



# **The Longevity trilogy 1**

A cyberpunk adventure

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(Plain text denotes adventure, italics were my group's actions and italic underlines are my further thoughts on the subject)

The PC group for this adventure can have any composition, but for two things. 1 the group must have a Biotechnica corp, and 2 the adventure has a strong combat bias - damnable munchkin PCs demand it!

*My group was composed of five players - A PR corp, Norman Happyjack, complete with Bug-Out Exotics package; a small, quiet solo, May; the group's munchkin, a nomad named Thaddius, with ChainRipp arms; Running Bear, a second nomad with a passion for monoblades; and Rita, a nudist Medtech with a pet CyberCheetah.*

NB: My campaign is set in Night City, but there is one slight difference - Biotechnica's monoclonal research station also has an attached office building for all mundane tasks - PR, manufacturing and distribution, research, et al.

NB2: I've deliberately kept combatant opponents vague, so you can adjust the balance to your game. If you don't like it, change it.

NB3: The beginning of this adventure is at least partially lifted from the CyberGen EcoFront sourcebook's adventure, but later it is wildly different. Also, this is the only adventure in the trilogy where there is no direct money to be made, but opportunities are still there. (My players sold off the civilian sub, trading through a fixer for a Peterbilt 2000 truck.)

## Part I

It's Tuesday morning, sometime between 6 and 8. The characters are on the way home from a big night out. Traffic clogs the roads as the wage earners slog into work. Suddenly a bike whips around the corner, its rider hunched down low. The characters get a prime view of him throwing a small package into the gutter, at their feet. Moments later, an AV swings round after it, letting rip with a minigun, turning the cyclist to swiss cheese. Traffic clears as the AV drops to the ground. Pedestrians line the scene at a respectable distance. Five armed guys are disgorged from the AV, three swarming over the bike's remains, as the other two examine the cooling corpse. They don't appear to have noticed the package - just yet. The guards are well armed and armoured - heavy smgs, flak, nylon helmets. If the PCs take the package and run, they get away scot free - kinda. If not, give'em hell. Make apathy pay! When they get home, or wherever, and examine the package, they discover the following: A scrap of paper with an address, about 40 miles Northeast of Night City. A bundle of foam, protecting a vial of translucent blue fluid. If anyone makes an Awareness roll of 30, they'll notice a miniscule reflective surface in the lining of the bag. Under microscopic examination, it is clear that this is a transmitter woven into the bag. Within an hour of this the PCs home is invaded. My group went to bed. Emphasis to players their characters' weariness if you don't trust them to stay home. Give'em another Awareness 30 roll. Success means they wake and hear a regular rhythmic whirr-thunk, coming closer and closer. Failure means being woken by a pair of Power Armour suits cutting open new doors in the walls. The whirr-thunk, by the by, was winch and grapples extending from the suits, so they could come at my PCs top story warehouse apartment Tarzan style. These Pas are light suits, with SP25 shells, Left Arm Saucer Shooters, Right

Arm 7.62 Machine guns, and Power Saws. Both Arms have Winch and Grapples. They also have powered Skates. As soon as they have everybody's attention - getting the awake characters to wake the sleepers, they make their demand - "Give me the vial." If they characters comply, the first PA, with the vial, attaches a line to the roof, to drop to the ground and skate away, while the second attacks the PCs. Battle ensues. Naturally Battle ensues automatically if the PCs don't comply. The PCs have terrain advantage, so the fight should be tough, but not impossible. Scale down the fight only if essential. Of course the baddies can always retreat if it seems necessary, for them or for you. Maybe they were just trying to scare the PCs...

*Here, my own group went a little psycho - some lucky initiative rolling gave the PCs the upper hand, Koing both Pas in hails of FullAuto Rifles, Shotguns, SMGs, and cheetah claws as a good diversion (its hard to concentrate when this big cat is using its cyber claws as a tin opener. Anyway, one of the PAs had his hand firmly locked around the vial, and Thaddius, our token munchkin, took it upon himself to cut the guy's arm off. This didn't loosen the hydraulic grip, so he took it upon himself to cut off every finger. Unfortunately, both these guys were groggy, and coming around - one screaming in agony, the other taking it upon himself to engage Bear in hand-to-hand - so May, the group's only brain, quickly used her API loaded Colt2000 to put the screamer out of his misery, then quickly laid the same fate on the other PA. On a different note, Thaddius actually had 8EMP, so I deducted 3d6 humanity for his psychotic actions. If, after this prod, the PCs don't do anything - check out the address, or examine the vial - make attacks of this nature regular and progressively tougher.*

### The Lodge

The lodge is in a seemingly abandoned nature reserve. The house is several miles inside the reserve, and it too appears dilapidated and deserted. It is a large A-frame hunting lodge, with two entrances - the garage, at the back left, and the double door at the front. From the left, the rooms are: Garage, hall (Staircase going up, in top left corner), below that is a kitchen, next to that a locked room, and finally the lobby. The lobby is an elegant room with plush chairs and a well stocked wetbar. There is also a large monitor flashing the message "Intruders! Stay where you are! Security is alerted to your presence!" This message is on constantly. If anyone approaches the screen it changes to a bunch of mundane messages revolving around singles meeting up for dinner. The mystery room is locked, and nothing will open it. The kitchen and hall are just that, a kitchen and a hall. The garage will be dealt with later. The top floor is exclusively bedrooms - a dormroom at the extreme left, a double bedroom at the bottom right, a bathroom top right, the rest are single rooms. The garage contains a four wheeled drive with rather unpleasant contents. All of its windows are obscured by muck. Opening the rear doors results in a swarm of flies rushing of the vehicle. The back of the truck contains the rotting husk of a vatgrown deer. The front is empty but for bluslime all over the seats and the steering wheel. This goop is the remains of the driver and passenger - see the vial below, for more info. The left wall is lined with waisthigh cupboards. The northmost cupboard opens up as well as out, revealing a ladder going down. The ladder leads into a long sterile corridor. There are, near the ladder, three large boxes (empty). The corridor itself is two metres wide, two metres high, and thirty metres long, and its damn dark. The corridor ends in what looks like an airlock. The inside of the airlock is a sorry state, mould and fungus growing everywhere, puddles of water, stench, etc. Also, the far door has been broken open. It opens into a large lab. Broken test-tubes and beakers are in abundance as well as puddles and scorch marks. A single computer is winking on and off in the corner. Examination reveals that the only problem is actually the monitor, and studying it reveals the following - the internal cables are a mess - the monitor should be destroyed; the screen is flickering a seemingly random batch of alphanumeric, except for a couple of lines below centre, which reads "ef:6704-4091"; Give the players a good chance to stew - lots of library search later - these numbers are an OS map reference - Strut 13 of Night City's bridge over the bay. Whilst the characters have been checking this over, three guards have come out of the locked room and drop down into the corridor - those three boxes providing sp15 protection for them to ambush the PCs. They have Flak vests, steel helmets, and various weapons - Guard 1 has a Farica de Armes sniper Rifle, guard 2 has a flame thrower, and guard 3 has a grenade launcher loaded with concussion grins. Their plan is to wait for the PCs to re-enter the airlock, then the Flamer will set up a wall of fire at the door mouth, the grenadier fires in a few grins, and the sniper takes head shots at every opportunity. *My group weren't as dumb as I expected them to be, but then again they weren't particularly bright either. Rita the Medtech, and her Cat were on guard duty at the*

*bottom of the ladder, leading to a particularly vicious fight, in which she and her cat eventually prevailed, but not before her leg got blown out from under her.*

### The Vial

At this stage of the game, sense of urgency, fear et al should dissuade the PCs from dedicating hours to Library Search, Pharmaceuticals etc. The best answer is to be found at Strut 3. But just in case, here's the lowdown on the oh-so precious vial. It contains the result of a failed experiment. The initial experiment, Project Perfection, was an ambitious project to create nanites that could tailor existing DNA to mould them in anyway desired, making it both the genesis of Ubermensch, and the ultimate weapon. It failed, the nanites are a disastrous failure. They cause genetic collapse in infected organisms. The basically results into a slow breakdown of every stat. Basically, anyone coming in contact with the contents of the vial (a full strength dose) immediately lose 3pts from every stat, then have a cumulative chance of 20%/hour of losing another three from every stat. The goop in the jeep at the lodge is a much weakened form of this - the nanites are almost extinct here, as they have burned themselves out destroying the driver and passenger. However, have everyone going near the goop make a percentile roll, with a 10% chance of infection. *When my group examined the goop, Happyjack got infected. From this arose much of the adventure, and Longevity Part II's excitement, so if at all possible, infect your corp!* This goop, if it causes infection immediately affects three random stats (In my games, I use the STR variant, which means I just need a d10 roll for the affected stats) the first of these stats is reduced by 2 points. The other two are reduced by 1 point. Then, every hour, there is a cumulative 10% chance of a random stat losing a point (note: whenever a stat reduction occurs, the accumulated chance is reduced to zero again).

### Strut 3

This is the final hurdle of part I. Basically the PCs need to drive/sail out to strut 13 of the Bridge (they are clearly numbered) and discover, at its base, a partially submerged trapdoor. I knew my group would drive, so I spent ages coming up with all these difficulty numbers for climbing up and down the fence, getting over the barbed wire et al, so naturally my group, when they reached the chainlink fence, cut through it. D'oh! Another thing to note, is that parking on the bridge's hard shoulder is neither allowed nor advised, so: If the car is unattended roll a d10 1-3 after a d6+1 minutes, a gang of hoods get to the car. Have the car's owner make a luck roll (though, naturally, don't tell'em what for) against a diff of 15.

If he passes, the hoods just spray it with tags.

If he misses by 1 point, his windows and/or lights are smashed as well as the tags. If he misses by 2-3, as above, plus his stereo is nicked.

If he misses by 4-5, as above plus his tires are nicked.

A miss of 6 or greater means the car is out right gone.

4-6 Police reach the car in a d6+2 minutes and ticket and clamp the car, giving the characters 10 minutes to get back before the tow truck arrives.

7-8 Independent Tow Operator snags the car, within a d6 minutes. He'll later look up the car's reg, and get in touch with the registered owner. If the car is down as stolen, or for whatever reason unregistered, he will sell it on the black market.

9-0 Luck out! If the car is attended, have some cops hassle about being parked on the hard shoulder.

*Only two of my group - May and Thaddius - went down. The rest remained with the car, including the recently infected corp. The cops duly arrive and start hassling them about parking on the hard shoulder. Bear turns to the*

*cops calm as can be and explains that they wished to report a hole in the fence, gesturing to where he had just minutes ago cut the fence. Overcome by such public spiritedness (yeah, right) they thank the PCs, and order 'em off the bridge. Happyjack is suddenly struck by his most evil urge of our whole campaign. He made a point of shaking the hand of all three Harbour Cops. His handshake proved to be crucial to part II - these adventures grew out of each other - basically, a harbour cop must be infected. This is fairly easy to accomplish. When the characters return to their car have them arrested. Or, if they are parking the mini-sub (below), when they initially surface, some civic-minded citizen reports it to the harbour cops, so as the PCs get on dry land they get arrested. Or, if they try to do something smart, like all the healthy people go down, and the infected ones take the car home, have the infected ones pulled over for a random breath test, or a speeding ticket or something. Just make sure, that an infected PC makes contact with a Harbour Cop.*

Bear in mind that climbing down the strut isn't easy - Athletics 18+ And if they fail, have them make a luck roll vs 15. If they make it, they land safely in the water, right next to the strut and the trapdoor. If they fail by up to 3 pts, they land on the trapdoor, or the strut's concrete base, for a d6 damage. If they fail by up to 6 pts, they hit the trapdoor or the strut somewhere painful, like the middle of the spine, for 2d6 damage, plus they can get caught by the current. If they fail by more than 6, they land in the water (d6-4 damage) and get dragged away by the current (swimming 15 to get back) The trapdoor is about an inch below the water level, and opens to reveal a ladder descending into darkness. Were it not for the stench of the bay, the characters might be able to smell stale air. The ladder descends about forty feet, into a small dark chamber. There are two small beams of light penetrating the gloom, both coming through small, head high windows in the room's two doors. The windows are covered with mould on both sides, which diffuses the light and obscures the view through. The left door opens into a well lit forty foot corridor, which ends in a closed bulkhead. Water trickles down the walls here, and all around the bulkhead - it wouldn't take more than a single braincell for the PCs to figure out that beyond the bulkhead is flooded. The other door opens into a forty foot corridor as well, this one much better lit. At its far end is a door. On either side of this door stands a guard. These two guards wear black, logo free, uniforms. They have SP14 vests, and carry MPK9s with two spare mags. They shoot to kill, no questions asked. Beyond the door, is a large predominantly empty, chamber. It has a bank of computer systems lining one wall, and a minisub dangling over a pool, to the other side. The room also contains four more guards, each standing in a corner, (so one is tucked away beyond the minisub) with the same gear as the other two. Note: This facility has an armed presence and nobody else because it is currently in the process of being dismantled. The guards are here to discourage people from doing exactly what the PCs are doing. After the fight and an exaimnation of the computers (+INT roll vs 14) The PCs discover that this is merely a departure point. The computers have programmed a destination into the minisub, and have simple controls to the drop the minisub into the water. Which means that a PC must remain out side the minisub, and decouple it, then clamber into the floating sub. This sub has room for up to six passengers, and is unarmed and unarmoured. A Pilot Sub roll of 12, or REF roll of 16 is needed to get the Sub underway, then it's just flick a switch and let autopilot do its work. If the roll is failed, have the sub alarmingly (but not dangerously) hitting the rim of the pool on its way out. *In my games, we use the luck card system, and one of the PCs (May) had a Breakthrough ready for exactly this sort of situation.* Once the sub is submersed, it's a simple enough matter to hit the auto-pilot and let it do its stuff. Quarter of an hour later, the sub is hooking itself up to an umbilical, and the hatch opens. It leads into a docking area, which appears in far worse condition than the base at Strut 13. There is a second, unused umbilicus, and a door. The door opens into an open chamber, with a door in each of the other three walls. Now, it's easiest not to fix which door leads to which room, rather, let the characters' choice dictate the room they end up in. Anyway, the room they should end up in, is a large room, filled mainly by two large, totally destroyed machines, with papers scattered everywhere. As they search, a slightly modified Boris comes charging in, guns blazing - Its mods are downgraded armour (SP40), and it has self sealing compression. *This made things potentially very tough, as only Thaddius and May were present. However, May played a First Initiative luck card, and discharged the full load of her Federated Arms assault Rifle (complete with Armour-piercing incendiaries) into his torso at point blank. Don't ya hate it when that happens.* The papers on the floor are the remains of a complete project report. Many of the pages are destroyed by water damage. But the players are able, with a little time, to discover the purpose of the nanites, and that the project was Biotechnica sponsored. No notes survive showing who is responsible, or who authorized it. (Feel free to let your netrunners try and crack a Biotechnica system. The only way they will get results is if they run (or get into) the Rome datafort, and specifically find and open Leon Kronskey's personal files. He is a Director. Make this hellishly difficult. They

can also, somewhat more easily, in the La Jolla fort, discover the security precautions in place during the operation and its total staff, both security and non-com. (Stupid security, of the ultra paranoid variety, and there were 100 guards assigned, 20 of whom were Power Armour, hired from Militech, through Integrated Systems Inc, and there were 24 scientists and a dozen technicians)) The other rooms are a large living quarters, divided into four sections - a dorm for fifteen people, a second dorm for twenty people, a large living area, and a kitchen/dining area, and a third umbilicus, attached to a military minisub (2 torpedos, 1 Military Blue-Green Laser (20d6, ½ hour recharge time). *As May and Thaddius were doing all this, the others had deposited Happyjack at the Biotechnica labs, in the hope of getting a cure. An ideal point to leave part I. Do suggest this to the corp player if he doesn't think of it for himself. This is important, both to the plot, and it gives the second part a fun beginning. Please note, that this is the only part where you really need to push the characters in certain ways.*