, imposing logos—only a modest sign above the entrance). Being heavily involved in sensitive research and development projects, RMC is a very security-conscious company—they are ranked as a Security Level-4 (Maximum Security) organization in Arasaka's Almanac of Corporate Espionage (2020 edition). In terms of public image, Raven Microcyb is recognized not so much by its corporate policy as by its "shelf presence;" they are world-renowned for producing high-quality cyberware, full-body conversions, electronics, netware and ACPA components. Stock market and business trends analysts and expert systems have generally concurred that Raven Microcybernetics Corporation IS Dr. Corvus Crowe; the corporation's policies mirror his own personality, its products echo the Doctor's own areas of expertise, and fluctuations in RMC stock have even been theoretically reflected in Dr. Crowe's health. According to most experts, there is no other company of such size which is so tightly tied to one man.

Friends and Enemies

Raven Microcyb, being at the top of the American cybernetics heap, is not well-liked by cyberware companies in the US or the EEC; the large Eurocorps especially despise RMC, perceiving them as a presumptuous, mongrel corporation. Space-based corpora-





tions also antagonize RMC, whose vested interest in space is seen as threatening. Because of these conditions, Raven can count International Electric, Militech Cybernetics International, Utopian Corporation, Dynalar and Adrek Robotics among their enemies.

Orbital Air is RMC's most powerful corporate ally—Raven's constant patronage (due to their large investment in space) has ensured their support, and has even led to their co-development of the Warrior and Crusader ACPA chassis. Mitsubishi-Kyoridansu, being the premier manufacturer of space habitats, are also on very good terms with Raven MicroCyb; as one of the most powerful zaibatsu in Japan, they have done a great deal to open up the Pacific Rim to Raven's products.

RMC is particularly friendly with Tsunami Design Bureau (who provide for much of Raven's small arms needs) and also does business with Klein Cyberoptics, Interface Engineering, Advanced Cyberpolymer Research, Logan Engineering and several semi-underground operations, including Slamdance Incorporated, Urban Technologies and even, some say, the Autojoks.

Equipment and Resources

RMC is headquartered in the world-famous Corporate Center of Night City, but their industrial manufacturing plants are disbursed throughout the globe, with most facilities located in the industrial parks on city outskirts. Raven also owns three orbital workshacks, but they rely on Orbital Air for space transport. Each of RMC's regional offices includes a surgery-capable infirmary, a general store, sleeping quarters and an AI which handles administration and security duties. Each office is protected by top-security (Diff 30) locks, fatal traps (Diff 30), constantly-checked monitor cameras & IR sensors, mobile robotic guard systems (usually WADs), 7-15 man patrols of special combat troops (elite solos and full 'borgs) and services combat-ready vehicles up to AV-6 and ACPA threat-levels. All Raven Microcyb Data Fortresses appear as a translucent cybernetic arm rising up out of the grid; perched upon the open, upturned hand is a black raven with glowing eyes. Raven's dataforts are secured by black programs and 24-hour sysop guardposts.

Personnel

Raven Microcyb employees are paid competitively, but not outstandingly. Instead, they receive exceptional benefits: all employees have a dental plan, health insurance, Trauma Team coverage, a retirement plan, healthy amounts of vacation time, discounts on Raven cyberware and Orbital Air flights, and a wide



variety of on-the-job and after-hours training programs are offered. Raven's dress code requires that all employees must dress in black (gray is also allowed, as are small accents of white, red or gold). Executives wear black suits, technicians wear black jumpsuits, and security personnel wear black uniforms. In general, Raven offers a total way of life for its employees: style, attitude and support structure are all provided.

Hiring Practices

Raven Microcyb generally hires on two different criteria, depending upon the sensitivity of the job position. For simple positions (secretarial, clerical, lower administrative, food service, janitorial), Raven will usually hire those who can be trusted over those who are experienced, and train them on-the-job. This builds a sense of duty and support within the employee, ensuring loyalty, stability and security. However, in the case of demanding, specialized jobs, RMC will relentlessly pursue the best in the field. Raven has no compunctions hiring hotshots away from other companies, but extraction is seldom resorted to, since Raven prefers to entice potential employees with generous offers rather than kidnapping. RMC regularly canvases universities for promising talents and also monitors the underground, searching for brilliant outcasts, loners, hermits and rebels before the street can claim them. Raven uses freelancers quite often; consultants, advisors, co-developers and field operatives are constantly being brought in and moved on. The official policy is that outside talents and POVs provide fresh insights for RMC's projects, as well as keeping Raven abreast of the ideas and approaches used by outside groups (i.e., used by the freelancers' past employers). It has been observed by intelligence analysts, corporate security experts and other "armchair hatchmen" that almost ALL of Raven Microcyb's offensive, espionage and covert operations are carried out by freelance edgerunners.



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Freelance\Single.Op\Grey: Travel to another city; suppress operations center of local crime element. 3-6 person team; infiltration & electronics skills required.

Contact:

After responding to this electronically posted classified, the player(s) are e-mailed an invitation to Raven Microcyb's offices. They're expected after hours—3:30A.M.—and are asked to maintain a low profile upon entrance (if they're in a city with no RMC office, the meeting is scheduled at the local "fern bar"). Their contact, Malcolm Chrichton, is dressed in Raven's typical black and gray suit, and has gold-rimmed glasses. As this branch's Extra-Office Hiring Rep, he's authorized to brief them.

Duties:

This operation centers around Raven's office in Detroit. Observant players will note that Raven *has* no office in Detroit ... but, they *used to*. That office building (Plymouth Center Tower) is now closed, its sector now overrun by gangs and other criminal elements. (Hey, it's Detroit—why do you think they closed in the first place?) However, a recent AI-governed inventory/accounting sweep picked up troubling discrepancies: It seems that many of the Detroit office's facilities and supplies weren't fully removed. Worse still, the increased threat level posed by the gangs of that area points toward their use of said "lost" facilities. This well disguised asset relocation must be rectified; the job is to penetrate the site, secure the facilities and guard their dismantling and removal.

Support:

Mr. Chrichton provides the players with MRAM chips containing complete floorplans of Plymouth Center Tower and specs on the building's security systems—of course, these are of the system before it was (supposedly) removed. Whatever security systems are in place now (if any) are probably completely unlike RMC's previous layout. A list of the rerouted assets (complete with tech specs) is also chipped: medical instruments, some modest computers and a sizable stash of cybernetics (boosterware, cyberlimbs, optics, enhancements, body-planting, etc.).

Resistance:

The Trash Chippers boostergang, 45 members strong, has taken over Plymouth Center Tower and operates their black cyberlab out of it. Numerous squatters, feral children, burnouts, criminals, juvegangsters and other disenfranchised types occupy the building, and most of them have been drafted into forced labor by the Trash Chippers. Plymouth Center Tower now bears more resemblance to a medieval castle, complete with a drawbridge, torch lighting and indentured

servants. Few of these pathetic souls are loyal to the Trash Chippers, but many will be either unhelpful or will betray the players out of sheer fear of the gang. A few youngsters and oldsters will be genuinely helpful, however.

Plymouth Center Tower bristles with an ugly mixture of razorwire on ledges, grenade netting over windows, makeshift barricades at the doors, and graffiti on every surface. Inside, the gang has set up assorted low-tech, Vietnam-style mantraps. Their computer system is small, but the Trash Chippers' Netrunner is almost constantly monitoring it. Guards armed with shotguns, SMGs and assorted implanted cyberweapons walk patrol throughout the building; other gang members (somewhat less heavily armed) can be found standing around, gambling, drinking, getting high, stuffin' it, moshing and generally being unruly.

Complications:

RMC does not want the building destroyed, due to the presence of so many innocents (that, and the fact that the city council would react poorly to such drastically overt action—ever since Raven took their tax dollars out of Detroit, the city has held a grudge). Another complication is that any one of the players (particularly a Fixer) might know that the Trash Chippers never used to be such a bad bunch—mostly back-alley brawlers and rave organizers. Their involvement in this ugly business is uncharacteristic; on-site investigation will reveal that when the Trash Chippers moved into the area, they fell in with a mysterious patron who apparently led them to the abandoned Raven facilities and they soon turned into sadistic cyber-fetishists. If the players follow up, they discover that the Trash Chippers have all undergone serious neural cybersurgery. The answers lie in an office adjacent to the cyberlab—a cyberpsycho ex-RMC researcher is behind this whole situation. He altered the Trash Chippers' gray matter while they were under the knife, and his psychosis has made him power-mad. He also has a surprise in his office: a Punknaught ACPA! It was cobbled together from the skeleton of a Spider ACPA and cannibalized cyberlimbs. The researcher has detachable cyberlimbs, and if hostiles enter the cyberlab, he'll ditch his limbs and plug himself into the Punksuit: SIB -6, DFB -2, REF -2 (6 in this case), MA 3, STR 27, SP 30, Head SDP 7, Torso SDP 20, Arms SDP 27 each, Legs SDP 33 each, Toughness Mod -6, Weight 444kg, Punch 3D10, Kick & Crush 4D10. It has no weapons.

Salary:

3500eb per person. Support and benefits include Learjet transport to and from Detroit, Trauma Team coverage for the operation, pay for all medical expenses and reimbursement for used ammo. The players also will be offered a one-time 33% discount on any Raven product, which they may purchase/have implanted after the op.





FAX ON FILE BRIEF

REDOCAB*Private transportation service*

- **Main Office:** 1503 10th Street, Night City (near Corporate Zone)
Phone: 666-552-3949/3950;
FAX: 666-552-4000/4001
Net LDL: 4621.1989 (for pickup), 4621.1990 (for information)
- **Owner/Operator:** Alec Belavitz, 645 High Street, Bay Bridge Hotel
- **Net Income (2020):** \$326,000 (+4%, 2019)
- **Financial Year Ends:** January 15, 2021
- **Not Incorporated**
- **Employees:** 350
- **Staff:**
Chief Mechanic: Phil Lusco
Personnel: Katie Lopez
Security: John Katzen
Accounting: Rich Heale
Administration: Sofia Balakis

History

On a blustery February day in 2002, Alec Belavitz, a scared loyalist conscript, was huddled behind a burning BMP-2 on a deserted highway in the middle of Russia. Nobody knew what was going on; some said Gorborev had been assassinated, others said the crazy Americans were attacking. Even crazier, there was a rumor going around that the State Oil Industry had turned capitalist!

Alec didn't really care what the cause of the fighting was. All he knew was that his platoon had been ambushed on the road to Tomsk, that most of his comrades were dead and that elite SGKP "black berets" had the survivors pinned down.

Like the cavalry, only the timely arrival of loyal *spetsnaz* commandos saved Alec and the rest of his unit. As we all know, the State Oil Industry did, in fact, become the separate corporate entity known today as SovOil. As the fighting became more staccato—and the bold move by the Oil ministry became irreversible—Alec was rotated back to the rear areas. He swore on that day to leave Russia.

Alec immigrated to the U.S., where he had some family in Salt Lake City. From there he wandered to the west coast, ending up in Night City, driving a cab at night with one of the yellow cab companies. He learned the trade quickly. Passengers tried to cheat the fare. Stoned teenyboppers threw up in the back seat. Hookers got the hell beaten out of them by customers and pimps. Alec was robbed a dozen times; other cabbies he knew were murdered.

In 2012, as the senior driver, Alec had the option to buy into the company. He did so, eventually taking over the operation from his aging boss. When Alec's superior retired, Alec took complete control of the company, revamping it into his image of the model cab company for the twenty-first century. In 2020, the armored, bright red checkered cabs of Red Cab are a common sight around Night City.

Today

The Red Cab Company provides safe, comfortable transportation around the greater Night City area and the suburbs. They will go a maximum of five miles into the combat zone as well. A Red Cab may be summoned by calling or e-mailing dispatch. They will also answer taxi hailer signals and dataterm calls (they have an icon on the public services menu). At the driver's discretion, they will pick up fares off the street, but this isn't common, as the driver takes his own life into his hands (so generally this only happens in "safe" areas). The dispatch computer will promptly answer requests, bringing a cab to your location in three to five minutes. Red Cab is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Equipment and Resources

Red Cab has about 75 cabs with twice as many drivers, plus a large maintenance crew. The building is large enough to hold all the cabs at once, plus the entire staff—it was an abandoned parking garage Belavitz purchased for virtually nothing, which he has completely renovated and hardened. The administration office is on the top floor, where the locals can't easily get at it. The dispatch area is connected to the office, and both areas are heavily armored. There is a large motor pool on the sublevel. There are three floors to the building, plus the sublevel.

Naturally, the core of Red Cab's staff consists of its drivers. Drivers often complain about the scheduling system (allegedly devised by Belavitz himself and based on the phenomenally inefficient Russian system), but working for the company is a pretty good deal. Drivers retain 35% of everything they pull in per shift, and naturally all tips are theirs to keep. There is no infirmary on location, but the company has a standing account with Trauma Team, who will show up whenever they get an alert call from a driver.

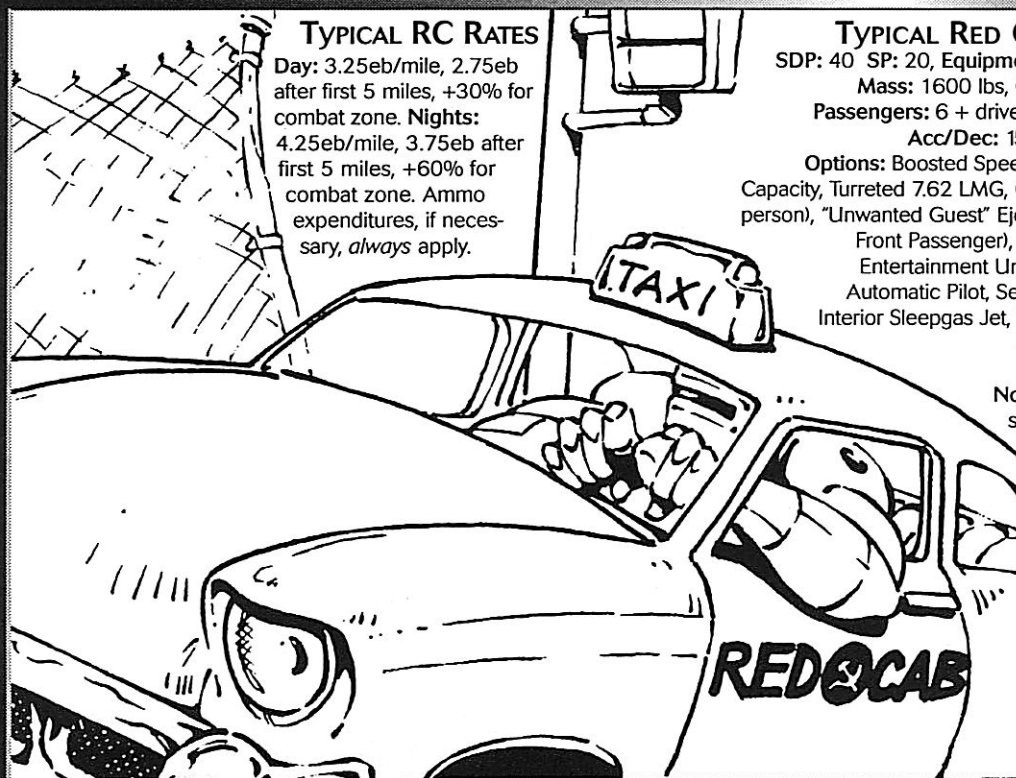
However, it takes a massive crew of technicians to keep such a fleet of vehicles moving. Thus, a substantial part of the company's employees are mechanics, electronic specialists, and even cybertechnicians.

The violence of the day also takes its unfortunate toll. Red Cab has a small security force, and as things get worse for the drivers, the security group grows on a daily basis.

Hiring Practices

Red Cab can always use new people, especially drivers and technicians (to maintain the cabs). Solos (bodyguard experience a plus) are needed to keep drivers and passengers safe.



**TYPICAL RC RATES**

Day: 3.25eb/mile, 2.75eb after first 5 miles, +30% for combat zone. Nights: 4.25eb/mile, 3.75eb after first 5 miles, +60% for combat zone. Ammo expenditures, if necessary, *always* apply.

TYPICAL RED CAB TAXI

SDP: 40 SP: 20, Equipment: 2.75 empty spaces, Mass: 1600 lbs, Cargo: 240 kg capacity, Passengers: 6 + driver, Max Speed: 80 mph, Acc/Dec: 15/50, Range: 300 miles
Options: Boosted Speed, H/D Brakes, Off-road Capacity, Turreted 7.62 LMG, Crash Control System (4 person), "Unwanted Guest" Ejection Seat (Back Seat + Front Passenger), Smoke Jet, Radio, Basic Entertainment Unit, Weapon Stabilization, Automatic Pilot, Security System (Shocker), Interior Sleepgas Jet, Taser Seat Covers (Back Seat + Front Passenger)

Cost: 36,500eb

Notes: Looks like an oversized checker cab, painted bright red, with tinted windows. Red Cab logo on the front doors. Front and back interior separated by SP20, SDP30 Plex-glass plate. Both compartments are sealed airtight if sleepgas jet kicks in. This is an *example* of a Red Cab car; each one is slightly different.

CONTRACTS AVAILABLE**WANTED:**

Drivers for day/night shifts, previous experience not required. Driving skills a must—no chips please. Area knowledge required, gang knowledge helpful. Combat and/or technical skills recommended. Good pay w/tips. Apply in person.

Contact:

Katie Lopez, Personnel
Phone 666-552-0392

Brief:

This job is open to any character role, so long as he can *Drive* at +4 or better. Drivers work in 12 hour shifts, three days a week. Hours available are 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday or 8 p.m. to 8 a.m. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. This is a great adventure hook for out-of-work PCs who can't seem to get that big score, but still have bills to pay (and it's a real clincher for those annoying big spender PCs, eh, refs?). It's also a good "real" job for PCs to hold between major adventures.

Support:

Trauma Team on call 24-7. If a driver sends the alert signal, TT arrives in 1D6+1 minutes. The driver can either break his TT card, hit a panic button under the dash, or call dispatch. If the

driver has a biomonitor, the TT computer may be directly linked into that for an extra salary deduction. Severe penalties (including possible dismissal) apply to the driver for sending a false alarm. Police can be summoned via radio or dispatch, but the driver cannot hear police bands on the radio.

Resistance:

Shouldn't be any directly. Red Cab is friendly with all the other cab companies in the city (Aerocab, Combat Cabb, Troubleshooter Cabs), so there's no armed competition. Police like to fine drivers for speeding every now and then, but otherwise Red Cab has a good working relationship with the cops as well. In the past year, there's been a real problem with the Bozos and the Slaughterhouse, not to mention several small boostergangs in the area which have come and gone. Several unfriendly Nomad packs (mostly outlaw bikers) like to attack cabs—normally they're not a problem, but things could get ugly when they have weight of numbers.

The Bozos love to have some of their own dress in corporate suits (usually carefully removed from the bodies of recent victims), call for a cab, and then rob and maim the driver in some demented way. The Slaughterhouse likes to hit cabs from ambush with heavy weapons, then close in on the survivors and butcher them slowly. For the past four months, Solos have been riding shotgun with drivers, resulting in some ugly scenes.



**(CONTINUED)****Complications:**

Anything! Regardless of time of day, drivers are apt to encounter accidents, riots, traffic jams, rude drivers, gang wars, police roadblocks, chemical spills ... not to mention the passengers. People will suddenly start having sex in the back seat, sweating junkies will start screaming that they want to go to the hospital, corporates late for meetings will threaten to sue. Drivers will get confusing directions to places they have never heard of. Streetlights will go out. Traffic lights won't work. Snipers will blast away from tenement rooftops. The car will break down—twice in one night. There will be blackouts while the driver is trying to find his

way out of the Combat Zone.

Want the short version? Go nuts. Be relentless. Point and laugh at frustrated PCs. In and of itself, driving a cab can be a pretty mundane job; your job is to make it exciting. Check out *Interface* #3, pg. 23, for more ideas.

Salary:

35% of total fares earned per month plus all tips or monthly salary equal to Drive skill using Nomad's pay rate. See *Cyberpunk 2020*, page 48. Hazardous duty pay possible (up to 3x total), but unlikely. See your supervisor for details.

CONTRACTS AVAILABLE**WANTED:**

Solos for security duty. Bodyguard experience preferred. Martial arts, basic tech, driving a plus. Driving chips okay, real combat skills required. Gang knowledge a plus. Flat fee plus hazardous duty pay. Flexible hours.

Contact:

John Katzen, Security or Kathy Lopez, Personnel
Phone 666-553-1492 (Katzen) or ext. 0392 (Lopez)
Net LDL 462.1.1990

Brief:

Red Cab needs Solos and other security-oriented types to ride shotgun with some drivers. In addition, John Katzen is putting together an organized squad to patrol the building and block perimeter on a 24-hour basis as gang trouble increases. Technicians familiar with electronic security and good with improvised boobytraps are also welcome.

Security people are expected to work four days a week, in ten-hour shifts. Hours are flexible, but expect to work in solid blocks—four days on, three days off. Overtime is available at supervisor's approval.

Support:

When riding shotgun, Trauma Team is on call 24-7. If you or the driver send alert signal, TT arrives in 1D6+1 minutes. In an emergency, you or the driver can either break your issued TT card, hit the panic button under the dash, or call dispatch. If you or the driver have a biomonitor, the TT computer may be directly linked into that for an extra salary deduction. You face severe salary penalties for a false alarm and possible dismissal. Police can be summoned via radio or by calling dispatch, but police bands cannot be heard on radio.

When on patrol, you will have the other nine members of your patrol shift to call on, plus John Katzen himself (*Combat Sense* +8, you can guess the rest of his stats) who lives in the building. Trauma Team is on always on call. They can be summoned as above. Biomonitor link

is possible, for a salary deduction. Police can be called via dispatch.

Resistance:

When riding shotgun, anything is possible. Expect to defend yourself, the cab driver, and the passengers (unless the passenger is the problem, of course) from a variety of psychos and scumbags. Be prepared to handle problems with harmless but irritating passengers in a diplomatic manner. You may also have to shoot it out with road boosters and other rabble. Learn how to spot incognito gang members before they get in the cab.

When defending the building, common problems will include drivers getting mugged outside, petty burglary attempts, graffiti artists tagging the building, and incursions by minor local boostergangs. However, once in a while the Bozos or the Slaughterhouse will show up in force, resulting in all kinds of chaos. Know these maniacs' tactics well.

Complications:

All of the aforementioned, plus the fact that if something happens to the driver, it's your responsibility to solve the problem. Even a *Basic Tech +1* chip with a basic schematic of a car engine is an improvement over nothing if the driver is dead and the car stalls. Get used to sitting in traffic, hearing boring stories, and putting up with bad music.

On patrol, things aren't much better, because you'll be involved in all sorts of situations. In addition to the really dangerous characters who hang around, the homeless sleep all over the place here, so there might be occasional run-ins with them. John Katzen expects his staff not to molest these people because it's bad PR, and they make good informants concerning gang activity. And when you're on foot, well, you make a real good target for those road boosters, don'tcha?

Salary:

Based on special ability skill level, equivalent to monthly pay scale in *Cyberpunk 2020*, page 58. Hazardous duty pay available at approval of supervisor.



FAX ON FILE BRIEF

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

Private security firm

- **Main Office:** 3176 East 6th Street, East Village, New York
- Phone:** 212-555-8000 (front desk)
800-555-2727 (emergency response)
- FAX:** 212-555-7000
- Net LDL:** 217.9499
- **Owner/Operators:** Jade Falcone, Ice Falcone, Grey Falcone (silent), John McCullen (silent), Lynda Korolev (silent)
- **Net Income:** None yet
- **Not Incorporated**
- **Staff:**
- Driver/security:** Jade Falcone
- Security/combat ops:** Ice Falcone
- Net operations (temp):** Grey Falcone
- Technical specialist (temp):** John McCullen
- Security/combat ops (temp):** Lynda Korolev
- Receptionist:** Gea Belchek
- Administration:** Cynthia Arrochar
- **Employees:** Only core staff + freelancers

History

About a year ago, it came to pass that John McCullen, Lynda Korolev, and the Falcone siblings (aka "Brain", "Lynx", "GhostRyder", see above) all came to work on a major op in the Far East. Several zaibatsus were going at it, and the Pacific Rim became a minor war zone for a week or so.

Unfortunately, there were some "complications", and the op went wrong. Really wrong. Said NPCs were shot down, shot at, arrested, beaten, beleaguered, and generally did not have a good time.

Somehow, they got back to the U.S., where they were paid very well, but seriously started to consider limiting the scope of their operations. After a week of brainstorming, research, and intensive meetings, the group decided to pool their assets and form their own security group. At the time, the group was being "temporarily" lodged in Manhattan by Crickett, a mutual fixer friend, so that's where they chose to establish the business.

They imagined a multi-role security business which could meet the needs of smaller clients, filling the gap that

massive firms like Militech, Arasaka and Lazarus are too large to fit into. In time, they planned to take on a larger staff, allowing them to provide an even more diverse range of services.

First, an abandoned nightclub was purchased in the East Village and totally renovated for their purposes. The building was modernized and hardened against attack, then outfitted with a sophisticated security and defense network (the building contains living quarters, a rec area, a gymnasium, a small motor pool, a firing range, and a kitchen area, in addition to the office space on the ground level). The remaining cash went towards purchasing equipment. A stripped-down model of an Ambunaught was purchased and revamped into a luxury transport of sorts. Because the partners already owned their own vehicles, a small array of simple cars, motorcycles, and vans was already available. Weapons weren't necessary—each partner already had their preferred hardware.

Next, negotiations were opened with a splinter branch of the Blood Razors, who happen to control the East Village. It took several weeks and a series of byzantine deals, but a peace was worked out. Relations between the gang and Affirmative Action are pretty good today.

Knowing nothing about accounting, business operations, or anything else remotely administrative, the partners hired Cynthia Arrochar, a recently unemployed "business analyst", as manager. She took control of the paperwork and other generally tedious things the partners have absolutely no talent for.

Gea Belchek answered the company's ad for a receptionist and was immediately hired, since the partners' typing was pretty bad. She handles incoming clients, files and sorts all current case data, and sets up interviews with freelancers. PCs who wish to work for AA will deal with Gea first, unless they happen to know one of the partners. The staff of AA have already closed a few accounts during this year, mostly involving detective work, and their actions have made the local screamsheets a couple of times. Within the next year and a half, AA has the potential to score a name for itself in the world of private, specialized security.

Today

Jade & Ice Falcone (as the partners with the largest share), remain the permanent fixtures, along with Gea and Cynthia. Brain, Lynx, and Grey Falcone occasionally work for the company when nothing else is available, but they don't want to become permanent employees and still wander the sprawls depending on the season.

The staff of Affirmative Action will perform services at rates as stated in the grey box at the bottom of the next page.

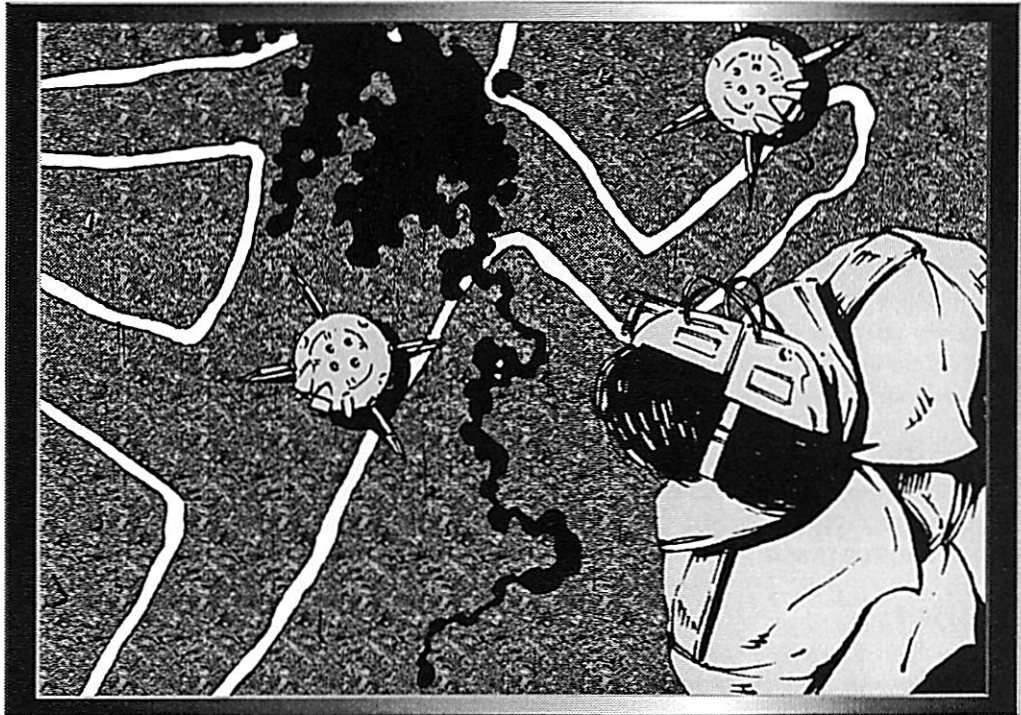




All fees are subject to 15% gratuity. Full refunds guaranteed if contract parameters are not met. All Affirmative Action employees are authorized to carry lethal and non-lethal weaponry. AA employees are also granted *de facto* bounty hunting rights for the duration of a specific bounty contract. Affirmative Action accepts no security work of an illicit nature and denies all knowledge of such activities.

Hiring Practices

When not directly involved in a case, Affirmative Action (via Cynthia) also arranges meetings between clientele looking for help and freelancers looking for work. AA cheerfully provides freelancers with transportation, technical support, and lodgings (references required) if they need it. In return for arranging a job, AA retains either a flat fee of \$1500 or 1/4 of the final salary, whichever is lesser.



AFFIRMATIVE ACTION COMPANY AMBUNAUGHT

SDP: 140

SP: 40

Equipment: 2 empty spaces

Mass: 10 tons **Cargo:** 6600 lbs capacity

Passengers: 9 + driver

Max Speed: 72 **Acc/Dec:** 10/30 **Range:** 800 miles

Cost: 99000eb (100,000eb retail)

Options: Life Support System, Crash Control System (10 passengers), Environmental Control System, Internal Fire Control System, Wet Bar, Flare Launcher (Roof), Smoke Jet, Smoke Launcher (Front Quarters), Cellular Phone, Radio (Scrambler), Cyberlink, Entertainment System (Advanced Stereo, Video Player, Hologrid), Radar w/Detector, Searchlights, Security System (Basic System, linked to Nauseator)

Notes: This massive vehicle is jokingly referred to by the staff as "the Ambunaught", but it retains virtually none of its original medical features. Designed to carry clients and staff in both safety and luxury, the vehicle's equipment is all defensive in nature. The vehicle is white, with yellow flashers on the roof. The AA logo is prominently featured on both sides and the back door.



SERVICE RATES

Bodyguard Duty: 500eb per day/per guard

Security System Construction/Analysis

Private: 200eb per hour/per specialist

Business: 300eb per hour/per specialist

Investigations: 250eb per day/per investigator + expenses

Personal Pickup/Transport: 500eb per hour

Netrunning: 200eb per minute/per runner

Courier (NYC area only): 200eb/hour

Missing Persons: 2000eb per day/per specialist + expenses

Computer Security Construction/Analysis: 200eb per hour + software

Self-Defense Classes: 35eb per class



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Net and computer systems specialist, human relations person, security specialist, technical and electronics personnel, for investigative work. Firearm proficiency required. Surveillance knowledge and/or detective training a definite plus. Good pay. Apply in person. The job is open to Netrunners, Nomads, Fixers, Techies, Prowlers and Solos. Cops (although they normally don't have to freelance) would also have a field day.

Contact:

Cynthia Arrochar, Administrator
Phone 212-555-8005/FAX 212-555-7005
Net LDL 20015854

Brief:

The client, a recent corporate widow, is receiving threatening phone calls and e-mail from a group of men she believes murdered her husband a week ago. The PCs are contracted to discover who killed him, why, and what relationship (if any) his death has to the threatening phone calls. The police have put a trace on the client's line, but the calls are always made from different locations. The e-mail is always sent from different dataterms.

The deceased was identified as Lt. Col. Michael Patterson, U.S. Army (Ret). Patterson was a hero of the Second Central American Conflict and was decorated many times. He served with the 17th Brigade in Colombia and was credited with over 100 confirmed kills. In 2009, Patterson left the military and settled down in Washington D.C.. From 2009 until his death, Patterson was a private investor with considerable stock in various corporations, and would often travel on business. Police have no leads at this time and are not speaking to the media.

Patterson was killed in the cargo dock area of Washington's maglev station, as he met the 7:22 train from Atlanta. The gunman, described as a stocky, Caucasian male, mid-40's, fired three times into the victim's chest with an old Beretta 92 at point-blank range.

The phone calls are always made by different voices, but voice-pattern checks have identified three distinct callers. Vocalprints match no known records.

Support:

The standard level of support from the front office is available.

Resistance:

There are three main antagonists: Richard Clayman, 39, Louis Roice, 28, and Phillip Coby, 47. You are free to generate their stats yourself. All three are former elite commandos, well versed in combat but not too heavily cybered. They also possess some basic "street" skills.

All three served with Lt. Col. Patterson in Colombia from 2003 to 2009. They left the Army the same time Patterson did, but none were as highly honored as he was. All three have around 50 confirmed kills each and a few citations. This information is available publicly, albeit via tedious research. Their complete Army records, however, are pretty secret, and very little will be openly available. No background information exists on any of the men before they entered the service.

Phillip Coby is the man who killed Lt. Col. Patterson. Coby, along with Roice and Clayman, are conducting an orchestrated campaign of terrorism against the client. If they are unhindered, their tactics will move from threats to minor sabotage and nasty "dirty tricks." Finally, they will openly try to physically harm the client.

The trio has no real resources other than themselves. They know some Chromers and nomads they can call on for brute muscle, plus some regular fixer contacts. They have access to some military grade weapons. They also have a series of bolt holes they can disappear into around the city, so they will not be easily taken by surprise. If nothing else, all three men have over ten years of military experience under their belts, six of those under fire.

Complications:

Okay, you ask, so why are they doing all this? Sit down, boys and girls, it's story time...

In July 2009, the U.S. military launched Operation Thunder Alley. The operation was intended to end the war in Colombia immediately, freeing up troops for use elsewhere in the Central American Theater. As part of this operation, Lt. Col. Patterson led a large group of troops into the jungle basin with orders to incite rebellion among the peasant workers. They were also



**(CONTINUED)**

ordered to attack government and drug-producing facilities at will.

Unfortunately, at the last minute, there was a dramatic change of government in Colombia, and Thunder Alley was called off. Unable to rescind Patterson's orders, the USAF sent fighters to shoot down the AV Patterson and his team were in. A few commandos survived the crash, including Patterson, Coby, Roice, and Clayman.

Eight months later, those four men were the only living team members. They had with them over eighty pounds of pure, refined cocaine (incredible in this post-DEA virus decade), seized from warehouses they destroyed while in the jungle. Unable to take the coke with them, the men sealed it in a container, buried it, and planned to return as a group some years later to collect and distribute the stuff.

Patterson waited for a while, intending to return as planned, but was never really sure he could trust his other "partners." He led a small expedition to get the cocaine first, then chartered a boat to Florida, crossed the border into Georgia, and put the stuff on a train from Atlanta to Washington. Then he flew back to the D.C. and waited for it.

Coby got wind of this. He called Roice and Clayman, met Patterson at the station, and killed him. Transit cops responded faster than Coby expected, so he fled.

After some discussion, the trio surmised that the client somehow received the cocaine and that she is holding it either because she doesn't know what to do with it or is waiting for a buyer. Either way, they figure it's rightfully theirs, and they intend to get it back.

The reality is that the cocaine is sitting in the wrong storage locker in the Washington maglev center. Locker 455, rented by Patterson, was searched by the police, all three men, and the media. However, a redcap accidentally put the package in locker 456, rented by a client who always pays her monthly bill but shows up maybe once a year to open the locker. It will remain there unless somebody finds it.

The preceding information will have to be painstakingly researched by the team. If the PCs really have no idea what they're doing, suggest that they start tapping the client's phones and have a Netrunner scan her incoming e-mail. This is a good starting point, just to

establish who the harassers are.

Once identification has been made, the PCs may want to follow the targets around for a while to see where they hang around and who they know. Further phone taps may be helpful to catch their phone calls to each other. When the targets are together, good-old-fashioned eavesdropping (assisted by surveillance microtechnology) also works.

The targets aren't worried about leaving a paper trail. They hold down regular jobs and use their real names on most documentation. Phillip Coby works as a clerk at Petrochem. Louis Roice is a mechanic with Washington's transit authority. Richard Clayman is a supervisor at the IEC cargo sub dock in Annapolis. All three have normal citizen ID records (all SIN files are highly restricted) and do their financial business at Sumitomo Bank.

As the days go by, the targets' threats against the client will become more and more violent. Then they will begin vandalizing her home. After six days, they will break in and trash the place. After ten days, they fire a heavy rifle at her 87,000eb Ford-Mazda Luxus 14 while a valet is parking it. After twenty days, they try to set her house on fire. During this entire time, the phone threats continue on a daily basis. After a month has elapsed, Coby waits on a rooftop two blocks away with an Arasaka WSSA sniper rifle and kills the client as she walks down the street. Obviously, the PCs have to stop the targets before this happens.

The targets never find their precious cocaine, while the client has no idea where it is—in fact, she has no idea what the targets are talking about when they mention it on the phone. If it's to be recovered at all, it is recommended that the PCs get it by sheer chance. Another party may also recover the stuff. Truly sadistic Referees may opt to have the targets discover it after all, but only after they've killed or otherwise badly maimed the client.

Salary:

Each PC will earn 250eb per day. The company will cover all expenses, but they must be cleared through Cynthia first. Any unauthorized spending must come out of the PC's pocket or be subtracted from the final retainer. The PCs are free to keep any cash, equipment, etc. they may retain during the course of the investigation.



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Are you proficient in unarmed combat, disarming techniques, and personal relations? Familiar with firearms? Do you look just as good in a tux as you do in Gibson Battlegear? Like to meet people and party? Then we've got exciting escort duty for you! Apply in person today!

Contact:

Cynthia Arrochar, Administrator
Phone 212-555-8005 FAX 212-555-7005
Net LDL 4205.6976

Brief:

This job is open to no more than four player characters. The patron is CCA Soundworks, an East Coast record label specializing in alternative chromatic. Popular on the underground scene and with the riot grrrl set, CCA has already amassed several rivals, including that humorless giant, Diverse Media Systems. With a total staff of just under 30 people, however, they have neither the resources, nor the people to handle their own security.

The PCs are assigned to escort CCA's latest darling, Chloe Eden, for 48 hours while she performs with her band at two locations in New York. Yes, semi-destroyed New York—and yes, the players have to watch out for the rest of the band, too. Ms. Eden is the lead singer of DSE, an all-girl chromer band. Their name stands for "Death, Sex, Eternity," but it's also the chemical abbreviation of a popular hallucinogen often freely distributed at their shows. DSE just released a new album entitled *Somebody Kill Me*, and it's tearing up the pirate airwaves right now. At your discretion, the characters may be familiar with their music.

DSE is playing at Douchebag's, a chromer club among the burnt-out buildings of Greenwich Village—and within viewing distance of the Rockefeller bomb crater—on Friday night from 11 PM to 1 AM. On Saturday night, they're playing Club 99, a dance club in Tribeca, from 10 PM to 12 midnight. Club 99 normally caters to ravers, posers and glitterkids but on Saturday night they do chrome shows. The band will also attend several parties before, during, and after the shows. CCA has issued the team leader a debit card good for up to 50,000 Euro, so go ahead and party. BUT...

The PCs must make sure nothing bad happens to Ms. Eden during the entire 48 hours. Failure to do so will result in total forfeiture of payment. "Bad" things include Ms. Eden overdosing, getting mugged, raped or extracted, being killed, or winding up in the hospital. Worst of all will be if either show is cancelled because something happens to Ms. Eden.

This is a classic bodyguard/escort job—high *Intimidate* and *Social* skills are useful, high *Awareness* and *Human Perception* are a must. Some sort of tight-band or closed-circuit communications set-up for the group (to be heard over party and band noises) would be helpful as well.

Support:

If requested, the PCs will be issued one sidearm each with five magazines of ammunition (non-lethal if requested), plus one non-lethal melee weapon. Affirmative Action will arrange for car rental if desired, but the cost will come out of the character's pockets, and the team is responsible for the vehicle. The PCs may crash at the AA building with their subject if they wish, but she might not be too happy about it.

Resistance:

If you've been to a concert in a big city on a Friday night before, you don't have to read this. Minor problems will include overzealous fans storming the car, chromers who don't like DSE's music trying to molest Ms. Eden, and massive traffic jams breaking out while the team is trucking the band to a show. You may want to simply roll on the encounter tables in the back of the basic manual and go from there.

Other problems include arranging lodging, finding a safe place for the band's gear, and getting Ms. Eden to the show's safely. On the street, the group is apt to encounter all sorts of crazies, and at the shows, the crowds are usually a hairtrigger away from rioting. Adoring fans alternately attempt to lick Ms. Eden or lovingly smash a bottle over her head while she's on stage. It's possible that chromer gangs who worship other bands may show up and start trouble, not to mention various boostergangs who like to start trouble for the hell of it. Backstage, craziness will reign supreme, including equipment which malfunctions, roadies who disappear, groupies (both male and female) who get under-



**(CONTINUED)**

foot, and obnoxious stage managers who show up at inopportune times.

At the parties the band attends, the above information still applies. The band attends a dozen or so parties during the 48 hour period. These take place at a variety of locations ranging from posh Park Avenue hotel suites to an abandoned subway station. The type of guests varies with location, but things should never go smoothly. The band and the PCs MUST attend a formal function being held at the Waldorf Astoria by CCA Soundworks at 1 AM, after the Saturday night show. This will be a media event with such people as Slate Tidwell and Cameron Ride of *Rockerboy Magazine* in attendance. Tidwell and Ride may also attend the Club 99 concert (GM's choice).

During the entire 48 hours, Ms. Eden will sneak off to have sex a number of times (with members of either sex) and will repeatedly do dangerous drugs. She will constantly have a bottle of something or other in her hand, even at the shows. She favors cheap brandy, with a malt liquor chaser. None of her band members are any better.

The catch is this—Ms. Eden, for all her problems, is a likeable, albeit somewhat burned-out, person. She is not the obnoxious brat the player characters are expecting. She encourages the characters to join the parties, and is constantly offering them drugs and booze. When sober, she gets into long, animated discussions about anything with anyone who wants to talk. She will try to seduce individual PCs during the course of the 48 hours. If any of the characters can sing or play an instrument, she invites them to come up on stage and jam during the shows.

A quick reminder: in the midst of all this freewheeling fun and nonstop partying, the players have a serious job to do. Several times during the 48 hours, their lives and Ms. Eden's life, will be in jeopardy, and so they had better be sharp. If they overindulge in the excesses Ms. Eden offers, make them pay for it. We're talking -2 to -6 on REF or INT related skill rolls (maybe *both* if the GM's cruel). A cyberliver or anti-toxin nanotech would come in real handy about now...

Complications:

Ready for the big finish? In addition to the aforementioned problems, a cyberpsychotic chromer gang member has unfortunately taken the title of DSE's latest

album a little too seriously. This madman is actively stalking Ms. Eden. He will appear at both shows and will try to follow the band to every party they attend.

The chromer is actually quite smitten with Ms. Eden. He intends to run up on stage, propose to her with an "engagement ring" (actually a brass cartridge he's cut in half), and make wild, passionate love to her right there. He will then "confirm" their "engagement" by applying the delicate flick of a chainknife to Ms. Eden's viscera. Finally, he will pull the pins on a bandolier of incendiary grenades, destroying himself and the rest of the band.

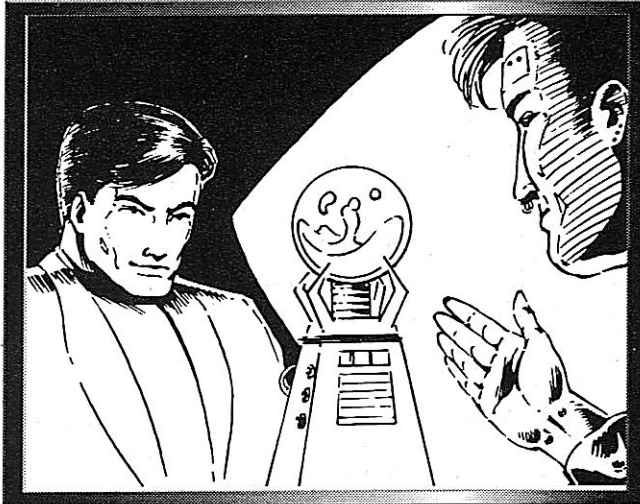
Yes, this guy is a stark raving psycho, but unfortunately, there's no way of telling this outright. He looks like any other chromer, wearing very light (sometimes no) armor. He is usually lightly armed (no more than a Medium Pistol), except at the shows. He is not particularly cybered-up. He knows every line to every song ever recorded by DSE and can discuss the band's history, as well as the background of each individual band member, in detail—so well, in fact, that some might mistake this guy for a poser. He will strike anyone who speaks to him as decidedly odd (and in this day and age, that's saying a lot).

Finally, if the characters keep Ms. Eden safe, but don't take care of the chromer by the end of the Saturday night show, he will actively hunt the PCs and the band. He has a disassembled Militech RPG-B launcher and a few rockets packed into the trunk of a beat-up Honda Metrocar which he drives. He will try to wipe out the team and the band all at once with this weapon.

Salary:

Each team member will earn 1000 Eurodollars per day for both days. They must return any equipment which was issued to them, along with any euro remaining on the debit card. If the players were forced to fight the psycho (and/or were fired on by the rocket launcher), their characters will receive a bonus 3000eb each. Any Reputation bonuses or penalties assessed by the GM for the handling of "situations" will be doubled if they occur in the presence of *Rockerboy Magazine* personnel. If Ms. Eden was harmed in any way due to the player's negligence, they receive nothing. Not to mention their Reps will probably take a heavy hit on the East Coast—and they may have a lot of angry Chromer fans after their hides...





FAX ON FILE BRIEF

Peak & Derrera

Precious materials brokers

- **Main Office:** Main Office: 93 Kennesaw Road, Baltimore, MD. Phone: (301) 555-2940, Fax: (301) 555-3000, Net LDL 1202.4924
- **Regional Offices:** New York City, Los Angeles, Geneva, London, Tokyo
- **Name & Location of Major Shareholders:** Penstone Equities (8%), Interfund Fund (7%), Mr. Maxwell Orvis, Geneva (6%)
- **Retained Earnings (2020):** \$2,304,102 (+2%, 2019)
- **Financial Year Ends:** February 13, 2021
- **Total Stock:** 111,500,760 shares
- **Available on Market:** 760,000 shares
- **Par Value:** 56eb/share preferred, \$34/share common
- **Selling Price:** 110eb/share

- **Employees:**

Worldwide	Troops	Covert
210	150	5

- **Board of Directors:**

Chair: Mr. Maxwell Orvis

Trustees: 10

CEO: Mr. Maxwell Orvis

- **Management:**

Vice-President: Mr. Peter Stotz

Director, World Ops: Dr. Robert Harris

Director, Security: Ms. Christine Bianca

Director, Finance: Mr. Michael Staggert

Director, North America: Mr. Christopher Trache

Director, Japan: Mr. Senaki Hiratako

Director, Europe: Ms. Jeanette Brisbane

History

Peak & Derrera is one of those rare corporate oddities in the business world of 2020: They were small enough to duck the fallout from the crash of '94, but strong enough to keep their heads above water.

In 1970, George Peak and Salvatore Derrera were a couple of grunts stuck in the middle of the Cambodia invasion. During quiet periods, the pair would talk about what they would do if they made it back to the world. There was nothing else to do but talk, and it was better than listening to the crickets chirp. Both men had heard the news: The situation at home was starting to sour. They shared the same philosophy that the smart investor would turn to technology as America's industrial base weakened.

Peak and Derrera both survived the war and kept in contact with each other when they returned to the U.S. In early 1972, "Sally" Derrera called Peak with a business offer: if both men could scrape up \$25,000 to start with, it was possible for them to break into the precious industrial diamond market. Peak was skeptical but after some research decided to invest. Thus in January 1973 an idea that began as a way to soothe the combat jitters flourished into a financial reality. The partnership of Peak & Derrera was born.

The company expanded into Asia at first, trading delicately into the new Chinese and Japanese markets that were opening up. When the computer age began in 1979, the company cornered a nice chunk of the silicon market. With customers like Atari and IBM, the firm's fortune was assured. Peak & Derrera was incorporated in 1980.

With the boom of the 1980s, the company grew quickly, breaking into various industrial and precious metal markets. When the party ended in '94, most of the Asian developments were sold off for vital cash. Later, that cash was used to invest in the critical European market.

In 2002, George Peak sold his interests in the company and became an independent investor. The Wasting Plague incapacitated Sal Derrera in 2003, and he sold his share to Penstone Equities. Orvis became chairman of the board, but the firm's original name was retained for its prestige.

Today

Peak & Derrera remain a respected, if somewhat low-key, name in the precious metals market. They now deal with all precious materials. This includes more traditional items like diamonds, metals, and alloys, but also unconventional things such as rare chemicals, experimental pharmaceuticals, orbital products, and much more.

Generally, P&D looks for commodities currently trading at a low market value. They research the commodity (they have excellent financial analysts working for them, and when they can't find it, they have an ongoing contract with Infocomp), and if





the future of the commodity (ranging anywhere from next week to five years) looks promising, they invest accordingly, acquiring as much of it as possible. When the time comes to sell, P&D cashes in on the commodity, usually raking in a huge financial profit or trading for another promising material. P&D analysts are rarely wrong.

Equipment and Resources

Each P&D office is about the size of a large savings bank, with several massive vaults. Every building has a VTOL corporate Learjet, a VIP chopper, and two military gunships. The company owns thirty AV-6s, used to escort shipments of materials, which are always at various locations. For long-distance or orbital shipments, P&D usually hires Orbital Air.

Security at each office is incredibly tight, involving various redundant systems, some of which are intentionally not accessible on the Net. Every member of the security force is individually hired by Christine Bianca; yes, they are that good.

Particularly of note are P&D's Netrunners, used for both security and research. Their entire staff of runners are Pro-(60%)

and Top-level (40%) programmers. These people do not fool around. It is rumored that Bartmoss would occasionally hit P&D for spare cash until one time when Spider Murphy got blown off the system and had an APB put out on her for three months. Of course, Bartmoss is dead now and Murphy isn't, so you be the judge ...

Hiring Practices

Peak & Derrera generally never openly advertises for freelancers, although in reality the Special Projects Division needs deniable people once or twice a month. P&D is not particularly malevolent, so the SPD is only called in when something "unusual" arises, or when the Board of Directors has something specific (and potentially embarrassing) in mind.

Note to Refs: Peak & Derrera will also act as a legitimate fence, trading material or cash with clientele when they need to get rid of something but really don't know what the hell it is. PCs may find the company an interesting alternate source for profit-making, no questions asked, when the local Fixer is nowhere to be found.

CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Experienced negotiators, seasoned bodyguards for delicate business transaction. Salary on commission, plus flat fee. Fax or e-mail resume for possible interview.

Contact:

Warren Carmichael, Special Projects Division
Phone 301-555-0390/FAX 301-555-0300
Net LDL 1202.4931

Brief:

The company has decided to dispose of 400kg of orbital-grown food-substitute proteins, a product which has not met future investment expectations. The proteins are high-quality stuff, but useless in their current state. The right people could refine it into base material and reprocess it into anything.

There are several interested buyers. The team is to meet each group at a neutral site (different for each group), negotiate an agreement, and complete a transaction if possible. How much of the product each client receives is unimportant; all 200kg could go to one buyer, or 50kg might go to a few buyers each, or whatever combination happens to work out. All transactions must be cleared by the main office before any trade takes place.

Resistance:

Four groups have expressed interest in the product:

Group One: A minor agricorp looking to succeed where the orbital firm failed. They ask to meet in a downtown location. Two corporates and three bodyguards will attend. They offer 150,000eb for the whole load.

Group Two: Three ripperdocs who intend to use the proteins for cloning experiments. They'll meet anywhere secluded, at night (with Solo escorts) only. They offer 175eb per kilo.

Group Three: A Fixer who wants the stuff to cash in on resale. He'll meet at any inner-city establishment, but at night only. He brings a group of gangsters with him. Offers 75,000eb for 100 kilos.

Group Four: The manager of a food processing plant in the industrial zone. He'll agree to meet anywhere except the combat zone, at any time of day. Sends some mid-level Solos and a Corporate mouthpiece. Offers up to 150eb/kilo. He'll purchase as much as possible.

Support:

The company wishes to remain personally detached from this operation. They will provide up to 100,000eb in equipment, plus unmarked transportation when required. Equipment must be returned at completion of contract.

Complications:

Entirely up to you. Anybody might try to steal the product, and any of the buyers may intend to ambush or doublecross the team. Plus, wouldn't it suck if the product spoiled or turned out to be really bad? And nobody said the buyers wouldn't change their mind at the last minute. Feel free to add and alter interested buyers at will.

Salary:

Team retains 40% of the take, plus 2000eb per team member. All amounts negotiable and subject to penalty.



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE**WANTED:**

Security personnel, experienced drivers, medically trained professionals needed for transport operation. Freelance human relations person with experience in art/culture also needed. Call for interview or Fax resume. Pay negotiable.

Contact:

William Roeman, Special Projects Division
Phone 301-555-3022/Fax 301-555-4022
Net LDL 1202.4928

Brief:

A client on the far side of the CZ is willing to trade an unspecified amount of original Rembrandts in exchange for various hard-to-obtain chemicals used in pharmaceuticals and explosives.

The client's current place of residence lies across a strip of exceptionally dangerous areas. The actual meeting place is not in the combat zone, but on the other side, where the city turns into a heavy-industry district.

A team of three to six specialists will transport the chemicals from P&D's midtown office, through the combat zone, and to the meeting point. Experts will analyze the client's material to ensure it is the real thing. Trade must be negotiated at the meeting point. Once the meeting has concluded, the team must return to the midtown office with either the original material or the accepted offer. The shipment is not being flown to the meeting point by AV because the tanker version of the AV-9 (the only feasible AV which could be used) is too vulnerable a target.

During the entire operation, the safety of the artwork and the chemicals is top priority. Any damage to the materials traded, or the materials to be traded, will be subtracted from the team members' final retainers. Disappearance of either material is equally unacceptable.

Support:

The company will provide two Peterbilt 2000 tankertrucks (as seen in *Maximum Metal*, only with 30000-liter armored tanks instead of trailers). Both these vehicles may be included as part of the trade. The company will provide up to three more vehicles if required. The PCs may choose anything they like, but military-grade equipment and aircraft are out, so they can forget it. These vehicles must be returned at the completion of the operation. If any of these vehicles are destroyed, the cost will be deducted from the team's final salary.

One AV-8 will fly escort for the convoy both to and from the meeting point. It will land on the roof of some abandoned building and wait for orders while the meet is taking place.

The company will also supplement the team with personnel if certain roles are not filled. Medics, Solos, drivers,

Techies, and Fixers will be provided as needed.

Resistance:

No organized resistance is expected, but anything is possible. In addition to the client and his entourage, the PCs are apt to encounter all sorts of chaos in the combat zone ranging from street impediments to impromptu food riots.

The client will attend the meeting with ten of his crew, including several solos, a couple of technicians, some nomads, and a ripperdoc. They have four vehicles, a Lexus ZS-5000 (SR), a BMW AV-7, and two Benson "Violator" Hovercycles. These men and women are all professional thieves and other criminal types. Actual game stats are left to your imagination. Suffice to say that they're Edgerunners, too.

Complications:

Although no one organized group tries to stop the shipment, several events take place that day in the combat zone which may affect the course of the adventure, including:

- 1) An explosion levels an automated factory in the nearby industrial district. The ten-alarm fire burns out of control for the next twelve hours, filling the zone with acrid, purple smoke. In some areas, the smog never seems to lift, and visibility is halved.
- 2) Two drug syndicates get involved in a deal gone bad. The violence spills out into the street, turning a mostly residential area into a war zone for three hours. C-SWAT is on the scene, and there are streets closed off everywhere.
- 3) A large demonstration is led by local agitators, but the marchers get too close to the "secured" areas of the city. The riot squad shows up, and a large riot ensues.
- 4) Some punks decide to go drag racing in a dozen stolen cars. For three hours these guys zoom all over the place, causing accidents and making driving difficult. The police don't bother to pursue them in this part of town.

In addition to the human element, things that don't appear on city planning maps, like streets clogged with wrecked cars, boobytraps set by local gangs, and piles of rubble in the road will force the PCs to change direction every now and then.

Whether or not the client is playing fair is up to you. The paintings may be forgeries, or the whole thing may be a trap. On the other hand, everything could be on the level, resulting in profits for all, provided everyone survives the return trip. It's your call.

Finally, it's possible that if something goes wrong, or if the PCs have too much time on their hands, the team may try to steal the goods for themselves. If so, feel free to blow them off the face of the earth with the AV-8.

Salary:

Based on threat level analysis (thanks again to Dun & Bradstreet), the company will pay 2000eb per team member. Not negotiable.



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Individuals with equipment retrieval know-how. Human relation and investigative skills a must, combat skills suggested.

Contact:

William Roeman, Special Projects Division
Phone: 301-555-3022, Fax: 301-555-4022
Net LDL: 4056.1127

Brief:

A courier disappeared in Night City. The PCs must find the courier and his materials, escorting him to his destination.

The courier got on a train from DC to Night City. He arrived at the NCART terminal and phoned the company office. He never arrived at his destination, the Night City Technical Exchange, on the North Side.

NCPD has been notified and is interviewing people at the station who might have seen him. So far—no leads, except for a conductor who said he saw the courier entering a Troubleshooter Cab. Interestingly, the conductor died two days ago when his cyberaudio unit malfunctioned. Police technical specialists are still investigating.

The courier's package is a briefcase containing six computer disks. Each disk contains part of an anti-personnel program, said to be deadlier than Firestarter or even Soullkiller. The company planned to trade this program with a netrunner at the Exchange in return for orbital metals expected to sharply rise in value soon. Rumor says this program may be a modification of something Bartmoss was working on before he died; that is unsubstantiated.

Support:

The NCPD will provide copies of statements made at the train station, plus the conductor's autopsy report. The characters may also call the police for one favor, if necessary. They have carte blanche, but any unreasonable or unnecessarily violent actions will get them in trouble.

A vehicle will be provided, plus a 25,000eb CredCard for expenses. If the characters aren't familiar with Night City, a fixer is contacted as a guide. Backwards Eddie (whose nickname stems from his dyslexia) is a mid-level wheeler-dealer. He can act as info broker, arms dealer, etc. He also has a network of minor enforcers who might be handy.

Resistance:

The courier is in the hands of The Brainiacs (see *Night City Sourcebook*, pg 44). Described as "the thinking man's booster-gang", the Brainiacs favor technology above all. The gang consists of really sick netrunners and techies, plus some militant types. They murdered the conductor, via UHF feedback.

The Brainiacs have no colors except a small medallion worn around the neck. They are not combative per se; instead, rigging crafty boobytraps and causing technological accidents.

Brainiac motivation is the pursuit of new technology. Members often work legit as technicians. Many gangboys can be hired just by offering some nu-tech.

The Brainiacs have never lost a turf war, outsmarting their opponents many times. As a result, most major gangs hate them. The street word is that the Bozos would love to take them down.

There are approximately 75 full-time members, plus low-level associates/wannabees. The Brainiacs have claimed a three-block radius just north of the Corporate Zone as their territory.

Complications:

First of all, the courier wasn't kidnapped at all—he decided to screw the company! The courier met a Brainiac, and after a lengthy discussion, he decided to sell out to the gang. They've offered him transportation out of the country, a small fortune in currency of his choice and an ID change. They can deliver, whether they intend to is up to the GM.

The courier is at the Widmark Hotel, a North Side dive that's also home to the Black Death, a dangerous group who wish they could be the Slaughterhouse. They leave the Brainiacs alone.

The gang has a full electronics suite in the courier's room. In addition to guards, techs are there daily, analyzing the data to determine its worth. For his own safety (and the gang's convenience), the courier is not allowed to leave. Some members make occasional food runs.

The room is on the fourth floor; the rest of the floor was cleared. The entire level is rigged with boobytraps and sensors. Corner rooms have snipers watching the building approaches. Despite being across from a police station, the cops don't bother.

The characters have three days to find the courier. After that, the Brainiacs retain the program and the courier disappears.

If they do find him, they must recover the shipment and deliver it to the Technical Exchange. Nothing is received in exchange; the orbital metals are sitting in a storage unit in Denver and will be picked up later.

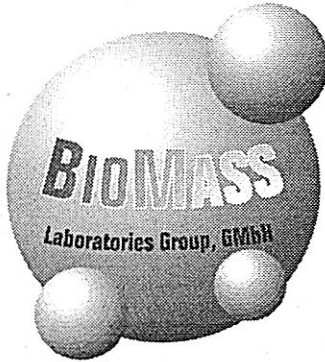
If players figure out that the courier acted on his own, the company will order them to turn him over to the police. If they do, there's a screamsheet story a few days later that the courier was "mysteriously" killed in his cell...

Salary:

Each character will retain 4000 Eurodollars, plus keeping any equipment purchases. They must return any vehicles along with the issued Credchip. The company will overlook all receipts before payment, and unjustified expenses will be deducted from personal salaries.



FAX ON FILE BRIEF



**BIO MASS
LABORATORIES
GROUP,
GMBH**

*APTR and MRAM chips
developer/marketer
Also Cyberware, VR
applications*

- **Main Office:** Berlin, Germany. A 94-story office block in the heart of Berlin's Corporate Zone.
 - **Regional Offices:** Tokyo (main office for Asia), Atlanta (main office for America), Madrid, Rome, Paris, Delhi, Dallas, Night City, New York, Mexico City (Mexican R&D base)
 - **Name & Location of Major Shareholders:** Dieter von Manhoffen-Mass; Berlin, Germany. Retains 61.2% of shares. Ex-Trade Commissioner (2005 to 2009) for the EC. Klien Mass; KDC, Germany. Retains 19.2% of shares. Son of Dieter von Manhoffen-Mass.
 - **Employees:**
- | Worldwide | Troops | Covert |
|-----------|--------|--------|
| 40,800 | 1060 | 26 |
- **Management:**
 - CEO: Klien Mass
 - Continental Chief, Europe: Dietrich Bonhoffer
 - Continental Chief, Americas: Frank Alexis
 - Continental Chief, Asia: currently unknown

History

Created in Amsterdam around 2014 by Dr. Rijk Leidsplein, backed by the financial acumen of Dieter von Manhoffen-Mass. Their plan was to follow the lead of BioTec Σ in inventing and producing chipware that affected actual body functions rather than the usual skill/knowledge transfer.

It was von Manhoffen-Mass that came up with the idea of making the main office merely a support center for a set of semi-autonomous regional groups. Most analysts believe that inside knowledge gained during his EC-government service guided him in creating this unusual corporate structure. The corporation was run as a partnership until 2019, when Leidsplein dropped out of sight on a trip to the U.K. At that time, von Manhoffen-Mass restructured the management and brought Dr. Christopher Mitchell on as chief of R&D.

Business Practices

"If it's in your head, it's been BioMass-produced" is the corporate motto. The BioMass Group breaks down into three continental

divisions, each trading under its own separate identity. In the Americas it's BioMass Labs, in Europe it's BioMass Tek, and in Asia it's BM NeoTek. Each division is lead by a Continental Chief, with an associated board made up of Regional Heads and Board Members. The board breaks down into a series of Regional Office Heads who deal with the Corp business in their area.

Instead of several research facilities scattered worldwide, BioMass has one large, expensively maintained/secured secret facility. It is built under a hill in Mexico about 50km north of Mexico City. A nearby town (approx. 1000 inhabitants) is indirectly run by BioMass via the town council. Corp Security has substantial long-term assets in the area to keep the facility secret.

BioMass Security has a sizable amount of operatives, due mainly to EBM's interest in "acquiring" BioMass' cutting-edge chip technology if it ever gets a major nu-tech breakthrough. However, most of its people are untested against well equipped/trained opposition. Personnel on guard duty at factories, warehouses, etc. are fully licensed for lethal response, carrying smartchipped weapons and wearing top-rated armor. The few heavy weapons available are for the defence of the R&D base. There is no heavy military equipment (MBTs, gunships or combat 'borgs) in the inventory, but such could be procured if a take-over threatened, or if there were proof that the R&D base had been compromised.



Most covert agents are aimed at keeping EBM at arm's length and keeping BioMass' secrets secret. They are underfunded in other areas and have had some trouble in keeping their workforce as "loyal" as they could be. BioMass Net security tends to be high, especially in the Continental HQs and Mexico City offices; including several layers of lethal defense. The Mexican R&D base has a separate Net grid, only connecting to the World Net once a week for a few seconds via their CommSat in orbit (to exchange info with BioMass execs). During this process, the area is crawling with Corp 'Runners and defense software.

Equipment and Resources

There are three satellites owned covertly by BioMass through holding companies. These are used mainly for secure commu-

nications and corporation-only Net links. They are also used by the security department to keep an eye on the movements of specific employees, executives, and agents via transponder tags either worn on their work clothing or surgically implanted. These transponders are individualized for each person, and are only given to those who are in danger or need to be monitored.

The corporation also owns an orbital workstation, close to Crystal Palace. It is a large facility, fully-computerized, with a crew of twenty. The workstation produces "pure" blank chips for their more intricate designs.

Each Continental Head Office (Berlin, Atlanta and Tokyo) is a small arcology. They have full hospitals, libraries, schools, training facilities, etc., as has the Mexico R&D base. The Berlin office also has an extensive med facility that can do cyberware emplacement up to full-body replacements.

CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

A team of Solos, ex-Police or freelance Cops, plus reputable Techs and Netrunners; to form a "Tiger Team" for the Mexico City office.

Contact:

Haans Ghelen, Coordinator for Outside Contractors, Atlanta Office
Net Node LDL 3053.6686 Rustbelt

Please forward any reference files/recommendations you have from city/state/federal authorities, or from major Corporate entities.

Brief:

The multi-billion euro research facility, under the leadership of Doctor Mitchell, has recently made a breakthrough in nano-chipware. It is projected that by the end of 2022, a prototype chip able to hold information on any skill (including special abilities) may be available. The release date (if all goes well) could be as early as 2024.

The mission is to help secure the Mexico City office for physical and Net data transfer due to an upcoming conference. Because of the importance of this breakthrough, several major execs will be "on the spot" for the meetings (to minimize commo leaks). This mission is being carried out via reputable outsiders to help nullify any internal infiltration.

The team will test security the week before the conference (exact time named later), and then will act as overseers during the event. The team's authority will run parallel with the various on-site chiefs.

Support:

Henriques La Playa, Mexico City office chief offers the basic level of corporate support—cooperation/coordination with the in-place security forces, access to corporate vehicles and comm nets, etc.

Resistance:

Potential EBM or IEC interference. The above-mentioned discovery could revolutionize the world's chip market and give BioMass the product that would knock EBM off its world chip leader position. EBM, if they found out, might take action—ranging from an extraction of the information to outright corporate war! Be prepared for electronic warfare, paramilitary raids, or internal spying.

Complications:

There will be jealousy from local security agents and officers; interpersonal skills will be helpful in order to obtain more than cursory cooperation—or downright interference. On top of this, the top cadre of Continental Board members from both the Americas and Europe will be attending; many of them are quite "difficult" to deal with in person; ruffled feathers may have to be smoothed.

Salary:

Payment will be for one month at double the usual rates, based on the level of the operative's special ability (see CP2020, pg. 58). There will be a 25% bonus for every "action" discovered/thwarted. If an attempt is successful, but the data/person is recovered or neutralized, the bonus is 50%. Any anti-BioMass actions taken by any member of the team will result in a 50% cut in all pay; police yourselves.



FAX ON FILE BRIEF

BIOGENESIS*Political action/protest group with terrorist connections*

- **Headquarters:** Chicago Port.
- **Members:**

Worldwide	Troops	Covert
15,000-35,000?	unknown	unknown

History

Formed on the one-year anniversary of the supposed "detonation of the Plague Bomb" in Chicago, BioGenesis' original staff was mostly formed of individuals who had lost family or loved ones to the Wasting Plague. Distraught over their losses, and the increasing number of disasters of a biogenetic nature, the core members swore to do their best to, if not eliminate the use of biogenetic technology, at least put it under the control of a responsible agency of some sort that would look carefully at the costs and benefits before authorizing any sort of research in the field.

BioGenesis was very successful in the wake of the Wasting Plague. Among their greatest victories were the Osaka Accords of '04, where, among other things, they were able to force a ban on prenatal genetic alterations in humans down the throats of various biotech corporations. But as memories faded, so did BioGenesis' influence, until by 2017 they were almost impotent, reduced to e-mail campaigns and occasional appearances on news shows, until a new leader, Eric Strasser, took the reins in 2018. While supposedly this person has been met by the leading members, few have seen him, and none of them are talking. It is known that Eric has brought new energy (and cash) to what was a dying group, but his agenda and background are unknown.

Beliefs/Goals

Based in the shadows of the worst biological warfare disaster of the century, BioGenesis is a group devoted to the limiting of indiscriminate and profligate use of biogenetic technology: genetic splicing, radical hybridization, cloning, and genetic augmentation.

BioGenesis is not completely anti-biotech; they recognize that there are benefits to be gained by the controlled, carefully watched use of it. But they are very concerned about the literal explosion of biotech (and nanotech) products on the market, and the probability of future abuses. They want an immediate halt to all biotech and nanotech research until a multinational (and multi-corporate) commission can

be gathered to investigate all aspects of every proposed project, to make sure that the benefits far outweigh the risks and the societal and ecological impacts.

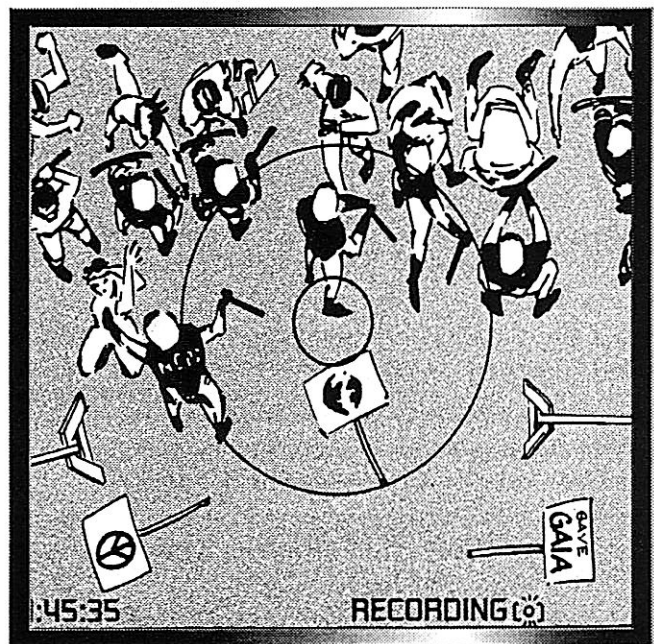
Membership

A large portion of the membership of BioGenesis in 2020 is part of the scientific community, many actively involved in biotech research. Another large group are the survivors of those who have been killed or disfigured in biotech disasters. One common trait is the overall high intelligence and education of those involved; it takes a certain level of intellect to understand the dangers and see beyond the benefits of biotech, while still maintaining some objectivity. While BioGenesis has its fair share of fanatics (especially in their OriGens arm), it tries to root them out; their best tools, they believe, are discourse and education, not mindless violence.

Actions

BioGenesis will almost always try to use reason and education before any other responses to a new biotech breakthrough is considered. Political influence, public pressure, the dissemination of information, and protests (carefully aimed at groups not likely just to mow the protesters down, and always carefully documented) are the weapons favored by BioGenesis.

While most energy is focused in political actions, BioGenesis has a splinter group called OriGens that is devoted to more militant attacks—bombing of biogenetic research facilities, assassination of noted biogeneticists, and the capture and neutralization of shipments of biogen materials.





Targets

Although any Corporation or organization that uses biotechnology is a target, BioGenesis reserves much of its vitriol for two Corporations: No-Ahme Caldwell (See *Near Orbit*, pg 82), and Utopian Corporation (see *Deep Space*, pg. 78).

NAC's habit of doing anything they can to make a buck has lead to some incredible disasters, and their mercenary, uncaring attitude has earned them few friends, especially among the membership of OriGens.

Utopian Corporation is a target not because of their attitude, but because of the pervasiveness of their biotech products; Utopia produced nanomachines are used in almost every cyberware clinic in the world.

Biotechnica is, strangely, not even close to the top of the target list; this has led some to speculate that Biotechnica is the group really holding the purse strings. Eric, when asked, is said to have just laughed.

Resources

BioGenesis' primary resources are information on the various companies involved in biotech research (a lot more than most Corps would like ... or know about), and access to sophisticated biotech (what more fitting than to use the weapons of the enemy against them?). They are not wealthy, but have a large operating budget, and are well connected into the Edgerunner community, giving them access to a large pool of talent.

CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

This job requires a 4-8 person team. Knowledge of video editing and system operations a must. Personal combat skills and driving skills are preferable.

Contact:

The team is instructed to call by phone; they will be surprised to be put in touch with Eric Strasser himself. Eric appears as a tall, charismatic individual with a powerful voice and inquisitive gaze.

Brief:

BioGenesis will be conducting a demonstration outside Biotechnica's Night City facility in Heywood. Eric is concerned that something may go wrong, and is trying to make sure that if something does, there's a record of exactly what happens. The players are to go in the night before and set up surveillance systems around the main entrance, then monitor the actual demonstration and mix up a tape from the images garnered.

Support:

BioGenesis will provide the surveillance units (essentially remote cameras which download to a video mixing deck), handheld cameras, and a mixing deck. If the players lack an appropriate vehicle, they will also provide a nondescript gray van.

Resistance:

Biotechnica's security inside the Heywood compound

(a fairly small corporate park, with much of the real work going on underground) is tight, but basically stops at the electrified fences; with a little stealth and discretion, setting up the remotes should be no problem. Players may have some problems with roving Police and Militech patrol teams, however, unless they come up with some faked credentials or a good story.

Complications:

The demonstrators are mostly rented (players may recognize some street people who live near them), carrying signs and chanting about the evils of biotechnology. In addition to the players, vans from several local news-groups and DMS are there watching events. The demonstration will be reasonably peaceful and without incident, until Rei Taniguchi, the director of Security, shows up in the mid-afternoon. Rei is honked off because his wife just left him, and he's going to take it out on the crowds outside. Even once security and the cops start breaking things up, everything will go fine (the demonstrators have orders to go peacefully), until someone opens up on the guards with an assault rifle, at which point all hell breaks loose. If someone gets a real good look, or takes a close look at the film, he might see that it seems the fire came from a DMS van...

Salary:

1,200eb per team member. Eric can be negotiated up as high as 1,500eb if the players insist, but BioGenesis isn't exactly rich.



FAX ON FILE BRIEF

Anarchist/libertarian protest-action group with possible terrorist connections

• **Headquarters:** No permanent HQ

• **Members:**

Worldwide	Troops	Covert
unknown	unknown	unknown

History

"Network First" has been around in one form or another for the last thirty years, since prior to the Net, in fact. They started as a concerned group of like-thinking individuals discussing the shape that the future usage of the computer communications network would take. These informal debates started in the early 1990s and were done over the predecessor to the current Net. The usage of this network was the actual worry at the time, but when the Stock Market crashed in 1994 (see *Home Of The Brave* for further details), the rebuilt system was constructed to be a lot easier to monitor and "secure." This fact was greeted with enthusiasm from most people, but a few thought that the true potential of the Net had been missed. They saw the Net as a whole new plane of existence where none of the physical laws or real-world barriers existed—or should exist. The development of more stringent security and a distinct molding of the shape of the Net (creation of the various Net regions) was restricting the unlimited potential achievable. They became very concerned.

In 2005, the implementation of I-G transformation algorithms (see *Bartmoss' Guidet to the Net*) was seen by Network First! as a step back onto the road of true Net potential. They felt that the Corps had just changed their tack and managed to find further ways of controlling people's access, even stopping people from "exercising their rights to information"—a basic human right as far as NF! is concerned. They began meeting in a more structured manner, and started to seriously discuss ways of kicking Corps and governments out of the Net.

Beliefs

The core belief is simple: Concerned people feel that the way the Corporations/governments have organized the Net is nothing short of disastrous.

Membership

There's no real organization to NF!—this would run counter to what they stand for. There are, however, several different factions within Network First!, with the two primary groups being:

"Smoother"—Tending to be the older, pre-Net members, they see the Net as being of unlimited size and therefore having enough space for both an organized, Corp-defined electronic "city" where proper business usage of the electronic frontier could make life easier for humanity, while the rest of the Net remains as more "open" areas. They also tend to be more realistic in their viewpoint, realizing that the Corps could never be completely removed from the Net. They try to find ways to subvert what the Corps are doing without openly attacking them. They're seen, especially by Radicals (below), as Corp puppets, aware of the damage being done, but not trying to stop it.

"Radicals"—Usually the newer, younger Netrunners who have been brought up in a Corp-run environment, and see the way the Corps have structured the last truly "pure" area as criminal. They wish to reduce Corp involvement on the Net to nothing, allowing the free access of information to anyone who wishes it. With free access of information, all Net users are equal and can explore these new directions together, and with greater understanding. Seen as incredibly naive and wishing for the impossible, the Radicals are definitely more aggressive and mindlessly angry in their dealings with other Net users. Many of the Radicals look to Rache Bartmoss as an inspiration, but he supports neither faction, and has dealt harshly with Radical 'Runners in the past, branding them "vandals."

Actions

Network First! was a discussion group until 2017, when a group claiming that name electronically invaded the U.S. Federal Government Central Database, destroying a large amount of low-level (but necessary) public records and leaving a message to stop "raping the Net for your own ends." NF's involvement was denied, but the group was banned, and when attacks on governmental and Corp datafortresses continued, the group was declared a Terrorist Organization and placed on both Netwatch's and CIA/LEDiV's Hot List. This pleased the Radicals—but horrified the Smoother—and since then, a campaign by Network First! Radicals has kept the group in the public eye, and a thorn in the Corps' side.

Resources

The members who make up the various groups within Network First! come from a wide range of ages, backgrounds and incomes, united only in their love for the Net and their dislike of organizations. Due to this unusual setup, there is no uniform grade of equipment or skills that is standard to the whole of Network First! members. The Radical members/terrorists do however seem to try to have the best intrusion/anti-software programs around, and will use them aggressively.



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Netrunners and Techs for corporate defense and offensive sweep purposes. Individuals or teams. Programming experience a must, knowledge of compilers and programming shells (Demon and Daemon- class super-routines) guarantees a major bonus.

Contact:

Marv Blackburn, indie 'runner at slot #1995-20 on the Boogie Board BBS, Night City

-or-

Gephard Hartmann, Outside Contract Officer at Steiner-Star GmbH., Eurotheatre Net LDL 44015897

If you have corporate or previous Netwatch experience, please send your resume with your inquiry.

Brief:

Network First! radicals have issued a series of threats to medium-sized companies in the U.S. and Europe: Cease and/or alter operations—or face total annihilation of their Net presence. NF! claims to be able to achieve this through a series of macro-viruses designed to infiltrate the Internet corporation, server systems and break down the I-G Transformation Algorithms, thereby erasing limited portions of actual Netspace. A potentially apocalyptic plan, exactly NF!'s style.

The various U.S. companies (no names directly) have contracted with Mr. Blackburn, a well-known (Rep 7) freelancer that works on super-routine and AI problems. The European targets have hired Steiner-Star, a reputable Net-security firm. The mission is to detect such an attack early and/or defend the Datafortresses. (GMs call as to how many companies are actually involved—no more than six in North America and three in Europe.) This would involve patrol of the various threatened dataforts, as well as the immediate grids around them. Another place for monitoring would be the LDLs leading into the Night City Grid. Internet corporation and Netwatch have agreed to a limited level of cooperation—authorized 'runners, under Netwatch or Internet supervision, can perform spot checks at the LDLs involved. The use of defensive-oriented Demon programs, or autonomously patrolling Daemon super-routines, is highly recommended: using such sub-programming techniques, a great deal more virtual territory can be covered with the personnel available.

Support:

The companies involved have pooled resources for a Night City office to be used as a HQ for the effort; a similar office is available in Hamburg for the Eurotheatre. In each office will be a 4x CPU system with temporary LDLs to the companies in question. Multinetter (*Chrome 3*) will be available at both sites for those netrunners that wish to operate directly through the mainframe. Smarteye (*Chrome 1*), Looking Glass (*Chrome 3*) and Clairvoyance (*Chrome 3*) programs will be provided for those who have none; said software to be returned after the mission—or purchased at a 50% discount. It is suggested that employees be prepared to bring or write your own...

Resistance:

The NF! deadline for the changes to be implemented is 72 hours; at that time teams of terrorist 'runners (usually two or three Mid-levels lead by one or two Pro-level; see Bartmoss' Guide) will attack. At least four teams will act as diversions, while another three teams will go for the LDLs closest to the targeted sub-grids. It is there that the macro-viruses will be injected into the architecture. The macro will take at least a minute (60 Net rounds) or more to go active and begin its work, but it can be stopped by a Daemon with Anti-Compiler (Bartmoss' Guide), Anti-Program and Decryption functions.

Complications:

Independent (i.e., player-character) Netrunners might not like the idea of being exposed to Netwatch and or Internet Corp. examination in order to take this job (don't be applying over an illegal line!). Plus, there's always angry runners who won't take to being stopped and "frisked", people caught in the crossfire, curious AIs, etc. Warning: if any of the defending 'runners are traced, they can expect a Net attack on one or both of the HQ offices within an hour, so watch your back!

Salary:

100eb/day retainer. If there's action, 600eb/level of Special Ability for each incident successfully handled (GM's call). An incident would be: defeat of an attempted datafortress intrusion; early detection of NF! action in regards to the macro-virus, identification or tracing of any of the Network First! terrorists involved; a 3000eb bonus (per terrorist) if a netrunner(s) are involved directly in the capture of one of the perpetrators.





FAX ON FILE BRIEF



CityMED

*Volunteer
medical
organization*

- **Main Office:** Box 1564, Miami, FL
Phone: 305-555-2210; Fax: 305-555-2000.
 - **Regional Offices:** Small chapters in most major cities
 - **Name & Location of Major Shareholders:** Rico Lawson, Ph.D., Apt 3A, 113 Nelson Street, Miami, FL
 - **Not-for-profit organization**
 - **Not incorporated**
 - **Employees:**
- | Worldwide | Troops | Covert |
|-----------|--------|---------|
| 1500 | 400 | unknown |
- **Management:**
- President: Dr. Enrico Lawson
Board of Directors (10 members)
Various chapter directors depending on city

History

In 2006, when the City of Miami announced that it was cutting funding for city hospitals again, Director of Public Health Enrico Lawson threw a fit. Lepro-II, AIDS+, TB+ and the so-called "Black Flu" were all staging a dramatic comeback in Miami. There were even lingering cases of the Wasting Plague. In a passionate plea to the city council not to cut funds, Lawson cited the increasing number of Nomad packs taking residence across the city, combined with the particularly hot and humid summer, the lack of proper body disposal, and the expanding homeless population. He predicted a medical disaster by the end of the decade. Mired in debt and paralyzed by corporate corruption, the city didn't listen. Summers were always unbearable in Miami, they said, the homeless problem had been around for over 100 years, Nomad packs eventually moved out, and dead bodies remaining uncollected on the streets had been going on since the late 1990's. There was no reason to believe that this year would be any different.

In actuality, the City of Miami was utterly bankrupt, brought to insolvency by lawyers' fees incurred during an ongoing legal battle with OTEC, the massive oceanographic firm, and they needed all the funds they could muster. The city was about to lose badly to OTEC, but the Mayor had sworn on television he would fig Oht to the bitter end. After all, it was an election year.

Of course, Dr. Lawson was right. In the spring of 2007, the first wave of epidemics struck Miami, killing hundreds of thousands. Long, hot days of martial law and summertime chaos followed. Order was eventually maintained and the disaster abated, but Enrico Lawson had had enough. Dr. Lawson came to the conclusion that traditional health care was no longer going to cut it. With the idea of starting a street-level health service which patients could trust (rather than trusting themselves to the local ripperdoc), Lawson found a couple of silent corporate backers and organized CityMed.

Today

CityMed stations are a common sight in especially bad neighborhoods. They offer a wide variety of medical services to those in need at no charge. The organization is composed primarily of individuals who have chosen to volunteer their time. This includes Trauma Team medics (busman's holiday), bored corporate programmers, local street ronin, freelance techies, whatever. Everyrole plays a part in making CityMed work.

CityMed stations are renovated "Armadillo" Armored Road Homes, fully outfitted with medical equipment. Each chapter owns five or six of these vehicles. They are responsible for keeping each vehicle stocked and maintained. The stations set up shop around the city and wait for patients to come to them.

CityMed helps more than 400,000 people annually, and as things get worse in the streets, that number continues to rise. The organization is desperate for volunteers, donations, anything that will help. Most of their expenses are paid for by private corporations, but the big medicorps don't want CityMed to get too popular—after all, somebody's got to keep those corporate emergency rooms full, and the insurance companies need somebody to foreclose on, don't they?

CityMed services include emergency surgery, filling prescriptions, ambulatory medical treatment, vaccinations, examinations, and distribution of medical information to those who need it. CityMed will not treat members of the more vicious gangs, wanted criminals, or Edgerunners with bad reputations. CityMed has no actual "troops." The 400 troops listed in the organization brief consist of volunteers with security and combat experience. Most of these people are pretty good at what they do, and more than one would-be tough guy has been taken down by a CityMed security agent.

Incidentally, nobody knows if CityMed has any covert agents. It's possible that the corporations who sponsor them use the CityMed label as a cover for their own people. It's also possible that their sponsors "donate" personnel in exchange for occasional favors. For you conspiracy buffs, consider this: It's even possible that CityMed has a few highly trusted, dedicated individuals operating as moles in certain corporate hierarchies, keeping tabs on the big boys. Officially, CityMed denies using any covert personnel.



CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Volunteers needed for all positions. Gain valuable experience, make new friends! Street-level, hands-on work puts you in the heart of the action. If you think you've got what it takes, apply today. Call for interview, e-mail/fax resume, or appear in person.

Contact:

Marcie Wexler, Personnel
Phone 800-555-5932
Net LDL 3305.4585

Brief:

This job is open to any character who can help CityMed complete its daily mission. Specific job details vary by chapter, but basic hooks for each role are included. Hours are very flexible.

ROCKERS: Great for PR. Rockers could do anything ranging from benefit concerts, to information campaigns, to just spreading the word about CityMed.

SOLOS: Security is vital. The CityMed chapter offices all need security guards, personnel need bodyguards, and the mobile stations need constant protection.

NETRUNNERS: Any organization with a computer system needs someone to construct, operate, and secure it. Netrunners also play a vital role in intelligence gathering and research.

TECHIES: Need we say more? Everything and anything, including the mobile stations, the medical equipment, and the office security systems could break. Good technicians are vital.

MEDTECHIES: We don't need to explain this one, either; they're the core of the organization. CityMed needs reliable surgeons, physicians, pharmacists, nurses—you name it, they need it.

MEDIAS: Like the Rockerboy, they're essential for PR. Positive media coverage means more sponsors & allies. Riding the CityMed trucks makes for great "reality" pieces.

COPS: Like the Solos, plus whatever help from the department they can muster is appreciated. Also great for negotiating with gangs and other street denizens.

CORPORATES: CityMed needs administrators like a dorphead needs drugs. Professional negotiators, mediators, and mouthpieces are all welcome. Might lead to finding new sponsors as well.

FIXERS: Similar to corporate. They generally won't secure sponsors, but they can score rare drugs and other supplies CityMed needs. Like the Cop, they have street contacts who can help.

NOMADS: Somebody's got to drive the trucks. The nomad can relate to/negotiate with the homeless and other Nomad packs. Local family members might be able to bring the pack in sometimes to help out.

Support:

Whomever the PCs and their fellow volunteers can get to come out and play. Sponsor megacorps will sometimes send aid if things get bad; it's good for the public image. The organization is hard-pressed to send anything beyond basic supplies and support.

Resistance:

Varies greatly depending on time of day, local chapter, etc. We suggest checking out the Encounter Charts from *Cyberpunk 2020*, pg. 210-211.

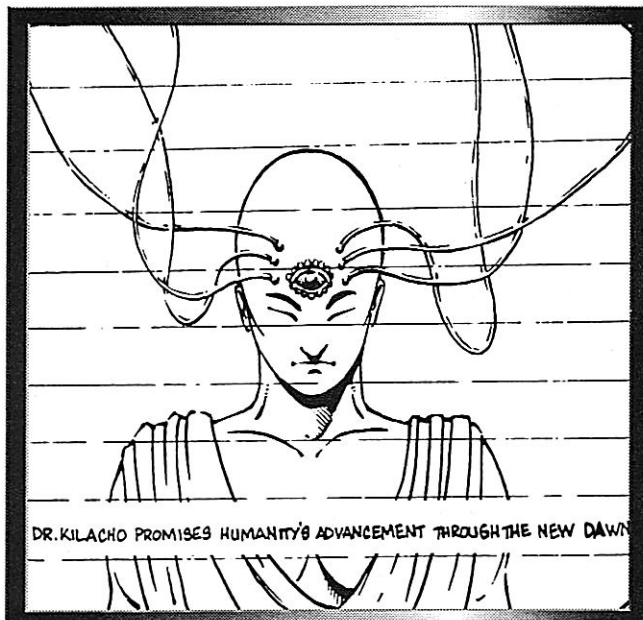
Complications:

Nothing specific. There have been allegations of corruption in some chapters, plus it turns out that ripperdocs and other unsavory types have been "volunteering" their time. CityMed sometimes resorts to slightly unethical methods to obtain things it needs, especially medicinal drugs. Sponsors occasionally lean on the organization for favors, while big pharmaceutical and medical corporations are always making life tough.

Salary:

There is no salary per se—it's a volunteer organization, remember? What CityMed has to offer is experience and contact with other edgerunners. Volunteers are welcome to keep all tips at their own discretion and may keep any equipment they acquire from hostile types.





DR. KILACHO PROMISES HUMANITY'S ADVANCEMENT THROUGH THE NEW DAWN

FAX ON FILE BRIEF

Cult of the New Dawn

Religious Order with Anarchist views and possible Terrorist connections

• Members:

Worldwide	Troops	Covert
100,000 believers	10,000 agitators	unknown

History

The original Cult of the New Dawn existed as a Taoist splinter group in the years leading up to the first century, A.D. in feudal China. Their message of "A New Beginning in a New Millenium" was quickly put down by the Chinese warlords and forgotten about. That was until 1998, when a Doctor Sun Kilacho returned from China with the ancient records of this group in his possession. The more he read, the more he felt their philosophy was relevant and true for the current time. Convinced, he started recruiting like-minded friends, eventually re-establishing the cult. They had their first full meeting in the desert of Nevada—and escaped the "Big One" (the 10.5 earthquake in Los Angeles). Kilacho saw this as a sign that they were spared to bring this new message to the people and infused his small group with a holy duty to bring "the call" to as many as possible.

Beliefs/Goals

The new cult held the following ideas—Man was created to work in harmony with each other for the betterment of the whole of society; humanity has struggled with its early evolutionary programming (survival of the fittest and aggressive exploitation) and was now in a position to liberate itself from this damaging thought process. The idea was that Man, once he corrected his earlier mistakes, could go forward into a harmonious society of equals that would be able to provide everything an individual needs and that the individual would then help others to achieve their needs. There would be no more exploitation, crime, violence or injustice. War would be impossible, Humanity as a whole could explore the stars and all could reap the benefits of technology.

Membership

This new call seemed to inspire the dispossessed Streetscum as well as the average Mover/Beaver, probably for different reasons. The cult grew fast and membership spread to all of the U.S. States. By 2000 there was thousands of dedicated "Dawnees" and they saw the start of a brand new millenium as the perfect turning point to begin their quest. The leader, Kilacho, pleaded with the federal government to start the change to the correct path but he was ignored and finally arrested as a potential Nihilist. This was seen as proof that current society would not change volunterily and needed to be altered directly.

Actions

The cult, deprived of its leader and most of his early disciples, reverted back to a "lunatic" fringe, losing its direction. In 2005, Kilacho was released and withdrew into isolation in the Rocky Mountains. There he had a encounter with some Corporate cops that left him paralyzed and incapable of speech. His followers went into shock and prayed for his recovery. Three years later an operation to implant a Interface Plug was successful and he was able to articulate his thoughts (via Computer) to his followers. He started to write a book of his beliefs, publishing it in 2014. It was banned almost immediately by the Federal Government, but pirate radio/TV stations broadcast excerpts and his book was published via the underground. His followers where also circulating again, talking to people and encouraging them to see society as a evil and restrictive thing.

By 2016, the word of the cult had effected so many people that the Feds detained thousands of "Dawnees" in a quiet series of raids. When they came to arrest Kilacho however, the cult refused to allow him to be re-arrested and smuggled him away from the police and federal agents coming for him. A gun battle erupted and several people where killed, mostly "Dawnees"; all of it caught on a freelance Media's camera. This footage caused a minor outcry against the government's





heavy-handed manner. The primary benefit was an upsurge in Cult membership—and the open warrant for the arrest of Kilacho.

Targets

With a membership standing close to 100,000 across the US and spreading into the PacRim, the cult has a powerbase with which to influence society. Militants inside the cult, freed from the constant, cool-headed leadership of Dr. Kilacho, have decided to hurry the change in society by trying to cause the collapse of the government and its backers, the Corporations. This has led to a spate of unusual attacks of the agit-prop sort along with selective assassinations.

CONTRACTS AVAILABLE

WANTED:

Teams of Edgerunners (4-8 per team) willing to travel. Police and Technical backgrounds preferred; Military or Corporate extraction experience a plus. Psychological Warfare knowledge is a guarantor of position.

Contact:

Jake Maxwell, Night City, NorCal
Phone 555-888-2323

Maxwell will give general details over the phone (it's an extraction out of state, it's non-corporate, there may be extra missions following, etc.). If the party's interested, he'll ask for a meet in Night City at the Afterlife (a noted Solo nightclub). Out-of-towners will have half their travel cost covered.

Brief:

A group of families have banded together with the idea of retrieving various parents, children, and siblings now with the Cult. Jake Maxwell, chief of the *Silver Slash* Guardians, agreed to coordinate things. Gatherings of "Dawnees" in the Rockies and Western Canada have been pinpointed. The team will choose one of sites as their target.

EASTERN IDAHO: former Forest Service camp; 900 people. Target is a husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs Bram Jhonson.

NORTHERN COLORADO: still-active sheep ranch; 1500 people. Target is four children, the Rebo twins (male) and the Frost sisters.

CENTRAL ALBERTA: abandoned Resort Hotel fronting on a large glacier lake; 200 people. This is the most likely spot to have upper-level leadership on-site. Target is a woman, Fiona Hayes.

Resources

State gov'ts have responded in kind; LEDiv considers the cult to be in a semi-active state, reorganizing itself to carry on an underground existence.

The cult draws it's membership from an explosive mix of the disfranchised looking for relief and government/social reform-minded Movers. The former provides the masses for any action, while the latter brings organizational knowledge and drive.

The cult does not have weapons beyond basic small arms, and their beliefs act as a check in this area. On the technical front, they may have contacts with the Radical branch of Network First! (see entry). There may also be cooperation with the Worshipers of the Night and CASFG (See *Home of the Brave*, pg. 35).

Pictures and bios will be provided. Maxwell will attempt to organize simultaneous efforts for surprise purposes, but if he is not successful, the team will be asked to do follow-up missions.

Support:

Travel expenses will be paid (within reason; no sub-orbital flights!). Up to 25% of the cost of special equipment bought for the mission will be reimbursed; details to be worked out with the Silver Slash leadership. If necessary, evacuation from the target can be arranged.

Resistance:

The gatherings are organized in a manner similar to a monastery. There will be outposts and watchers; in the case of the Idaho and Alberta sites, there'll be physical and electronic security. The current level of armament is believed to be no heavier than assault rifles. Only the guard force will be armed, and probably not at all times. Security and armament will be upgraded if any of the cult's upper leadership are on-site.

Complications:

There may be potential LEDiv interference—agents on infiltration missions, raids by LEDiv/State forces, bounty hunters in pursuit of cult leaders, etc. the edgerunners could find *themselves* on a wanted list.

The targets may be dedicated members of the cult, and might "interfere" with the process of their extraction. There will be a Silver Slash member (as observer) with the team—the families do not want excessive killing just to rescue their people.

Salary:

The families are offering 2000eb per person recovered, per surviving team member. This can be docked up to 25%, if Maxwell (and the GM) feel that the team was a little too "forceful."



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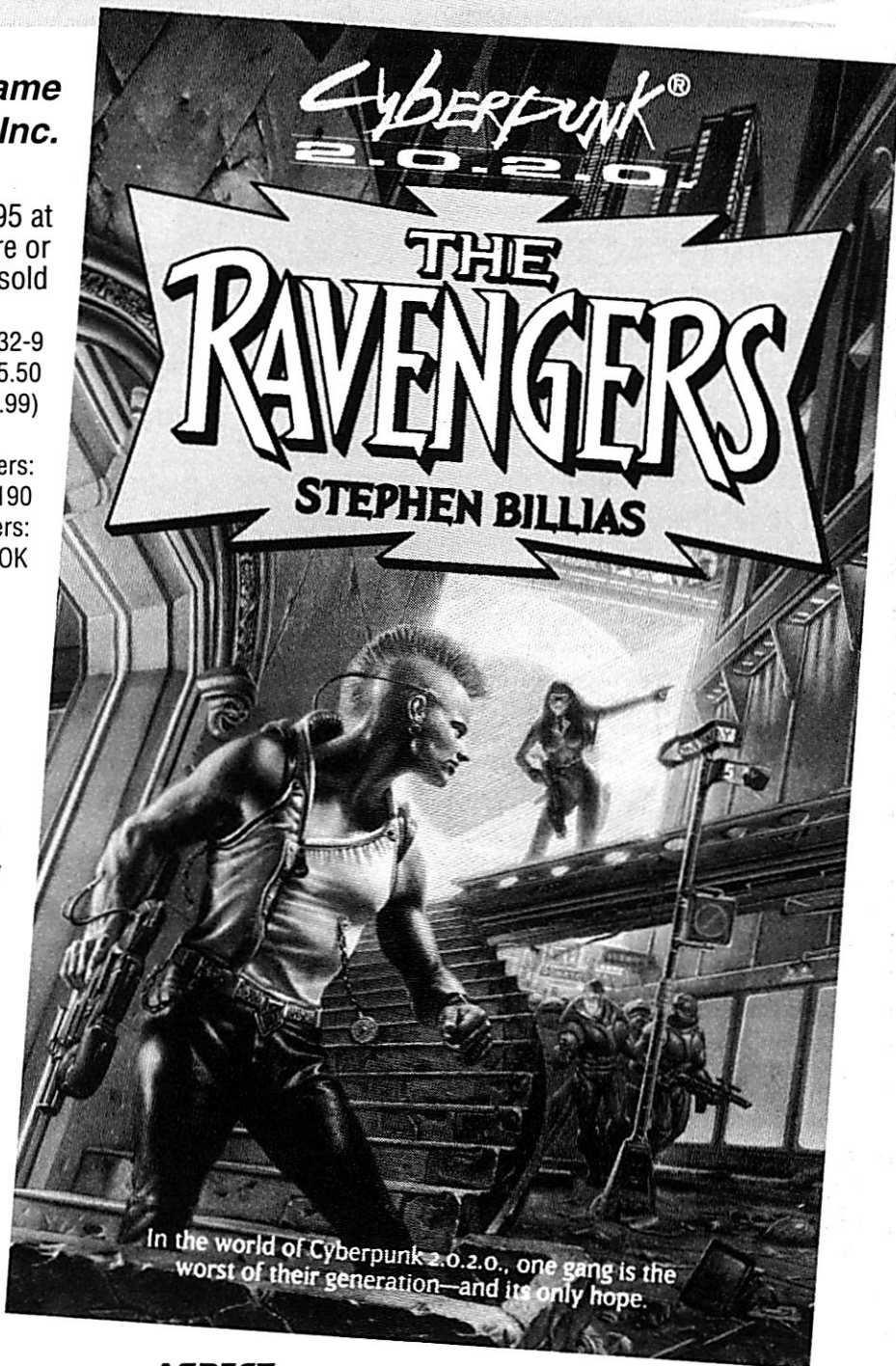
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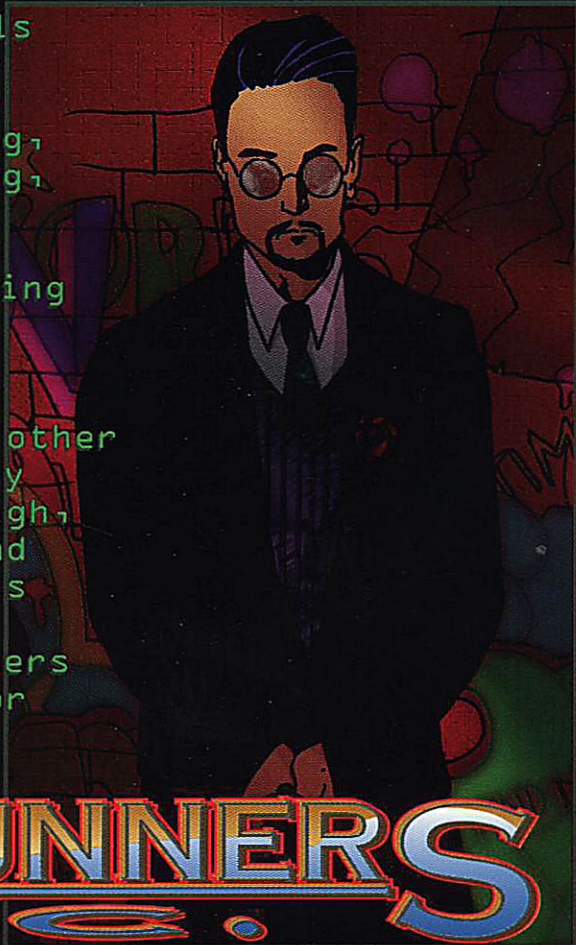
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